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THE

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OF

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THE

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CHRISTIANITY AND POSITIVISM.[1]

Dr. McCosh had acquired a considerable reputation among Presbyterians in his own country and ours, by several philosophico-theological works he had published, before he was invited to become the president of the New Jersey College at Princeton, one of the most distinguished literary institutions of the Union. It had an able president, also a Scotsman, in Dr. Witherspoon, one of the signers of the Declaration, and a devoted champion of American independence, and, though a Presbyterian, a sturdy defender of civil and religious liberty. Dr. McCosh comes to the presidency of the college with a high literary and philosophical reputation, and comes under many advantages, and its friends expect him to contribute much to raise still higher its character, and place it on a level with Harvard and Yale, perhaps even above them.

There is some ability and considerable knowledge displayed in the volume of lectures before us, though not much originality. The author professes to take the side of Christianity against the false and mischievous theories of such men as Sir William Hamilton, of Edinburgh, J. Stuart Mill, Huxley, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and others, whom he classes as belonging to the Positivist school. We have every disposition in the world to think and speak well of the volume, and to give it full credit for every merit it may claim. It is directed against our enemy even more than against his. Positivism is the most open, frank, honest, and respectable antagonist Christianity or Catholicity has had in modern times, and, we may add, the ablest and the most logical, especially as represented by avowed Positivists. In fighting against us, positivism fights against our Presbyterian doctor, so far as he retains any element of Catholic truth, and there is no good reason why his war against it should not tend as far as it goes to the same end as ours. Positivism can be opposed and Christianity defended only on Catholic ground; and so far as Dr. McCosh really does either, he must assume our ground and serve in our ranks, or at any rate be on our side; and it would be churlish in us to reject or underrate his services because in certain other matters he is against us, or is not enrolled in our ranks.

It is certain that in these lectures, which show marks of much hard mental labor, the author has said many good things, and used some good arguments; but having truth only in a mutilated form, and only his private judgment to oppose to the private judgment of Positivists, he has been unable to give a full and conclusive refutation of positivism. As a Protestant trained in Protestant schools, he has no clear, well-defined catholic principles to which he can refer the particular truths he advances, and the special arguments he urges for their unity and support. His book lacks unity, lacks the mental grasp that comprehends in its unity and universality the whole subject, under all its various aspects, or in its principle, on which it depends, and which explains and justifies it. His book is a book of particulars, of details, of general conclusions drawn from particular facts and statements, like all Protestant books. This is not so much the fault of the author perhaps as of his Protestantism, which, since it rejects catholicity and has nothing universal, is essentially illogical, and can deal only in particulars or with individual things. The contents of the book are referred to no general principle, and the particular conclusions drawn are of little value, because isolated, each standing by itself instead of being reduced to its principle and co-ordinated under its law. The author lacks the conception of unity and universality; he has particulars, but no universals—variety, but no identity—multiplicity, but no unity, except in words. This is a great defect, and renders his work inconclusive as an argument, and exceedingly tedious to the reader as well as the reviewer. This defect runs all through the author’s philosophy. In his *Intuitions of the Mind*, there is no unity of intuition, but a variety of isolated intuitions—no intuition of principle, of the universal, but simply intellectual apprehension of supersensible particulars, as in *The Human Intellect* of Prof. Porter, who is a far abler man than Dr. McCosh.

We are utterly unable to analyze these lectures, reduce their deliverances to a universal principle, which, if accepted, is decisive of the whole controversy they attempt to settle, or if rejected proves the whole worthless. Then we complain of the author for the indignity he offers to Christianity by suffering the Positivists to put it on the defensive, and in attempting to prove it against positivism. Christianity is in possession, and is not called upon to defend

her right till strong reasons are adduced for ousting her. Consequently, it is for those who would oust her to prove their case, to make good their cause. The Christian controversialist at this late day does not begin with an apology or defence of Christianity, but attacks those who assail her, and puts them on their defence. It is for the scientists, or Positivists, who oppose the Christian religion, to prove their positivism or science. It is enough for the Christian to show that the positivism or alleged science is not itself proven, or, if proven, that it proves nothing against Christ and his church. Dr. McCosh seems to have some suspicion of this, and occasionally attempts to put positivism on its defence, but he does it [Pg 3] without laying down the principle which justifies it; and in doing it he renders it useless, by immediately running away after some pet speculation of his own, which gives his opponent ample opportunity to resume the offensive.

Dr. McCosh, also, more than half agrees with the Positivists, and concedes that the religious society, as such, has no right to judge of the bearings of the conclusions of the scientists on religion. “All this shows,” he says, pp. 5, 6, “that religious men *qua* religious men are not to be allowed to decide for us the truths of science. Conceive an Œcumenical Council at Rome, or an Assembly of Divines at Westminster, or an Episcopal Convocation at Lambeth, or a Congregational Council at Plymouth, or a Methodist Conference in Connecticut (why not say Baltimore?) taking upon it to decide for or against the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton, or the grand doctrine established in our day of the conservation of force and the correlation of all the physical forces, on the ground of their being favorable or unfavorable to religion!” This concedes to the Positivists that science is independent of religion, and that religion is to be accepted or rejected as it does or does not accord with science, and wholly overlooks the fact that religion is the first science, and that nothing can be true, scientifically or otherwise, that is contrary or unfavorable to religion. Religion is the word of God, and every religious man says with the inspired apostle, “Let God be true, and every man a liar.”

Dr. McCosh, of course, cannot say this, for, having no infallible authority to define what is or is not religious truth or the word of God, he is obliged to place religion in the category of opinions which may or may not be true, and therefore to deny it as the law for all intelligences. Supposing God has appointed an authority, infallible through his gracious assistance, to teach all men and nations his religion, or the truth he has revealed, and the law he commands all to obey, this authority must be competent to decide whether any alleged scientific discoveries are or are not favorable to religion, and must necessarily have the right to decide prior to all scientific investigation. If this authority decides that this or that theory is unfavorable to religion, we as religious men must pronounce it false, and refuse to entertain it. Dr. McCosh, as a Presbyterian or Protestant, would have no right to say so, but the Catholic would have the right, and it is his duty to say so; because religion is absolutely true, and the supreme law for reason as well as for conscience, and what is or is not religion, the authority unerringly decides for him. Nothing that is not in accordance with the teachings of religion can be true in science any more than in religion itself, though many things may be true that are not in accordance with the opinions and theories held by religious men.

The moment the Christian allows that the authority is not catholic; that it is limited and covers only one part of truth; and that there is by its side another and an independent authority, another and independent order of truth, he ceases to be able to meet successfully the Positivists; for truth is one, and can never be in opposition to truth—that is, in opposition to itself. Religion, we concede, does not teach the sciences, or the various facts with which they are constructed, but it does judge and pronounce authoritatively on the inferences or conclusions scientific men draw from these facts, or the explanations they give of them, and [Pg 4] to decide whether they are or are not consistent with her own teachings. If they are inconsistent with the revealed word, or with what that word implies, she pronounces them false; and, if warranted by the alleged facts, she pronounces the alleged facts themselves to be misinterpreted, misapprehended, misstated, or to be no facts. Her authority is higher than any reasonings of men, than the authority even of the senses, if it comes to that, for nothing is or can be more certain than that religion is true. We cannot as Catholics, as Christians, make the concession to the Positivists the Presbyterian doctor does, that their science is an authority independent of religion, and not amenable to it.

Dr. McCosh, we think, is unwise, in a controversy with Positivists, in separating natural theology, as he calls it, from revealed theology. The two are only parts of one whole, and, in point of fact, although distinguishable, have never existed separately at any epoch of history. The existence of God, the immateriality of the soul, and the liberty of man or free-will, are provable with certainty by reason, and are therefore truths of philosophy, but they were not discovered by unassisted reason or the unassisted exercise of our natural powers before they were taught to our first parents by the Creator himself, and have never been held as simple natural truths, unconnected with supernatural instruction or some reminiscences of such instruction. Natural theology, or philosophy, and revealed theology form one indissoluble whole, and Christianity includes both in their unity and catholicity. In defending Christianity against positivism, which denies both, we should defend both as a whole; because the natural is incomplete and unable of itself alone to satisfy the demands of reason, which is never sufficient for itself; and the truths necessary to complete it and to solve the objections to the being and providence of God are not obtainable by reason alone or without the light of revelation. We may assert and prove miracles as a fact, but the objections of Positivists to them cannot be scientifically answered till we have proved that

they have their law in the supernatural order. The inferences we draw from miracles will not be appreciated or allowed by men who deny the supernatural and reduce God to nature.

The author in reality has no method, but he begins by attempting to prove the being of God, then the existence of mind in man, and the reality of knowledge, and finally, in the second part, that the life of Christ was the life of a real personage, and proves the reality of his religion. He offers only one argument to prove that God is, and that is the well-known argument from design, which he bases on the principle that every effect has its cause. He does not develop this argument, which has been so fully done by Paley and the *Bridgewater Treatises*, but simply asserts its sufficiency. There are marks of design in adapting one thing to another throughout the universe, which can be only the effect of the action of an intelligent designer. Giving this argument all possible force, it does not carry the author in his conclusion beyond Plato or Aristotle, neither of whom was properly a theist. Plato and Aristotle both believed in an intelligent mind in the universe, operating on an eternal uncreated matter, forming all things from pre-existing materials, and arranging them in an artistic order. The argument from design can go no farther, and this is all that is proved by [Pg 5] Paley's illustration of the watch, which would be no illustration at all to a mind that had no intuition or conception of a designer. Neither Plato nor Aristotle had any conception of a creator or supermundane God. Whether the intelligent mind has created all things from nothing, or has only formed and disposed all things from pre-existing matter, as the soul of the world, *anima mundi*, is what can never be determined by any induction from the alleged marks of design discoverable in the universe.

We therefore hold, and have always held, that this famous argument, the only one the Baconian philosophy admits, however valuable it may be in proving or illustrating the attributes or perfections of God, when God is once known to exist, is inconclusive when relied on alone to prove that God is, or is that by which the mind first obtains the idea. It may serve as a corroborative argument, but of itself alone it cannot originate the idea in the mind, or carry one beyond an intelligent soul of the world, or the pantheism of Plato and Aristotle, and of all Gentile philosophy, except the school of Leucippus and Democritus, followed as to physics by Epicurus—unless we must also except the sceptics, Pyrrho and Sextus Empiricus. We think, therefore, the author has damaged the cause of Christianity, instead of serving it, by risking it on a single argument, by no means conclusive to his purpose. A weak and inadequate defence is worse than no defence at all.

The principle that every effect has a cause, on which the author bases his argument, is no doubt true; but we must know that the fact is an *effect* before we can infer from it that it has or has had a cause. Cause and effect are correlative terms, which connote one another; but this is no proof that this or that fact is an *effect*; and we cannot pronounce it an effect unless we know that it has begun to exist; nor even then, unless we have the intuition of cause; and no intuition even of a particular cause suffices, unless we have intuition of a universal cause. It is not so simple a thing, then, to pronounce a given fact an *effect*, and to conclude that there is between it and something else, the relation of cause and effect. It is precisely this relation that Hume, Kant, Thomas Browne, Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Mansel, Auguste Comte, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, and all the so-called Positivists deny or relegate to the region of the unknowable. Dr. McCosh does not refute them, by assuming and arguing from the principle; he simply begs the question.

Now, we venture to tell our learned and philosophic author that his whole argument for natural theology falls to the ground before a mind that has no intuition of the relation of cause and effect, that is not previously furnished with the knowledge of design and of a designing cause. Hence, from the alleged marks of design and adaptation of means to ends, it is impossible to infer a designer. When the watch was presented for the first time to the untutored savage, he looked upon it as a living thing, not as a piece of artificial mechanism constructed by a watchmaker. He must know that it is a piece of artificial mechanism before he can conclude man has made it. There falls under our observation no more perfect adaptation of means to ends than the octagonal cell of the bee. Does the bee work by design in constructing it? Does the beaver work by design, by intelligent design, in building its dam and constructing its house? It is generally held that the bee as well as the beaver works by [Pg 6] instinct, or by a law of its nature, as does the swallow in building its nest. This proves that a designer cannot be inferred from the simple facts observed in nature, as the Positivists maintain. This is the condemnation of the so-called inductive philosophy. The induction, to be valid, must be by virtue of a principle already held by the mind, intuitively or otherwise, and therefore can never of itself supply or give its principle, or by itself alone obtain its principle. God is not an induction from the facts observed in nature; and the Positivists have shown, demonstrated so much, and have therefore shown that observation and induction alone can give no principle, and, therefore, end in nescience—the termination of the so-called *philosophie positive*.

Dr. McCosh is not wholly insensible to this conclusion, and seeks to escape it by proving that there is a mind in man endowed with the capacity of knowing things as they are. But if the existence of the mind needs to be proved, with what can we prove it? By consciousness, the author answers; but that is a sheer paralogism, for consciousness is simply an act of the mind, and presupposes it. God can no more be an induction from the facts of consciousness than from the facts of nature. In either case, the God induced is a generalization; in the one case, the generalization of nature, and, in the other, the generalization of consciousness.

The former usually goes by the name of atheism, the latter by the name of egoism.

Dr. McCosh very properly rejects Hamilton's and Mansel's doctrine of the pure relativity of all knowledge, and Herbert Spencer's doctrine that all knowledge is restricted to the knowledge of phenomena or appearances, though conceding that appearances are unthinkable without a reality beyond them, but that the reality beyond them, and which appears in them, is itself unknowable; and maintains truly that we know things themselves, both sensibles and supersensibles. We know them, he contends, by intuition, or a direct looking on or beholding them by the simple intellectual force of our minds. Of this we are not so certain, for we do not ourselves know by intuition why salt is bitter and sugar sweet, and we think the doctor knows things themselves only in so far as he excepts their essence or substance, and confounds the thing with its properties, or its accidents, as say the schoolmen, in which case he makes no appreciable advance on Mr. Herbert Spencer. I know the appearances and the sensible properties of bread, but I do not know its essence or substance. Has the Presbyterian doctor, who seems to have a holy horror of Catholicity, invented a philosophy for the express purpose of combating with apparent reason the mystery of transubstantiation, by making it conflict with the positive testimony of the senses and the human intellect?

But let that pass. The intuition the doctor recognizes is empirical intuition, and intuition of particular or individual things, not of principles, causes, relations. And from the knowledge of those individual things, he holds that man rises by generalization and abstraction—that is, induction—from one degree of knowledge to another, till he finally attains to the knowledge of God distinct from the world, and clothes him with infinite perfections. Yet the good doctor claims to be a philosopher, and enjoys a high reputation as such. None of these individual things, nor all of them together, are God, or contain him; how, then, from them, supposing you know them, rise scientifically to him? and what by abstraction and generalization is that to which the mind attains? Only their generalization or abstraction, which as a creation of the mind is a nullity. He, like Hamilton, in this would make philosophy end in nescience.

We, of course, hold that we apprehend and know things themselves, not phenomena merely, and as they are, not as they are not—that is, in their real relations, not to us only, but in the objective world. But to know things as they are, in their real objective relations, or to know them at all, demands intuition of them, in their contingency or in their character of creatures or effects—that is to say, as existences, not as independent, self-existent beings, which they are not. And this is not possible without the intuition of the necessary, of real being, on which they depend and from which they are derived. When I say a thing is an effect, I say it has been caused, and therefore, in order to say it, I must have intuition of cause; and if I say of a thing that it is a particular cause, I deny that it is a universal cause, which I could not do without the intuition of universal cause. So when I say of a thing it is contingent, I simply deny it to be necessary being, and I could not deny a thing to be necessary being if I had no intuition of necessary being. If the author means by abstracting and generalizing our knowledge of things or individual existence, distinguishing this ideal intuition, or the intuition of real necessary and universal being—what philosophers sometimes call necessary ideas—from the intuition of things or contingent existences, along with which it is presented in thought, and as the necessary condition of our apprehending them, and by reflection and contemplation ascertaining that this ideal, necessary and universal, is really God, though not intuitively known to be God, we do not object to the assertion that we rise from our knowledge of things to the knowledge of God himself. What we deny is that God can be concluded from the intuition or apprehension of things. We rise to him from the ideal intuition, or intuition of the real and necessary, which enters the mind with the intuition of the things, and without which we never do or could have intuition of them, any more than they could exist without the creative act of real and necessary being creating them from nothing and sustaining them in existence; but it needs to be disengaged by a mental process from the empirical intuition with which it is presented.

This ideal intuition is not immediate and direct intuition of God, as the pseudo-ontologists contend, and which the church has condemned; but is intuition under the form of necessary, universal, eternal, and immutable ideas—of that which the mind, by reasoning, reflection, and contemplation, proves really is God. What misleads the author and so many others who use the argument he uses, is that the intuition of real and necessary being, and the intuition of contingencies, are given both in the same thought, the one along with the other, and most minds fail to distinguish them—which is done, according to St. Thomas, by the *intellectus agens*, in distinction from the passive or receptive intellect—and hence they suppose that they conclude the ideal intuition from the empirical intuition. This is decidedly the case with Dr. McCosh. The learned doctor admits intuitions, but only intuitions of individual existences—what we call empirical intuitions—whether causes or effects, not intuition of the ideal; and hence his argument for the existence of God proves nothing, for the universal is not derivable from the particular, the necessary from the contingent, nor being from existences. Had he recognized that along with, as its necessary condition, the intuition of the particular there always is the intuition of the universal, etc., he would have placed theology against positivism on an impregnable foundation. The necessary ideas, the universal, the eternal, the immutable, the necessary, connoted in all our thoughts, cannot be simply abstractions, for abstractions have no existence *a parte rei*, and are formed by the mind operating on the concrete object of empirical intuition. As these ideas are objects of intuition, they are real; and if real, they are either being or existences. But no existences are or can be necessary,

universal, eternal, immutable, for they depend to be on another, as is implied in the very word existence, from *ex-stare*. Then they must be being, and identifiable in the one universal, eternal, real, and necessary being, and distinguishable from existences or things, as the creator from his creatures, the actor from the act.

We have said that the ideal intuition is not intuition of God, but of that which is God; we say now that the ideal intuition is not formally intuition of *ens* or being, as erroneously supposed by some to be maintained by Gioberti and Dr. Brownson, but of that which is *ens*. The process of demonstrating that God is consists in identifying, by reflection and reasoning, the necessary ideas or ideal intuition with real, necessary, universal, eternal, and immutable being, and real and necessary being in which they are all identified with God. This process is demonstration, not intuition. When I say, in the syllogism, the conclusion follows necessarily from the premises, I have intuition of the necessary, else I could not say it; but I have not intuition of the fact that the necessary is being, far less that it is God. This is known only by reflection and reasoning, disengaging the ideal from the empirical. The idea must be real, or there could be no intuition of it, but if real, it must be being; if being, it must be real and necessary being; and real and necessary being is God. So of all the other necessary ideas. As the intuition is of both the ideal or necessary and the contingent in its principle, and in their real relation, it gives the principles of a complete demonstration of the being of God as creator, and of the universe as the effect of his creative act, and therefore of the complete refutation of pantheism. The vice of Dr. McCosh's argument is that it proceeds on the denial of ideal intuition, and the assumption that being, God, is obtainable by generalization and abstraction from the individual things given in empirical intuition. It is not obtained by reflection from them, but from the ideal intuition, never separable from the empirical.

This process of proving that God is may be called the ideal process, or the argument from universal and necessary ideas intuitively given. It is not *a priori*, because the ideal is held by intuition; nor is it an argument from innate ideas, as Descartes held; nor—since really objective, and present to the mind—is it an argument from the primitive beliefs or constituent principles of human nature, as Dr. Reid and the Scottish school maintained, and which is only another form of the Cartesian doctrine of innate ideas; or an argument drawn from our own *fonds*, as Leibnitz imagined, or from the *a priori* cognitions or necessary forms of the intellect, as Kant held, and which is only the doctrine of the Scottish school of Reid and Stewart differently stated; but from principles or data really presented in intuition, and along with the empirical intuition of things. It places, therefore, the being of God on as firm a basis and renders it as certain to the understanding as our own existence, or as any fact whatever of which the human mind has cognizance; indeed, renders it absolutely certain and undeniable. But while we say this, and while we maintain that the ideal intuition is given along with the empirical intuition, with which our author confounds it, and from which philosophy or natural theology disengages it, we by no means believe that the race is indebted to this ideal or metaphysical process—which is too difficult not only for the Positivists, but for their great opponent, Dr. McCosh—for the origin of their belief in God. All ages and nations, even the most barbarous and savage tribes, have some sort of belief in God, some religious notions which imply his existence; and, hovering above the various Eastern and Western mythologies, we find the belief in one God or the divine unity, though neglected or rejected for the worship of inferior gods or demons, or the elements—that is, the worship of creatures, which is idolatry, since worshipped as God. The ignorant savage, but a grade above the beasts, has never risen to the conception of God or of the Great Spirit from the contemplation of nature, nor has he attained to religious conceptions by a law of his nature or by instinct, as the bee constructs its cell or the beaver its dam.

It is very true, nothing more true than that "the heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of his hands," but to him only who has the idea of God or already believes that he is. Nothing more true than God can be traced in all his works, or that "the invisible things of him, even his eternal power and divinity, are clearly seen from the creation of the world, being understood by the things that are made," but only by those who have already learned that he is, are intent on answering the question, *Quid est Deus?* not the question, *An sit Deus?* Hence we so far agree with the traditionalist, not indeed that the existence of God cannot be proved by reason prior to faith, but that, as a fact, God revealed himself to man before his expulsion from the garden; and the belief, clear and distinct or dim and confused, in the divine being, universally diffused among all races and conditions of men, originated in revelation and is due to the tradition, pure or impure, in its integrity or mutilated and corrupted, of the primitive revelation made by God himself to man. In this way the fact of the universality of the belief in some form is a valid argument for the truth of the belief, and we thus obtain a historical argument to corroborate the already conclusive ideal or metaphysical argument, the principles of which we have given.

We bear willing testimony to the good-will and laudable intention of our author, but we cannot regard him as able, with his mutilated theology and his imperfect and rather superficial philosophy—though less superficial than the philosophy generally in vogue among British and American Protestants—to carry on a successful war against the Positivists. We are almost tempted to say to him:

> Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
> Tempus eget.

He is too near of kin to the Positivists themselves, and adopts too many of their principles

and conclusions, to be able to battle effectively against them. No doubt he urges much that is true against them, but his arguments, as far as effective, are inconsistent with his position as a Protestant, and are borrowed from Catholicity, or from what he has retained from Catholic instruction and Catholic tradition, not from his Protestantism. Having no authority but his own private interpretation of the Scriptures to define what is or is not Christianity, he knows not how much or how little he must defend against the Positivists, or how much or how little he is free to concede to them. He practically concedes to them the Creator. He defends God as the efficient cause, indeed, but not as Creator, producing all things by his word from nothing. He would seem to hold it enough to defend him as the organizer and disposer of materials already furnished to his hand. God does not seem to him to be his own *causa materialis*. He works on a pre-existing matter. He constructs, the author concedes, the existing worlds out of "star-dust," or disintegrated stars, without telling us who made the stars that have dissolved and turned to dust, and without bearing in mind, or without knowing, that Christianity teaches us that "in the beginning God *created* the heavens and the earth," and therefore could not have formed them out of "star-dust" or any other material.

The Protestant divine accepts and defends Darwin's theory of the origin of species by "natural selection," though he does not believe that it applies universally, or that man has been developed from the ape or the tadpole. He denies that Huxley's protoplasm can be developed from protein, or life from dead matter; maintains that all life proceeds from a living organism, that the plant can spring only from a seed, and the animal only from a living cell or germ; and yet concedes that some of the lower forms of organic life may spring or may have sprung from spontaneous generation, and even goes so far as to tell us that some of the most eminent of the fathers held or conceded as much. What becomes, then, of the assertion that life cannot be evolved from dead matter? He would seem to hold or to concede that man lived, for an indefinite time, a purely animal life, before the Almighty breathed into his nostrils and he became a spiritual man, and quotes to prove it St. Paul's assertion that "not first that which is spiritual, but that which is animal; afterwards that which is spiritual" (1 Cor. xv. 46). He seems, in fact, ready to concede any and everything except the intelligent Mind recognized by Plato and Aristotle, that has arranged all things according to a preconceived plan, and throughout the whole adapted means to ends. He insists on efficient causes and final causes, but hardly on God as the *causa causarum* or as the *causa finalis* of all particular final causes.

Throughout, as we have already remarked, there is a want of unity and universality in his philosophy, as there necessarily must be in his Protestant theology, and a sad lack of logical consistency and order, or co-ordination. His world is a chaos, as is and must be the Protestant world. Herbert Spencer undertakes to explain the universe without God, or, what is the same thing, with an absolutely unknowable God, which is of course an impossibility; but he has a far profounder intellect and a far more logical mind than Dr. McCosh. He is heaven-wide from the truth, yet nearer to it than his Presbyterian critic. His logic is good; his principles being granted, his conclusions, though absurd, cannot be denied. His error lies in his premises, and, if you correct them, your work is done. He will correct all details, and arrive at just conclusions without further assistance. But Dr. McCosh is one who, however much he may talk about them, never reduces his doctrines to their generic principles, or reasons from principles. He is a genuine Protestant, and cannot be refuted in refuting his principles, which vary with the exigencies of his argument, and are really no principles at all, but must be refuted in detail; and when you have convinced him twice three are six, you have still to prove that three times two are also six.

Now, such a man—and he is, perhaps, above the average of Presbyterian divines—is the last man in the world to attempt the refutation of positivism. No Protestant can do it. Indeed, all the avowed Positivists we have known regard Protestant Christianity as too insignificant a matter to be counted. It is too vague and fluctuating, too uncertain and indefinite, too unsubstantial and intangible, too unsystematic and illogical, to command the least respect from them. They see at a glance that it is too little to be a religion and too much to be no-religion. It cannot, with its half affirmations and its whole denials, stand a moment before an intelligent Positivist who has a scientific cast of mind. The Positivist rejects the church, of course, but he respects Catholicity as a logical system, consistent with itself, coherent in all its parts, and for him there is no *via media* between it and positivism. If he were not a Positivist, he says openly, he would be a Catholic, by no means a Protestant, which he looks upon as neither one thing nor another; and we respond that, could we cease to be a Catholic, we should be a Positivist, for to a logical mind there is no medium between the church and atheism. The middle systems, as Protestantism, Rationalism, Deism, etc., are divided against themselves, and cannot stand, any more than a house divided against itself. Their denials vitiate their affirmations and their affirmations vitiate their denials. They are all too much or too little.

The Positivists reject for what they call the scientific age both theology and metaphysics. They believe in the progress of the race, and indeed in all races, as does Dr. McCosh. They distinguish in the history of the human race or of human progress three epochs or stages—first, the theological; second, the metaphysical; and third, the scientific. Theology and metaphysics each in its epoch were true and good, and served the progress of man and society. They have now passed away, and the race is now entering the scientific age, which is the final stage, though not to last forever; for when the field of science is exhausted, and

all it yields is harvested, the race will expire, and the world come to an end, as having no more work to do. It will be seen there is here a remarkable difference between the real Positivists, or believers in Auguste Comte, and our author and his Protestant brethren. The Positivists never calumniate the past, but seek to appreciate its services to humanity, to acknowledge the good it did, and to bury it with honor, as the children of the New Dispensation did the Old, when it had lived its day. One of the finest appreciations from the point of view of humanity of the services of the mediæval monks we have ever read is from the pen of M. E. Littré, the chief of the French Positivists, and one of the most learned men of France. It said not all a Catholic would say, but scarcely a word that could grate on a Catholic ear. Dr. McCosh also believes in progress, in the progress of our species, and, for aught we know, in the progress of all species and genera, and that we outgrow the past; but he takes pleasure only in calumniating it, and like a bad son curses the mother that bore him. Because he has outgrown his nurse, he contends the nurse was of no use in his childhood, was a great injury, and it would have been much better to leave him to himself, to toddle about at will, and toddle into the fire or the cistern, as he saw proper.

Now, we think, if one believes in the progress of the species or the perfectibility of man by development or by natural agencies, the Positivist doctrine is much the most reasonable as well as far the most amiable. Its effect, too, is far better. We—we speak personally—owed much to the doctrine, which we borrowed not from Comte, but from Comte's master, Saint-Simon, the influence of which, under the grace of God, disposed us to return to the old church. It softened the animosity, the bitter hatred, toward the past which we had inherited from our Protestant education, and enabled us to study it with calm and gentle feelings, even with gratitude and respect, and disposed us to view it with impartiality and to appreciate it with justice. Studying the past, and especially the old church which we had complacently supposed the race had outgrown as the man has outgrown the bib and tucker of his childhood, in this new and better mood, we soon discovered that there was much more in the past than we had ever dreamed of, and that it was abundantly able to teach us much more than we or any of our Protestant contemporaries supposed; and we were not long in beginning to doubt if we had really outgrown it, nor in becoming convinced that, instead of outgrowing it, we had fallen below it; that the old church, the central institution of the world, was as needful to us now as in the beginning; and that, in comparison with the full noonday light which beamed from her divine countenance, the light in which we had hitherto walked, or stumbled, rather, was but a fading twilight, nay, midnight darkness.

Of course we differ far more from positivism than does Dr. McCosh, but we can as Catholics better discriminate than he what is true and just in them, and better understand and refute their errors or false principles, because we have the whole truth to oppose to them, not merely certain fragments or disfigured aspects of truth. It is only Catholics who can really set right the class of men Dr. McCosh wars against. Protestants cannot do it. When Theodore Parker published his *Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion*, we had not—we speak personally again—outgrown the Protestantism in which we had been trained. We set about refuting him, and we saw at once we could not do it on Protestant grounds, and we planted ourselves on Catholic ground, as far as we then knew it, and our refutation was a total failure except so far as we opposed to the *Discourse* the principles of the Catholic Church. Dr. McCosh has tried his hand in the volume before us against Theodore Parker and the Free Religionists, and with no success save so far as he abandons his Protestantism and quietly appropriates the arguments of Catholics, to which he has no more right than he has to his neighbor's horse. It was hardly generous in the learned doctor, while using their arguments—and they were the only arguments that availed him anything—to turn upon Catholics and twit them of "ignorance and superstition." Was he afraid that people might discover the source whence he drew the small stock of wisdom and truth he displayed?

We might have made Dr. McCosh's lectures the occasion of presenting a formal refutation of positivism, but we had already taken up from time to time the false principles, the errors and untenable theories and hypotheses, which his lectures treat, and refuted them, so far as they are hostile to Christianity, far more effectively, in our judgment, than he has done or could do. He may be more deeply versed in the errors and absurd hypotheses of the false scientists of the day, who are laboring to explain and account for the universe without creation and Providence, than we are; but we have not found in his volume anything of any value which we have not ourselves already said, and said too, perhaps, in a style more easily understood than his, and in better English than he ordinarily uses. Our readers could learn nothing of positivism from him, and just as little of the principles and reasonings that Christianity is able to oppose to it. He writes as a man who measures the known by what he himself knows, and is now and then out in his measurement.

Dr. McCosh, also, adopts rather too depreciatory a tone in speaking of our countrymen, especially considering that he has but just come among us, and knows us at best only imperfectly. We own it was no striking indication of American intelligence and judgment the importation of him to preside over one of the best Protestant American institutions of learning and science; but men often loom up larger at a distance than they are when seen close by, and there is no country in which bubble reputations from abroad more speedily collapse than our own. The doctor will find, when he has lived longer among us, and becomes better acquainted with us, that if England is nearer Germany, German speculations are known to Americans and appreciated by them at least as soon as they are by Englishmen or Scotsmen. Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, were known to American scholars before there

was much knowledge of them in England or Scotland. The English and Scotch are now just becoming acquainted with and are carried away by theories and speculations in philosophy which had been examined here, and exploded more than thirty years ago by Americans. The doctor underrates the scholarship and intelligence even of his American Presbyterian friends, and there are scholars, men of thought, of science, general intelligence, in the country many degrees above Presbyterians, respectable as they are. Presbyterians are not by any means the whole American people, nor the most advanced portion of them. They are really behind the Congregationalists, to say nothing of "the ignorant and superstitious" Catholics, whose scholars are in science and learning, philosophy, theology, especially in the history of the church, it is no boast to say, superior to either, and know and understand better the movements of the age, intellectual, moral, social, and political theories, crotchets, and tendencies of the present, than any other class of American citizens. It takes more than a Dr. McCosh, although for a time a professor in Belfast, Ireland, to teach them more than they already know.

We pass over the second part of the lectures, devoted to Apologetics, as of no importance. One needs to know what Christianity is, and to have clearly in his mind the entire Christian plan, before one can successfully defend it against the class of persons the author calls Positivists. This is more than the author knows, or as a Protestant can know. His Christianity is an indefinite, vague, variable, and uncertain opinion, and he has no conception at all of the Christian plan, or what St. Paul calls "the new creation." No doubt the miracles are provable by simple historical testimony by and to one who knows nothing of the Christian plan, or of its supernatural character; but to the unbelievers of our time it is necessary to set forth, in its unity and catholicity, the Christian *schema*, if we may be allowed the term, and to show that miracles themselves have their reason or law in the divine plan or decree, and are no more anomalies, in relation to that plan or decree, or *ex parte Dei*, than are earthquakes and volcanoes. It is only in this way we can satisfy the demand for order and regularity. The unbeliever may not be able to resist the testimony which proves the miracle a fact, but till we show him that in a miracle the natural laws are not violated, or that nature does not go out of her course, as he imagines, we cannot satisfy him that he can yield to the miracle without surrendering his natural reason, and the law and order of the universe.

Now, this the Protestant cannot do; and though he might adduce the historical evidences of Christianity satisfactory to a simpler age, or to minds, though steeped in error, yet retaining from tradition a full belief in the reality of a supernatural order, he cannot as a Protestant do it to minds that deny that there is or can be anything above nature, and that refuse utterly to admit the supernatural order, which the miracles manifest, or that reject miracles, not because the testimony is insufficient, but because they cannot be admitted without admitting the reality of the supernatural. The prejudice against the supernatural must be removed as the preliminary work, and this can be done only by presenting Christianity as a whole in its unity and catholicity, and showing that, according to it, the supernatural or Christian order enters into the original decree of God, and is necessary to complete what is initial in the cosmos, or to perfect the natural order and to enable it to fulfil the purpose for which it exists, or realize its destiny or final cause, in which is its beatitude or supreme good. This done, the prejudice against the supernatural is removed, miracles are seen to be in the order, not indeed of nature, as Carlyle pretends, but in the order of the supernatural, and demanding only ordinary historical testimony to be proved, and consequently Hume's famous argument against miracles, refuted by no Protestant that has protested against it, shown to have no force.

Now, this requires a profound knowledge of Christianity, which is not attainable by private judgment from the Scriptures, or outside of the infallible authority of the church with which the revelation of God, the revealed word, is deposited as its guardian and interpreter. M. Migne, indeed, admits some treatises written by Protestants into his collection of works he has published under the title of *Evangelical Demonstration*, which are not without their merit, but are valuable only on certain points, and on those only so far as they rest on Catholic principles and use Catholic arguments. Christianity being supernatural, a revelation of the supernatural, it, of course, while addressed to natural reason, cannot be determined or defined by natural reason, and can be determined or defined, preserved or presented, in its purity and integrity, only by an authority supernaturally instituted and assisted for that very purpose. Even what the author calls natural theology, since it is only initial, like the cosmos, is incomplete, and, though not above natural reason, needs the supernatural to fulfil it, and therefore the supervision and control of the same supernaturally instituted and assisted authority to preserve it from error, from a false development, or from assuming a false direction, as we see continually occurring with those who have not such an authority for guide and monitor. Hence, even in matters not above the province of natural reason, natural reason is not a sufficient guide, or else whence come those errors of the Positivists in the purely scientific order the learned doctor combats with so many words, if not thoughts—with so many assertions, if not arguments?

Hence, since Protestants have no such authority, and make it their capital point to deny that anybody has it, it follows that they are unable to present any authoritative statement, or any statement at all which an unbeliever is bound to respect, of what Christianity really is, or what is the authentic meaning of the term. They can give only their private views or opinions of what it is, and these the unbeliever is not bound to place in any respect above his own, especially since they vary with every Protestant sect, and, we may almost say, with every

individual Protestant who thinks enough to have an opinion of any sort. Even if they borrow Catholic traditions, Catholic principles, and Catholic doctrines and definitions, these in their hands lose their authoritative character, and become simply opinions resting on private reason. They can present as Christianity nothing authentic to be defended by the Christian, or to be accepted or rejected by the unbeliever. Clearly, then, Protestants are in no condition to manage apologetics with acute, scientific, and logical unbelievers; and if we wanted any proof of it we could find it, and in abundance, in the volume before us.

[1] *Christianity and Positivism.* A Series of Lectures to the Times, on Natural Theology and Apologetics, delivered in New York, January 16 to March 20, 1871, on the "Ely Foundation" of the Union Theological Seminary. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., President of the College of New Jersey, Princeton. New York. Carter & Brothers. 1871. 16mo, pp. 369.

EVENING CLOUDS.

A TRANSLATION OF UHLAND's "ABENDWETTER."

I see the clouds at eventide
All in the sunset floating wide,
Clouds now in gold and purple dyed
    That hung so dark and hoary:

And my dreaming heart says, Wait!
A sunset comes, though come it late,
That shall life's shadows dissipate,
    Light up its clouds in glory.

THE HOUSE OF YORKE.

CHAPTER XIV.

BREAKING THE ICE.

Shortly after Mr. Rowan’s baptism, a miniature avalanche of letters reached the Yorke family. Mrs. Rowan-Williams wrote to Edith, in a very scrawly hand, in lines that sloped down, in a depressing manner, toward the southeastern corner of the page: “Do come and make me a visit, now that Dick is at home. You have no idea how handsome, and good, and smart he is. Mr. Williams thinks the world of him; and as to Ellen—well, it wouldn’t become me to say what I think. But it’s of no use for her to try. Now, do come. This is the twentieth time I have asked you. We will go everywhere, see all that is worth seeing, and you shall be waited on like a lady, as you are.

“So the old clay bank has slipped down again, and the bushes have tumbled into the mud, and the men have piled their lumber over the ashes of my poor home. O Edith! my heart is buried under those boards. Thank you, dear, for going to see it for me.”

Dick wrote: “Which is Mohammed, and which is the mountain? I must see you, and if you cannot come here, I shall go to Seaton, though that would not be easy for me to do now. Besides, I want you to see your namesake. I have not long to stay, for the ship is about ready to start, and we take our cargo in at New York. It would be almost like a soldier deserting his army on the eve of battle for me to go away now. Do come if you can. It seems to me that you must wish to.”

This young man, we may remark, has got quite beyond the model letter-writer and the practice of penmanship. He writes quite in his own way, and is a very creditable writer, too. He has also a fair education, and can converse more intelligently on most subjects of general interest than many a young man for whom education has done its best. When Dick Rowan spoke, he said something, and one never heard from his lips inanities, meanness, nor malice. Neither did he say much of such things, even in condemnation. He looked on them with a sort of wonder, a flitting expression of disgust, then forgot all about them. His time had been too much occupied, his mind too busy for trifling. He had studied constantly and methodically, and the little library in his cabin on board ship was a treasury of science, art, and *belles-lettres*. So far as it went, it was the library of a man of cultivated mind. His life, too, had educated him, and been a perpetual commentary on, or illustration or refutation of, his books. The phenomena of the sea he had studied not merely as a sailor, but as a student of natural history. Whatever culture can be derived from the intelligent visiting of foreign countries, without going into society there, that he had. He had not spent his time about wharves, and ships, and sailors’ boarding-houses. Aside from his own tastes, he never forgot that he was aspiring toward a girl who, if she should visit these lands, would walk in palaces. Therefore, whatever was famous in nature or art in those places, he sought and examined. Many a traveller who fancied himself perfectly cultivated brought away less pleasant and valuable information than this sailor from the cities they had both visited. Moreover, Dick had studied hard to acquire something of the language of every port he stopped at, and was already able to speak French and Italian with ease, if not with elegance. The elegance he did his best to improve by reading the best authors in those languages, and by a few lessons in pronunciation, when he could find time. Therefore, Miss Edith Yorke’s friend and correspondent was by no means one whom she had reason to be ashamed of.

But the Rowans were not the only ones who insisted on Edith’s visiting Boston at this time. Miss Clinton dictated a letter to Mr. Yorke, and Carl, suppressing his laughter, wrote it: “I have sent three times for that girl, and this is my last invitation to her. Why is she not allowed to come? Has she nothing to wear? I enclose a check for a gown and a pair of shoes. When she reaches here, I will give her what she may need to make her decent. Or is it that Amy Yorke is jealous because her own daughters are not invited? If one of them must come as company for Edith, I will pay her passage up, but I don’t want her here. She can go to Hester’s or Alice Mills’s. Melicent has too ridiculous an idea of her own consequence, and Clara is too sharp and impudent. Bird has read me her book, and I think it a very disagreeable book. She had better learn to cook and mend her stockings, and let writing alone.”

“Have you finished?” the old lady asked, as Carl, with pen suspended, looked up from his writing.

“Yes!”

“Then sign my name.”

“Shall I write ‘yours respectfully’ or ‘yours affectionately’?” Carl asked, with perfect gravity.

“Neither!” she replied curtly. “Sign my name without any compliment.”

“May I add a few lines for myself?” the young man asked, when he had signed the name as directed. “There is a whole page left.”

"Yes." The answer was given very softly, and a smile of singular sweetness flitted across the old lady's face as she looked at the writer. Miss Clinton was very fond of Carl, in a tyrannical, tormenting, selfish way, and liked nothing so much as to have him ask favors of her.

He wrote rapidly a few minutes, and was about closing the letter, when she stopped him. "Read me what you have written," she said.

Carl blushed slightly, and hesitated. "It was not written to read to you," he answered.

"No matter, it will be all the more interesting," she persisted. "Read it! You read mine."

Carl hesitated yet a moment longer, then, casting his eyes up to the ceiling, read, as if he saw it written, in the painting there, a preposterous eulogy of Miss Clinton, with a minute account of her cat's health.

"I won't have it!" she cried out. "Read what you have written there, or give it to me, and Bird shall come and read it. If you were a decent writer, I should have eyes enough left to read it myself."

Carl dropped his laughing manner. "Miss Bird will write a letter for you," he said, and was about holding the one he had in the flame of a taper, when she stopped him. "Oh! send it as it is, since you are so stubborn; though I haven't a doubt that you have written the most [Pg 18] dreadful things of me."

The Yorkes were highly amused by this letter. "You see, Edith, she is a dragon," her uncle said. "You will have to carry yourself very gingerly."

"I am not sure that is the best way to keep the peace with her," Mrs. Yorke remarked. "It would do with some, but she grows more overbearing with indulgence. If she were touched by sweetness and submission, it would be different. I have thought of late years that such persons are benefited by a firm resistance."

Clara also wrote: "Let mamma come with Edith, and stay at my house, of course. It is really a shame that she has never visited me in the city yet. Come right away, and we will all go back to Seaton together. You should come for poor Carl's sake, to cheer him up a little, if for nothing else, for he must lead a miserable life with that awful old woman. You would not have believed he could be so patient. Indeed, he would have left long ago, if it had not been for the hope of bringing you all back here again. If he were the only one in question, he would not stay a day."

Miss Mills also wrote in the same strain, and the result of it all was that the invitations were accepted, with a difference. "I will stop at Miss Clinton's, since you think it better," Edith said to her aunt. "But I must see a good deal of the Rowans."

"Certainly, dear," Mrs. Yorke replied. "But say as little as possible of the Rowans to Miss Clinton. It will only make her disagreeable. Hester will be happy to see the young man and his mother, and since he is a Catholic, I should think that Alice might be civil to him."

Her invitation accepted, Miss Clinton began to look at the dark side. "Are you sure that the girl is not very green, Carl," she asked. "I detest country manners."

"Oh! she is very green—very!" was the reply.

Carl sat looking out into the garden, unconscious that his companion was observing him curiously.

"Are you in love with that girl?" she asked after a moment.

Bold and hardened as she was, she started and shrank at the glance he gave her. No words could have been more haughty and repelling.

"Well," she said pettishly, "you need not look daggers at me, if the question is not to your liking. You are not obliged to answer it."

He looked out the window again, and said nothing. "She shall learn to keep her claws off me," he thought.

No one but himself knew what a price Carl Yorke was paying for his expected inheritance. The ceaseless irritation and annoyance, the enforced giving up of his studies, and those literary labors which now seemed to him his vocation, and the constant confinement, were almost more than he could bear. But one thought supported him, and that was that he should some day be able to restore his family to their lost home, and to pursue those plans of his own which their reverses had interrupted.

He was also, not quite unconsciously, gaining something better than gold. He was seeing all the deformity of selfishness, and the unloveliness of that wit whose chief power is to wound. In asking the bitter questions, What is this woman living for? what good does her life do the world? echo had repeated the same questions in his own soul—What are you living for? what good does the world derive from your being in it? What in him and in others had been vices [Pg 19] or faults, veiled with a certain decorum so as to look almost like virtues, in this woman's character were stripped of the veil, and showed in all their native hatefulness. Here, too,

were free-thinking and atheism *au naturel*, without the crown on their brows, the lustre he had fancied their faces radiated, and without their airy grace. He saw a scoffer, and it was as though he saw a devil. He had not the consolation of thinking her really worse than himself, for he could not shut his eyes to the fact that the difference between them had been in manner, not in essence. He had shown more good taste and delicacy, that was all.

"After all," he thought, as he sat there that day, looking out the window, "however it may be with men, women need religion. I would not trust a woman without it. I will not retract my saying that religion is a strait-jacket, and intended only for those who cannot stand straight without it, but I begin to think that we are all of us partial lunatics."

"I have heard say that parlor means a place to parle in," remarked Miss Clinton presently.

"The orioles are building in this tree," Carl said, quite as though nothing unpleasant had happened.

She tossed her head. What did she care about orioles?

"How blood will show, both good blood and bad," she said with the air of one who has just discovered a great truth. "Wealth, associates, travel, occupations, education, neither will efface the signature. The original stamp remains in spite of circumstances."

At the beginning, Carl scented battle, but he assumed an air of great cheerfulness. "You are quite right," he said. "That great *parvenu*, Adam, and that still more frightfully new person, his wife, have left an indelible stain upon their progeny. We can see it to this day, faintly in some, more strongly marked in others. And, on the other hand, that prince of the *ancien régime*, Lucifer—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Miss Clinton. "I was going to say, if you can stop your most disagreeable and disrespectful mocking—I was going to say that you have some of the Bohemian lounging ways of your father, though you never saw him, and though you have been under the training of Charles Yorke since your babyhood."

"Do you think I have my father's ways?" Carl asked, with an air of delight. "How glad I am! No one else ever told me so, and I was afraid I might be all Arnold. My mother is, of course, an angelic lady; but some of her family have had traits which—really—well, I should a little rather not inherit. And so you think me like my father? Thank you!"

"The Arnolds and the Clintons, sir, are families from whom you may be proud to inherit anything!" the old lady cried, beating the table with her fan. "They were among the *élite* of Boston and New York when this country was a British province. We had colonial governors and judges, sir, when your father's people were painting signs and door-steps. It is rather late in the day, young man, for you to have to be told what my descent is!"

She stopped, choking with anger.

The young man seemed to be much interested in this recital. "Indeed!" he said, "this is very delightful to know, and it makes such a difference! Though I had always understood that your descent had been very—precipitous!"

Miss Clinton glared at him, unable to utter a word, and seemed only just able to restrain herself from throwing her snuff-box at him.

He rose wearily, and went out of the room, having half a mind to run away altogether.

But ah! who met him at the door, bringing sunshine and peace in her fair face, holding out two dear little hands, and scattering with a word all his annoyance?

"Dear Carl," Edith said, "are you really glad to see me—really glad?"

"How could you imagine such a thing?" he replied.

"Then I will go back to Seaton again. Good-by!"

She took a step toward the street-door, only a step, both her hands being strongly held.

"You forget, then, silvern speech and golden silence," the young man said.

"No," she replied. "But solid silver is better than airy gold. If people say kind things to you, then you are sure, and have something to remember; but looks fade, and you can think that you mistake, or mistook. Oh! I like silence, Carl, but it must be a silence that follows after speech. That is the sole golden silence."

"I am glad to see your face and hear your voice once more, Edith," he said seriously. "I have many a time longed for both."

"Dear Carl!" she exclaimed. "But what is that I hear? Is it a parrot?"

Carl laughed. "Hush! It is Miss Clinton. She is calling out to know who has come. We will go in and see her."

Miss Clinton had one pleasant expression, and that was a smile, when she was so delighted by something out of herself as to forget herself. This smile brightened her face as she

watched the young couple approach her, hand in hand. She leaned back in her chair, and contemplated Edith, without thinking of returning her greeting.

“I’m sure that is a golden silence,” Carl said, laughing. “But what do you think of her, aunt? She likes to have people speak first, and look afterward.”

“You are welcome, dear!” the old lady said softly, and extended her hand, but without leaning forward. To take it, therefore, Edith had to come very near, and was drawn gently down to the footstool by Miss Clinton’s chair.

The old lady took off the girl’s hat, and dropped it on to the carpet, then studied her face with delight. She loosened one of the braids of hair wound around her head, and held it out to a sunbeam to see the sparkle of it. She pushed it back from the face. “Did you ever see such ears?” she said to Carl. “They are rose-leaves! There must be a large pearl hung in each. She drew her finger along the smooth curve of the brows. “A great artist and physiognomist once told me that such brows show a fine nature. Broken brows, he said, indicate eccentricities of character, brows bent toward the nose a tyrannical disposition, heavy brows reserve and silence, but this long, smooth brow versatility and grace. Read Lavater if you want to know all about eyebrows.” She took the cheek, now glowing with blushes, in the hollow of her hand, and held the eyelids down to admire the lashes. “They make the eyes look three shades darker than they really are. But what color are the eyes? They are no color. Did you ever see a shaded forest spring, Carl? These eyes are as limpid.”

“Oh! please don’t!” the girl begged, trying to hide her face.

“My dear, I shall call you Eugénie, and shall adore you,” Miss Clinton continued. “I hope they have not told you horrible stories about me, or that, if they have, you will not believe them. People are fond of saying that I am sharp, but I quote Victor Hugo to them, ‘*La rose du Bengale, pour être sans épines, est aussi sans parfum*.’ A character without any sharpness would be like an ocean without salt. Temper sweetens. When any person is recommended to me as of a very mild and placid position, never getting angry, I always say, Keep that person out of my sight! Yes, I shall call you Eugénie. I dislike the Edith on account of old Mrs. Yorke. She and I always quarrelled, dear. We were what some one has called ‘intimate enemies.’ But I don’t mean to quarrel with her grand-daughter. You have your father’s eyes and hair, Eugénie, but your mother’s features. I hope you have not her disposition. She was too positive, and, besides, she ran away with another woman’s beau.”

Edith drew back, and stood up, turning to Carl.

“There! she is angry the first thing,” the old lady cried. “No danger of anybody’s thinking her *sans épines*. Take her down to get some breakfast, Carl.”

“Dick Rowan is here,” Edith said, as the two went down-stairs; “and he is a Catholic; and he has a new ship which he has named for me.”

There was no reply. They were going through the shady entry, and, if the young man frowned at the news, the frown was not seen.

“Aunt Amy has gone to Hester’s,” Edith went on. “She got over the journey nicely, and wants to see you very soon. She will send Hester up to see me presently. I am too tired to go out to-day, would you believe it? You see, travel was so new to me that I could not sleep. I stayed on deck as long as I could, then I listened all night. It seemed so strange to be on the water, out of sight of land.”

Later, while the young traveller was resting in the chamber assigned her, a visitor entered gently, unannounced. “I thought I might come, dear,” Miss Mills said.

Edith raised herself, and eagerly held out her arms. The lady embraced her tenderly, then dropped, rather than sat down, in a chair by the bed. She looked with a strange mingling of feelings on this child of her lost lover. When she recognized the tint of his hair and eyes in Edith’s, she bent toward her with yearning love; but then appeared some trait of the mother—a turn of the head, a smile unconsciously proud, an exquisitely fine outline of feature; and, at sight of it, that wounded heart shrank back as from a deadly enemy. The interview was friendly, and even tender, and engagements were made for future meetings; but the lady was glad to get away. The sight of Robert Yorke’s child had wakened all the sleeping past, and for a time the years that had intervened since her parting with him faded like a mist. Since that day, more than one power, at first pride, later religion, had strengthened her, had raised up new hopes and new joys; but they were not the sweet human hopes and joys that every man and woman looks naturally for; they were those born of struggle and self-denial. She had lived truly and nobly, but she was human; and to-day her humanity rose, and swept over her like a flood.

Miss Mills locked herself into her room, and for once gave herself up to regret. It was no ordinary affection which she mourned. It had entered her heart silently, and been welcomed like an angel visitant; it had been held sacred. She had watched it with awe and delight as it grew, that strange, beautiful, terrible power! How complex it had become, entering into every feeling, every interest! How it had changed and given a new meaning to life, and a new idea and comprehension of herself!

Then, when it had got to seem that she alone was not a complete being, but only about to

become perfect—then destruction came.

> "Jove strikes the Titans down,
> Not when they set about their mountain-piling,
> But when another rock would crown their work."

If the foundation merely of an edifice be overthrown, there is hope that it may be rebuilt; but destruction overtaking when the topmost height is almost attained is destruction indeed.

In the evening a knock was heard at the chamber door, which she had all day refused to open, a note was pushed under the door, and a servant waited outside for her to read it. She rose wearily, lighted the gas, and glanced over the lines. "I am sorry you have headache, sorry for you and for me. Edith is talking with Mr. Rowan, and I am, consequently, *de trop*. There is no one I care to see to-night but you. Send me word if you are better."

"Tell him to wait," she ordered, and, hastily dressing for a walk, went down. The front parlor was not lighted, but she saw him sitting by a window there. "Come out!" she said. "I wanted to go to the chapel, and you are just in time."

Scarcely a word was spoken as they went through the streets together. They entered the chapel, and turned aside into a shady corner. Carl sat, and his companion, too exhausted to kneel, sat beside him. In a room near by, a choir was singing that most beautiful of hymns—

> "Jesus, lover of my soul."

"Alice," Carl whispered, "that is enough to break one's heart!"

Her tears broke forth afresh. "No, Carl, it is enough to heal a heart already broken." She listened, and looking toward the altar, repeated over and over,

> "Other refuge have I none."

The solitude and quiet were soothing to both—the sense of a divine presence more than soothing to her who had faith in it.

They had not been there long when a gentleman came up the aisle with a firm, but light step, passed by without noticing them, and knelt down just before them. Carl sat and gazed at him in astonishment. That Dick Rowan should outwardly and publicly conform to the church, for Edith's sake, was not surprising, but that he should come privately to the chapel to pray was inexplicable. Could it be that a brave, manly fellow like this could sincerely believe?

Utterly unconscious of observation, the sailor knelt there motionless, with his face hidden in his hands, and when Carl's companion whispered to him, and they both went out, that figure had not stirred.

Edith Yorke's friend began at once to show her what was notable in the city; but, as often happens, what they considered worth seeing disappointed the neophyte, and what they passed without notice she would fain have paused to look at. Inexperienced persons who have read much usually overestimate the magnitude of the wonders they have not seen. What young traveller, entering for the first time a city, ever found its houses as palatial, its streets as superb, its monuments as grand, as fancy had pictured them? [Pg 23]

"Everything looks so much smaller and more shabby," Edith confessed privately to Dick Rowan. "Trees and waters are finer than any pictures of them that I have seen, and faces that speak and smile are more beautiful than any painted ones. Only some pictures of Italian scenes delight me. Now, Dick, please do not be shocked when I tell you that I quite long to stop and look at the organ-grinders and their monkeys, and to gaze in at the shop windows. But I can't, you know, for that would make Carl and Hester and Miss Mills ashamed of me."

The result of this confidence was that, dressed to attract as little attention as possible, these two friends set the others aside, and went on long tramps together. They paid not much attention to the finer sights, but dived into all sorts of byways. They looked in at shop windows, at birds and shells and jewels, and more than one shopkeeper was smilingly pleased to display his best wares at the young lady's shy request, though informed beforehand that she did not mean to buy. They watched the organ-grinders and their monkeys to their hearts' content; they amused themselves with the *gamins*, and held various conversations with them; they were bountiful to street-beggars. Ragged urchins were astonished by showers of candy that seemed to descend from heaven on their heads, poor little weeping outcasts were asked to tell their griefs, and listened to with tender sympathy, tears perhaps rising into one pair of eyes that looked at them. Sometimes a wretched pauper, walking with downcast face through the street, felt something touch his hand and leave a bit of money there, and looked up to see a lady and gentleman just passing, and one sweet face glance momentarily back with a smile at once arch and pitying. "Shall I ruin you, Dick?" Edith asks gleefully. "I have ruined myself; but that didn't take long. My poor little money is all gone. Are you very rich?"

"Oh! immensely!" Dick replies. "I have chests of gold. Give away as much as you wish to."

One blind man gone astray long remembered how a soft hand took one of his, and a firm hand the other, and his two guides led him home, inquiring into his misfortune by the way,

and commiserating him more tenderly than brother or sister ever had.

“It is so sad to have all the beautiful world shut out,” said the sweet voice out of the dark. “But one might, I think, see heavenly things the more plainly.”

The poor man never lost himself afterward, but he looked blindly, and listened to hear once more those two voices, and to feel the clasp of those two hands, one soft as charity, the other strong as faith. And since they never came to him again, to his imprisoned soul it seemed as though heavenly visitants had led him, and spoken sacred words for him to remember. These two young creatures, out of the happy world of the rich and prosperous, were not afraid of soiling their hands or their clothes, and did not look on the poor as they did on the paving-stones.

“O Dick!” Edith said in one of those walks, “I do not wonder that the Lord could not stay in heaven when he saw the misery of earth, and knew that there was no comfort even in another world for it. What a trial it must have been for him to sit above there, and hear all the cries of pain that went up, and see all the weeping faces that were raised. Why, Dick, it seems to me that if I could see and know at once all the suffering there is to-day in this one city, it would kill me. I wish we could do something besides play, as we do. Perhaps we ought to work all our lives for the wretched, you and I; who can tell?”

“Yes!” the young man replied slowly, and was silent a moment, thinking. “That idea comes into my mind sometimes,” he added. “I always fancy that the poor and the wicked look at me in an asking way, differently from what they do to others, as if they expected me to do something for them. It may be only because they see how I look at them. I never see one but I think, How should I feel if that were my father or my mother? But I don’t know what great work I could do. My life seems mapped out.”

Sometimes their expeditions were merrier. They went to the Back Bay lands, then not filled in, and stood so close to the railroad tracks that the passing trains blew in their faces. “I like strength and force,” Edith said; “and I like the wind in my face. It would be pleasant to ride in a car with an open front, and the engine on behind. Does it not seem like that in a ship at sea, Dick?”

“Better than that,” he answered, his eyes brightening. “For at sea you have a clear track, and can fly on without stopping or turning out for anything.”

“Now, let’s go and see that large building,” the girl said. “Isn’t it fine to go about in this way? You are Haroun-al-Raschid, and I am anybody, and we are exploring our capital. We are, perhaps, invisible. Stop a minute. There are fishes in this ditch. I am going to catch one with a crooked pin.”

They looked at the large building, Chickering’s piano-forte factory, and Dick described foreign buildings to his companion, and described so vividly and so simply that the structures seemed to rise before her. He was remarkably gifted in this respect. His clear eyes took in the general effect, and caught here and there a salient point to give it character and sharpness, and his descriptions were never blurred by superfluous words, or by imagination, which often destroys the outlines of tangible things by its perceptions of their intangible meaning.

One morning they went to Mass to receive communion together. The morning was lovely, the spring green all freshness, the birds singing, the sun stealing goldenly through a faint mist. Edith rose happy, and everything added to her happiness. It was delightful to have some one to go to Mass with. It only now occurred to her that she had been lonely in her religion.

“I hope that I shall make a good communion,” she said to herself, as she began to dress. “What should I do? Let me think! If I had a house of my own, rather a poor little place, and some one I loved and honored were coming to visit me, I should first make my house clean. Then I should adorn it all I could, and prepare a little feast. I have no servant, I will say, and must do everything myself. I am rather glad of that, for I can show my good-will so. I will not mind getting on my knees to scrub out the darkest corners. But I must let in light to see where to cleanse. Come, Holy Spirit! enlighten my soul, and let no darkness remain where a sin can hide itself. Then comes my confession; but what poor things confessions are! I wish I could say, I accuse myself of having broken all the ten commandments of God, and the six commandments of the church, and of having committed the seven deadly sins, and every sin that could be committed, and each a thousand times over. Then I should be sure to get them all in. But Father Rasle says that, if our dispositions are good, the sins we forget, or do not understand, are included and forgiven with those we confess. As when a woman sweeps her room, she sweeps out, perhaps, some things she does not see. Well, say that my house is clean, what have I to adorn it with?” She paused with the brush half-drawn through her hair, and the first sunbeams, shining in her face, shone on gathering tears. She recollected herself, and went on with her dressing. “Such a bare reception! Nothing to offer! How about faith, hope, and charity? I believe everything, I could believe a thousand times more; but even the devils believe, Father Rasle says. I don’t know whether I hope in the right way. Hope is a hard virtue to manage. Do I love him? Yes! Even though I do wrong, still I love him. It is no sign that you do not love a person, even if you do things to vex him. What good work can I do to-day? I will read Miss Clinton to sleep, and let Bird go out. That will be

something, because I would rather go out myself. And I will ask Miss Clinton if I may read a paper to her. That will be awfully hard, for she will stare at me, and then laugh in that way that makes me want to run out of the room. And I will—yes—no—will I? Yes, I will try to kiss her, if I possibly can. She would be pleased; but I shouldn't be. Those will be like little daisies at the doorstep when he comes in. But my house is bare yet. If only I had some pain to offer!"

Her eyes chanced to fall on a coil of picture-cord, and the sight of it gave her a new and startling thought. She paused a moment, then, rising, pulled her curtains close, opened the door to assure herself that there was no one in the corridor outside, then shut the door and locked it. This done, she looped and knotted the cord into a discipline—ah! not in vain had she once asked Father Rasle what that was. Her hands trembled with eagerness while she fastened the five lashes together. Then, with one glowing upward glance, she knelt, and brought the discipline, with the full force of her arm, round across her shoulders. A faint cry followed the first blow, and the blood rushed crimson over her face and neck. "O Lord! I did not mean to cry out!" she whispered, and listened, and struck again, and yet again. "One for each of the five wounds, one for each of the times he prayed in the garden." She paused, and dropped forward with her face on the floor, writhing in silent pain. "Now, one for each station of the way of the cross." Tears ran down her cheeks, but her strong young arm and heart did not falter. "Now, a decade of the rosary."

Sobbing, half-fainting, she rose after a while, and hid the precious pencil, with which she had painted a picture for the wall of her little reception-room.

"I must put on something extra, so that the blood shall not show through my dress," she said; but, looking to wipe away the blood, behold! not a drop was there, but only long welts of red and white crossing her fair shoulders.

Edith hid her face, with a *feeling* of utter humiliation and grief. She had been agonizing under the blows which had produced only a few marks, and yet fancying that she imitated him whose flesh had been torn by the lash, and whose blood had flowed in streams. "I can do nothing, nothing! I am silly and presumptuous," were the thoughts with which she finished her preparation to go out.

But, trivial as her penance had been, it brought humility, and a deeper sense of the sufferings of our Lord.

A servant who was washing the steps as Edith went out, smiled gratefully to the pleasant greeting of the young lady, and looked after her as she went down the street. The servants, all Catholics, were very proud and fond of this young Catholic in their Protestant household.

"Since I cannot do anything," Edith pursued, as she walked on toward the church, "I will ask the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph to come first, and be in my house when the Lord shall enter. He will be pleased to find them there. Then, when the time comes, I will go and meet him at the door; but how dreadfully ashamed I shall be! I shall not dare to look up, but I shall say, 'Welcome, Lord!' and kneel down, and kiss his feet. Then, if there is anything more to be done, he will do it, for I can do nothing. How odd it is that I should feel so ashamed at having him come to me, and yet should want him to come! I wouldn't put it off for anything."

Dick was waiting inside the chapel-door for her. He pointed her to a confessional, then took his place near the altar. When it came time for communion, they knelt side by side, but retired again to different seats.

How long Edith knelt there she did not know. She had covered her face with her hands, shutting out the sight of all about her, and her soul had entered a new scene. There was a simple, small room, bare save for two vague, luminous presences, one at either side, lighting the place. There was an open door, with vines swinging about it, and a half-seen picture of verdure, and deep blue heavens outside. Up through that pure, intense color stretched two lines of motionless winged forms, as if they bowed at either side of a path down which one had come. Within the door, under the vines, stood the Lord, and she was prostrate on the floor, with her arms clasped around, and her lips pressed to, his feet. She did not look up, and he did not speak nor stir, but his smile shone down through all her being. Let it last so for ever!

The tinkling of a bell awoke her as from a sound sleep—a flicker, as of flames in the wind, moved those heavenly lines of receding faces, and Edith lifted her head, and recollected where she was, seeming to be suddenly transported back there from a distance. The priest was carrying the host away from the altar of the chapel up to the church. He held the sacred burden clasped closely to his breast, and bent his head slightly toward it. He looked at it as he walked, yet chose his steps with care. He wrapped around it the golden veil, of which the fringe glistened like fire as he moved. No mother could carry a sleeping infant more tenderly.

Edith stretched out her hands, with a momentary feeling of bereavement, for the Lord was going away. "Oh! take my heart with thee!" she prayed.

The lights disappeared, the sound of the bell grew fainter up the stairs, and ceased. She sighed, then smiled again, and became aware of Dick sitting at the furthest end of the bench, and waiting for her. They went out by separate aisles, and met at the door.

“I would like to have followed up into the church, and waited till he was at rest again, and seen where they lay him,” Edith said after a while. [Pg 27]

Dick smiled quietly, and said nothing. He was looking quite pale, but bright. She made no comment on his looks, thinking that the communion was the cause of his emotion.

They went to the public gardens before going home. It was very lovely there. The mists of the morning had slowly gathered themselves into detached clouds, and they scarcely moved, the air was so still. The trees and the many pink flowers about glistened with dew.

Edith began to love her quietude, and grow merry, but with an angelic merriment. “Do you think that the Lord came down to the garden only at evening?” she asked. “I think he came at early morning, unless he stayed all night—morning is so beautiful! How alive everything is! You can almost see eyes in the flowers. See the swans on the water. They float like clouds in the sky. Fancy a pink swan in a large blue lake, throwing up sprays as white as snow over his bosom! Do you think that the earth was any more beautiful when it was first made? Is it not lovely now?”

There was no answer in words, but the young man’s eyes, glancing about, were eloquent, and his smile was one of peaceful delight.

“Come,” the girl said, “let’s play that this is really the Garden of Eden, and that you and I are just taking our first walk in it, wondering over everything. Let us look at ourselves in the water, and see if we are as beautiful as all the rest.”

He smiled at the childish fancy, took the hand she offered him, and went with her over the water. The swans passed by, and sent ripples over their mirror, but it was clear enough to give back the image of a sweet oval face with bright eyes and lips, and of another face more richly tinted, peach-colored with sun and wind, with eyes that sparkled, and white teeth that laughed through a chestnut beard.

“Adam,” said the woman, “thou art more stately than the palm, and thine eyes have beams like the sun. Let us praise the Creator who hath formed thee in his own image!”

Dick’s hand and voice trembled, his face grew red in the water, then grew pale. “Eve,” he said, “thou art whiter and more graceful than the swan, and, while thou art speaking, the birds listen. I praise him who has given thee to me to be mine alone and for ever—my mate in this world and in the next.”

Speaking, his light clasp grew tight on her hand.

The face and throat that had shown swan-white in the water grew rose-red, then disappeared as Edith started back.

“How could I look forward to anything else, Edith?” the young man exclaimed desperately. “I have never dreamed of any other life. I have worked, and studied, and hoped for you. What! will you turn away from me now, for the first time? God have mercy on me!”

She did not utter a word at first. She was too much confounded. It was to her as though the friend she had so long known had been suddenly snatched from her side, and a stranger like, and yet unlike, him put in his place. This man with the pallid face and trembling voice was not Dick Rowan. She wanted to get away from him. But after a step or two she turned back again.

“Who would have thought it?” she said, looking at him anxiously, as though half hoping that the whole was a jest.

“Who would have thought anything else?” he replied, taking courage. [Pg 28]

She turned away again, but he walked on beside her. It was too late to withdraw. Having spoken, he must say all.

“I think you were the only person who did not see what I lived for,” he said.

“But it is nonsense!” she exclaimed.

“We have always known each other. We are like brother and sister. Is it only strangers who marry?” he asked.

“Marry! Fie! I never thought of such a thing!” she said angrily.

“Won’t you please think of it now, Edith?” he asked, in a voice so gentle and controlled that it recalled her own self-possession. “This has been the great thought of my life. It made me ambitious, for your sake. I am a Catholic, thank God! and a sincere one, but it was love of you that led me to study and think on that subject. When my life hangs in the balance, I am sure you will at least stop to think, dear.”

She looked at him, but he did not return her glance. His eyes were fixed on the ground, and it really seemed as though his life did hang in the balance.

“I’d like to stop and talk about it a little while, Dick,” she said. “Sit here. Now, be reasonable, and I will not be cross again. Forgive me! I was so surprised, you know; for I have been studying all my life, and never thought about this. Now, it seems to me, Dick, that

I shall never want to be married to any one whatever. I shall live with Aunt Amy, and, when she is dead, I will go into a convent, or, if I should have money, will do something for the poor, perhaps. If you want to have me with you, some time I can go on a voyage in your ship, and you can always come to see me when you come home. Won't that do?"

He smiled faintly.

"Oh! thank you!" she said, greatly relieved.

"Has any one else ever spoken to you in this way, Edith?" he asked, looking at her searchingly.

"Oh! no," she answered with decision. "I am not at all engaged, or anything like it. No one ever cared anything about me. And I hope you are satisfied now, Dick. It is very well for people to marry who are afraid of losing each other; but we can live close by when we grow old, or perhaps in the same house."

"I have disturbed and troubled you, Edith," the young man said after awhile, "but I could not help it. There must be a beginning to everything, and I had to make a beginning of this. I don't expect you to treat it seriously now, but I want you to think of it. It seemed right that I should speak, or some one else might speak while I am gone, and take you away from me."

"But I should never think of having any one else, if you want me," she replied with perfect conviction. "I may not ever marry at all, but, if I do, you will have the first chance."

Dick Rowan's whole face caught fire. "Why, darling!" he exclaimed joyfully, "do you mean that?"

She was astonished and pleased at the effect of her words, "Truly," she answered. "You know very little of me if you do not know that I have always considered myself to belong more to you than to any one else."

They had now reached Miss Clinton's door, and there they parted without more words.

But Edith's indecision was of shorter duration than either she or her friend had anticipated. The subject was so foreign to her thoughts that at first she had comprehended nothing, and had received Dick Rowan's avowal in a most childish manner. But a few hours' consideration had set the whole in a different light. She went down to Hester's as soon as dinner was over, and asked for her aunt. Mrs. Yorke was in her own room, writing a letter, and she only glanced up with a smile as her niece entered.

"All well at Miss Clinton's?" she asked, folding the letter.

"Yes, very well."

"Anything new?"

"Miss Clinton told me last night that her will is made, leaving everything to Carl, and that, if I marry to suit her, I am to have her jewels, shawls, and laces. I do not want them, though I would rather have fresh new things for myself, if they are not so rich."

"Whom does she wish you to marry?" Mrs. Yorke asked, directing her letter.

"She did not say," Edith replied in a constrained voice, looking down.

Mrs. Yorke glanced at her niece, then put her arm out and drew her close. "You have something to tell me, dear," she said.

Edith began to tremble. "Yes, Aunt Amy. Dick Rowan has been talking to me this morning, and, if you and Uncle Charles are willing, and if I should ever marry any one, I am going to marry him."

Mrs. Yorke's brows contracted slightly, rather with anxiety than displeasure. "Dear child, are you sure of yourself?" she asked. "One may have a very great affection for a person, and not be willing to marry him. Don't be hasty. Take time to think of it till he shall come back again. If you promise, you may regret it. I must say, dear, I think it selfish of him to speak so when you have seen nothing but birds and books, and do not know your own mind."

Edith raised her head from her aunt's shoulder. "Oh! Dick isn't selfish, and he only asked me to think of it, and to know that he wanted me."

It was useless to oppose. After a little more talk, Mrs. Yorke promised to consent if both were of the same mind after a year. "And now, Edith, I have concluded to start for home to-morrow, and I want to see Carl right away."

She did not say that she had only come to this conclusion since Edith had entered her room.

"And I also wish to see Mr. Rowan," she added. "Did he not mean to consult me?"

"Oh! yes," Edith said eagerly. "He is coming up this evening; and, Aunt Amy"—very hesitatingly—"don't let me be married for a great while, till I am twenty-five, at least. Of course," looking up quickly, as if some doubt had been expressed—"of course, I think the world of him, and don't wish to marry any one else; but I cannot, *cannot* hurry."

Mrs. Yorke had a long conversation with her niece's lover, that evening, and laid down the law rather severely to him. No one but Edith, herself, and Mr. Yorke were to know of his proposal. "I do not wish her to be talked about, and assigned to any one, when nothing is decided," she said. "It is for that purpose that I am taking her away so soon, to prevent talk. If, when you come home next year, she wishes it, and nothing has happened to raise any new objection, I shall not oppose you."

He sat a moment silent. He asked nothing better than he had got; but his proud spirit rebelled at the manner in which the promise was given. He was tolerated because they could not help themselves.

"Do you agree to that?" she asked, after waiting a moment.

"Certainly!" he replied. "I forgot to say so, and to thank you, because, excuse me! I was thinking how much poorer an offering is a man's whole heart and faithful allegiance than a full purse."

"If you had millions, it would make no difference, Mr. Rowan," Mrs. Yorke said hastily, her color rising. "If I am not cordial in welcoming you into this relation, my reasons are not mercenary, nor—" her manner softened—"nor because I do not respect and like you."

She held her hand out to him. He bent gallantly over it, murmured a word of thanks, and took leave without saying any more.

He was willing, almost glad, that Edith should go home. He welcomed any stir and progress in events which would seem to pass the time more quickly along. Let him get over his year of probation, and, during it, be separated from her, if they chose. Her doubt and trouble in their new relations troubled him. When he should come again, all would be settled. He was full of hope and triumph, and far removed from jealousy. She had said that she should not think of marrying any one but him; and what Edith said was as sure as sunrise.

TO BE CONTINUED.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

A CONVERT.

1856.

(These lines express the feelings of one, now at rest, who was loved and honored by all who knew him—including, probably, those who cast him off.)

I.

Ah me! my alienated friends,
Whose friendship, like a branch half-broke,
With all its mildewed blossoms bends,
And piecemeal rots;—how kind the stroke
That bond—your bondage—sent to sever!
Yet, can I wish it? Never, never!

II.

I hear them tread your festal floors:
When now the lights no longer burn,
Alone I haunt your darkened doors:
The guests are gone; yet I return:
In dreamless sleep outstretched you lie:
I dream of all the days gone by.

III.

Against myself your part I take:
"I was of those whose spring is fair;
Whom men but love in hope, and wake
To find (youth flown) the worse for wear:
'Gainst the defaulter judgment goes:
I lived on trust, and they foreclose."

IV.

And many times I say: "They feel
In me the faults they spare to name;
Nor flies unjust the barbèd steel,
Though loosened with a random aim."
Officious zeal! for them I plead
Who neither seek such aid, nor need.

V.

Give up thy summer wealth at last,
Sad tree; and praise the frost that bares
Thy boughs, ere comes that wintry blast
Which fells the grove that autumn spares.
There where thou lov'st thou liv'st! Bequeath,
Except thy bones, no spoils to death!

VI.

To others sovereign Faith exalts
Her voice from temple and from shrine:
For me she rears from funeral vaults
A cross that bleeds with drops divine;
And Hope—above a tombstone—lifts
Her latest, yet her best of gifts.

Aubrey de Vere.

THE LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

NO. II.

When was this liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius first seen by men? It is not easy to answer the question. Some Neapolitan writers have maintained that it occurred probably on the very day when the remains of the sainted bishop were first solemnly transferred to Naples. For then, naturally and as a matter of course, the vials of the blood must have been brought into close proximity with the relics of the head. And this proximity, now intentionally brought about at each exposition, seems to be ordinarily the necessary and sufficient condition for the occurrence of the liquefaction. Others, however, prefer to be guided by positive historical evidence, and have come to a different conclusion. There is in existence a life of the saint written in or near Naples, about the year 920. It combines historical accounts and later legends, and evidently omits nothing which the writer thought would promote veneration toward the saint. It is diffuse on the subject of miracles. There is also in existence a panegyric of the saint, written perhaps half a century earlier still. No mention whatever is made in either of them of this Liquefaction. We may, therefore, conclude that in the year 920 it was not known. Four hundred and fifty years later, it was known, and had been known so long as to be reputed of ancient standing. About 1380, Lupus dello Specchio wrote the life of St. Peregrine of Scotland, who came to Naples about the year 1100, and died there probably about 1130. In that life it is stated that St. Peregrine came to witness this celebrated and continual miracle—*quotidianum et insigne miraculum*. Now, it may well be that the author, writing about two hundred and fifty years after the death of St. Peregrine, had access to documents and evidences clearly establishing this fact, although such documents do not now exist, five hundred years later, or, at least, have not as yet been exhumed from some dusty library, where they may be lying unnoticed. Or, on the contrary, it may possibly be that in 1380 Lupus believed that the miracle, so regular in its occurrence at his day, had regularly occurred since the year of the translation of the body, and took it as a matter of course that St. Peregrine had witnessed it; and so put that down among the facts of his life. But this, even though a harsh criticism, and one we think unwarranted, if not excluded, by the words of the life, would imply at least that, in 1380, the Liquefaction had occurred for so long a time that men had ordinarily lost the memory of its commencement.

Maraldus the Carthusian, who accompanied his abbot Rudolph to the coronation of Roger, King of Sicily, as historiographer, tells us in his *Chronicon*—or perhaps his continuator—how, in 1140, Roger visited Naples, and how there he venerated the relics of the head and of the blood of St. Januarius. The Liquefaction is not mentioned in so many words. But these relics would not have been singled out from all others in the city, and made so prominent, without some special reason—a reason, perhaps, so well known and so obvious that it did not occur to the writer to state it explicitly, any more than to say that the king venerated the relics in the daytime and not at night.

The learned and critical Bollandists, who have carefully weighed all that can be said on this question, incline to hold that the Liquefaction commenced somewhere between the years 900 and 1000. Prior to the century between those years, St. Januarius had been ranked among the minor patrons of the church of Naples. After that century, he holds the most prominent place and rank in their calendar. This change is unusual and important, and must have been based on some sufficient reason. The most probable one under the circumstances—if not the only one that can be assigned—is that during that century the Liquefactions became known. The contemporary records of Naples for that time were very few; for it was a period of incessant warrings, devastations, and tumults. Those that did exist probably perished in the not unfrequent destruction of the monastic libraries. Still, some venerable manuscript may even yet come to light, telling us how on some festival day, or day of supplication, the relics were all on the altar, the vials of the blood near to the head; how some of the crowd that prayed before the altar saw that the blood in the vial had become liquid; how the wonderful thing was spoken of and seen by many; how, on other occasions, it occurred again and again; until at last it came to be regularly looked for, as a part, and the most wonderful part, of the celebration.

After 1400, the notices of the Liquefaction are more frequent. Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini (afterwards Pope Pius II.) gives an account of it. Robert Gaguin, the old French historian, narrating the journey of Charles VIII. into Italy, mentions his visiting Naples in 1495, and his witnessing and examining this miracle of the Liquefaction.

In 1470, Angelo Catone, a physician of Salerno, who devoted the later years of his life to literature and to travelling, has written a brief but clear account of it. Picus de la Mirandola, the wonder of his age, has also left his testimony as an eye-witness.

It is needless to say that, since the invention of printing and the multiplication of books, we have numberless accounts of it from travellers and authors, in Latin, Italian, German, Polish, English, French, Spanish, and every language of Europe.

Ever since September, 1659—ten years after the opening of the new *Tesoro* chapel—an official diary has been kept in it, recording day by day the expositions of the relics; in what state and condition the blood was found when extracted from the *armoire*, or closet; after

the lapse of what length of time the change, if any, occurred; what was its course and character; in what condition the blood was, when safely replaced in its closet in the evening; and, generally, any other facts of the day which the officers charged with this duty deemed worthy of note.

There are also printed forms in blank to the same effect, which one of them fills out and signs in the sacristy attached to the *Tesoro*, and distributes each day of exposition to those who desire them. We have several in our possession.

Another diary is kept in the archiepiscopal archives. It was commenced long before that of the *Tesoro*. We had an opportunity of looking over it. Down to the year 1526, it seems to be made up from previous documents and extracts from various authors. In 1526, it assumes the character of an original diary. Here and there come intervals during which it appears not to have been regularly kept on. These omissions would be supplied from other sources, when, after a time, the diary would be resumed. From 1632 it is complete. We have before us a manuscript abstract of it, from which we will quote hereafter.

The church of Naples celebrates three festivals of St. Januarius each year; the feast proper of the saint, commemorating his martyrdom; the feast of the translation, commemorating the transfer of his body from Marcian to Naples; and the feast of the patronage, a votive one of thanksgiving. We take them up in the order of time as they occur each year.

I. The first Sunday of May is the feast of the translation. On the preceding Saturday—the vigil, as it is termed—a solemn procession, during the forenoon, bears the bust containing the relics of the head of the saint from the cathedral to the church of Santa Chiara, or St. Clare. In the afternoon, another more imposing procession conveys the reliquary of the blood to the same church, in which the liquefaction is then looked for. About sunset, both relics are borne back in procession to the cathedral and *Tesoro* chapel, and at the proper hour are duly locked up. On the next day, Sunday, they are brought out, first to the altar of the *Tesoro* chapel, and thence, after a couple of hours, to the high altar of the cathedral. In the afternoon, at the appointed hour, they are again brought back to the *Tesoro* chapel, and are duly replaced in their closet, or *armoire*. The same is repeated on Monday, and on each succeeding day of the octave up to the following Sunday, inclusive. Thus, for this festival in May there are *nine* successive days of exposition. And, inasmuch as in the mind of the church the vigil, the feast, and the octave are all united together, as the celebration of one festival in a more solemn form, so we naturally look on those nine expositions not as isolated and distinct, one from the other, but as in some way connected together and united to compose a single group.

The feast and its vigil are found in ancient calendars of the church of Naples. The octave was added about the year 1646, on the occasion of completing and consecrating the new *Tesoro* chapel, the work and the pride of the city. The processions on the vigil were at first directed to such churches as the ecclesiastical authorities might from time to time select, to meet the convenience or the wishes of the faithful. In 1337, eight special churches were designated to which in an established order of succession the processions would thereafter go in turn each year. In 1526, it was stipulated between the city authorities and the archbishop that they should instead go in turn to six municipal halls, or *seggie*, as the Neapolitans styled them, belonging to as many civic bodies or corporations, which united, in some complex and ancient way, in the municipal government of the city: that is, to the chapels or churches attached to these *seggie*. This regulation was strictly followed until the year 1800. The old mediæval usages and liberties had by that time become weakened or had died out under the influence of modern centralization. The several old civic corporations of Naples, if they existed at all, existed only in name. The halls or *seggie* had lost their original importance and standing. A new regulation seemed necessary. From 1800 down, the procession of the vigil has gone each year to the church of Santa Chiara.

II. On the 19th of September occurs the Feast of St. Januarius, the chief or proper festival of the saint, commemorating his life of virtue and his glorious death by martyrdom under Diocletian. It is traced back to the earliest martyrologies and calendars of the church; even those of the Greek schismatic church have preserved it. In Naples, St. Januarius being the patron saint of the city, this festival is, of course, one of high rank, and has an octave. Opening on the nineteenth, and closing on the twenty-sixth of September, it gives each year *eight* days more, on each one of which the relics are brought forth about 9 A.M., and are placed on the main altar of the *Tesoro* chapel, and, about 11 A.M., are carried thence out to the high altar of the cathedral, whence again in the evening they are regularly brought back to the *Tesoro* chapel, to be replaced for the night in their proper closets. On each day, the liquefaction is looked for. The reason already given in the case of the May octave applies here also. These eight days of exposition are not eight isolated or distinct days, without any connection. They should rather be looked on as forming a second group.

III. On the 16th of December is celebrated the feast of the Patronage of St. Januarius. This is a single day festival in annual thanksgiving for many favors received, and especially for the preservation of Naples, two centuries and a half ago, from the fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

Naples lies almost under the shadow of Mount Vesuvius, that terrible volcano which, after slumbering peacefully for an unknown number of ages, renewed its fearful and destructive eruptions in A.D. 79, 203, 462, 512, and more than fifty times since. The burning gas or the

smoke from its crater has risen miles into the air, and has spread like a dark cloud scores of miles on one side or the other. It has thrown up stones, which fell in showers of lapilli ten miles away. Its ashes have been borne to Tunis and Algiers in Africa, and to Tuscany, to Illyria, and to Greece in other directions. Once they clouded the sky and filled the air even in Constantinople. Streams of molten lava have flowed down its sides, filling valleys that were broad and deep, and sending in advance a sulphurous atmosphere and a glowing heat which destroyed all animal and vegetable life, even before the fiery stream itself touched plant, tree, or animal. They roll on slowly, but so inflexible and irresistible that no work or art of man can stay the movement or control its course. Everything in its path is doomed to utter destruction. *Resina*, between Naples and the mountain, has been destroyed and rebuilt, it is said, seven times; *Torre del Greco*, near by, nine times. Other places have perished as did Herculaneum and Pompeii. On every side of the mountain, so fair to look on when peaceful, so terrible in its wrath, one may follow for miles on miles these ancient currents, radiating from the centre. Here the hard, dark rock rings, as iron would, under your horse's hoof. There, what was once a death-bearing stream of lava has been covered by time with a rich soil, on which vines and olives flourish. By the shore, you may see where they reached the water, and have added leagues of rough volcanic rock to the land.

Naples has often been violently shaken, and sometimes seriously injured; has often been in imminent peril, but never was utterly destroyed. This brilliant capital, uniting in herself all that Italian taste admires of beauty and luxury—"*Vedi Napoli, e muori*"—lives with a sword of Damocles ever suspended over her. Each night as they retire the Neapolitans may shudder if they cast a thought on the possible horrors of the night they have entered on or what the morrow may bring them.

But men become callous even to such dangers as these, when often threatened and seldom felt. We can conceive how thoroughly all thought of them had died out in 1631, when Vesuvius, in a long unbroken sleep of one hundred and ninety-four years, had allowed six generations of Neapolitans to grow up and pass to their graves without any experience of its power. Earthquakes, explosions, flames, smoke, and streams of fire were all forgotten. Towns and villages, and gardens and vineyards, were dotting the base of the mountain or climbing its pleasant and fertile slopes. And among the many charming scenes in the neighborhood of Naples, there were then none more sweet and charming than those of the narrow tract between the city and Mount Vesuvius.

So it was on the morning of Tuesday, the 16th of December, 1631. Yet fair as was the scene on which the sun rose that day, it was to be greatly changed ere night. Early in the morning, the citizens were startled and somewhat alarmed by a very perceptible tremulousness of the earth under their feet. It increased in violence as the hours rolled on, and the atmosphere too, December though it was, became sultry and close. The inhabitants of the beautiful villas and the farmers and country laborers, who had felt the trembling of the earth and the closeness of the atmosphere more sensibly than the citizens, and who saw at once that it was caused by the mountain, commenced to flee with their families for safety into the city. About 9 A.M. a cry of affright went up from the city and the country, as suddenly the mountain shook and roared as if in agony. All eyes turned to the summit of Vesuvius, only yesterday so fair and green. A huge turbid column of smoke was seen swiftly springing upward from its cone toward the sky. High up, it spread out like the top of a mighty pine or palm. The lightning flashed through this rolling, surging, ever-increasing mass as it rapidly expanded on every side. By 11 A.M., Naples lay under the dark and fearful cloud which shut out the heavens and darkened the day. The incessant trembling of the earth was perceptibly increasing in violence. Men felt that they were at the beginning of they knew not what terrible tragedy, before which they felt themselves utterly powerless.

The ever-open churches were soon crowded with fear-stricken suppliants. The cardinal archbishop at once directed religious services to be commenced in them all, and to be continued without intermission. In the hours of the afternoon there would be a procession through the streets near the cathedral, in which the relics of St. Januarius would be borne. Men prayed to be spared from the impending doom. The trembling earth might open to swallow them; the tottering houses might fall and crush them; or the mountain, whose sullen roar, like that of an angry monster, they heard amid and above all other sounds, might destroy them in some other more fearful way. They prayed and did penance, like the Ninivites of old. They sought to prepare their souls for the death which might come to many of them.

To the gloom and horrors of the dark cloud of smoke, spread as a funeral pall over the city, was added, later in the day, a pouring rain. The water came down heated and charged with volcanic ashes. Night arrived, more terrible than the day. The continuous trembling of the earth had indeed ceased; but, instead, there came sharp, quick shocks of earthquake, four or five of them every hour, vastly increasing the danger of those who remained in their houses. Out-of-doors was the pouring rain and the intense darkness, rendered more fearful by the intermittent electric flashings of the cloud overhead. The few oil-lamps in the streets gave little light; some had not been lighted, others had been extinguished. The narrow streets sounded with shrieks of alarm and prayers for mercy. They were filled with those who chose rather the darkness, the rain, and the mud under foot, than the danger within their own chambers. And all through the city might be descried entire families grouped together, and, by the light of torches or lanterns, making their way to some church—for, all through the

terrible hours of that long night, the churches still remained open and thronged, and the services still continued. Day came at length, if the dim, misty light could be called day. It brought no relief beyond its saddening twilight. All hearts were depressed and filled with gloomy forebodings. All felt that only by the mercy of God could they be rescued.

At 10 A.M. there came two shocks of earthquake severer than any that had preceded them. The waters of the bay twice receded, leaving a portion of the harbor bare, and twice rolled back furiously, rushing over the piers and quays, and passing into the lower streets of the city. A hoarse and violent roar was heard from the mountain. It was soon known that the sea of lava within its bowels had burst for itself a channel-way out through the northern side, and was pouring down in a rapid stream, widening its front as it spread into seven branches, and advancing directly towards the city. *Portici* and *Resina*, near the mountain, or, rather, on its lower slope, were seen quickly to perish. Portions of Torre del Greco and of Torre dell'Annunziata shared the same fate. It seemed to the affrighted Neapolitans, as they looked on the fiery streams pouring onward, resistless and inflexible, in their course of destruction, that death was coming to them by fire, more terrible far than death by water or by earthquake.

Meanwhile, the hour at last arrived fixed for this day's procession. The archbishop was to take part in it, and would himself bear the reliquary of the blood of St. Januarius. The clergy of the city would precede and accompany him, and the municipal authorities would walk in procession behind. Thousands were in the cathedral and would follow after, and tens of thousands crowded the streets through which its route lay. A common feeling filled all hearts alike; they prayed earnestly, if ever they did—for their lives, and their homes, their all was at stake.

The rain had ceased, but the dark cloud still hung overhead, and the ashes were still falling, and the air was close and sulphurous. As the procession issued from the cathedral, and while the archbishop stood yet in the square in front of it, a blaze of sunlight beamed around. The sun itself they did not see, but his beams found some rift in the mass of smoke surging overhead, and struggled through, throwing, for a few moments, a glow of golden effulgence down on the cathedral and the square, and the groups that stood or knelt within it. The effect was electric. "It is a miracle! our prayers are heard!" was the cry that burst from the multitude. In a few moments the light was gone; but, with cheered and hopeful hearts, the procession moved on through the crowded streets to the gate of the city, looking directly towards Vesuvius and the advancing streams of lava. Here an altar had been prepared in the open air, psalms were chanted, prayers and litanies succeeded, and the archbishop, ascending the steps of the altar, stood on the platform, and, holding aloft the reliquary of the blood, made with it the sign of the cross towards the blazing mountain, and all prayed that God, through the intercession of their great patron saint, would avert the dreaded and dreadful calamity.

Ere the archbishop descended from the altar, all were aware that an east wind had sprung up, and that the smoke and cinders and ashes were being blown away over the sea. The mountain grew calmer, and at once ceased to pour forth such immense supplies of molten lava. The dreaded stream, no longer fed from the copious fount, soon slackened its movement—ceased to advance towards them—and, before their eyes, was seen to grow cold, and solid, and dark. When that procession, on its return, reached the cathedral, the sun was shining brightly and cheerfully. Well might they close with a solemn *Te Deum*, for Naples was saved. Outside of the city, five thousand men, women, and children had perished, and ruin was spread everywhere; within the city, not one building had fallen, not one life had been lost.

The eruption continued for some months after, but in a moderated form. The danger to the city was not renewed.

Therefore, in 1632, and in each year since, the sixteenth of December has been a memorable and a sacred day for Naples. It became the festival of the *Patrocinio*, or Patronage of St. Januarius. For a century and a half, it was kept as a religious holy-day of strictest obligation. But the sense of gratitude dies out equally with the sense of dangers from which we escaped in the distant past. Whether this was the cause, or whether it was deemed proper to yield to the so-called industrial notions that have prevailed in more modern times, we cannot say; but, for three-quarters of a century back, if we err not, this festival in Naples ranks only as one of devotion. For a number of years, its celebration was even transferred to the Sunday following. In 1858, it was transferred back to the day itself, and is now celebrated invariably on the sixteenth of December. On that day, the relics are taken from their closet and borne to the altar of the *Tesoro*, and thence to the high altar of the cathedral. After Mass, and the recitation of a portion of the divine office, they are borne in solemn procession through several streets in the vicinity of the cathedral, and, on the return, are brought again to the high altar, where there is the exposition of the relics with the usual prayers; and the liquefaction is looked for for the *eighteenth* regular time each year.

If the weather be rainy, the procession goes merely through the aisles and nave of the large cathedral and back to the high altar.

This feast has taken the place of another single-day festival, formerly celebrated on the fourteenth of January, and now merged in this votive feast a month earlier.

Beyond these ordinary and regularly established expositions, other special or extraordinary ones have been occasionally allowed, sometimes at the request of distinguished strangers, who visited Naples mostly in winter, and could not wait for the recurrence of the regular festival; sometimes to allow learned and scientific men, earnest in the cause of religion, to examine the liquefaction more closely and quietly than they could do amid the concourse of so many thousands on the regular days; and, sometimes, for special and urgent reasons of devotion or public need, as was that of December 16, 1631, of which we have just given the account. These extraordinary expositions were more frequent and more easily allowed two or three centuries ago than in later years. In fact, the latest one of which we can find any record occurred in 1702. Pope Pius IX. himself, during his exile in Gaeta, near Naples, waited for a regular day—September 20, 1849—to witness the liquefaction.

On a number of religious festivals during the year, it is customary to take out the bust of St. Januarius, containing the relics of his head, and to place it, with other relics of the saints kept in the cathedral, on the altar. To do this, it is, of course, necessary that the city delegate with his keys should be in attendance, and should co-operate with the canon or clergyman sent by the archbishop with his keys. Together they open the closet in which, under two locks, is kept the bust, and which, our readers will remember, is built in the massive masonry wall of the *Tesoro* chapel, immediately behind its main altar, and adjoining the similar closet in which is preserved the reliquary with the ampullæ, or vials, of the blood. As this reliquary of the blood is not to be taken out on these occasions, its closet is ordinarily left untouched. But, in some rare instances, it has been opened, and due record made of the state in which the blood was then seen to be. At some other times, also, the door has been opened by special favor, that strangers might at least take a similar view, if they could not be present at an exposition. We have the record of nineteen times altogether since 1648, when the door was opened for one or the other of these reasons, the last time being June 11, 1775, when the blood was seen *hard*. However, as to the number of such minor examinations, we apprehend that we should speak with some hesitation. There may have been many more of which we have not just now at hand sufficient information.

We have spoken of the official diary of the *Tesoro* chapel, commencing in 1659, and of the archiepiscopal diary, commencing as a diary in 1526, and both continuing, the latter with some *lacunæ* in its earlier portions, down to the present time. Of course, different hands have penned its pages as years rolled on; and it is curious and amusing to note their differences of character as shown in their styles. Even in so plain a matter as recording, day after day and year after year, the state and condition of the blood when extracted from its closet, the occurrence and character of the liquefaction, the prominent or important facts of each day, and in what condition the blood was when replaced at night in its closet—points which it was the duty of all to record—personal traits are unwittingly manifested. One writer evidently was fond of ecclesiastical ceremonies, and he is exact in recording the character of the High Mass and of the processions: who and how many walked in them, how many altars were erected on the route through the streets, etc. Another was more of a courtier, and he carefully mentions the presence of cardinals, viceroys, ambassadors, princes, and eminent personages. A third was devoted to prayer, and his entries breathe his spirit of devotion in many a pious ejaculation. One tells you of a new musical *Te Deum* that was sung. Another had a painter's eye, and never fails to name, with minute precision, the varying shades of color seen in the blood. Another still, with more of a mathematical turn, is equally exact in setting forth to the very minute the times of the liquefactions which he records; while others, again, performed their duty in a more perfunctory style.

On the whole, these diaries are to us most interesting and unique, as well for the length of time they cover, and the evident sincerity and earnestness of the writers in stating faithfully what they saw—sometimes to their own astonishment or sorrow, sometimes with joy—as also for the wonderful character of the facts themselves which are recorded.

Of the archiepiscopal diary, we possess a manuscript abstract, kindly written out for us. From its pages we have made a summary of all the expositions of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples from the year 1648 to 1860, which we present to our readers in tabular form. We group them together in octaves, for the reasons already given, and because in that form several peculiarities are clearly seen which, perhaps, otherwise would disappear.

We give, first, three tables for the vigil, feast, and octave in May. The first one shows the state of the blood when taken out from its closet, giving to each day a column, and recording in each column the various conditions of the blood, distinguishing them as: 1. Very hard; 2. Hard; 3. Soft; 4. Liquid, with a hard lump in the liquid; 5. Hard and full; 6. Full, when, on account of that fulness, it could not be known whether the dark mass of blood within was solid or fluid; 7. Liquid. A second table will set forth, under a similar arrangement, the various lengths of time which elapsed from the taking out of the reliquary of the *ampulla* from its closet until the liquefaction was seen to commence. After enumerating the instances in which the time is clearly determinable, another line indicates the times when the liquefaction is set down as gradual, sometimes because the time was not clearly seen, sometimes, perhaps, because the recording was perfunctory. We add another line, embracing the various occasions when the diary either omits recording or indicating the time, or does so, vaguely or in such terms as "*regular*, *very regular*, *promptly*, *punctually*, *most punctually*, *without unusual delay*, *without anything new*." We subjoin to this table other lines, showing on what days and how often the blood remained always fluid; or always

fluid with a hard floating lump; or always hard; or always full, and so full that liquefaction was not detected. A third table, similarly arranged, will show in what condition the blood was when locked up at night in its closet. We also give three similar tables for the feast and octave of September, and similar accounts for the December festival and for the extraordinary expositions.

May, 1648, to May, 1860, inclusive—213 Years.

TABLE I.

STATE OF BLOOD AT THE OPENING OF THE CLOSET.

MAY.	Satur.	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Satur.	Sun.
Very hard	2	—	1	1	2	—	2	2	2
Hard	156	119	207	203	168	139	123	113	113
Soft	4	8	1	3	2	5	3	7	6
Liquid, with hard lump	40	74	—	—	—	1	—	—	—
Hard and full	3	—	—	1	6	9	13	15	17
Full	—	—	—	4	33	56	68	75	73
Liquid	8	12	4	1	2	3	4	1	—

TABLE II.

Times of the Liquefactions.

May.	Satur.	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Satur.	Sun.
Under 10 minutes	88	67	85	44	27	23	18	16	16
Under 30 ”	49	28	63	73	46	46	44	35	37
Under 60 ”	18	9	8	36	42	25	19	17	13
Under 2 hours	5	4	2	1	5	6	5	11	7
Under 5 ”	1	7	—	—	2	2	2	3	3
Over 5 ”	1	—	1	—	—	—	2	2	4
Gradual	1	40	—	—	—	1	—	—	—
Vague or omitted	26	45	54	55	54	52	51	53	56
Always liquid, with hard lump	17	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Always full	—	—	—	4	33	56	68	75	73
Always hard	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Always liquid	6	12	—	—	4	3	3	1	2

TABLE III.

State of the Blood when Locked Up at Night.

May.	Satur.	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Satur.	Sun.
Liquid	131	203	204	174	145	130	122	121	130
Liquid, with hard lump	77	10	4	—	—	—	—	—	—
Liquid and full	—	—	5	35	33	25	21	14	8
Full	—	—	—	4	33	56	68	75	73
Soft	3	—	—	—	1	—	—	1	—
Hard	2	—	—	—	1	2	1	1	1
Hard and full	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	1	1

These tables present the course of the expositions for two hundred and thirteen times each of the nine days, in all, 1,917 expositions. They do not set forth the changes in color, in frothing and ebullition, in minor increases or diminutions of volume, and in occasional hardenings, of all which we shall treat further on.

From September, 1648, to September, 1860—212 Years.

TABLE I.

State of the Blood on Opening the Closet.

September.	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
Hard	117	191	190	191	187	189	191	195
Hard and full, (*probable*)	24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Hard and full	58	—	—	—	—	2	1	1
Soft	1	—	1	—	—	1	1	—
Full	—	—	1	1	2	2	2	
Liquid	12	21	20	20	23	18	17	14

TABLE II.

Times of the Liquefactions.

September.	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
Under 10 minutes	35	32	62	59	59	51	51	55
Under 30 ”	64	101	78	76	78	83	79	84
Under 60 ”	19	24	17	21	10	18	21	15
Under 2 hours	19	4	5	4	8	4	8	7
Under 5 ”	27	—	—	1	1	2	2	—
Over 5 ”	13	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Vague or omitted	23	30	28	30	32	35	33	35
Always liquid	12	21	21	20	22	18	17	14
Always full	—	—	1	1	2	1	1	2

TABLE III.

STATE OF THE BLOOD WHEN LOCKED UP AT NIGHT.

SEPTEMBER.	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
Liquid	212	211	211	210	206	208	209	202
Liquid and full	—	1	—	1	3	3	2	8
Always full	—	—	1	1	2	1	1	2
Hard	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—

These tables give two hundred and twelve expositions for each day, and thus for the whole group a second aggregate of 1,696 expositions. They do not, any more than the preceding ones, give an account of the changes to which the blood is subject, in color, frothing, or minor increase or decrease of volume. These points will be considered in their proper place.

The festival of the patronage on the 16th of December, established in 1632, has been celebrated 228 times down to 1860.

I. On opening the closet or safe the blood was found as follows:

Very hard,	2
Hard,	214
Soft,	1
Hard and full,	10
Liquid,	1-228

II. The variations as to times of liquefaction were as follows:

Immediately or under half-hour,	26
Under 1 hour,	29
″ 2 ″	41
″ 5 ″	42
Over 5 hours,	26
Always hard,	43
″ full,	3
″ liquid,	1
Vague or omitted,	17-228

III. The condition of the blood, when put up, was as follows:

Liquid,	131
″ with lump,	46
Soft,	5
Hard as found,	43
Full,	3-228

The extraordinary expositions were 43 in number. Of these 20 may be grouped with the December exposition, having occurred in the months of November, December, January, and February.

The blood was found: Very hard, 1; hard, 13; soft, 5; and liquid, 1. The times of liquefaction were: Under 10 minutes, 15 times; under 30 minutes, 1; under 5 hours, 1; remaining liquid, 1. Of course, on all the 20 days it was put up liquid.

Nineteen days may be in the same way connected with the May celebration, as they are distributed through the months of March, April, May, and June.

The blood was found: Very hard, 1; hard, 13; soft, 4; liquid, 1. The times of the liquefaction were: Under 10 minutes, 10 times; under 30 minutes, 3; under 60 minutes, 1; under 2 hours, 1; under 5 hours, 1; time not indicated in the diary, 2; and it remained liquid, 1. On every occasion it was put up in a liquid condition.

Four other times there were extraordinary expositions in July and September. Twice the blood was found hard and liquefied within half an hour each time, and twice it was found liquid.

Nineteen instances are recorded in which for various reasons the closet was opened and the reliquary seen in its place. Four times the blood was found very hard; six times it was hard; twice it was soft; four times it was liquid, and three times the condition is not recorded.

These tables present an aggregate of no less than 3,884 expositions within a little more than two centuries, of which number no less than 3,331 were marked by a complete or partial liquefaction. The exceptions are of various classes. The most numerous one comprises 320

cases, in which the ampulla, or vial, was found in the morning and continued during the entire exposition of that day so completely full, that it was impossible for an ordinary observer to say whether the blood liquefied or not.

The writer of the diary says on this point, A.D. 1773: "When the vial is full, some signs are at times observed indicative of a liquefaction, chiefly a wave-like motion when the vial is moved. But as this can only be seen from the rear (that is, as the light shines on it or through it from the opposite side), and only on close inspection and by practised eyes, and is not visible to ordinary observers standing in front, it is not here noted down as a liquefaction." In the diary of the *Tesoro* chapel, which we cannot now consult, they are probably recorded as liquefactions.

The next largest class of exceptions consists of the 171 cases in which the blood was found liquid in the morning, and was replaced in the closet in the evening still in a liquid condition. We should observe that not unfrequently in such cases the fluid mass became congealed or even hard during the day and liquefied again. Even when this does not happen, there are so many other and frequent changes as to color, to frothing, or to ebullition, and to change of volume by increase or decrease, that, even without the occurrence of liquefaction, the fluid blood presents many wonderful characteristics. Thus in our synopsis we have counted the octave of September, 1659, as presenting seven days during which the blood was found and remained liquid. The diary, taking up that octave day by day, states, that on the 19th of September the blood was found liquid, and, the reliquary being placed near the bust, there commenced an ebullition of the blood marked with froth. This continued, off and on, during the day. On the 20th the blood was again found liquid, and the ebullition and the frothing were repeatedly renewed as on the preceding day. On the 21st the blood was a third time found liquid, and on this day the ebullition was more continuous and violent. The 22d and the 23d and the 24th were marked by the same phases. The blood was always found liquid, and each day the ebullition was repeatedly resumed and sometimes was violent. On the 26th the blood was found in a soft or jelly-like state. It soon liquefied entirely, and during the day became covered with froth. The 26th—the eighth and last day—was like the first. The blood was again found liquid, and the ebullition was resumed, yet more moderately.

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The two remaining classes, which our tables present as exceptions, will also suffer diminution if accurately examined. There are 44 instances in which the blood was found *hard*, and continued hard to the end of the exposition. Yet the diary records on several occasions the presence of one or more fluid drops, sometimes of yellowish serum, sometimes of reddish blood, which could be made to run to and fro on the surface of the hardened mass, and continued to be seen for hours, or sometimes even until the close of the day.

As for the 18 other instances in which the blood was found partly liquid and partly solid, the solid part floating as a globe in the fluid portion, and in which the same state of things was seen during the day and lasted until the closing, it must be observed that generally, if not always, this floating solid mass gradually diminishes by a partial liquefaction or increases in bulk by a partial hardening. Sometimes both these changes succeed each other during the day. In view of these facts, it would seem that these 18 cases, so far from being looked on as exceptions, should on the contrary be rather set down as special forms of the liquefaction.

No mere tabular summaries, like those presented above, can give the salience which they demand to certain unusual facts and to many ordinary but striking characteristics which should not be overlooked. For this it is necessary to go back to the diaries themselves, and to trustworthy historical notices of the miracle.

On Saturday, May 5, 1526, the vigil of the feast of the translation, the liquefaction is recorded to have taken place as usual in the *Seggia Capuana*, to which the processions were directed that day. On the next day, the feast, the blood was found hard, and it continued hard during the entire exposition. The octave had not yet been established. It continued hard all through the octave of the succeeding September, as also in January, May, and September of 1527, and again in January, May, and September of 1528, and in January, 1529. The liquefactions were resumed on Saturday, May 1, and continued on the next day, the feast, and regularly during the September celebration. Thus, for nearly three years the blood remained hard and solid, without liquefying at any time.

The Neapolitans connect this unusual fact with the anger of God and his judgments, as manifested in the terrible pestilence which broke out in their city in 1526, and came to an end only in the early months of 1529, after causing 60,000 deaths in the single year 1527, and, together with the war then raging, as many more in the ensuing year 1528.

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Again, in 1551, in 1558, and in 1569, there was no liquefaction. On the contrary, for the two years 1556 and 1557, and again for the two years 1599 and 1600, and a third time for the single year 1631, the blood was always found liquid when brought forth for exposition, and never at any time was seen to become solid. Since the last-named year, it has occurred, in ten different years, that the blood was found and continued liquid during the whole of a single octave in a year; but never in both octaves. It never continued hard for an entire octave at any time, although at some few times the liquefaction occurred only on the second, the third, or the fourth day of the celebration; or, on the contrary, it was found and continued liquid for one, two, or three days at the commencement, and was found hard only on the second, third, or fourth morning. At the votive festival of December 16, it has repeatedly remained hard. The table numbers 44 such cases. Of these only 5 occurred in the

first 150 years after the institution of the feast; the remaining 39 all occur in the last 78 years. This the Neapolitans explain by the special character of the festival. The other festivals have been instituted in honor of the saint; this one, to show their gratitude as a city for favors received repeatedly through his intercession. Hence, when vice is rife in the city, and especially when sins against religion abound, their professions of gratitude are wanting in the most necessary quality to make them acceptable; and the displeasure of heaven is marked by the withholding of the miraculous liquefaction.

Departures like these from the ordinary course, or any extraordinary delay in the liquefaction, or certain appearances of color in the blood, which they traditionally dread, fill the people with alarm and sorrow. From the many instances in the diary we give two, as showing this practical connection between the liquefaction and the religious feelings of the Neapolitans.

"1732, Dec. 16.—The blood was taken out, hard. Hard it continued until after compline (the afternoon service). The people were waiting for the miracle with great anxiety. Wherefore, instead of taking back the relics (to the *Tesoro* chapel) at the usual hour, they remained on the high altar (of the cathedral) until after 21 o'clock (2.30 P.M.); and the church being crowded with people, they recited the litanies several times. Rosaries were said, and sermons were preached. But the saint did not yield, which caused great terror; and everybody was weeping. So things were up to 24 o'clock (5.30 P.M.) At that hour, a Capuchin father in the church again stirred up the people to sincere contrition for their sins, and to acts of penance. While they were doing this, all saw that the blood was of a sudden entirely liquefied—a great consolation to all. The *Te Deum* was sung; and then, only at half-past one of the night (7 P.M.), the relics were taken to the *Tesoro* chapel."

"1748, May 7, Tuesday.—The blood was brought out hard. After 16 minutes, it liquefied. During the day it rose so high as to fill the vial completely. From the 8th to the 12th, the vial was always full, and the blood was seen to be one-half black, the other half ash-colored, for which reasons his majesty came a second time to see it, on Sunday afternoon (12th). When the king had left the *Tesoro*, his eminence returned to pray to the saint to vouchsafe some sign of the miracle before the closing up (it was the last day of the octave). In the meantime the vast crowd strove to melt him by their cries and their tears. His eminence, having made his way out of the chapel with great difficulty, sent for a noble Capuchin, called Father Gregorio of Naples, who, in a most fervent sermon, exhorted the people to acts of faith and of sorrow for their sins. He then commenced reciting with them the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. During the recitation thereof, the blood was seen to sink half a finger, and to commence to move. Who can describe the weeping and the fervor? The *Te Deum* was sung; and the blood was put up, being at nearly its normal level, of its natural color, and with some froth."

No wonder the Neapolitans love St. Januarius as *their* patron saint when he thus yields to their fervent entreaties and prayers what was not granted to the pious curiosity of the king; nor, for this occasion at least, to the prayers of his eminence the cardinal archbishop.

The following briefer entries of our diary breathe the same spirit:

"1714, May 5, Saturday.—The miracle took place at once. On Sunday, after an hour and a half. During this octave, the blood showed a thousand changes, liquefying, hardening, and increasing in volume many times a day, in an unusual manner. God knows what will happen!"

"1718, Sept. 19.—The blood was taken out hard. After a quarter of an hour, it completely liquefied. During all this octave the miracle never delayed as much as an hour. This was truly a happy octave. There were no great changes; only a slight increase in volume."

It is tantalizing to pore over the diary. At times you almost fancy that you have seized the very process of liquefaction. Thus on one day you read: "The blood was brought out, being hard and at its ordinary level. After fifteen minutes, a drop of serous humor, of a light-yellow color, was seen to move about on the hard mass. At the expiration of an hour and fifty-six minutes, the blood became liquid, with a large spherical lump floating in it. There was the usual procession through the streets, his eminence joining in. At 21½ o'clock (about 3 P.M.) the lump liquefied. The blood was put up, entirely liquid and at its ordinary level." (Dec., 1771.) You think you see the steps of the process. First the drop of yellowish serum; then a partial liquefaction, leaving a lump of solid matter; this gradually decreasing for three hours and a half, until it entirely disappears, and the whole mass is fluid. If you read the following, you may feel surer that you are on the right track: "The blood came out hard and at its ordinary level. At the end of half an hour, there was seen to run about on the hard mass a particle of serous matter, inclining to a yellowish color. So it stood during the procession, which was outside, through the streets, his eminence the cardinal archbishop taking his place in it. So it was when the reliquary was brought back to the *Tesoro*. At 23½ o'clock (about 5 P.M.) this serous matter changed into blood. But the mass still remained hard. Words cannot tell with what earnestness and fervor the ecclesiastics and the people continued at prayer. Finally, at 24¼ o'clock (5.45 P.M.) the mass loosened in the vial; and half an hour later, that is, after eight hours and fifty minutes of waiting, the liquefaction took place, a small lump remaining solid and floating. So it was put up." (Dec., 1768.)

Notwithstanding the change of the character of the yellowish serous drop in the last cited instance into red blood, and the great difference of the times when the liquefaction took

place, there is a certain degree of correspondence between the two cases—enough perhaps to arrest the attention and excite expectations. But all to no purpose. Such a drop was seen on seven or eight other days, lasting a couple of hours or for the entire day, without any liquefaction following. And in three thousand three hundred and odd cases of liquefaction, we have failed to find a third one in which such a drop is noted to have preceded the liquefaction.

In fact, the modes of liquefaction are as various as we can imagine, and as remarkable as the fact itself. Sometimes the liquefaction occurs or commences at once, with little or no delay. At other times, it is delayed for a quarter or for half an hour, for one, two, or three hours or more. Sometimes, though very rarely, it has been delayed nine or ten hours. All this is clearly seen in the tables.

Not unfrequently the change from solidity to fluidity, whether occurring early or late, has been instantaneous, and for the whole mass at once—*in un colpo d'occhio*. Sometimes it is gradual, lasting before its completion over many hours; nay, sometimes the ampulla is replaced in the closet for the night before its entire completion, a greater or a smaller portion still remaining solid.

Sometimes the entire mass liquefies; at other times, only a portion. When this is the case, the unliquefied portion generally floats as a solid lump or globe in the liquid part. Sometimes, however, one side of the mass was liquefied; while the other remained solid, and firmly attached to the glass. Sometimes again, as in May, 1710, the portion next to the glass all around remained solid, thus forming, as it were, an inner cup, inside of which the other portion moved about in quite a fluid condition. Sometimes, during the process of gradual liquefaction, the upper part is quite liquid, while the lower part remains for a time hard and immovable in the bottom of the vial; or, again, the lower part liquefies first, and the upper portion, remaining hard, is seen either as a floating globe or as a lump attached for a time to the sides of the ampulla. And once, at least, the upper portion and the lower portion both remained solid and attached to the vial, while the middle portion was quite fluid.

We have already said something of the various degrees of liquefaction. Sometimes the blood is as fluid as water, flowing readily and leaving no coating after it on the glass. And, at other times, it may be somewhat viscous; and, if the reliquary be inclined from side to side, may leave behind a dark or a vermilion film on the inner sides of the ampulla.

There are likewise degrees of hardness. Sometimes the blood is only very viscous and grumous, or jelly-like. In the tables we call it *soft*. At other times, the diary notes it as hard, *duro*; very hard, *durissimo*; or even hard as iron, *duro come ferro*. When hard, it is attached firmly to the glass ampulla. Yet on two occasions, at least, the hard lump could move within, showing that it was then detached.

After having become liquid, or even when the blood was found liquid in the morning, it has often hardened during the ceremonial of the day, and then liquefied anew. One of the extracts we have quoted above refers to the frequent occurrence of this variation in 1714. But throughout the diary we find similar instances, where it hardened and remained hard for a few moments only or for one or two hours, during the public ceremony. This was sometimes repeated two or three times in a single day.

There is a special case, in which the mass hardens so frequently, and with such regularity, that it must not be omitted. We refer to the custom of suspending the ceremony for a few hours during the middle of the day. The Italians are very fond of a *siesta* in the early afternoon of a hot and oppressive summer day. Accordingly, unless there be something unusual to excite them, they are accustomed, on the later days of the octave in May, and sometimes of September, to yield to their beloved habit. The church grows very thin soon after mid-day. A few dozen pious souls may perhaps remain for their private devotions—about the number one would almost always find in the ever-open churches of an Italian city. Under these circumstances, the exposition is suspended. The reliquary, if on the high altar of the cathedral, is carried back to the *Tesoro* chapel, and is placed on an ornamental stand or tabernacle on the altar; and a silk veil is thrown over the whole. The door in the metal-work railing under the arch leading out into the cathedral is locked; and the clergy may retire, one or two remaining on watch. The reliquary continues on the stand, unapproached, but still visible, through the railing, to those in the cathedral. At 3½ or 4 P.M. the clergy return to resume the exposition; and the church is again full. The blood is very frequently found hard at that hour, and liquefies anew, as in the morning. This intermission and the attendant hardening and liquefaction seem to the Neapolitans so much a matter of course that we find no mention whatever of it in the diary, save the single notice that, on one day, although the veil had been omitted, the hardening nevertheless took place. The scientific men from Italy and from France and Belgium who have studied the liquefaction at various dates, all unite in commenting on this fact of the hardening of the blood during these mid-day intermissions, and in considering it, under a physical point of view, as a fact of the highest importance in deciding the character of the liquefaction.

There are other special circumstances under which the blood has not liquefied, or, having liquefied, has suddenly hardened again. The presence of open scoffers, or of declared enemies of the church, has sometimes seemed to have this effect. In 1719, Count Ulric Daun was viceroy in Naples. On Saturday, May 6, he came with many German officers lately arrived in Naples to witness the liquefaction, in one of the churches to which the procession

went, as we have already explained, and in which the liquefaction was first expected. The viceroy with his personal staff was of course in his official *loggia* or gallery. The foreign officers were clustered together within the sanctuary. Some of them were Catholics, some Protestants. The blood was hard when brought to the altar, and remained hard and unliquefied for a long time. The viceroy at length sent an aid, with a command to all the officers to withdraw and stand outside the sanctuary. They obeyed, of course. “Scarcely was this done—the heretic officers thus withdrawing—when, in an instant, the entire mass became perfectly liquid, to the great joy of all. It was a miracle of miracles!” Some of the Protestants became Catholics immediately.

Putignani and *Celano* mention another fact. We quote from the former, who was a canon of the cathedral and present at the time on service. “While the relics were out at the high altar of the cathedral, there came many nobles from beyond the Alps, who wished to do homage to the saint and to witness the liquefaction. The blood was extremely fluid just then, and the reliquary was being presented to those around, in turn, to be kissed. In an instant the blood became hard and dry in the hands of the canon. Those near by, stupefied by this new prodigy, stood, as it were, nailed to the floor. Then the canon, moved by an interior impulse, raised his voice, and said aloud: ‘Gentlemen, if there be any heretic among you, let him retire.’ Immediately, one of the strangers quietly withdrew. Scarcely had he withdrawn, when the blood was liquid again, and was bubbling.” Putignani adds: “The same thing is said to have happened on other occasions.”

TO BE CONTINUED.

LUCAS GARCIA.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNAN CABALLERO.

II.

Seven years passed in this manner. Lucia was fifteen, and had blossomed into one of those exquisite and fragile creatures that, in hot climates, appear so rarely and vanish so soon. Lucas, who was twenty, had developed admirably. He was a youth of manly appearance, and so judicious and industrious that farmers and managers of haciendas employed him in preference to others. Both inherited their mother's type—the oval face, fine aquiline nose, large and expressive black eyes, small mouth, adorned with perfect teeth, broad high forehead, and the bearing of mingled grace and nobility that distinguish the Andalusian.

Their father had yielded completely to the influence of *La Leona*, who absorbed his living, and had made him a drunkard in order to rule him the more effectually. Too enervated and lazy to enter upon a new path, he went on selling his possessions to satisfy the woman's exactions, as an exhausted stream continues to flow in the channel it made when it was full and strong, without either the will or the force to open another. From the time that Lucas was able to work, he had maintained the house alone, with that mysterious day's wages of the laborer which God seems to bless, as he did the loaves and fishes destined to feed so many poor people. Else, how the *peseta*, sometimes two reals[2] a day can support husband, wife, generally half a dozen robust children; an old father or mother, or widowed mother-in-law, clothe them all and the head of the family in a very expensive manner,[3] pay house-rent and the costs of child-birth, sickness, and unemployed days; and still yield the copper they never refuse to *God's-namers*,[4] is a thing past comprehension, and belongs to the list of those in which, if we see not the finger of God or his immediate intervention, is because we are very thoughtless or voluntarily blind.

Lucas, who loved his sister above all things, seeing her entirely neglected by her father, had assumed over her the sort of tutelage, recognized and incontestable among the people, which belongs to the eldest brother—a tutelage which is annexed to the obligation of maintaining younger brothers and sisters if they are fatherless. This obligation and right instinctive do not constitute a law, nor are they laid down in any code, but are impressed by tradition on the heart, and have, no doubt, given rise to the institution of entails.[5] Lucas presented, also, the uncultivated type of those chivalrous and poetical brothers that Calderon, Lope, and other contemporary writers have given us in their delightful pictures of Spanish manners as models of nobility, delicacy, and punctilious honor.

As for Lucia, she was, as her mother had been, loving, impressible, and yielding. She regarded her brother with the deepest affection, in which respect mingled, without lessening its tenderness.

One evening, when several neighbors, who tenanted Juan Garcia's house, were met together in the yard, one of them—it was the kinswoman of the departed Ana—said:

"Have you heard the news? It is reported that *La Leona's* husband is dead. What do you say to it?"

"That *La Leona* is just now singing:

> 'My spouse is dead, and to heaven has flown,
> Wearing the thorns of a martyr's crown,'"

replied one of the neighbors.

"There will be talk enough, woman, if it is true," replied the first speaker.

"Well, what do you want me to say? I feel it for one."

"I feel it for *two*," added a third, laughing.

"That is what I feel most," continued the kinswoman. "It is reported already that Juan Garcia is going to marry with the rag of a widow."

Woman! will you hold your tongue?"

"No; and I say more: I say that I don't doubt it; for the wretch has him down, and holds him from beneath, so that she can put him to the torture with "thou must swallow this, or I will lay on thee with that.'"

"True enough," observed the other, "she has made a fool of him with drink; and, not satisfied with giving him wine, which is natural and the legitimate child of the soil, she poisons him with bad brandy."

"The kite will get everything away from him by degrees, till she leaves him stuck, like a star lizard, to the bare wall," added another; "for she is more covetous than greediness, that 'walks one hand along the ground, and the other in the sky, and, with its mouth wide open, that nothing may go by.'"

“She’ll be Juan’s third wife, and may die like the other two, and the four children he has under the sod. He must have some deadly exhalation about him, like a snake.”

“Kill *La Leona*! As if that would be possible! It’s my opinion that Death himself couldn’t do it, with a century to help him. There was the cholera, that carried off so many good people; it never approached her door.”

“The she-rake has no end of luck.”

At this moment Lucas entered. It was Saturday evening, and he had come to spend the Sunday at home.

“Lucas,” asked his kinswoman, “do you know that *La Leona* is a widow, and they say that your father is going to marry her?”

A thunder-bolt could not have hurt Lucas more suddenly than did these words; nevertheless, he maintained his composure while he answered:

“Either you are dreaming awake, Aunt Manuela, or age is getting the better of your understanding.”

“Don’t fling my age into my face, *Luquecillo*,”[6] said the good woman, who was jocose. “I would rather you called me sly fox; it is permitted to say *old* only in the company of wines and parchments.”

“Well, then, why were you born so long ago? But don’t come to me with your troubles.”

“Publish your decrees in time, my son, for this one is in everybody’s mouth.”

“They may say what they please behind my back. Regiments can’t capture tongues and thoughts, but no one is going to speak against my father when I am present.”

“I’ll lay you something, Lucas, that he’ll marry!”

“That will do, Aunt Manuela; you know the saying, ‘Stop jesting while jesting is pleasant.’”

Like all men of stem nature, Lucas, when in earnest, had in him a something that imposed respect: the women were silent, and he went into his own dwelling.

He did not speak to his sister of the matter that occupied his thoughts so painfully, but, after giving her the money he had brought, remained a while talking cheerfully and affectionately with her, and then went in search of his neighbor, Uncle Bartolo.

He knew that the guerilla, on account of his age and good judgment, and because he had been his grandfather’s friend, exercised great influence over his father, and could think of no one so suitable to confide in, and implore to interfere in the matter, and dissuade Juan Garcia, if, indeed, he entertained it, from such an outrageous project.

“Hola! What brings *Luquillo* with the step of a Catalan and face of a blacksmith?” exclaimed the old man, as Lucas entered.

The youth told his errand.

Uncle Bartolo, having heard him to the end, shook his head, as he remarked: “Lucas, the proverb says, ‘Between two millstones one had best not put his thumbs;’ but—well, for your sake and Lucia’s, the pretty dove! I will do what you ask, even if I lose—and I shall, for certain—your father’s friendship. I tell you though, beforehand, that interference will do no good.”

“But, uncle, that which is never attempted is never done.”

“Have I not told you I would try? You shall never say that you sought me and did not find me. I only want to remind you that counsels are thrown away upon the foolhardy, and perfumes upon swine. And to tell the truth, I would rather tackle one of those highwaymen of last year than your father; notwithstanding that the she-bandit has taken and done for him as easily as a spider would vanquish a fly.”

Our old warrior went, the next day, to see Juan Garcia, whom he found indisposed.

“Hola! Juan,” he cried, as he entered, how are you?”

“Not so well as I might be, uncle,” responded the invalid. “And you?”

“As well as can be, since I am a man of the old times, and not sorry for it: better suited beneath white hairs than white sheets. But,” continued the guerilla, who in his long career had never studied diplomacy nor learned the art of preambling, “let us come to the point; for one needn’t go by the bush where there’s a high-road; they tell me, though I don’t want to believe it, that you are going to marry.”

Juan contracted his brows, and replied:

“And if I have never told any one so, how could they tell it to you?”

“Answer one question with another, to avoid committing thyself,” is a rule of rustic grammar that the people have at their fingers’ ends. Uncle Bartolo proceeded:

"It's easy to see how; you are thinking of it; and people nowadays are so sharp that they divine the thoughts. So that we may as well be plain—it is what you mean to do. Tell the truth, now."

"The truth!" responded Juan, availing himself of another subterfuge. "Then, though—because I was not prepared to tell it—I have not complied with the church this year, I am to tell it to you! No, sir! 'He that reveals his secret, remains without it.'"

"It is plain enough from your crafty answer that your mind is made up. So you needn't deny it, nor put me off with palaver."

"The thing is yet in the blade, and to be nibbled at," replied Juan.

"Do you know, Christian, what you are about? For the beginning of a cure is a knowledge of the sickness."

"Yes, sir, I have my five senses counted."

"Yes, Juan, four of them useless, and one empty. But, my son, you know me well, is it not so?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are sure that I am your friend?"

"I don't say no to that, Uncle Bartolo."

"And you know the proverb says, 'An old ox draws a straight furrow'?"

"Agreed, Uncle Bartolo; we know that kind of wisdom years give, for we are told that the devil is knowing not because of his devilship, but because he is the *old one*."

"Well, that being so, you will heed what I say."

"That remains to be seen."

"And you will consider my advice?"

"What is the meaning of all this advanced guard, Uncle Bartolo? Why do you sift and sift without falling through the sieve?"

"To fall with all my weight in saying this, and no more: 'Don't you marry, Juan Garcia!'"

"Why not? if you would please tell me."

"Don't marry, Juan Garcia!"

"Uncle Bartolo, don't leave your counsels like foundlings in the hospital, without father or mother. I must not marry-the reason?"

"Juan, 'where there has been familiarity, let there be no contract.'"

"If it were as you intimate, I ought to marry; for, if this woman has lost respect through me—"

"Stop, Juan; that'll do! Don't come to me with your '*mea culpas*.' There is always a pretext for wrong-doing. But you know very well that the woman has not lost respect through you. Nobody loses what he never had."

"Uncle Bartolo, by what I shave off, but that you comb gray hairs, and were my father's friend—*Vive Dios!*—"

"Tut, tut, man! Don't get excited, and talk nonsense! I did not come here to poke you up, nor to pick a quarrel, but with a very good intention; and, as the friend I am to you, to prevent your making an atrocious fool of yourself. Have you considered your children, and the kind of step-mother you are going to give them?"

"If she will be a wife good enough for their father, it appears to me that she will be a good enough step-mother for them; especially as, where they are concerned, what I do is right."

"Right! Now you are like the Englishman, Don 'Turo, that killed an urraca for a partridge, and then said 'all right.' Take notice, Juan, that they are not likely to be willing to live under that woman's flag. You are going to alienate them from you, and, 'withdraw thyself from thine own, God will leave thee alone.'"

"They will not be willing to live under her! What are you saying, sir? We shall see, however. 'Where the sea goes, the waves go.'"

"Well, Juan, we shall see that Lucas, who is high-minded, will not consent to let his sister live with a woman of evil note."

"The note I have put upon her, I will take from her. Do you comprehend? And Lucas will be very careful not to set himself up to crow while I live. There cannot be two heads, and, 'in sight of the public stocks, street-criers keep their mouths shut.'"

“Think, Juan, that your son should be the staff of your old age. You may provoke him so far that he will leave you some day without warning.”

“Let him go; I have the means to maintain myself, and my wife and daughter.”

“Ah! Juan, what have you left? Juice don’t run out of a sucked orange. As if that woman had not swallowed your slice of field and olive-yard, leaving you nothing but the house; and that will go the same way the field and orchard went. As for making a living—you have thrown yourself away; your back is getting stiff already, and ‘to old age comes no fairy godmother.’ Where, then, are those ‘means’ to come from? What you are going to do is get entangled in debts; and, let a man be as honest as he will, ‘if he owes and doesn’t pay, all his credit flies away.’”

“*La Leona* has a gossip at the port that is a contrabandist; he is going to take me for a partner.”

“*Only this was wanting!*” exclaimed the old man indignantly. “*You! you take to the path!*[7] Does Barabbas tempt you, Juan Garcia? Have you lost your senses entirely, or are you fooling me? Sure enough, ‘he that goes with wolves will learn to howl.’ Don’t you know that the devil takes honest gains and dishonest, and the gainer with them? But let us keep to the matter in hand. Juan, the woman has a bad name that neither you nor the king, if he tried, could take from her. She is bad of herself; and neither you nor the bishop, if he set his heart on doing it, could make her good. Moreover, ‘a rotten apple spoils its company.’”

“Go on with the bad! ‘Against evil-speaking there’s nothing strong’; but, if she appears good to me, we are all paid.”

“Juan, ‘look before you leap.’ You have not the excuse of youth for your indiscretion; you are more than forty years old.”

“And have more than forty *arrobas*[8] of patience, Uncle Bartolo. *Candela!* I have long sought and never found a friend that would offer me a sixpence, and have found, without seeking, one that gives me advice.”

“Well, my son, your soul is in your palm,” said Uncle Bartolo, rising. “Remember that there was not wanting a friend to give you good advice—a man of ripe brain, who warned you of the future—for this marriage is going to be the perdition of your house. And, remember what I tell you now, a day is coming when you will have eyes left you only that you may weep.” With these words, Uncle Bartolo went his way.

“Son,” said he to Lucas, who had waited for him in his house, “it was lost labor, as I foretold. But go, now, and mind what I say. Submit to what can’t be helped, and don’t be stiff-necked, for you’ll surely come out loser. The rope breaks where it is slenderest. You are his son, and the authority belongs to him. You will only be kicking against the goad.”

Lucas went back to the country and to work with a heavy heart. When he returned home on the following Saturday, he learned that the bans of his father’s marriage were to be published the next morning for the first time. Grief made him desperate, and he resolved, as a last recourse, to speak himself.

We have already hinted at the cool and formal relation that existed between these two—thanks to the neglect the abandoned man had shown his children. For some time past, the excellent character of Lucas and the good name it had gained him had inspired Juan Garcia with that bitter sentiment which rises in the heart of a man who possesses the legal and material superiority, against the subordinate to whom he feels himself morally inferior—a sentiment of hostility that is apt to manifest itself in despotism.

“Sir,” said the son, speaking with firm moderation, “they have been telling me that you are going to marry.”

“They have been telling you what is quite true.”

“I hoped that it was not true.”

“And why? if I might ask.”

“On account of the woman they say you are going to have.”

“She is not, then, to your taste; and you think, perhaps, that I ought to have advised with you?”

“No, sir, not with me—I am of small account; but with some one that has more knowledge and judgment than I.”

“So, then, it appears to you,” said Juan, with repressed ire, “that your father needs counsel?”

“Yes, sir,” answered Lucas calmly, “when he has a young daughter, and is going to give her a step-mother.”

“For fear he might give her one that would eat her up, like the *Cancon*?”[9]

“No, sir, no; we understand now that people are not swallowed like sugared anises.”

“Or make her work, being herself industrious, and not willing to sit hand upon hand like a notary’s wife?”

“It is not that, sir; Lucia is not afraid of work. She knows that work is the honor of the poor.”

“Or, perhaps, keep her at home like a chained dog?”

“No, sir; I am not thinking of that; for my sister, though brought up without a mother, is modest, and not a girl to be seen at the street door or with a hole in her stocking. She is used to the shade, but—”

“But what? Have done!”

“That which this woman will give her is evil, and may be her ruin.”

Juan Garcia, who had with difficulty restrained himself, rushed upon his son, as the latter uttered these words, with his hand uplifted to strike. Lucas, perceiving the action, quickly inclined his head, and received upon it the blow that had been aimed at his face.

“God help me, father! what have I done to be chastised? Have I said anything wrong? Have I been wanting in respect to you? Father, just before my mother—heaven rest her!—died, she said to me, ‘Lucas, watch over your sister.’ I promised her that I would, and have kept my promise.”

“She meant,” replied Juan, somewhat softened by the memory of the mother evoked by her son, “she meant in case Lucia should be left without me. But, while I live, which is it that has the authority over my daughter?”

“Father, for the love of the Blessed Virgin, leave her to me! I will support her.”

“Are you in your senses?”

“For God’s sake, don’t separate us! I will work with all my might to maintain us both.”

“Separate you! Nobody has thought of doing it. You will come with her to my house.”

“No, sir.”

“How is that? What do you mean by ‘no, sir’? Do you think you have a right to call your father to account? Is it not enough for you to know what his hands decide? Perhaps you would like to have another proof of what they are able to do?”

“My father may kill me, and I shall neither open my lips nor forget my duty; but—make me live with that woman—never!”

“We shall see about that, insolent upstart!”

“Yes, we shall see,” said Lucas, as he went sorrowfully out.

Lucas was gifted with one of those noble and delicate natures that humble themselves in victory and grow firm in defeat; that is alike incapable of noisy elation in triumph, or pusillanimous abjection when prostrate. But the determination of his character was degenerating into stubbornness, as it always happens when will forsakes the guidance of reason to follow the promptings of pride. Therefore, though he had not, in the slightest degree, failed in the strict respect that morality enforces, neither the threats of his father nor love for his sister could shake the resolution he had taken in that decisive interview. On leaving his father’s presence, he went in search of Lucia, whom he found weeping. For a long while neither spoke: brother and sister mutually comprehending the cause of the profound depression of the one and the tears of the other.

“If mother could open her eyes!” at last exclaimed Lucia.

“They whose eyes God has closed have no wish to open them again in the world,” replied Lucas; “but remember, that from heaven she always has hers fixed upon her daughter. I cannot help you; for, though I have tried my best to keep you under my flag, I have not succeeded: because, heart’s dearest, there is no power in the world that can oppose a father’s.”

“But I am to do only what you tell me, Lucas, for my mother left me to you,” sobbed the girl.

“Well, then, pay attention to what I am going to say.

“Bear your cross with patience; for that is the only way to make it lighter. Be a reed to all storms, but an oak to temptation. Never turn from the right path, though it be steep and sown with thorns. Always look straight before you, for he that does not do this never knows where he will stop. As for this woman who is going to be your father’s wife, give her the wall; but remember that she is bad, and neither join yourself to her nor talk with her, except with reserve and when you must.”

“Shall you do the same, Lucas?”

“I—I shall act as God gives me understanding.”

Nothing was seen of Lucas on the day of Juan’s marriage, and it was in vain that they looked

for him: he had disappeared. Juan, who left no means untried to ascertain his son's whereabouts, learned some days later, from a muleteer who come from Tevilla, that he had enlisted. The father felt indignant at the contempt thus shown for his authority, and sorry to lose an assistant in his son: but found consolation in freedom from the immediate presence of an interested witness whose censure like the fog, without form, voice, or action, penetrated him with an uncomfortableness from which there was no escape.

Lucia went to live with her stepmother, and it is hardly necessary to relate what she had to endure; in particular from the daughters of the latter, who, being both foolish and ugly, naturally disliked one who was beautiful and wise; for she had commenced by playing with sweetness the role of Cinderella that her brother had recommended. But, little by little, the continual friction was wasting her patience, and indignation, repressed discontent, and rancor were beginning to find place in her heart. She wished, sometimes, to humiliate, by her advantages, those who were continually humiliating her, and grew presuming and fond of admiration. So it is that evil seeds spread and multiply with prodigious rapidity: one suffices to open the way and prepare the ground for the rest.

While these things were passing, a regiment of cavalry, commanded by one Colonel Gallardo, came, and took up its quarters in Arcos.

Gallardo was rich, well-born, had been good-looking, and a great coxcomb. He was still the latter; with the kind of conceit that is often the result of living in the atmosphere of adulation that surrounds the possessors of money and command—an atmosphere that intoxicates many, making them overbearing and insolent, and apt to do, with great impertinence, things that would not be tolerated in others. While authority is thus misunderstood, it is hardly to be wondered at that it has lost its ancient prestige, and is hated and set at naught. Authority should be consecrated to its mission, and, with its advantages, accept its responsibilities, the first of which is to give good example. Do those in place really think they owe the masses nothing?—that these are, at once, mothers to nourish, and incensories to deify them? Shall we ever go back, morally, to those remote times when men were both worthy and self-respecting, and neither admitted flattery nor refused to rule its reverence; for the latter was never so despised as it is at present; the former never so cringing.

But to return to Colonel Gallardo, who has given margin to those reflections.

This admirable person added to his other pretensions that of youth in its flower. His own having already gone to seed, the result was that, instead of appearing the young cock, he suggested the idea of a very old chicken. By grace of the peruke-maker, which, as everybody knows, consists in creating ringlets where there is no hair, he wore curled locks. He encased himself in a French corset, which gave him a slenderness a sylph might have envied. It was an article of his belief that amorous conquests were as creditable to a soldier as military ones; and he considered a little hare-brainedness in a man and a spice of coquetry in a woman the proper seasoning, for each respectively. These things, united with vanity enough to fill the space left vacant in his heart and brain by the absence of other qualities, made of Colonel Gallardo one of those characters that are detestable, without being malevolent and ridiculous, though they do not provoke mirth.

This cavalier, a bachelor, of course, like all of his stamp, had lodgings opposite the house of *La Leona*, whose daughters were not long in becoming acquainted with his attendants.

The preludes to acquaintanceship were couplets worded and sung with the evident intention of opening a flirtation. The soldiers took the initiative, singing to the music of their *guitarillos*:[10]

> "If your person can be won
> By valor in the field,
> Here's a man with sword in hand
> Will sooner die than yield."

Another followed:

> "If for a rustic's love
> You slight a soldier bold,
> Base metal you will have
> Instead of shining gold."

To which the girls replied in a similar strain, declaring that they found it difficult to have patience with "these men of the fields," whom they describe as "persecutors of the ground" and "sepulchres of *gazpacho*."

Neither was the colonel behindhand in becoming enamored of the beauty of Lucia; nor was he the man to dissimulate his sentiments. And, alas! Lucia herself had ceased to be the discreet and modest maiden, who would once have shrunk offended from demonstrations that could not fail to give occasion for scandal.

The hopes of our decorated aspirant, who soon learned the interior circumstances of this family, rose high in view of the antecedents of the step-mother and the unhappy lot of the young girl. But he deceived himself. For, though vanity had led Lucia beyond the limits of prudence, she receded from corruption with all the energy of the honorable blood she had

inherited from her mother. This resistance exasperated the step-sisters, who, wishing both to be rid of Lucia and to see her undone, hoped that the colonel would take her away with him, and laid a plan to accomplish the result they desired. Having previously concerted with the lover, they carried out their project in the following manner: One night, when Lucia had gone to her room, and sat combing down her beautiful hair, the door opened suddenly, and admitted the colonel, hidden to the eyes in cloak and slouched hat, and accompanied by the daughters of *La Leona* in giggling triumph. They had hardly introduced him into the chamber, when, with jests and bursts of laughter, they turned and ran out, closing the door behind them and drawing the bolt.

Too much overwhelmed with indignation, terror, and shame to think of any means of escape, the unfortunate girl covered her face with her hands and remained silent. The colonel, also, who had been led by *La Leona* to think that it would not be difficult to propitiate Lucia by tender and gallant speeches, found himself without words in the presence of grief so real and so mute. For, unless a man is totally base, no amount of daring will enable him wholly to overcome the respect that innocence inspires.

“Am I, then, so disagreeable to you,” said Gallardo at last, drawing nearer to Lucia—“I who have no wish but to please you?”

“Lucas! Lucas! O my brother!” cried the girl, bursting into sobs.

“I will go! I am going!” said the colonel, half-offended, half-compassionate; and he approached the door, but it was locked.

“You see that I cannot get out,” said he, turning again toward Lucia.

“I know it,” she exclaimed. “They wanted to ruin me, and they have done it! Have locked me in here alone with you! How can I ever bear to have any one look me in the face again! What will Lucas say? Ah, my heart’s brother!”

“You are not ruined, child!” said the colonel, irritated. “I am no friend to tragedies; heroic Lucretias frighten me. Believe me, I desire to go, and, to prove it, since I cannot leave by the door, I will get out by this window.” With these words, the colonel wrapped himself again in his cloak, and, mounting the window-seat, sprang into the yard, which was enclosed only by a low paling.

Hardly had his feet touched the ground when he felt himself attacked by an infuriated man, who apostrophized him with the most violent insults. At the same moment, *La Leona* and her daughters ran shrieking from the house, while the unhappy Lucia called from the window in a voice of anguish: “Don’t hurt him! It is my father!”

The man had drawn a knife but Gallardo, who was vigorous and wished to escape from the adventure without hurting Lucia’s father and without being recognized, pushed the assailant from him with such force as to throw him upon his back; ran to the paling, leaped it, and disappeared.

Juan Garcia rose from the ground in that state of blind rage in which men of his uncultivated nature stop at no obstacle and hesitate at no crime. Violently repulsing his wife and step-daughters, who, alarmed at the result of their work, would have detained him, he hastened to the house, and was making directly for Lucia’s room.

“Lucia! Lucia! jump from the window!” screamed *La Leona*, foreseeing a catastrophe. “Your father is going to kill you!”

Wild with terror, Lucia, who heard the enraged and drunken voice of her father approaching her chamber, precipitated herself into the yard.

“Run to the colonel’s!” urged the step-mother, with no intention then but that of saving her life. “He is the last one your father will suspect. It is the nearest house, and you can be hidden there better than anywhere else.”

Lucia obeyed mechanically, guided by the instinct of self-preservation, the only motive that rules weak natures in moments of supreme peril.

Gallardo was excitedly pacing his room when she rushed in, pale as death, covered with her long black hair, cold and helpless with fear and desperation, and, sinking upon a chair, exclaimed:

“You have been my ruin! At least save my life!”

It is to be supposed that even the dry and sterile heart of this man would find, in such circumstances, sentiments and words to soothe the wretched creature thus forced to seek his protection. It is certain that, at the vision of her youthful and innocent beauty, seen through the prism of her tears, he became more enamored than ever, and took advantage of the distress, of which he was the cause, to advance his suit.

And the poor child, bereft of affection and support, having nowhere to lay her head, lacking firmness to resist and energy to act, unsustained by principle duly and constantly inculcated, which would have made her prefer misery to shame, allowed herself to be persuaded and retained, drawn by a love that began with the promise and conviction that it was to be

unchanging and eternal.

The colonel soon left, taking with him, secretly, Lucia, who had already begun to feel contented in the atmosphere of tenderness and luxury that surrounded her.

The fit of passion that Juan Garcia had experienced, united with grief, shame, and remorse, so affected his constitution, already spent and worn by the life he had been leading, that he fell into an inflammatory fever, from which he never recovered. A little while before he died, he said to his old friend: "Uncle Bartolo, you hit the mark when you told me that the day would come when I should have eyes left only to weep. It has come, and—well, better to close them for ever."

* * * * *

Two years had passed since the events last narrated, and five since Lucas left home. His regiment was in Cordova, where a general recently arrived from Madrid was going to review the troops of the garrison.

The evening before the parade, Lucas was in the quarters with several other soldiers from Arcos, one of whom, with the careless and constant gayety which characterizes the Spanish soldier, and proves, to the extreme scandal and disgust of the votaries of utility, the non-material genius of the nation, was alternately touching his guitar, and singing:

"Oh! 'tis gay to be a soldier.
Standing guard with tired feet,
And head erect, in stiff cravat,
And nothing at all to eat.

"And, for the bread of munition,
He gets from the King of Spain,
To be 'Alert there, sentinel!'
All night, and never complain.

"This is the life of a soldier.
To march wherever he's led,
To sleep under alien shelter,
And die in a hospital bed."

At this moment the picket-guard, which had just been relieved from duty at the general's quarters, came up.

"Oh!" said one of the newly-arrived, "if the general's wife isn't a fine one! In all my travels I have never seen her equal."

"She is not his wife," replied another, "so drop the 'fine.'"

"And why should I drop it? Good words neither add to beauty nor take from it; but what do you know?"

"What they tell me; and, besides, if she was his wife, he wouldn't keep her so grand; for that is the way with the *You-Sirs*, they spend more money upon their dears than they do upon their wives."

"Because they are afraid their mistresses will leave them for other lovers. What do you say, Lucas?"

"That it's like keeping a lead knife in a golden sheath," answered Lucas.

"The soul of this one may be of lead, or something cheaper, but her person—by the Moors of Barbary!"

"We hear enough," replied Lucas; "dress up a block, and it will look like a shopman. I tell you, these good-for-nothing she vagabonds appear to me more like bedraggled rags than women."

"Get away! If this Lucas hasn't always the rod of justice lifted! He has entered the uniform, but the uniform hasn't entered him. If you had been born king, they would have called you the *Justiciero*."[11]

The next morning the troops were drawn up in splendid array, the bands were playing, and the general, magnificently mounted, came galloping upon the field, followed, at a little distance, by an elegant open carriage, in which was seated a beautiful and richly dressed woman.

The carriage stopped near where Lucas and his townsmen were formed at the end of a line.

"That is the general's mistress," said the man at Lucas's right in a low tone. "Did I not tell you she was a sun?"

Lucas raised his eyes, and fixed them upon the woman, at the same instant starting so perceptibly as to attract the notice of his companions.

"What ails you, Lucas?"

"Nothing," he answered calmly.

But the glances of the occupant of the carriage had fallen upon the gallant-looking soldier who stood so near her, and a cry of delighted surprise burst from her lips.

"Lucas," said his other neighbor in line, "that lady is looking this way, and making signs to you."

Lucas, pale but perfectly composed, neither looked up nor replied.

"Lucas, who can it be? She knows you; she is waving her handkerchief, and seems as if she would spring out of the carriage. Look at her! Say! who is she?"

"I do not know her," answered Lucas.

"By the very cats!" exclaimed the first who had spoken, in an ecstasy, "may my end be a bad one if it isn't your sister Lucia! Look at her, man! it is she!"

"I have looked at her, and I tell you that I do not know her," responded Lucas.

"Look, now, look! the poor little thing is crying. She is not much changed, only handsomer. You must be blind not to see that it is your sister!"

"I do not know her," repeated the young man, with the same composure.

There are men who feel profoundly, but exercise such self-control that they succeed in covering with a mantle of indifference the most violent and agonizing emotions—moral Scævolas, who astonish without attracting us. We like neither the motive nor the effects of a stoicism that parades itself so disdainfully. For, if in order to judge of all things human, it is necessary to compare them with the example of the ideal of humanity—the God-Man—we cannot fail to be repelled by such arrogance when we reflect that the most holy passion would have lacked its tender and sublime sanctity, if in it bravado had taken the place of meekness.

The voice of the commanding officer was now heard prescribing the evolutions. When these were concluded, the troops marched to their quarters, where, gathered in groups, they made their comments upon the beautiful lady of the carriage, some of the soldiers from Arcos declaring that it was Lucia, others, who had not seen her so near, maintaining the contrary.

"Her brother will know," they exclaimed, running to find him.

"Lucas, is that grand, fine *You-Madam* your sister Lucia?"

"I don't know the woman. And now, comrades, no more questions; for I am not a repeating-clock, and am tired of answering."

Before half an hour had passed, an orderly arrived from the general in search of a soldier named Lucas Garcia.

Interiorly shaken by the indignation which he would not allow his face to betray, Lucas followed the messenger to a house of good appearance, and was shown into an elegant and luxuriously furnished cabinet. As he entered, a fair young girl robed in silk rose from a sofa, and ran towards him with open arms.

"I do not know you, my lady," said Lucas, quickly repulsing her with his right hand.

"Lucas, my brother!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears.

"I have no sister," he replied, in the same tone as before.

"Lucas, my own brother, listen, and I will tell you what happened!"

At this moment, the colonel—that had been, and was now general—entered.

"Ah! Lucia," said he, with ostentatious condescension, "so, then, you have already seen your brother."

"He will not know me," sobbed the girl.

"How is that?" asked the general, turning toward the soldier. "And why?"

"Because it would be a deceit, my general," answered Lucas, lifting his open hand to his temple. "I am the only one left of my house, and have no sister."

"I sent for you," proceeded the general, "to make you one of my orderlies, to keep you near me, have you taught to write, and fit you for a career. You will mount rapidly. I know already that you are intelligent and brave."

"I do not wish to learn to write, my general."

"And why?" asked the general, repressing his ill-humor, "since without knowing how to write, you cannot rise?"

"I do not want to rise, my general."

“The reason is evident,” said the general, with a mocking laugh. “It is not strange that the heir of such a house should disdain the service of the king.”

“He that sees not the king is king to himself,” answered Lucas.

“What is there that you want, brother?” asked Lucia.

“I desire nothing but to serve my time out and return home.”

“But who calls you there, if, as you say, you have no one?” questioned she.

“Love for my native place,” he answered. “God give me rest in the soil that gave me birth!”

“Valiant goose!” exclaimed the general.

Lucas neither opened his lips nor moved an eyelid.

“Dearest brother! by our mother’s memory, don’t make as if you did not know me! You break my heart! Stay here.”

“It would not suit me to be a stranger anywhere, madam.”

“Enough!” said the general. “Let the clown go, he will think better of it.”

“I do not think twice of things,” replied Lucas, saluting as he went out.

Lucia ran after him into the anteroom, caught his arm, and, pressing it against her bosom, cried in a voice of passionate and tender entreaty:

“Lucas! my brother! for God’s sake stay! The general has promised me that he will do all he can for you; and he can do a great deal.”

“The sack is not big enough to hold both honor and profit,” responded Lucas, hurling his sister from him with all the loftiness of a proud nature and the brute force of an angry churl.

Lucia fell overwhelmed upon the nearest chair, and her brother went his way to the quarters with clinched fists and lips compressed—pale with lividness that ire stamps upon the faces of children of the south. Ire was suffocating him; for he could neither express it nor follow its vengeful impulses, which would not have been satisfied short of the commission of a crime; and of this he was incapable.

But, oh! for a war. The private soldier would have given in it a hundred lives if he had had them for a pair of epaulets that would lift him to the rank required, in order to enable him to demand satisfaction of the villain who, after having seduced his sister, had insulted him so impudently—epaulets that he would have thrown away the next hour, like flattened orange skins; for Lucas was not aspiring; neither fortune nor show attracted him. He clung to his condition, loved the labors of the field; was attached to his town and its customs, and would not have renounced the things that suited his taste, and in which he excelled, for the sake of hoisting himself upon a platform where he must always have been an unwelcome stranger and intruder. The very words were antipathetic to his innate devotion, to his country, his province, the place where he was born, his lares, and his class.—And the effort of the age is to destroy this beautiful instinct of the heart, by continually saying to the poor, “Rise, rise! the summit is your goal: the heights are common to all,” thus infusing a vain arrogance into the wholesome minds of those who are so worthy and respectable in the place they occupy.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

[2] From 10*d.* to 10½*d.* sterling.

[3] We have thought it worth while to give the exact cost of the simplest dress—such a one as the poorest laborer is never without—of an Andalusian peasant:

Cloak,	260	reals.
Cloth jacket,	60	”
Cloth breeches,	60	”
Set of buttons (silver),	60	”
Idem for jacket,	36	”
Woollen sash,	50	”
Vest,	30	”
Linen shirt,	20	”
Linen drawers,	15	”
Calf-skin shoes,	22	”
Gaiters,	40	”
Stockings,	14	”
Handkerchief,	4	”
Hat,	3	”
Total,	606	”

—without the making, which is done by the men of the household.

What will be said to this by those who are all for utility, economy, and savings-banks, when the Andalusian rustic might, without inconvenience, go clad in a frieze sack, a pair of hempen sandals, and a rush hat?—*Authoress.*

[4] *Pordioseros*, those who ask in God's name—that is to say, beggars. For this and other delicate and tender epithets that the Spanish poor apply to the unfortunate, our stern language has no equivalents.

[5] The actual organization of the family throughout the kingdom of Aragon, the Basque provinces, and the mountains of Santander. It is this that makes the mania for codification that at present exists in Spain so much to be dreaded.—*Spanish Ed.*

[6] Big Lucas.

[7] *Tomar la vereda*—Take another than the high or legalized way. Said of contrabandists.

[8] An arroba is twenty-five pounds.

[9] A monster they frighten children with.

[10] Small guitars.

[11] The doer of justice.

EGYPTIAN CIVILIZATION ACCORDING TO THE MOST RECENT DISCOVERIES.

FROM THE CORRESPONDANT.

II.

THE SACERDOTAL CLASS.

Egyptian civilization had its source in the priesthood. There is reason to believe that at first they exercised sovereign authority. “After the reign of the demigods and the Manes,” says Manethon, “came the first dynasty, consisting of eight kings, who reigned for the space of two hundred and fifty-two years. Menes was the first of these kings. He carried war into foreign lands, and made himself renowned.”

Menes, the chief of the military forces, effected a revolution which substituted a civil government for a theocracy. He was the first to assume the title of king, and he founded the hereditary monarchy of Egypt.

The separation of the sovereign power from the priesthood was maintained for a long time, for it is not till the twenty-second dynasty that we meet Pahôr-Amonsé, high-priest of Amon-Ra, whose name is still to be seen in the inscriptions at Thebes on a royal cartouche. Pihmé, another high-priest, also figures in the royal *legendes* among the historical representations with which the pronaos of the temple of Khons at Thebes is decorated. This sacerdotal revolution doubtless took place at the end of the seven generations of sluggish kings of whom Diodorus speaks. The twenty-second dynasty in fact left no traces in history. It is only known by its downfall. “And this leads us to remark,” says Champollion-Figeac, “that there was perhaps some admirable conception, or profound combination, or happy inspiration in the monarchical establishment of a powerful nation in which the loss of the crown was the inevitable effect of the incapacity or the negligence of the family that had received it by the will of the nation. A Theban family preserved it for thirteen consecutive centuries, and furnished six dynasties of more than fifty kings. The first suffered from foreign invasion, and achieved the arduous labor of sustaining the government, finally restoring all the branches of public administration, and re-establishing the temples and the public works. They rebuilt Thebes, Memphis, and the principal cities, Lake Moeris, and the canals of Lower Egypt. They and their successors bore their victorious arms over distant lands and seas. The arts developed under the wing of victory. Public prosperity seemed to keep pace with these heroic achievements, and the reigning family to become more powerful and more firmly established by such great undertakings. Inaction succeeded to so much zeal. Ten inglorious kings ascended the throne, the last of whom were deposed by the priests. The constitution of the country, favored by the state of affairs, provided for this disorder. A new family was called to reign.”

Modern historians have represented the ancient monarchy of Egypt as subjected to the despotism of the sacerdotal caste. This assertion seems difficult to reconcile with the numerous inscriptions attesting that the principal functions of the priesthood were constantly assumed by the sons of the Pharaohs. An inscription in relief on the façade of the tomb of Koufou Schaf, whom M. Mariette believes to be the oldest son of Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid, depicts that prince wearing a panther’s skin—a distinctive sign of high sacerdotal functions—and among his titles is found that of priest of Apis. According to a papyrus published by Baron Denon, the sons of the two Pharaohs must have filled the office of the high-priest of Ammon.

It is true these last-named princes belonged to the twenty-second dynasty, and at that epoch they had not had time to forget the usurpation by the high-priests Pahôr-Amonsé and Pihmé. It is probable that the king in causing this high function to be assumed by his nearest relatives wished to take precautions against the reaction of the sacerdotal class, always so powerful. But the monuments almost always show the priesthood living in strict and intimate alliance with the royal authority. Thus, while the younger sons of the Pharaohs performed the priestly functions, the children of the high-priests attended the royal children, and were employed in the highest offices in the king’s palace. The office of high-priest of Ammon at Thebes, the sacerdotal city, was hereditary, as Herodotus attests in the following passage: “As Hecatæus, the historian, gave his genealogy at Thebes, and made himself to be a descendant of a god, through sixteen generations, the priests of Jupiter (Ammon) treated him as they did me, except that I did not give my genealogy. After conducting me into a vast interior apartment, they counted, as they showed them to me, the large wooden statues of the high-priests, each of whom, while alive, placed his image there. Commencing with that of the last deceased and going back, the priests made me remark that each of the high-priests was the son of his predecessor.... Each one of these statues represented, they said, a piromis, the son of a piromis. They showed me three hundred and forty-five, and invariably a piromis was the son of a piromis.”

It is not necessary to remark to what degree the priests of Ammon took advantage of the credulity of Herodotus. Doubtless, the office of high-priest in Egypt was hereditary as well as the throne, but it was no less subject to the influence of dynastic revolutions. We have

just seen, for example, the two sons of the king filling the office of the high-priest of Amon-Ra, king of the gods.

The sacerdotal class was truly the soul of the Egyptian nation. It so completely embodied the genius, character, and traditions of the people that they may be said to have lived by their priests. They formed the most powerful body of men that ever existed in the world before the Catholic clergy.

As we have seen in a preceding chapter, the independence of this corporation was ensured by a large territorial endowment. According to Diodorus, “the largest part of the land belonged to the college of priests.... They transmit their profession to their descendants and are exempt from taxation.”[12]

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“Thus secure in the possession of their lands,” says Champollion-Figeac, “the entire sacerdotal class was like a family with a vast heritage transmissible, according to known conditions, from generation to generation. It was this right of inheriting the lands that necessarily rendered their office hereditary, because the nature of their functions determined the part of the land inherited by each member of the family, and on this fundamental principle the whole constitution of the sacerdotal caste of Egypt depended.”

The hereditary transmission of each sacerdotal function, and the part of the landed property attached to this function, could only take effect in favor of one of the children, and probably the oldest, as in the royal family. The other children remained to be supported by the head of the family, or easily found a means of subsistence in the perquisites of the numerous sacred or civil employments. The number of the temples, their rich endowments and rents, spoken of in the Rosetta inscription, explains how so large a number of priests could live at their ease. To this income must be added the subsidies from the royal treasury, and the fees of the numerous salaried functions which embraced every part of the public administration, apart from the military sphere. But in Egypt, as elsewhere, families sometimes became extinct for want of descendants, and thus a new path was opened for capacity without employment.

To form an exact idea of the influence exercised by the priesthood over Egyptian society, it is necessary to enter into some details upon their manners and kind of life, the duties which occupied them, and the extent of their knowledge of all kinds which they made use of to promote the civilization of their country.

Plutarch relates that the Egyptian priests abstained from mutton and pork, and on days of purification they ordered their meat to be served without salt, because, among other reasons, it whetted the appetite, inciting them to eat and drink more. He says: “They have a well apart, where they water their bull Apis, and carefully abstain from drinking the Nile water, not that they regard it as unclean, on account of the crocodiles, as some suppose—on the contrary, there is nothing the Egyptians reverence so much as the Nile—but they think its effect is to render them more corpulent. They are unwilling for Apis to become too fat, or to become so themselves, but wish their souls to be sustained by slight, active, nimble bodies, and that the divine part within may not be oppressed and weighed down by the burden of what is mortal.

“In the city of Heliopolis, or the City of the Sun, those who worship the divinity never carry any wine into the temple, because it is not suitable to drink in the presence of their lord and king. The priests take it in small quantities, but they have several days of purification and sanctification, during which they abstain entirely from wine, and do nothing but study and teach holy things.”

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Who would have expected to find among the priests of a pagan nation the rules of abstinence now practised by the Catholic Church?—“that the soul may be sustained by slight, active, nimble bodies, that the divine part within may not be oppressed and weighed down by the burden of what is mortal.” Was it not in these temperate habits, so in accordance with their spiritualistic doctrines, that lay, to a great degree, the secret of the moral influence of the priests, the real aristocracy of the country?

The prestige of the sacerdotal class was partly due to their costume and appearance. “In other places,” says Herodotus, “the priests of the gods wear their hair long; in Egypt they shave.... Every three days the priests shave the whole body, that no vermin may defile them while ministering to the gods. They wear only garments of linen and slippers of the papyrus. They are not allowed to wear other kinds. They wash themselves in fresh water twice a day and twice by night. Their rites are almost innumerable.” On the Egyptian monuments of every age the priests of various ranks are easily recognized by their heads entirely shaven. They could only wear linen garments; woollen were forbidden. Besides the religious motives that induced them to adopt linen tissues, this preference was justified by its advantages. From linen could be made light robes of dazzling whiteness, which would reflect the sun’s rays and engender nothing unclean.

All the ancient authors testify to the effect produced upon the popular mind by the imposing exterior of the Egyptian priests; their gleaming white robes, the habitual gravity of their deportment, their exquisite neatness, and the images of the gods worn on rich collars—all conspired to excite respect and veneration.

The most important duty of the priests, next to the functions of their office, was that of

giving advice to the king. “The priests,” says Diodorus, in a passage already cited, “are the chief counsellors of the king. They aid him by their labors, advice, and knowledge.” In alluding to the regulations for the education of the king, and facilitating the accomplishment of their duties, we have shown how their application, so important to the happiness of the people, was confided to the wisdom and patriotism of the chief priests. But did they not render this task impossible by allowing the kings to receive divine honors, exalting their pride by the ceremonies of actual worship, as attested by all the monuments, and officially recognized, as we shall presently see, by the sacerdotal body itself, in the Rosetta inscription?

In subjecting the Egyptians to the humiliation of this worship, and to superstitions still more shameful, did not the priests degrade them, and facilitate the despotism of the king? The more enlightened and powerful the sacerdotal class, the more responsible before history for the destiny of a nation which was the first-born of civilization.

“In Greece,” says Champollion-Figeac, “the service of the temple was the sole occupation of the priests; in Egypt, they were statesmen governing, so to speak, kings and people in the name of the gods, and monopolizing the administration of justice, the culture of the sciences and their diffusion. We, therefore, find members of this caste everywhere, in all ranks of Egyptian society, and we see by the grants to the lowest grades that they were attached by their titles or office to religion and its ministrants. We find in ancient writings the proper qualifications for the different classes of the priesthood. The monuments show that this class, with its infinite ramifications, was of every grade, the lowest of which was not despised. It was everywhere present by means of a vast hierarchy, which had every gradation from the all-powerful chief pontiff down to the humble porter of the temple and palace, and, perhaps, even their servant.[13]

In addition to their religious duties, the learned priests taught in the schools of the temples the arts and sciences, writing, drawing, music, literature, cosmogony, natural and moral philosophy, natural history, and the requirements of religion. The priest had charge of the finances, the assessment and collection of the taxes; priests administered justice, interpreted the laws, and in the king’s name decided all civil and criminal cases. Another sacerdotal division practised medicine and surgery. It is known that the Egyptians were the first to make medicine an art founded on the data of experience and observation.[14]

One of the most numerous and most important of the sacerdotal divisions was the scribes, who transcribed the sacred books, the national annals, the documents of all kinds relating to the civil condition of families, property, justice, the administration, and, finally, the ritual of the dead, more or less extended, which piety deposited in the coffins of deceased relatives. Writing in Egypt dates from extreme antiquity. There are inscriptions still to be seen, perfectly legible, in the sepulchral chambers of the great pyramid, constructed by one of the first kings of the fourth dynasty.

Champollion-Figeac says the three kinds of writing, hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic, were in general use. He adds that “the hieroglyphic alone was used on the public monuments. The humblest workman could make use of it for the most common purposes, as may be seen by the utensils and instruments of the most common kinds, which, it may be observed, contradicts the incorrect assertions respecting the pretended mystery of this writing, which the Egyptian priests, according to them, made use of as a means of oppressing the common people and keeping them in ignorance.”

No learned body ever understood the wants of its country as well as the Egyptian priesthood. And never was a public administration more solicitous of availing themselves of this knowledge for the general benefit. It is true, the annual uniformity of physical phenomena singularly facilitated the study and application of the laws necessary for the well-being of the people. The great and wonderful inundation of the Nile, occurring every year at the same time, covering the land with water for the same length of time, then subsiding to give a new face to the country and a fresh stimulus to the activity of the inhabitants, naturally imprinted on the nation habits of order and foresight which made it easy to govern.

The members of the sacerdotal class, then, were most intimately connected with the individual interests of the nation; they were the necessary intermediaries between the gods and man, and between the king and his subjects. Their concurrence in all public business was not less constant or less necessary. The religious nature of the inhabitants led them to offer invocations to the gods amid all their occupations, in peace and war, in public and private duties, at the ebb of inundating waters, the preparation of the land for the seed, and the harvesting of the fruits of the earth. The gods, manifesting themselves through the priests, directed the most important decisions, and sanctified by the expression of their satisfaction the possession of the harvest, the first-fruits of which were received as offerings.[15]

But that which gives a more just idea of the sublime *rôle* played by the Egyptian priests is the Rosetta inscription.[16] It is well known that this famous inscription is the reproduction of a decree made in 196 B.C. by the representatives of the sacerdotal body gathered at Memphis for the coronation and enthronement of Ptolemy Epiphanes. On account of its importance, we think ourselves justified in giving it almost entirely: “In the year IX.,[17] the tenth of the month of Mechir, the pontiffs and prophets, those who enter the sanctuary to

clothe the gods, the pterophores, the hierogrammatists, and all the other priests, who from all the temples in the country have assembled before the king at Memphis for the solemnity of taking possession of that crown which Ptolemy, still living, the well-beloved of Pthah, the divine Epiphanes, a most gracious prince, has inherited from his father, being assembled in the temple of Memphis, have pronounced this same day the following decree:

"Considering that King Ptolemy, still living, the well-beloved of Pthah, the divine Epiphanes, son of King Ptolemy and Queen Arsinoë, gods philopatores, has conferred all kinds of benefits on the temples as well as those who dwell in them, and in general on all those who are under his dominion: that being a god, the offspring of a god and goddess, like Horus the son of Isis and Osiris, the avenger of Osiris, his father, and, eager to manifest his zeal for the things that pertain to the gods, he has consecrated great revenues to the service of the temple, in money as well as grain, and expended large sums in restoring tranquillity to Egypt, and constructing temples therein:

"That he has neglected no means in his power of performing humane deeds; that in order that in his kingdom the people and all the citizens generally might possess an abundance, he has repealed some of the tributes and taxes established in Egypt, and diminished the weight of the remainder; that he has, besides, remitted all that was due him from the rents of the crown, either from his subjects, the people of Egypt, or those of his other kingdoms, though these rents were of considerable amount; that he has released all those who were imprisoned and condemned for a long time;

"That he has ordered that the revenues of the temples, and the rents paid them annually in grain, as well as in money, together with the portions reserved for the gods from the vineyards, the orchards, and all other places to which they had a right from the time of his father, should continue to be collected in the country;

"That he has dispensed those who belong to the sacerdotal tribes from making an annual journey to Alexandria (the seat of royalty after the accession of the Lagides);

"That he has bestowed many gifts on Apis, Mnevis, and other sacred animals of Egypt;...

"It has, therefore, pleased the priests of all the temples of the land to decree that all the honors due King Ptolemy, still living, the well-beloved of Pthah, the divine Epiphanes, most gracious, as well as those which are due to his father and mother, gods, philopatores, and those which are due to his ancestors, should be considerably augmented; that the statue of King Ptolemy, still living, be erected in every temple and placed in the most conspicuous spot, which shall be called the statue of Ptolemy, the avenger of Egypt. This statue shall be placed near the principal god of the temple, who shall present him with the arms of victory, and all things shall be arranged in the most appropriate manner; that the priests shall perform three times a day religious service before these statues; that they adorn them with sacred ornaments; and that they have care to render them, in the great solemnities, all the honors which, according to usage, should be paid the other gods....

"And in order that it may be known why in Egypt we glorify and honor, as is just, the god Epiphanes, most gracious monarch, the present decree shall be engraved on a stela of hard stone, in sacred characters and in Greek characters, and this stela shall be placed in every temple of the first, second, and third classes existing in all the kingdom."[18]

When we remember that the rule of the Greek conquerors had already been established in Egypt one hundred and thirty-six years, we judge, from the manner the Egyptian priests expressed themselves, of the persistent strength of this social organization imposed on the successors of Alexander in spite of all their power.

Therefore, says Champollion-Figeac, "the monuments of the times of the Ptolemies may be considered a key to the times of the Pharaohs, and the account of the ceremonies celebrated at the coronation of these Greek kings may very suitably be applied, by changing the names, to the kings of the ancient dynasties."

III.

THE MILITARY CLASS.

As we have already seen (Book I., chap. ii.), the profession of arms, as well as all other pursuits, was hereditary in Egypt, and those who followed it formed a distinct body still more numerous than that of the priests. They owned a part of the land, but were forbidden to cultivate it or to pursue any industrial labor. The fertile land assigned to every head of a family in the division which, according to Herodotus, was made under the first kings, was tilled by the laborers. It is easy to perceive the evils of this system, which for ever withheld from agriculture a multitude of young and vigorous arms. Herodotus estimates the number of the calasiries and hermotybies (the names of the warriors) at 410,000. We should doubtless modify the information given Herodotus by the priests, who had motives for exaggerating before a stranger the military forces of the country. But it is no less true that the number of able men withheld from agriculture by the Egyptian system must have been considerable. On the other hand, notwithstanding the numerous gymnastic exercises to which they were subjected, these exercises could not have been as efficacious as

agricultural pursuits in developing strength.

Wishing to elevate the noble profession of arms, they disparaged manual labor, and gradually left to slaves not only the trades, but even the agricultural pursuits so necessary to the existence and prosperity of a nation. Thanks to the salutary rule of hereditary professions, agriculture and other labor could not be entirely left to slaves, but labor alone attaches man to the soil; and there came a day when the military class was rooted out and transplanted beyond Egypt, which was left defenceless to its enemies. This is an important point in the history of the country which has not been sufficiently remarked.

Psammetichus, the head of the Saïte dynasty, was, it is said, the first king of Egypt who dared shake off the yoke of the laws imposed from time immemorial on royalty.[19] Relying on an army of foreign mercenaries, Arabians, Carians, and Ionian Greeks, he was not afraid of violating the privileges of the military class, and thus a revolution was effected in Egypt which became fatal to the country. "Two hundred and forty thousand Egyptian warriors revolted.... They therefore conferred together, and with one accord abandoned Psammetichus to go among the Ethiopians. Psammetichus, hearing of it, pursued them. When he overtook them, he implored them for a long time not to abandon their gods, their wives, and their children. Then one of them replied that everywhere ... they could find wives and children."[20]

There are such bold colors in the picture of Herodotus that modesty requires us to efface them, but we may say that he depicts to the life the brutal cynicism into which idleness had caused the military class to fall. Whatever their wrongs on the part of the king, it is difficult to allow they were right in carrying their resentment so far as to abandon their religion, their families, and their country. When, less than a century after, the Persians, led by Cambyses, invaded the land, the unarmed nation could offer no resistance, and Egypt was devastated. It had not recovered from this disaster when it fell into the power of Alexander.

The military system of ancient Egypt possessed, nevertheless, several advantages which should be noticed.

First: Exemption from military service ensured the tillers of the soil complete stability to their occupation, so that war did not, as among modern nations, hinder the cultivation of the land by enrolling the ablest part of the population and endangering the subsistence of the country.

On the other hand, the possession of landed property guaranteed the patriotism of the soldiers, who, as Diodorus justly remarks, defended their country with all the more ardor that they were at the same time the safeguards of their own property. Finally, the perpetuity of the military service in the same families must have singularly favored the development of the art of war, respect for discipline, and the maintenance of an *esprit de corps* in the army. After the expulsion of the Hyksos, the Egyptians, inured to war by their long struggles against these foreign invaders, obtained great victories in Asia, under their kings, Ahmes (Amosis), Thothmes III., and Rameses II., called the great Sesostris by the Greeks. The military pre-eminence of Egypt is attested by the Holy Scriptures in the prophecies of Isaiah respecting her downfall.

It was by war and the public works that the Pharaohs shed so brilliant a glory over Egypt, but we know how dearly this glory cost the nation, whose traditional characteristic was eminently pacific. Nevertheless, it would be unjust to make the king solely responsible for the ruinous wars that ended in the conquest of Egypt. The defect we have referred to in the constitution of the military class must have greatly contributed to this fatal result. The forced inactivity of its families made them a ready instrument for the ambition of the kings, who found a benefit in turning their attention from internal affairs and directing the activity of so powerful a body to distant expeditions.

Under the eighteenth dynasty, and particularly under the reign of Thothmes III., Egypt extended the power of its arms to a great distance. We see this prince, according to a contemporary inscription, "establishing his frontiers where he pleased." The pictures graven on the walls of two chambers recently discovered in the temple of Deir-el-Bahari, at Thebes, a monument erected by the regent Hatasou, sister of Thothmes III. (the eighteenth dynasty), show the conquered people putting on board the Egyptian fleet the booty taken after battle. Here are giraffes, monkeys, leopards, arms, ingots of copper, rings of gold. There are entire trees, probably of a rare species, the roots of which are enclosed in large boxes filled with earth. The vessels themselves merit our attention. They are large, solidly built, and impelled either by sails or oars. A numerous crew covers the deck. Thanks to the care which the Egyptian artist took to indicate the disposition of the masts, sails, and even the knots of the complicated cordage which bound together the different parts of the vessel, we have a clear idea what a vessel belonging to the Egyptian navy was four thousand years ago.

"In another chamber of the same temple are scenes of as great an interest. The Egyptian regiments are advancing with gymnastic steps and entering Thebes triumphantly. Each soldier has a palm in his left hand; in his right is a spear or battle-axe. Before them sound the trumpets. Officers are bearing the standards, surmounted by the name of the victorious regiment."[21]

It was from the military class, according to Manethon, that sprang the first dynasty, which

commences with Menes, the leader of the armies. From this king to Psammetichus, the founder of the twenty-sixth dynasty—that is, for more than two thousand years—a strict alliance existed between the army and the throne. This makes the following passage from Herodotus worthy of attention: "They (the warriors) enjoy by turns the following advantages: Every year a thousand calasiries and as many hermotybies form the king's guard. They daily receive, besides their lands, five mines of baked bread, two mines of beef, and four cups of wine. This is what the guards receive."

By this truly monarchical system, to which we venture to call the attention of the sovereigns who wish to retain their crowns, the whole army corps, and all the members of the military class, were successively admitted to the honor of guarding the sacred person of the king, which must have singularly augmented their devotedness and fidelity. This system had the great advantage of dissipating all feelings of envy with which privileged corps are regarded.

The Egyptian monarch doubtless found a solid support in this intimate union with the military class from which it sprang. King Psammetichus, the founder of the Saïte dynasty, was guilty of the capital fault of employing foreign troops, and violating the civil rights of the native soldiers. He thus caused the emigration of the entire national forces which we have already signalized as one of the principal causes of the downfall of Egypt.

From the time of the Persian conquest, the glorious *rôle* of the great Egyptian army was ended. History only mentions after this the exploits of the navy. Herodotus relates that Egypt furnished two hundred vessels for the fleet assembled by Xerxes for the subjugation of Greece. "The Egyptians," says he, "had barred helmets, convex bucklers with a wide bordure, spears for naval combats, and great battle-axes. Most of them wore cuirasses and long swords. Such was their equipment."

This fleet valiantly sustained the national honor, for the same historian adds a little further on: "In this combat (that of Artemisium, which preceded the great naval battle of Salamis) the Egyptians made themselves conspicuous among the troops of Xerxes; they did great things, and took five Greek vessels with their equipages."

IV.

LEGISLATION—ADMINISTRATIVE AND JUDICIAL INSTITUTIONS.

The wisdom of the Egyptian laws was everywhere admired in ancient times. "I would remind the reader, accustomed, perhaps, to regard the early history of Egypt as fabulous or somewhat uncertain, that obscurity rests on some points of its chronology, and the name and succession of some of the kings, but not on its legislation, the wisdom of which was admired by antiquity; and its effect on the power and genius of the Egyptian nation is attested by the monuments still in existence.[22] Holy Scripture itself seems to ratify this eulogium in saying that "Moses was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and he was powerful in his words and in his deeds."[23]

Unfortunately, all the Egyptian laws have not come down to us, and we have to resort to the incomplete testimony of Herodotus and Diodorus. But, as M. de Bonald states, it is easy to recognize the general spirit of this legislation, which constantly contributed to stability by the maintenance of ancient customs, evidently borrowed from patriarchal traditions, and by the widest application of the hereditary principle extending to every grade of society. The details we have given concerning the constitution of the family and about property, the distinction between the sacerdotal, military, agricultural, and working classes, as well as concerning royalty, appear sufficient to give the reader an approximate idea of the civil and political laws of the ancient Egyptian monarchy.

No trace has yet been found of the municipal rights in ancient Egypt, but there is reason to believe that cities as powerful as Thebes, Memphis, Elephantine, Tanis, etc., had institutions suited to the genius of their inhabitants.

Each dynasty took for its capital the city from which it sprang. Thus the two first dynasties established the seat of government at Thinis and Memphis; the fifth at Elephantine; and the sixth at Memphis. Thebes only became the capital from the time of the eleventh dynasty.[24] Owing to this excellent custom, no city, under the ancient monarchy, could preserve its ascendency and attract all the sources of power in the country. Thinis, Memphis, Elephantine, Thebes, Tanis, Saïs, etc., were by turns the capitals of the kingdom, the centres of national activity, and the seats of sovereign power.

As to the financial laws, history has transmitted several the wisdom of which makes us regret the more those that have not come down to us. The object of the first was to proscribe idleness, which the Egyptians rightly regarded as a social evil. "Amasis," says Herodotus, "is the author of the law which obliges every Egyptian to show annually to the governor of his *nome* (province) his means of subsistence, and they who did not obey, or did not appear to live on legitimate resources, were punished with death. Solon, the Athenian, having borrowed this law from the Egyptians, imposed it on his fellow-citizens, who still observe it and think it faultless."

The Egyptians, then, recognized this fundamental law—that man should live by the fruit of

his labor, and we see with what rigor they enforced it.[25] In a well-regulated nation, where there is work for every one, no one, indeed, should be allowed to live at the expense of the community. The protection afforded human life in Egypt allows us to suppose that capital punishment was reserved for those who obstinately refused to gain their livelihood by labor or other honest means. We know from Herodotus that woman, as well as man, was subjected to the great law of labor. “The women go to market and traffic, the men remain at home and weave. Everywhere else the woof is brought up, the Egyptians carry it under. The men carry burdens on their heads, the women on their shoulders.”[26]

The weaker sex was better protected from the violence of human passions than among other nations. “The laws concerning women were very severe. Those who violated a free woman were mutilated, for this crime was considered inclusive of three great evils, insult, corruption of morals, and confusion of children. For adultery without violence, the man was condemned to receive a thousand stripes, and the woman to have her nose cut off—the lawgiver wishing her to be deprived of the attractions she had availed herself of to allure.”[27]

We see the powerful protection assured to the family by the Egyptian laws in making woman respected and obliging her to respect herself.

Human life was equally protected. “He who saw on the way a man struggling with an assassin, or enduring violent treatment, and did not aid him when in his power, was condemned to death.” “He who had wilfully murdered a free man or a slave was punished with death, for the laws wished to punish not according to the degree of rank, but the intention of the evil-doer. At the same time, their care in the management of the slaves kept them from ever offending a free man.[28]

The law respecting loans was no less remarkable. It was forbidden those who lent by contract to allow the principal to more than double by the accumulation of the interest. Creditors who demanded pay could only seize the goods of the debtor. Bodily restraint was never allowed. For the legislator considered goods as belonging to those who acquired them by labor, by transmission, or by gift, but the individual belonged to the state, which, at any moment, might claim his services in war or in peace. It would, indeed, be absurd if a warrior, at the moment of battle, could be carried off by his creditor, and the safety of all endangered by the cupidity of one. It appears that Solon introduced this law at Athens, giving it the name of *seisactheia*,[29] and remitted all debts contracted under restraint. Most of the Greek legislators are blamed, and not without reason, for forbidding the seizure of arms, ploughs, and other necessary utensils, as pledges of debts, and for permitting, on the other hand, the privation of the liberty of those who made use of these instruments.

It is evident that civilized nations, from the earliest times, sought to oppose and repress the dangerous evil of usury, which inevitably leads to the oppression of the laborer and the degradation of labor. But the Egyptians had an efficacious means of ensuring the payment of debts—in depriving those of sepulture who died without satisfying their creditors. In such a case the body, after being embalmed, was simply deposited in the house of the deceased and left to the children. “It sometimes happens,” says Diodorus, “that, owing to the prevailing respect for the memory of parents, the grandchildren, becoming wealthier, paid the debts of their ancestor, had the decree of condemnation revoked, and gave him a magnificent funeral.” The same author adds, “It is common to give the body of a deceased parent as the guarantee of a debt. The greatest infamy and privation of sepulture awaited those who did not redeem such a pledge.”

“Under the reign of Asychis,” says Herodotus, “the Egyptians made a law allowing a person to borrow by giving in pledge the body of his father. An additional clause allowed the lender to dispose of the sepulchral chamber of the borrower, and, in case of refusal to pay the debt, he who had given such a pledge incurred the following punishment: in case of death, the impossibility of obtaining burial either in the paternal sepulchre or in any other, and the interdiction of burying any one belonging to him.”

This singular custom of pledging a dead body could only exist in Egypt, where it was a religious obligation to preserve the body, and an infamy not to give funeral honors to deceased parents.

The administration of justice in Egypt excited the admiration of the philosophers and legislators of antiquity. Diodorus, who studied their system, found it superior to that of other countries. To enable the reader to judge for himself, we shall give the essential details concerning it. “The Egyptians,” says he, “have carefully considered the judicial power, persuaded that the acts of a tribunal have a twofold influence upon social life. It is evident that the punishment of the guilty and the protection of the injured are the best means of repressing crime. They knew, if the fear of justice could be done away with by bribes and corruption, it would lead to the ruin of society. They therefore chose judges from the chief inhabitants of the most celebrated cities, Heliopolis, Thebes, and Memphis. Each of these cities furnished ten, who composed the tribunal, which might be compared to the Areopagus of Athens or the Senate of Lacedæmon. These thirty judges chose a president from their number, and the city to which he belonged sent another judge to replace him. These judges were supported at the expense of the king, and their salary was very considerable....”

The plaintiff in person stated his grievances, and the accused defended himself. There were

no counsellors, “the Egyptians being of the opinion that they only obscure a cause by their pleadings.... In fact, it is not rare,” adds Diodorus, “to see the most experienced magistrates swayed by the power of a deceitful tongue, aiming at effect, and seeking only to excite compassion.”

This organization seems adapted to secure the equity and impartiality desirable in the administration of justice. The selection of the judges from the principal citizens of the country, and their large salaries, guaranteed their ability and independence. At the same time, the restricted number of judges shows how rare lawsuits were in Egypt. It must have been so in a nation so wisely governed, in which order and peace reigned among all classes and in all families, and where the interests of every one were guaranteed and protected.

The study of the inscriptions shows that the civil offices were filled by citizens belonging to the sacerdotal and military classes.[30] Were these functions hereditary? The stability of the Egyptian institutions allows us to believe the transmission of the public duties must have been generally by inheritance.

A monument in the museum of Leyden shows us a family of the beginning of the twelfth dynasty, which for many successive generations was employed in the distribution of water in the district of Abydos.[31] But more important duties, requiring greater personal capacity or a special commission from public authority, must have been at the nomination of the kings or the governors of the nomes.

“A great number of administrative reports and fragments of registers of the public accounts are found in the papyri still preserved.

“The services employing the greatest number, and the most able men, were those of the public works, the army, and the administration of the revenues of the kingdom. Coined money was unknown,[32] all the taxes were collected in kind. There were three divisions on the land according to the nature of the rents: the canal (maou) paid its tribute in fish, the arable land (ouou) in cereals, and the marshes (pehou) in heads of cattle. A register was carefully kept, with an account of the changes, a statement of all the kinds of land in each district, and the names of the owners.

“... Many contracts of sales and rents of land and houses, drawn up on papyrus, have been found among the family papers of the dead. They show with what guarantees and careful formalities property was protected in ancient Egypt.”[33]

By this sketch, however incomplete, of the laws and institutions of ancient Egypt, we see they were, as Bossuet says,[34] “simple, full of justice, and of a kind to unite the nation. The best thing among all these excellent laws was—that every one was trained to observe them. A new custom was a wonder in Egypt. Everything was done in the same manner, and their exactness in little things made them exact in great ones. Therefore, there never was a people that preserved its laws and customs a longer time.”

V.

A SUMMARY OF PRINCIPAL FEATURES OF THE SOCIAL ORGANIZATION.

We shall now give a brief review of the social and political institutions of ancient Egypt.

The priesthood, the guardian of religion and the laws, and the promoter of morality, was rendered perpetual by hereditary transmission in the sacerdotal families.

The army, the guardian of civil and political life, and the maintainer of order, was rendered perpetual by hereditary transmission in the military families.

Labor, the source of national and individual vigor, was rendered perpetual by the hereditary transmission of the agricultural or industrial pursuits in the families of the agriculturists and artisans.

Authority, the organ of the national will, was maintained in its unity and perpetuity, by hereditary transmission in the royal family.

And all these classes, all these families, were guaranteed in their independence by the unchangeableness of their members, and the proprietorship of the soil and the trades.

Such were the foundations of the social constitution of Egypt.

With such fine order, to borrow the language of Bossuet, there was no place for anarchy or oppression. In fact, society was preserved from the abuse of power by the fundamental law of hereditary professions, which, ensuring to each family a fixed employment and an independent existence, prevented the arbitrary changes of men and property, so that opposition was not, as M. de Bonald happily says, in men, but in the institutions.[35]

It was by this combined action of the different social grades, that is, of royalty, the priesthood, the army, and the corporations devoted to manual labor, that Egypt attained such a degree of civilization, which left so great an impress on the ancient world, and the vestiges of which still appear so worthy of attention.

In consequence of this wise and powerful organization, peace and harmony seemed to have a long and unbroken reign in Egypt. The first symptoms of disorder and tyranny only appear under the kings of the fourth dynasty. When the knowledge of the true God was almost effaced from the memory of man, the kings, regarded with religious veneration, set themselves up for gods, and pride, the source of despotism, entered their hearts. After overthrowing, or at least changing, the nature of the national religion, they favored with all their might the introduction of polytheism, which placed them on the altars, and gave a divine authority to their power. “The priests informed me,” says Herodotus, “that, until Rhamsinite, equity prevailed in Egypt, and the prosperity of the country was great. But after him Cheops (Khoufou, the builder of the great pyramid) reigned, and the people suffered all kinds of miseries. First, he closed the temples and forbade the offering of sacrifices; then he forced the Egyptians to labor for him.” This tradition of the impiety of the first designer of the pyramids is found in the extracts from Manethon, but with an important addition: “Suphis, who built the largest pyramid, attributed by Herodotus to Cheops, was at first a despiser of the gods, but he afterward repented and wrote a sacred book, greatly esteemed by the Egyptians.”[36]

This assertion of the national historian is confirmed by the discoveries of modern science. A stone found near the great pyramids contains a valuable inscription respecting the ancient history of Egypt. “It appears from this inscription,” says Mariette, “that Cheops restored a temple already standing (dedicated to Isis), assigning revenues to it in sacred offerings, and replaced the statues of gold, silver, bronze, and wood, which adorned the sanctuary....

“We see by this,” adds the learned archæologist, “that, even at that extremely remote period, Egyptian civilization shone forth with the greatest brilliancy.”[37]

We also see that the royal despotism could not long prevail against the powerful social organization of which we have given a sketch, for, in re-establishing the worship of Isis, Cheops doubtless restored at the same time the national institutions, the violation of which has left so marked a trace in the historic traditions of Egypt.

To show our impartiality, we ought to state that many modern historians have judged Egyptian royalty much more severely than we. Among them, M. François Lenormant may be particularly mentioned.

“From the time of the oldest dynasties,” says he, “we see existing this boundless respect for royalty, which became a genuine worship, and made Pharaoh the visible god of his subjects. The Egyptian monarchs were more than sovereign pontiffs, they were real divinities.... They identified themselves with the great divinity Horus because, as an inscription says: ‘The king is the image of Ra (the sun-god) among the living.’

“It is easily understood what a prestige was given to the sovereign power in Egypt by such an explanation of royalty. This power, already so great among the Asiatic nations adjoining that country, assumed the character of genuine idolatry. The Egyptians were, with respect to their king, only trembling slaves, obliged by religion even to blindly execute his orders. The highest and most powerful functionaries were only the humble servants of Pharaoh.... For this *régime* to last so many ages with no notable modification, the Egyptians must have been profoundly convinced that the government they were under emanated from the divine will.[38]

Egyptian society stood on so firm a basis that it could be oppressed, but not overthrown, by the despotism of its kings. Property was so well secured by the general law of inheritance, the sacerdotal and military aristocracy was so firmly established in its independence, that the first excess of power only affected the laboring classes. Unable to dispose of the property of their subjects, the kings appropriated, as J. J. Rousseau justly remarks, “rather men’s arms than their purse.” It was thus they effected the gigantic work of erecting the pyramids by the enforced labors of a whole nation. Property was spared, but humanity was oppressed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[12] Diodorus. History thus confirms the Scriptures: “From that time unto this day, in the whole land of Egypt, the fifth part is paid to the king, and it is become as a law, except the land of the priests, which was free from this covenant” (Gen. xlvii. 26). This privilege was not always preserved. The Rosetta inscription informs us that the sacred lands paid annually into the royal treasury an *artabe* for each *aroure* of land, and an amphora of wine for every aroure of vineyard.

[13] *Egypte ancienne*, p. 111.

[14] Chemistry comes from Chemi—which means Egypt.—Tr.

[15] We have borrowed from Champollion most of this account of the services rendered by the priesthood to the Egyptian nation. It is true, it only gives the favorable side of that class, but, in speaking of the religion of the country, we shall endeavor to complete the picture and present it in its true light.

[16] The Rosetta Stone was among the valuable antiquities collected by the French expedition into Egypt, and given up to the English at the surrender at Alexandria. It was of black basalt, about three feet by two. The inscription on it was in three kinds of writing: the hieroglyphic,

the demotic or enchorial, and the Greek. The upper and lower portions of the stone were broken and injured, but the demotic inscription was perfect. The Greek inscription was a key to the others, from which a complete hieroglyphic alphabet was composed.—Tr.

[17] Of the reign of Ptolemy.—Tr.

[18] From Champollion-Figeac's translation.

[19] "The priests represented Psammetichus as the first Egyptian king to violate the sacerdotal rule limiting the king's ration of wine."—Strabo, *Geogr. xvii.*

[20] *Herodotus*, ii. Diodorus confirms this account, but its authenticity has been disputed by declaring that "the garrison of Elephantine, comprising only some hundreds or thousands of warriors, was the only one that could escape into Ethiopia." It was doubtless easier for this garrison to cross the frontier which it was appointed to guard; but, supposing the Egyptian soldiers, dissatisfied with the violation of their privileges, had concerted among themselves, as Herodotus declares, we do not see how King Psammetichus could have hindered the departure of so formidable an army. Besides, Herodotus adds that he saw in Ethiopia a people known under the name of *Automoles* (deserters), descendants of these Egyptian warriors. This testimony is the more credible because Herodotus made the journey not more than 150 or 160 years after the death of Psammetichus.

[21] Mariette.

[22] De Bonald, *Théorie du Pouvoir*, i. 170.

[23] Acts of the Apostles, vii. 22.

[24] Mariette: *Aperçu de l'Histoire d'Egypte*, pp. 10 and 19.

[25] St. Paul says: "*Qui non laborat non manducet*."

[26] *Herodotus*, lib. ii.

[27] *Diodorus*, lib. i.

[28] *Diodorus*, lib. i.

[29] From σείω, *I shake off*, and ἄχθος, *burden*. See Plutarch, *Life of Solon*, xiv.

[30] Ampère, *Des Castes, etc., dans l'ancienne Egypte*.

[31] Letter from M. de Rougé à M. Leemans, *Revue Archéol.*, vol. xii.

[32] We have seen by the law respecting loans, attributed to King Bocchoris, that coined money was known to the Egyptians at least eight centuries B.C.

[33] F. Lenormant, *Manuel d'Hist. ancienne*.

[34] *Discours sur l'Hist. univ.*: "The Egyptians observe the customs of their fathers, and adopt no new ones," says Herodotus.

[35] *Théorie du Pouvoir*, vol. i. book 1. From this work, now consulted so little, but nevertheless full of remarkable views respecting the different systems of social organization, we have taken the plan of this *étude* of the political institutions of ancient Egypt.

[36] Eusebius, *apud Sync.* vol.

[37] *Notice du Musée de Boulaq*, p. 185.

[38] F. Lenormant, *Manuel d'Hist. anc.*, vol. i. p. 334.

A WEEK AT LAKE GEORGE.

Most of our merchant readers will be able to recall a thousand pleasant reminiscences or anecdotes of the firm of Hawkins & Smith, wholesale cloth dealers, of our great metropolis. Mr. Hawkins is the dapper, fluent, old English gentleman, who meets all callers upon the house. He appears to be the very life of the firm, and sells the counters and shelves as clean as his own smoothly shaved, fair little face. He is fond of boasting that he never kept a piece of goods through two whole seasons. He is the only member of the firm with whom our agents and correspondents are acquainted. Rarely, indeed, does it enter anybody's head to inquire for Mr. Smith. But a silent, squarely-built, gray-eyed man, never to be seen in the salesroom, and only in the office at the earliest hours, looks as if he might be called Smith, or any other practically-sounding name; and on closer inspection this same individual appears to possess those qualities which would fit one to do and endure the grinding, screwing, and pounding, the stern refusing and energetic demanding, connected with the business of such a distinguished firm. Smith never boasts. He has a disagreeable way of chuckling, when he observes, before dismissing an idle employee, that *he* (Smith) came here (to New York) in his own schooner from home (Rhode Island) and, in six months, bought his share in the present business. Mr. Hawkins never alludes to him in conversation, but always greets him with marked respect, and, when late to business, with a nervous flush quite unpleasant to witness. It has been said by enemies of the firm that Hawkins is a first-class salesman because Smith does all the buying; and many quaint expressions have arisen regarding the fate of the American eagle whenever a certain coin passes between old Smith's thumb and forefinger.

Any one who has so far penetrated the nether gloom of our first story salesroom as to peep behind the little railing on the high desk, has seen a tall, pale, blue-eyed young man, with closely-trimmed whiskers, bending over the gas-lit figures and folios, the mysteries of Hawkins & Smith. Five years in this Hades, wearing and puzzling over the perpetual riddle before him, have worked a slight wrinkle just between his brows, and bent his thin figure, and even blanched his delicate hands and hollow cheeks; but he is no more a demon or ghost than you or I, or even Mr. Hawkins himself, but the jolliest and best of jolly good fellows. If you have long known Jack Peters, and acknowledged this, be civil to me, dear reader, henceforth, for his sake, for I am this book-keeper's first cousin, George Peters.

Ask the boys in the first floor whom old Smith watches most. They will tell you, with a laugh, the new clerk at the first counter. Ask Mr. Hawkins whom he put at the first counter because he likes Jack Peters. He will answer, George Peters, his cousin. Ask Mr. Smith who the clerk at the first counter is. He will answer, "An infernal fool that Hawkins picked up, because he always wants a good-looking figure-head."

This last remark is historical, and I quote it to illustrate many subjects which vanity, modesty, and respect for my employers alike render delicate to me, George Peters.

On a certain Monday evening in July last, Jack and I stood in the dread presence of Hawkins and Smith, in the inner circle of the gloom.

"Mr. Peters," said Hawkins, looking at both of us as blandly as man could look in such a place, "we have both concluded that we can better spare you this week than next. Nothing will be going on, and so you had better be going off. Ah! ha! And you, my young friend, although it is not customary to grant vacation to such recent employees, had better go off, too, on account of your cousin—entirely on his account!" added the little gentleman, dexterously, glancing the last part of his speech from me to his partner.

Jack nodded his thanks, and I endeavored to thaw the cold stare of the junior partner by a warm burst of gratitude, not altogether feigned. His glance, indeed, altered, but only to a sneer, and the labials of the word "puppy" were so distinctly formed that I could scarcely keep from disarranging them by a hearty slap.

Feeling checked and snubbed, I walked with Jack out of the store, but soon these feelings gave place to the excitement of our vacation.

"Jack, are the 'traps' all packed?"

"Everything is ready; all we have to do is to get aboard the boat. Hawkins told me on Saturday that I might get ready, but that it was necessary to stay over Monday in order to get you off with me. So I left word at home to have everything sent down by the boy."

We turned the corner, and, in a few minutes, were wandering through the cabins and gangways of the Albany boat. The "boy" on whom Jack had relied so confidently did not make his appearance until the last moment, and then professed utter ignorance of any lunch-basket. Jack was certain that he had put it with the trunk and satchels, and was but partially convinced when he found it, on our return, in the wardrobe of his bedroom. But we were on board of the *St. John*, and it only made a difference of two dollars in the cost of our supper.

Yes, dear reader, we were on board of the *St. John*, and moving up the Hudson; and, if you are pleased at finding us on our way at last, judge with what feelings we turned from the brick and stone of the great Babylon behind us to the towering palisades, the groves, and

hills, and happy rural sights about us. Jack and I were unable to get a state-room; all had been secured before the boat left the wharf. This, however, afforded little matter for regret, as we sailed through moonlight and a warm breeze beneath the gloomy Highlands, and watched the lights of the barges and tow-boats, like floating cities on the inky river. Scraps of history and romance were suggested at almost every turn of the winding channel, and as we passed old Cro' Nest, the opening lines of the *Culprit Fay* were forcibly recalled:

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"'Tis the middle watch of a summer night,
Earth is dark, but the heavens are bright,
And naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon and stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
As a river of light, o'er the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cro' Nest;
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast;
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below."

The white schooners went through their ghostly parts in a way that would have shamed Wallack himself. We thought the performance of the sturgeons fully equal, from an artistic point of view, and, certainly, less objectionable from every point of view, when compared with anything we ever saw at the ballet; and, yet, we remembered that men and women were sitting wide awake through these late hours in the hot and crowded theatres of the city. Thus we were consoled for the loss of a state-room. But even in this peaceful enjoyment of nature we were not without drawbacks, and in the chapter of accidents must be recorded how and why we lost our places on the forward deck.

Scarcely had the steamer left her dock, when we were startled by a voice inquiring "if there would be any intrusion in case a party of ladies and gentlemen desired to while away time by singing a few hymns?" Jack and I turned in our seats. The inquiry had proceeded from an elderly individual, of general clerical appearance, and certain marks strongly indicating the specific character of the "Evangelical" school. A pair of "sisters" hung upon either arm, and all three settled into chairs in the middle of the deck. His question had been addressed to about two hundred ladies and gentlemen who crowded the forward deck. There were evident marks of dissatisfaction, but, as nobody spoke, our "Evangelical" friend thought proper to conclude that nobody was offended, and the hymn-singing commenced. Gradually congenial spirits, drawn by the sound, were to be seen approaching from various parts of the boat, and when Jack and I returned from supper, we found about twenty or thirty in various stages of excitement, and our clerical friend wrought up to a high pitch. Another minister, with a strong but wheezy bass voice, announced and intoned the hymns. At intervals in the singing, our friend arose and addressed the spectators. At one time he informed them that the feeling which animated the present assembly was love to the Saviour. At another, he thought that perhaps there might be some present who knew nothing about the Saviour; to such he would apply the words of the apostle, "Be ye followers of me, as I am of Christ." He said that he had been a child of God for thirty years, and knew by a certain assurance that he was a saved man. Hallelujah!

"Evangelical" blood was up, and our friend turned from the contemplation of his own happy lot to worry something or somebody. Jack's cigar caught his eye. It was the red rag to the bull.

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"Young man! there ain't no smokin'-car in heaven. There ain't no for'ard deck where you can puff that stinkin' weed of your'n!"

Jack expressed a forcible denial in an undertone, and, before I could nudge him, broke out with:

"I'd like to know what the Bible says against smoking?"

"You would, young man, would ye? Well, I'm glad you would. I'm glad you have asked that question. Well, sir, the Bible says, 'Let no filthy communication proceed out of thy mouth'; and if that ar smoke ain't a 'filthy communication,' I'd like to know what is."

There was a general roar. "Come along, Jack," said I, "you are a Papist, and can't argue against a 'free Bible.'" So, retiring to the after-deck, which was covered, and concealed much of the landscape, we left our Methodist friends triumphantly shouting and keeping folks awake up to a late hour.

As the night passed, and our fellow-travellers dropped off one by one to doze in their state-rooms or on the sofas of the cabins, we were left alone. Gradually we retired within ourselves, and shut the doors of our senses.

"Wake up, old fellow, we are nearly in!"

I opened my eyes, and saw Jack's pale face smiling over my shoulders.

We landed at Albany, and after breakfast found ourselves settled in the Rensselaer and Saratoga cars, and, changing trains at Fort Edward, arrived at Glenn's Falls in about three hours.

Jack, who had often made the trip before, had set me reading *The Leather Stocking Series*,

and I positively refused to budge from the town of Glenn’s Falls until we had visited the rapids and descended into the cave which Cooper has immortalized in the first chapters of his most interesting romance, *The Last of the Mohicans*. The falling in of the rock at different periods, and the low stage of the water in the summer season, prevented us from recognizing the old shelter of Hawkeye and his party.

But there is the cave, and there are the rapids—both are shrines of American legend; and we felt better pleased with ourselves for our pilgrimage. Of course we had missed the stage which takes passengers from the station to Caldwell at the head of Lake George. We wandered a short time about town, found out that there were a number of Catholics in it, and that its president, Mr. Keenan, was a well-known Irish Catholic. We also visited a beautiful church, the finest in the town, recently completed by Father McDermott, the pastor of the English-speaking Catholic congregation, there being also a French-Canadian parish in the place.

As may be easily imagined, we had no mind to walk over to the lake, or to pay ten dollars for a vehicle to carry us as many miles, and Jack was beginning to grumble at my curiosity when we met a farmer’s wagon—with a farmer in it, of course. The latter offered to take us over for fifty cents a head, as he was going in the same direction. Never was there a better piece of good luck. There are several Scotch families settled on French Mountain, at the head of the lake; our driver was one of their patriarchs. He literally poured out funny stories of the “kirk” and “dominie”; and although some of the jokes were very nearly as broad as they were long, Jack and I were forced to hold our sides while the “gudeman” sparkled and foamed, like a certain brown export from his native country.

During a momentary lull in the conversation, I took occasion to inquire with respect to a black woolly-coated dog, who followed the wagon, if he were a good hunter. “Yes,” said Jack, with a contemptuous smile at the subject of my inquiry. “He is what is called a beef-hound.”

“Hoot, mon,” said his owner, “that dog would tree a grasshopper up a mullen-stalk.”

It was in no sad or poetical mood that we passed by “Williams’s Monument” and the scene of Hendrick’s death and Dieskau’s defeat, or saw at “Bloody Pond” the lilies bending over the sedge and ooze which served of old as the last resting-place of many a brave young son of France. We did not think of the fierce struggle which had here confirmed our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in possession of this soil. All this comes up now as I write; for, certainly no sober thought entered our brains until, as we turned round a mountain-side, I saw Jack take off his hat. I looked in the direction of his respectful nod, and—oh! what a vision!—the deep blue lake sank from view in the embrace of the distant mountains. Its winding shores and secret bays, curtained with veils of mist hanging in festoons from boughs of cedar, birch, maple, and chestnut, were like enchantment in their endless variety of form and shade. No less the work of magic were the islands. These, owing to the reflection of the water, appeared to hang over its surface as the clouds seemed to hang over the peaks above. To stand suddenly in view of such a sight might have startled and awed even lighter souls than ours. Here, indeed, our hearts were lifted up and thrilled as we thought of the gray-haired apostle and martyr, the first European who sailed upon the water before us—the Jesuit Father Jogues, who also gave it on the eve of Corpus Christi its original name—Lac du Saint-Sacrament. Our Protestant tradition, following the courtier taste of Sir William Johnson, has handed down the name of Lake George, but we trust that the hope of every lover of American antiquity who has visited its shores may not prove vain, and that time, in doing justice to all, will restore to the lake its first true and lovely title.

A few small sails on the water, and the smoke from the village at our feet, broke the spell and reminded us that we were still among the haunts of man.

Caldwell is made up of a courthouse, several churches, stores, hotels, and shops, a saw-mill, and a few streets of separated dwelling-houses. The grand hotel is near the site once occupied by Fort William Henry, and is called by that name, and looks towards Ticonderoga, although the view is cut off midway by the windings of the lake. Old Fort George is overgrown with cedars and shrubs, and only a few feet of ruined bastion remain. The scene of the massacre of Fort William Henry is now, as nearly as we could reckon from Mr. Cooper’s description, a swamp. Time, however, is said to have greatly altered the topography of the shore at this point, and certainly it is hard to locate Montcalm’s old camping-ground during the siege described in *The Last of the Mohicans*.

Leaving such questions to the antiquarian, perhaps, dear reader, you will ask one with a practical regard for the present and future, namely, How do they provide for their guests at the Fort William Henry? Alas! that were indeed an ill-timed question for us. Perhaps, if I had asked the proprietor to allow me to report upon his fare in the pages of The Catholic World, he would have done so in a manner satisfactory to all parties; but, as no such brilliant idea occurred at that time, I am forced to confess that I was afraid that it was too good. Be it said to our shame, we did not promenade upon the magnificent piazza, nor did we stop to taste the alluring fare of the Fort William Henry. What else did we come for? Why, to see Lake George, of course, and to have a good time; and we did both, although we went without lunch for some hours that day.

Scarcely had I claimed our baggage at the stage-office, when Jack came up from the beach with a radiant countenance. “It’s all right!” said he, “I’ve got just the boat we want. Five

dollars for the rest of the week. Take hold of that trunk, and we'll get under way as soon as possible."

Perhaps, dear reader, in your wanderings through life it has never been your happy lot to be absolute master of the craft on which you are sailing. Do you think that you have fathomed the mystery of such lives as those of Captain Kidd and Admiral Semmes?

Do you imagine that life on the ocean wave means sleeping in a berth and pacing a quarter-deck? Ah! that was truly independence day to us. The wind blew fresh and strong. We hoisted our india-rubber blanket on an oar. Coats and collars were packed away in the satchel, our "worst" straw hats were pulled down over our eyes, and, as we sat with loosened flannel in the bottom of our heavy skiff, and listened to the rippling water, we quite forgot that it was past lunch-time. The warm south breeze, and that peculiar fragrance which popular fancy has associated with the name of cavendish, brought us in full sympathy with the naval adventurers of other days, and we blessed the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, "as we sailed."

The upper portion of the lake, through which we are now passing, though surrounded by hills, has enough farming land and farm-houses on their slopes to give it that placid, tranquil beauty which is always associated with views on the English waters. As it widened from three-quarters to as many full miles, we passed several beautiful residences, two of them belonging to Messrs. Price and Hayden of New York City. Opposite these, on the eastern shore, is a handsome property belonging to Charles O'Conor, Esq., one of the most distinguished members of the New York bar, and well known throughout the United States. Just abreast Diamond Island is the residence of Mr. Cramer, president of the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad, and while sailing past the lovely group of islands known as the "Three Sisters," the property of Judge Edmonds, we saw beyond them the white walls of his cottage peeping out from the green foliage of the western shore, about three miles and a half from Caldwell.

As the sun sank below Mount Cathead, back of the pretty little village of Bolton, we landed on a little islet in the Narrows near Fourteen Mile Island.

I was quite curious to find out what preparations Jack had made, and lent a willing hand at the long narrow trunk. In the tray was a small cotton tent, made according to Jack's own order, and slightly larger than the soldier's "dog-house." A keen little axe in Jack's quick hand soon provided a pair of forked uprights and four little pins, an oar served for a ridge-pole, and our shelter was up before the sun was fairly below the real horizon. Out of the same tray came a quilt and two pairs of blankets, which I was ordered to spread on the india-rubber. My task accomplished, the smell of something very much like ham and eggs recalled me to the beach. We supped, that night, by the light of our camp-fire, and it was only after a night's heavy sleep that I was able to examine the rest of Jack's outfit. A small mess-chest, which bore marks of his own clever fingers, occupied one division of the bottom of the trunk. The rest of it was shared by apartments for clothing, provisions, and a humble assortment of fishing-tackle and shooting material. The gun lay strapped to one side of the trunk, and a couple of rods on the other.

"Very neat, Jack," said I.

"You are right; I built it myself, all except the walls and roof, seven years ago."

I am sorry to confess that I did not get up that morning until breakfast was ready. Jack did not complain, but I saw by his quiet smile that some kind of an apology was necessary.

"Jack, I'm as stiff as a clotheshorse, and sore from head to foot."

"Why," he asked, "didn't you dig holes for your hips and shoulders, as the Indians do?"

"The holes were all made, only they were in the wrong places."

After breakfast, we broke up our camp and rowed over to Fourteen Mile Island. On the way we had another view of Bolton, behind us, and the countless islands in the Narrows, through which we were shortly to sail. The little village of Bolton lies on the western shore opposite Fourteen Mile Island. It contains a hotel, several boarding-houses, a pretty little P. E. church, and a forest of flags, every house seeming to have its own staff. One of the islands, near Bolton, was shown us as the point of view from which Kensett's picture of the Narrows was painted. At Fourteen Mile Island we found a quiet little hotel, which serves as a dining-place for excursionists from Caldwell. A few regular boarders seemed to be enjoying themselves, and I noticed an artist's easel and umbrella on the porch.

We soon left with a good supply of butter, eggs, milk, and fresh bread. After rowing a few miles through the maze of islands in the Narrows, one of which is occupied by a hermit artist named Hill, a "transcendentalist," the wind arose, and we sailed under the shadow of Black Mountain through the wildest portion of the lake. On the western shore, savage cliffs were piled in utter confusion, now rising, like the Hudson River Palisades, in solid walls above a mass of *débris*, now hanging in gigantic masses over the crystal abyss below. On the eastern shore, Black Mountain rises above any other height on the lake, and the view which we beheld as we passed from Fourteen Mile Island down the Narrows is one of the finest in the world. Now we were drifting under the cliffs at the base of the mountain, and, looking up

its abrupt sides—a series of rocky spurs covered principally with hemlocks and cedar—we saw two eagles soaring above the thin clouds which floated half-way up. Throughout this portion the lake varies from one to two miles in width.

Oh! what a cozy little nest in the hills at the northern end of Black Mountain! A few farms, and a sleepy old mill that looks as if it never was made to run, lie on the sunny slope retiring into the hills which forms a pass over to Whitehall. No wonder they call it the "Bosom!"

Here, in a little graveyard, we saw the tombstone of a Revolutionary soldier, and the old farm-house, at which we stopped for dinner, with its loom and spindle and bustling old housewife, formed a good specimen of that phase of American life which is rapidly passing away for ever.

While our meal was being cooked, Jack disappeared with his rod. I had a long talk with the mistress of the house. She was a "Free-will Baptist" and very much opposed to the Irish and Catholics generally. Her objections to the former were thus curtly summed up, "The critters get rich off a rock, and have sich litters of children."

During the ensuing conversation she remarked, "I have four sons, and every one of them professors."

"Ah!" said I, in all simplicity, "they must be doing very well; but what do they teach?"

"Teach?—they don't teach nothing. I said they were professors."

"Well, then," I asked, "what do they profess?"

"Why, professors of religion, of course," answered the good dame—"every one of 'em baptized in yon lake. Oh! it was a glor'ous sight!"

The good old lady—for she was past eighty—showed me her dairy, and apartments of the house which she said were usually occupied by boarders at this time of the year. She had woven all the carpets, quilts, towels, napkins, and table-cloths of the whole establishment, and everything looked very neat and old-fashioned.

"I'm mighty sorry you have to hurry off," said she, "I could make you the nicest chowder you ever tasted. My man knows just where to get the fish. A few years ago we sent off, at once, one hundred and fifty pounds of clean lake trout."

I, too, was sorry that we were obliged to hasten on our journey, as I thought, for the first time since we started, of Hawkins & Smith and a long year in the gloomy salesroom.

Jack came late for dinner with five small brook-trout in his hand.

"Hulloa, old fellow, where did you get those?"

"Oh! there's a little pool on the hillside up yonder," answered Jack, pointing as he spoke, "I always find two or three there."

After paying for our dinner, visiting an Indian family who claim to be the genuine "Last of the Mohicans," we bade farewell to our hostess and one of the "professors," who had appeared in the meanwhile, and were again afloat. We passed Sabbath Day Point, about two miles above "The Bosom" on the opposite shore. The former derived its name from having served as a resting-place to Abercrombie's expedition; it was the scene of several bloody skirmishes during the French and Indian war and also during the Revolution.

The lake now widens somewhat, and the mountains decrease in height. Two points of land overlapping from opposite sides close up the northern view and form a large circular basin opposite the little village of Hague, situated on the western shore about six or seven miles from the lower end of the lake. One of the points alluded to is a craggy spur which seems to spring directly out of the depths of the water; it is on the eastern shore, and is called Anthony's Nose. The western point is a well-shaded lawn of about one hundred and fifty acres, with a winding irregular shore, and containing a number of large hickory and chestnut trees.

The robins were hopping about the lawn as we landed; the thrush, singing his vesper, made a special commemoration of the faithful newly arrived; the greedy cat-bird, a sleek-coated sharper, approached to see what was to be made off the strangers; while the politic red-squirrels, scampering off at sight of our tent to discuss the object and intent of this invasion, remained at a respectful distance while Jack's trout were frying over the little camp-fire now gleaming in the twilight.

Supper having been despatched, I heard Jack approaching, while engaged in washing the dishes on the beach—an occupation which time and place can often rob of all its offensiveness, wherefore, most delicate of readers, I am bold enough to mention it.

I looked at Jack from my towel and tin plates, and great was my astonishment to behold him in complete hunting-dress, gun in hand, and all accoutred for the chase.

"Why, Jack! what's afoot?"

"No game yet," he answered, smiling; "but I'm to leave you to-night."

"What! to sleep here all by myself?"

"Why, yes—you are not afraid, are you?"

"No, not afraid exactly."

"The fact is," said Jack, "a fellow over at Hague promised me a deer-hunt last year, and if I can find him to-night I shall go out with him to-morrow. You can't shoot, have no gun, and are not much of a walker, so I am sure you would be bored to death." (I nodded.) Jack continued, "I will walk over to-night, and if I do not meet the hunter will be back bright and early to-morrow morning. If I do not come then, please row over for me to-morrow evening."

"All right, *mon capitaine*." And, with a wave of the hand, Jack departed, and I was alone.

The embers of the camp-fire began to brighten as the darkness fell. The birds and squirrels disappeared. The trunk was stowed safely together with its mess-chest and provisions, and the blankets were spread in the little tent; the milk-jug and butter-bowl were secured by stones in the water, in order to keep them cool. I began my rosary for night prayers, and roamed through the grove over to the northern side of the point, in full view of the steep promontory on the opposite shore. Beyond our own smooth camping-ground the western shore surged up again in all its former wildness. The beads passed slowly through my fingers, and it seemed as if the beauty and loneliness of the scene were absorbing all my faculties, and withdrawing me from instead of raising my thoughts to God and heaven.

Finally the moon arose. A thousand scattered beams shot through the dark foliage, and lit up patches of the lawn over which I had just passed. The wind had died away, and the light fell in unbroken splendor upon the broad mirror before me. The few thin clouds, veiling small groups of stars, the frowning cliffs and sombre woods—all were reduplicated in the unruffled water. Far to the south, Black Mountain closed up the view, which sank in the east behind the low ranges of hills, all dark below the rising moon. The last bead fell from my fingers, and praying God to forgive anything inordinate in my enjoyment of his creatures, I gave up to the intoxication of the scene. The hours passed rapidly while I dreamed of the days of Montcalm and Abercrombie, and saw in fancy the fleets of canoes and batteaux passing and repassing in victory and defeat the rocks upon which I was sitting. Had my mind ever reverted to the possibility of being obliged to give a public account of itself, I might have composed some lines, had some "thoughts," or done something worth recording. Alas, dear reader, do not consider me rude if I confess that I did not think of you at that time. For, indeed, I did not think of anything, but left my fancy to be sported with by impressions past and present of the lovely region in which I found myself a happy visitor. The cool night air brought the blood to my sunburnt cheeks. The landscape swam before me, the past mingled with the present; finally, the mist seemed to shroud everything. My watch was run down past midnght when I awoke, finding myself stretched at full length on the rock. I started—where was I? what had disturbed my slumber? Was it the war-whoop of the Mingoes, or the friendly greeting of Uncas and Chingacgook; but if so, where were the canoes? I raised myself slowly on my elbow, all wet with dew, dazed by sleep and the strange scene about me—when suddenly, under the shadow of the trees, and not one hundred feet distant, there rose from the water a shrill, fierce, devilish laugh, so wild and startling that I bounded to my feet and fairly screamed with fright. The next instant, a large bird appeared fluttering on the moonlit water beyond. "Pshaw!" said I, "didn't you ever hear a loon before?" Thus addressing myself, I returned to the tent, and, stripping off my wet clothes, fell asleep in the blankets.

I do not know exactly what time of the day it was when I awoke the next morning. The sun was high, and my clothes and the tent perfectly dry; but I saw through its open door the steamer which leaves Caldwell at eight o'clock, and hence concluded that it was now between ten and eleven. I was glad enough that Jack did not appear to rebuke my laziness until I came to try my hand at cooking breakfast. The fire would smoke, and I could not hinder it; the ham would not broil, and I could not force it. The eggs, of course, were scorched, and so was my tongue when I tasted the coffee, which resembled a decoction of shavings and bitter almonds. Quietly emptying the coffee-pot on the grass, I contented myself with a cup of milk, which, however, showed strong premonitory symptoms of sourness; and after bolting a huge stock of raw ham and scorched eggs, made up my mind that this was to be the last meal without Jack.

It was very warm in the tent, so, taking the quilt and a certain small pouch of buckskin decked with wampum, I sought the shelter of the grove. Chestnut-burrs did not prevent me from choosing the shadiest spot, for my quilt afforded ample protection.

Here, with my back to the tree, I fell into a state which might easily have proved a continuation of my already protracted nap. It was not so, however. The bag of the medicine-man contains an antidote for prosiness after meals. Blue clouds of the inspiring fragrance curled in the still air, and the brain which might have succumbed to the vulgar humors of digesting pork maintained itself in a gentle, subdued, intellectual state. Had I some favorite author in my hand, some volume of pithy sentences furnishing themes for my morning meditation, or somebody's "confessions"? Alas, dear reader, I am forced to make a confession myself, to wit, that there was not a line of printed matter in all our luggage.

Day-dreams and night-dreams are pretty much alike with me unless there be a trifle of

brilliant imagination in favor of the latter. Still, if any stray thoughts wandered through my brain at this time, they must have been something like these: Why was it that the law of rest had to be superadded to the law of labor, if not because man has turned his wholesome penance into a debauchery? Avarice and ambition have gradually mastered the human race, and he who would eat or hold his own must sweat and fight, or others will snatch it from him. By degrees, the struggle has grown and deepened. First, we were shepherds and tillers of the soil. Childhood passed in plenty and obedience. Ploughing and reaping came only in their seasons, and, while kings and princes tended flocks, labor was worship and life was not all drudgery—there was some time for happiness and God. Then came the curse of cunning and trade and cities. Here began a fiercer strife, and, instead of the accidental miseries of drought and famine, men learned to fear beggary. And, now that craft and commerce are supreme, slavery is universal. No more days of festival, no more years of jubilee! You, George Peters, wretch that you are, are the bond-slave of Hawkins & Smith. What! will you rebel? Well, it is only a choice of masters—serve you must. This pitiful vacation is only a device of old Smith to make you feel your real bondage. If, dear reader, you should perceive any other explanation of the facts which I so loosely jumbled together, remember that this was the reverie of a lazy youth, escaped from the thraldom of his counter, and basking in the fresh air and beauty of Lake George. If, branching off from the great labor question, I thought of anything else, it was to compare that beauty with what I had seen in pictures or read in books of other lakes. I have before alluded to the placid and tranquil English character of the scenery between Caldwell and Fourteen Mile Island. The farms and villas, and the town of Bolton, although lying on the western shore, add much to this effect, and serve to rob the eastern bank almost entirely of its natural air of uninhabited wildness. The sail-boats and skiffs and three little steamers continually plying about this portion of the lake, complete the impression that it is a place of pleasure, ease, and holiday. The Narrows, completely filled with islands, where every stroke of the oar reveals new vistas and endless changes of scene, I can compare with nothing, and, indeed, it would seem as if they were a unique creation. These extend for two or three miles to where Black Mountain begins. And as for the rest, my ignorance is also at a loss for a comparison, and I can only think of what Lake Como might have been if adorned with islands, if its peaks were lower and covered with foliage, and if the hand of man had never wrought upon its native beauty.

That evening I rowed over for Jack. He had not yet arrived, although the sun had set when I arrived, as agreed, at the little hotel at Hague. Something unusual was going on, and I made various guesses as to the reason why so many well-dressed maids and shaven yeomen were gathered on the porch. Seven o'clock came, and yet no Jack. I eagerly inquired after supper, resolved not to risk the chance of being obliged to depend upon myself for a cook. The dining-room had been cleared of every table save the one which I occupied, and shortly after I had come out from supper I saw the young people crowding into it. I had now begun to suspect what was the matter, when an honest-looking young gentleman, fresh and fragrant from a process to which he shortly afterwards urged and invited me, approached and said: "Stranger, you're camping on the p'int?" To this piece of information I nodded a genial assent.

"Lookin' for your pardner?" asked the pleasant young man. I nodded again. "Well, he'll be in soon. He's gone out with a fellow that never misses this sort of thing." I had previously formed my own notion of Jack's companion, and a jolly flourish on a neighboring violin forestalled the necessity of inquiring as to the nature of the "thing" which exercised such an influence over him. The pleasant young man, however, became confidential, and added with an ingenuous air: "The fact is, we are going to shuffle the hoof a little to-night, and he never misses anything like that. You'd better come in and try it yourself."

Then, becoming confidential in turn and glancing at my unpolished extremities, I suggested that perhaps the articles in question were not in a condition to be shuffled. Here it was that our sympathy culminated, and my friend, in a burst of intimacy, proffered the invitation before alluded to, with the words: "Come along and slick up." I do not know into what folly I might have been seduced if my good angel Jack had not just then appeared and rescued me.

"How many deer, Jack?"

"Oh! we did not so much as start one," he answered. And then asked, "Have you had anything to eat?"

On my reply, Jack said that he was glad, for he had just had his own supper in the kitchen. As we rowed back to camp, Jack fell asleep in the stern of the boat, while telling me how he had tramped in vain from early dawn till night.

Oh! how proud I felt next morning, when, after kindling the fire and putting on the kettle, I came back and found Jack still sleeping in the tent.

Dear old nervous Jack! who ever saw you asleep in daytime before?

Quick as the thought in my mind, he bounded up as freshly as one of the deer of which he had been dreaming.

"Caught!" he said, the old quiet smile lighting up his face as he came out and fell to work getting breakfast.

When we had finished our meal and laughed over the adventures of the precious day, Jack

set me to catching grasshoppers, while he prepared the fishing tackle.

I found my occupation quite lively for a sultry morning, and not without a certain amount of adventure, as I also discovered, for one ignorant of the precise difference between a grasshopper and a hornet.

Finally, enough were caught and imprisoned in an empty wine-bottle to serve for bait, and Jack was sure we were going to catch a load of fish. My confidence in fishing was only in proportion to my experience, very meagre, and after several hours fruitlessly spent in trying various places, great was my astonishment when the lance-wood rod bent double in my hands, and the next instant a large fish appeared struggling on the surface of the water.

“Don’t lose him!” shouted Jack as he came forward, and snatched the rod out of my hands and landed the fish.

“A fool for luck!” said my cousin. “I beg your pardon, old boy, but there won’t be a better fish caught here this summer.” It proved to be a splendid specimen of black bass, and weighed, according to Jack’s estimate, every ounce of six pounds. Several smaller fish of the same species, together with a few small perch, were the result of our day’s sport. The big bass made a sufficiently large Friday dinner and supper; the other fish we saved for our last breakfast.

Alas! for some episode, before we row down to Ticonderoga and take the steamer on Lake Champlain to Whitehall, and the cars thence to Albany and New York. Our tent did not blow away that night; and, although the storm beat fiercely, not a drop of water touched us, thanks to the little furrow which Jack had traced with a sharp stick, to carry off the drippings from the tent-cloth.

Starting bright and early next morning, we rowed past a steep smooth cliff running almost perpendicularly for about four hundred feet and then down into the lake.

“That’s ‘Rogers’s Slide,’” said Jack.

“The deuce it is! He must have worn a stout pair of pantaloons!”

“Oh! but he didn’t actually slide, you know!” replied Jack, and then proceeded to recount the famous escape of Major Rogers in 1758, who here eluded the pursuit of the Indians, and, having thrown his knapsack over the precipice, turned his snow-shoes and made off by another route.

In a few hours, we had left our little boat attached to the steamer to be taken back to Caldwell. A stage ride of several miles brought us to Ticonderoga and Lake Champlain. That same evening, at ten o’clock, we snuffed the hot and fetid breath of the great metropolis, and Monday morning saw us re-entering the shades of Hawkins & Smith. A word to Jack and a stare at me were the only greetings of the junior partner, as he passed through the salesroom.

“Ah, boys!” said the cheery Hawkins, “glad to see you; look as if you’ve been having a good time. Plenty of bone, muscle, and brown skin, eh? I guess Mr. Smith will think that it pays to give you such a *rest*. You haven’t been wasting your money at Long Branch or Saratoga, I’ll bet.”

Thus ended our summer vacation; and if we did not have enough adventure to pass for heroes, or bag enough game for sportsmen, or see enough sights for artists, or recall enough of the past for antiquarians, or measure miles and heights enough for the scientific—in short, if we appear as two vulgar and thoroughly commonplace clerks, smoking and boating through our holiday—take note, dear reader, that even such as we can take delight in Lake George; then, go and make the trip after your own fashion, and see if you can enjoy it more or better.

THE ELEMENTS OF OUR NATIONALITY.

The diversity of race to be found in this republic, like its rapid and stupendous physical and mental development, is unparalleled in history. Great nations, such as Austria, Prussia, and Russia, it is true, have been called into existence in times comparatively modern, but they have been aggregations of smaller kindred states already established, attracted towards each other by mutual interests and tastes, or coerced into union by force of arms. With us, growth and greatness, originating at different times and at places widely separated, have been the result in the first instance of the establishment of a wise and comprehensive system of government, the benefits of which we were willing to share generously with the people of all nations; and next, to the alacrity and sincerity with which those people, acting on an impulse common to humanity, have accepted the advantages thus presented.

Looking back to the history of the migration of mankind from the cradle of the human race, we find that colonies, afterwards to become nations and the *nuclei* of distinct families, thrown off from the centre, presented each a unity of language and affinity of which the originators of our country had not the advantage. Even Greece, the graceful daughter of dusky Egypt, soon ceased to be Hellenic, and became, notwithstanding her many subdivisions, thoroughly Greek, and her colonies in Europe and Asia, when they ceased their connection with the mother country, were quickly absorbed in the surrounding peoples. The Roman Empire had no nationality, being simply the creature of force, and no matter how widely its boundaries were spread, all authority was lodged in Rome, and its subjects outside the walls of that city were comparatively or positively slaves, without any voice in the management of their own affairs, or a nationality to which they could lay claim. As the legions were withdrawn to the capital, the empire crumbled, and the disintegrated parts gradually resumed their original character. So with the splendid but short-lived empire of Charlemagne, The Goths, Vandals, Huns, and other European and Asiatic conquerors who from time to time overran different parts of Europe and founded dynasties, were simply waves of conquest overcoming and enslaving the previous inhabitants, subjecting them to the yoke of their own crude customs and laws, and building upon the ruins of one nation the greatness of another.

Far different was the origin of our republic. At the beginning, we had on our shores voluntary immigrants from the then four great maritime nations of Europe—Spain, France, Holland, and England. The colonists of each, from fortuitous circumstances, or led by peculiar predilections, selected for settlement certain portions of the continent, established themselves therein, and, while adhering to their parent country and following its laws, speaking its language, and practising its religion, early assumed a state of semi-independence.

These representatives of distinct nationalities, though few in numbers, grew prosperous each in its own territory, for the reason that there was no idea of nationality, and consequently no unity of action, among the aborigines in their resistance to the new-comers. Supported by their home governments respectively, they grew from mere settlements to be important colonies, at peace with each other as far as their own individual relation was concerned, but always liable to be embroiled in the incessant quarrels of their countrymen at home. The sturdy Hollanders were the first to succumb to what might be called foreign influence; then the French settlers, deserted by France, laid down their arms before their English conquerors, who, in their turn, by the Revolution of ‘76, yielded their dominion to the Thirteen Colonies, which embraced within their limits much of the territory and most of the descendants of the original colonists of at least three of the nationalities which first effected settlements on the Atlantic coast. From this period we may date the origin of American nationality. In its infancy, it included nearly four millions of men of various races, creeds, opinions, and sentiments. For the first time in history was proclaimed the perfect equality before the law of all persons of European origin, as has since been extended that grand principle of human equality to men from every part of the earth. In forming a code for itself, it rejected what was contrary to this dogma, and adopted everything that was beneficial in all other forms of government. From Holland, it took the Declaration of Independence, that great manifesto of popular rights; from England, the writ of habeas corpus and trial by jury; from France and Spain, many of those equitable constructions of the civil law which regulate the rights of property and the domestic status of individuals. To all these were added the beneficent constitution under which we have the good fortune to live, and the many excellent laws, local and national, which, in conformity with that instrument, have been enacted from time to time.

But custom is said to be stronger even than law, and hence we can understand that the vivifying principle of the government itself was generated from the peculiar circumstances amid which the first settlers of America and their children found themselves, without local monarchical traditions, an hereditary aristocracy, or laws of primogeniture. With, as a general rule, little private fortune or means of subsistence other than that derived from manual labor and individual enterprise, the American colonist, no matter of what nation, was naturally disposed towards popular government, and to proclaim and admit general equality. It is undoubtedly to the existence of these robust social and economical habits in the early settlers—which, finding expression in their new-found political power, were embodied in the fundamental laws of the new nation by the fathers of the republic—that we are primarily

indebted for the wise and moderate scheme of government we enjoy, and which it is our duty to preserve and perpetuate unimpaired to posterity.

It was thus by a combination of circumstances hitherto unknown that our country became clothed with all the attributes of nationality peculiar to itself—its subsequent progress, as we may presume its future greatness, having no parallel in the annals of other lands. That we are a nation, possessing an appropriate autonomy, capable of sustaining all the relations of war and peace with other countries, and exercising supreme authority over all our integral parts and individual members, no sane man uninfluenced by the quibbles of mere lawyers or unswayed by the political passions of the day, will deny. Who would so deny, and maintain that this republic is a bundle of petty sovereignties in which the power of one is coequal to that of all the others combined, would reject the axiom of Euclid, that the whole is greater than its part. The true American, then, is he who keeps this principle of unity always in view. It gives dignity and strength to his country abroad, and assures peace, concord, and security at home. While allowing all possible latitude to subordinate members in the management of their domestic affairs, it reconciles and harmonizes the conflicting and sometimes antagonistic interests of different sections, concentrates on works of vast commercial and national importance the collective powers of all, directs the foreign policy of the government for the general good, and arrays the power of the people for the common protection and defence. True, some years ago, many persons held contrary opinions, and in the attempt to carry them out unhappily caused one of the most calamitous civil wars of modern times; but, like the tempest which sweeps over the gigantic oak, swaying its trunk and loosening the ground around it only that its roots may strike deeper and firmer into the earth, our country has passed through the storm unscathed and now rests on a basis firmer than ever. The past and its errors, however, we can easily forget; the future is ours; and who shall hold us harmless if we profit not by our dearly-bought experience and the lessons which every day teaches us?

One, and not the least potent, of the causes which led to that fratricidal struggle was the advocacy of what was called “manifest destiny,” which is simply a delusive, dangerous, and, in its application, very often a dishonest doctrine. It is not unnatural that in a young and sanguine republic, whose short history is so full of successes, many ardent propagandists of freedom should be found, who without calculating consequences would like to extend the benefits of our political system not only to the utmost confines of this continent, but over all Christendom; but this feeling, though creditable, is hardly one to be encouraged. It leads, as we have often seen, to a national lust for the acquisition of our neighbor’s territory, to the undue extension of our boundaries, disproportionate to even our ever-increasing population, and to the weakening of the bonds that hold together the comparatively settled states of the Union, by the bodily introduction of foreign elements into our polity at variance with our real interests. The annexation of Texas and the acquisition of our Pacific territory, though productive of many tangible advantages, were undoubtedly some of the remote, but, nevertheless, very important, influences which, operating on the public mind, tended to unfix our loyalty to the whole country, and to induce us to view the recent forcible attempt on its integrity with feelings somewhat akin to indifference. That enlargement of the national domain was so sudden and immense that men’s minds, accustomed to defined limits, failed to realize it. Patriotism is not a mere sentiment, but a love of something of which we have some accurate knowledge, whether associated with a particular race, locality, or historical record, or all together; and hence, when we could not understand how in one moment what we had thought was our country, the object of our affection and source of our pride, was extended thousands of miles and millions of acres, our imaginations could not keep pace with the monstrous growth of the country, and we fell back on our native or adopted states, and felt prouder of being known as Virginians or Vermonters than of being United States citizens.

It is not at all improbable that posterity will see the whole of North America united under one government, but this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, to be permanent and salutary, must be the result of time and the observance of the laws of right and justice, for nations as well as individuals flourish or fade in proportion as they follow or despise virtue. It must also be when our population is not forty millions, as it now is, but quadruple that number, and when our sparsely settled territories are well filled with citizens, their resources in full process of development, and their varied interests assimilated with those of other portions of the country. Steam and electricity may do much to bring about such results, foreign immigration more, but a proper administration of our own laws, and a judicious, liberal, and conciliatory policy towards our American neighbors, most of all.

Happily for us, we are at present on terms of friendship with all nations, and, remote from Europe and Asia, we are not likely to become involved in the complications and disputes of the Old World. Still, no human penetration can foresee how long such a desirable state of accord will exist. The monarchical states of Europe are not very sincere friends of republicanism, and, should war occur between us and them, our greatest difficulty would be to defend our already too extensive frontiers from their attacks. Why, then, should we increase our danger by enlarging them? A good general never lengthens his lines unless he has proportionate reinforcements to maintain them.

As to becoming propagandists of republicanism in Europe, we think the attempt, in this century at least, would be both injudicious and useless. The impious atrocities and dark

designs of the secret societies there, who profane the word *liberty* and blaspheme against all religion, have put so far back the cause of true freedom in the old countries that they who sincerely desire a more liberal system of laws are glad to seek under the shadow of despotism protection and security even at the sacrifice of their political liberties. If we truly wish for the spread of free institutions, let us use example rather than precept, and prove, by the honest administration of our own concerns, respect for the doctrines of Christianity, and, by proper regard for the rules laid down by the church, that republicanism has ceased to be an experiment, and has become a practical and glorious reality. Such a result would be an argument so cogent that no sophistry could refute it and no force could combat its logic. We must remember, also, that the greatest enemies of free government are not, after all, kings and nobles, but those deluded men who have banded themselves in every part of Europe, ostensibly as republicans, but secretly as the destroyers of all law and order. These men, it is well known, mock the inspired word of God and deny his very existence, contemn truth, ignore the first principles of justice, and scoff at the beautiful domestic virtues which bind the wife in affectionate duty to the husband, and the child in love and gratitude to the parent. Empires are governed mainly by force, republics through obedience, and yet those pretended apostles of freedom acknowledge no law except their own and that of their passions. Human laws, no matter by whom made, or how just they may be in letter and spirit, are mere pieces of paper or parchment if the people are not disposed to obey them, and this disposition can only come through religion. For, as man is constituted, he becomes amenable to the operation of the divine law of obedience before he comes under the edicts of human legislation; in other words, he is a Christian or the reverse before he is a lawyer or responsible to the temporal law. “The characteristics of a democracy,” says Blackstone, “are public virtue and goodness as to its intentions;” and Napoleon I., though by no means as good a Christian as he was a far-seeing statesman, when about to reduce chaotic France to order and decency, found it necessary first to restore religion and recall her exiled priesthood.

Unfortunately for us, this spirit of irreligion is not confined to the other side of the Atlantic. We find it already making its way into American society, though as yet it assumes more the character of indifferentism. We call ourselves a Christian people, yet less than one-half of the entire community ever enter a church for devotional purposes from one year’s end to another. Recently, too, we notice, in our larger cities particularly, exhibitions of the same wicked spirit which animated the Carbonari and Socialists of Europe, and which reveals itself in many expressions of sympathy for the infamous Communists of Paris in the columns of some of our newspapers and the speeches of more than one prominent politician. This insidious danger to our venerated institutions ought to be closely watched and sternly repressed. It is opposed alike to private virtue and public morals, and, if ever allowed a controlling influence in the state, would sweep away every safeguard that stands between the citizen and the passions of the mob. No person who values the blessings of domestic peace or venerates the memories of our ancestors, no true American, can tolerate for a moment these communistic and socialistic designs which are creeping in amongst us, utterly foreign as they are to our soil and the genius of our people and government.

While thus excluding vicious principles from our shores, we ought to, as we have ever done, continue to welcome the oppressed and impoverished people of the Old World, and, as far as is consistent with the public safety, to extend to them every facility to a participation in the political as well as the material prosperity of the country. They are our relations. Very few of us, going back two or three generations, but will find that his ancestors were also immigrants, like those who to-day seek our protection and hospitality. Since the formation of our government, eight millions of them have made their homes in the young republic, helping to develop our resources, commerce, and manufactures, and always proving faithful to their obligations of allegiance in peace as well as in war. An enlightened and tolerant treatment of our immigrants is both charitable and wise; and the best evidence that we have profited by our superior political and educational advantages, is our readiness to make allowance for the intellectual defects and antiquated habits of those who have left home and country to join their lot with ours. The exclusion of any class of citizens from a participation in the benefits of our government, on account of religion or previous nationality, never has had, and is never likely to have, the countenance of the people of this country. The spasmodic efforts of those fanatics, vulgarly but not inappropriately called Know-nothings, which have been made occasionally, were directed against Catholics, but they never reached the dignity of national movements, and, being the offspring of disappointed ambition and blind prejudice, withered before the scorn and contempt of all good men. Politically, there can be little possible danger arising from the exercise of the elective franchise by all citizens of foreign birth, even conceding their inferiority in some respects to the native-born, as the former number less than one-eighth of our entire population, and these, in the natural course of events, will disappear from among us, their children born here growing up thoroughly imbued with the spirit and liberality of our institutions. Even to-day the immediate descendants of adopted citizens hold, under both the great parties that divide the country, many high places of honor and trust, and perform their duties with an ability and patriotism that reflect credit on the American name. The nationality that would deal harshly or jealously with friends or neighbors because they were born in a foreign land, or are poor in the world’s goods, is not American, and is more fitted for the latitude of London or Peking than of New York or Washington.

We are well aware that there are many things in the conduct of some of our adopted citizens

that we find difficulty in understanding, and which require all our good-nature to overlook or palliate. A great famine, we might say a succession of famines, the misgovernment of England, and the oppression of the worst class of alien landlords with which a people ever were afflicted, have driven among us, within a quarter of a century, over two millions of the inhabitants of Ireland. Having been denied practically all participation in the government of their own country, they never have had an opportunity of acquiring that steady habit of thought and reflection necessary to qualify them to judge of the relative merits or demerits of the manifold political measures which the exigencies of a free nation are, from time to time, presenting for popular endorsement; and having unlimited confidence in those who profess to be their friends in their new homes, they fall an easy prey to the demagogue and the political charlatan. The victims of long, cruel, and unrelenting tyranny, and ardent lovers of their fatherland, their hatred of England is, if possible, stronger than their love for Ireland. In fact, those two engrossing passions sometimes so absorb their minds that prudence, toleration, and even self-interest are forgotten. This circumstance, while it may be creditable to themselves, cannot but be regretted by us for many reasons, but more particularly because it renders their assimilation with the vast majority of our people more slow and difficult, and operates against their material advancement, and consequently against the welfare of their children. In the abstract, we do not blame our Irish immigrants for this fond devotion to their natal country, nor for their hatred of her oppressor; on the contrary, we admire it as long as it works no injustice to them or to the country they have selected as their future home; but we do most emphatically deprecate the conduct of those among them who, trading on such natural and generous feelings for selfish purposes, turn them aside from their duty as parents and citizens, and, assuming to be their leaders, have swayed them in the interest of this or that faction, wholly neglecting at the same time the performance of duties to the execution of which any one might be proud to devote his life.

Let us illustrate what we mean. There are, at least, two and a half millions of Irish in the United States, the great majority of whom, for very sufficient, if not obvious, reasons occupy socially and pecuniarily a very inferior position to that which their natural abilities would entitle them, yet we see how little effort is being made by their countrymen, of more education or larger wealth, to assist them. The Catholic Church has done much, but the church, necessarily, can only attend to their spiritual wants and to the education of their children; the temperance and benevolent societies are good in their way, but their power is limited, and their sphere of action very restricted; but we look in vain for an organization that will take by the hand the bewildered and uncertain stranger as he lands at Castle Garden or in the harbor of Boston, shield him from the temptations and villany which mark him out as a victim from the moment his foot touches the firm earth and his battle of life commences, find him employment in the great centres of trade and commerce, or conduct him safely to the broad spreading fields of the free and fruitful West. If he be a farmer or agricultural laborer, as the majority of Irish immigrants are, what society of his countrymen is prepared to defray his expenses to the rural districts, where labor is always in demand, and wages high, or help him to locate on the Western lands, which can be had almost for the asking, and where he can bring up his family in comfort and happiness? If half the money and one-quarter the time and labor which were recently so foolishly expended in futile efforts to free Ireland and invade the British dependencies had been used for the benefit of the poorer class of our Irish immigrants, how many thousands of them might now be enjoying happy homes in our fertile Western states and territories, instead of infesting the purlieus of New York, underbidding each other for precarious and unhealthy employment. How many victims of disappointed hope or mistaken confidence might have been rescued from the slough of despondency and degradation into which they have fallen, and placed in a position of at least comparative independence. The liberation of Ireland through the instrumentality of her exiled children is an old and a splendid dream, but it is only a dream so long as the present relations exist between this country and England. We yield to no one in appreciation of all that is noble in that pious and gallant nation, and would, perhaps, sacrifice as much as the most enthusiastic of her sons to see her not only independent, but in the enjoyment of the fullest liberty; but no person who has ever casually studied the relative strength and resources of England and Ireland, and who has had any practical experience of the enormous expenditure of life and money so unsuccessfully incurred by the people of the South, even when military training and available population were so evenly balanced, can for a moment believe in the success of any attempt of the people themselves to separate forcibly one from the other.

But whatever the people in Ireland may see fit to do or dare, the organization of armed men in this country to assist in that purpose is most reprehensible and fraught with the greatest mischiefs. For any person within our limits to attempt to levy war on a country at peace with the United States is clearly illegal. If he be a stranger, it is a criminal abuse of our hospitality; if a citizen, he disregards his oath of allegiance. Such a movement gives color to the assertions of the worst enemies of all foreigners, the Know-nothings, who accuse Irishmen of not becoming citizens in the true spirit of their oath, but merely pretended ones, whose object is to use this country as their *point d'appui* for ulterior objects. Besides, such societies have a tendency to unsettle the minds of the people, and divert them from the main objects of their self-expatriation—free homes and altars. But even if Ireland were to-day independent, not one-tenth of the Irish in America could or would return. The mass of them are permanently attached to America by affection, association, or interest; their children are growing up around them, naturally imbued with a love for this, the country of their birth;

their property and business are here; some are too old to be retransplanted, and others young enough to prefer seeking fortunes in our stupendous and but yet only partially developed commonwealth, to spending a lifetime in the necessarily limited sphere of enterprise presented by so small a country as Ireland under the most favorable auspices. True patriotism should, therefore, dictate to the Irish-American the wisdom of promoting the welfare of this large majority of his countrymen who, for good or evil, must pass their lives with us. And what a vast and enticing field is thus presented to the successful merchant and ardent Irish nationalist! If they cannot free Ireland, they can by their money and their intelligence free tens of thousands of their countrymen from the slavery of poverty and dependence, from the vices of the cities and the degradation of the factories and the coal-mines. Such an effort, judiciously made, apart from the benefits it would confer on so many poor and deserving citizens, and the unanswerable argument it would present of practical, disinterested sympathy, would, if the occasion should ever present itself, enable the persons so benefited to assist in their turn the cause of true Irish nationality. There is nothing so successful, it is said, as success, and while the sympathies of most nations, particularly of our own, are easily enlisted in favor of an oppressed nation like Ireland, there is generally observable an implied doubt that she is misgoverned because her people have not the capacity to properly govern themselves. At home, they certainly have not been allowed to try the experiment, but here, with free institutions already firmly established, vast mineral, agricultural, and commercial industries to invite their labor and excite their ambition, and with an area of unoccupied land almost beyond conception, a people incapable of profiting by these advantages, either as individuals or by mutual co-operation, expose themselves to the suspicion of being deficient in that organizing faculty and mental grasp which create and sustain independent governments.

Without intending to draw an invidious distinction between one class of citizens and another, we may point to the German immigration to this country as an admirable example of the benefits arising from organization and mutual support. It is this harmony of purpose that has given to the Teutonic element, though by no means the strongest in our population, a preponderating influence in several of the Western states, and the proprietorship of innumerable farms on both sides of the Mississippi River. Coming from a self-governing country, and leaving behind an extensive trading and manufacturing connection, the German immigrant has of course many advantages over his Irish fellow-voyager, but those who have closely watched the progress of both races in America assert that it is to the admirable system of mutual help and protection enjoyed by the former that his great industrial progress is mainly due.

We are satisfied that there are many wealthy citizens of Irish birth in this city and elsewhere who would gladly contribute of their super-abundant means to assist their less fortunate fellow-countrymen, were any feasible project inaugurated by which they could do so practically and efficiently, and we trust that there are among us adopted citizens themselves —persons who, abandoning chimerical schemes of conquest and invasion, would devote their time and ability to assist those of their helpless countrymen who have come and are coming among us. Every intelligent agriculturist that can be planted on the virgin soil of our now waste public lands, every ingenious mechanic that is furnished with employment in our workshops, and, we may say, every stalwart laborer that is removed from the overstocked labor market of the East and assisted to the towns and smaller cities of the South and West, adds to the general wealth of the community, increases the strength and glory of our republic, and conduces to its growing intelligence and morality.

The pursuit of wealth, however important, is not of course the primary duty of man, considered either as an individual responsible being or as a citizen. Religion, in its proper practical sense, is not only the source of happiness for mankind in this world and the next, but is absolutely necessary for the preservation of all well-regulated society, and it is on this account among others that so many admirers of American institutions have seen with regret that a large portion of our immigrants from the continental countries of Europe evince a complete disregard for the plainest forms of Christianity. Now, the founders of this government were essentially a religious people. The Catholics of Maryland and the Puritans of New England; the Virginia Episcopalians and the Pennsylvania Quakers, feared God and revered his laws, as far at least as they understood them; and the excellent institutions which those men of diverse opinions, but honest intentions, originated and transmitted to us, are but the reflex of that reverential and devotional spirit. We admire the thrift and enterprise of our German fellow-citizens, we admit their general good order, taste, and proficiency in art, particularly the beautiful one of music, and we know how many fine churches and hospitals they have built and are sustaining, but it cannot be denied that there is a great deal of indifferentism, and even worse, among the anti-Catholic portion of them, the outward evidence of which may be found in the complete disregard that is so generally manifested for the holiness of the Sunday. We are not of those who would deny to the hard-working and hard-faring classes their proper share of innocent and healthful amusement on the only day in the week that they can escape from labor, but this recreation should be preceded by some act of devotion, some solemn and open recognition of our dependence on the great Giver of life and happiness. Still, whoever visits our saloons and pleasure gardens on a Sunday will find them thronged with persons of all ages and both sexes from early morning till midnight, while churches that would gladly receive them are comparatively deserted. Luther’s revolt against the church has much of this to answer for, but Kant, Fichte, and other so-called philosophers of more modern times have much more; for while

the “Reformers” only unsettled the religious mind of Germany, and partially succeeded in alienating it from the Catholic Church, the schoolmen succeeded in making atheism fashionable among the intelligent classes by covering it with a thin veil of learned mysticism. This want of proper deference for the day set apart by the church, and by all Christian sects, for special reverence, and the observance of which is even enjoined by our common and statute law, is, we maintain, not only un-American, but is likely to produce a general contempt for all law, and lead to a weakening of the sense of that obedience which every individual citizen owes to the public authority.

In thus alluding to the characteristics of some of our adopted citizens, we have touched only on those of the two most numerous representatives of European nationalities, not because there are not others whose deficiencies, from an American point of view, are not as apparent, but from the fact that we consider, from their numerical strength and intrinsic qualities, they are destined to exercise a marked and extensive influence on the future character of the country. In feeling or temperament, they are not opposed to us nor to each other. The vivacity and even excitability of one race find their complement in the solidity and matter-of-fact disposition of the other—a union of qualities which, governed and properly managed by the practical genius of Americans, will in all human probability lead to results in the distant future of the magnitude of which we scarcely dare to dream. No people ever possessed the advantages that we, native and adopted, enjoy. Let us avail ourselves of them in such manner that posterity may look back to us, as we to the Revolutionary fathers, with unmingled feelings of gratitude and admiration.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI LASSERRE.

(*Concluded.*)

PART X.

II.

Another episode.

There are, in civil life, men whose appearance is precisely that of a soldier. Though they have never seen service, every one who meets them and does not know them takes them without hesitation for veterans. They have the rather stiff carriage, firm step, disciplined appearance, and concealed good-fellowship belonging to the profession. They are specially common in the mixed services, such as the customs, the waters and forests, which, though purely civil in their nature, borrow their degrees of rank and their methods from the system adopted for the army. On the one hand, these men have, like private citizens, a family and a domestic life; on the other, they are bound in a thousand ways by the manifold requirements of an entirely military rule. To this is due the peculiar appearance of which I speak, and with which every one is familiar.

If, then, you have ever seen a brave cavalry officer in citizen's dress, with his short hair and his bristly moustache beginning to turn gray; if you have noticed in his energetic features those straight and vertical lines which are hardly as yet wrinkles, and which seem peculiar to these military faces; if you have gazed upon that forehead, rebellious to the hat, and which seems made expressly for the kepi or tricorne, upon those firm eyes which by day are accustomed to brave danger, but by night become gentle at the fireside as they rest upon the children's heads; if you remember this characteristic type, I have no need to introduce you to M. Roger Lacassagne, officer in the custom-house at Bordeaux—you know him as well as I.

When, about two years ago, I had the honor of visiting him at his house, Rue du Chai des Farines, No. 6, at Bordeaux, I was struck at first by his severe appearance and his air of reserve.

He asked me, with the somewhat brusque politeness habitual to men of discipline, what was the object of my visit.

"Monsieur," said I, "I have heard the story of your journey to the Grotto of Lourdes, and for the profit of some inquiries I am just now making, I have come to have it from your own mouth."

At the words "the Grotto of Lourdes," this stern countenance became tender, and a dear remembrance softened its rigid lines.

"Be seated," said he, "and excuse the disorder of our establishment. My family leaves to-day for Arcachou, and everything is topsy-turvy."

"Do not mention it. Tell me all about these interesting events of which I have already heard, but only confusedly."

"For my part," said he in a voice choked by emotion, "I shall never in my life forget their smallest details.

"Monsieur," he continued after a moment of silence, "I have only two sons. The youngest, about whom I am going to tell you, is called Jules. He will come in before long. You will see how sweet, pure, and good he is."

M. Lacassagne did not tell me all his affection for this youngest son. But the accent of his voice, which became gentle and as it were caressing in speaking of this child, showed me all the depth of his paternal love. I understood that in that strong and tender feeling was concentrated all the force of this manly soul.

"His health," continued he, "was excellent until the age of ten.

"At that period there came on unexpectedly, and without apparent physical cause, a disease the importance of which I did not at first appreciate. On the 25th of January, 1865, when we were sitting down to supper, Jules complained of a trouble in his throat which prevented him from swallowing any solid food. He had to limit himself to a little soup.

"This state of things continuing next day, I called in Dr. Noguès, one of the most distinguished physicians of Toulouse.

"'The difficulty comes from the nerves,' said he—which gave me hopes of a speedy cure.

"In fact, a few days afterwards, the boy was able to eat, and I thought all was over, when the

trouble returned, and continued with occasional intermissions till the end of April. It then became fixed. The poor child had to live entirely on liquids; on milk, the juice of meat, and broth. Even the broth had to be very clear, for such was the narrowness of the orifice that it was absolutely impossible for him to swallow anything solid, even tapioca.

"The poor boy, reduced to such miserable diet, was becoming visibly emaciated, and was dying slowly.

"The physicians, for there were two—as I had from the outset requested a celebrated practitioner, Dr. Roques, to consult with Dr. Nogués—the physicians, I say, astonished by the peculiarity and the persistence of this difficulty, tried vainly to discover its precise nature, that they might apply a remedy. One day, it was the tenth of May—for I suffered so much, sir, and thought so much about this illness that I remembered every date—one day, I saw Jules in the garden running with unusual haste, and as it were precipitately. Now I dreaded the least agitation for him.

"'Stop, Jules!' cried I, going to him and taking his hand.

"He broke away immediately.

"'Father, I cannot,' said he. 'I must run. It is stronger than I.'

"I took him in my lap, but his legs moved convulsively. Soon after the movement passed to his head and face.

"The true character of his disease had at last declared itself. My poor child was attacked by chorea. You are no doubt aware, sir, by what horrible contortions this disease is usually marked."

"No," said I, interrupting him, "I do not even know what it is."

"It is what is often called *St. Vitus's dance*."

"Yes, I have heard of that. Go on."

"The principal seat of the disease was in the œsophagus. The convulsions which I had just witnessed, and which were continued at all hours from that time, put an end to the perplexities of the physicians.

"But though they now understood the difficulty, they could not overcome it. After fifteen months of treatment, the most they could do was control these violent external symptoms; or really, in my own opinion, these disappeared of themselves by the efforts of nature alone. But as to the contraction of the throat, it had become chronic and resisted all appliances. Remedies of every kind, the country, the baths of Luchon, were successively and uselessly employed for about two years. All the treatment seemed only to increase the disease.

"Our last trial had been one season at the sea-side. My wife had taken our poor child to St. Jean-de-Luz. I need hardly say that in the state in which he was, the care of his body was everything. Our only object was to keep him alive. We had from the first suspended his studies and stopped all labor on his part, whether of body or mind; we treated him like a plant. Now, his mind was naturally active and inquiring, and this privation of intellectual occupation gave him much *ennui*. The poor boy was also ashamed of his trouble; he saw other children in good health, and he felt himself as it were disgraced and under a ban; so he kept apart."

The father, deeply moved by these memories, stopped a moment to check a rising sob, and continued:

"He kept apart. He was sad. When he found some interesting book, he would read it to distract his mind. At St. Jean-de-Luz, he saw one day on the table of a lady who lived in the neighborhood a little notice of the apparition at Lourdes. He read it, and seems to have been very much impressed by it. He said that evening to his mother that the Blessed Virgin could very easily cure him; but she paid no attention to his proposal, considering it as only a childish whim.

"On our return to Bordeaux—for a little while before this my station had been changed, and we had come to live here—on our return to Bordeaux the child was absolutely in the same condition.

"That was last August.

"So many vain efforts, so much science employed without success by the best physicians, so much lost trouble, had by this time, as you will easily imagine, discouraged us most completely. Disheartened by the failure of all our endeavors, we gave up all kinds of remedies, letting nature act alone, and resigning ourselves to the inevitable evil which God was pleased to send us. It seemed to us that so much suffering had in a certain way redoubled our love for this child. Our poor Jules was tended by his mother and myself with equal tenderness and solicitude continually. Grief added many years to our lives. You would hardly believe it, sir, but I am only forty-six years old."

I looked at the poor father; and at the sight of his manly face, upon which grief had left such visible traces, my heart was moved. I took his hand and pressed it with cordial sympathy and

real compassion.

“Meanwhile,” said he, “the strength of the child decreased perceptibly. For two years he had taken no solid food. It was only at great expense, by means of a liquid nourishment in preparing which all our ingenuity had been taxed that it might be substantial, and by most extraordinary care, that we had been able to prolong his life. He had become frightfully thin. His pallor was extreme; he had no blood showing under his skin; you would have said he was a statue of wax. It was evident that death was coming on apace. It was not only certain, but imminent. And, though the uselessness of medical science in the case had certainly been clearly shown, I could not help knocking once again at its door. I knew of no other in this world.

“I applied to the most eminent physician in Bordeaux, Dr. Gintrac. Dr. Gintrac examined his throat, sounded it, and found, besides the mere contraction which had almost entirely closed the alimentary canal, some most threatening roughnesses or small swellings.

“He shook his head, and gave me little hope. He saw my terrible anxiety.

“‘I do not say that his cure is impossible,’ said he; ‘*but he is very ill*.’

“These were his exact words.

“He considered it absolutely necessary to employ local remedies; first injections, then the application of a cloth soaked in ether. But this treatment prostrated the child; in view of the result, the surgeon himself, M. Sentex, employed in the hospital, advised us to discontinue it.

“In one of my visits to Dr. Gintrac, I communicated to him an idea which had occurred to me.

“‘It seems to me,’ said I, ‘that if Jules *had the will*, he could swallow. Does not this difficulty perhaps come from fear? Is it not perhaps that he does not swallow to-day merely because he did not yesterday? If so, it is a mental malady, which can only be cured by moral means.’

“But the doctor dispelled this my last illusion.

“‘You are mistaken,’ said he. ‘The disease is in the organs themselves, which are only too really and seriously affected. I have not contented myself with looking at them, for the eye may easily be deceived; but I have sounded them with an instrument, and felt of them carefully with my fingers. The œsophagus is covered with little swellings, and the passage has become so small that it is *materially impossible* for the boy to take any food whatever, except liquids, which can accommodate themselves to the size of the opening, and pass through the pin-hole, as I may call it, which still remains. If the enlargement of the tissues proceeds a few millimetres further, the patient cannot live. The beginning of the trouble, the alternations which characterized it, and its occasional interruptions also bear out the result of my examination. Your child, having once recovered, would have continued well if the difficulty had been in his imagination. Unfortunately, it is organic.’

“These remarks, which had been already made to me at Toulouse, but which I had gladly forgotten, were too conclusive not to convince me. I returned home, with death in my soul.

“What could now be done? We had applied to the most distinguished physicians both of Toulouse and Bordeaux, and all had been unavailing. The fatal evidence was before my eyes; our poor child was condemned, and that without appeal.

“But, monsieur, such cruel conclusions cannot easily remain in a father’s heart. I still tried to deceive myself; my wife and I continued to consult; I was thinking of hydropathy.

“It was in this desperate state of things that Jules said to his mother, with an air of confidence and absolute certitude which strongly impressed her:

“‘Mamma, neither Dr. Gintrac nor any other doctor can do anything for my trouble. It is the Holy Virgin who will cure me. Send me to the Grotto of Lourdes, and you will see that I shall be cured. I am sure of it.’

“My wife reported this proposal to me.

“‘We must not hesitate!’ cried I. ‘He must go to Lourdes. And that as soon as possible.’

“It was not, sir, that I was full of faith. I did not believe in miracles, and I hardly considered such extraordinary interventions of divine power as possible. But I was a father, and any chance, no matter how insignificant, seemed to me not to be slighted. Besides, I hoped that, without any supernatural occurrence, the possibility of which I did not wish to admit, this journey might have a salutary moral effect on the child. As for a complete cure, I did not entertain the slightest idea of such a thing.

“It was in winter, at the beginning of February; the weather was bad, and I wished to wait for a fine day, on Jules’s account.

“Since he had read the little notice, eight months before, at St. Jean-de-Luz, the idea which he had just expressed to us had never left him. Having expressed it once without any attention being paid to it, he had not introduced the subject again; but the thought had

remained in him, and worked there while he was undergoing all the medical treatment with a patience that had to be seen to be appreciated.

“This faith, so full and complete, was the more extraordinary because we had not brought up the child to any unusual practices of piety. My wife attended to her religious duties, but that was all; and, as for myself, I had, as you have just heard, philosophic ideas tending quite the other way.

“On the 12th of February, the weather promised to be magnificent. We took the train for Tarbes.

“During the whole journey, Jules was gay, and full of the most positive faith that he would be cured; his faith was overpowering.

“As for myself, I encouraged, but did not share, this confidence; it was so great that I should call it exaggerated, did I not fear to be wanting in respect for the God who inspired it.

“At Tarbes, at the Hôtel Dupont, where we put up, every one noticed the poor child, so pale and wasted, and yet with such a sweet and attractive expression. I mentioned at the hotel the object of our journey, and in the good wishes and prayers which these good people made for us there seemed to be a presentiment of success. And when we set out, I saw plainly that they would await our return with impatience.

“Notwithstanding my doubts, I took with me a small box of biscuits.

“When we arrived at the crypt above the Grotto, Mass was being said. Jules prayed with a faith which shone out in all his features, with a truly celestial ardor.

“The priest noticed his fervor, and when he had left the altar, he came out of the sacristy almost immediately, and approached us. A good idea had occurred to him on seeing the poor little one. He proposed it to me, and, turning to Jules, who was still on his knees, said:

“‘My child, would you like to have me consecrate you to the Blessed Virgin?’

“‘Indeed I would,’ answered he.

“The priest immediately proceeded with the very simple ceremony, and recited over my child the sacred formulas.

“‘Now,’ said Jules, in a tone which impressed me by its perfect confidence, ‘I am going to be cured.’

“We went to the Grotto. Jules knelt before the statue and prayed. I looked at him, and can still see the expression of his face, his attitude, and his joined hands.

“He rose, and we went to the fountain.

“It was a terrible moment.

“He bathed his neck and chest. Then he took the glass and drank several mouthfuls of the miraculous water.

“He was calm and happy, gay in fact, and radiant with confidence.

“For my part, I trembled and almost fainted at this last trial. But I restrained my emotion, though with difficulty. I did not want to let him see my doubt.

“‘Try now to eat,’ said I, handing him a biscuit.

“He took it, and I turned away my head, not feeling able to look at him. It was, in fact, the question of the life or death of my child which was to be decided. In putting this question, such a fearful one for a father’s heart, I was playing, as it were, my last card. If I failed, my dear boy would have to die. This test was a decisive one, and I could not see it tried.

“But I was soon relieved of my agony.

“Jules’s voice, joyous and sweet, called me:

“‘Papa! I have swallowed it. I can eat, I knew I could—I had faith!’

“What a surprise it was! My child, who had been at death’s door, was saved, and that instantly. And I, his father, was a witness to this astonishing resurrection.

“But, that I might not disturb the faith of my son, I checked any appearance of astonishment.

“‘Yes, Jules, it was certain, and could not have been otherwise,’ said I, in a voice which I made calm by great effort.

“There was in my breast, however, a whirlwind of excitement. If it could have been opened, it would have been found burning as if full of fire.

“We repeated our experiment. He ate some more biscuits, not only without difficulty, but with an increasing appetite. I was obliged to restrain him.

“But I could not refrain from proclaiming my happiness, and thanking God.

"'Wait for me,' said I to Jules, 'and pray to the Blessed Virgin. I am going to the chapel.'

"And leaving him for a moment kneeling at the Grotto, I ran to tell the priest the wonderful news. I was quite bewildered. Besides my happiness, so unexpected and sudden that it was terrible, besides the confusion of my heart, I felt in my soul and mind an inexpressible disturbance. A revolution was going on in my agitated and tumultuous thoughts. All my 'philosophical' ideas were tottering and crumbling away.

"The priest came down immediately and saw Jules finishing his last biscuit. The Bishop of Tarbes happened to be that day at the chapel, and he wished to see my son. I told him of the cruel illness which had just had such a happy end. Every one caressed the child, and rejoiced with him.

"But I meanwhile was thinking of his mother, and of the joy in store for her. Before going to the hotel, I ran to the telegraph office. My despatch contained only one word: 'Cured!'

"Hardly had it gone before I wanted to recall it.

"'Perhaps,' said I, 'I have been too hasty. Who knows if he will not have a relapse?'

"I did not dare to believe in the blessing I had received; and when I did believe in it, it seemed that it was going to escape from me.

"As for the child, he was happy without the least mixture of disquietude. He was exuberant in his joy and perfect security.

"'You see now, papa,' said he to me every moment, 'it was only the Blessed Virgin who could cure me. When I told you so before, I was sure of it.'

"At the hotel, he ate with an excellent appetite; and how I enjoyed watching him!

"He wanted to return on foot to the Grotto to give thanks for his deliverance, and actually did so.

"'You will be very grateful to the Holy Virgin, will you not?' said a priest to him.

"'Ah! I shall never forget,' said he.

"At Tarbes, we stopped at the hotel where we had put up the day before. They were on the lookout for us. They seem to have had (as I think I told you) a feeling that we would be successful. There was a great rejoicing. People gathered around us to see him eat with a relish everything that was served upon the table; to see him eat heartily who the day before could only swallow a few spoonfuls of liquid. That time seemed to me long gone by.

"This illness, against which the science of the most able physicians had failed, and which had just been so miraculously cured, had lasted two years and nineteen days.

"We were in haste to return to his mother, and took the express train for Bordeaux. The child was overcome with fatigue by the journey, and I should also say by his emotions, were it not for his peaceable and constant calmness in spite of his sudden cure, which overwhelmed him with joy, but did not astonish him. He wanted to go to bed on reaching home. He was extremely sleepy, and took no supper. His mother, who had nearly died of joy before our return, when she saw him so exhausted and refusing to eat, was seized by a horrible doubt. She told me that I had deceived her, and I had the greatest difficulty in making myself believed. But how she rejoiced when, the next morning, Jules sat down at our table, and breakfasted with a better appetite than ourselves. It was not till then that she became reassured."

"And since then," I asked him, "has there been no relapse?"

"No, sir, absolutely none. I may say that the cure progressed, or rather consolidated itself, considering that it had been as complete as it was instantaneous. The transition from a disease so fixed and obstinate to a perfect cure was made without the least gradation, though it was without apparent disturbance. But his general health improved visibly, under the influence of a restorative regimen, the salutary effects of which it was full time for him to experience."

"And the physicians? Have they testified to Jules's previous condition? Certainly they should have done so."

"I thought so too, sir, and mentioned the subject to the Bordeaux doctor who had been the last to attend my child; but he maintained a reserve which prevented me from insisting. As for Dr. Roques of Toulouse, to whom I wrote immediately, he hastened to recognize in the clearest terms the miraculous nature of the fact which had occurred, and which was entirely beyond the powers of medicine. 'In view of this cure, so long desired and so promptly effected,' he said to me, 'why not quit the narrow sphere of scientific explanations, and open one's mind to gratitude for so strange an event, in which Providence seems to obey the voice of a child?' He rejected most decidedly, as a physician, the theories which are always produced on such occasions of 'moral excitement,' 'the effect of the imagination,' etc., and confessed frankly in this event the clear and positive action of a superior Being revealing himself and imposing himself on the conscience. Such, sir, was the opinion of M. Roques, physician of Toulouse, who knew as well as myself the previous condition and the illness of

my son. There is his own letter, dated February 24.

“But the facts which I have just related are also so well known that no one would care to contest them. It is superabundantly proved that science was absolutely powerless against the strange disease by which Jules had been attacked. As for the cause of his cure, every one can place it differently, according to the point of view which he chooses to assume. I, who had previously believed only in purely natural phenomena, saw clearly that its explanation must be sought in a higher order of things; and every day I gave thanks to God, who, putting an end to my long and cruel trial in such an unexpected way, had approached me in the way most adapted to make me bow before him.”

“I understand you, and it seems also to me that such was the divine plan.”

After these words, I remained some time silent and absorbed in my reflections.

The conversation returned to the boy so wonderfully cured. The father’s heart came back to him, as the needle does to the pole. [Pg 108]

“Since that time,” said he, “his piety is angelic. You will see him soon. The nobleness of his feelings is visible in his face. He is well-born, his character is honest and dignified. He is incapable of lies or meanness. And his piety has not been at the expense of his natural qualities. He is studying in a school close by, kept by M. Conangle, in the Rue du Mirail. The poor child has quickly made up for his lost time. He loves his studies. He is the first in his class. At the last examination, he took the highest prize. But, above all, he is the best and most amiable. He is the favorite of his teachers and schoolmates. He is our joy, our consolation, and—”

At this moment the door opened, and Jules came with his mother into the room where we were sitting. I embraced him affectionately. The glow of health was on his face. His forehead is large, high, and magnificent; his attitude has a modesty and gentle firmness which inspires a secret respect. His eyes, large and bright, show a rare intelligence, and absolute purity and a beautiful soul.

“You are happy to have such a son,” said I to M. Lacassagne.

“Yes, sir, I am happy. But my poor wife and I have suffered a great deal.”

“Do not be sorry for that,” said I, going a little away from Jules. “This path of grief was the way which led you from darkness to light, from death to life, from yourself to God. The Blessed Virgin has shown herself twice in this event as the mother of life. She has given your son his temporal life in order to give you the true life which knows no end.”

I left this family, so greatly blessed by our Lord, and, still under the impression of what I had heard and seen, I wrote, with my heart full of the feelings produced, what you have just read.

PART XI.

I.

Let us return to Lourdes. Time had passed, and human industry had been at work. The surroundings of the Grotto, where the Blessed Virgin had appeared, had changed their former aspect. Without losing anything of its grandeur, this savage spot had put on a pleasing aspect. Yet unfinished, but fairly alive with workmen, a superb church, proudly crowning the Massabielle rocks, was rising joyously to heaven. The lofty heights, so abrupt and uncultivated, where formerly the feet of the mountaineers could scarcely descend, were covered with a greensward and planted with shrubs and flowers. Among dahlias and roses, daisies and violets, beneath the shade of acacias and cytisuses, a path, broad as the highway, wound in sinuous curves from the church to the Grotto.

The Grotto was enclosed like a chancel by an iron railing. From the roof a golden lamp had been suspended. On the rocks, which had been pressed by Mary’s sacred feet, clusters of tapers burned day and night. Outside the enclosure the miraculous spring fed three bronze lavers. A canal, screened from sight by a little building, afforded a chance for those invalids who wished to be bathed in this blessed water. The mill-race of Savy had changed its bed, having been led into the Gave, further up. The Gave itself had withdrawn somewhat, to give room for a fine road which leads to the Massabielle Rocks. Below, on the banks of the river, the ground had been levelled, and formed an extensive lawn and walk, shaded by elms and poplars. [Pg 109]

All these changes had been accomplished and were still going on amid the incessant concourse of the faithful. The copper coin, thrown by popular faith into the grotto—the *ex-votos* of so many invalids who had been cured, of so many hearts who had been consoled, of so many souls reawakened to truth and life, alone defrayed the cost of these gigantic labors, which approaches the sum of two million francs. When God, in his bounty, vouchsafes to call men to co-operate in any of his works, he does not employ soldiers, or tax-gatherers, or

constables to collect the impost—he accepts from his creatures only a voluntary assistance. The Master of the universe repudiates constraint, for he is the God of free souls; he does not consent to receive anything which is not spontaneous and offered with a cheerful heart.

Thus the church was gradually rising, thus the river and the millstream gave way, hillsides were levelled, trees were planted, and pathways traced around the now famous rocks where the Mother of Christ had manifested her glory to the eyes of mortals.

II.

Encouraging the laborers, superintending everything, suggesting ideas, sometimes putting his own hands to the work to set a misplaced stone or straighten a badly-planted tree, recalling, by his ardor and holy enthusiasm, the grand figures of Esdras and Nehemiah, occupied, by God's order, with the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem, a tall man, of marked features, seemed to make himself everywhere present. His powerful stature and black cassock rendered him conspicuous to all eyes. His name will be speedily guessed. It was the chief pastor of the town of Lourdes, the Abbé Peyramale.

Every hour of the day he thought of the message which the Blessed Virgin had addressed to him; every hour he thought of the miraculous cures which had followed the apparition; he was a daily witness of countless miracles. He had devoted his life to execute the orders of his powerful Queen, and raise to her glory a splendid monument. All idleness, all delay, every moment wasted, seemed to his eyes a token of ingratitude, and his heart, devoured by zeal for the house of God, often broke forth in warnings and admonitions. His faith was perfect, and full of confidence. He had a horror of the wretched narrowness of human prudence, and scouted it with the disdain of one who looks upon all things from that holy mount whereon the Son of God preached the nothingness of earth and the reality of heaven, when he said: "Be not solicitous ... seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you."

One day, while standing before the miraculous fountain amid a group of ecclesiastics and laymen, the architect offered him a plan for a pretty chapel which he proposed to build above the Grotto. The curé looked at it, and a flush rose to his cheek. With a gesture of impatience he tore the drawing into bits, and tossed it into the Gave.

"What are you doing?" cried the astonished architect.

"Look you," answered the priest, "I am ashamed of what human meanness would offer to the Mother of my God, and I have treated the wretched plan as it deserved. We do not want a country chapel to commemorate the great events which have taken place here. Go, give us a temple of marble as large and as high as these rocks can sustain—as magnificent as your soul can conceive! Go, and do not check your genius till you have given us a *chef-d'œuvre*; and understand that, if you were Michael Angelo himself, it would all be unworthy of her who has appeared in this spot."

"But, *monsieur le curé*," observed everybody, "it will cost millions to carry out your ideas!"

"She who has made this barren rock send forth its living stream—she will know how to make faithful hearts generous," answered the priest. "Go, do what I tell you. Why are you afraid, O ye of little faith?"

The temple rose in the proportions designed by the man of God.

The good pastor, as he watched the progress of the various works, often used to say:

"When will it be granted me to assist, with my priests and people, at the first procession which goes to inaugurate in these hallowed precincts the public worship of the Catholic Church? It seems to me that then I could sing my *Nunc dimittis*, and die of joy." His eyes filled with tears at the thought. Never was there a deeper or warmer desire than this innocent wish of a heart given wholly to God.

Sometimes, at hours when the crowd was thin at the Massabielle Rocks, a little girl used to come and kneel before the place of the apparition, and drink of the miraculous spring. She was a poor child, and meanly clad—nothing marked out from the common people about. And if the pilgrims were all strangers to the place, no one suspected that it was Bernadette. This privileged soul had withdrawn into silence and concealment. She went daily to the sisters' school, where she was the simplest, and strove to be the most unnoticed. The numerous visitors whom she was called upon to receive never disturbed her peace of mind, which ever retained the memory of its glimpse at heaven and the incomparable Virgin. Bernadette kept all these things in her heart. People came from all quarters, miracles were being worked, the temple was rising. Bernadette and the holy pastor of Lourdes awaited, as their crowning joy, the day which was to bring to their eyes the sight of priests of the true God leading their people, with cross advanced and flying banners, to the spot of the apparitions.

III.

In spite of the bishop's decree, the church in fact had not yet taken possession, by any public ceremony, of this spot, consecrated for ever. It was not till the 4th of April, 1864, that this

was done, by the inauguration and blessing of the superb statue of the Blessed Virgin, which was placed with all the pomp customary on such occasions in the rustic niche, bordered with wild flowers, where the Mother of God had appeared to the child of man.[39]

The weather was magnificent. The young spring sun had risen, and advanced in a blue and cloudless sky.

The streets of Lourdes were adorned with flowers, banners, garlands, and triumphal arches. The bells of the parish church, the chapels, and the churches of the neighborhood, rang out joyous peals. Immense numbers of people flocked together to this great festival of earth and heaven. A procession, such as had never been seen by the oldest inhabitant, moved from the church of Lourdes to the Grotto. Troops, in all the splendor of military attire, led the way. Following them were the confraternities of Lourdes, the societies for mutual aid, and other associations, with their banners and crosses; the Congregation of the Children of Mary, whose long robes were white as snow; the Sisters of Nevers, with their long black veil; the Daughters of Charity, with their great white hoods; the Sisters of St. Joseph, in dark mantles; the religious orders of men, the Carmelites, the Brothers of Instruction and of the Christian schools, and prodigious numbers of pilgrims, men and women, young and old—fifty or sixty thousand persons in all—wound along the flowery road leading to the Massabielle rocks. Here and there, choirs and instrumental bands gave a voice to the popular enthusiasm. Last, surrounded by four hundred priests in choir dress, his vicars-general, and the dignitaries of his cathedral chapter, came his lordship, Mgr. Bertrand-Sévère Laurence, Bishop of Tarbes, in his mitre and pontifical robes, with one hand blessing the people, and bearing his crosier in the other.

An indescribable emotion, an exaltation of feeling, such as only Christian people assembled before God can know, filled every heart. The day of solemn triumph had at last come, after so many difficulties, struggles, and disasters. Tears of joy, enthusiasm, and love ran down the cheeks of the people, moved by an impulse from God.

What indescribable joy must have filled the heart of Bernadette on this day, as she led the Congregation of the Children of Mary! What overwhelming happiness must have inundated the soul of the venerable curé of Lourdes, who was no doubt at the side of the bishop, singing the hosanna of the victory of God! Having both had to labor, the time was certainly come for them to enter into their reward.

Alas! one would have sought in vain among the Children of Mary for Bernadette: among the clergy surrounding the bishop, the Abbé Peyramale would not have been found. There are joys too sweet for earth, which are reserved for heaven. Here below, God refuses them to his dearest children.

At this time of rejoicing, when the bright sun was shining on the triumph of the faithful, the curé of Lourdes, laboring under a disease which was expected to result fatally, was a victim to intense physical sufferings. He was stretched on his bed of pain, at the head of which two religious watched and prayed night and day. He wished to rise to see the grand cortége pass, but his strength failed him, and he had not even a momentary glimpse of its splendor. Through the closed shutters of his room, the joyous sound of the silvery bells came to him only as a funeral knell.

As for Bernadette, God showed her his predilection, as usual with his elect, by giving her the bitter trial of pain. While Mgr. Laurence was going, accompanied by countless numbers of his flock, to take possession of the Massabielle rocks in the name of the church, and to inaugurate solemnly the devotion to the Virgin who had appeared there, Bernadette, like the eminent priest of whom we have just spoken, was prostrated by illness; Providence, perhaps, fearing for this well-beloved child a temptation to vainglory, deprived her of the sight of this unprecedented festivity, where she would have heard her name on the lips of thousands, and extolled from the pulpit by the voice of enthusiastic preachers. Too poor to be taken care of in her own home, where neither she nor her family would ever receive any gift, Bernadette had been carried to the hospital, where she lay upon the humble bed provided by public charity, in the midst of those poor whom the world calls unfortunate, but whom Jesus Christ has blessed in declaring them the possessors of his eternal kingdom.

IV.

Eleven years have now elapsed since the apparitions of the most Holy Virgin. The great church is almost finished; it has only to be roofed, and the holy sacrifice has long since been celebrated at all the altars of the crypt below. Diocesan missionaries of the house of Garaison have been stationed by the bishop near the grotto and the church, to distribute to the pilgrims the apostolic word, the sacraments, and the body of our Lord.

The pilgrimage has taken dimensions perhaps quite without precedent, for before our day these vast movements of popular faith did not have the assistance of the means of transportation invented by modern science. The course of the Pyrenees Railroad, for which a straighter and cheaper route had been previously marked out between Tarbes and Pau, was changed so as to pass through Lourdes, and innumerable travellers continually come from every quarter to invoke the Virgin who has appeared at the Grotto, and to seek at the miraculous fountain the healing of all their ills. They come not only from the different

provinces of France, but also from England, Belgium, Spain, Russia, and Germany. Even from the midst of far America, pious Christians have set out, and crossed the ocean to come to the Grotto of Lourdes, to kneel before these sacred rocks, which the Mother of God has sanctified by her touch. And often those who cannot come write to the missionaries, and beg that a little of the miraculous water may be sent to their homes. It is thus distributed throughout the world.

Although Lourdes is a small town, there is a continual passing to and fro upon the road to the grotto, a stream of men, women, priests, and carriages, as in the streets of a large city.

When the pleasant weather comes, and the sun, overcoming the cold of winter, opens in the midst of flowers the gates of spring, the faithful of the neighborhood begin to bestir themselves for the pilgrimage to Massabielle, no longer one by one, but in large parties. From ten, twelve, or fifteen leagues' distance, these strong mountaineers come on foot in bodies of one or two thousand. They set out in the evening and walk all night by starlight, like the shepherds of Judea, when they went to the crib of Bethlehem to adore the new-born infant God. They descend from high peaks, they traverse deep valleys, they cross foaming torrents, or follow their course, singing the praises of God. And on their way the sleeping herds of cattle or of sheep awake, and diffuse through these desert wilds the melancholy sound of their sonorous bells. At daybreak, they arrive at Lourdes; they spread their banners, and form in procession to go to the Grotto. The men, with their blue caps and great shoes covered with dust from their long night march, rest upon a knotty stick, and usually carry upon their shoulders the provisions for their journey. The women wear a white or red capulet. Some carry the precious burden of a child. And they move on slowly, quiet and recollected, singing the litanies of the Blessed Virgin.

At Massabielle they hear Mass, kneel at the holy table, and drink at the miraculous spring. Then they distribute themselves, in groups according to family or friendship, upon the grass around the Grotto, and spreading out on the sod the provisions they have brought, they sit down upon the green carpet of the fields. And, on the bank of the Gave, in the shade of those hallowed rocks, they realize in their frugal repast those fraternal agapes of which tradition tells us. Then, having received a last blessing and said a parting prayer, they set out with joyful hearts upon their homeward way.

Thus do the people of the Pyrenees visit the Grotto. But the greatest numbers are not from there. From sixty or eighty leagues' distance come continually immense processions, brought from these great distances upon the rapid wings of steam. They come from Bayonne, from Peyrehorade, from La Teste, from Arcachon, from Bordeaux, and even from Paris. At the request of the faithful, the Southern Railroad has established special trains, trains of pilgrimage, intended exclusively for this great and pious movement of Catholic faith. At the arrival of these trains, the bells of Lourdes ring out their fullest peals. And from these sombre carriages the pilgrims come out and form in procession in the square by the station; young girls dressed in white, married women, widows, children, full-grown men, the old people, and the clergy in their sacred robes. Their banners are flung to the breeze; the crucifix and the statues of the Blessed Virgin and the saints are displayed. The praises of the Mother of God are upon every lip. The innumerable procession passes through the town—which seems, on such occasions, like a holy city, like Rome or Jerusalem. One's heart is elated at the sight; it rises toward God, and attains without effort that elevation of feeling in which the eyes fill with tears and the soul is overwhelmed by the sensible presence of our Lord. One seems to enjoy for a moment a vision of paradise.

The hand of the Almighty does not weary in shedding all kinds of graces at the spot where his Mother has appeared. Miracles are still frequent. Not long ago Fr. Hermann recovered his sight there.

V.

God has accomplished his work.

He says to the flake of snow, resting hidden upon the lonely peak, "Thou must come from Me to Me. Thou must pass from the inaccessible heights of the mountain to the unfathomable caves of the deep." And he sends his servant the sun with its brilliant rays to collect and draw along this shining dust, changing it first into limpid pearls. The drops of water run through the snow, they roll down the side of the mountain, they leap over the rocks, they break upon the pebbles, they reunite, they collect in a mass, and run together, now gently, now rapidly, toward the wonderful ocean, that striking image of eternal movement in eternal rest—and thus they reach the valleys where the race of Adam dwells.

"We will stop these drops of water," says this race of man, as proud now as in the days of Babel.

And they undertake to dam up this weak and quiet stream as it gently crosses their fields. But the stream laughs at their dikes of wood, earth, and pebbles.

"We will stop these drops of water," the fools repeat in their delirium.

And they heap up enormous rocks; they join them together with impenetrable cement. And notwithstanding, the water does leak through in a thousand places. But the men are

numerous—they have a force greater than the armies of Darius. They stop up the thousand fissures, they fill up the cracks, they replace the fallen stones; and at last a time comes when the stream cannot pass by. It has before it a barrier higher than the pyramids, and thicker than the famous walls of Babylon. Beyond this gigantic obstacle, the pebbles of its dry bed are shining in the sun.

Human pride shouts its pæan of triumph.

Meanwhile the water continues to descend from those eternal heights where it has heard the voice of God; and millions of drops, coming one by one, stop before the barrier and rise silently against this granite wall which millions of men have built.

"Look," say the men, "at the immense power of our race. See this enormous wall. Raise your eyes to its summit; admire its astonishing height. We have for ever conquered this stream which comes from the mountains."

At this moment, a thin sheet of water passes over the cyclopean barrier. They run up; but the sheet has thickened—it is a river which is now falling, scattering on all sides the upper rocks of the wall.

"What is the matter?" they cry on all sides in the doomed city.

It is the drop of water to which God has spoken, and which proceeds invincibly on its way.

What has your Babel-like wall accomplished? What have you done with your herculean efforts? You have changed a quiet stream into a formidable cataract. You tried to stop the drop of water; but it now resumes its course with the violence of Niagara.

How humble was this drop of water, this word of a child to which God had said, "Pursue thy course!" How insignificant was this drop of water—this shepherdess burning a candle at the Grotto—this poor woman praying and offering a bouquet to the Blessed Virgin—this old peasant on his knees! And how strong, how apparent, impassable, and invincible was this enormous wall, upon which all the force of a great nation, from the policeman and the gendarme to the prefect and the minister, had labored for eight months!

But the child, the poor woman, the old peasant, have resumed their course. Only now it is not a stray candle or a poor bouquet that testifies to the popular faith; it is a magnificent monument which the faithful are erecting; they are spending millions upon this temple, already celebrated throughout Christendom. Their opposers thought to put down some scattered believers; but now they come in crowds, in immense processions, displaying their banners and singing their hymns. There is a pilgrimage without precedent; whole peoples now come, borne upon their iron roads by chariots of fire and steam. It is not now a little neighborhood which believes—it is Europe; it is the Christian world which is coming from all directions. The drop of water which men tried to stop has become a Niagara.

God has finished his work. And now, as on the seventh day, when he entered into his rest, he has resigned to men the duty of profiting by this work, and the formidable responsibility of developing or compromising it. He has given them a germ of abundant grace, as of other things; the burden remains on them of cultivating and maturing it. They can multiply it a hundredfold by walking humbly and holily in the order of his providence; they can make it unfruitful by refusing to enter into this order. Every good thing from on high is entrusted to human liberty, as the terrestrial paradise was at the outset, on the condition of laboring for and keeping it—"*ut operaretur et custodiret illum*." Let us beseech God that men may not reject what he has done for them, and that they may not by earthly ideas or irreligious acts break in their guilty or awkward hands the sacred vessel of divine grace which they have received in trust.

VI.

Most of the persons mentioned in the course of this long history are still alive. The prefect, Baron Massy, Judge Duprat, Mayor Lacadé, and Minister Fould are dead.

Some of them have made several steps in advance on the road to fortune. M. Rouland has left the Ministry of Public Worship (for which he does not seem to have been well fitted), to take care of the Bank of France. M. Dutour, the procureur-imperial, has become counsellor of the court; M. Jacomet is the chief commissary of police in one of the largest cities of the empire.

Bourriette, Croisine Bouhohorts and her son, Mme. Rizan, Henri Busquet, Mlle. Moreau de Sazenay, the widow Crozat, Jules Lacassagne, and all those whose cures we have recorded, are still full of life, and testify by their recovered health and strength to the powerful mercy of the apparition at the Grotto.

Dr. Dozous continues to be the most eminent physician of Lourdes. Dr. Vergez is at the spring of Barèges and attests to the visitors at this celebrated resort the miracles which he formerly witnessed. M. Estrade, whose impartial observations we have several times given, is receiver of indirect contributions at Bordeaux. He lives at No. 14 Rue Ducau.

Now, as formerly, Mgr. Laurence is Bishop of Tarbes. Age has not diminished his faculties.

He is to-day what we have represented him in this work. He has near the Grotto a house to which he sometimes retires, to meditate in this spot, beloved by the Virgin, on the great duties and the grave responsibilities of a Christian bishop who has received so wonderful a grace in his diocese.[40]

The Abbé Peyramale recovered from the severe illness of which we spoke above. He is still the venerated pastor of this Christian town of Lourdes, where his record is left in ineffaceable characters. Long after he is gone, when he rests under the sod in the midst of the generation which he has formed to the Lord; when the successors of his successors live in his house and occupy the great wooden chair in his church, his memory will be living in the minds of all; and when the "Curé of Lourdes" is mentioned, every one will think of him.

Louise Soubirous, the mother of Bernadette, died on the 8th of December, 1866, the very day of the feast of the Immaculate Conception. In choosing this festival to take the mother from the miseries of the world, she who had said to the child, "I am the Immaculate Conception," seems to have intended to temper the bitterness of the loss to the heart of her survivors, and to show them as a Certain pledge of hope and of a happy resurrection the sign of her radiant appearance.

While thousands go to the Grotto to contribute to the splendid church, Bernadette's father has remained a poor miller, subsisting with difficulty by manual labor. Mary, the daughter, who was with Bernadette at the time of the first apparition, has married a good peasant, who has become a miller and works with his father-in-law. The other companion, Jane Abbadie, is a servant at Bordeaux.

VII.

Bernadette is no longer at Lourdes. We have seen how she had, on many occasions, refused gifts freely offered, and repelled the good fortune which was knocking at the door of her humble cottage. She was dreaming of other riches. "We shall know some fine day," the unbelievers had said at the outset, "what her pay is going to be." Bernadette had in fact chosen her pay, and put her hand on her reward. She has become a Sister of Charity. She has devoted herself to tend in the hospitals the poor and the sick collected by public benevolence.

After having seen with her own eyes the resplendent face of the thrice holy Mother of God, what could she do but become the compassionate servant of those of whom the Virgin's Son has said: "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."

It is among the Sisters of Charity and Christian Instruction at Nevers that Bernadette has taken the veil. She is called Sister Marie-Bernard. We have lately seen her in her religious habit at the mother-house of this congregation. Though she is now twenty-five, her face has kept the character and the charm of childhood. In her presence, the heart feels moved in its better part by an indescribable religious sentiment, and one leaves it embalmed in the perfume of this peaceful innocence. One understands that the Holy Virgin has specially loved her. Otherwise, there is nothing extraordinary, nothing which would make her conspicuous, or would make one suspect the important part she has filled in this communication from heaven to earth. Her simplicity has not been touched by the unexampled interest which has been taken in her. The concourse and enthusiasm of the multitude have no more troubled her soul than the turbid water of a torrent would tarnish the imperishable purity of a diamond.

God visits her still, not now by bright visions, but by the sacred trial of suffering. She is often ill, and suffers cruelly; but she bears her pains with a sweet and almost playful patience. Sometimes they have thought her dead. "I shall not die just yet," she would say, smiling.

She never speaks, unless questioned, of the favors which she has received.

She was the Blessed Virgin's messenger. Now that she has given her message, she has retired into the shade of religious life, wishing to be unnoticed among a number of companions.

It is a trouble to her when the world comes to seek her in the depth of her retreat, and when some circumstance obliges her to appear before it again. She fears the glory of this life. She lives in the humility of the Lord, and is dead to the vanities of the earth. And this book which we have written, and which speaks so much of Bernadette, Sister Marie-Bernard will never read.

[39] This statue, made of fine Carrara marble, of life-size, was presented to the Grotto of Lourdes by two noble and pious sisters of the diocese of Lyons, Mesdames de Lacour. It was executed according to Bernadette's particular instructions, by M. Fabish, the eminent Lyonnese sculptor. The Blessed Virgin is represented as Bernadette described her, with scrupulous regard to the smallest details, and rare talent in execution.

[40] Mgr. Laurence died at the Vatican Council in the winter of 1869-70.

THE RIOT OF THE TWELFTH.

We are late in our comments on the riot of the 12th of July last in this city, occasioned by the Orange procession in commemoration of the Battle of the Boyne; but as what we have to say relates to general principles rather than to particular facts, our remarks will have suffered little from the delay, and will stand a chance of being more carefully read and duly weighed than if made at an earlier day. The tragic event is not likely to be soon forgotten.

The secular press of the city have, as far as we have observed, with scarcely an exception, taken the ground that, however ill-advised might be the Orange procession, it was a right of the Orangemen, and the liberty of the citizen was infringed by the police order prohibiting it. The order was also an act of cowardice, as dictated by fear of a Catholic mob; and hence its revocation by the governor, and his excellency's resolution to sustain the majesty of the law, and to protect the Orange procession by all the force, if necessary, at his command, was a firm and manly interference in behalf of liberty and law. The sectarian press of city and country see in the police order prohibiting the procession—dictated, it is assumed, by the Catholic clergy—only a proof of the hatred of the Catholic Church to liberty and republican institutions, and in the action of the governor, and the bravery of the military in firing on the crowd, and killing and wounding a large number of citizens, for the most part innocent, except of idle curiosity, an assurance much needed, that Protestants have as yet even in this country some rights which Catholics are bound and can be compelled to respect.

The view taken by the sectarian press is ridiculous, as well as malicious. The Catholic Church was the victim of the riot, but her only responsibility for it was in warning her children against it, and bidding them to let the procession alone, and not to go near it. If she had been heeded, there would have been no riot, no disturbance. The question was not a Catholic question, and the church had nothing to gain by preventing the procession, still less by a riot to break it up. The pretence that the rights of Protestants are in danger from Catholics in this country, where the Protestants outnumber the Catholics as eight or ten to one, is too absurd to be even a passable joke. Do the sectarian journals count one Catholic more than a match for eight or ten Protestants? That were a greater compliment to us than we deserve. We are afraid the sectarian leaders have bad consciences, which make them cowards. Catholics cannot show the least sign of vitality, or make the slightest move for the practical possession of the equal rights guaranteed them by the constitution and laws, but they take fright, tremble in their shoes, and cry out: "Liberty is in danger!" the Pope is going to suppress American republicanism, strip Protestants of their rights, cut their throats, or reduce them to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to—the Jesuits. They are dreadfully alarmed, or affect to be, and create a panic throughout the whole country. But, dear frightened souls, there is no occasion for your alarm, unless you suppose you cannot be free if everybody else is not enslaved. Even if we were the majority of the American people, as we are not, nor likely to be to-day, to-morrow, or the day after, you would be in no danger, for we understand liberty as well as you do, appreciate it more highly, love it better, and have made greater sacrifices for it than you can imagine. Not a few of us have fled hither from the tyranny and oppression of Protestant governments, expatriated ourselves for the sake of liberty, and do you believe us such fools as to destroy it the moment we have found it?

This talk about the hostility of the church to liberty and American republicanism, when not malicious, is sheer nonsense. The acts Protestants allege to prove that the church is hostile to liberty, prove the contrary; for they were acts done against tyrants and despots in defence of liberty, both civil and religious. What were her long struggles against the Franconian and Suabian emperors, but struggles on her part for the freedom of religion, the basis and principle of all true liberty? Why did the popes deny to kings and emperors in the middle ages the right of investiture by the cross and ring, but because to have conceded it would have enslaved the church to Cæsar, and destroyed the independence of religion and the freedom of conscience? Know you not that it was under the fostering care and protection of the church that grew up the freedom and independence of all modern nations? What nation, state, or people has she ever deprived of independence or liberty? If she has asserted the rights of sovereigns, and condemned sedition, turbulence, conspiracies, insurrections, rebellions, on the part of the people, she has been equally prompt and determined in asserting the rights and franchises of subjects, and in censuring, excommunicating, and even deposing, when professing to be Catholic, the tyrant who despoiled and oppressed them. The great principles of justice and equality on which American republicanism is founded were taught by hooded friars in their monasteries, and proclaimed from the Papal throne ages before the landing at Plymouth of the Pilgrims from the *Mayflower*, or the settlement of English colonists on the banks of the James. Do, dear friends, read and try to understand a little of history, and dismiss your idle fears, or, if fear you must, fear for the salvation of your own souls hereafter.

The fact is, we are a little impatient when we hear Protestants expressing in grave tones and with a serious face their apprehensions that the spread of Catholicity will tend to the destruction of American liberty. Considering what Protestantism is, and by what means it was introduced and has been sustained, it is too much as if Satan should express serious apprehensions that the spread of the Gospel may tend to the destruction of Christian piety and humility. We find among Protestants men, and not a few, who, when they speak of

liberty, mean liberty for all men, for Catholics as well as for non-Catholics; but your true-blue Protestant, who is imbued with the original and genuine spirit of Protestantism, would seem unable to understand by liberty anything but his right to govern, or by religious liberty anything but his right to reject the papacy, abuse the Pope, calumniate and despoil the church, and exterminate or enslave Catholics. Who has not heard of Tyburn, and who went there—of the infamous penal laws against Catholics of England and Ireland, to say nothing of other countries? And were not these same penal laws enacted and enforced in the colony of Virginia, and was it not a capital offence in Massachusetts for a priest to set his foot within the colony, or for an inhabitant to harbor or give him even a meal of victuals? Did not Massachusetts fit out and send from Boston an armed body of men, who shot down Father Rasle, a missionary to the Norridgewock Indians, at the head of his congregation as they came forth from Mass, and massacred them? Did not an American Provincial Congress enumerate among their grave charges against George III. the fact that he had granted freedom of worship to Catholics in the neighboring province of Canada? Was not Guy Fawkes' Day celebrated in Boston with the usual anti-popery demonstrations down to the epoch of the Revolution, until protested against by some French officers, who came with the army from France to aid us in gaining our national independence? Yet Protestants do not blush to call Protestantism the friend, and Catholicity the enemy, of liberty!

Protestants have very short memories if they have forgotten these things, or else they suppose that Catholics have no memories at all if they suppose that we can permit them to claim, unchallenged, to be and always to have been the party of liberty. It is not, however, the strangest delusion of Protestants, and is only of a piece with their delusion that Protestantism is Christianity and sustained by the Holy Scriptures. But let this pass. We yield to no one in our devotion to liberty or in our readiness to defend the rights of the citizen. We have no sympathy with the rioters of the Twelfth of July and not one word to offer in their defence. They broke both the law of the church and the law of the land, sinned against God, and committed a crime against the state. But we venture to deny that the police order forbidding the Orange procession infringed the liberty of any citizen or deprived the Orangemen of any right they had or could have on American soil. No men or class of men have the right, in the performance of no civil or religious duty, but for their own pleasure or gratification of their own passions, to do any act or make any display in the judgment of the police certain or very likely to provoke a riot or breach of the peace. This is common sense, and, we presume, common law.

The Orangemen were required by no duty, civil or religious, to celebrate the battle of the Boyne by a public procession in the streets of our city, nor were they called to do it by any sentiment of patriotism—not of Irish patriotism, for the battle of the Boyne resulted in the subjugation, not the liberation, of Ireland—not American patriotism, for the event was foreign to American nationality. No foreign patriotism has any right on American soil. The event commemorated is wholly foreign to our patriotism. It occurred in a foreign country before our nationality was born, and has no relation whatever to any American sentiment. No precession not in honor of religion or some religious event, and wholly disconnected with American interests or sentiments, has any right on American soil, and can only take place by courtesy or sufferance, indifference or connivance. The prohibition of the Orange procession by the police would have deprived the Orangemen of no right which they had or could pretend to have in this country; and if the procession was designed or even likely to irritate a portion of our citizens, and to provoke a riot, it was not only the right but the duty of the police, as conservators of the peace, to prohibit it, and as far as possible to prevent it.

But the right and the duty of the police do not stop here. There is another side to the question. Every peaceable citizen has the right to walk the streets without being insulted or having his feelings outraged. Processions, banners, songs, tunes offensive, and really intended to be offensive, to any portion of the community, and in commemoration of no American event, in satisfaction of no American sentiment, or in the performance of no civil, military, or religious duty incumbent on American citizens, are never allowable, for the insult and outrage offered to the feelings and sentiments, no matter of what class of the population, is purely wanton, malicious, and wholly unjustifiable. Of this sort is manifestly the insult and outrage offered by Orange processions, banners, songs, and tunes to all of our Irish fellow-citizens not of the Orange party; and these fellow-citizens of Irish birth or extraction, though they have no right to take the law into their own hands, have undoubtedly the right, on American soil, to be protected by the American authorities from insult and outrage to their feelings and sentiments, just as much as persons have the right to be protected from indecent sights in the public streets, or the display of obscene pictures and images in the shop-windows.

But these Orangemen—very few, if any, of whom, we are told, are American citizens—outrage American as well as Irish manhood. Their celebrations here are an insult to every true American, for they are in honor of principles and deeds abhorrent to every American heart. For them to bring their old quarrels hither from a foreign land would be reprehensible, even if their quarrels were not utterly disgraceful to them, but they become a gross outrage when the real character of their quarrel with their loyal countrymen is considered. The deeds of the party in Ireland they represent are such as are condemned by every distinctive American principle, and a more infamous party it would be difficult to find in any country on earth. They represent the party that in Ireland fought for a foreign invader and a chief of rebels against their own country, and were at once traitors to their king and

nation. They represent the party that enacted the infamous and brutalizing penal laws which deprived the loyal Irish—who in the battle of the Boyne fought for and at the command of their rightful king against rebels, traitors, foreign invaders, and enemies—of every vestige of civil and religious liberty, even making it a crime for a father to teach his own child letters, and doomed their descendants, till within our own memory, to the most cruel, heartless, and hopeless oppression ever endured by any people in the world; they represent the party that, after the Presbyterian and Jacobin movement of 1798, into which some Catholics had been inveigled by the promise of freedom for their religion, and left to do the fighting and to bear almost alone the penalty of defeat, were the authors of the savage butcheries inflicted by the Orange yeomanry on the Catholic peasantry, even on those who had taken no part in the movement, and were innocent of all offence except that of sighing to be delivered from bondage, and treated as men made in God's image, not as wild beasts, whom it is a merit to hunt out and shoot down wherever they can be found. They commemorate in their processions, their banners, their songs and tunes, the triumph of treachery, baseness, bigotry, persecution, oppression, murder, rapine, and wholesale massacres, unsurpassed in the history of the most barbarous and heathenish nations.

Never was there a more cruel and bloodthirsty party, one redeemed by fewer virtues or blackened by more or greater crimes, or more deserving the execration of mankind, than that which these Orangemen represent and delight to honor. Is it no insult to us free-born Americans for them to come here and flaunt in our faces their banners stained with the blood of the innocent and the good, branded by the widow's curse, and wet with the orphan's tears—symbols of ages of wrong, oppression, and religious intolerance and persecution? Is it here, in free America, they dare come to boast in public of their crimes, and glory in their infamy? Do not we Americans profess to abhor persecution, tyranny, and oppression? Do we not, as a sovereign people, proclaim to the world that we have opened an asylum to the wronged, the oppressed, the downtrodden of every land and of every belief? Where, then, is our manhood when we allow the tyrant, the oppressor, the persecutor, to come here and insult and outrage his victims in the very asylum we profess to have opened to them? What greater insult to all that is noble and manly can be offered Americans than to be even asked to protect those who will not respect even the right of asylum?

No, no; the press has taken only a one-sided view in calling the prohibition of the Orange procession a violation of freedom and a cowardly yielding to Irish or Catholic dictation. It was no such thing. The Orangemen had no right on their side, and were entitled to no protection. Liberty was on the other side, and its vindication and the right of asylum required us as Americans to protect the victims of the Orange party who had sought refuge with us from Orange insult and outrage on our own soil. His excellency the governor of the state also took only a hasty and a very incorrect view of the case in revoking the very proper order of the police. We are as far as he can be from yielding to the dictation of the mob. When a mob has collected, it must be admitted to no parley, and the only answer to be given to its demands is the reading of the riot act, and a whiff of grape-shot or a shower of musket-balls. But no threats of violence should ever deter authority from doing what is right, and, in this case, right was not on the side of the Orangemen. Authority must be just as well as firm. The threats of violence were wrong, but they did not put the Orangemen in the right. Authority was bound to protect the Orangemen from actual violence, but it was not bound to protect them in the performance of acts which they had no moral or legal right to perform, and which it was foreseen, if permitted, would lead to violence. One wrong is not redressed by permitting another that must provoke it.

His excellency's revocation of the order of the police prohibiting the Orange procession, and promise to protect the procession by all the force at his command, cannot be defended on the ground that the party opposed threatened violence in case the procession took place, unless it be assumed that the Orangemen had a perfect moral or legal right to march in procession through our streets in their regalia, and with their insulting banners flying and bands playing offensive marches. But they had no such right, as we have seen, and the party making the threats, however wrong the threats were, had the right to be protected from the insult and outrage offered to their feelings by such a display. The vindication of liberty did not require the procession to take place, for liberty is not infringed where no right is violated or abridged; and the assertion of the majesty of the law never requires protection of a wrong because they who would be aggrieved by it have threatened, if permitted, they will attempt by violence to right themselves. Neither American liberty nor law required the Orange procession to be permitted, and if both liberty and law required a mob, when collected, to be dispersed and the violence suppressed, they both also required the protection of American citizens from public insult and outrage. His excellency forgot the duty of protecting American citizens from wrong, and thought only of protecting a foreign and wholly un-American party in committing it.

Yet we have no doubt that the mistaken conduct of the governor—an able man, a good lawyer, and for the most part a worthy chief magistrate of the state—was chiefly prompted by the clamor against Catholics, and the charge brought against his party by its opponents of acting under the dictation of Catholics, who, of course, it is assumed, act always under the dictation of their clergy, and was intended to refute the charge by showing his readiness to protect even Protestant Orangemen, and shoot down their hereditary enemies, though Catholics. The charge, we know, was made against the party now in power in this state; but his excellency should not have allowed it to move him. It is no doubt true that, but for the

votes of citizens who happen to be Catholics, he would never have been governor of the state, and his party would be, at least for the present, in a hopeless minority; but we cannot allow that Catholics have presumed upon the fact, or asked anything not their right as simple American citizens, and we know that they have obtained less than their equal rights, even in this city, where they can probably count not much less than one-half of the population. But the charge is a mere party trick, designed, through the sectarian prejudice against Catholicity, to throw the party now in out of power. The governor seems to us to have fallen into the trap his political enemies set for him, and has not unlikely damaged the political prospects both of himself and of his party.

The clamor against the party on account of its Catholic leaders and supporters means only that the *outs* are anxious to become the *ins*. The party out of power in the State would as willingly receive the votes of Catholic citizens as does the party in power, and when in power it did, we believe, more for Catholics than the party now in power has ever yet done, though it, doubtless, promised less. Catholics have never had any reason for giving their votes to the Democratic party but that, in doing so, they followed, very disinterestedly, their honest political convictions.

The pretence of Protestants that Catholics in or out of office act politically under the dictation of their clergy, and in reference to Catholic interests as such, is too notoriously false to mislead anybody. Those prominent politicians, in or out of office, who happen to be Catholics, are the last men in the world to listen to the dictation of the clergy or to act in obedience to the orders of their church, and they take infinite pains to prove that their religion has nothing to do with their politics, in order, we suppose, to escape the suspicion of being influenced in their political conduct by regard for Catholic interests. Their party standing is more to them than their Catholic standing, and they consult rarely the wishes or interests of their church, and usually only the wishes and interests of their party and its leaders. All the offices in the state or nation might be filled by Catholics, the constituencies remaining unchanged, without any more advantage accruing to the church than if they were all filled by Protestants. Catholics and Protestants alike, when in office, consult their constituencies, and act in the way and manner they judge most likely to secure votes to themselves or their party.

The fact is, Catholicity has never placed any man in city, state, or nation in office, and never yet has any man in our country been elected to office because he is Catholic. The Catholics who are in office under the municipal, state, or federal government, in congress, in the state senate, or the assembly, are there not because they are Catholics, but because they are Democrats or Republicans, or because they are of Irish, German, or some other foreign origin, and have or are supposed to have influence in securing the so-called “Irish vote,” the “German vote,” or the “foreign vote”—distinctions which should have no place in American politics—not because they are Catholics, and supposed to be devoted to Catholic interests. There is an “Irish vote,” a “German vote,” a “foreign vote,” but no “Catholic vote,” and, the constituencies remaining the same, Catholic interests would be just as safe in the hands of American Protestants as in the hands of Catholics elected to office, not for their Catholicity, but for their real or supposed influence with our naturalized fellow-citizens; and perhaps safer, because Protestants would be less likely to be suspected of acting under Catholic influence, and therefore could act more independently.

It is, we think, a mistake on the part of our politicians who are Catholics, whether in or out of office, to be so anxious not to be suspected of acting under Catholic influence and in view of Catholic interests. The church asks only what is just, only to be protected in the possession of the equal rights before the state, guaranteed to her by the constitution of the state, and which are not always respected by the popular sentiment of the country. The care which politicians take to show themselves independent in their political action, if Catholics, gains them no credit, and a frank, open, straightforward, and manly course would gain much more respect for themselves and for their religion. Indeed, their sensitiveness and over-caution on this point tend to excite the very suspicion they would guard against, or the suspicion that their conduct is diplomatic, and that they have some ulterior purpose in reserve which they artfully and adroitly conceal. The church is supposed by Protestants to be the very embodiment of craftiness and dissimulation, always and everywhere intriguing to get the control of the secular power, and to wield it in her own interest regardless of all rights and interests of the citizen who happens not to be Catholic. Hence, every Catholic politician is suspected beforehand of craft, intrigue, of crooked and underhand ways, lacking frankness, openness, and straightforward honesty. The only way to repel this false and unjust suspicion is for such Catholics as are politicians to show in an open and manly manner that neither they nor their church have any sinister purpose, and that in being devoted to her interests and acting under influence as good Catholics, they have nothing to conceal, and no ends to gain for her incompatible with their plain duty as American citizens, or which they fear or hesitate to avow in the face of all men. The best way to quell a wild beast is to look him steadily in the eye, and show that you do not fear him.

But to return to the question more immediately before us. If the press and the executive had looked at the subject from the point of view of common sense, as a simple question of right and wrong, without prejudice against Catholics or in favor of Protestants, and without any wish to charge or acquit any party of being under Catholic influence, they could not, it seems to us, have failed to see that liberty was violated in permitting, not in prohibiting, the

Orange procession. Party or sectarian prejudices obscured the judgment, and many lives of innocent persons were lost in consequence.

It is contended by some that if a procession of Catholic Irish in honor of St. Patrick is allowed, the Orange procession of the Protestant Irish should also be allowed; either permit both, or prohibit both. The celebration of St. Patrick's Day as a festival of the Catholic Church, which it is, even by a public procession through our streets, if peaceable and orderly, is a right guaranteed in the freedom of the Catholic religion under our constitution and laws, and so far differs totally from the Orange procession. As a purely Irish national festival, it can be celebrated here only by courtesy, as is St. George's Day by the English, St. Nicholas's Day by the Dutch, or St. Andrew's Day by the Scotch; for no foreign nationality has any right on American soil; otherwise, American nationality would not be independent and supreme on American territory. No foreign national festivals in commemoration or honor of events and interests or sentiments foreign to American nationality and interests and sentiments, can be publicly celebrated here except by indifference, courtesy, sufferance, connivance, national comity, or international treaty.

This rule, however, does not apply to religious festivals and celebrations, whether Catholic or Protestant, because in the eye of the state all religion is catholic, and not national, and, therefore, never a foreigner in any nation. Protestants cannot claim Orange celebrations as a right, though the Orangemen are all good Protestants, because the event celebrated is a foreign political, not a religious event; yet they have the right to institute and celebrate festivals in honor of Martin Luther, John Calvin, John Knox, and other Protestant reformers; for these being the founders of their religion are as such not foreigners. Catholics may also celebrate here any of the festivals of the church in the way and manner she prescribes, because they are religious festivals, and the right to celebrate them is included in the freedom of conscience; so may they celebrate publicly the birthday of the Holy Father, his return to Rome from his exile at Gaëta and Portici, the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate, or his liberation, when effected, from his present imprisonment, and the recovery for the Holy See of the possessions of which she has been sacrilegiously despoiled —because, as the chief of their religion, he is no foreigner in America.

The German peace celebration, as it was called, but really the celebration of the German conquest and humiliation of France, our ancient ally, was by sufferance, not by right. The Fenian organizations, marches and countermarches, parades and processions in honor of victories not won, are absolutely illegal, and take place only by the connivance—we might say the culpable connivance—of the government, if Great Britain, against whom they are directed, did not herself allow demonstrations on her own soil against foreign sovereigns. The celebrations of Italian unity, since effected by fraud, violence, sacrilege, and robbery, the spoliation of the Holy See, and the imprisonment of the Pope, perhaps should be regarded as the celebrations of the successes of Protestant principles, and therefore, by a right secured in the civil freedom of Protestantism, and if peaceable and orderly, not prohibitable by the police. They may be annoying to Catholics, but so is Protestantism itself; but Protestants have, so far as the secular authorities go, the same right to be Protestants that we have to be Catholics.

We have already shown that it is ridiculous to attempt to hold the church responsible for the riot. The rioters may have been nominal Catholics; but, if so, they were bad Catholics, for they acted contrary to the principles of their church, and the advice and direction of their pastors, and the church cannot be held responsible for acts done contrary to her orders and in violation of her principles. The rioters, themselves, knew and owned that they were disobeying their church, and defended themselves on the ground that the question was a national not a religious question, and, therefore, not within the jurisdiction of the clergy. Their defence was a lame one, and proved they were no true Catholics; for the church, without assuming to decide the national, party, or political question, had full jurisdiction of the morality of their acts, and was quite competent to condemn the passions of anger and revenge that actuated them and their riotous proceedings, as condemned by the law of God.

But there are Catholics in this city of fifteen or twenty different nationalities, and yet the rioters were exclusively of Irish origin, which is full proof that the riot was not Catholic, but Irish. Had it been a Catholic riot, inspired by the church and for a Catholic object, for which the church could be held responsible, Catholics, irrespective of their nationality, would have been engaged in it, and it would not have been confined to persons of one nationality alone. It was, as everybody knows, an Irish riot, occasioned by an old Irish feud between two Irish parties, not an American or a Catholic riot. These hot-headed, disobedient Irishmen, even if Catholics, could not commit the church to their disorderly and criminal proceedings.

It is only fair to add that this handful of Irish rioters could not any more commit the great body of our Irish fellow-citizens. According to the last census, there were 201,000 souls in this city who were born in Ireland, to say nothing of their children and grandchildren born here. There probably was not over five hundred, if so many, actively engaged in the riot; but double the number, say there were a thousand, and they are quite too few, even if they were of reputable character, which they were not, to commit so large a body as that of our Irish population, most of whom remained quietly engaged in their ordinary avocations. That the Irish furnish their full quota of rowdies, roughs, and disorderly persons in our large towns, nobody denies; but we must remember that there are plenty of the same class not of Irish origin, and there have been riots, and riots of a very grave character, in which the Irish had

no hand, though of some of them they were the victims. We have seen more than one American mob in which the chief actors were respectable, well-dressed Protestant American citizens.

There are Irishmen who are wealthy and wear fine clothes that are no credit to their race or their religion, but the Catholic Irish as a body constitute a sober, quiet, peaceable, intelligent, religious, industrious, and thriving portion of our population, and no American-born citizen has any right to say a word in disparagement of them. Indeed, we may say of the Catholic population of the city generally, that it is that portion of the population that it can least afford to spare. Were the city to lose them, it would lose the very population that has contributed, and contributes, the most to its high moral and religious character, to its industry and wealth, and on which its prosperity chiefly depends. With all their faults, and they are many, and many more in the eyes of the Catholic than of the Protestant, they are, as they should be, decidedly the best people going. Their vices are on the surface; their virtues lie deeper, and are many, solid, and durable. We bless God that we are permitted to call them brethren, and that we are with them in the unity of faith and communion, though we happen to be an American of the seventh generation, and it was our misfortune to be reared a Protestant.

We think the conduct of the Democratic party towards their Catholic supporters is discreditable. Any party may feel itself honored that secures the votes of the great body of our Catholic citizens, whether naturalized or native-born citizens, and no party will suffer in the end by insisting on justice to Catholics and to Catholic interests. Any party, by frankly and fearlessly sustaining the equal rights of Catholics with Protestants, and maintaining the freedom and independence of religion, will not only serve truly their country, and respond to the demands of American patriotism, but they will best ensure its own permanent prosperity, power, and influence. They who scorn and trample on the church may flourish for a time like the green bay tree, but in the end they will wither and die, and their places be sought, and not found. It is well for every political party to remember that God reigns, and that they who scorn his church, whom he hath purchased with his own blood, will in turn be scorned by the “King of kings, and Lord of lords.”

THE PLACE VENDOME AND LA ROQUETTE.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF THE COMMUNE.

FROM LE CORRESPONDANT.

It would be difficult to find in the history of human revolutions a spectacle at once as burlesque and terrible as that just presented by the too celebrated Commune of Paris. It began with a long trail of blood at the entrance of the Place Vendôme, and signalized its wretched end by the horrible massacre of La Roquette. A witness of these two bloody scenes, I shall depict them with but few comments, but with perfect exactness of detail. At the risk of being incomplete, I shall only relate what I saw. In speaking of the confinement at Mazas and the massacres at La Roquette, I shall barely add some incidents, the truth of which was vouched for by the companions of my cruel captivity. Comments would only weaken the impressiveness of these facts. I leave my readers to draw their own conclusions from a moral and social point of view, only remarking that the first account, relating to the events that transpired in the Place Vendôme during the latter half of March, was drawn up a few days after they occurred.

Though the first essays of the Commune were not marked by the nameless horrors that drew upon its end the reprobation of all civilized nations, I have thought it right not to alter my first account. Perhaps some observations may not appear sufficiently severe, and others not wholly justified by the events. I give them to the public as they were noted down at the time. By comparing the account written at the end of March with that of the end of May, an exact idea may be formed—I was going to say a faithful photograph may be had—of the revolutionary condition of Paris at the beginning and the end of the Commune. We may thereby be enabled to judge of the development, during this short interval, of a brutal revolution—the implacable enemy of all institutions, human and divine.

In spite of the mingled emotions of horror and disgust I feel in recalling the men and the deeds I speak of, I may be permitted to manifest two feelings that prevail over all others in the depths of my soul—a redoubling of constant sympathy for the unhappy city of Paris, only rendered dearer by its misfortunes, and an ardent gratitude for the infinite mercy of God, which preserved me, contrary to all human expectation, from the bullets of a herd of assassins more shameless and lower than their predecessors of 1793.

I.

THE PLACE VENDÔME ON THE NIGHT OF THE TWENTY-FIRST OF MARCH.

I passed a great part of Tuesday, the twenty-first of March, in discussing with some political friends the intolerable situation of things at Paris, effected by the triumphal mob of Saturday, the eighteenth. We all deplored and denounced that unjustifiable attempt at the national sovereignty which suddenly drew on us the danger of Prussian occupation of the city and the horrors of civil war—perhaps both of these scourges. Our indignation was profound. One blamed the government for having too readily abandoned Paris to the danger of insurrection; another maintained that by establishing itself at Versailles with the national assembly, and defending the environs of Paris, it saved France. Another declaimed with bitterness, sometimes against the culpable indifference of the national guards, which left everything to be done, and sometimes against the audacity and wickedness of the leaders of the mob that, without any pretext, was dragging France, all bleeding from the wounds incurred in war, into a bottomless abyss. We all felt there was something beneath all this: it was the shameful defection of a part of the troops of the line which had rendered such cruel misfortunes possible. If the army were to countenance the insurrection, that would decide the fate of France—*Galliæ finis!*

It was easier to deplore the gravity of the evil than to point out a practical means of remedying it. There was great diversity of opinion respecting the latter. Should recourse be had to material force or to a spirit of persuasion and conciliation? The use of material force might inflame the rebellious party still more, and cover Paris with blood and ruins. The success of moral influence was hardly possible with insurgents who began by assassinating Generals Lecomte and Clément Thomas, and deliberately advocated a social revolution.

At three o'clock, a well-known inhabitant of the Place Vendôme, who had already distinguished himself by his courage in the insurrection of June, 1848, in which he was one of the first wounded, came to announce to me the formal intention of the national guards of his battalion to retake the place from the insurgents come from the faubourgs. He thought that by a bold stroke they might effect their object without a shot. It is sure that the friends of order wished by all means to avoid the shedding of blood. Some moments after, one of my friends, who bears one of the great political names of France, and is destined to render his country eminent service, after the example of his family, because he is at once a man of superior intelligence and disinterestedness, very liberal and very religious, announced to me that the national guards of his arrondissement were animated with the best intentions, and comprehended the urgent necessity of maintaining order in the midst of the inextricable chaos into which we had fallen. He was himself a powerful example of the resolution and

self-sacrifice inspired by an enlightened and generous patriotism. A retired officer from the time of his marriage, he had organized, at the beginning of the war, the national guards of that section of the country in which his estate was. Later, when the army of General Chanzy made his evolution from the Loire toward the Sarthe, he resumed his military life, and took an active part as captain of the staff in the operations and struggles of the army of the west. The very day he returned to civil life, he took the cars to spend some days at Paris, where several members of his family awaited him. He arrived there on the eve of the eighteenth of March. Instead of returning to the country, like so many other Parisians, he enrolled his name the following day as a simple member of the national guards, resolved to recede before no danger or fatigue, and to serve the cause of order at Paris as he had been serving the cause of the national honor in his province. We should not despair of the future prosperity of a country in which there is still a great number of examples of similar devotedness. He did not think of returning to the country till the day after the mayors and deputies of Paris, doubtless unwittingly serving the interests of demagogism much more than the demagogues themselves, thought they were making a conciliatory move by yielding to their wishes, inviting the Parisian electors to illegal elections, disbanding the battalions of the national guard, wholly devoted to the cause of order, and thus destroying the sole material and moral support that still remained to the better portion of Paris. These mayors and deputies, whose imprudence and want of foresight no human tongue could express, declared they had saved everything, and they had lost everything. They ascended to the Capitol as in triumph, and they had led us to the Tarpeian Rock. They pretended to avoid the shedding of blood, and chose the surest means of shedding it in torrents. My friend agreed with me that next to the hideous stand of the battalions of the line that had entered into a pact with the mob, nothing could be more disastrous than the inexplicable compromise entered into by these mayors and deputies. There was not a day on which I did not apply to them the dilemma that I formerly applied to the government of the emperor in the *guêt-à-pens* of Castelfidardo: “Either dupes or accomplices.”[41]

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At five o’clock, an old deputy who had been brutally excluded from the legislative body in the favorable time of official candidature, because he would not renounce his opinions of freedom and control, gave me some interesting details respecting the pacific manifestations that had just met with an unhoped-for success. A great number of citizens, of all ages and of every rank, had traversed the principal quarters unarmed, crying, “*Vive l’Ordre! Vive la France! Vive l’Assemblée Nationale!*” They everywhere meet with cordial sympathy. The battalion that guarded the Bourse presented arms as they passed. The battalions of the faubourgs, that held the Place Vendôme, endeavored in vain to prevent their passing, and the person who from the balcony of the staff wished to address them in order to justify the insurrectionary movement, was interrupted by enthusiastic acclamations in favor of order and the national assembly.

The central committee at the Hôtel de Ville understood so well the bearing of this manifestation that they hastened to take energetic measures to remain masters of the Place Vendôme, and not to allow in it any new manifestations from the friends of order. They sent thither several battalions. Travel was forbidden there and in the neighboring streets; the approaches were rigorously guarded: four pieces of cannon, with cannoneers ready to fire, were set up in the Rue de la Paix and the Rue Castiglione.

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At nine o’clock, the wife of one of the employees of the minister of justice came to beg me to carry to her brother the final consolations of religion. I had seen him some days previous, and his end seemed near. It was with the greatest difficulty she had left the Ministère and the Place Vendôme, and she feared it would be impossible for me to return with her. But, unwilling her brother should die without the sacraments of the church, she succeeded by her prayers and tears in reaching me, and was willing to brave everything again in order to enable me to go to him.

I assured her I would unite my efforts to hers, and, though conscious that the ecclesiastical costume had, since the downfall of the empire, been disagreeable to the Parisian revolutionists, I added that we should succeed. I set out that very instant with one of the employees of the church.

The Place and the Boulevard de la Madeleine were quiet and nearly deserted. The Rue Neuve-des-Capucines was livelier. At the entrance of the Place Vendôme, I found myself in presence of the national guards, who did not much resemble those belonging to that quarter. They were very numerous. Their language was in the main rather noisy than threatening. The words “citizen” and “republic” were constantly on their lips. They allowed no one to stop, and showed themselves severely rigid towards the passers-by that wished to contemplate a spectacle so new in this pacific and wealthy quarter.

I had not yet arrived at the angle of the Rue Neuve-des-Capucines and the Place Vendôme, when an outpost of the national guards, arms in hand, cried to me in somewhat rough tone: “Citizen, no one is allowed to stop!” It was the very place and the time to stop to accomplish my holy mission. I explained briefly, but politely, the motive that led me to the Place Vendôme: it was a question of giving a dying person the last succor of religion; and, to leave no doubt of the truth of my statement, I pointed out the lady, bathed in tears, at my side, and the employee of the Madeleine. “It is impossible, citizen,” was uttered on all sides, “the *consigne* has forbidden it.” I asked to see one of the officers, for I saw plainly I should be obliged to parley, but, in view of a duty so grave and urgent, I resolved to use every means.

A sergeant presented himself with that important and somewhat ridiculous air which carries the conviction among the lower ranks that public affairs could not be sustained without him. I explained my wish. “You cannot pass.” I mildly insisted. “The *consigne* has forbidden it, and to-day he is very rigorous.” I asked the reason of this exceptional severity. “It is, you see, citizen, because the bourgeoisie of this quarter have been making a racket to-day, and this must not be repeated.”

This observation, one of the most characteristic I ever heard in my life, was made with a seriousness which would have dispelled mine at another time less distressing to my heart as a priest and a Frenchman.

Convinced that nothing was to be effected with this sergeant, who was more self-sufficient than wicked, I asked to see the captain. He came to me with a dry and lofty air that the mildness of my language and doubtless the sad motive also that led me to the Place Vendôme speedily modified. After refusing me, and listening to renewed entreaties, he gave me permission to enter the Place Vendôme, on condition that I should remain all night. That was the extent of the right allowed him by the *consigne*. Tired of constantly hearing of a *consigne* who, according to the graphic avowal of the sergeant, was only influenced by his dissatisfaction at the racket that the bourgeoisie of the quarter had been making that day, I replied that I could not accept the condition, that I was very sorry not to be able to understand a refusal which affected a dying person and a family in affliction, and that I would leave the public to judge this fact, since there was no other authority to appeal to.

These words, uttered with an emotion but little restrained, changed the mind of the captain, who vainly sought plausible pretexts to oppose me. He appeared, besides, to be greatly preoccupied with the command he exercised: others were constantly coming to him for orders, and it was evident from his embarrassed manner that he had been more accustomed to receive than to give orders. He ordered one of the national guards to accompany me to the house of the minister of justice, not to lose sight of me for an instant, and to bring me back to the entrance of the Rue Neuve-des-Capucines. Notwithstanding the pacific character of my costume, I was treated like one of the suspicious bourgeoisie of the quarter, who could not be pardoned for having made a racket during the day. The insurgents had strengthened their position in the Place Vendôme, to prevent henceforth the manifestations of honest people. They appeared resolved to allow it to be entered only with extreme circumspection, and by persons who resided here.

I proceeded, accompanied by my national guardsman, who was armed.

The Place was poorly lighted. We had scarcely left behind us the group of national guards that barricaded the entrance, than he addressed me these words in a confused but very respectful tone: “How sad all this is, monsieur l’abbé, and how wrong not to arrange everything so every one can remain at home and quietly attend to his business!” I evidently had with me one of the too numerous workmen of Paris who love order and peace, but who dare not, or who do not know how to, resist the bold ringleaders who take them from their work and lead them astray. The fear of not speaking with sufficient calmness and caution, while I was at once afflicted and exasperated, induced me to be reserved. I merely replied that I shared his sentiments, and that very probably reason would prevail in the end.

Every moment we met armed groups. As far as I could judge, from rapid glances over the Place, some were discussing with vivacity the events of the day: others, like mercenaries, without dignity and without conscience, appeared to have no other care than to smoke and drink. The insurgents I met did not conceal the suprise that the presence of a priest in their midst during the night caused them. Those who thought I had been arrested, and was on my way to the post of the *état-major*, where I had seen more than one spy or Prussian led during the siege, did not deprive themselves of the pleasure of aiming a joke or an insult at me. Those who thought I was going to fulfil the duties of the holy ministry saluted me with respect. They were far from resembling in their equipments and deportment the national guards of the quarter of St. Roch or the Madeleine, but when I compared them with those I found the next day in the same place, after the criminal and bloody fusillade upon citizens only guilty of calmly expressing their love of order and their devotedness to the national assembly, they were comparatively disciplined and civilized.

The ante-room of the minister of justice’s residence was guarded by insurgents, who allowed no one to enter or go out without particular scrutiny. I quickly made known to the leader the object of my mission. He listened to me with evident curiosity and self-sufficiency, and, after affecting to consider, he motioned me to proceed. The court was occupied by another post that watched the entrance to the offices and hôtel of the minister, and the avenue that led through the gardens to the Rue de Luxembourg. No light was to be seen in the apartments. A profound silence reigned everywhere. No other employee remained at the minister’s than the brother-in-law of the young man to whom I was carrying the last consolations of religion. He received them with more calmness and serenity than might have been expected, humanly speaking, of a young man of twenty-two years of age, when one looks forward to a long life; but what a double grief for a family to find themselves at once in the presence of death and a band of insurgents!

A quarter of an hour after, I left the *ministère* with my national guard, who treated me with a respect more and more deferential. The lady who had gone to the Rue de la Ville-l’Evêque to find me was also struck with his excellent appearance, and commissioned me to give him

a small sum of money. I begged him, as delicately as possible, to accept it in aid of his family, who might be in need for want of employment. He seemed very much touched by this generous attention, and, as much to satisfy my curiosity as to prevent the difficulty of expressing his gratitude at a time when he was officially charged with guarding me, I concluded to address him some questions.

"From what quarter of Paris are you?"

"I am from Bercy, monsieur l'abbé. They sounded the rappel this evening. I set out with my company. They told us we were appointed to a very important patriotic mission. Arrived at the Place Vendôme, we were ordered to guard it rigorously."

"But why so rigorous a guard in a quarter where there are only very excellent people, who love order and peace above all things?"

"Ma foi, monsieur l'abbé, I know nothing at all about it. Bercy is perfectly quiet. This quarter is no less so. I do not understand it. They ordered us to come, and we had to obey."

"But did you not at Bercy have confidence in M. Thiers as well as we? Do you prefer Assi, Flourens, Blanqui, and Felix Pyat to him?"

"Our employers have always spoken very highly of him. The good workmen call him a great patriot, and not a mere pretender like so many others. He promised us liberty and work, and would certainly have kept his word. So we have committed a great piece of foolishness in allowing him to go to Versailles. God grant it may not be for a long time!"

"But what becomes of your work all this time? Do you think this state of thing favorable to the interests of the workman?"

"Ah, monsieur l'abbé, work is a thing but little thought of now, and yet the longer we delay resuming it, the more unfortunate we are. There are among us so many sluggards and madcaps!..."

My excellent guard was explaining to me in his own way how the bad workmen, who wished in 1848 to obtain the right to labor, had, since the siege of Paris, wished to retain the right of doing nothing, when I found myself at the spot whence we had set out. Immediately resuming his most official and patronizing air—"Citizen," said he to the patrol that guarded the entrance to the Place Vendôme, "let this citizen pass!"

I had promised the family of the poor sick man to visit him again in two or three days. Complicated as the situation of Paris was, and in particular that of the Place Vendôme, treated and occupied as a place taken by storm, in defiance of all right and all decency, by the national guards of the faubourgs in revolt against the laws, I was far from anticipating that I should hasten the next day to the same place in the midst of all the horrors of civil war, to carry the consolations of religion to the honorable inhabitants of Paris, smitten down without any provocation, without any motive, by the bullets of their fellow-citizens.

II.

THE PLACE VENDÔME ON WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND OF MARCH.

The next day, the twenty-second of March—henceforth one of the saddest dates in the history of Paris—I was on duty at the church of the Madeleine—that is to say, appointed to receive, from six o'clock in the morning till ten at night, those persons who sought the religious or charitable ministry of the priest, and to afford them all the satisfaction within the limits of possibility.

As the pacific manifestations on the eve had produced a favorable moral effect, it was proposed to renew them during the day, as I learned from some of my friends, known to be devoted to the cause of liberty and order, so strangely compromised. The aim they had in view and the means to which they had recourse were not only incontestably legal, but also in conformity with the interests and dignity of all the inhabitants of Paris. Therefore, far from concealing them, they openly discussed them, hoping they would be understood and appreciated as they deserved to be. They desired to promote, by means of persuasion and conciliation, respect for order and the laws, disregarded by the bold ringleaders and a part of the national guards led astray. In the midst of ruins accumulated by an unfortunate war, they wished to declare the assembly of the representatives of the country in session at Versailles to be the sole power charged to watch over our destinies, that we should rally around them and await their solution of the inextricable difficulties of the moment. The inhabitants of the Place Vendôme and the neighboring streets, wounded, and not without reason, at seeing their quarter invaded and occupied by the national guards from other quarters, who prevented travel, terrified their families, and paralyzed all commercial transactions, proposed to claim their rights, as inhabitants of the first arrondissement, to become the police of their own quarter. They violated no right, they were not lacking any propriety, in begging the citizens of the arrondissements of Montmartre and Belleville, who were installed there without any notice, to leave it to their own care. Not only are those who live in the Place Vendôme Parisians as well as the inhabitants of Belleville and Montmartre, but it was evident to those who knew Paris that four-fifths of the national guards that held

possession of the Place Vendôme on the twenty-first, and especially on the twenty-second of March, had never seen Paris three years previously. Paris is rather the theatre than the author of the revolutions that take place there.

Revolutionists and rioters belong to all parts of France and Europe, and in disastrous times they hasten to Paris, hoping to catch fish in the troubled waters.

I have studied all the large cities of Europe from a political and social point of view. For reasons too extended to be enumerated here, not one is like Paris, the rendezvous of all suspicious and corrupt characters—of the unfortunate who are at variance with the laws of their own country, and of men of no class who are ready to become revolutionary agents—and these are the worst of all. After the siege it had endured, the state of agitation and prostration resulting from so great a struggle, so much suffering, and so many deceptions, could not fail to attract the leading charlatans and rogues of all parts of Europe. It is not to the honor of the popular class at Paris, the most frivolous and the most credulous in the world, that these new-comers met with a success beyond their expectations, for they became in a moment our masters. Thanks to this cosmopolitan invasion, and also to the departure of too large a number of genuine Parisians who feared the Prussian bombardment less than the mob of international agents, Paris, the brilliant centre of elegance, art, and of intellect, as well as a financial and political centre, became, according to the expressive comparison of the *Times*, an infernal caldron, which terrified all Europe, and in which mingled and seethed all human passions.

The party that was playing its part at Paris was not Parisian or French, but exclusively social. It was a flock of birds of prey, a herd of roaming wild beasts, who had hastened from the four cardinal points to fall on the capital of France, which a five months' siege had weakened. The International agents wished to found the Commune, and, to realize the idea of the Commune, which especially clings to locality, home, the fireside, the steeple, the associations and traditions of domestic interest, they summoned to Paris all their boon companions of the Old and the New World, and forced the real inhabitants of Paris to take refuge in the provinces or abroad. It was a revolting cynicism, pregnant with disaster.

At half-past two, some persons, filled with terror and indignation, entered the Madeleine to inform me of a sinister catastrophe. The agents of the pacific manifestation, who had proposed on the eve to traverse the principal streets of the city, crying, *Vive la République! Vive l'Ordre! Vive l'Assemblée Nationale!* had become the victims of a horrible ambuscade. After passing through the Rue de la Paix, a large number of respected citizens of Paris, unarmed, and influenced only by the patriotic desire of securing, by the most inoffensive means and for the benefit of all good citizens, the triumph of equity, law, and a spirit of conciliation, had been met at the entrance of the Place Vendôme by a murderous fusillade from the insurgent national guards. The reports of the number of the killed and wounded varied, but it must have been considerable.

At the same time, I saw from the outer colonnade of the Madeleine the shops hastily shut up and people fleeing in disorder from the direction of the Place Vendôme. Every face expressed wrath and consternation. Some national guards of the eighth arrondissement hastened to rally around the church to watch over the public security.

 I made inquiries about the condition of the wounded, and was told they were being carried home, and that several belonged to the parish of the Madeleine, which includes the Rue de la Paix and the Place Vendôme. As I did not know the address of the victims, and knew from an experience of ten years that the members of the parish had the Christian habit of summoning the priest to the aid of the dying, I waited with emotion for them to have recourse to my ministry.

At four o'clock no one had come, and I was ignorant of the name and address of any of the wounded. At half-past four there was a report that some of the killed and wounded remained on the Place Vendôme, and that there were detained there some of those engaged in the pacific manifestation, among others, the father of a young man from the Rue Tronchet, whose skull had been fractured by a ball, and whom the insurgents refused to deliver up. Other details were added of such a revolting character that I could scarcely credit them. I ordered the Madeleine to be closed—took with me all that was necessary for the administration of the sacraments, and went by way of the boulevards towards the Place Vendôme, resolved, as on the preceding night, to recede before no obstacle to my reaching the victims who might need religious aid. The Boulevard de la Madeleine, generally so lively and brilliant, was almost deserted. The inhabitants were inquiring in a low tone, and in terror, about the incidents of the bloody drama that had just taken place in the neighborhood. Some soldiers only, who had joined the insurgents four days previously, were passing along with a careless and almost satisfied air. If these unhappy men were aware of the frightful event that then preoccupied all Paris, they only retained a glimmering of moral sense. Already unworthy to bear the name of a soldier, they would no longer merit to bear that of man.

At the entrance of the Rue Neuve-des-Capucines, which leads from the Boulevard de la Madeleine to the Place Vendôme, I was stopped by a group of people, who from a distance were regarding with mingled sentiments of curiosity and terror the patrols of the mob scattered along the street. "Do not go any further, monsieur l'abbé," cried several persons to me in trembling voices, more charitable than brave. "If you go among those wretches, you

are lost! We have seen them fire upon inoffensive men who were bearing away the wounded at the entrance of the Rue de la Paix." I made no reply to what was dictated more by fear than reason, and came to the first patrol stationed before the Crédit Foncier. All the houses of the Rue Neuve-des-Capucines were closed, and this street, one of the liveliest of the quarter, seemed like a tomb. The head patrol, a jolly young fellow, with a face as red as blood, advanced towards me, and, solemnly raising his sabre to attest his authority, which I had no intention of disputing, ordered me to stop. I explained to him, without concealing my sadness, the object of my mission: "I am going as a priest belonging to the parish of the Madeleine to see the wounded on the Place Vendôme." He immediately motioned with his sabre for me to pass; this was his only reply. Was he aware of the effect of this sinister beginning of civil war upon the condition of Paris? I doubt it—to parade and appear important seemed to be his principal care. The other national guards, vigilant and with their hands on their loaded arms, resembled sentinels in face of the enemy, without their discipline and proper carriage.

The second patrol, stationed in the middle of the street, allowed me to pass without objection. It was composed, like the first, of national guards of all ages, but not of all conditions: they were from the most uncivilized class of the faubourgs. Their accoutrements were not uniform or neat. Some appeared quite satisfied; they were the youngest; others had a less blustering manner; but all felt an instinctive joy to rule over the most brilliant part of Paris, and inspire the citizens with a lively terror.

Before I came to the third patrol, placed at the opposite end of the street, I noticed on the pavement many stains of blood. It was in fact only a few steps distant that, only a short time before, the victims of the fusillade fell. I will not attempt to describe the anguish that filled my soul at the sight of this blood of my countrymen, shed by insurgents without country and without God. In the midst of my great distress I recalled the sublime cry of Monseigneur Affre: "Let my blood be the last shed!" I ardently prayed in my turn that the blood of these innocent and peaceful victims might be the last poured out, but it was to be feared that the revolutionary and social crisis, that weighed on Paris like a horrible nightmare, would only end, as it had commenced, by a terrible effusion of blood.

There was no difference between this patrol and the preceding, except that it was more actively vigilant. The chief of the national guards that formed it, and who seemed surprised to behold me, having asked where I was going, and what I was going to do, sent two men to conduct me to the post that guarded the entrance to the Place Vendôme. During the siege of Paris, I one day passed along the formidable defences of the Point-du-Jour at Auteuil. The consigne there was of a different degree of mildness and condescension from that at the entrance of the Place Vendôme, which the insurgents evidently wished to make their headquarters, and where they were entrenching themselves. The national guards that defended the entrance were less blustering, but more numerous and more decided, than those of the evening before. They allowed me to pass without hindrance; many of them must have felt that where the dead and dying are to be found is the proper place for a minister of Jesus Christ. A sentinel was ordered to accompany me to the Ministère de la Justice, where I intended to go first. He possessed neither the intelligence nor the politeness of the national guard that escorted me the night before. He was rather an animated machine than a man. Not a word, not a gesture, not a change in his features! After wondering what he was thinking of, I ended by doubting if he thought at all. I should render him this justice—that, from a material point of view, he discharged his commission with irreproachable exactitude.

I experienced an undefinable impression in the Place Vendôme, produced by a twofold contrast, the remembrance of which will not be effaced to the latest moment of my life.

This Place, with which Louis XIV. adorned Paris, was first called the Place des Conquêtes, to recall the brilliant victories which had secured to France the fine provinces which we have just lost a large part of, after most lamentable reverses. The sumptuous edifices, built according to Mansard's plans, which form the contour, render it in an architectural point of view the finest Place in Europe. Destined by Louis XIV. to bring together the royal library and imprimerie, the academies, the mint, and the hôtel of foreign ambassadors; now inhabited by wealthy families, rich travellers, and some of the government officials; situated between the garden of the Tuileries and the Boulevards des Capucines and des Italiens; entered at its two extremities by the Rues de Castiglione and de la Paix, through which pour wealthy merchants and elegant promenaders, it became on the twenty-second of March the theatre of uproar and civil war: it was covered with blood, and occupied by an armed crowd, in which prevailed the most sinister faces from the worst quarters of Paris.

The national guards of Bercy that I had seen the night before were models of civilization and distinction compared with these. Some were rather boys than men. They appeared to be only sixteen or seventeen years of age. As proud as they were surprised to carry a gun, they only sought for an opportunity or a pretext to use it. Those who have witnessed the revolutions of Paris know that armed children are capable of atrocious misdeeds. Sprung from the lowest grades of society, destitute of all moral sense, they care but little what cause they have to defend or what enemy to attack: their highest ambition is to display their audacity and to fire off their guns. As I am only relating the things I witnessed myself, I shall not speak of the fiendish part taken, according to some spectators, by a boy in the fusillade which had just shot down too great a number of pacific and honorable citizens. Many of the insurgents were in a state of overexcitement, proceeding less from their political and social

opinions than from a too copious absorption of wine and other liquors: this is on days of revolutionary storms another category of insurgents capable of everything because they have lost all moral sense. There was but little care and uniformity about their accoutrements. Some had on only a part of the uniform of the national guards: others wore a képi and a blouse. A great number of the képis were not numbered. Here and there were to be seen some red sashes.

In this nameless multitude might also be remarked men of fifty or sixty years, whose ferocious and degraded faces excited the worst suspicions respecting their moral instincts and their previous relations with the legal authorities. I at once saw that many of them were foreigners, particularly Italians and Poles. What a contrast between such insurgents, hardly to be found in June, 1848, in the lowest parts of Paris, and the imposing architectural splendor of one of the finest squares in the world! I could not express the effect of this mingling of poetic beauty and foul deformity upon me.

Another contrast no less sad rent my heart. The side of the Place Vendôme toward the Rue de la Paix was sprinkled with blood; now and then the wounded and dead were carried by; and over these spots of human blood, by the side of these unfortunate victims of civil war, a great number of insurgents, perhaps the very ones who without any motive or provocation had shot them down, were laughing, eating, drinking, and amusing themselves, as if they were celebrating the happiest event of their lives.

In going to the Ministère de la Justice, I had to pass through several groups of varied physiognomy. They were generally astonished to see the ecclesiastical garb among them. I acknowledge that, if I had not had a mission of sacerdotal obligation to accomplish, I should hardly have procured them this surprise, notwithstanding my natural love of observation. Some—a small number, however—received me with coarse insults and horrid laughter. A few steps from the Ministère de la Justice, a national guardsman, who was talking and gesticulating with uncommon vivacity, stopped to address me, while shaking his fist at me, this singular apostrophe: “When shall we be delivered from those wretches?” I will not relate other pleasantries of this nature of which I was the butt: this one is only too much. Their authors had doubtless learned to know and judge the clergy by the violent diatribes of citizens Blanqui and Félix Pyat.

Others, on the contrary, saluted me with a respect and cordiality which I was careful to return politely. They were honest workmen who had doubtless had intercourse with their parish priests, or whose children attended the catechism classes or the schools of the religious congregations, and received a benefit which they understood how to appreciate. There were strange contrasts in this mixture. Not to forget a single characteristic detail, I caught some observations that denoted on the part of their authors serious regrets for the dreadful catastrophe which terrified the whole city.

If, among the insurgent battalions chosen to fire on the inoffensive inhabitants of Paris, there were some to deplore the horrors of civil war, how many might not have been found in the other battalions! If the ringleaders could be separated from those whom they lead, and the deceivers from the deceived, the number of the latter would be considerable, and the former somewhat modified. One of the most serious faults of the workman of Paris is the incredible facility with which he enters into all the hollow schemes of the rogue and the charlatan who tempt him, and sacrifices to their mad ambition and culpable projects his peace, his property, his honor, and his life.

My guide, or rather my guard, appeared insensible to the insults as well as to the salutations I received on the way. Arms in hand, always impassible and solemn, it was only now and then he cast toward me an inquisitorial glance, as if to assert his authority and my dependence.

I made known the object of my mission to the leader of the post at the Ministère de la Justice. He was a young and well-bred officer. He listened to me with attention, and replied, after saluting me twice with a politeness full of respect, that I was at liberty to do all I wished.

I found the sick person I had seen the evening before in the hôtel of the minister of justice, exhausted by excitement that was hastening his end. He could see from his sick-bed all that occurred on the Place. In one corner of the apartment his sister, endowed with the higher Christian virtues, and an aged lady whom I did not know, but who was probably their mother, were weeping over the public as well as their own private woes. I had promised the sick person the night before to visit him again in three or four days, but as I could not enter the Place Vendôme without indicating the precise place I wished to go to, and could not have a better means of ascertaining where the victims of the fusillade had been transported, I briefly explained the reason of my unexpected call and gave him some religious encouragement, which was to be the last. I learned that the dead and wounded removed from the Place had been carried to one of the neighboring houses occupied by the administration and the ambulance of the Crédit Mobilier. I hurried thither.

The Ministère de la Justice was as silent and deserted as on the preceding night. Four sentinels were posted between the court and garden; a fifth at the door of the hôtel had the air of guarding most conscientiously an absent excellency.

In going out, I sought with a discreet glance for my solemn guard, to become anew his prisoner. The officer who had received me a few moments before informed me he had sent him back to his post. From that moment I could go where I pleased.

At the Crédit Mobilier I met two bodies that were being carried to their relatives. I was told that one was M. Molinet, one of the most pious and exemplary young men of the parish. He had been shot down by the side of his father, who, notwithstanding his inexpressible grief, had been torn from the body of his only son and carried as a prisoner to the staff-officer of the Place. After offering up a prayer for these two unfortunate victims, I inquired for the apartment to which the wounded had been carried.

The consternation and terror that reigned among the inhabitants of the Place Vendôme may be imagined from the sinister events that had occurred before their eyes, and the dangers of all kinds with which they were threatened. Stupor was depicted on the faces of the concierges of the Crédit Mobilier. These good people were hardly willing to half-open the door of their lodge, and muttered something vague which was not an answer to my question. At last they sent with me to the *salle* of the wounded a charming child of eight or ten years of age. He examined with more curiosity than fear the strange features of the citizens of Montmartre and Belleville who occupied the vestibule.

The number of the wounded in the ambulance was six. They were still on the litter on which they had been brought. Two infirmarians, who wore the red cross of the International society, were zealously attending to them: a *cantinière* of somewhat free manners also manifested an equal desire to aid them. The insurgents that frequented the rooms behaved with propriety; they spoke in low tones, and instead of the care which they were not fitted to bestow, the most of them manifested a sympathy mingled with curiosity. Beyond this, their faces displayed no emotion; my presence did not astonish them; they discreetly retired when I approached the sufferers. No one appeared to me mortally wounded. Nevertheless, I administered religious aid to one of them at his own request, and confined myself to giving the rest as much encouragement as possible, for which they earnestly thanked me. They all belonged to the bourgeoisie. The last to arrive lived in the Rue Meyerbeer, and did not appear to be more than thirty years old. He told me he was to have set out that very evening to join his wife and children in the country, but wished before leaving to perform the part of a good citizen by joining in the manifestation. He had been wounded three times, but not dangerously.

At the entrance of the room a young man seized with frightful convulsions had been laid down on the parquet. He was partly dressed as a soldier of the line, and partly as a national guardsman. He was doubtless one of the too numerous soldiers who had united with the insurgents, and been drawn into serving their sad cause. The fusillade from the ranks of his new colleagues, and the numerous victims they had just shot down, must have caused a violent fit of remorse. He was not wounded, but only had a sudden nervous attack, that affected him in a manner painful to behold. He did not appear to understand anything, and was suffering from contractions and contorsions of a truly frightful character. I approached him—tried to calm him with some kind words, and then recommended him aloud to the care of the two infirmarians of the International society. The national guards who surrounded him appeared touched to see manifested for one of their number an interest equal to that I had just shown for the victims of devotedness to the cause of law and order.

Before leaving the Place Vendôme I wished to ascertain if any of the victims had been taken to the ambulance of M. Constant Say. This was one of the six ambulances I was appointed to visit during the siege, to administer religious aid and awaken the moral sense of the soldiers who were sick or wounded. This ambulance was kept in perfect order. More than once, in observing the meals of the wounded, I envied them the healthful and abundant nourishment served up to them during the interminable months of December and January. They were treated as real members of the family, and were truly the spoiled children of the house. They were daily visited by one of the most celebrated physicians of Paris, who lavished on them the most intelligent care, and by the minister of Jesus Christ, who no less kindly spoke to them of God, their souls, their absent mothers, and of their temporal and eternal welfare. It could not be otherwise in a family whose extensive industrial establishment and inexhaustible charity are such a benefit to the laboring classes of Paris. I had the consolation of seeing all the soldiers who were taken to this ambulance leave it better Christians and better Frenchmen.

As to the rest, during the entire siege, the solicitude of the Parisians for the sick and wounded soldiers was truly admirable, and the praise I am bound in justice to accord to the ambulance of M. Constant Say, may be equally given to the rest I was appointed to visit: the ambulances of M. Frottin, formerly mayor of the first arrondissement, in the Rue St. Honoré; that of M. Jourdain, a member of the Institute, in the Rue du Luxembourg; of Dr. Moissenet, a physician of the Hôtel Dieu, in the Rue Richepanse; of Madame Dognin, of the Point-du-Jour at Auteuil; and, finally, the ambulance bravely founded and directed at Grenelle by some laboring women of ardent faith, and a devotedness that works wonders, and transferred after the bombardment of Grenelle to the magnificent hôtel of M. le Comte Mercy d'Argenteau on the Rue de Suresne.

I was also aware that there were still some wounded soldiers in M. Say's ambulance. The brutal invasion of the Place Vendôme had prevented me from visiting them the two days

previous. To go there, I was obliged to cross the entire Place. It seemed more like a field of battle than a Place. Here were stacks of arms, there were caissons full of supplies, further on were delegates of the central committee of the Hôtel de Ville, who where transmitting orders with feverish haste, and everywhere were the insurgents who had just fired, and who were ready to take fresh aim.

I had no longer an armed guard to accompany me. During my walk, which I frankly acknowledge would have seemed much shorter on ordinary occasions, I was again an object of insult and sarcasms not highly seasoned with wit from some, of respect and sympathy from others, and of astonishment or indifference from the greatest part. I had never seen so great a number of persons eating and drinking. Their appetite only gave out after complete exhaustion of the means of gratifying it. It is true that, to the demoralized workmen who abound in Paris, the word riot signifies the time for good eating, and still better drinking, and no work at all.

Against the railing that surrounds the column were squatting several national guardsmen, to whom a *cantinière* dealt out liquor. The oldest was certainly not eighteen. At my approach one of them, who had doubtless been a chorister in some church, instinctively made a respectful bow. A second, who made some pretensions to delicate wit, pointed at me with his sabre, uttering a laugh more stupid than malicious. A third, and this became more serious, loaded, or pretended to load, his musket, which he pointed at me. At the same time the *cantinière* encouraged him with atrocious words, that no delicate ear would pardon me for relating. I had had for seven months so many occasions to recommend my soul to God, that I thought it opportune to do so once more. Nevertheless, not to take things too seriously, I recalled the amusing reply made me by an excellent man, from the neighborhood of St. Sulpice, who was obliged, after the three first days of bombardment on the left side by the Prussians, to seek refuge in the vicinity of the Madeleine. When I approved of his prudent decision, he replied, “In fact, I could not reasonably pass every night in recommending my soul to God!”

I arrived at my ambulance without any harm but a momentary fright. None of the victims of the fusillade had been brought here. I found my dear wounded ones in a fair way to be healed, but very much depressed by what was passing around them, and humiliated especially by the shameful defection of a part of the troops on the deplorable day of Saturday, the eighteenth.

My sacerdotal mission was ended. In returning across the Place Vendôme, I was not the witness or the object of any occurrence that merits attention. The dense line of insurgents that guarded the entrance of the Place from the Rue de la Paix opened for me to pass. The patrol, who remembered having allowed me to enter, asked no questions in permitting me to go out. I met a man in the Rue Neuve-des-Capucines who was covering a real pool of blood with sand. There was no change in the manner of the patrols: the street was still like a tomb. Nearly in front of the Crédit Foncier, a shop-keeper of respectable appearance timidly opened one of the doors of his shop, and asked permission to pass from the last patrol toward the boulevard, which was not more than fifty yards from me. He appeared so alarmed, and his face was so extremely pale, that the patrol, proud of the fear he inspired, did not fail to avail himself of so favorable an opportunity of amusing himself at the other’s expense. He questioned him with an affected solemnity which would have excited my laughter in less tragical times, addressed him a long and severe recommendation, and when the man turned, more dead than alive, toward the boulevard, the youngest of the band, who hid the malicious hilarity of a *gamin* under the gravity of a judge, took his gun, and pointing it toward the shop-keeper, who happily was not aware of such a salute, had the air of saying: “If the rest of the bourgeoisie resemble this one, Paris is certainly ours.”

I was as much saddened at the dejected and disconcerted appearance of most of the inhabitants of this quarter, as I had been alarmed by the boldness and audacity displayed on the Place Vendôme by the workmen of the faubourgs, old criminals and revolutionists from all countries, who held possession of it. There was more stupor than indignation among the former. They hardly ventured to the doors of their houses, they spoke in low tones for fear of being compromised. This unfortunate attitude of the lovers of order only encouraged the energy and boldness of the enemies of society. I comprehended for the first time how a handful of factionists had been able in 1793 to terrify and decimate the better part of the community, who were ten times as numerous. The very day when the lovers of order will say to those of disorder, with the same energy and firmness as God to the waves of the sea, “Thou shalt go no further!” Paris will have no more to fear from anarchy and revolution, and France will no longer oscillate between the equally deplorable extremes of despotism and license.

If this simple and impartial account, intended to cast a little light upon one of the saddest and most execrable episodes of the revolution of the eighteenth of March, could also have the effect of calling the more particular attention of the lovers of order and stability, of whatever nation and party, to the dark aims of the International league of demagogues who, under the mask of workingmen’s associations, prudential interests, and mutual protection, aim at the denial of God, the destruction of family and country, of public capital and private savings, of the domestic and political hierarchy—in a word, the destruction of all those principles which are the foundation of society; and also of thoroughly convincing the better classes of Paris and all the larger cities of France, that the promoters of disorder and

anarchy, though now recruiting from the lowest social grades of Europe, are only strong in consequence of their own inaction and regard for self; that such power is only derived from their own want of discipline and energy; that they would only have to enroll, organize, and assert themselves to utterly destroy it—I shall have realized one of my most ardent wishes, and labored in my sphere of action for the consolidation of the social edifice and of public order, so profoundly shaken.

It was nearly six o'clock when I reached home. I had passed a little more than three-quarters of an hour among the insurgents and the wounded of the Place Vendôme. God alone knows with what emotion and earnestness I implored him that I might never be subjected again to such a trial to my heart as a priest and a Frenchman.

Here ends my first account, drawn up at the end of March. I need not add that my prayer was not granted. The Commune was founded in blood and terror, and was to end in a fiendish debauchery of madness and crime.

TO BE CONTINUED.

[41] Here is what, according to the *Paris Journal* of Versailles for the 18th of May, citizen Raoul Rigault wrote from the préfecture of police to citizen Floquet, one of the unhappy instigators of this pretended compromise:

"My dear Floquet, you have decided then to set out with Villeneuve and the prefect Lechevalier for Bordeaux. We are too much united in our sentiments for you not to feel the importance of your mission. The league of the republican union, in pleading its own cause, pleads ours. As to your 9,500 francs, I will endeavor to furnish them, though it is difficult to procure remittances."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Biographical Sketch of Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, O.S.D. 1 vol. 12mo. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1871.

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The abridgment is in every respect a creditable performance. In beauty of diction, as well as in the subject-matter treated, superior ability in biographical style is very discernible. The paper, printing, and binding are also of the first class.

All who are interested, either from motives of faith or even of curiosity, in the surprising revival of the Catholic religion in England within the last half-century, will be cheered and delighted by the perusal of this new edition, as it may be called, of the life of one of the greatest agents in this wonderful work of God. The cheapness of the work, moreover, puts it within easy reach of all Catholic readers.

School-Houses. By James Johonnot. Architectural Designs by S. E. Hewes. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. 1871.

Undoubtedly the subject treated in this work is one of considerable importance, involving, as it does, the health and future prospects as well as the present comfort of the rising generation. No doubt, also, there is immense room for improvement in the internal arrangements of the buildings in which so large a portion of the time of the young, and especially of children, is to be passed; above all, as regards the points of light, heating, and ventilation. The construction particularly of country school-houses is also certainly open to change for the better, and many good suggestions are made and designs furnished by the authors. Some of these designs, however, strike us as being unnecessarily ornate. The latter part is occupied with the questions of furniture, apparatus, grounds, etc., and with many illustrations of chairs, desks, globes, and other appliances, which will be found useful and interesting. The book is finely printed, and beautifully bound.

Of Adoration in Spirit and Truth. Written in four books. By John Eusebius Nieremberg, S.J., native of Madrid, and translated into English by R. S., S.J., with a Preface by the Rev. Peter Gallwey, S.J. London: Burns, Oates & Co. 1871.

This beautiful volume forms the first of a series of works, under the title of "St. Joseph's Ascetical Library," undertaken by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in England. It is no novelty in itself, though it will probably be new to almost all who see it in its present form. The author was born at Madrid in 1590, and died in 1658; and this translation of his work was made nearly two hundred years ago, in 1673, and has that charm of quaintness and simplicity which it is now in vain to imitate.

The title might convey the idea that the treatise before us was a very abstract and mystical one, unsuited to the generality of readers. But such an idea would be soon dispelled by a glance at some of the headings of its chapters, such as, "How Incommodious a Thing Sleep is," "How Penances and Corporal Afflictions help Us," and "That we must rise Fervorously to our Morning Prayer." It is practical enough for any one, perfectly clear, intelligible, and interesting; and, at the same time, no one can find in it any want of devotion or spirituality.

It is divided into four books, as stated in the title; the first, second, and fourth treating of the purgative, illuminative, and unitive ways respectively; the third being concerned with "What Belongs to a most Perfect Practical Performance of Our Actions," which illustrates in detail the general principles laid down in what precedes.

We are under great obligations to the editors for having brought into notice, and into general use, as we trust, this treasure of Catholic piety. It will be of inestimable value to all who desire to lead a really spiritual life and to practice the "adoration" of which it treats, which is nothing else than complete self-renunciation and devotion, in the true sense of the word, to God and to his service.

Ignatius Loyola, and the Early Jesuits. By Stewart Rose. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

We have several excellent biographies of St. Ignatius in the English language, but the present one is likely, we think, to become the most popular. It is carefully compiled, written in that literary style and with those graphic sketches of surrounding circumstances which modern taste demands, and published in an elegant manner. Its principal distinctive excellence consists in the portraiture of the early life of Ignatius as the accomplished, valiant, and Christian knight, whose noble and chivalrous character formed the basis of his future heroic sanctity. We welcome any work which may make the illustrious founder of the Society of Jesus and his Institute better known both to Catholics and Protestants, and we hope for a wide circulation for this ably and charmingly written biography.

Mount Benedict; or, The Violated Tomb. By Peter McCorry. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

The burning of the convent in Charlestown, and the accompanying horrors of that fearful night, are subjects worthy of a graphic description, well calculated to point a moral and adorn a tale. We confess our disappointment in this volume, written, no doubt, with a good design. The conversations are weak and pointless, and too much of the book is occupied with the irrelevant talk of the “conspirators.” We protest against the introduction of oaths into story-books. The interest of the story is marred by these faults.

Mr. P. Donahoe, Boston, announces as in press an account of the “Passion Play” at Oberammergau, Bavaria, from the pen of the Rev. George W. Doane, Chancellor of the Diocese of Newark. It will be dedicated to the Rt. Rev. J. R. Bayley, D.D., Bishop of Newark.

The Catholic Publication Society will publish, early in November, *Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Latest Historian*, by James F. Meline. This book will contain the articles which appeared in The Catholic World on Mr. Froude, as well as a great deal of new matter. In fact, the articles as they appeared in The Catholic World are almost entirely rewritten, and many new facts produced. It will be a complete refutation of Mr. Froude’s romance of history.

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Erratum.—In the article on “The Reformation not Conservative,” p. 733, 1st column, 16th line from the bottom, for *French* sovereigns read *Frank* sovereigns. Christendom was founded some centuries before there was a French sovereign or a French kingdom, in the modern sense of the word *French*, or France. The Franks were a Germanic race, and the German was their mother-tongue.

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AUTHORITY IN MATTERS OF FAITH.

The question we propose to discuss in this article is opened in the note we introduce, answering an objection to the infallibility of the church, made by a lawyer through a third person, and by an elaborate note from the lawyer in reply, and urging another and, in his judgment, a still more serious objection. The editor's note is:

> "The objection of your friend against the *infallible* Bible interpreted by a *fallible* reason, as a sure rule of faith, is unanswerable. Nothing stronger could be said against the Protestant position.
>
> "His objection against the church, *so far as it goes*, if I understand it correctly, is also unanswerable. It is quite evident that no agglomeration of fallible men can make an infallible church, either by the personal authority of the individuals or in virtue of their agglomeration. But that is by no means the question with us.
>
> "We deny that the church is simply an agglomeration of men; and we deny that the infallibility comes by the authority of its members in any way.
>
> "As Christ is a Theanthropical person, so also the church is a Theanthropical society, of which Christ is the head, the Holy Ghost the soul, and the regenerated men the body. The infallibility comes from the Holy Ghost, through Christ, to the body.
>
> "*If it is so*, it is evident that the infallibility will remain as long as the union shall last. And in that supposition the learned lawyer cannot fail to see that infallibility does not, in any way, come to the body by the authority of its members, but from God, the only authoritative and absolute power in the world, which can bind the minds as well as the wills of men.
>
> "That is the Catholic question, and the real position we maintain.
>
> "If each man is his own authority, according to the preceding remarks in this book (and that is conceded), then an authoritative church is impossible, because it presents an authority external to me, and then asks me to accept it. I admit that, if there is to be *any* church, it must be of divine origin. Even were the Bible inspired and infallible, I, being fallible, must interpret it fallibly, and therefore it must be the same *to me* for all intents and purposes as if it were a fallible book. The same argument applies to the church as a divine, authoritative institution—what is *outside* of the man—that is, the so-called fact is not an authority for him; but he is the authority for it; if not an absolute authority, at any rate, the only authority possible. The trouble arises from the Baconian philosophy, which has attempted to build up a system on *facts* so-called—without rejecting the *authority* for those facts—*as if the authority were in the fact itself*."

This speaks for itself, and the position it takes is not controverted. But the lawyer says it does not meet the question, that is, we presume, the question as it is in his mind, though he had not previously expressed it. He says:

> "The note given me does not meet the question. It is claimed that the church is infallible because a divine institution—that is, because established by God.
>
> "Now, admit it to be a divine institution, if it is to be presented for our acceptance, it must be for the acceptance of our fallible reason.
>
> "For example, when the missionary carries the church to the heathen, does he not present it for their rational acceptance? And if so, does he not ask their finite judgment to pass upon and accept the infinite and the absolute?
>
> "Now, the point is this: if the thing or truth presented be infinite and absolute, and the person to whom it is presented be imperfect, fallible, and conditioned, how can the truth—or the church, if you please—appear otherwise to him than according to his finite and partial interpretation of it?
>
> "The question in respect to the absolute is, not whether it be *really* true and absolute or not, but to what extent does the normal affirmation go respecting it. In short, must not the same argument obtain against the church as against the Bible?

> "It comes to the question of *authority*; and, if all intelligent authority resides in *the person* (and certainly each one must, from the nature of his constitution, be his own authority), then it follows that no authority whatever can reside in the state, the church, or in any mere institution or being *outside* of the person, whether that church or institution assume divinity or not.
>
> "The authority is not in the *so-called fact*, but in *the person* to whom the so-called fact is presented, and who is called upon to pass upon it.
>
> "The Baconian system is false, because it makes the so-called fact the authority for itself; when plainly the very existence or comprehension of the so-called fact depends wholly on the *person* to whom it is presented."

The objection is, apparently, the objection we ourselves bring to the Protestant rule of faith, namely, the Bible interpreted by private judgment. The Bible may be the word of God and infallible, but my interpretation of it, or my private judgment in interpreting it, is fallible, and therefore I have in it and with it only a fallible rule of faith. So the church may be a divine institution, and by the assistance of the Holy Ghost infallible; but her teaching is addressed to my intelligence, and must be passed upon by my private judgment, which is finite and fallible, therefore incompetent to pass upon the infinite and absolute. Hence, the Catholic rule no more gives infallible faith than does the Protestant rule. The principle of the objection the lawyer urges is that authority is intrinsic, not extrinsic; comes not from without, but from within, from the mind, and can never be greater than the mind itself; and as that is fallible, there is and can be no infallible authority for faith or belief. The objection is simply that an infallible authority for the mind in matters of faith is impossible, because the mind is not itself infallible, and therefore incapable of an infallible act or assent. This, we believe, is the objection in all its force.

The objection rests on two principles, neither of which is tenable: first, that the mind or intellect is universally fallible; and, second, that the authority in matters of faith is in the mind itself, not out of it, and, therefore, belief in anything on extrinsic authority is impossible.

1. The intellect is not universal or infinite, and does not and cannot know all things; but it is never false in what it knows, and in its own sphere is infallible; that is, the intellect is not false or fallible in what it knows, for every one who knows knows that he knows. The judgment is false or fallible only when and where, and so far as knowledge fails. Thus, St. Augustine says,[42] *Omnis qui fallitur, id quo fallitur, non intelligit*. The error is not in the intellect or intelligence, but in the ignorance or non-intelligence. Doubtless, we can and do err in our judgment of matters of which we are ignorant, of which we have only an imperfect knowledge, or when we undertake from what we do know to judge of things unknown, which is all that St. Thomas means when he says, "*Falsitas est in intellectu*."[43] To deny this is to deny all human knowledge, and to assert universal scepticism, and then the lawyer could not assert his objection, and would be obliged to doubt even that he doubts. If the intellect is universally fallible, we may as well close the discussion at once, for nothing can be settled. If it, in its own province, where it really does know, is infallible, then the only question is, whether, in passing judgment on the facts that establish the infallibility of the church, the intellect is obliged to go out of its own province, and judge of matters in regard to which it is confessedly incompetent and fallible?—a question we shall consider in its place.

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2. We join issue with the lawyer on his assertion that the authority is intrinsic in the mind itself, not extrinsic, either in the object or the authority that affirms it. He says in his note that "no authority whatever can reside in the state, the church, or any mere institution or being *outside* of the person, whether that church or institution assume divinity or not. The authority is not in the so-called *fact*, but in the *person* to whom the so-called fact is addressed, and who is called upon to pass upon it. The Baconian system is false, because it makes the so-called fact the authority for itself; when plainly the very *existence* or comprehension of it depends wholly on the person to whom it is addressed." So we do not know facts because they exist, but they exist because we know them or judge them to exist! But how can so-called facts be addressed to the person before they exist? The lawyer goes farther than his argument against the church requires, and consequently proves, if anything, too much, and therefore nothing. He makes not only all knowledge, but, unintentionally, we presume, all existences, depend on their being known, and therefore makes them purely subjective, and falls into Fichteism or pure egoism.

The lawyer's rule excludes not only faith, but knowledge of every sort and degree; for all knowledge is assent, and in the simplest fact of knowledge the intellectual assent is given on authority or evidence extrinsic to the person, though intrinsic in the object. Knowledge is either intuitive or discursive. In intuitive knowledge, the evidence or motive of the intellectual assent is intrinsic in the object, but extrinsic to the assenting mind. The immediate presence of the object motives or authorizes the assent, and the mind has simply the power or faculty of apprehending the object, or judging that it is, when presented; for, without the object affirming its presence to the mind, there can be no fact of knowledge or intellectual assent. In discursive knowledge the authority or evidence, as in intuitive knowledge, is intrinsic in the object, but it is implicit, and can be placed in immediate relation with the intellectual faculty only by discursion—a process of reasoning or demonstration. But demonstration does not motive the assent; it only removes the *prohibentia*, or renders explicit what is implicit, for nothing can be asserted in the

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conclusion not already implicitly asserted in the premises; yet the assent is by virtue of the evidence or authority intrinsic in the object, as in intuition. All this means that we know objects because they are and are placed in relation with our cognitive faculty, not that they are because we know them, or because the mind places them, or makes them its object. If the lawyer's rule, that authority is not in the object but in the mind or person, were true, there could be no fact of knowledge, either intuitive or discursive, because the mind cannot know where there is nothing to be known.

Faith or belief agrees with knowledge in the respect that it is intellectual assent, but differs from it in that it is mediate assent, by an authority extrinsic, as authority or evidence, both to the object and to the person. The authority or evidence mediates between the mind and the fact or object, and brings them together in a manner somewhat analogous to that in which the middle term in the syllogism brings together the two extremes and unites them in the conclusion. If the evidence or the authority is adequate, the belief is reasonable and as certain as any conclusion of logic, or as the immediate assent of the mind in the fact of science or knowledge. I am as certain that there is such a city as Rome, though I have never seen it, that there was such a man as Julius Cæsar, George Washington, or Napoleon Bonaparte, as I am that the three angles of the triangle are equal to two right angles. It is on this principle the lawyer acts and must act in every case he has in court. He summons and examines witnesses, and relies on their testimony or evidence to obtain a conviction or an acquittal, except in a question of law; and then he relies on the judge or the court. If there is no authority *outside* the person, that is, no authority not in his own mind, why does he summon and examine and cross-examine witnesses or consult the judge? Why does he not work the facts and the law out of his own "inner consciousness," as do most modern historians the facts they give us for history? As a lawyer, our friend would soon find his principle, if he carried it into court, operating as an effectual estoppel to the practice of his profession.

The lawyer asks, "When the missionary carries the church to the heathen, does he not present it for their rational acceptance? And if so, does he not ask their finite judgment to pass upon and accept the infinite and absolute?" We are sure our friend would argue better than this if he had a case in court on which anything of importance depended. When presented by his brother lawyer opposite with the decision of the court of appeals barring his case, would he attempt to judge or pass upon the judgment of the court before accepting it, or would he not be content with simply verifying the fact that the decision has been rendered by the court of appeals or court of last resort? We feel quite sure that, if he were on the defensive, and adduced the decision of the court of last resort barring the action, he would be very far from allowing his brother opposite to question the judgment. Nor would he as a lawyer dream of rejecting the decision because his own mind had not passed upon its merits; but, when once assured that the court had rendered it, he would accept it and submit to it as law, not on his own judgment, but on the authority of the court itself. All he would allow himself to do would be to verify the powers of the court, in order to ascertain if it is a court of competent jurisdiction, and to be sure that it had rendered the decision. The decision itself he would not, as a lawyer, think of examining any farther than to ascertain its meaning. He would take it as final, and submit to it as law, whether for him or against him.

The objection fails to distinguish what, in the case supposed, the heathen are required to pass upon in order to act rationally in accepting the church. They would be required to pass on the sufficiency of the evidence of her divine institution and commission to teach and govern all men and nations in all things pertaining to the kingdom of God on earth. That evidence, called by theologians "motives of credibility," found complete, all the rest follows as a logical consequence, and there is no calling upon "the finite to pass upon the infinite and absolute, any more than there is upon the counsellor to pass upon the merits of the judgment of the court of final resort after being certified that the court has actually rendered it. All that one has to believe of the infinite and absolute, after he has established by evidence appropriate in the case the divine institution and commission of the church, he believes on the authority of the church herself.

The missionary, no doubt, presents the church to their rational acceptance, and must, therefore, present to them the motives of credibility, or the facts which accredit her as divinely instituted and commissioned, and these motives, these facts, must be addressed to their understanding, and be such as their reason can pass upon and accept or reject. But the question is, Supposing reason has passed upon these facts or the motives, and found them sufficient to accredit the church, as a teacher come from God, and commissioned or authorized by him to teach his word, is not the acceptance of that word on her authority as the word of God a "rational acceptance," and all the most rigid reason does or can demand?

The lawyer says no; and because all authority is in the person, and resides nowhere *outside* of him, and therefore it is necessary that reason should pass upon the contents of the word, that is, upon the doctrines and mysteries contained in the word the church professes to teach, which is impossible; for it requires the finite to pass upon the infinite and absolute, which exceeds its powers; therefore, faith is impossible. But this simply implies that no belief is admissible that is not science, and faith must be swallowed up in knowledge, and thus cease to be faith, before the human mind can rationally accept it.

The trouble with the lawyer's objection is that it assumes that faith is irrational, unless it is science or knowledge. His statement goes even farther than this. He not only denies that

there can be any rational belief on extrinsic authority, but that there is or can be any such authority, or that any state, church, or *being* has or can have any authority *outside* of me, or not derived from me. This, as far as words go, asserts that God himself has no authority over me, and his word has no authority for my reason or will, not dependent on me. We do not believe he means this, for he is not divested of the reason common to all men. He means, we presume, simply that no state, no church, not even God himself, has any authority on which I can rationally believe anything which transcends the reach of my reason, or which is not intrinsically evident to my reason by its own light. But what is evident to me by the light of my own reason, I know, and not simply believe. As belief is always on extrinsic authority simply accredited to reason, this goes so far as to deny that any belief is or can be rational, and that any authority or any amount of testimony is sufficient to warrant it, which, as we have seen, is much farther than the lawyer can go in the practice of his profession, or any man in the ordinary business of life.

We do not think our legal friend has duly considered the reach of the principle he lays down. Even in the so-called positive sciences, the greater part of the matters accepted by the scientist are accepted on extrinsic authority, not on personal knowledge. No geologist has personally observed all or even the greater part of the facts he uses in the construction of his science; no geographer, however great a traveller he may have been, has visited and personally examined all parts of the globe which he describes; the botanist describes and classifies more plants, the zoölogist more forms of life, than he has personally seen, and the historian deals almost entirely with facts of which he has no personal knowledge. Eliminate from the sciences what the scientist has not observed for himself, but taken on the reported observation of others, and from the garniture of every mind what it believes or takes on extrinsic authority, not on his personal knowledge, and there would be very little left to distinguish the most learned and highly educated man from the untutored savage. In all the affairs of life, we are obliged to rely on extrinsic authority, on evidence neither in the subject nor in the object, on the observations and testimony of others, and sometimes on the observations and accumulated testimony of ages, especially in wise and prudent statesmanship; and if we were suddenly deprived of this authority evidence, or testimony, and reduced to our own personal knowledge, intuitive or discursive; society would come to a standstill, and would soon fall below the level of the New Hollander, for even he inherits some lessons from the past, and associates with his observations some observations of others.

We presume our friend the lawyer means nothing of all this, and his mistake arises from not sharply distinguishing between the motives of credibility and the authority, on the one hand, and the authority and what it authorizes, on the other. The existence of God is a fact of science, though discursive, not intuitive, science. That God is, as the theologians say, *prima veritas in essendo, in cognoscendo, et in dicendo*, is also a truth of science—is a truth we not simply believe, but know or may know, for it can be proved with certainty by natural reason prior to faith. God is truth; it is impossible for him to lie, since he is *prima veritas in dicendo*, the primal truth in speaking, and can neither deceive nor be deceived, for he is *prima veritas in cognoscendo*, or the principle of all truth in knowing.

This granted, the word of God must be true, infallibly true. So far we can go by science or certain knowledge. Now, suppose the lawyer to have full proof that it really is God's word that is announced to him, would he not be bound to believe it true, nay, could he in the exercise of his reason help believing it true, prior to and independent of any consideration of its contents, or what it is that God says? God can neither deceive nor be deceived, therefore his word must be true, and cannot possibly be false. God's word is the highest and most conclusive evidence conceivable of the truth of what is asserted in his word, and, if the truth, then reasonable, for nothing is more reasonable than truth or unreasonable than falsehood. It would, therefore, be as unnecessary as irreverent and impertinent to examine God's word to see if what he asserts is reasonable before yielding it our assent. We know beforehand that it is true, or else God could not affirm it, and that whatever conflicts with it is false and unreasonable; and the lawyer himself will admit, we presume, that the highest possible reason for believing is God's word, in case we have it. Let us consider so much settled.

The next step is the proof or certainty that what is alleged to be the word of God really is his word. His word is his revelation. Suppose, then, that he made his revelation, and deposited it with the apostles whom he commanded to go forth and teach it to all men and nations. The apostles would, on this supposition, be competent and credible witnesses to the fact that God made and deposited his revelation with them. Suppose, farther, that the apostles transmitted to their successors, or, rather, that the church is the identical apostolical body, continued without any interruption or break down to our time, the church would then be a competent and credible witness to the fact of revelation and to what is revealed. Being the eye-witness of the facts which proved our Lord a teacher come from God and authorized to speak in his name, and the depositary of the revelation, her testimony is conclusive. She saw with her own eyes the facts, she knows what has been deposited with her, and the commission she received, and therefore her testimony or evidence cannot be gainsaid. She is the living and contemporary witness, and every-way credible, as we have shown in the article *The Church accredits Herself*.[44]

The infallibility follows necessarily from her commission from God to teach all men and

nations. This commission from God commands all men and nations in his name to believe and obey what she teaches as his word. If she could err in teaching, then all men and nations might be required by God himself to believe error or falsehood, which is impossible, since God is truth, and can neither deceive nor be deceived. The divine commission to the church or apostolic body to teach carries with it the divine pledge of infallibility.

Now, supposing the church to be what she claims to be, reason itself requires us to accept and obey as the word of God whatever she teaches as his word, since his word is true, and the highest possible evidence of truth. Nothing is or can be more reasonable than to believe the word of God, or to believe God on his word. Equally reasonable with it is it to believe that what the Apostolic Church declares to be his word, really is so, if she is instituted and commissioned by God to keep, guard, teach, interpret, declare, and define it. The only point, then, to be proved is the divine institution and commission, both of which, if the apostolic body, she is herself the authority for asserting, as the supreme court is the authority for asserting its own legal constitution, power, and jurisdiction. This leaves, then, only a single point to be proved, namely, the historical identity of the body calling itself the Catholic Church with the apostolic body with whom the revelation was deposited.

We need not now go into the historical proofs of the identity of the Catholic Church with the apostolic body, for that is easily done, and has been done over and over again; besides, it lies on the very face of history, and Pius IX., the Pontiff now gloriously reigning, is as easily and as certainly proved to be the successor of Peter as Ulysses S. Grant is proved to be the successor in the presidency of the United States of George Washington, the schism of Jefferson Davis to the contrary notwithstanding. Moreover, if the lawyer doubts, as we presume he does not, the identity, we hold ourselves ready to adduce the proofs whenever he calls for them. Assuming, then, the case to be as stated, we demand what in the whole process of acceptance of the faith the missionary proposes to the heathen is irrational, or not satisfactory, to the fullest demands of reason? In fact, the points to be proved are exceedingly few, and those not above the reach of private judgment, or difficult. The authority of our Lord as a teacher come from God was proved by miracles. These miracles the church witnessed and testifies to as facts, and so far her testimony is unimpeachable. Their supernatural and miraculous character we can ourselves judge of. Whether they prove the divine authority of Jesus or not, is also a matter of which we are competent to judge. His divine authority proved, his divinity, and all the mysteries of his person can be rationally accepted on his word, and what his word was, the church who received it is competent to declare. There really, then, is nothing to be proved which the church herself does not either prove or supply the means of proving in order to render belief in what she claims to be, and in what she teaches, as rational or reasonable as belief in any well-ascertained fact in natural science. The motives of credibility which she brings with her and presents to the understanding of all men who hear her accredit her as the divinely appointed depositary and teacher of the revelation God has made to men, and all the rest follows of itself, as in the syllogism the conclusion follows from the premises.

The lawyer does not admit it, and rejects the whole, because he rejects all belief on extrinsic authority. But is not this because he mistakes the meaning of the word *authority* as used by theologians and philosophers? We have generally found that the men who object to belief on authority understand by authority an order or command addressed to the will, without including anything to convince the reason or to motive the assent of the understanding. This is not precisely the theological sense of the term. The theologians understand by authority in matters of faith authority *for* believing as well as an order *to* believe. It is the reason which authorizes the belief, and is therefore primarily authority for the intellect, and furnishes it an ample reason to believe.

Authority addressed simply to the will ordering it to believe, and giving the intellect no reason for believing, can produce no rational belief, and induce no belief at all, and this we presume is what, and all, our legal friend means. Taking authority in his sense, we entirely agree with him, except a command from God is always a reason for the intellect as well as an order to the will, since God is *prima veritas*, and can command only what is true, reasonable, just, and right. His command is his word, and an order from him to the will is *ipso facto* a reason for the understanding, since no higher evidence of truth than his word is possible. With this reserve, the lawyer is right in his objection to belief on authority, as he understands it, for there is no belief where there is no intellectual conviction. But he is mistaken in supposing that theologians mean only authority in his sense, authority commanding the will, and giving no reason to the understanding; they mean primarily by authority in matters of faith or reason authority for believing, and commanding it only through conviction to believe, which it must do if convinced.

The authority, then, which we assert, is the reason for believing; it is the *medius terminus* that unites the credible object and the creditive subject, and renders the belief possible and an intellectual act, and so far assimilates it to knowledge. Belief without authority is belief without any ground or reason for believing, and is irrational, unfounded, mere credulity, as when one believes a rumor for which there is no authority. When the authority is worthy of credit, the belief is warranted, and when it is infallible, the belief is infallible. In believing what the church teaches me is the word of God, I have infallible authority for my belief, and cannot be deceived, be mistaken, or err. This is all so plain, and so fully in accord with the demands of reason, that we are forced to explain the repugnance so many people manifest

to believing on authority, by supposing that they understand by authority simply an order of a master to believe, without accompanying it with anything to convince the understanding, thus making the act of faith an act not of faith at all, but of mere blind obedience. This is all wrong. Faith as an intellectual act cannot be blind any more than is the act of knowledge, and must have a reason that convinces the understanding. Hence, the church does not censure unbelief in those who know not the authority or reason there is for belief, and, if at all, it is only for their neglect to avail themselves with due diligence of the means of arriving at belief within their reach.

The authority or command of God is indeed the highest reason the mind can have for believing anything, and it is therefore that unbelief in those who have his command or authority becomes sinful, because it implies a contempt of God, a contempt of truth, and practically says to him who made us, from whom we hold all that we have, and who is truth itself, “We *will* not take your word; we do not care what you say; we are the masters of our own thoughts, and will think and believe as we please.” This is not only irreverent and disobedient, indicating a wholly indefensible pride and self-will, but denies the very principle asserted by unbelievers in justification of their refusal to believe at the order or command of authority, namely, that it is not in one’s power to believe or disbelieve at will, nor as one wills.

These explanations suffice, we think, to show that private judgment or individual reason is not required by the Catholic to judge “the infinite and absolute,” or to pass upon any matter that lies out of the province of natural reason, and exceeds its competence or finite capacity. It is required to pass only upon the motives of credibility, or the facts that prove the church is a divine institution, commissioned to teach all men and nations through all time the divine revelation which she has received, and of these we are able by our own light to judge. The authority to teach established, all the rest follows logically and necessarily, as we have just said, as in the syllogism the conclusion follows from the premises. The authority being addressed to the intellect as well as to the will, and a sufficient reason for believing as well as obeying, the lawyer’s principal objection is disposed of, and the acceptance of the faith is shown to be a rational acceptance.

But, conceding the infallibility of the church, since her teaching must be received by a fallible understanding, why is belief on the authority of the church less fallible than belief on the authority of an infallible book, interpreted by the same fallible understanding? You say to Protestants: The Bible may be infallible, but your understanding of it is fallible, and therefore even with it you have no infallible rule of faith. Why may not the Protestant retort: Be it that the church is infallible, you have only your fallible private judgment by which to interpret her teachings, and, therefore, with your infallible church have only a fallible faith?

More words are usually required to answer an objection than are required to state it. We do not assert or concede the fallibility of reason, intellect, or private judgment in matters which come within its own province or competence. Revelation presupposes reason, and therefore that man is capable of receiving it; consequently of certainly knowing and correctly understanding it, within the limits of his finite reason. We do not build faith on scepticism, or the incapacity of reason to know anything with certainty. Reason is the preamble to faith, and is competent to receive and understand truly, infallibly, if you will, clear and distinct propositions in their plain and obvious sense when presented to it in words spoken or in words written. If it were not so, all writing and all teaching, all books and all sermons, would be useless. So far the Protestant rule and the Catholic are the same, with this difference only, that, if we happen to mistake the sense of the church, she is ever present to correct the error and to set us right, while the Protestant rule can give no further explanation, or add a word to correct the misapprehension. The teachings of the church need to be understood, but not ordinarily to be interpreted; and, even when they do have to be interpreted, she is present to interpret them, and declare infallibly the sense in which they are to be understood. But the Bible, from beginning to end, must be interpreted before it can be understood, and, while private judgment or reason may be competent to understand it when it is interpreted or explained, it is yet only a fallible interpreter, and incompetent to explain to the understanding its real sense.

The church interprets and explains herself; there are books, also, that carry their own explanation with them, and so need no interpretation or further explanation; but manifestly the Bible is not such a book. It is inspired; it is true; it is infallible; and is, as St. Paul says of all Scripture, divinely inspired, “profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice, that the man of God may be perfect, furnished to every good word and work” (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17); but it bears on its face the evidence that it was addressed to men who were already believers, and already instructed, partially at least, in the truths it teaches or enforces, and that it was not written to teach the faith to such as had no knowledge of it, but to correct errors, to present more fully the faith on certain points, to point out the duties it enjoins, to exhort to repentance and reform, and to hold up as motives on the one hand, the fearful judgment of God upon those who disregard his goodness, or despise his mercy, or abuse his long-suffering, and, on the other, the exceeding riches of divine love, and the great reward prepared in heaven for those that believe, love, and obey him. No one can read it without perceiving that it neither is nor professes to be the original medium of the Christian revelation to man, but from first to last supposes a revelation previously made, the true religion to have been already taught, and instructions in it already received. This is true of

the Old Testament, and more especially true of the New Testament; and we know historically, and nobody denies it, that the faith was preached and believed, and particular churches, congregations of believers, were gathered and organized, before a word of the New Testament was written.

The Protestant, reduced to the sacred text, even supposing he has the genuine and authentic text, and his private judgment, would be reduced to the condition of the lawyer who should undertake to explain the statutes of any one of our states, in total ignorance of the Common Law, or without the least reference to it or the decisions of the common-law courts. Now and then a statute, perhaps, would explain itself, but in most cases he would be wholly at a loss as to the real meaning of the legislature. Our wise law reformers in this state, a few years since, seeing and feeling the fact, attempted to codify the laws so as to supersede the demand for any knowledge of the Common Law to understand them, and the ablest jurists in the state find them a puzzle, or nearly inexplicable, and our best lawyers are uncertain how to bring an action under the new Code of Procedure. The Protestant needs, in order to interpret the sacred text, a knowledge of revelation which can neither be obtained from the text itself without interpretation nor supplied by private judgment. Hence it is that we find Protestants unable to agree among themselves as to what is or is not the meaning of the sacred text, and varying in their views all the way down from the highest Puseyite who accepts all Catholic doctrine, "the damnatory clauses excepted," to the lowest Unitarian, who holds that our Lord was simply a man, the son of Joseph and Mary, and rejects the church, the mysteries of the Trinity and Incarnation, original sin, redemption, the expiatory sacrifice, regeneration, supernatural grace, the resurrection of the dead, the last judgment, the everlasting punishment of the incorrigible in hell, and the reward of the just in any heaven above the Elysian Fields of the Greeks and Romans or the happy hunting-grounds of the poor Indian. Protestants are able to agree among themselves only so far as they follow Catholic tradition and agree with the church. The Protestant needs to know the Christian faith in order to interpret the sacred text and ascertain it from the Bible, and this he cannot know by his own private judgment or develop from his own "inner consciousness," since it lies in the supernatural order, and is above the reach of his natural faculties. It is clear, then, that in the Bible interpreted by private judgment he has and can have only a fallible authority.

It is not because the Holy Scriptures do not contain, explicitly or implicitly, the whole faith, that, interpreted by private judgment, they give only a fallible rule of faith, but because, to find the faith in its unity and integrity in them, we must know it *aliunde* and beforehand. This difficulty is completely obviated by the Catholic rule. The church has in Catholic tradition, which she preserves intact by time or change, the whole revelation, whether written or unwritten, and in this tradition she has the key to the real sense of the sacred Scriptures, and is able to interpret them infallibly. Tradition, authenticated by the church as the witness and depositary of it, supplies the knowledge necessary to the understanding of the sacred text. Read in the light of tradition, what is implicit in the text becomes explicit, what is merely referred to as wholly known becomes expressly and clearly stated, and we are able to understand the written word, because tradition interprets it for us, without any demand for a knowledge or judgment on our part that exceeds our natural powers. Our judgment is no longer private judgment, because we have in tradition a catholic rule by which to judge, and our judgment has not to pass on anything above the province of reason.

The objection we make to the Protestant rule, it must be obvious now to our friend, cannot be retorted. The Protestant must interpret the sacred Scriptures by his private judgment, which he cannot do without passing upon questions which transcend its reach. The Catholic exercises, of course, his judgment in accepting the infallible teachings of the church, but he is not required to pass upon any question above the reach of his understanding, or upon which, by his natural reason, he cannot judge infallibly, or with the certainty of actual and complete knowledge. He is not required to pass upon the truth of what the church teaches, for that follows from her divine institution and commission to teach the revelation God has made previously established. He has simply to pass upon the question, What is it she teaches, or presents clearly and distinctly to my understanding to be believed? and, in passing upon that question, my judgment has not to judge of anything beyond or above reason, and, therefore, is not fallible any more than in any other act of knowledge.

There is another advantage the Catholic rule has over the Protestant rule. In this world of perpetual change, and with the restless and ever-busy activity of the human mind, new questions are constantly coming up and in need of being answered, and so answered as to save the unity and integrity of the faith. The Bible having once spoken is henceforth silent; it can say nothing more, and make no further explanations of the faith to meet these new questions, and tell us explicitly what the word requires or forbids us to believe with regard to them. Hence, Protestants never know how to meet them. Then new or further explanations and decisions are constantly needed, and will be needed to the end of time. Even the explanations and decisions of the church, amply sufficient when made, not seldom, through the subtlety and activity of error, and its unceasing efforts to evade or obscure the truth, become insufficient, and need themselves to be further explained, and applied so as to strike in the head the new forms of old error and deprive them of their last subterfuge. These explanations and decisions so necessary, and which can be infallibly made only by a living and ever-present infallible authority, can be only fallibly made, if at all, on the Protestant rule. Even the creed of the church, though unalterable, needs from time to time

not development, but new and further explanations, to meet and condemn the new forms of error that spring up, and to preserve the faith unimpaired and inviolate. How is this to be done infallibly by a book written two thousand years ago and private judgment, or without the divine and infallible authority of the church?

These remarks and explanations, we think, fully answer the objections of our legal friend to the belief on authority, and prove that no attempted retort of the Protestant on the Catholic can be sustained, or entertained even, for a moment. We have thus vindicated for him the Catholic rule, and proved that faith on that rule is possible, practicable, and rational, is reasonable obedience, and by no means a blind submission, as he probably supposes. What more can he ask of us? He cannot repeat his charge and say we have not met the question, for we have met it, at least so far as we understand it, and under more forms than he probably dreamed of in urging it. The question is one that meets the inquirer at the threshold, and he can hardly suppose that we could have accepted the church ourselves without meeting it, considering it at length, and disposing of it.

Yet there is one thing more wanting. The method of proof we have pointed out, however sure and however faithfully followed, does not suffice to make one a Catholic, or to give one true Catholic and divine faith, or faith as a theological virtue; it only removes the obstacles in the way of the intellect in believing, and yields only what theologians call human faith —*fides humana*—which really advances one not a single step towards the kingdom of God, or living union with Christ. A man may be thoroughly convinced, so far as his reason goes, of the whole Catholic faith, and yet, perhaps, never become a Catholic. To be a Catholic, one must have supernatural faith, and be elevated by the grace of God in baptism to the supernatural order of life in Christ. Reason can construct no bridge over which one can pass from the natural to the supernatural; the bridge must be constructed by grace. Faith, the beginning of the Christian life, is the gift of God. The method we have pointed out or the Catholic rule produces the conviction of the truth of the church and what she teaches, and shows it to be one's duty to seek, if he has it not, the grace that inclines the will, illumines the understanding, and regenerates the soul.

The way in which to seek and find this grace is pointed out by our Lord, Matt. vii. 7: “Ask, and you shall receive; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.” The way is the way of prayer. The grace of prayer, *gratia orationis*, is given unto all men. All men can pray. He who prays for it shall receive the grace to seek, and he who seeks shall find, and receive the grace to knock at the door of the church, which will be opened to him, and he have the grace to enter into the regeneration, and live the life of Christ. We have no hope for the conversion of any one who does not pray; and we have more confidence in the humble prayers of simple, sincere, and fervent Catholic souls for the conversion of those without than in all the reasonings in the world, however conclusive they may be. When once grace has touched the heart, all clouds vanish of themselves, all darkness is dissipated, all obstacles disappear, we know not how, and to believe is the easiest and simplest thing in the world. To believe is difficult only when one persists in relying on his own strength and will accept no aid from above. Let those, then, who have faith pray unceasingly for those who have it not.

[42] Lib. lxxxiii. quæst. xxx.

[43] *Vide Summa*, q. xvii. a. 3 in c.

[44] The Catholic World for May, 1871, first article.

THE HOUSE OF YORKE.

CHAPTER XV.

VOILA CE QUI FAIT QUE VOTRE FILLE EST MUETTE.

Madame Swetchine says: “The wrongs which the heart resents most keenly are impalpable and invisible.” We may parody this, and say, with equal truth, that the troubles most difficult to bear are frequently those which, to indifferent observers, seem scarcely worth mention. There is dignity, and a certain stimulating excitement, in great affliction and great wrong; but a petty persecution, which we would fain treat with contempt, but which, in spite of us, pierces with small, envenomed points to our very hearts, is capable of testing our utmost endurance. Who does not know how one malicious, intriguing woman can poison a whole community, break friendship that would have stood the test of death, and destroy a confidence that seemed as firm as the hills? The smiling malice, the affected candor, the smooth insinuation, the more than infantine innocence—happy he who has not learned by bitter experience these tactics of the devil’s sharpshooters!

Of such a nature was the earlier stage of the persecution suffered by the Catholics of Seaton. Servants were daily insulted by mistresses less well-bred than themselves. They had to swallow a gibe with their Friday’s eggs or fish; they were entertained with slanderous stories regarding the priest they loved and reverenced. This was, of course, without provocation. Who ever knew an Irish servant-girl who attacked the religion or irreligion of her employers? Workingmen could not go through the streets to and from their work without being forced to listen to revilings of their church. This was carried to such an extent that they soon found themselves obliged to relinquish their open-air lounging-places, where they had smoked and talked after the day’s work was done, and shut themselves into their houses. Nor were they allowed to remain in peace there. Nearly all the Irish lived on one street, running from the bridge up the west side of the river, and called Irish Lane. When it was found that they would not come out to be insulted, the mob that gathered in the streets every evening marched up this lane, calling out to the Irish, challenging, taunting them. But not one word or act of retaliation could they provoke to give them an excuse for the violence which they were thirsting to commit. Father Rasle had given his people stringent orders to remain in their houses, and make no reply, no matter what was said to them, and to defend themselves only if their houses were broken into. They obeyed him with astonishing docility.

When, later, the people of Seaton found themselves covered with disgrace before the country for their outrages on Catholics, they strove to throw the odium on “a few rowdies,” or on workingmen from other towns employed in the Seaton ship-yards; and in a sketch of the town in the *History of Maine*, written since that time, the Catholics are accused of being themselves the cause of their own troubles. Both these statements are false. In the town-meeting, which endorsed and even suggested every outrage that was committed, ministers and town-officers made inflammatory speeches from the same platform with any ignorant adventurer who might hope to raise himself to notice by reviling the church. Those of the townspeople who were not active members of the mob were, at least, passive lookers-on; and when, at length, acts of violence began, some of the most prominent citizens went to see the windows of the Catholic church and of the priest’s house broken, as they would have gone to any other amusing show. But we anticipate.

The prime instrument in this movement was the Seaton *Herald*, which Carl Yorke had left in a sinking condition. The Know-Nothings, wanting an organ, bought it for a song, and put into the editorial chair a man well fitted for the work. Under such superintendence, the paper rose to an infamous popularity. It was no longer a question of religious freedom, and law, and order, but of common decency. Every week the names of quiet, respectable people were dragged into its columns, that festered with lies—their names only enough veiled to escape the law, but not enough to conceal the identity. In a city, there is some escape from this disgusting notoriety—one can hide from it; but in a small town there is no escape. Everybody is known to everybody, and one lives as in a glass case.

Mr. Yorke looked over one of these papers—“looked holes through it,” Clara said—then threw it into the fireplace, dropped a lighted match on it, and watched its burning with his nostrils compressed, like one who smells a noxious scent. “Don’t send another number of your disgraceful paper to me,” he wrote to the editor; but vainly, for the paper came as before, and was regularly taken in the tongs and put into the kitchen fire, except when Betsey or Patrick slyly rescued it for their own private reading.

“I don’t care for their lies,” Patrick said, when Mr. Yorke reproved him; “but I want to know what they mean to do. If a pack of thieves were planning to break into your house, sir, wouldn’t you stop to listen to their conversation?”

The Catholic children had also their cross to bear. The teachers of the public schools, anxious to have their part in the “great work,” were zealous in enforcing the Bible-reading, and careful to see that no Catholic child omitted the doxology which Martin Luther chose to add to the “Our Father” of the Son of God.

Suddenly an outcry was raised by the Know-Nothings. The pretext they had longed and

worked for was given, and great was their joy. The incident was simple enough. The boy who lived with Father Rasle was found by his teacher to have a Douay Bible. He was ordered to take it away and buy a Protestant Bible. "I shall not buy you a Protestant Bible," Father Rasle said. "Use your own, or go without." The child was threatened with punishment if he did not bring one. The priest immediately removed him from school, fitted up the building formerly used as a chapel for a school-house, and employed a young Catholic lady, recently come to town, as teacher. The Catholic children gladly left the schools, where they had, perhaps, suffered more than their parents had elsewhere, and placed themselves under the care of Miss Churchill. How beautiful, how strange it was to kneel down and say an Our Father and a Hail Mary at the beginning of their studies! How delightful to go out at recess and play without being assailed by blows or nicknames! How proud they were when Father Rasle came in to give them his weekly instruction in religion! It was quite different from their accustomed ideas of school-life.

Mrs. Yorke was much disturbed by this arrangement. "Edith will have to give up her new friend," she said decidedly. "I honor Miss Churchill for acting up to her principles, even when it is sure to bring her into a disagreeably conspicuous position; but there is nothing that obliges us to share her danger. When a person comes out of the ranks for conscience' sake, let her stand alone, and have the glory of it."

Edith objected at first, but her aunt insisted, and the girl soon saw that, though it went against her feelings, it was right to obey.

"We are not Catholics, my dear," Mrs. Yorke said; "but it is our duty and wish to protect you from insult. We have suffered in doing so. You know we have given up going to meeting, the sermons were so pointed, and given up the sewing-circle, because we could not go without hearing something offensive, and your cousins find it unpleasant to go into the street even. As to your uncle, his defence of the religious rights of your church exposes him to actual danger. Our life here is nearly intolerable, and this will make it worse if you and Miss Churchill continue to visit each other."

Fortunately, Miss Churchill anticipated this, and herself put a temporary end to their acquaintance—"till better times," she wrote.

"She has behaved well," Mrs. Yorke said, after reading the note. "And now, Charles, I wish that you would show a little prudence, and let events take their course without interfering. Why should you say anything? It does no good."

"From which motive would you wish me to be silent," her husband asked quietly—"from cowardice or selfishness?"

She made no reply, save to wring her hands, and wish that she had never come to Seaton.

"Now, Amy dear, listen to reason," her husband said.

"You know, Charles, it is very disagreeable to have to listen to reason," she objected pathetically.

He laughed, but persisted. "I have heard you say many a time that disinterested and intelligent men were to blame in withdrawing from public affairs, and leaving them in the hands of dishonest politicians. You said, very sensibly, that, if such men were not strong enough to prevent abuses, they should at least protest against them, and let the world see that patriotism was not quite dead. Perhaps, you added, such a protest might shame others into joining you. Oh! you were eloquent on that subject, little woman, and quoted from *Tara's Halls*. The idea was that even the indignant breaking of a heart in the cause of truth showed that truth still lived, which was some good. What do you say, milady? Was it all talk? Are you going to fail me? 'I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.'"

Mrs. Yorke was smiling, and her face had caught a slight color. The repetition of her own sentiments had encouraged her, as the recollection of our own heroic aspirations often does help us in weaker moments.

His wife pacified, Mr. Yorke went out to work off his own irritation. He would not have had her know it, but he had been attacked in the street that very day when stopping to speak to Father Rasle. The priest seldom went into the street unless absolutely obliged to, and would gladly have avoided subjecting any one to annoyance on his account; but Mr. Yorke would as soon have denied his faith as have shrunk from stopping to greet the priest cordially—would have so greeted him, indeed, if a hundred guns had been aimed at him for it. But it was not pleasant. He was a fastidious gentleman, accustomed to respect, and the impertinence of the rabble was to him peculiarly offensive. He had come home fuming with anger, which had not abated while restrained. Fortunately, he found something to scold at the minute he went out. A grapevine, which he had coaxed to grow in that unaccustomed country, had this year put forth its first clusters; by some mistake, Patrick had clipped the leaves off, and left the green bunches exposed to the sun.

"Pat, what fool told you to do that?" his master demanded angrily.

"Yourself, sir!" answered Patrick, without flinching. He had his cause of annoyance also.

Mr. Yorke denied the charge with emphasis:

“It is no such thing, you—you vertebrate!”

Patrick drew himself up with an air of dignified resolution. “Sir,” he said, “I’ve done my duty by you, and you’ve done your duty by me, and I’ve taken many a sharp word from you, and made no complaint. But I’m an honest man, if I am not rich nor learned, and I won’t stand and let any one call me such a name as that.”

Mr. Yorke laughed out irrepressibly. “Well, well, Pat,” he said, “I beg your pardon. You’re not a vertebrate.”

“All right, sir!” Pat answered cheerfully, and went about his work satisfied.

Mr. Yorke, his good humor quite restored, went into the house again.

“Poor Pat!” Edith said, a little zealously, when the others smiled over the story.

“We are not scorning him for his ignorance, my dear,” her uncle replied. “With Charles Lamb, ‘I honor an honest obliquity of understanding,’ and I also honor an honest ignorance of books; but sometimes they are amusing.”

“What did I hear you saying to Mr. Yorke, Pat?” Betsey asked the man that evening. “It seemed to me that you were impudent.”

“The fact is, I was really mad,” Patrick owned. “I’d been downtown, and there I came across the editor of the *Herald*, and the sight of him roiled me, especially as he grinned and made believe bless himself. I’d like to meet him alone in a quiet bit of woods. I’d soon change his complexion to as beautiful a black and blue as you ever saw—the dirty spalpeen, with his eye like a buttonhole!”

Betsey sat on the door-step, and looked up at the stars. “If I’d had the placing of ’em,” she remarked presently, “I’d have put ’em in even rows, like pins in a paper. It would look better. They’re dreadfully mixed up now.”

Patrick looked into the skies a little while, but his mind was on other things than the marshalling of stars into papers of pins. “I’m sorry Mr. Yorke went to that town-meeting to-night,” he said.

Mr. Yorke was, in fact, at that moment rising in the town-hall to speak. The Rev. John Conway had uttered a bitter tirade against the Catholic clergy, with a fierce recapitulation of the affair of Johnny O’Brian, the priest’s boy, and his Douay Bible. Dr. Martin had followed with cooler, but not less bitter, denunciation, and another reference to Johnny O’Brian. A Portuguese barber had made an idiotic speech, and various town-officers, and prominent Know-Nothings, all more or less illiterate, had spoken, and all had seasoned their discourse with Johnny O’Brian. Finally, the Rev. Saul Griffeth had held his hearers spell-bound while he described, in glowing phrases, the inevitable and complicated ruin of the country in case Catholics should be admitted to equal rights, or any rights at all, and had painted a dazzling picture of the country’s future glories should Catholics be excluded. And here again the perennial Johnny O’Brian figured.

In the midst of a cold and threatening silence, Mr. Yorke got up. Never was his voice more rasping, his mouth more scornful, his glance more full of fire. “It was happy,” he said, “for one man that the Reverend Mr. John Conway was not Calvin; for, instead of being content to burn Servetus, he would first have tortured him, till even the flames would have been a relief. As for the Reverend Mr. Griffeth’s companion pictures of the country’s future, they were daubs such as no sensible man would receive as true representations, and the young man who painted them probably believed in them no more than he had believed in the precisely contrary views which he had expressed within a few years in the speaker’s own hearing. With regard to the other orators, he did not know what that illiterate and idiotic Portuguese barber had to do with the town affairs of Seaton, and he congratulated the rest on the possession of Johnny O’Brian, who had certainly been a godsend to them. So long as a shred of that devoted child was left, they would have something to say. But the reasoning in the most of the speeches to which he had listened had reminded him of the Latin of Sgarnarelle, *le médecin malgré lui*. They had put their premises in the middle ages of Europe, and their conclusion in a little New England town of the nineteenth century. ‘*Voilà ce qui fait que votre fille est muette.*’ What, in fact, are we here to talk about?” He then went on to state his own views.

It is said of the French legitimists under the first empire, that in their scorn of the emperor, and their determination to regard him as a foreigner, they used to pronounce his name so that it seemed to be a word of twenty syllables. Mr. Yorke had that faculty. His enunciation was clear, and the letter *r* very prominent, and the mere pronouncing of a name he could make an insult. At first his manner had commanded silence—no one liked to be the first to hiss; but it became too scathing presently, and when one gave the first faint sound of disapproval, the storm broke out. He tried again and again to speak, but they would not hear him. Shouts and jeers arose, and cries of “Put him out! Down with him!”

“Touch me if you dare!” he said, facing them, and lifting his cane. They stood aside, and he walked out, and went home, not very well pleased.

CHAPTER XVI.

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Mr. Yorke went home from that first town-meeting, and opened his Bolingbroke to look for a sedative. He found this: “The incivilities I meet with from opposite parties have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all. Some have cured me of fears, by showing me how impotent the world is; others have cured me of hope, by showing how precarious popular friendships are. All have cured me of surprise.”

Mr. Yorke readjusted his glasses, and read the passages a second time; but it was not the sedative he wanted. There was something the matter with Bolingbroke; his was a worldly and selfish philosophy; and it was, moreover, a discouraging one; for the reader wished to believe that it was possible to awaken and keep alive in the popular mind an enthusiasm for justice. Mr. Yorke was not aware that in this warfare he had drawn nearer to God, and that what he missed in his old favorite was that final, heavenly motive which, running like a golden chain through the simplest human actions, strings them into jewels, lacking which the noblest human thoughts and deeds crumble like sand on the sea-shore.

Closing his book with a feeling of disappointment, his thought glanced down to later times, and he remembered a noble sentiment uttered by one whom he admired, indeed, but half-unwillingly—one of the purest and most heroic men of our time, a man who lacks nothing but faith.

“With God, one is a majority!” said Wendell Phillips.

The thought came down on Mr. Yorke’s heart like a hammer upon an anvil, and sent sparks up into his eyes and brain.

“I take back all that I have said against that man,” he exclaimed, starting up and walking to and fro. “A man who has a vision of absolute honesty cannot help being impatient of policy. Strong conviction never is, never can be, tolerant.” He ran his fingers through his hair as he paced the room, and combed it up on end. He would have liked to go directly back to the town-hall, and perhaps would have done so but for the probability that it was now dark and empty.

“It is not pleasant to be insulted by such people,” he muttered; “but it would be still less pleasant to think that the rascals could silence me. I will be heard at the next meeting,

> ‘Though hell itself should gape,
> And bid me hold my peace.’”

It was some time before Mr. Yorke had the opportunity he desired, though scarcely a day passed in which he did not speak some word for the truth. There was no other town-meeting that summer. The people contented themselves with the weekly scandalous battery of the *Seaton Herald*, and with a small domestic persecution. A few pious church-members were especially active. This was a kind of missionary labor which suited them well, for it gave the pretext of zeal to their bigotry and uncharitableness. If a lady could have persuaded her Irish servant-girl to eat meat on Friday, she would have gloried in the triumph.

“I will not eat of flesh on the day when the flesh of Jesus Christ was hacked and mangled for the sins of the world,” said one faithful girl.

“But nobody knows on what day of the week he died,” the mistress urged. “That is one of the lies of your priests. Now, Bridget”—laying a gold half-eagle on the table—“this money shall be yours if you will eat that piece of meat.”

The servant looked at her mistress with that dignity which a scorn of meanness can give to the lowliest. “Mrs. Blank,” she said, “you remind me of the devil tempting our Saviour when he was fasting.”

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The temptation and the occasion were trivial, but they called out the spirit of the martyrs.

Cold weather seemed to cool the zeal of the Know-Nothings; but with another spring it kindled again, making the Catholic school its principal point of attack. Anonymous letters were written to the teacher, threatening her if she did not give it up. The *Herald* contained, week after week, insulting and scarcely veiled references to her; and the children could not go through the streets unmolested. But no notice was taken of these annoyances, and the school prospered in spite of them. The children came unfailingly, not, perhaps, without fear, but certainly without yielding to fear. They were deeply impressed by the position in which they found themselves. All their childish gayety deserted them. They gathered and talked quietly, instead of playing; they drew shyly away without answering when the Protestant children attacked them. “Keep out of their way, and never answer back,” was the charge constantly repeated in the ears of these little confessors of the faith, and they obeyed it perfectly. Dear children! may they never lose in later years that faith by which they suffered so early in life. Herewith, one who watched and admired their constancy sends them loving greeting.

When the first examination for prizes took place in this school, Mr. Yorke was present, and made an address; and when it was over, he and Father Rasle walked away together.

“I am obliged to go away, to be gone a month,” the priest said. “I must go to-night. But I do

not like to leave my flock to the wolves. There is no help for it, though. The bishop wishes to see me at Brayon, and I must visit the Indians on Oldtown Island.”

“I advise you, sir, to go as quietly as you can, and let no one see you go or know that you are going,” Mr. Yorke said.

Father Rasle looked surprised. “Why, you do not imagine that any person would molest me?”

“I do not imagine, but I am sure that the Know-Nothings would do anything,” was the reply. “It is not safe to give them an opportunity for mischief.”

Still the priest looked incredulous.

“I cannot see why they should touch me,” he said. “I have done nothing to provoke them. They insult us, they tell lies, and I do not resent it. Do you know the stories that have been brought to me this week? I find them amusing.” He laughed pleasantly. “See how they represent the church! A Catholic man, they say, wanted to steal a hundred dollars. Now, to take so much at once would be a mortal sin; but to steal ten cents would be only a venial sin. So my brave Catholic steals ten cents, and, after a week, ten cents more, and so on, till he has the hundred dollars. By this means, he secures his money, and is guilty only of a thousand venial sins, which he gets forgiveness for by giving the priest fifty dollars. That is one of Mr. John Conway’s stories. Here is another that was published in the *Herald*, with my name and the others in full. You know that Mrs. Mary O’Conner’s husband lately died in California. Well, the *Herald* says that the poor widow came to me, weeping and lamenting that she had not even the consolation of seeing her husband’s grave; and I told her that, for thirty dollars, I would have him buried here. She had saved thirty dollars, earned by washing, and she brought it to me. Three days after, I told her that her husband’s body had been miraculously brought, and I pointed out the spot where it was buried, down here behind the church. But I warned her that she must not dig there, as it would be a sacrilege, and that, if she did, the body would disappear. Here’s another: Patrick Mulligan confesses some sin to me, and, for a penance, I tell him to give himself twenty-five blows with the discipline. Patrick goes home, gets ready for his penance, and suddenly remembers that he has no discipline. It is late at night. He puts his head out the window, and sees that Mrs. Mahony, next door, has forgotten to take in her clothes-line, and a fine new clothes-line it is. Pat blesses the saints, creeps down-stairs, steals the clothes-line, and, going back, cuts it up into a beautiful discipline. After he has piously beaten himself, he burns the cord all up, that he may not be known as a thief, goes to bed with a clear conscience, and sleeps the sleep of the just.

“Now, sir,” the priest concluded, “it is not likely that I am to be attacked for such stories as that. Of course, no sensible person believes them; or, if people should doubt, they can easily find out the truth.”

“The truth, my dear sir, is precisely what they do not wish to find out,” Mr. Yorke replied. “They want to be exasperated, and, since you will not afford them a pretext, they will welcome any lie, and no questions asked. Moreover, you are not to think that such slanders originate with the low only, and influence only the low. I came upon a book the other day written by Catherine Beecher. You have heard of the Beechers, of course? The title was *Truth Stranger than Fiction: a Narrative*, she calls it, *of Recent Transactions involving Inquiries in regard to the principles of Honor, Truth, and Justice which obtain in a distinguished American University*. That university is in Connecticut; and the affair was one which created a good deal of stir among the Protestant clergy a few years ago. Miss Beecher seems to prove clearly in her book that certain eminent doctors of divinity, and professors, with ladies of their families, ruined the reputation of a distinguished and innocent woman. But what does Miss Beecher herself do, in the preface to this very book wherein she appears as the champion of ‘honor, truth, and justice,’ spelt with capital letters? She goes out of her way to speak of the Catholic clergy, and asserts that, since their ministrations are efficacious, no matter what their characters may be, ‘there is no special necessity, on this account, to limit admissions to this office to those only who are virtuous and devout.’ Now, the sentence is artfully worded to evade the charge of slander; but almost all non-Catholics interpret it, as the writer wished they should, to mean that, in ordaining a Catholic priest, it is not considered of any consequence whether he is a man of good character or not. It has been so interpreted by every person whom I have asked to read it. I give you another instance: Doctor Martin took upon himself to send Edith some anti-Catholic books, which I returned to him without letting her see them. I glanced into one, and found it divided into paragraphs, each containing a charge against your church, illustrated by an anecdote. I read one paragraph, headed *A Church without a Holy Ghost*. Of course, you were charged with not believing in sanctification; and the anecdote was of a man who became a Protestant after having been a Catholic forty years. When his new teachers told him of the Holy Ghost, he exclaimed, ‘Holy Ghost! What is that? I have been in the Catholic Church forty years, and I never heard of a Holy Ghost.’ Now, sir, this, of course, seems to you idiotic; but a Protestant doctor of divinity keeps such books, and gives them to people to read, and repeats such falsehoods in his sermons. You see what you have to expect.”

“Shall I, then, publish a card denying the truth of these stories?” Father Rasle asked, with an expression of face which showed his distaste for the task.

“No one will read it if you do,” was the reply. “You must leave all to time. At present, for you

to be accused is to be condemned. Who was it—Montesquieu?—who says, ‘If you are accused of having stolen the towers of Notre Dame, bolt at once’? That is your case. Whatever they may charge you with, consider yourself convicted.”

They had by this time reached the priest’s house, a little cottage close to the corner of the two streets. Mr. Yorke declining an invitation to enter, they leaned on the gate a few minutes to finish their talk.

“You must not judge our country by what you see here,” Mr. Yorke said. “What you complain of is merely the abuse of a good gift. A priest of your church has expressed himself very well concerning these difficulties. ‘It always pains me, in such periods,’ he says, ‘to hear men express doubt concerning our institutions. As for me, I would rather suffer from the license of freedom than the oppression of authority. War is better than a false peace; riot better than servitude; heresy better than indifference. But none of these things,’ he adds, ‘is to my liking. And may the good God preserve us from them all!’ That was Father John, an American priest.”

“Ah! I know him,” Father Rasle said brightly. “I happened to travel once in his company. We were in a steamboat, and some minister entered into controversy with him. Catholic Christianity degrades the man, the minister said. The Catholic cannot hold any communication with God. If he should be cast away on a desert island, he would be without God. All must come to him through the church. He has in himself no power to reflect the divine motions. ‘You mistake,’ says Father John; ‘and I can show by a familiar figure; Suppose that every man in the world should insist that his timepiece was correct, and should refuse to regulate it by any other. Of course, the chronometers would all wag their several ways, no two alike, and there would be a ceaseless wrangling as to what was the time of day, and every man would think that he carried the sun in his pocket. To the dogs with the meridian and the almanac! my watch is right! That is Protestantism. Now, the Catholic has his spiritual dial also; but since he knows that it is a fallible instrument, he keeps it regulated by the great clock of the church. The consequence is truth and harmony. Every Catholic conscience ticks alike; and, when the meridian-gun of the great regulator is fired, every man says, ‘It’s twelve o’clock. Amen!’”

Mr. Yorke’s warning was well-timed, for the event proved that Father Rasle would scarcely have been allowed to leave the town without molestation had it been known that he was going. No one knew it, however, but the priest’s housekeeper, Mr. Yorke, and the man who drove him over to Brayon that night.

“I do not think that any precaution was needed,” Father Rasle said to his companion, as they drove through the dewy woods by starlight. “But since it was as easy to come away quiet, why, I have. I have no wish or right to throw my life away.”

Mr. Yorke did not know what had happened till Patrick told him the next morning. The crowd had gathered in the streets, it appeared, and taken their usual promenade up Irish Lane, with the usual result. No one came out or answered them, and they could not see a face in the windows, even. But if the patience of the Irish was not worn out, that of their persecutors was. Since they could not provoke an attack, they would make one. From Irish Lane they had marched to the priest’s house, arming themselves with stones and brickbats.

“There isn’t a whole window left in the house, sir,” said Patrick; “and there’s a stone lying on Father Rasle’s bed, where it was thrown through the window, that would have killed him if he had been there, as they thought he was.”

We trust that certain expressions which Mr. Yorke made use of on hearing this story will not be remembered against him on the day of final reckoning. They were not pious expressions, nor mild, nor, indeed, very polished ones; but they were strong. He put on his hat with an emphasis which left a large dent in the crown, refused to take any breakfast, and started for the town.

“What does he mean to do?” cried his wife, wringing her hands. “I must go after him. Oh! if Carl were here. Girls, it is of no use to oppose me. I must know what goes on.”

The breakfast was left untouched, and the whole household gathered about the mother, coaxing and soothing her. Patrick should go down, they said, and keep his master in view.

“What protection would an Irish Catholic be to him?” cried the lady.

Betsey would go, she declared, standing with arms akimbo and her fierce head raised. She would like to see the man that would stand in her way when she was roused!

But, no; Betsey was too pugilistic. If Mr. Yorke were to see her, he would be irritated. Some one more conciliating and politic was wanted.

Clara cut the matter short by appearing in walking dress. She would go down and see what the trouble was, and send a messenger home immediately.

Meantime, Mr. Yorke was in no danger whatever. People were, indeed, more good-natured than usual after the success of the night before. He encountered mocking smiles, but no threats. His first visit was to one of the selectmen. “What are you going to do with the rascals who broke Father Rasle’s windows, last night?” he demanded, without any ceremony

of greeting.

The man assumed an air of pompous indifference. “I do not propose to do anything,” he said. “If they were brought before me, as a justice, I should try them. But I am not called on to take any step in the matter.”

“Perhaps you were one of them,” Mr. Yorke said bitterly.

The man’s face reddened. “I shall not take any notice of your insults,” he said. “It is well known that those windows were broken by a few rowdies who cannot be found out. The town is not responsible for them. And even if they were known, the feeling of the community is such that they would not be punished. People are so much excited against the abuses of popery, and the interference of the priest in our public schools, that they are willing to see every Catholic driven out of the town.” [Pg 168]

If there was ever a moment in Mr. Yorke’s life when he regretted being a gentleman, it would be safe to say that this was that moment. To talk with such a man was folly. But if some muscular Christian had entered the scene opportunely, and applied to the town-officer’s back a score or so of such logical conclusions as he was fitted to understand, or had enlightened his cranium by propounding to it an argument from an unanswerable fist, Mr. Yorke would, doubtless, have left the office with a smile of serene satisfaction, and a conviction that the dramatic proprieties had been sustained. No such person appearing, he went away with anything but an amiable expression.

His next visit was to the Rev. John Conway. The minister had just finished his breakfast, and came into the room with a comfortable, deliberate air, rather exasperating to a man who was not only indignant, but fasting. His guarded look showed that he expected an attack.

By an effort, Mr. Yorke greeted him courteously, then began: “I come, sir,” he said, “to ask you to raise your voice and use your influence to put a stop to such outrages as were committed last night, and bring the perpetrators of that to punishment.”

Mr. Conway seated himself with dignity, cast down his eyes, puckered his mouth accurately, put the tips of his right-hand fingers to the tips of his left-hand fingers in an argumentative manner, and spoke slowly and solemnly:

“I am sorry that any violence has been done. But when a community becomes incensed by encroachments which threaten their most sacred interests, and when they find that the laws are not stringent enough to afford them security from an insidious foe, we cannot expect that they will act with that calmness and deliberation which is to be desired. I deprecate—”

“You are not in your pulpit preaching to blockheads!” Mr. Yorke burst forth. “I came here to talk common sense.”

A cold glimmer showed under the minister’s lower eyelids, and a flush went over his face; but he had more self-control than his visitor, or he had not that sense of outraged justice and decency which, to that visitor’s mind, made forbearance a vice, consequently he said nothing for a moment. There was, indeed, no more to be said. Mr. Yorke rose and went to the door, but stopped there. Though appeal was vain, warning might not be.

“I warn you, sir,” he said—“I, a Protestant—that your course is not only dishonest, but impolitic. You are working so as to secure the final triumph of those you hate, and to bring about your own ruin. These anti-Catholic mobs are not Protestant, except as they protest against all religious restraint. They hate Catholicism most, simply because it is the strongest religion. You ministers think, perhaps, that you use them; but you mistake. They use you, and they despise you. They speak you fair now, because you stand between them and the law and give them a certain respectability. Indeed, their only power is derived from you. But when they shall have crushed Catholicism, if they ever do, they will have the same weapons you have placed in their hands against you. Do not hope that by the course you are taking you are going to make Baptist, or Congregational, or Methodist church-members; you are going to make infidels.”

[Pg 169] A sense of the utter uselessness of his mission had restored Mr. Yorke to calmness. He spoke firmly, but without any excitement, and, having ended, left the house, and walked quietly homeward. Clara, coming down East Street, and looking anxiously right and left, saw him, and dodged out of sight. With her foot propped on a door-step, she made a writing-desk of her knee, hastily pencilling a line to her mother. While she wrote, three several families peeped and wondered at her through their blinds. She looked about for an Irish boy—saw one, and sent him with her message.

“Run like the wind till you come in sight of the house,” she charged him, “but walk slowly up the avenue, or they will think that you bring bad news, and be frightened.”

“All right, mamma!” Clara had written. “Everybody I meet is as quiet and innocent-looking as a cat that has been stealing cream. I saw papa this minute; I am going up to see Hester, and will be back before dinner.”

Mrs. Yorke kissed and feasted the boy who brought the news; Melicent searched for old clothes, and sent him home with garments enough to last him a year, and both nearly cried over him, “Poor little persecuted dear!” Betsey bestowed on him a pie, and the two Pattens,

having nothing of their own to give, stole each of them a cucumber, which they slyly slipped into his pocket. People who lived with the Yorkes always thought as the Yorkes did. There was never more than one party in their house. Their domestics were partisans, their dependents adorers.

Edith went out into the garden, and gathered some flowers for the lad, talking with him meanwhile. It was a calm June day—after a rain-storm. The sky had started to clear away—got so far that there was nothing left but a pearly fleck of cloud that just netted the sunshine—then had forgotten all about itself. A lovely, dreamy softness overhung the scene, and the drops of rain that lay on every leaf and flower shone, but did not flash.

The boy gazed at Edith with admiration. Her head was bare, and she wore a blue dress, with loose sleeves, and a little crisp white ruffle close around the throat. She stood on tiptoe, and stretched her arms to reach a branch of red roses. As she caught it, a shower of drops fell over her head and face. "*Asperges me!*" she whispered.

"Oh! she's real pretty," the boy said afterward to his mother. "She has dimples in her elbows just like baby."

When the wreath was made, Edith hung it round the child's neck, his arms being full, and walked down to the gate with him. "Try to be a little saint, and not be angry, no matter what may be said to you," she said. "If you are afraid, say the 'We fly to thy patronage, O holy Mother of God,' and she will take care of you. Good-by, dear."

She leaned on the gate, and looked after him. Her cheeks were as red as the roses she had gathered, and her expression was not, as formerly, one of sunny calmness. She was as quiet in manner and speech as ever, but it was the quiet of a strong and vivid nature fully awake, but not fully satisfied, perplexed, yet self-controlled. So much had happened to her in the last year! She had been called away suddenly from childhood, and study, and vague, bright dreams to confront a positive and quite unexpected reality. Unless she should make a vow never to marry, then she was to marry Dick Rowan, that was her conclusion; and having once made up her mind in that respect, she thought as little about it as possible. Perhaps her only definite thought was that Dick might have waited awhile before speaking, and let her study more; for study had now become impossible. She wanted to be in continual motion, to have work and change. A deep and steady excitement burned in her cheeks, her eyes, her lips. Her piety, instead of being tender and tranquil, had grown impassioned. To die for the faith, to suffer torments for it, to be in danger, that seemed to her desirable. She almost regretted that she had home and friends to bind her. If she were still with Mrs. Rowan, in the little house that was under that clay-bank, then she would be free, and perhaps they would kill her. She had scarcely been to Mass that year without thinking how glorious it would be if a mob would break in and kill them all. Her imagination hovered ceaselessly over this subject.

Seeing her uncle coming, she waited for him. "We must make up our minds that we have not seen the worst that they will do, little girl," he said. "There is no law."

She smiled involuntarily.

"Why, are you pleased at that?" he exclaimed.

"There might be a worse fate than dying for one's faith, Uncle Charles," she said, clasping her hands over his arms.

He laughed, and patted her cheek. "Is that your notion?" he asked. "If it is, remember that I have a word to say about it. I shall fight hard before you are made a martyr of. I see what you have been reading—Crashaw's *St. Theresa*:

> 'Farewell, house, and farewell, home:
> She's for the Moors and martyrdom.'

Do I guess and quote rightly, mademoiselle?"

She only smiled in reply. But well she knew that she had been reading from a deeper book than Crashaw.

A few nights after, the Catholic school-house was blown up with gunpowder, and left a perfect wreck. "Of course!" said Mr. Yorke.

"The teacher has taken the children into the galleries of the church," Patrick said.

"The church will be destroyed, then," replied his master.

It was not destroyed altogether at once, however, but every window in it was broken. This was done in broad daylight, just after a summer sunset.

Mr. Yorke put himself before the mob, entreating them to forbear, even trying to push back the foremost ones, but without avail. "Don't listen to him! His niece is a Catholic," they cried. "To the church!"

Two or three gentlemen drove up in their buggies, and sat at a safe distance while the work of destruction went on, and several women lingered on the outskirts of the crowd. In a neighboring street, out of sight, Edith Yorke stood with Clara, and listened to the sound of

breaking glass. For a moment, natural indignation overcame piety in her heart. “Oh! if I were a thousand men on horseback,” she exclaimed. “I’d like to ride them down, and trample them under foot!” Then the next moment, “Oh! how wicked I am!”

“You are not wicked!” Clara said angrily. “I won’t have you talk such nonsense.”

Clara was in that state of mind when she must scold somebody.

Of course the authorities took no notice of this affair. The teacher had the glass reset, and continued her school. Mr. Yorke wrote to Father Rasle, advising him not to return to Seaton for a while, and a lull succeeded.

And now the Yorkes took breath, and felt not quite alone, for Carl was coming home, and Dick Rowan would soon be there, and Captain Cary was coming down.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE STIGMATA AND ECSTASIES OF LOUISE LATEAU OF BOIS D'HAINE.

Since the days of St. Francis of Assisium, whose life in the thirteenth century was one constant succession of marvels, the occasional appearance upon favored individuals of the stigmata,[45] and the occurrence of ecstatic visions, have excited the deepest interest in devout minds.

To the eye of faith, these departures from the ordinary laws of nature, like the miracles which God has vouchsafed in all ages of the church, have seemed fresh and brilliant illustrations of this divine power. To the purely scientific mind they have presented inexplicable phenomena, which, being irreconcilable with natural laws, have been either openly derided or attributed to pious fraud.

Nor can the physiologist be harshly blamed for scepticism in this direction, for history teems with the records of epidemics of religious enthusiasm, in which fanaticism had led its victims to claim repeated ecstatic visions of God, and to be the recipients of supernatural revelations. The descriptions transmitted to us of the Pietists and Illuminati in Germany, of the French and English Shakers, the Welsh Jumpers, and many others of the sects to which the Reformation gave birth, abound in instances of these ecstatic outbreaks.

The visions of Swedenborg, as related in his *Arcana Cœlestia*, and in the numerous biographies[46] of this extraordinary person, are well known; and among similar claimants to supernatural experience, Arnold's description of John Engelbrecht[47] is one of the most curious and interesting.

In Hecker's *Epidemics of the Middle Ages* is given a full account of the "Convulsionnaires of St. Médard," so-called from the cemetery of St. Médard in Paris, where a noted Jansenist deacon was buried in 1727. The fanatical excitement of his followers first showed itself in pilgrimages and reported miraculous cures at his grave, to which they gradually flocked in great numbers, many becoming convulsed with terrible contortions, jumping, shouting, rolling on the ground, spinning around with incredible velocity, running their heads against walls, while others preached fanatical harangues or pretended to be gifted with *clairvoyance*. For more than fifty years these scandalous exhibitions continued, Convulsionism growing into a distinct sect in spite of the efforts of the government to suppress it, until swept out of existence by the greater excitement of the French Revolution.

In many of these cases, the supposition of intentional fraud was doubtless well founded; in others, the ecstatics were themselves the unconscious dupes of their own fanaticism. To appreciate the cautious scrutiny with which the church, however, sifts pretensions of this nature in any of her children, the reader need only consult the lives of such saints as have been thus favored.[48]

The psychological condition or state which is somewhat vaguely termed ecstasy has always possessed peculiar interest both for the theologian and the physician; and, although numerous definitions of it have been attempted, it is extremely difficult to convey to the general reader a clear idea of its distinctive nature. The word itself usually signifies a condition in which the mind and soul is transferred, or placed out of its usual state.

St. Augustine called it "a transport, by which the soul is separated and, as it were, removed to a distance from the bodily senses," and, following this definition, Ambrose Paré, the father of French surgery, terms it "a reverie with rapture of the mind, as if the soul were parted from the body." St. Bonaventure, the contemporary and biographer of St. Francis of Assisium, says that ecstasy "is an elevation of the soul to that source of divine love which surpasses human understanding, an elevation by which it is separated from the exterior man." St. Thomas Aquinas, Cardinal Bona, and other theological writers give similar definitions; while among medical authorities, Briquet, J. Franck, Bérard, Thomas King Chambers, Guislain of Brussels, Clymer, Gratiolet, and many others describe its symptoms and discuss its pathological relations.

Well-marked ecstasy and the stigmata have but seldom been united in the same individual, and still more rarely have these extraordinary manifestations been subjected to the searching tests of science.

It will not, then, be amiss to present the readers of this magazine with a brief description of the most notable illustration in recent times of these marvellous phenomena, as the case has acquired a European celebrity, attracting the scrutiny of many savants, and forming the subject of an interesting memoir[49] by a professor in the Belgian University of Louvain. From his description of the facts, which he was officially appointed to investigate in their scientific bearings, we shall condense the following account.

In the rich and industrial province of Hainault, in Belgium, is situated the village of Bois d'Haine, about midway between the towns of Charleroi and Mons. It is mainly composed of cottages occupied by workmen in the neighboring manufactories; and in one of the poorest of these Louise Lateau, the subject of this notice, was born January 30, 1850.

She is the youngest of three children, all daughters; and their parents were poor working people, strong and ordinarily healthy, and never subject to any nervous hæmorrhagic

disease. The mother is still living and in good health; the father died during an epidemic of small-pox at the age of twenty-eight. Louise, then two and a half months old, contracted this disease from her father, but made a rapid recovery. The family continued to struggle on in poverty, the children's food being poor and scant—"plusque frugal," says Dr. Lefebvre—but they nevertheless grew up robust and healthy. When only eight, Louise was placed in the temporary care of a poor old woman in the neighborhood, while the latter's son was engaged in outdoor work. A little later she was sent to school for five months, learning her catechism and a little reading and writing. In her twelfth year, having made her first communion, she entered the service of her great-aunt, who lived at Manage, near Bois d'Haine, in a certain degree of comfort. In this position she displayed great activity and devotion to her duties, giving herself up day and night to the service of her relative, who died in a year or two. She then entered the service of a respectable lady in Brussels, where she remained only seven months on account of an illness, the nature of which is not described; after this she obtained another place in Manage, where, as before, she left behind her the reputation of devoted courage, of patient toil, humble and quiet piety, and charity for the poor.

About the beginning of 1867, she became more feeble in health without being exactly ill or obliged to suspend her customary work. She lost appetite and color, suffered from severe neuralgic pains in the head, and her skin assumed the greenish-white hue that always indicates impoverishment of the blood. This had been aggravated by a severe attack of quinsy; and on several occasions, during the early part of April of this year, she spat blood, the source of which (whether from lungs or stomach) could not be decided.

For an entire month she now became constantly weaker, taking almost nothing during this time but water and the medicines prescribed for her. The exhaustion increased to such a degree that her death was thought imminent, and on the 15th of April the last sacraments were administered. She now suddenly improved, and so rapidly that, on the 21st of April, she was able to walk to Mass at the parish church, three-quarters of a mile distant. This apparently remarkable cure was the first incident that attracted public notice to her case; crowds of people coming to see her as an object of curiosity.

This period may be viewed as her turning point from girlhood into a woman; and, at her then age of eighteen, she is described as being slightly below the middle height, with full face, very little color, a fine delicate skin, light hair, clear, soft blue eyes, a small mouth, and very white well-shaped teeth.

Her expression is intelligent and agreeable, and her general health is good, and free from any scrofulous or other constitutional taint. She has always worked hard, and exhibited considerable physical endurance. Mentally she is represented as unemotional, lacking in imagination, by no means bright, but of good, strong common sense, artless, straightforward, and devoid of enthusiasm. Her education is limited, although she has improved the elementary instruction received during her brief school term, speaking French with ease and some degree of purity, reading with difficulty, and writing very little, and incorrectly at that. Her moral character is honest, simple, transparent. Dr. Lefebvre and others, who questioned her about her ecstatic visions, repeatedly tried to test her sincerity, but never succeeded in making her contradict herself or tend in the least degree to exaggeration: nor could she ever be induced by her young friends to discuss her stigmata or visions, upon which she was equally reticent with her friends and her family. Of a naturally gay and happy disposition, she has shown in various circumstances much patience, determination, and courage. Amidst many domestic anxieties and troubles, often losing her rest day and night during the illness of her relatives, and falsely accused by her mother (who seems to have been a person of difficult temper) of being the cause of all the family's misfortunes, she remained invariably calm and cheerful. Another of her most striking traits was her charity for the poor; "poor herself, she loved to relieve the poor," and many instances are narrated of her devotion to the sick and helpless during the cholera that raged at Bois d'Haine in 1866. From her infancy almost she was exceptionally devout, and her piety was always practical, and devoid of affectation and display. In her interior and religious life, as in her domestic duties, she was simple, earnest, and discreet.

A recollection of these details of her character and antecedents is necessary for the proper appreciation of the phenomena now to be described. These are of two distinct kinds, having no connection but their accidental association in the same individual; and that they may be more clearly understood, they will be considered separately, first the stigmata, then the ecstatic trances, and, thirdly, the nature of the evidence upon which the extraordinary facts rest.

I.—THE STIGMATA.

The first occurrence of the bleeding was noticed by Louise on Friday, the 24th of April, 1868, when she saw blood issuing from a spot on the left side of the chest. With her habitual reserve, she mentioned it to no one. The next day it recurred at the same spot; and she, then also observed blood on the top of each foot. She now confided it to her director, who, although thinking the circumstance extraordinary, reassured her and bade her keep the facts to herself. During the night preceding the second Friday following, May 8, blood oozed from the left side and from both feet, and toward nine o'clock in the morning it flowed freely

from the back and palm of each hand. At this juncture it seemed impossible longer to keep the matter secret, and her confessor directed Louise to consult a physician.

Recognizing the medical character of the case, the periodical bleeding, and the ecstatic trances which subsequently occurred, the religious authorities felt constrained to place its investigation in the hands of a medical expert, and for this purpose called in the aid of Dr. Lefebvre. A more judicious choice could not have been made, as this gentleman had long devoted himself to the study of nervous affections, and had passed fifteen years in medical charge of two hospitals for the insane, and in lecturing upon mental diseases in the University of Louvain.

Of the minuteness of his examination, and of his credibility as a witness, each reader can judge for himself.

If, during the course of the week, from Saturday to Thursday morning, the hands and feet be examined, the following facts are revealed: On the back of each hand there is an oval patch about half an inch (two and a half centimetres) long, of a more rosy hue than the rest of the skin, dry and glistening on the surface. On the palm of each hand a similar oval patch was seen, equally red, and corresponding exactly with the site of that on the back. On the sole and back of each foot are found similar marks, having the form of a parallelogram with rounded angles, nearly three-quarters of an inch (three centimetres) in length.

On examining these spots with a magnifying-glass of twenty diameters, the epidermis (or superficial layer of the skin) is found to be thin but unbroken, and through it the cutis (or true skin) can readily be seen.

The latter looks perfectly natural, except that the papillæ, or little elevations in which terminate the nerves of touch, are slightly atrophied and flattened, this giving rise to the glistening appearance of the surface. When any one of the stigmata has not bled for a week or two, the reddish discoloration disappears, and the papillæ resume their normal appearance. No permanent marks remain upon the forehead; and, except on Friday, the bleeding points cannot there be distinguished. From a natural feeling of delicacy, the chest was only examined during the ecstasy.

The first symptoms announcing the approaching bleeding usually appear about noon on Thursday. Upon each of the rosy spots on the hands and feet, a *bleb*, or little bladder, is seen to rise and slowly develop. This exactly corresponds, when fully formed, with the size of the patch; and is filled with a transparent serous fluid, sometimes of a reddish tint in those on the soles of the feet and the palms of the hands. The bleb consists of the epidermis detached and elevated from the true skin by the accumulating serous fluid. No swelling or redness is seen in the zone of skin immediately surrounding the bleb.

The bleeding nearly always begins between midnight and one A.M. on Friday, and it does not occur in all the stigmata at once, but in each successively and in no regular order. Most commonly the flow begins from the side of the chest, then in succession from the stigmata on the hands, feet, and forehead. A rent occurs in the raised cuticle, which is sometimes longitudinal, sometimes crucial or triangular: the serous fluid then escapes, and is immediately followed by blood, which oozes from the exposed papillæ. Usually the flow of blood detaches and washes away the shreds of epidermis, and the bleeding surface is left uncovered; but sometimes on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, where the epidermis is thicker, the blood collects and clots in the bleb.

At each of his Friday visits, Dr. Lefebvre examined the stigma on the chest, which lay in the space between the fifth and sixth ribs, external to and a little below the centre of the left breast.[50]

At the first examination, which was made August 30, 1868, the bleeding point showed no trace of a previous vesicle; the cuticle was not detached, nor was the skin discolored, and the blood was seen to ooze from three little points almost imperceptible to the naked eye, and about one centimetre apart. In three subsequent examinations a vesicle had formed like those on the hands and feet; it had burst, and the blood oozed from a circular spot of the raw skin nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter.

Upon four different occasions, blood was observed to be flowing from the head. It was difficult to ascertain the condition of the skin under the hair; but on the forehead no vesicle appeared, nor was there any apparent change in the color of the skin. The blood was seen to issue from twelve or fifteen minute points arranged in circular form upon the forehead. A bandage, of the breadth of two fingers, passing around the head equidistant from the eyebrows and the roots of the hair, would include the bleeding zone, which is slightly puffy and painful upon pressure. On examining these points with a magnifying lens, most of them looked like minute cuts in the skin, of triangular shape, as if made by the bite of microscopic leeches: others were semilunar in shape, and some quite irregular.

The quantity of blood that flows through the stigmata each Friday is variable. During the first months of the flow and before the commencement of the ecstatic attack, it was abundant, and often lasted twenty-four hours—from midnight to midnight—and it was estimated that as much as one litre, or seven-eighths of a quart, was discharged from the nine wounds. An exact estimate of the amount was difficult, from the fact that most of the blood was absorbed by the cloths about the chest and limbs. But, as the result of his

personal observations, Dr. Lefebvre states that at his first visit, August 30, 1868, both the duration and the quantity of the flow had already begun to diminish: beginning at midnight, it stopped about four or five o'clock the next afternoon; yet he counted on that day fourteen large linen cloths (the largest being twenty inches by eight, and the smallest twenty inches by six) completely saturated. Besides this, the left foot was still enveloped during the ecstasy, and there was a pool of blood on the floor as large as two hands. He thinks he rather understates the amount of blood then lost if he estimates it at two hundred and fifty grammes (a half-pint). This, however, he gives as the mean quantity lost, it being sometimes more and sometimes less.

Sometimes the bleeding ceased about midday, and two Fridays passed without any hæmorrhage, the ecstasy occurring as usual. On one of these occasions the stigmata remained unchanged, but on the other the usual vesicle formed, yielding a serous discharge of a delicate rose tint, but no blood. After this the usual bleeding resumed its regular course every Friday, and the bloody chaplet on the forehead, which at first appeared exceptionally, was now displayed each week.

The blood, which was carefully examined, had neither the scarlet tint of arterial nor the dark purple hue of venous blood, but was of a violet red color, like that of the capillaries or minute vessels which unite the veins and arteries. It was of natural consistence, and clotted readily upon the cloths and upon the edges of the wound. With two of his colleagues who were expert in microscopy, Dr. Hairion, professor of hygiene and dermatology (the theory of skin diseases), and Dr. Van Kempen, professor of anatomy, Dr. Lefebvre made several careful microscopic examinations of the blood, which showed a perfectly transparent plasma or blood fluid, with the red and white corpuscles of ordinary blood in proper proportion.

The stigmata are manifestly painful; for, although the girl was extremely reluctant to speak of it, Dr. Lefebvre was satisfied, by careful observation of her attitudes and expression before the ecstasies began, that she suffered acutely.

The bleeding stopped at different hours, as has been stated. On the following day—Saturday—the stigmata were quite dry, with little scales of dried blood here and there on their surface. Not a trace of suppuration ever occurred from the wounds; and the girl, who a few hours ago had much difficulty in using her hands or in standing on her feet, is busily engaged with her morning household duties, or walking a mile and a half to her devotions at the parish church.

II.—THE ECSTATIC TRANCES.

The weekly ecstasies of Louise Lateau began on Friday, July 17, 1868, thirteen weeks after the bleeding was first noticed, although the curate of Bois d'Haine, M. Niels, had noticed before this some fugitive attacks of unconsciousness. He discreetly avoided speaking of them, however, and was careful not to discuss them even with Louise herself. No details of these transient attacks, which generally occurred during some of the great religious festivals of the previous year, are given by Dr. Lefebvre, as he had no satisfactory evidence of them, and was unwilling to trust the observations of others. The marked ecstatic trances recurred every Friday after the date mentioned, generally about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and ended about six in the afternoon, although sometimes lasting an hour longer. Their duration is therefore from ten to eleven hours without interruption; and they generally begin while the subject is occupied with her devotions, although sometimes when she is in the midst of conversation, and occasionally while engaged at her work.

On Friday morning, Louise is accustomed to pass the time in prayer, the tender and bleeding condition of the wounds on her hands rendering work impossible. Her prayers are of the simplest character, consisting generally of the rosary. Seated on her chair, her hands wrapped in the cloths, and her manner calm and serene, suddenly her eyes become fixed, immovable, and the trance has begun. From his notes made on the spot, upon one of these occasions, Dr. Lefebvre transcribes the following description: "It is half-past seven in the morning. I have been talking to Louise upon common topics, about her occupations, her education, her health. She has answered my questions simply, precisely, laconically. Her appearance is quiet and tranquil, her color natural, her skin cool, and the pulse seventy-two in the minute. After a while her conversation flags, and she answers more slowly. I suddenly notice that she has become immovable, her eyes fixed and turned upward, and a little toward the right. The ecstasy has begun." It is worth observing that the instant the eyes become fixed in contemplation, the ecstatic state has commenced; after this the girl answers no questions, and is quite insensible to external influences.

Dr. Imbert-Goubeyre, professor in the medical school of Clermont-Ferrand, has also witnessed the commencement of the ecstasy under like circumstances. His description is unnecessary.

Lastly, the ecstasy may begin while she is at her daily work. On August 13, 1869, Mgr. d'Herbomez, the venerable Bishop of British Columbia, went to see Louise Lateau, reaching her house about eight o'clock in the morning. She was at work on her sewing-machine, although her hands and feet were bleeding freely, and the blood trickled down from her forehead, cheeks, and neck upon the machine, which she evidently worked with the utmost pain. While the prelate was speaking to her, the noise of the machine suddenly stopped, for

she had at once passed into the trance. A number of distinguished ecclesiastics, among them Professor Hallez of the Seminary of Tournay, have witnessed a similar onset of the attacks.

When once established, the course of the attack is thus described. During most of the trance, the girl sits on the edge of her chair, as motionless as a statue, with the body bent slightly forward; the bleeding hands enveloped in cloths and resting upon her knees, the eyes wide open and rigidly fixed as described. The expression of the face is that of rapt attention, and she seems lost in the contemplation of some distant object. Her expression and attitude frequently change, the features sometimes relaxing, the eyes becoming moist, and a smile of happiness lighting up the mouth. Sometimes the lids droop and nearly veil the eyes, the brow contracts, and tears roll slowly down the cheeks: at times again she grows pale, her face wears an expression of the greatest terror, while she starts up with a suppressed cry. The body sometimes slowly rotates, and the eyes move, as if following some invisible procession. At other times she rises and moves forward, standing on tiptoe with her hands stretched out, and either clasped or hanging open like the figures of the *Orantes* of the catacombs; while her lips move, her breathing is rapid and panting, her features light up, and her face, which before the ecstasy is quite plain, is transfigured with an ideal beauty. If to this be added the sight of her stigmata: her head encircled with its bloody chaplet, whence the red current drops along her temples and cheeks, her small white hands stamped with a mysterious wound from which bloody lines emerge like rays—and this strange spectacle surrounded by people of all conditions, who are absorbed in respectful attention and interest—some idea may be gained of what Dr. Lefebvre often witnessed at Bois d’Haine.

About half-past one o’clock, she usually falls on her knees, with her hands joined and her body bent forward, while her face wears an expression of the profoundest contemplation. She remains in this attitude about half an hour, then rises and resumes her seat. About two o’clock the scene changes. She first leans a little forward, then rises—slowly at first, then more quickly—and, as if by some sudden movement of projection, falls with her face to the ground. In this position she lies upon her chest, the head resting upon the left arm, her eyes closed, her mouth half-open, her lower limbs stretched out and covered to the heels by her dress. At three o’clock she makes a sudden movement: her arms are extended at right angles with the body in cross-like fashion, while the feet are crossed, the right instep resting on the sole of the left. She maintains this position until about five o’clock, when she suddenly starts up on her knees in the attitude of prayer. After a few minutes of profound absorption, she resumes her chair.

The ecstasy lasts until about six or seven o’clock, the attitude and expression of face varying according to the mental impressions, when it terminates in an appalling scene: The arms fall helpless alongside of the body, the head drops forward on the chest, the eyes close, the nose becomes pinched, while the face assumes the pallor of death: at the same time the hands become icy cold, the pulse is quite imperceptible, a cold sweat covers the body, and the death-rattle seems to be heard in the throat. This condition lasts about fifteen minutes, when she revives. The bodily heat rises, the pulse returns, the cheeks regain their color, but for some minutes more there hangs an indefinable expression of ecstasy about the face. Suddenly the eyelids open, the features relax, the eyes look familiarly at surrounding objects, and the ecstasy is over.

If the different phases of the paroxysm be carefully watched, it is evident that the intellect, far from being dormant, is very active; although the girl is quite unconscious of what is passing around her, she remembers perfectly all her subjective sensations. Although extremely reluctant to discuss the subject, she was ordered by her spiritual directors to answer Dr. Lefebvre’s questions, which she did—briefly, but distinctly—to the following effect:

When her ecstasy begins, she says she finds herself suddenly plunged into a vast flood of light; figures more or less distinct soon appear, and several scenes of the Passion then pass successively before her. These she minutely but briefly describes—with the appearance of the Saviour, his garments, wounds, crown of thorns, and cross. He never addresses her a word or even looks at her. She describes with the same clearness and precision the characters that surround him—the apostles, the holy women, and the Jews.

Dr. Lefebvre has given a lucid exposition of the state of the different organs during the several stages of the ecstasy, as well as of the chief points of interest of the paroxysm. During the first period—from eight o’clock in the morning until two in the afternoon—Louise remains sitting in her chair, and her organic and functional condition changes but little. The skin is cool; the face retains its usual color; respiration is regular, and so calm that close attention is needed to note the chest movement; the pulse is soft and regular, beating about seventy-five in the minute. Occasionally the heart-beats are more rapid or slower than usual, and the face flushes or becomes suddenly pale: these functional modifications accord with the play of the features, and are evidently the result of the varying impressions of the mind.

From midday on Thursday, when she dines more sparingly than usual, until eight o’clock on the Saturday morning, she tastes absolutely no food or drink of any kind. She feels no need of either, and her stomach would not retain it if taken; for, several times, when ordered by her physician to take certain nourishment on Fridays, it has been swallowed without resistance, but at once rejected. In spite of this complete abstinence from drink, the tongue

was always moist: the great excretions of the body were suspended. Careful attention was directed to the condition of the nervous system, and especially to sensation and motion. To the touch, no tension or spasmodic contraction is perceptible in any of the muscles, and the girl executes no movements but those required for the action of the scenes at which she assists. Thus, at times, she sits up straight, her hands either clasped or hanging loosely, her lips relaxing into a smile, or her face drawn into a frown. If her limbs be moved by a bystander, the result varies; sometimes they preserve the position given, as, when her arms are lifted up, they may retain the new position for nine or ten minutes, and then slowly relapse to their former place. But, if she is lifted to a standing position, great muscular relaxation is evident, and as soon as the support is withdrawn she falls back into her chair. One peculiarity should here be noted: if any effort be made to change her position during prosternation, when the arms are extended and the feet crossed upon each other, a decided resistance is perceptible, and the extremities immediately resume their position.

The exercise of the special senses is completely suspended, as was tested by experiment. The eyes are widely open, the pupils dilated, the lids quite immovable, except when the conjunctiva[51] is touched, which produces a slight winking or contraction of the lids. A bright light or other object may be suddenly passed without effect before the eyes, which gaze vacantly into space.

The sense of hearing is equally blunted, and insensible to ordinary sounds. On several occasions, a person standing behind her has shouted loudly into her ears without exciting the least evidence of being heard. Except upon the conjunctiva, as mentioned, general sensibility seems to be completely in abeyance. Numerous experiments were made to test this fact.

For instance, the mucous membranes of the nose and ears were repeatedly tickled with a feather without exciting any reflex contraction; a strong solution of ammonia held under the nose produced no effect. The skin, being less sensitive than the mucous membranes, was pricked with a needle, and a pin thrust through a fold of skin on the hands and forearm; the point of a penknife was also driven into the skin until it bled freely, without producing the faintest muscular contraction or indication of sensibility.

A still more decisive test was made with an electro-magnetic battery,[52] the electrodes of which were placed on the front of the forearm where the skin is very thin and sensitive, and the strongest possible current passed through the muscles for more than a minute by the watch without eliciting the least evidence of pain, and the electric brush was equally powerless. The poles were likewise applied to different parts of the face, and violent and prolonged contractions of the facial muscles induced, but without the slightest winking or other sign of sensibility or suffering.

Such is the condition of the organic functions during the first part of the ecstasy, but some modifications are observed during the second. Thus, while lying prostrate on the floor, the pulse becomes almost imperceptible, and an ordinary observer would fail to detect it at all, although Dr. Lefebvre was sure it never ceased to beat fully. Its frequency was at the same time greatly increased; so that, when it could be counted, it often rose to 120 or 130 in the minute. The movements of respiration now become more and more feeble, and the closest attention is needed to make sure that they exist, the rhythmical motion of the little shawl that covers her shoulders being often the only appreciable evidence that they are not totally suspended.

Another remarkable fact, which is contrary to the general physical rule, is that the rate of the pulse and that of respiration are directly in an inverse proportion; both Dr. Lefebvre and Dr. Imbert-Goubeyre having proved that, while the pulse rose from 90 to 130 per minute, the respirations (normally averaging 20 to 25) sink to 18 or even 10 in the same period. In proportion as the pulse and breathing become feeble, the skin loses its natural temperature, and is bathed in a cold sweat. As was stated, reaction occurs in ten or fifteen minutes; the pulse regains its force and normal frequency, respiration increases, and the natural standard of bodily heat is restored. The ecstatic thus passes at once from her trance into her ordinary life without any intermediate stage of transition. No headache, stiffness of the joints, or other discomfort is complained of; the intellect is perfectly clear, the expression serene, the face calm, and the body active. At this moment the pulse has been found regular, soft, and from 72 to 75 per minute; respiration of natural strength, and 22 per minute, and the skin perfectly natural.

III.—THE QUESTION OF CREDIBILITY.

The suspicion of fraud seems never to have been entertained by the people who surrounded Louise Lateau. Her straightforward character, her simple and unostentatious piety, and her heroic acts of charity to the poor seemed to them the antithesis of hypocrisy. Of the likelihood of intentional deception each reader will judge for himself from the sketch we have given of her history. Dr. Lefebvre, however, acknowledges without hesitation that when he first visited her he was sure a pious fraud was being attempted which the eye of science would at once detect. Considering that he knew nothing of her and her antecedents, this suspicion, he says, “was natural, legitimate, necessary even; but it soon disappeared in presence of the facts.”

If only the stigmatization be considered, the supposition is untenable, when it is remembered that she was constantly watched by her friends, neighbors, and visitors. How, under such circumstances, could she possibly buy and use the blisters, caustics, or other means of producing the bleeding wounds? But, granting she had all these at her command, how could the ignorant peasant girl—even though aided by two or three accomplices—produce a result which the physician with all the resources of science cannot effect? For it involved the necessity of causing a bloody discharge from nine or ten points of the body, and of sustaining this for a half-day or even longer under the very eyes of witnesses who prevented any repeated irritation of the bleeding surfaces. But when the ecstatic trance is borne in mind, the impossibility of imposture is still more evident. How can we conceive that a young girl, brought up in the hardships of manual work, deprived of all instruction, who has read nothing, and seen nothing, could each week, during an entire day, play the part of a consummate actress; that she could simulate not only the abolition of sight and hearing, but complete insensibility to the most exquisitely painful tests; that she could control functions which are essentially beyond the power of the will, as circulation, bodily temperature, respiration; or that she could suspend those excretions which are at once the most humiliating and the most irresistible evidence of human weakness!

If, then, the problem at Bois d'Haine presented only one difficulty—the stigmatization or the ecstasy—it would be next to impossible to explain it on the supposition of fraud. But this difficulty is incomparably greater when we consider these two extraordinary facts in association. To suppose that both the ecstasy and stigmatization were fraudulent would involve the manifest contradiction of admitting that the hæmorrhage, which required a frequent movement to sustain it for ten, fifteen, or twenty hours, could be maintained during the prolonged immobility of the trance. No one, however dextrous, could play this double *rôle* for eighteen months[53] without detection, although constantly examined by all kinds of people—many of them filled with scientific distrust, and among them more than one hundred physicians. As an example of the uncertainty of her privacy, Dr. Lefebvre states (in a note) that, on the 11th February, 1870, he was unexpectedly passing through the neighborhood, and, as it chanced to be on Friday, he thought he would stop and see Louise. He knocked at the door—was at once admitted, and went straight to her little room without stopping to speak to the family. It was a quarter to four in the afternoon, and she was completely alone, lying prostrate on the floor, with her arms extended as described, and insensible to all that was passing around her. The bleeding limbs were wrapped in the usual cloths, of which he counted nine. The blood which trickled from her forehead was dried; and, lifting up her little white cap, he noticed the circle of bleeding points on her forehead, which presented the usual appearance. The feet had not been bleeding; on the right hand the flow was just stopping, while on the left the blood was still distinctly flowing from both stigmata. Having ascertained these points, he quietly left the cottage without her having been aware of his visit.

As a general answer to the objection of insincerity, Dr. Lefebvre appeals to both moral and physical proofs. As the most convincing of the former class, he cites the general good repute of Louise, which was never doubted, even by those who most resolutely questioned the nature of the phenomena she presented: her brave and humble life, her contempt for presents or money, her simplicity and avoidance of all parade; her extreme anxiety to conceal the first evidence of the stigmata even from her own family. If, as occasionally happened, money or presents of any kind were offered to her mother or sisters, their wounded pride was unmistakable; and when the Archbishop of Malines, after a long examination of Louise, once asked the family if they had no request to make of him, they only entreated that they might be relieved of visitors and left undisturbed.

To meet the physical objections raised to the theory of the stigmata, he tried the effects produced by cupping, caustics, and various blistering agents. The first of these has little or no force; for, besides the difficulty of exhausting the air under a cup upon the hard and uneven surface of the back of the hand, it is necessary to cut the skin to make the blood flow, and, when the amount drawn to the surface flows out, the bleeding ceases at once.

Caustics produce a destruction of the skin at the point to which they are applied, and after five or six days an eschar is detached, leaving a sore but not a bleeding surface; or, if bleeding exceptionally occurs, it ceases very soon, and the healing process is slow and always followed by an indelible scar. This in no respect accorded with the facts observed.

The blistering hypothesis seems less improbable, as this class of irritants produce a special form of inflammation of the skin, during which the epidermis is raised from the derm by an exudation of serous fluid. As this process much more resembled the vesicles that preceded the stigmatic bleedings, it was examined with greater care. The characteristic odor of cantharides or ammonia was never perceived, nor could the peculiar spangles of the Spanish-fly ever be detected with a magnifying lens. Litmus paper, moistened and applied to the wounds, gave no evidence of the application of acids. In addition to this, there was no inflamed areola around the stigmata, as is common around the edge of blistered surfaces, and their development was not simultaneous, but successive; and more than once, in Dr. Lefebvre's presence, the ampulla or vesicle ruptured spontaneously, and the flow of blood instantly began in its usual quantity.

When, however, the vesicle produced by a blister is ruptured, the raw skin is exposed, but never under any circumstances emits a flow of blood. To prove this in the most conclusive

manner, the following experiments were instituted:

On Friday, Nov. 27, 1868, Dr. Lefebvre, who usually adopted the wise precaution of taking with him two or three of his colleagues or other respectable physicians on his visits to Bois d'Haine, in the presence of Drs. Lecrinier and Séverin, applied strong aqua ammonia to a spot about half an inch in diameter upon the back of the left hand, alongside of the stigma, which was then bleeding freely. A narrow strip of sound skin was purposely left between the two. In about twelve minutes a well-developed circular vesicle was obtained, filled with transparent serum. On the hypothesis of fraud, this should have burst spontaneously; but, as it did not do so, it was ruptured and the cuticle torn off, thus exposing two raw surfaces side by side, upon the same hand, and involving the same tissues. The two spots were carefully watched; the stigma continued to bleed freely for two hours and a half longer, while the blistered surface during this period did not yield a single drop of blood. For a half hour it exuded a little colorless serum, after which its surface dried up; on rubbing it with a coarse towel, a little rose-colored serum escaped and soaked into the cloth, but ceased the instant the friction was stopped.

The second experiment, which was still more decisive, was by means of what he calls "the glove test" (*l'épreuve des gants*).

On Wednesday, February 3, 1869, Dr. Lecrinier, M. Niels, the curate of Bois d'Haine, and M. Bussin visited the cottage, and took with them a pair of thick, strong, well-stitched leather gauntlets. After carefully examining her hands, and satisfying themselves that no vesicle or abnormal redness existed, they asked Louise to put on the gloves, which fitted her exactly. A strong wristband being then wrapped five times around the wrist, so as not to leave the smallest interspace between the glove and the skin, it was tied in a double knot, the ends cut short, covered with melted sealing-wax, and impressed on each side with a special seal. To prevent the wax from scaling off from friction or any chance blow, the seals were enclosed in little bags (*bourses en toile*). The gloves were the same for both hands, except that on the right glove the thumb and forefinger were cut short to allow the girl to continue her usual sewing. On the next Friday morning, before seven o'clock, Dr. Lefebvre met by appointment at the cottage Mgr. Pouceur, vicar-general of the diocese of Tournay, and two well-known Belgian physicians, Drs. Moulaert, of Bruges, and Mussely, of Deguze. After each one had satisfied himself of the integrity of the seals, and that it was impossible to slip an instrument of any kind between the glove and the skin, the strings were cut and the gloves removed.

They were full of blood, which also covered the hands. When this was washed off, the stigmata were found just the same as on other Fridays; on the palm and back of each hand the epidermis had been detached; it was torn, and the surface of the skin left raw, and each of the stigmatic spots continued to bleed as usual. Of the feet, which had not been subjected to any test, the right was bleeding freely, while the left was dry.

Lest some subtle doubter might object to this experiment that, by some indiscretion on the part of the examiners, the girl might perhaps have discovered their intention, and applied her secret irritant to the hands before their arrival, Dr. Lefebvre resolved to repeat the test with still more conclusive precautions.

The gloves were therefore again applied on a Tuesday with the same care as before, and the next day were removed for a few moments, and the hands found in a perfectly healthy and natural state; they were then re-applied as before. On Friday morning, they were taken off before a new set of witnesses, when the stigmata of both hands were found bleeding freely as usual.

In his appendix, Dr. Lefebvre states that this glove test was suggested by Mgr. Pouceur, who superintended the theological part of the inquiry at the request of the Bishop of Tournay, and to whose tact and intelligent liberality he pays the highest compliment.

These experiments, and the inferences that they logically involve, convinced Dr. Lefebvre that the hypothesis of fraud in the production of the stigmata was untenable.

It would be easy to show by similar proofs that the ecstatic trances could not have been feigned. But for our purpose it will suffice to recall the reader's attention to the numerous trials that were made to test the subject's sensibility to external impressions. Those made with the electric current alone are decisive upon this point, for it may fairly be said that the strongest and most resolute man could not possibly resist some exhibition of feeling while a powerful magnetic battery was contorting his muscles.

In a subsequent part of his volume, Dr. Lefebvre enters into an exhaustive medical study of the facts observed, the discussion of which would be out of place in this magazine. He shows conclusively that, although they have some points in common, the ecstatic trances essentially differ from hysteria, catalepsy, and other allied disorders of the nervous system; while animal magnetism in its various subdivisions of "Braidism," hypnotism, and electro-biology is equally powerless with somnambulism or the theory of spiritualism to unravel the phenomena presented by this simple peasant girl of Bois d'Haine.

The reader who desires to pursue this inquiry is referred to Dr. Lefebvre's work (pp. 162 *et seq.*) and to Fournier's article entitled "Cas rares" in the fourth volume of the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales*, which is replete with curious information upon the subject of the stigmata.

So convincing are the statements of Dr. Lefebvre, who never descends into the advocate or mistakes his own theories for facts, that the case he narrates has been accepted in good faith, and republished within the present year by two of the leading journals[54] of this country and England.

In one of these, Dr. Day, of London, discusses the probable cause of the phenomena with considerable liberality, while the learned Clymer contents himself with reporting the extraordinary facts.

[45] It is scarcely necessary to explain to Catholic readers that this expression is applied to the marks of the five wounds upon our Lord's body, as described in the Gospel, and illustrated in all representations of the crucifixion.

[46] Among others, White's *Life and Writings of Emmanuel Swedenborg*. 1867.

[47] *Observations, etc., upon Insanity.* London. 1806. Cited by Clymer.

[48] See among others, Salvatori's *Life of Veronico Giuliani*, pp. 100-108, and the exhaustive *Christliche Mystik* of Görres, in which is given a full account of Maria Mörl, the "Ecstatic of the Tyrol."

[49] *Louise Lateau de Bois d'Haine: sa Vie; ses Extases; ses Stigmates. Etude Médicale.* Par le Dr. F. Lefebvre, Professeur de Pathologie Générale et de Thérapeutique. Louvain. 1870. 12mo, pp. 360.

[50] For the unprofessional reader, it may be proper to state that this point is just external to the usual position of the apex of the heart.

[51] The thin, transparent membrane that covers the eyeball, and is reflected upon the inner surface of the lids. It is one of the most delicate and sensitive portions of the body.

[52] This test is often applied for the detection of feigned convulsions, etc., by criminals and other malingerers; its efficacy will be appreciated by any one who has tried to hold the poles of a powerful battery.

[53] That is, from July, 1868, to April, 1870, when Dr. Lefebvre's book was published. In a subsequent letter dated January 13, 1871, to Dr. Day, of London, he states that her condition is in all respects unchanged.

[54] *The Journal of Psychological Medicine*, New York, Oct., 1870. *Macmillan's Magazine*, London, April, 1871.

THE LEGENDS OF OISIN, BARD OF ERIN.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

INTRODUCTORY.

Among the mountains and on the wild shores of Western Ireland are still recited, in the Gaelic, to eager listeners legends relating to Fionn Mac Cumbal and his son Oisin, known to the English reader chiefly under the names of Fingal and Ossian. Some of these "rhapsodies" have been recently published, with an English version, by the Irish "Ossianic Society," and others by Mr. Hawkins Simpson, in a valuable volume called *Oisin, the Bard of Ireland*. Many poems on the same subject are included also in *The Dean of Lismore's Book*, a work consisting of ancient Gaelic poetry, selected from a MS. collection made about A.D. 1514, by Sir James MacGregor, Dean of Lismore, an island in Argyllshire. The early Irish settlements in Western Scotland are largely referred to by the chroniclers and archæologists of Scotland. W. F. Skene, Esq., in his learned Introduction to the Dean's book, informs us (though for Scotland, also, he claims Ossianic poetry) that, during the four centuries in which the great Celtic house of the "Lord of the Isles" held sway, there existed "not only a close political connection between the Western Highlands and Islands and Ireland, but the literary influence was equally close and strong; the Irish sennachies and bards were heads of a school which included the Western Highlands, and the Highland sennachies were either of Irish descent, or, if of native origin, resorted to bardic schools in Ireland for instruction in the language and accomplishments of their art." ... "The oldest of the Gaelic MSS. preserved in the library of the Faculty of Advocates belongs to this period. They are all written in the Irish character; the language is the written language of Ireland; and they contain numerous specimens of the poetry of these Irish masters."

Among the Ossianic poems still chanted in Ireland, not a few consist of dialogues between Oisin and Saint Patrick. They descend from a very remote antiquity, though they have been much modified in the course of ages. The bard, last of his race and clan, is represented as the guest of Saint Patrick in one of his convents. He accepts the Christian faith, though with misgivings, for he fears that he is thus false to the friends of his youth, and now and then his wrath blazes out against the monks, who have no faith in the chiefs of Inisfail. The saint beguiles his outbreaks by praying him to sing the old glories of the land.

Fionn, the father of Oisin, was the great commander of the Irish Feine, a standing army elected from all parts of the country, and invested with privileges which made it almost a kingdom within a kingdom. Individually, he belonged to the Feine of Leinster, the celebrated "Baoigne Clan." Alarmed by the regal attributes assumed by Fionn, all the provincial kings of Ireland banded themselves together against him, and the battle of Gahbra, near Tara, in Meath, was fought, A.D. 286. In that battle almost all the chiefs of both sides perished, including Oscar, Oisin's son, who commanded the Feine. Oscar is always represented as the gentlest, not less than the bravest of the Feine—the Hector of the Irish Troy.

Fionn and Oisin flourished, despite these poetic disputations, nearly two centuries before the time of Saint Patrick! Some have supposed, accordingly, that the Patrick of the Ossianic poems was some precursor of the Irish apostle. But the chronological discrepancy would probably have proved no counterweight to the strength of that instinct which made the national imagination insist on connecting the heroic with the saintly period of Ireland. A theme full of pathos and interest was presented by the blind old warrior bard, divided between his devotion to his father and his son on the one hand, and his reverence, on the other, for the teachers of the better faith—between old affections and new convictions—patriotic recollections and religious hopes.

I.

THE CONTENTION OF OISIN WITH PATRICK.[55]

[FROM ANCIENT IRISH SOURCES.]

When Patrick the faith to Oisin had preached,
He believed, and in just ways trod;
Yet oft for old days he grieved, and thus
Stormed oft at the saint of God.

"Woe, woe, for the priestly tribe this hour
On the Feine Hill have sway!
Glad am I that scarce their shapes I see;
Half-blind am I this day.

"Woe, woe, thou Palace of Cruachan!
Thy sceptre is down and thy sword,
The chase goes over thy grassy roof,
And the monk in thy courts is lord!

"Thou man with the mitre and vestments broad,
And the bearing of grave command,
Rejoice that Diarmid this day is dust!
Right heavy was his clinched hand!

"Thou man with the bell! I rede thee well,
Were Diorraing living this day,
Thy book he would take, and thy bell would break
On the base of yon pillar gray!

"Thou man with miraculous crosier-staff,
Though puissant thou art, and tall,
Were Goll but here, he would dash thy gear
In twain on thy convent wall!

"Were Conan living, the bald-head shrill,
With the flail of his scoff and gibe,
He would break thy neck, and thy convent wreck,
And lash from the land thy tribe!

“But one of our chiefs thy head had spared—
My Oscar—my son—my child:
He was storm in the foray, and fire in the fight,
But in peace he was maiden-mild.”

Then Patrick answered: “Old man, old man,
That pagan realm lies low.
This day Christ ruleth. Forget thy chiefs,
And thy deeds gone by forego!

“High feast thou hast on the festal days,
And cakes on the days of fast—”
“Thou liest, thou priest, for in wrath and scorn
Thy cakes to the dogs I cast!”

“Old man, thou hearest our Christian hymns:
Such strains thou hadst never heard—”
“Thou liest, thou priest! for in Letter Lee wood
I have listened its famed blackbird!

“I have heard the music of meeting swords,
And the grating of barks on the strand,
And the shout from the breasts of the men of help
That leaped from the decks to land.

“Twelve hounds had my sire, with throats like bells,
Loud echoed on lake and bay:
By this hand, they lacked but the baptism rite
To chant with thy monks this day!”

Oisin’s white head on his breast dropt down,
Till his hair and his beard, made one,
Shone out like the spine of a frosty hill
Far seen in the wintry sun.

“One question, O Patrick! I ask of thee,
Thou king of the saved and the shriven:
My sire, and his chiefs, have they their place
In thy city, star-built, of heaven?”

“Oisin, old chief of the shining sword,
That questionest of the soul,
That city they tread not who lived for war:
Their realm is a realm of dole.”

“By this head, thou liest, thou son of Calphurn!
In heaven I would scorn to bide,
If my father and Oscar were exiled men,
And no friend at my side.”

“That city, old man, is the city of peace:
Loud anthems, not widows’ wail—”
“It is not in bellowings chiefs take joy,
But in songs of the wars of Fail!

“Are the men in the streets like Baoigne’s chiefs?
Great-hearted like us are they?
Do they stretch to the poor the ungrudging hand,
Or turn they their heads away?

“Thou man with the chant, and thou man with the creed,
This thing I demand of thee:
My dog, may he pass through the gates of heaven?
May my wolf-hound enter free?”

“Old man, not the buzzing gnat may pass,
Nor sunbeam look in unbidden:
The King there sceptred knows all, sees all:
From him there is nothing hidden.”

“It never was thus with Fionn, our king!
In largess our Fionn delighted:
The hosts of the earth came in, and went forth
Unquestioned, and uninvited!”

“Thy words are the words of madness, old man,
Thy chieftains had might one day;

Yet a moment of heaven is three times worth
The warriors of Eire for aye!”

Then Oisin uplifted his old white head:
Like lightning from the hoary skies
A flash went forth ‘neath the shaggy roofs
Low-bent o’er his sightless eyes:

“Though my life sinks down, and I sit in the dust,
Blind warrior and gray-haired man,
Mine were they of old, thou priest overbold,
Those chiefs of Baoigne’s clan!”

And he cried, while a spasm his huge frame shook,
“Dim shadows like men before me,
My father was Fionn, and Oscar my son,
Though to-day ye stand vaunting it o’er me!”

Thus raged Oisin—’mid the fold of Christ,
Still roaming old deserts wide
In the storm of thought, like a lion old,
Though lamblike at last he died.

[55] The substance of this poem will be found among the translations of the Irish Ossianic Society.

LUCAS GARCIA.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FERNAN CABALLERO.

III.

Lucas, who could neither do nor remedy anything, suffered fearfully from the presence of his sister so near him. Happily, in two days the general left for Sevilla.

But from the hour when she met her brother and he refused to recognize her, Lucia's existence was changed. To her, in the flowery butterfly life into which, at seventeen, she had been almost forced by circumstances, the encounter with Lucas had been like the striking of a bark indolently voyaging, without patron and without compass, to the breath of light and laughing breezes, against the first rock of firm land: the shock had been terrible. In perplexity she asked herself, "Where am I? Whither am I going? Who is this that flatters and shelters me? Who he that rejects me?" In terror she gazed around her: all seemed new and strange, all odious and reprehensible. In her memory—oh! that she had consulted it before!—she found the words her brother had said to her at parting: "Never turn from the right path, though it be steep and sown with thorns. Always look straight before you, for he that does not do this never knows where he will stop." Lucia's wretchedness was augmented by the seeming impossibility of escape from the position in which she found herself. Could she turn back without either encouragement and support, while, by continuing in sin, she would have both? Her natural want of energy made it the more difficult for her to return to the right path, with no help but his who never fails those who seek him with faith and without fear or faltering. The tears she shed tarnished her beauty, and the sorrow that preyed on her heart robbed her manners—hitherto so gay and caressing—of their charm. All this at first annoyed Gallardo, then offended, and finished by exasperating him. Violent scenes took place between the lovers; these introduced discord; and discord, when once it has burst its primitive embankments, filters through whatever others may be raised to contain it.

When the general was recalled to Madrid, expecting to be employed, and thinking that his stay would not be long, he resolved to leave Lucia in Sevilla. She allowed him to go without opposition, for so weary was she of the life she led that any change seemed preferable. She was, besides, very far from possessing the brazen and insolent courage that women of her condition are wont to acquire, and that causes so many of them, when they have ceased to be objects of passion, to be dreaded by the men around whom they have coiled themselves like horrible snakes; making miserable Laocoons of the victims, who often marry them through fear, where before they would not do it for love, and thus render the latter part of their career as ridiculous as the beginning was scandalous.

A worthy manner, truly, in which to fill up a man's existence!

The stay at court, however, of the *young* general, as the papers styled Gallardo, was prolonged. He alternated in various combinations of second-class political intrigues, and allowed himself to be made the conceited tool of one of them, under the full persuasion that he had become the imposing leader of a party.

The general now began to think, with excellent reason, very sound judgment, and profound calculation, that it was time for him to be more considerate. The reader will pardon us the expression, which, in his case, meant to enter upon a life of usefulness and devotion to the interests of the country—without sacrificing his own, it will be understood. Influenced by these grave considerations, our young leader subscribed to newspapers, bought books and read some of them, though he soon forgot precisely which he had read and which not; wrote a memorial on river navigation, and another upon the *Renta del Excusado*;[56] made short speeches as a preparation for longer ones, which succeeded very well and met with the entire approbation of his hearers; and, in the time it takes to say a devout *amen*, exchanged the rakish air of the young blood for the pompous tone of the prominent and influential citizen.

Our friend, as may be seen, had reached his apogee: in confirmation of which—among other sacrifices made to seriousness—he had procured a good cook, and loosened the lacings of his stays.

Nevertheless—since there is a difference between a serious man and a moral one—our hero maintained a sort of toned-down dissoluteness behind the scenes, where he and his intimates entertained themselves in conversations tissued with a variety of subjects, such as the discourse *A* and the scandal *B*; the concordat and the theatre royal; the ministry and the *danseuse*; the bishop and the prima donna; the crown and cards; erected a throne to Tauromaquia; proposed an apotheosis of industry; and passed a vote of censure upon the luxury of novenas.

"Look here, *little one*!" said to him just such another "*little one*" at a breakfast party—where champagne was made to represent the tone of good society that the greater part of the guests lacked—"what has become of *La Lucia*?"

"She was not very well, and I left her in Sevilla," responded the hero.

“Doesn’t it strike you that she is losing her varnish?”

“At twenty-one, man?”

“It is not singular,” remarked the elegant son of a capitalist (the youth had been educated in France). “At that age, one who lives fast is *sur le retour*.”[57]

“The existence of *camellias* is like that of roses,” quickly added another, whose Christian name of Bonifacio they were in the habit of contracting into *Boni*.

Having constituted himself an inseparable copy of the engrafted Parisian, and not wishing to fall behind his model in anything, *Boni* never allowed the capitalist to express an idea without instantly reproducing it in different words, always endeavoring to surpass the original in elegant Gallicisms; in scepticism of the most material, and cynicism of the most approved kind, and in extreme affectation of the fashionable foreign mannerism.

“You ought to place this Lucia *dis*-lucent among the number of the thousand-and-one Didos,” said the would-be Gaul.

“Lay her aside with last year’s *modes fanées*,”[58] the copy hastened to add.

“I cannot do that,” said the general.

“Stale Spanish morality!’” exclaimed the capitalist, bursting into a laugh. “Does the fair creature expect to find an Amadeus of Gaul in a general of the age of enlightenment?”

“Or a Pastor Fido in one who aspires to become a father to his country?” put in *Boni*.

“The fact is,” replied our friend, “that in my connection with Lucia there have been exceptional circumstances.”

“Tell them to us, little one,” said his intimate. “The romantic tale will flavor the coffee.”

The general related all the preliminaries and particulars of his relations with Lucia.

“Don’t you see, general,” said the imitator of the tone Parisian, “that it was all a farce, very well got up, by those *fourbes rustics* to set you on; alarm you; interest you in the girl, and oblige you to take her?”

“That it was all an intrigue of *las étage*?” added the copy of the copy.

“*Apropos* of impositions,” said the capitalist, “I must tell you what happened to me yesterday. A fellow came into my office—”

“Don’t omit,” said *Boni*, “that you were counting an immense sum of money at the time, for that is what heightens the joke.”

“He asked me,” continued Creseus, “if I would lend him two doubloons. I told him that it cost me the greatest pain to be obliged to refuse, but that I had not sixpence by me.”

“If I had not wished to give, I would have sought another reply,” said an old general—uncle to ours—who had lost a leg in the battle of Bailen.

“General,” replied the narrator, “among us, *I have not* is synonymous with *I will not*; even sucking-babes understand it.”

“A synonym which Huertas has omitted, but which is known in these days, even in the Batuecas,” chimed the repeater.

“It could not have existed when he composed his work,” said the general.

“The fellow,” proceeded the narrator, “begged and implored, lowering his demand to the most insignificant sum. I was as inexorable as destiny.” And the millionaire cast around him a look worthy of Cato.

“He was, then, in real need, and not an impostor?” questioned the old general.

“O sir!—general rule—every one that asks is an impostor.”

“Unless he is an intimate friend,” said *Boni*, speaking this time with unaccustomed personality.

“*Ma foi*,”[59] answered the Gaul*ish* Spaniard, “I except no one. Seeing that he was not going to desist, and always with the amiability and delicacy that must be used in such cases—”

“*Sans doute*, the same as in affairs of honor,” said the bad copy of a worse original.

“I told him that, since his necessity was so extreme, I would venture to lend him—not money, for I had none—but something that would be of more use to him in his circumstances. The imbecile thought, perhaps, that it was going to be my signature.”

“Your signature! What one might call the only and unique *sanctum sanctorum* of the disciples of Mercury. A thing so sacred!”

“My dear *Boni*,” said his friend, “*veuillez ne pas m’interrompre*?[60] The fellow’s countenance lighted up. I believe, upon my word, that he had not eaten in three days. Laughing within

myself, although my face denoted the gravest sympathy for his situation, I led him to a closet, took out a case of pistols, which I opened, and, handing him a weapon, said, as I bowed his dismissal, 'Here is a remedy for all your troubles.' My mendicant turned upon his heel and left; and you may be sure that I have rid myself of him, *une bonne fois pour toutes*."[61]

Boni's mirth was overpowering.

Gallardo and the rest of the Spaniards were silent.

"You must positively put this joke into some paper," said the capitalist's admirer, between his paroxysms of laughter.

"*Mon cher, à quoi bon?*"[62] responded the hero of the anecdote, with an air of modesty.

"To show people how to get rid of impostors," answered Boni; "to furnish a specimen of your humor—to let it be seen that you are as richly endowed by nature as by fortune—to give circulation to an entertaining item—and to—"

"And could a paper be found that would print such an iniquity as an entertaining item!" shouted the old general, no longer able to contain his wrath. "Is it the mission of the press to propagate such ideas and sentiments? God help us, sirs, if there is no one left in Spain capable of a blush! Can the press parade infamy shamelessly, and no one be found to repudiate the impudence that relates such a scandal in terms of laudation; or appeal from it to the noble and generous instincts, and sense of public decorum, of good and true Spaniards? Have we become as positive as the written law? In former times, gentlemen, not all gave, but the few that denied did not boast of their refusal. Charity made men sorry to say no, even to impostors, and, having said it, they would have been silent about it for shame. Avarice was looked upon as one of the disgraceful vices which respect for public opinion required to be kept out of sight."

"Uncle, for God's sake!" entreated Gallardo.

"For God's sake what, nephew?"

"Speak with more moderation."

"When I do, look towards Antequera for sunrise."

"Don't feel apprehensive, general," said the capitalist, "*Je sais vivre*.[63] I respect your family, and know how to make allowance for gray hairs and the ill-humor of advanced age."

"Yes," instantly added the speaking shadow, "*carte blanche* belongs to ladies, children, and —"

He was going to add *old men*, but a look from the general silenced him.

"No, nephew, don't be apprehensive," said the latter. "The weapons of a gentleman are for nobler uses than the punishment of insults."

"Come, let us talk of something else," said Gallardo's intimate, anxious to change the subject, but glad in his heart, as were all the other guests, of the lesson the braggart had received from so worthy and authorized an antagonist.

"It is not possible, Gallardo, that you will allow Lucia to be an irredeemable lien upon you. Let me tell you, my boy, that it would be a pretty piece of folly on your part to create an obstacle to your future establishment."

"I don't see that—in order to be a deputy, senator, or—"

"Oh! you're on the wrong tack. Your political ideas absorb all your thoughts; but I have been told—by one of her friends—that the daughter of Don Juan de Moneda,[64] the banker, is quite smitten with your person."

Gallardo straightened himself, and caressed his curled locks.

"Her mother is completely taken with the title of Marquis de Monte Gallardo, which they say you are about to receive, and her father with your capacity."

"We are even there," said the general, "for I am as much impressed with his. To buy—"

"But," proceeded the friend, "he is equally so with your sash and rent-roll. Here, boy, is an opportunity to settle in life."

"Really, I hardly know the kind and amiable young lady who has been so condescending as to think of me!" drawled the extremely flattered Gallardo, privately resolving to tighten his stays again.

"She is very beautiful," affirmed his friend, "and you must know that she rides like a Cossack."

"Oh! Athenaïs la Moneda has the most elegant figure and complexion—so pale!—and the fiercest glances" (he meant haughtiest) "of all the belles of Madrid. She is delicious!" exclaimed the Parisian.

“She has the neck of a swan, with such *serpentine undulating*,” said Bonifacio, quite at a loss for another comparison.

“The most desirable *parte, ma foi*! Her father is worth forty millions, and she is the only daughter,” continued the capitalist, who did not allow his appreciation of beauty to interfere with his devotion to dollars.

“You ought to improve your opportunity, and marry at once,” advised the friend. “These girls with forty millions are more capricious than the wind. They change oftener than weather-cocks, and do just as they please; for millionaire fathers who know only the Castilian have the highest consideration for daughters who have learned French from Sue’s novels, and Italian at the opera.”

“An heiress’s whim is like a flash of lightning. In losing time, you expose yourself to a—”

“To a deception,” said the capitalist, concluding the sentence.

“To a *disabusement*,” said the copy, thinking, with profound satisfaction, that he had, for once, surpassed the original.

“What is your opinion of all this?” asked Gallardo of his uncle, with a laugh, intended to appear jesting, but which betrayed his interior satisfaction.

“Yes, give us the benefit of your wisdom,” said the capitalist, covering his ill-humor with a tone of light irony. “In matrimonial as well as martial councils, the Nestors should be heard.

‘*La face des vieillards est pleine de majesti:*
Leur voix sur l’existence a des secrets intimes.’”[65]

“*Une vieux de la vieille*,”[66] confirmed *Boni*, “is a California of experience; a barometrical and chronometrical counsellor; a universal grammar bound in gold; a—”

“Hush, *Boni*!” whispered the capitalist in the ear of his friend, who, less accustomed to champagne than the others, began to feel its emancipating influence.

Meantime, the old officer stroked his gray moustache in silence.

“Well, what do you think, general!” questioned Gallardo.

“I think that you ought to marry.”

“*C’est clair*,” said the Parisian.

“It is clear,” repeated *Boni*—“as clear as detestable water; and they think of bringing it into Madrid! Will spend millions to do it!”

“*Taisez vous, mon cher*,” entreated the model, in a low tone.

“I am not in the humor,” replied the copy, in excellent Spanish.

“Of course he ought to marry,” said all the rest.

“Let us understand each other, gentlemen,” said the old general. “I think, Gallardo, that you ought to marry, not the mushroom of the millions, but Lucia.”

These words were received with clamorous disapprobation.

“You take advantage of your *rôle* of Nestor, general,” exclaimed the capitalist.

“The hero of former times dotes—I would say *radote*. I propose a vote of censure!” hiccoughed the copy.

“S-s-s, Boni. *Le vous en prie!*[67] Do you want to get another broadside from the disabled old pontoon? Don’t provoke him, for the next time neither prudence nor contempt will enable me to keep my temper,” murmured his patron.

“The general is jesting. A gentleman of his fine delicacy cannot mean to counsel one, in Gallardo’s position, to marry a woman of light reputation,” said Gallardo’s friend.

“I do it because I have delicacy—a plant that strikes so deep when once it has taken root, that neither the silver plough nor the golden spade which cultivates the field of ideas of the present day can turn it out. I counsel a man who has done a wrong to repair it. I advise one who has been the ruin of an honest girl to become her defender. And the more public he has made her position, the more he is bound to set her right in the eyes of others. If the future looks smiling, I counsel it all the more earnestly, that the past may not reproach him. In my days, gentlemen, marriages were not discussed in semi-public meetings. The only counsellors were, according to the circumstances, the heart, the honor, and the conscience. But,” added the old man, rising, “my sentiments are as much out of harmony with yours, as my person is out of place in a reunion of gay young men. Gentlemen, I salute you. Nephew, good-by. Do not ask me to your brilliant wedding if you marry with the million-heiress of the caprices. If with Lucia, I will be your groomsman.”

With these words the noble veteran took his leave.

“Style of an epic poem,” said the pseudo-Parisian.

“Tone of an *elegiac lyric,*” stammered the copy. “One would think the governor had been drinking some kind of palate-skinning Catalan wine, instead of the excellent, exquisite, delectable, delicious—”

“Enough, *Boni,*” interrupted his friend, indicating to him with his foot the urgent necessity of more discretion.

“The general has, so to speak, one foot in the grave, and, naturally, all looks to him *de profundis* color,” observed Gallardo’s intimate. “But we live in a positive age, and must conform to the step of its march; to do otherwise would be to make ourselves antiquated and ridiculous.”

Days followed days, each one bringing to our hero its business, novelty, interest, and forgetfulness of those that had preceded it. Lucia, in the meantime, saw her means of subsistence failing without informing him; for, with the reawakened sentiments of duty and shame, came the comprehension of her guilty dependence, and sense of the double humiliation of soliciting and receiving. She had lived for some time by the sale of her valuables, but this resource was almost exhausted.

“What is to become of me?” she questioned, with more of weakness than inquietude, more inertia than anguish, as she sat one day alone, her head drooping upon her breast. “In forgetting how to work, I have been like the sailor that forgets in a calm how to handle the ropes. What shall I do when all is gone? What can he who has brought me to this be thinking of?”

Her questionings were interrupted by the entrance of the woman of the house with a letter.

“It is from Madrid,” she said, with a fawning smile. “I’ll bet that the general tells when he is coming, and confirms the report of his appointment as captain-general of this province.”

Lucia opened and read the following epistle:

“Dear Lucia: Nothing can last for ever. Mature age brings serious ideas; the life of a man, obligations, circumstances, compromises, and position, duties, which force us to make, in favor of reason and morality, sacrifices that are not the less painful because they are necessary.

“My family has undertaken to negotiate a marriage for me, which will assure me a certain and brilliant future; and matters have proceeded so far that I cannot oppose myself to the arrangement without offending a powerful and respectable family, compromising my own, and causing grave inconveniences, inconveniences which you would be the first to deplore.

“I believe that you will understand the necessity of my establishing myself in life, and will feel neither surprised nor pained. I am equally persuaded, having noticed for a long time how unhappy you seemed at my side, and how little pleasure my presence gave you, that you will not miss me. It may be that another already occupies in your heart the place that once was mine. If you will be happier with him than you have been with me, I trust that I have enough philanthropy to rejoice in your good fortune.

“Adieu. It is likely that we may not meet again; but, believe me, I shall never forget you; and, if I can serve you in any way, command me.”

“Well,” asked the woman, eagerly, “does he say anything about coming?”

“No,” answered Lucia, with the tears raining down her cheeks, “he says that he is not coming.”

Lucia did not feel for Gallardo that which can properly be called love; but, during four years, her naturally affectionate heart had attached itself to him, and could not but be wounded by the cold insensibility with which he had abandoned her.

The harpy’s face, manner, and tone changed at once; for this grief confirmed her suspicions. Lucia’s lover had cast her off.

“Madam,” she said, “certain exigencies, in which I unfortunately find myself, have obliged me to introduce a rule into my house, requiring my boarders to pay in advance. All the rest have agreed to it, and I trust that you will do the same.”

“No, madam,” replied Lucia, “for I am going away to-morrow, and so shall have to give you only what is already due.”

The poor forsaken girl went out that night and sold her wardrobe to a pawnbroker. After satisfying her creditor, she had enough left to pay some wine-carriers for a ride upon one of their mules as far as Jerez, and from there she meant to go to Arcos on foot. At dawn, on the following morning, she passed through the Carmona gate, casting a long, sad look upon the sleeping city—the city that the Bitis serves as a page; La Giralda for insignia, and the verdure of its orange groves for adornment; the city that is at once gay as a village maiden and imposing as a queen; beautiful as a young girl, and full of wisdom and memories as a matron; graceful as the Andalusian of to-day, and chaste and noble as the Castilian dame of olden time.

Lucia found herself in Jerez alone and without resource, but, by favor of her good angel, met

Uncle Bartolo at the inn where she alighted. The visible presence of the former would not have rejoiced her more than did the sight of this old friend of her family, to whom she told the whole of her sad story, adding that now she knew not what to do, since she dared not seek even a servant's place.

"My daughter," said the old guerilla, "you grew vain in the fiend's own house of *Leona*, and forgot that wings were given to the ant for its destruction. If you had shown that wretch a repulsive face, he would not have ventured to do what he did. What motive, will you tell me, could a *You Sir* have for playing clucking fox to a little country girl, but to make of her a mark for shame?

"However," he continued, seeing that Lucia's tears began to flow, "far be it from me to hack at the fallen tree, or double the burden of the ass that is down. The baptism of repentance opens the fold, and your repentance is sincere, because you return to poverty, when, if you had chosen otherwise, profligates would not have been wanting, in the great city, to complete your ruin. Come with me, and I will talk to Lucas. It is his duty to take care of you."

"He will never forgive me, Uncle Bartolo!" exclaimed Lucia sadly. "He has said that he had no sister, and no one can make him say the contrary."

"True," replied the guerilla, "the Garcia heads are harder than anvils. I learned that by experience when your father—Heaven rest him!—married *La Leona*. But this is another thing, for, notwithstanding that your father did so badly, Lucas has turned out well. And it is a great deal easier to yoke two that are united by blood than to unyoke two that the devil has united. We will see, God helping us, and, in the meantime, you shall come to my house; there is no great abundance, but good-will is not wanting."

The next day saw Uncle Bartolo and Lucia travelling along the road which we described at the commencement of our story; Lucia mounted upon a little ass, and the agile good old man following on foot. At nightfall they reached Arcos.

Alas! for the one who, returning to his native place, instead of experiencing pure happiness, feels his heart torn by grief and shame; finds his parents dead, the house where he was born the property of strangers, and sees, in the looks of neighbors, cold disdain instead of the joyful smile of recognition and welcome!

Uncle Bartolo took Lucia to his own house, and, while they were preparing supper, went himself to that of Lucas, who, on receiving his discharge, had returned to Arcos and to his post among the day-laborers, and had, by his aptness and diligence, won so much credit that several profitable jobs and positions had already been offered him. As will be supposed, he had found his father's house sold. But as his kinswoman still lived in it, he hired his former habitation, and she assisted him.

Uncle Bartolo entered, just as Lucas had finished his supper.

"Sit by, Uncle Bartolo," said the young man.

"No, thank you. May what you have taken profit you! Will you have a cigar?"

"It wouldn't come amiss."

Uncle Bartolo handed Lucas a paper cigar, lighted his own, and, with characteristic bluntness, plunged into his subject.

"Lucas, man, will you tell me why you never speak of your sister? Does it appear to you that a sister is a patch sewed on to be ripped at pleasure?"

Lucas, disagreeably surprised, contracted his brows as he answered:

"I have no sister, Uncle Bartolo."

"What! what do you say?"

"I have already said it. 'In my manse they bestow but one loaf.'"

"Go a-walking with your grand talk! I'd like to know what right you have to deny your sister, even though her life has not been what it ought to be?"

Lucas had turned pale, and his beard trembled with repressed indignation.

"Uncle Bartolo," he replied, affecting an air of indifference, "the saying is, 'He that goes away is not counted.' Let us drop this conversation."

"I don't feel disposed to; you may as well understand that. And now, let me tell you that this face of a judge, though it may be the correct one to show to a sinner, is not by any means the one to show to a penitent. Do you comprehend? Your poor little sister is penitent; and you know that

> 'He who sins and mends,
> Himself to God commends.'"

"I have said that I had no sister."

“Don’t be stubborn, for God’s sake! Look here now, soul of an ape! How can you say you have no sister, if he has given you one? Lucas, I have come, and I shall not go away until you forgive Lucia.”

“Uncle Bartolo, don’t pledge yourself to what you cannot accomplish.”

“You are your father’s own son—the one and the other harder-headed than oxen. Juan Garcia and Lucas Garcia: there’s a pair fit for a cart!”

“Why fall upon me, sir, in such a shower of sarcasms? Is it necessary to give so many punches to say that the bull is coming?”

“Because he comes with a purpose, and, ‘when things come with a purpose, more than the ass may fall to the ground.’ I tell you only the pure truth, and you, with your devil’s motto of ‘few words and bad ones,’ what you say has neither form nor sense! But to come back to the subject, for I don’t let go the handle this way when I am defending the right. As I was going to say, your stubbornness is worse than your father’s; because it is not so bad to be determined upon marrying one’s girl as to be determined not to forgive one’s sister. It’s better to do more than your duty than to do less. If your father lacked puncto, you have half a share too much. Your mother committed your sister to you; and you are disobeying the last will of her that bore you!”

“She committed my sister to me, but not the kept miss of a villain.”

“You are soaring as the eagle, which is a royal bird; you pronounce your sentences like a judge of the Audiencia, and make yourself believe that you are wiser than the Regency. But you are greatly out of the way, my son. It ill becomes you to go before God in casting out your sister; your own mother’s daughter, when her misfortune was partly your fault.”

“Mine, sir?”

“Yes, yours; for you threw off the burden like an untamed colt; cast behind you the trust you received from your mother, and, without commending yourself either to God or the devil, shouldered your gun and made off; knowing that for six years, walled up in a uniform, you must lose sight of your charge; knowing, besides, that you were leaving her in a house where wickedness was well established. And so what happened, happened. The past is past, and can’t be mended now; but after this, do you think it is right, Christian, that your sister should have no one to turn to when she leaves her sinful life?”

“She ought to have remembered in time that every uphill has its down.”

“But, my son, is not this to

> ‘See the ulcer, see the woe:
> Shut the purse, and naught bestow’?

This is to have bowels of a pagan toward a poor creature that they pushed and pushed—a child that did not know what they were doing.”

“Uncle Bartolo, ignorance does not take away sin.”

“Do you think, if you had had your evil hour—suppose it for instance, only—and had robbed or done something that had dishonored you, and had gone to your sister, that she would refuse to own you? I’ll be bound she wouldn’t!”

“Well, I should have acted badly. But the case is impossible, for it would have been my care not to put myself in her way. ‘He that touches his own with his leprosy, gives it to them, and does not cure himself.’”

“Lucas, my son, the sentence says, ‘Act with good intention, and not with passion!’”

“And the proverb says that ‘blood boils without fire,’ Uncle Bartolo.”

“Lucas, for the love of the Blessed Virgin! How can he who shows no mercy hope for the mercy of God? Do a good deed, and, when you lie down, though it be upon a mattress of rushes, you will sleep without bad dreams, and as sweetly as if it were a bed of feathers!”

“You are wasting words, Uncle Bartolo. Even if I am condemned for it, I will not hear that vile thing spoken of, and so—stop!”

“Go to, then, *Cain*!” exclaimed the good old man as he rose to leave, “and God set a mark on you as he did on the cruel brother that he cursed! I’d rather have her, with her sin and her repentance, than you, with your virtue and your pride.”

To paint the grief of the wretched Lucia when Uncle Bartolo informed her of the no-result of his mission, would be impossible.

“Holy God!” she exclaimed between her sobs, “only with thee shall I find mercy! Ah! how I loved this brother in the days of my happy childhood, when I was innocent, and he was all my consolation! Then he could not do enough to please me, and used to swear never to abandon me!”

“Come, come, dry your tears, my daughter,” said Uncle Bartolo. “‘The frightened partridge

is the first to get skewered.’ What do you want of an unnatural, without bowels of compassion? You have me, and the roof of my house is not so small that it cannot shelter you. What I have you shall share, and you can help my poor Josefa. She has become a potsherd, and don’t get much rest, for ‘woman’s work is done and to be done again.’”

When the other inmates of the house slept, Lucia kept lonely vigil, and wept the things that had formerly made her happiness—her poverty, her innocence, and her brother’s affection. Wandering in the vast field of her recollections, she found both affliction and consolation in recalling all the particulars of her simple life; every proof of tenderness that she had received from her brother; every hope, withered or dead. With the deepening silence and shadows of the night, her anguish increased. “What shall I do? What shall I do?” she cried, wringing her hands. “I cannot be a burden to this good old man! I cannot stay in this neighborhood, for my own brother’s rejection of me will encourage others to outrage me! What shall I do? I must beg if I cannot find work! Where shall I go? Wherever God may lead me!”

Without waiting for daylight, and silently, in order that her departure might not be perceived by her protector, Lucia opened the door, and stepped into the street.

But she could not leave, for ever, a place so dear to her, without lingering for a moment before the adjacent house. It was the one in which her mother died; its roof had sheltered her tranquil infancy: in it she was leaving the brother that she still loved, in spite of her guilt and his inhumanity.

Lucas was not asleep. Exasperation, a disquieted conscience, and heavy heart had driven repose from him.

All at once, he was startled by the tones of a sweet and tremulous voice near to the street door, singing the romance that he had taught his sister when she was a child. He sprang from the bed, moved by an irresistible impulse, but instantly covered his ears with his hands as if to shut out the sound.

The voice sang:

“Praying in God’s name, sister,
And for his sweet mother’s sake,
Give my little children bread,
And his word in payment take.”

Struggling with mingled emotions of rage and grief, Lucas seated himself upon his couch, and beat upon the ground with his feet.

The voice, becoming all the while more low and quivering, proceeded:

“He takes a loaf, and breaks it,
But throws it down again,
For blood run out of the bread.”

The brother’s heart was choking him, yet, still resisting, he covered his now tear-stained face with both hands. But when the voice, broken by sobs, continued,

“And she that, without pity,
To a sister refuses bread,
To God’s Mother doth refuse it”—

he rushed to the door, and, dashing it open, ran out; and Lucia, with a cry of joy, threw herself into his extended arms.

The next day, Uncle Bartolo remarked to his wife:

“When the devil enters into one, he locks all the doors behind him. But until the last hour, his divine Majesty keeps a postern open in the sinner’s heart.”

[56] Name given to the subsidy formerly levied by the King of Spain for carrying on wars against the infidels.

[57] On the wane.

[58] Faded fashions.

[59] In faith.

[60] “Will you please not interrupt me?”

[61] Once for all.

[62] What for, my dear?

[63] I know how to behave.

[64] Don John made of Money.

[65] “The aspect of the old is full of majesty:
Their words are laden with the secrets of existence.”

[66] An old soldier of the olden time.

[67] “Hush, I beg of you.”

THE LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

NO. III.

But this is far from being the general rule. In 1543, the diary mentions the presence of Muleasses, Bey of Tunis, a Mohammedan, and records his expression of astonishment at what he beheld. On several other occasions, Mohammedans were witnesses of it; some became Christians. Protestant travellers from England, Denmark, Sweden, and Germany have written accounts of what they themselves saw. On four of the six occasions when the writer of these lines was present, he can bear personal testimony to the presence of Protestants.

It is narrated that the liquid blood has been known to solidify instantly, whenever the reliquary passed into the hands of a particular canon, in his turn of office, to be presented by him to the people, or when certain persons approached to venerate and kiss it, and would as quickly liquefy again when they withdrew. A notorious case is mentioned by the Bollandists, and by other authorities, of a prince, whose name, for family reasons, was not given—for the matter was published in his lifetime. At his approach the liquid blood used to become solid. His personal character left no doubt on the minds of the Neapolitans why this happened.

We have already spoken of the notable differences of color, on various days, or parts of the same day. The diary registers them as *bright*, *beautiful*, *vermilion*, *rubicund*, or as *dense* or *dark*, or *blackish*, or *ash-colored*, or, again, *pale* or *yellowish*. Sometimes the whole mass was of one uniform tint. Sometimes there were several tints in different parts, as in 1748, when, as we saw, one portion was blackish and the other ash-colored, the vial being then full, and the blood liquid, as afterwards appeared.

Again, the liquid blood is sometimes quite quiescent, yielding, indeed, to every movement of the ampulla, as water would, but when the ampulla is at rest on its stand, remaining in it as tranquil as water, with a level and smooth surface, and without the least indication of internal movement. Yet often it gives forth a froth or foam, which covers a part or all of the surface, which stains the glass dark or vermilion, and the remains or traces of which may be noticed on the mass when indurated afterwards; that is, if this foaming has continued until a solidification on the altar, or until the reliquary is locked up in the evening. Very often this foaming will cease after lasting half-an-hour or an hour. Its ending and disappearance is as fitful as its beginning.

Sometimes the motion is greater, and of a different character—an ebullition or boiling, as the Italians call it. Portions of the liquid blood are thrown up a quarter of an inch, or more. Sometimes this bubbling has been very violent, some of the liquid being thrown up into the neck of the ampulla to the very top.

On December 16, 1717, it is recorded that, before the liquefaction took place, and while the blood was still hard and solid, “an exhalation was seen to rise from the hard mass, like to a little cloud, and to ascend to the top of the neck.” On 24th September, 1725, “the blood was taken out hard, and immediately liquefied; and three or four times, of itself, it moved round in a circle within the ampulla, although the ampulla was then in its place on the altar, and motionless.”

It is needless to cite any more of the thousand-and-one items of such character scattered through the diary. They all show the sincerity and good faith of the writers, and the care with which the minutest facts were observed, and accurately recorded on the day of their occurrence.

Next to the occurrence of the liquefaction, the most important fact, in our judgment, is the frequent change of volume which the mass undergoes while liquid. We say while liquid, for we do not discover, either in the diary or in our researches elsewhere, any indication of such a change taking place while the blood is in its solid condition. But, while liquid, such changes are so frequent and so great that the diary, as we saw, noticed their absence or *quasi*-absence, during one octave, as something remarkable. The blood is said to be at its ordinary or normal level when it fills about four-fifths of the space in the ampulla, or vial. It has been known to sink below this, but very rarely. Ordinarily it is oscillating in volume, sometimes reaching the neck, or entering it so high as to leave only a thread of light, or even filling the neck up to where it enters the mass of soldering. The extreme distance between the two levels is about an inch and a half, and the volume must increase over twenty per cent. in order to rise from the ordinary level so as to fill completely the ampulla. The days are comparatively rare when some change of volume is not seen, either by increase or by decrease. The change is generally gradual, yet such as may be watched and followed. Sometimes, however, it is quite rapid in the ascent or the descent, or in its alternations of rising and falling; sometimes almost instantaneous—*in un colpo, in un tratto*.

These ordinary oscillations or changes of volume, which occur at any time, may be looked on as the usual and minor form of one general and striking trait or mode of action. When the increase is carried to its utmost extent, the vial is seen to be completely filled; and this fulness, in turn, presents many variations to be studied. We may divide them into two classes. The first embraces all those cases in which the fulness terminates, and the blood

commences to diminish in volume, at any time before the close of the octave; we may call these completed periods. The second embraces all those in which the fulness continues to the end, so that, on the last day of the octave, the blood is replaced in its closet still completely filling the ampulla; these we call incomplete periods.

To the prior class belong, first, all those many instances in which the blood swelled up and filled the ampulla and commenced to sink again in volume on the same day, whether after a few moments or after several hours of fulness. Again, the diary records *three* cases in which it so rose one day and sank the next; *four* cases in which it rose one day and sank the second day after, keeping the ampulla completely full for the entire intermediate day; *six* cases in which there were two such intermediate days; *two* with three, and *four* with four such intermediate days of complete fulness. We have thus nineteen cases recorded in the diary, to which we should add, perhaps, an equal number for the first category. A complete period, so to call it, of the fulness may vary, therefore, from a few moments to five consecutive days.

The second class comprises ninety-four instances of fulness opened and not completed during the octave. The varieties in these are even greater than in the former class. In *nineteen* cases the fulness, or, at least, its last phase, commenced on the closing day; in *five* cases, on the day before; in *nine*, on the third last day; in *eleven*, on the fourth; and in *twenty-two* on the fifth day, counting from the closing of the octave; in *twenty-six* cases, the fulness began on the sixth day; and in *two* cases, as far back as the seventh day, counting from the close of the octave. We have here twenty-eight of these incomplete periods, longer than the longest of the closed or complete periods, just mentioned, still further complicating any question as to the lengths of these periods of fulness.

Whenever, during an octave, the ampulla is locked up at night *full*, it will be found *full* the next morning. When it is locked up at the close of an octave in that state, it will be found in the same at the first opening of the next celebration, months afterwards. We said that the mass changed its volume only when in a fluid condition. We may now venture to add that such changes take place only in public, and never while the blood is closed up in the closet, or *armoire*. In examining the diary very carefully, we find that, in the vast majority of cases, the level of the mass as stated when taken out—whether it be at the ordinary level, or somewhat elevated, or very high, or full—perfectly agrees with the level at which it was stated to stand when last put up, whether the day before or at the close of the preceding octave. In a number of cases, indeed, the diary is silent or obscure on the point; but its language often seems to imply this fact, or to take it for granted. Nowhere does it state the reverse in general terms; and we cannot find a single instance recorded which establishes the contrary. The blood is always found at the level at which it stood when last put up.

These ninety-four unclosed periods were, therefore, prolonged to the next festival, when the ampulla was taken out still *full*. Some of these periods had just commenced on the last day; others had lasted six full days after the day of their commencement. Is there any marked difference in their closing? Not in the day; for they all, with three exceptions, closed on the first day of the incoming octave, if they had run over to May or September, or on December 16, if that was the next exposition. In regard to time, there is no rule. The most numerous class, containing twenty-six instances, varied from *immediately* to *nine hours and a half*; nine times the liquefaction occurred in less than one hour, and nine times it delayed more than three hours—the other eight times it lay between the two. The twenty-two cases of the next highest class present the same diversities of time, from *immediately* to *nine hours and a half*. Nine instances were under an hour, eight were over three hours, the remaining five lay between the two divisions.

The more those periods of fulness are examined, the more clearly does it appear that they follow no system, and can be classified or accounted for by no law. We see the mass swelling and increasing its volume and filling the ampulla, and continuing to fill it for some moments, or hours, or days. We can note the facts; but why this increase? why does it rise so high? why to-day, and not yesterday, or to-morrow? why so long, or not longer? Physical science is as utterly unable to answer these questions as it is to assign a cause for the liquefaction itself, or for the various and varying phases of the blood of St. Januarius.

As was stated in our preceding article, the Neapolitans hold that the proximity of the relics of the head and the reliquary with the vials of the blood to each other, is ordinarily the sufficient and determining cause of the liquefaction. Their whole ritual of the expositions is based upon this principle. The separation of the relics, or their *quasi*-separation, by a veil thrown over the reliquary of the blood, is ordinarily sufficient to terminate the liquefaction and to indurate the blood anew. But, on the other hand, the diary records a number of instances in which the blood, having been found hard, liquefied at once, even before the reliquary was placed near the bust. Several times, too, it has liquefied in the streets, while carried aloft in the afternoon procession of the vigil in May towards Santa Chiara or a *seggia*, although the bust had already been carried thither in the forenoon. So, too, a liquefaction, partially commenced in the *Tesoro* chapel or in the cathedral, has often continued or been completed during the outdoor procession through the streets, on the festival of the patronage, in December.

Another cause or condition, perhaps as important as the proximity of the relics, is, in our judgment, the strong faith and the earnest devotion of the attendants—a faith and devotion in which the Neapolitans, clergy and people, are not surpassed. It was, perhaps, for this

reason, that in the extraordinary expositions of which we have spoken, the liquefaction so often occurred quickly, and, as the Neapolitans would say, *Il miracolo era bellissimo*. The devout strangers to whom the favor was granted brought to it faith and piety. On the few occasions when it was tardy—on none did it entirely fail—there may have been too strong an ingredient of mere profane curiosity. Kings, and princes, and nobles of high worldly standing have often visited Naples, and sometimes sought and obtained this favor of an extraordinary exposition of the relics in their presences, that, apart and with less danger of any intrusion on their personal dignity or comfort, and in the company of their chosen attendants only, they might have an opportunity of witnessing the miracle at their ease. This was the length of their privilege. As for the liquefaction itself, they had to wait as others waited, and, perhaps, because they did not pray as others prayed, they were sometimes disappointed.

In 1702, Philip V., King of Spain, to whom Naples was then subject, visited the city, reaching it on the afternoon of Easter Sunday. On Easter Tuesday, April 18, he was present at a Pontifical High Mass celebrated in the cathedral. After that long ceremony, his majesty passed into the *Tesoro* chapel, where there was to be a special exposition of the relics, that he might venerate them and might witness the liquefaction. “The blood was brought out hard; four Masses were celebrated in succession (about two hours); but the saint was not pleased to work it. The king departed, and the Masses continued. At the sixth Mass, and as the king had entered his carriage at the cathedral door, the blood liquefied. The king returned at 22 o’clock, and kissed the relics in the hands of his eminence in the *Tesoro*.”

However, the diary mentions that he did witness the liquefaction itself at the next regular day in May, with all the people.

Other instances are given in which viceroys and nobles and princes waited until they were tired out. Soon after their departure, when the faithful and fervent people might freely crowd the chapel and pray, the liquefaction would occur.

It is impossible to exaggerate the firmness of their faith or the depth and tenacity of the affection of the Neapolitans for this *their* miracle. Whatever else happens to their fair city, nothing must interfere with their devotion to St. Januarius and the proper celebration of these festivals—neither wars nor pestilence, nor eruptions nor earthquakes, nor change of rulers. Once a battle raging in the streets prevented an outdoor procession. But, within the cathedral, there was a procession through the aisles and nave, and all things else went on as usual.

Oddly enough, the greatest disturber, to judge by the simple-minded writers of the diary, has been—rain. Not that the weather has any direct influence on the liquefaction or its circumstances. Quite the contrary. The blood liquefies all the same, and with as many attendant variations, whether the day be fair or rainy, whether the season be so dry that the farmers are complaining of drought, and prayers have been ordered for rain, or whether it has been raining incessantly for weeks and months, to the injury of the crops, and in the churches they are praying for fair weather; in summer, when the sun is pouring down his almost tropical beams; and in winter, when the procession is confined to the cathedral because it is too cold to go out into the streets, or because the ground is covered with snow. These meteorological changes have no apparent influence on the liquefaction or its characteristic circumstances.

But at Naples they sometimes have terrible deluges of rain—steady downpourings such as one may witness only within or close to the tropics. Sometimes these have come on just at the hour to interfere with the grand afternoon procession of the vigil in May, forbidding it, or ludicrously disarranging it, and forcing monks, friars, priests, seminarians, canons, and people alike to break the ranks and seek immediate shelter in the neighboring shops and houses. However, come what might, at the worst, his eminence, or the highest ecclesiastical dignitary present, with a few attendants of waterproof hearts, would carry the relic, in a sedan chair or a carriage, it might be, to the appointed place. Is it not all punctually set down in the diary; at what corner, or in what street, the procession was broken up, and who then carried the relic on, and whether still on foot or in a carriage, and how many courageously accompanied him? We may be sure that on arriving at their destination they never failed to find the church, despite the rain, and despite the absence of fashionable ones, filled by devout souls, who loved their saint more than they feared even such weather.

Passages in the extracts we have made from the diary, and many other passages we might quote, indicate the feelings of alarm which fill the hearts of the Neapolitans when the liquefaction fails to occur, or is attended by circumstances which they traditionally dread. St. Januarius is their patron saint. This ever-recurring liquefaction is, in their eyes, a perpetual and miraculous sign or evidence of his care and protection. When it occurs regularly, when the liquefaction is complete and the color of the liquid blood a bright vermilion, and when there are no sudden disturbances and only slight variations of level, the Neapolitans are happy. “It is a blessed octave.” They think they have evidence that all will go well with them. If, on the contrary, the hard mass does not liquefy at all, or if the liquid blood appear turbid, dark or ash-colored, or if it rises and falls rapidly, or if it presents other unusual and sinister appearances, their hearts sink, and they are filled with alarm and anxiety. They fear that this is an indication of the displeasure of heaven, and that the chastisements they deserve for their sins may soon come on them. We once heard a learned Neapolitan enlarge on this theme, and cite various instances in the history of his city in

which he showed a remarkable coincidence, at least, between such facts of the liquefactions and the occurrence of wars, pestilence, famine, and disastrous earthquakes, or of other signal chastisements from heaven. We were not sufficiently conversant with the history of Naples either to controvert his statements or to allege other facts to the contrary. It is a subject on which one might go astray, almost as easily as if he undertook to interpret the Apocalypse. But our friend professed to have the history at his finger-ends, and certainly was himself thoroughly convinced of the truth of his opinion.

Travellers are accustomed to tell amusing stories of the impatience and irreverence of the Neapolitans during the exposition, whenever there is an unusual delay in the liquefaction. They charge them with addressing the saint alternately in expressions of religious homage and of bitter reproach, praying and beseeching him one moment and apostrophizing him the next in slang terms of vituperation. Such travellers, we may be sure, are either drawing on their own imagination or on the store of anecdotes they have heard from others. They usually know little of Italian, and are utterly ignorant of the peculiar dialect of the Neapolitan people—almost a language in itself. The only possible excuse for making such a charge would be a stranger's misconception or misinterpretation of the demonstrative gestures they indulge in when deeply moved, and his utter ignorance of the words they are uttering. We opine, however, that the motive, generally, is a wish to parade droll and amusing statements, even if they be neither witty nor true.

We have been assured by many respectable clergymen of Naples, who, of course, know their own people, and often have to chide them, that there is not a word of truth in this charge.

The clergy and the laity of Naples, of all classes, learned and unlearned alike, believe most steadfastly and earnestly in the miraculous character of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. Many strangers who have seen it and have examined it critically have come to the same conclusion. Although the church has not spoken authoritatively on the matter, still the consensus of so many learned, intelligent, and pious persons who have so accepted it—the fact that during so many centuries it has stood the test of time, and that science has not been able to explain it away or to reproduce it artificially—and the very character of the liquefaction itself, with its attendant circumstances, so clear, so plain, and so decisive—all leave no room for reasonable doubt.

To complete our statement, we must, perhaps, go still further back, and inquire how it has come about that a portion of the blood of a Christian bishop, beheaded in the year 305, under Diocletian, and in virtue of edicts by that emperor for the suppression of Christianity, should, after the lapse of so many centuries, be now found in a glass ampulla, or vial, at Naples. To some, this primary fact may, at first sight, appear as strange and as extraordinary, if not as unaccountable, as the subsequent liquefaction itself.

To an Italian Catholic, indeed, a doubt on this head would scarcely present itself. The usages and the thoughts of his ancestors in the faith have come down to him so naturally that they form, as it were, part of his being. He thinks, and feels, and knows as his fathers did before him. In such cradle-lands of Christianity, and among a people that has never swerved from the faith since the early ages of the church, there is what we might term an inherited Catholic instinct, a readiness and a correctness of Catholic thought in religious matters, which those of other lands that received the light of Christianity only at a later period, and consequently have not such a bond of ancestral connection with the Christians of the days of persecution, can only reach by study and cultivated piety. However, even a moderate acquaintance with the usages and customs of those early ages will show in many instances that what some have considered peculiar national traits of perhaps later growth are in reality deeply rooted in the customs of those ancient times; and that many a point, often set down as a fond fancy or a singular product of superstition, is firmly established as a truth, by historical research into their records.

This is the case with the question before us.

As we study the daily life of those early Christians, passed under circumstances so very different from those of our modern life, and strive to realize to ourselves their thoughts and aspirations, their motives and modes of action, nothing stands out in bolder relief than their exalted conception of the honor and glory of martyrdom. In the exquisite pages of *Fabiola* and of *Callista*, the learned Cardinal Wiseman and Dr. Newman have made these early Christians live again before us; and we catch some insight into their enthusiasm on this subject. To them, a martyr, dying for the faith of Christ, was—and truthfully—a hero of the highest grade. *Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.* John xv. 13.

They could never sufficiently honor him. For, honor him as they might, all they could do would fall infinitely short of the honor which God had already bestowed on his soul in heaven, and that which he would bestow on his body in the resurrection. A martyr's blood, in their view, stood next in rank to the blood of the Saviour.

Their daily life made martyrdom the prominent subject of their thoughts. Day after day, they saw their brethren seized, imprisoned, tortured, and put to death for the faith. Each day, any one of themselves might be seized and led to martyrdom. The greatest of all triumphs, and the surest passport to everlasting bliss, was to persevere unto the end in that conflict; the greatest of all misfortunes was to fail and renounce or deny the faith for fear of death. Each

one strove to hold himself ever ready for the trial. Their pastoral injunctions; their mutual exhortations; their most precious literature—the *Acta Martyrum*; the ornamentation of their chapels and crypts, still visible in the frescoes of the catacombs; the site of their chosen sanctuaries, amid the tombs of their martyred brethren; the very altars at which they worshipped; the tombs of their more glorious martyrs—everything co-operated to keep alive this high esteem of martyrdom, and to stir up their hearts to courage, and even to a yearning for so glorious a crown, and so happy an ending of this life of trials and sorrow.

While a confessor of Christ, as they called him, lay still in chains, they used every means to enter the prison and to visit him—sometimes availing themselves of legal rights, sometimes under various pretexts, sometimes by bribery; when these would all fail, then by stealth and at every risk. For he was to be strengthened by the sacraments and encouraged by their words, or they were to be strengthened by his example; and especially they would not lose the opportunity of commending themselves to his prayers, and of seeking the blessing of a chosen friend of God.

When he was led forth to trial, or to torture, or to death, they would glide in among the crowd pressing around him, that he might be cheered and sustained by the sight of Christian faces or by their outspoken exhortations, and that they might catch and embalm in their hearts every courageous word of faith he spoke to his judges, to the executioners, and to themselves or to the crowd, and afterward be able to bear testimony and to record the heroic triumph of another martyr.

After his death, they spared no effort to obtain possession of his mortal remains, as of a most precious treasure. Their very earnestness on this point was not unfrequently made an occasion of aggravating the sentence. After execution, so the judge would order, the body must not be delivered to his friends, according to ordinary usage. These obstinate and fanatical Christians must be thwarted in their dearest wish, or, rather, in their criminal purpose, of honoring one whom the laws had sentenced to an ignominious death. Let the body be burned, and the ashes be cast to the winds or to the running streams; or let the vultures and ravenous dogs consume it; or let it be sunk by weights in deep waters; let it be done away with in some manner, so that the hated Christians be balked of their purpose.

At times this was successfully done. Often, however—even despite these orders—entreaties and bribes to the soldiers and executioners would prevail to obtain the body, or at least the fragments of it. If they failed, stratagems would be used, and persevering search made, even at great personal risk, to recover it. Very often, as the martyrologies and *Acta Martyrum* tell us, it was in such attempts that the Christians were discovered, apprehended, and themselves condemned as fresh victims.

When the execution was by beheading or dismemberment, or such other mode as caused the effusion of blood, the Christians were careful to gather this up in any way they could. Not unfrequently it was all they could recover. Cloths and sponges sucked it up from the hard pavement of wood or stones. The earth saturated with it was carefully gathered up and borne away, that at home and at leisure they might carefully separate the blood from the earthy matter, and place it reverently in some vase, ordinarily of glass, sometimes of earthen ware, and in a few instances of bronze. Sometimes a portion of sponge or of cloth so saturated would be kept as a precious jewel in a locket of silver or gold, and be preserved in the oratory or chapel of a Christian household, or even be reverently borne on the person. Ordinarily, however, the vials or vases into which the martyrs' blood had been gathered, or the open vases containing the saturated sponge or the bundle of blood-stained cloths, would be placed with the body in the tomb; or the vials might be built into the masonry of the tomb, near the head, in such a way as to be partially visible from without.

The *Acta Martyrum*—the official records of the sufferings, death, and deposition or burial of the martyrs, written out at the time by appointed officers of the church—bear frequent testimony to the widespread existence of this custom. Other Christian writings, in prose and in poetry, refer to it frequently. We find it prevailing at Rome and in all Italy, in Carthage, in Sebaste, in Nicomedia, in Gaul, and throughout the church. It was the universal custom.

About the time when the body of St. Januarius was transported from the original tomb where it had been laid during the persecution, to the church of St. Januarius, *extra muros*, at Naples, similar translations of the bodies of martyrs took place elsewhere. St. Ambrose, the great Bishop of Milan, gives an account of such a ceremony for the martyrs St. Gervase and St. Protasius, and again for the martyrs St. Vitalis and St. Agricola. He mentions finding in the tombs, in both cases, the blood of the martyrs which had been gathered and placed there. St. Gaudentius, Bishop of Brixia, about the same time, mentions a similar fact. Some centuries later, the northern barbarians were making raids into Italy, and had repeatedly broken into and desecrated the sepulchres in the catacombs, either in mere wantonness or in search for the treasures which they thought might be hidden there. In order to save the venerated relics of the martyrs from such outrages, the popes opened the tombs of the martyrs in the portions of the catacombs then accessible—a great portion being already closed up, either by the falling in of the roof or by the act of the Christians centuries before—and transferred the remains to the churches within the city for greater safety. In opening the tombs, these vases were often found, and hundreds of them are now in the churches or in the sacred museums of Rome. Three centuries ago, Bosio, and after him Aringhi, Boldetti, Mamachi, and others, penetrated into the catacombs, searched them anew, and came upon

some of those portions which had not been disturbed at the time of the general removal. In such portions not a few unopened and undisturbed tombs of martyrs were found. Within lay the remains of the body—bones and dust—with sometimes the rusted fragments of the instrument of death, and frequently the vial, or ampulla, of the martyr's blood. During the last forty years, the work of investigating the catacombs, which had been intermitted, has been taken up afresh and prosecuted with earnestness and skill by F. Marchi, Cav. de Rossi, and other eminent archæologists. They still come occasionally across the tombs of martyrs, evidently untouched since the day of deposition, and within them, or in the mortar by the head, the vases of blood are still found. Where these vials are so placed in the mortar as to be visible and accessible from without, the thin glass has generally been broken. But the bottom still remains firmly set in the mortar, and contains or is covered to some extent by a thin, dry, reddish crust adhering to it. This crust or film is all that is left of the blood the vase originally contained. Vials, or ampullæ, in the interior of the tombs are of course perfectly preserved. It is indeed interesting to look on one of them, and to mark exactly the line to which the liquid blood once reached, and the purple hue of the sediment or crust now left, with its brighter or darker shades of color, perhaps from the character of the blood, more probably from the thickness or thinness of the crust itself. Under all the accumulated evidence, one scarcely needs to read the rude inscription found and still legible, although only scratched in the mortar when it was soft: SANGUIS, or SANG: SATURNINI, *The blood of Saturninus*. We know that this is blood which once flowed from a martyr's veins, in testimony of his faith in Christ our Lord.

In the 17th century, when Bosio, Boldetti, and others brought out such vases from the catacombs, and special attention was directed to them, the nature of this dry reddish crust adhering to the interior was examined chemically. There was no discordance in the results obtained.

Among those who made such an examination was the celebrated Leibnitz, a Protestant, among the ablest and most learned men of that age. He gives an account of his process, and the decision at which he arrived: *This coloring matter on the glass is sanguineous*. Some years ago, the present Pontiff, Pius IX., had a new analysis made according to the fullest and most accurate tests of modern chemistry. The answer was still the same: This substance is, so far as chemistry can decide, precisely what ought to remain as the residuum of human blood.

It is clear that, both as to the custom of the early Christians of carefully gathering up the blood of their martyrs, of placing it in ampullæ, or vases, and religiously preserving it, and likewise as to the identification of the ampullæ themselves, the testimony is all that can be desired. Bosio, Aringhi, Boldetti, Mamachi, Gaume, Marchi, Raoul-Rochette, De Rossi, Perret—all who have studied the question, are unanimous in recognizing these numerous old Roman vials, or ampullæ, still found in the catacombs and tombs or preserved in the churches, as the identical vials, or ampullæ, so used by the ancient Christians. On this point, there remains not the slightest room for doubt.

It is therefore but reasonable that there should exist in Naples a vial, or ampulla, of the blood of St. Januarius. He was in his day a distinguished bishop of the church. His martyrdom was public, and attracted the attention of the Christians. It was by beheading. There was no conceivable reason why the Christians should omit in that instance what they were universally so careful to do in such cases. On the contrary, to judge from the ancient accounts we have of the martyrdom of St. Januarius and his six companions, the Christians found no extraordinary difficulty in obtaining the bodies, and entombing them in their usual mode. When, eighty or ninety years later, the church had been firmly established in peace, the body of St. Januarius was taken from the original tomb and brought to Naples, as the bodies of the others were taken to the various churches which claimed them.

The very presence, therefore, of an ampulla in the custody of the church of Naples, together with the other relics of St. Januarius, is under the circumstances *prima facie* evidence of its own authenticity—evidence which cannot be impugned, except by attempting to overturn a well-known and universally admitted usage of the early Christian church, or else by a supposition, equally gratuitous and absurd, that the ampulla which originally was in existence, and was prized beyond measure and carefully preserved, was somehow lost, and another fraudulently substituted in its stead. We need not recur to the olden traditions of the church of Naples or its legends concerning this relic—traditions and legends found, too, we believe, among the Greeks, whose intercourse with Magna Grecia, as Southern Italy was called, was more intimate and continued longer than with any other portion of Italy. We scarcely need the testimony of *Fabius Jordanus*, quoted by Caraccioli, going to show that, so far back as A.D. 685, it was the custom of the clergy of Naples to bear the relics of the head.

The historical evidence in favor of the genuineness of the relic is ample and satisfactory. There would not be a moment's hesitation on the point but for the very vain hope which some minds may entertain that, by declining to admit the genuineness of the blood, they will somehow escape the difficulties of the liquefaction. As if the liquefaction of any other substance, with all the circumstances which characterize the liquefaction at Naples, as we have set them forth in our previous articles, would not be for them as hard if not a harder nut to crack than the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius!

Having, therefore, established the genuineness of the relic, the next question which presents

itself is this: Are we to attribute the amount of the blood still to be seen within the ampulla when at its ordinary level, and its condition when hard, to the continuous action of natural causes; or are we to recognize in those points the effects of that supernatural force to which the liquefaction itself is to be attributed? Would or would not the agency of natural causes have resulted in a greater reduction of the original volume of the blood, and in a far different condition of the residuum, at the present time?

We know pretty accurately the composition of human blood. The proportions of the several ingredients going to constitute it may vary somewhat according to the health and the food of individuals. Without entering into the refined, and as yet not fully accepted results of the latest qualitative analysis, it will be sufficient to give the following table of the constituents of the healthy blood of man:

serum,			869·15
Water,		790·37	
Albumen,		67·80	
Oxygen,			
Nitrogen,			
Carbonic acid,		10·98	
Extractive matters,			
Salts,			
Coloring matter,			
clot,			130·85
Fibrine,		2·95	
Hæmatine,	2·27		
Globuline,	125·63		
Blood globules,		127·90	
		1,000·00	1,000·00

Water constitutes nearly four-fifths of the entire quantity. If it be driven off by evaporation, only a dry mass would remain behind.

When blood issues from the veins, it first passes through the process of coagulation, the successive steps of which have been carefully examined. Perfectly liquid as it comes out, the blood soon thickens, through the action of the fibrine it contains, into a firm, elastic, uniform, jelly-like mass. Soon drops of clear, amber-colored fluid begin to exude from the [Pg 211] mass of jelly, and accumulate until the whole mass is divided into two parts—the serum, a transparent, nearly colorless fluid, in which there floats the clot, or crassamentum, a firm, red and opaque mass. In time, the clot is further divided. The fibrine is seen at top, forming a layer of considerable consistence, soft, elastic, tenacious, and of a yellowish white color; the under portion, consisting of the heavier parts of the clot which have gradually settled down to that position, is a red mass, made up chiefly of the blood globules.

Further exposure would by degrees eliminate the aqueous portion by evaporation, and the progress of decomposition would tend to free the gases in the other constituents, and thus still further to diminish the mass. But no experiments, instituted by physicists, can compare, in time at least, with the instances presented to us in the vases of the catacombs. There, traces on the glass still show clearly to what level the blood, or at least the clot, originally reached; and we see what has remained after a lapse of sixteen hundred years—a crust of dry reddish powder adhering to and coating the sides and bottom of the vessel.

Boldetti, however, mentions three instances in which such ampullæ were found in the catacombs containing a residuum of the blood still thick and slightly liquid. And, if we are not mistaken, something similar may be seen in some other vials preserved here and there, and held to contain a portion of the blood of certain martyrs.

The early Christians of Italy gave up the old Roman custom of incremation, or burning the bodies of the dead, and adopted instead the Eastern rite of sepulture. In some instances, at least, they seem to have used spices and ointments, as the Jews and Eastern nations generally did; and some of them might even have had a knowledge of the antiseptic preparations used by the Egyptians. They never prepared the dead as mummies, but they may at times have put some antiseptic ingredient into the blood, tending by its chemical action somehow to retard the escape of the water and the decomposition of the mass. If this were really done or not, we believe modern science cannot decide; and the historical evidence is not clear.

Something may be due, also, to the mode in which they would sometimes close a narrow-necked vessel of glass. When it had received its contents, the glass of the neck would be heated, probably by the flame of a blowpipe, until it became soft and pliable. The sides would then be pressed together until they coalesced and became united, thus obliterating the orifice; or else molten glass would be carefully dropped on the lips of the mouth, until the whole was entirely coated over and perfectly closed. When either was followed and the work was done perfectly, the ampulla would be, in fact, hermetically sealed. The air would

thus be excluded, and evaporation nearly arrested. Placed in a *loculus* or grave in the dry earth of the catacombs, twenty-five or thirty-five feet beneath the surface of the earth, the ampulla would also be subjected to an ever-equable temperature of about 58° Fahr. Under such circumstances, especially if we admit the presence of some antiseptic ingredient, it may be possible that decomposition would be very slow. But, after all, the glass sides of these ampullæ are thin, and glass is porous, and sixteen centuries is a very long time. Even were the sides far thicker than they are, evaporation would have slowly taken place, the gaseous products of decomposition would have gradually passed through into the outer atmosphere, and only the dry solid residuum would be left, as we ordinarily find it in the ampullæ from the catacombs. The case of the ampulla containing the blood of St. Januarius is not open to these doubts. We are not able to say, indeed, whether it was actually closed in either of the modes we have indicated. As it stands in the present reliquary, of which we have given an account, the mouth enters so deeply into the upper mass of soldering within the case that the eye cannot discover the manner of closure. Before it was placed in this reliquary, five hundred and seventy or seven hundred and thirty years ago, this could probably have been seen; but we have found no record throwing light on the subject. We presume it was done in one or the other of the modes we have described. It is certainly so tightly closed that not a drop of the liquid blood within has ever been known to ooze out.

But this ampulla has not been lying in the low and equable temperature of an underground vault of the catacombs. It has been preserved in the upper and variable atmosphere of a city, subject for many centuries to the excessive heats of almost tropical summers, and to the cold winds that blow down at times from mountains covered with snow. By no law of physics could a mass of blood so situated escape the natural consequence—a vast diminution of bulk by the loss of water and the escape of gases. The film that coats the interior of the smaller ampulla seen in the same case or reliquary, so like the film seen in the whole and in the broken ampullæ of the catacombs and churches generally, shows, we think, what would have been the natural course.

That the larger ampulla should, on the contrary, have lost nothing in the volume of its contents—that it should still be four-fifths filled, although for centuries exposed, as we have said, to heat and cold—that this general permanence of bulk and of character should be maintained, although eighteen or twenty times a year the mass alternates from a solid to a fluid condition, and passes through many subordinate changes of color and volume—these facts seem to us not only utterly inexplicable, but directly contrary to all we know of physical laws. We place them along side the grand fact of the liquefaction itself, as being in some measure its characteristic concomitants. Still, should any one deem these questions too obscure to be peremptorily decided, we shall not now discuss them. We are quite willing to let them stand or fall with the more prominent and important and more tangible question of the liquefaction itself. Of that we shall now proceed to treat.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

As here is quaffed a sweet forgetfulness
Of the long journey yet to go,
So unto all who through life’s pathways press,
Lord, from thy rock let waters flow!
Let thy sweet grace refreshment be!
On earth we wander wearily,
And in a thirst that will not cease.
Oh! let each dry and dusty lip
From thy deep hidden fountain sip
Sweet draughts of love and peace.

Ah! every soul drinks its own cup of bliss.
Some the delights of glory bless;
One finds it in a little daughter’s kiss,
Another in a wife’s caress.
The secret friendships of the heart,
The rapture of creative art,
Each hive its own sweet honey stores;
To every lip let torrents burst
From life’s great fount; but I—*I* thirst
For the eternal shores.

Earth’s dreams are but a bitterness to those
Whose yearnings are for love divine.
No rivulet sparkles here, no runlet flows,
To satisfy this thirst of mine.
What shall assuage it? The desire
That heavenward ever doth aspire,
And sigheth ceaselessly;
The sweetness that in suffering lies,
And tear-drops showering from my eyes,
Are hope’s one draught for me.

VALENTINE.

FROM THE REVUE DU MONDE CATHOLIQUE.

I.

“Frankly, my dear friend, tell me, is she not charming? Does she not lend a certain grace to her white dress, and a brilliancy to her blue ribbons? Is she not the prettiest flower in my garden?”

“And my Alfred, dear Madame de Guers, does he not look well by her side? Are there many young men in our village who appear to such advantage near this fair and graceful darling, now in the flower of her youth?”

“What you say is true, my friend. We have both of us, thank God, fine children—noble, virtuous, and good; and I hope they will be happy.”

“They will make a very handsome couple, at all events,” concluded M. Maubars, rubbing his hands and smiling contentedly.

Thus spoke two old friends, as they sat quietly, one summer evening, in the shadow of the hop-vines of a pretty green arbor, and talked away in this simple, lively, and joyous manner, while they observed their children as they appeared here and there in the garden-walks.

When people have passed fifty, and known each other since they went to the same school in childhood, and during the long succeeding years have resided pretty much in the same place, they are very apt, when talking together, to speak openly from their hearts, especially if those hearts are filled to the brim and running over with justifiable paternal pride and motherly tenderness. And it was true that the dear Alfred, the only and cherished son of M. Maubars, was handsome, honest, active, and gifted, and, thanks to the fortune which he would inherit, would one day take his place among the most respectable citizens of the province. As to Madame de Guers, this fair and worthy old lady, with white hair, in whom all the select souls of the little town saluted and recognized a sister, all the poor a benefactress, and all the afflicted a friend, she had never been a mother. She had married late, less from inclination than duty, to obey a vow of her parents and fulfil a family project; she had cared for, with an admirable devotion, and supported with a no less admirable equality of temper, the precocious infirmities and frequent brusqueries of M. de Guers, who, as former captain of a vessel, had lived a silent, sombre, deserted life in an old cold-looking little house on the coast. But one happy day the sun seemed to shine brighter for her, and the radiant sentiment of an unknown happiness mingled with her tears and her regrets, as one of the friends of her childhood, a poor widow, in dying, confided to her the education and guardianship of her deserted infant. What a complete happiness, what a recompense for all the sunless days, the gloomy and heavy hours, so faithfully supported! M. de Guers, though very ill at the time, consented to receive the child, on condition, as he added peremptorily, “that she should be kept very neat and make no noise”—this his precise and solemn declaration. The little Valentine seemed to understand what was expected of her, and, though stirring, vigorous, and lively, rarely a rent was seen in her little Indian silk, never a spot on her red lips nor her cherubic forehead. When she happened to fall, she smothered her sobs and cries; when she remembered the past, she wept low for her mother—and all this not to displease the old gentleman, shut up in his close parlor, where he contemplated with astonishment mingled with pity and respect his two unfortunate legs—done up in flannel. Time, childhood, and natural gaiety combining, the little girl began even to find herself perfectly happy in this old house, where she was cherished, and nothing left undone for her needs, her games, or her repose.

Need we say that her adopted mother was happy? At the end of the long nights of want of sleep and suffering that she passed with the ill and impatient old man, she ran for a moment to the little chamber above, and watched the sweet pet, with brown eyes and rosy cheeks, as she woke to her morning’s happiness; she felt the dear little round arms press her neck, the sweet tender lips imprinted on her own, and she thanked God for this blessing. The little toilet made, and the breakfast over, she carried down-stairs happiness enough for half-a-day. Later, when her voice trembled at the end of some long lecture, or her arms were wearied at some endless rubbing, she looked out the window, saw the little one disporting in the sun, playing hide-and-seek among the lilacs, or smiling to her from amidst the roses, and, at this sight, it seemed her cup of joy was full, that the spring light played even in the sick man’s chamber, and for the time she forgot whether she was guardian or victim. Thus she lived on, consoled and strengthened by the child, consoling and strengthening her husband, until the day when M. de Guers died, and both wept his loss—Valentine with time having learned to love him; and he himself, won by the grace and beauty of the child, had often so far unbended as to keep time for her with his crutch while she danced all alone before his window in the garden.

From this moment, Madame de Guers gave Valentine all her time, her heart, her cares, her tenderness. I leave you to imagine how such precious gifts, with the aid of years, added to everything lovely and noble in the child. Of all the young girls of C——, Valentine at eighteen was not only one of the most beautiful, but, better still, the best, the simplest, the most

tender, the humblest, the most joyous, and the best loved: the most ill-natured of the citizens could not refuse her their homage, and her adopted mother loved her to excess and with pride and delight; M. Maubars, too, the oldest friend of the house, and his son, the elegant Alfred, saw in her perfection a treasure, and their united wonder. Then at eighteen the future is so beautiful, the horizon so pure, dreams so sweet, and friends so tender! How happy, then, was our Valentine at this moment, when, joyous under the eyes of her mother, gay and confiding in the presence of her future husband, and gracious and pretty as she always was in her simple and quiet toilet, she wandered hither and thither in the garden, breathing the air, gathering the flowers, and breaking from the trees the large snow-balls that shed their petals on her lustrous brown hair.

We do not know exactly what Alfred and Valentine were talking about in the garden-walk, as running from side to side to form their bouquet they chanced so often to meet. But, under the arbor, they were more grave, calmer, and certainly more mature, and they spoke of business.

"If you will permit it, my dear friend, I should like the young couple to live in my house," said M. Maubars. "It is, I may say, without vanity, one of the most comfortable and best furnished in the town. As to me, you know, I am becoming a monk, or a bear, or a house-rat. The rolling of the half-dozen coaches and the three or four cabs our town possesses is sufficient to trouble my digestion, and almost deafens me; so I think, in order to plant my cabbages in peace, I had better lodge in the pavilion of my large garden at Vaux, which is not more than a league from the town. My good old Baptistine will accompany me, and keep the pot boiling. Every evening the children can come and see me, that is, every fine evening; and you can have them right by you—nothing to do but cross the street, and walk a few steps on the quay, ring the little bell, the latch will fly up, and there will be Valentine in a clean dress and red ribbon coming to meet you, for her delicate hearing would distinguish your step among a thousand others on the same pavement."

"Poor dear child! I don't want to be selfish, and yet it is hard to part with her," murmured Madame de Guers, while stifling a sigh.

"Do you call that parting with her, when I tell you she will be right under your eye? And then, my dear friend, I must tell you you have become very worldly of late. You are obliged to accompany Valentine to this and that soirée, and it fatigues you, absorbs and puts you out altogether. When it comes my Alfred's turn to do all this for her, you will see how you will improve, and old ladies always recover so naturally. Confess it, my dear Madame de Guers, have you not for some time been very negligent of yourself and your old people?"

"Alas, yes! poor good old people!" replied the respectable lady, with a sweet smile. "Yet every morning, after Mass, I stop to see them. True, my child monopolizes much of the time I should give to them, but she loves them too: she has so excellent a heart! How often I have seen her, when quite a child, take from her weekly allowance to buy jujube for old Manou, who has catarrh so badly, and tobacco for Périne, whose happiness is in smoking! And how she takes care of them when necessary, my friend! How merry she makes them, and consoles them, and reads them good books, and the Scripture she explains so prettily! In truth, this humble work will not perish with me: I have some one to whom I can confide it."

This demands an explanation. Madame de Guers was not only an excellent, tender, and devoted mother, a constant and generous friend, but she was, at the same time, profoundly pious and sincerely charitable. The death of M. de Guers had left in her soul a bitter and secret sorrow, which she had never been able to console. The former lieutenant of the service, in spite of the solicitations and tears of his Christian and devoted wife, had bid farewell to this world in a manner far from exemplary, dying, without doubt, peaceably and bravely enough, but without repentance, without hope, without penitence, neither fixing his eyes on the cross nor listening to the absolution of the curé. So, for the poor, tender soul of the wife there remained a gnawing regret, a continual terror, and at the price of any austerities, of any sacrifices, she wished to secure the eternal salvation of this obstinate husband. God only knows what mortifications she practised in secret, to gain a little every day towards the tender and sublime end she proposed; and, above all, she openly redoubled her works of fervor and charity. A part of the money left her by her husband had been employed by her in a house of refuge, where ten or twelve old, infirm women, the very poorest of the department, could live comfortably and in peace until the end of their days, and at the low price of reciting every day from their bench in the chapel a prayer for the repose and salvation of the soul of Jean Louis de Guers, former officer of the king's fleet. We said before that Madame de Guers had given Valentine all her heart, her time, and her life: we should, nevertheless, have remarked that she reserved a portion for the poor old recluses of her little hospital, not finding it a difficult matter to reconcile, in her humble and peaceable existence, happiness and duty, charity and love.

"My dear old pensioners," she said again, while regarding from a distance her charming adopted daughter, who smiled on her from amidst the shady trees, "they will be truly happy to find after me this dear child, who will, I am sure, possess the courage and strength to replace me. Good little Valentine! she has already given them, in my name, a portion of her heart, and to do so she needs to be as generous as in truth she is, for I could have given a much more brilliant heritage to this dear child had I not already adopted my old people. Her mother, alas! died without fortune, and for me, I have still remaining forty thousand francs,

invested in rentes in the state, and my little property here. This is all, my good Maubars, I have to give her."

"Well, well, my dear friend, don't trouble yourself. The whole will amount to sixty thousand francs, at the lowest figure. Valentine is treasure enough in herself, and don't need any more."

"A treasure! Yes, indeed, you have spoken the truth!" replied the noble woman, fixing on her interlocutor a look radiant with joy, happiness, and confidence; "and as you make me so happy, my brave Maubars, in speaking as you do, I am not ashamed to confess I have often thought—have often feared—well, don't blame me; nothing, you know, is so restless and timid as a mother—I have feared that a dowry so small could not respond to the legitimate views of a young man like Alfred, who can aspire to the best match in the country. I dare not tell you how this secret doubt has tortured my heart. It would have been so painful, so frightful to think that my want of foresight might have prepared so bitter a disappointment for my dearly loved Valentine."

"And who speaks of disappointment, cowardly mamma that you are?" replied M. Maubars, with the good hearty laugh of the retired successful merchant. "Of course I do not mean that any dowry is to be despised, and, I will add, if this were larger, it were so much the better. But the moment that the question is between it and you and Valentine, Alfred and I will accept what you have in all confidence. Let there be no more mention of these things between us any more than there is just now in the conversation of that happy couple smiling and babbling among the roses."

"How good you are, Maubars," replied the adopted mother with a sigh of relief. "Assuredly," she continued with a sweet and mischievous smile, "I am very sure that it is not with dowry or business that they are entertaining themselves just now."

This you may be assured of, my readers, for, just then, Valentine, spreading into a sweet smile her fine and delicate lips, while her brilliant eyes sparkled above the cheeks as rounded and satiny as the petals of her roses, said to her partner, who was coming toward her:

"You had better believe me, Mr. Alfred. We will not go to Paris. Paris is very far off, and it costs a great deal to go there. But we will go every evening and see dear papa in his little pavilion at Vaux. Won't it be charming to do just as we did when we were little, ten years ago, just us two alone, you and I, running through the ruts and the fields, gathering the new hay and the herbs covered with dew?"

And the simple child, clapping her white hands, gently smiled still more joyously at the innocent, truant projects with which she proposed to inaugurate their future housekeeping. Then, Alfred having offered his arm, she accepted it a moment in order to adjust with her young intended some other detail of great importance, which she must tell her mamma immediately—mamma holding her breath meanwhile, hearing vaguely the murmur of the wind in the arbor and smiling with tenderness as her child approached.

"Mamma," cried Valentine, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, and with a caressing and infantine movement mingling the waves of her lustrous hair with the fine, heavy gray curls, "did you not say that the anniversary of your birth would come in two weeks, the second of next month, and that you would love to see Alfred and me choose that day to celebrate our betrothal?"

"Yes, my darling," replied Madame de Guers gently.

"Very well, dear mamma, it is all arranged; we will exchange our rings on the same day that gave me so dear a mamma. But have you decided anything about the invitations?"

"I have at least thought of them, my child. We will have, I think, the greater part of those of our own society, and especially, you understand, all your young friends."

"Yes, just as you wish. But is it to be only for the evening, dear mamma?"

"Ah! my little ambitious one wishes to give a whole day to her *fête*."

"Indeed I do, mamma; I have dreamed of it even, so I may as well confess. I want particularly in the morning to have those I invite al to myself; I will receive them, lodge them, and serve them with my own hands. O mamma! it will be so nice, in the shady part of the garden, among the flowers, to set the long tables, and have an excellent breakfast, good wine, cakes, a roast, and Pierrot the violinist with his violin, and the baskets all filled with flowers! And my guests will be so surprised, and so pleased, my dear good mamma!"

"But who are they, then?"

"Your old women, dear mamma."

Madame de Guers's response was to take the pretty brown head of the charming child in her trembling hands, and to press it tenderly and long upon her lips, while a gentle shivering of admiration and love made her heart beat.

"It is said," she replied at last; "the table shall be set for fifteen, and there shall be cakes

and violins, and wine and flowers. You shall serve them, my child, and my old people will believe they are at the wedding.”

Then, as the first stars began to dot the pure sky, and the happy and united group rose to leave the perfumed shelter of the garden, Madame de Guers, more joyous and prouder than ever, held back on purpose to let the young people pass before her, while she whispered in the ear of her old friend, who was philosophically taking in the whole scene:

“My good Maubars, did you not say, just now, my Valentine is a treasure?”

II.

Two weeks afterward, the air being of the softest, and the sky most radiant, Valentine received with great joy and pomp her morning guests on this the day of her betrothal. Everything passed conformably to the announced programme: the large table was ornamented and covered with a long white cloth; the light wine of the country filled the glasses; the cakes appeared large and gilded; and the roast was cooked to perfection. At this succulent and cordial banquet the twelve old women arranged themselves in order, and Valentine waited on them, cutting up the mutton in rosy slices, distributing the pieces of cake with her pretty little white hand, upon which shone the golden ring, with its blue stone, that Alfred had sent her that morning to wear until she took the other that would enchain her for life. The poor old gossips feasted with a good heart, and laughed as they tippled, their glasses tumbling against each other; while the sparrows, somewhat ousted, piped in the branches, astonished at so much noise, then dropped gently to the earth to peck at the crumbs of cake that fell in the grass; the violin of Pierrot, seated at his post under the arbor, played for the delighted old women all the minuets, gavottes, and hops of the good old time.

You can judge of the gratitude and general joy.

“God will take you to his holy paradise, good and beautiful young lady!” said mother Périne, as she received from the hands of the pretty child her third slice of mutton.

“What are you saying there, mother Périne?” cried Babet, her usual antagonist. “What kind of wish is that you are making? Better hope for Miss Valentine, as for many others, that paradise will come as late as possible, and that here the dear good young lady will become a great and good matron, and enjoy herself as much as she can in this world.”

“True enough,” said Manou, “for there is the scraping of the violin; and just listen to that pretty gavotte! Oh! in those days when I was but twenty, how I hopped about like a young goat at the first note of the music. Dear me! Miss Valentine, how this good wine makes you young again, and puts the gaiety into you! I do believe, if Pierrot begins that flourish once more, I shall jump up and dance a minuet in your honor.”

So Valentine laughed, and the other old women applauded, and Manou fluttered about in true dancing style. Madame de Guers herself, who was rarely gay, wiped away a joyous tear from her eyes, while a tender and proud smile spread over her countenance. There was only the very, very old Genevieve, who could not laugh, because she had lost her five sons and grown blind in weeping for them. But, with her old wrinkled hand, she had groped for the pretty little one of her young friend and protectress, pressed it between her own, and repeated in mourning accents:

“Miss Valentine, you deserve to be truly happy; you know how to give blessings like the good God, whose care and pleasure it is to think of the poor.”

Thanks to the pleasure of such a repast and so much time so happily spent, the old guests lingered around the table in the garden, and exceeded the limits of the morning hours. When at last they wended their way homeward, accompanied by the good sister who took care of them, they met on the road several of those invited for the afternoon, friends of Valentine mostly, accompanied by their mothers, in elegant toilets, and coming in great pomp to offer their compliments.

“Why, how is this, my dear? Have the old pensioners of Madame de Guers come to congratulate you?” asked Rosine Martin, one of the young ladies, as she entered and embraced her friend.

“Yes, Rosette, on this occasion I gave them a little *fête*. They breakfasted here and drank my health; and, do you know, Pierrot played the violin, and old Manou was so excited she actually danced a minuet.”

“Do you hear what Valentine is saying?” whispered Madame Martin to her friend and confidante, Madame Fremieux. “I always thought Madame de Guers put on the airs of a great lady, and, of course, will leave the same to Valentine, as foundress of charitable institutions. Insupportable, is it not? And charity costs something too. It is well to make a parade of it, whether one has it or not; and the question is, whether it is prudent to put such ideas into the child’s head, when she will give her at the very most two poor thousand francs?”

“Provided that charity is a luxury like any other, and often more imprudent than any other,” added, sententiously, Madame Fremieux, while she pulled out with her right finger the

crushed ruche of her green satin dress.

“What an odd fancy you have for these old gossips, Valentine!” said Adeline de Malers, another good friend, a pretty young woman with two handsome children, whom she led gaily into the garden. “There they go, charmed with your reception, and repeating your name to all the echoes of the town. Well, it is a good idea while you are waiting and have so little to do, and nothing much to love. See what will become of them when you will be mamma in your turn, my dear!”

“Do you think so, Adeline? I cannot agree with you,” replied Valentine, blushing a little. “My dear good mamma Marie always found time to give me all her care, her love, and her watchfulness, and yet I am sure she never neglected these poor old friends. It seems to me that when one becomes a mother, one desires to heap up a treasure of good actions, and multiply one’s merits and virtues, in order that God may requite the little good one does in graces and benedictions on these dear little heads.”

“You always have a sentimental way of seeing things,” replied Adeline, stooping and arranging with her rosy fingers the white plume that graced the hat of baby; “but I doubt if Mr. Alfred Maubars will give the same light to the chapter; for, my little one, husbands are not nonentities in the future organization of a household; their decrees are inevitable, and must be listened to.”

“O Adeline! do you really think that Alfred would wish to prevent my doing a little good in assisting the unfortunate?” said Valentine, deeply moved and almost indignant. “He who gave up his project of going to Paris, which we were to do immediately after our marriage? He who promised to give me one-half of what it would cost to make this trip to make a present to dear mamma, and furnish woollen stockings and aprons for the poor little parish children in the winter?”

“O my good Valentine! where you are just now, all this may be. But later, it will not, my dear. Do you see? The most part of the good husbands I know—and there are none too many of them—think charity begins at home. The wife, if she pleases, may give away the old boots and slippers, but woe to her if, in a fit of generous imprudence, she parts with the half of the chicken or the little glass of port that belongs to my lord.”

The joyous Adeline laughed with all her heart as she finished these words, and for a moment Valentine smiled at the lively raillery of her friend. But, M. Maubars and Alfred appearing at the same time at the end of the walk, she fixed on her intended a disturbed, timid, and sad look, asking herself if it could be true, if it could ever be possible, that he who should be her natural confidant in all the sweet and tender inspirations of her heart, in all the Christian aspirations of her innocent and pious soul, should consider it a crime in her to continue to obey the great and holy law of Christ that she had seen practised, every day from her infancy, in her own humble home.

However, this passing distrust of the sweet and charming betrothed was soon dispelled. Alfred approached and presented her a rich and graceful bouquet, and his words as he handed it were so respectful and tender, and his look so subdued and sincere! Then all the young people invited had arrived; they were just finishing the joyous feast taken together on the grass, and already they were preparing for the dance. And now the scraping of Pierrot made way for an harmonious orchestra that resounded sweetly, echoing through the shady bowers. On the branches of the large lindens were suspended light and capricious-looking garlands, in which little red, blue, white, gilded, and green lamps were hung. They looked like stars that had come from heaven to see the *fête* and smile at the other living stars, the young girls their sisters. M. Maubars had charged himself with this part of the entertainment—an offering not of charity, but one made to youth and pleasure. So, everything passed off as brilliantly as could be wished on such a day; and quadrille after quadrille succeeded each other on the same spot where, a few hours earlier, Manou, recalling her twenty years, had so valiantly executed the rhythmical and bounding steps of the ancient minuet of Auvergne.

And while the young people danced, the older ones talked in the parlor, or complacently looked on while their children enjoyed themselves from the little fringed pavilion with velvet benches that had been prepared for them in front of the greensward. Madame Martin, while admiring from afar her brown and pretty Rosette, had insensibly approached the father of Alfred—and of all the ladies in the town, she had the least sympathy for Valentine, having for a long time nourished very sweet maternal hopes on the possibility of a marriage between Rosette and the young Maubars.

“In truth, dear neighbor,” said she, accosting with an amiable smile the honorable retired merchant, “one must confess you do things royally. It certainly cannot be these ladies, with their small, very small fortune, who have by themselves given us such a *fête* as this. And then, it is not according to their tastes. If by accident they should have a little too much money, they would have less pleasure in offering a ball to their friends than a breakfast to their old poor.”

“My dear Madame Martin, when one does as one can, one does as one should,” replied, with a deep bow, M. Maubars, responding to her compliment to himself. “As to these ideas of our excellent friend Madame de Guers, you see, we must not be surprised at them. She has

always lived a little above our so-called middle society; she is a woman—how shall I say it?—well, of the old *régime*. In her devotions, in good works, and perseverance, she has grand ideas; the commandments of Christ, the love of her neighbor, the good of the poor. It is all beautiful, Madame Martin, and sits superbly on a woman like her, grave and dignified, with such handsome white hair."

"But for the little one—for Valentine—do you think, M. Maubars, that it will suit her as well?" replied, quickly, the lady, with a mocking smile.

"Oh! why not? Everything becomes a child. All these fine devotions are an occupation for the widow and an amusement for the little one. It is much better to direct her by caring for the poor than by ruining the reputations of others and seeking false excitements. Wait till Valentine becomes the wife of Alfred; that will change everything, you know, neighbor. The dear child will only have one end, one duty, one love—her husband."

"Do you really think so, neighbor?" interrupted Madame Martin, in a jeering tone.

"It is, at least, what all women promise at the altar, madame. And Valentine will do as she promises, I am certain. A child so docile, a nature so pliable, and a heart of gold. Yes, madame; I do not doubt, if my Alfred wishes it, she will prefer the road to the market or the grocery in preference to that of the church. And as to the refuge of which you speak, Madame de Guers will take care of that, as it will be her only occupation. My daughter-in-law will visit it occasionally in her leisure moments."

"It will become her well to adapt her household to his wishes; for every one knows, neighbor, your son brings her a fortune far superior to her own."

"Alas! yes, you say truly; her dowry is the only weak point."

"The little one will have scarcely anything, will she, M. Maubars?" asked the lady precipitately, in her ardent, almost joyous curiosity.

"Oh! a modest cipher, but enough. There is nothing to complain of. If it had been less, I confess I do not know what Alfred would have done. The needs of luxury are so numerous nowadays, and it costs so much to live, my dear lady!"

"Yes, we all know that," replied the prudent mother. "This is the reason I calculate, and economize, and stint myself every day for the love I bear Rosette. According to my ideas, it is a culpable charity that does not consider one's own first."

At the enunciation of this wise maxim, M. Maubars sighed profoundly. At the bottom of his heart he could not help wishing, in the interest of Valentine and Alfred also, that Madame de Guers, his dear old friend, had less tenderness and greatness of soul, less generous devotion, and a little more worldly prudence and solicitude for the material side of life. Nevertheless, he was careful not to express aloud the secret preoccupations which now and then disquieted him a little; and just then Valentine, leaving the joyous group of dancers, approached him, sweet and charming in her innocent joy and unaffected simplicity. Her steps, delicate and modest, slid silently over the grass, and the golden reflection of the long garlands of light made her muslin dress appear whiter and more transparent, while her brown hair, simply raised and half-crowned with a bouquet of small roses, glittered browner and more lustrous as the tiny lamps threw their rays upon it as she passed. The smile alone of such a charming daughter-in-law could dispel a host of deceptions and fears. In Valentine's eyes beamed so much candor, love, sweetness, and virtue that in admiring her one forgot the more or less respectable cipher of the promised dowry.

But Valentine did not remain long with the group of talkers seated in the shade; she was looking for Madame de Guers, and ran away promptly when she heard the good old lady had gone into the house.

"Dear mamma, are you ill?" said she, quite distressed when she saw her dear protectress in the little reception-room, carefully wrapped up in a large shawl, pale, trembling slightly, and appearing to suffer.

"Oh! my child, it is nothing; a slight chill—a trifling ailment only. We have had a great deal to do today, and I am tired. Perhaps I took cold sitting so long in the shade of the lindens. Go and dance, my love, for you must replace me and finish the ball. Make my excuses to our guests."

Valentine obeyed, but she left her mother sadly, with a secret convulsion of the heart, that dimmed her bright eyes and her radiant smile. Two hours after, when, at last, alone on the step of the dear old house, she had said adieu to her guests and was at liberty to run to the room where Madame de Guers already reposed, she saw clearly that this instinctive fear was a realized fact. The sleep of her adopted mother was agitated and painful, her forehead was burning, her eyes half-open, her breathing difficult and accelerated. For the first time in these fifteen years of peace and happiness passed under the friendly roof of the old house, the heart of the young girl sank for a moment under the weight of an unknown grief—of a mortal anguish. Without thinking of her ball-dress, she knelt down at the foot of the bed, weeping in terror, praying to God, and gently kissing, from time to time, the hand of the sick woman, who, in her feverish sleep, muttered words without meaning. And thus she awaited the day—the new day that was to arise for her, and menace her with danger, grief, terror,

and anguish.

III.

It had been decided, on the day of the modest betrothal, that the marriage of Alfred and Valentine should be celebrated a week after the Nativity of Our Lady, in September, before the first fogs of autumn had tarnished the verdant woods, and before the vintagers had robbed the robust vines of their golden grapes on the slopes descending to the valley below. But autumn passed; the woods grew yellow and the leaves fell; the joyous shouts of the vintagers ceased to rejoice the hills, and the icy winds of winter blew over the blackened slopes, without Valentine having sought her white marriage robes. Alas! it was a robe of mourning that covered her now, poor little one! She had again become an orphan; her sweet and careless happiness of the young daughter, the cherished child so tenderly protected, was all gone, destroyed for ever, for ever lost with the last swallows that fled from the woods with the first falling leaves. The most devoted care, the greatest affection and constancy, could not preserve to her this nervous and tender mother, whose life here below was sad enough, and whose death would have been sweet, had she not so felt for and trembled for her child. Her illness, however, had been long and courageously combated, and for some time there was hope of triumph over the disease, until one day, when Valentine was absent on a pilgrimage to a neighboring chapel, a sudden hæmorrhage set in, and Madame de Guers, feeling it necessary to use what strength she had left, sent for several papers, and with pain wrote for her adopted daughter directions which were not to be opened until a month after her death, when the first transports of grief were over.

The fatal moment then came, and by one of the last auroras of September, soft, fresh, and almost veiled, Valentine found herself on her knees by the bedside of the dying, exchanging the last adieux with her tender benefactress, the devoted mother who, from her infancy, had so unceasingly studied her happiness. The poor child remembered no more: grief had completely prostrated her, and she forgot her own existence until one evening, returning to consciousness, she found herself clothed in deep black, and alone with Marianne, the old and faithful servant, who wept low by her side and tried to console her. Then, M. Maubars and Alfred had come, and Valentine felt a secret consolation in the midst of her sadness. It was so sweet, so toning and strengthening, to know one’s self still loved while circumstances had separated her from him upon whom she had lavished such a wealth of affection. It is true the consolations offered by the future father-in-law and betrothed were not of the highest order of morality, and not very profound, perhaps, but they were truly affectionate and sincere—at least, Valentine thought so—so they had power to alleviate her grief and restore her heart’s serenity.

“What would you, my child? We are all mortal,” said the future papa. “But we can still console ourselves, and live almost happy in the love of the friends that remain to us.”

Alfred did not even say as much. But he looked at her tenderly, with a gentle expression of interest and pity; he quietly took the little white and thin hand that lay languidly on her black drapery, and pressed it between his own, while he murmured:

“Poor dear Valentine! Poor friend, so dearly loved.” And these simple words, this look, this affectionate gesture from the friend of her childhood, seemed to open to the heart-broken young girl a new treasure of hope and consolation.

The days, however, rolled on: grief was not less profound, less constant, or less bitter, but it became necessarily more contained, more resigned, was borne more valiantly in secret, giving place to austere duties, they serious preoccupations of life. The time came, naturally, when business had to be spoken of to Valentine. Until then, with respect for her grief and her weakness, they had spared her every proposition, every discussion on the subject.

“I will do all that is necessary,” murmured the poor child. So they told her she must assist at the opening of the will, which would take place by the notary, in presence of authorized witnesses.

The solemn assembly, therefore, convened on a cold morning of November in the large parlor of the house. A biting and mournful wind shook the windows, and threw against them in disorder the last leaves of the lindens that on the day of the betrothal had balanced so joyously their green perfumed crowns above the gladdened heads of Valentine, her companions, and her betrothed. The last wishes of Madame de Guers were expressed in a manner at once neat and concise. Her little capital of 40,000 francs, placed in rentes on the state, and her house, with all its dependencies, were willed by her to her dear pupil, Valentine Vaudrey, in default of direct inheritors from her own family or from that of her husband. The assistants knew in advance the tenor of the will; nevertheless, after its reading they hastened to congratulate the poor heiress, now overwhelmed in tears.

“Dear good madame knew you well, and she was not wrong,” said the old and honest Marianne, with a convinced air.

“My dear child, hereafter you are quite at home,” added M. Maubars, as he pressed with lively affection the little white hand, quite dampened with tears.

The notary, however, made a gesture with his hand to reclaim still some moments of silence.

“The reading of the papers establishing the last wishes of the defunct is not yet completed, gentlemen,” added he, in a grave and measured voice. “I have in my hand a letter written by my respectable client fifteen days before her death, and addressed to her pupil, Mlle. Valentine Vaudrey. Mlle. Valentine will be kind enough to take notice, conjointly with myself and M. the President of the Tribunal or M. the Justice of the Peace, if these last recommendations are not to be considered as bearing upon her affairs.”

Valentine, drying her eyes, raised her pale, noble forehead, and tried to collect her voice, that trembled greatly.

“My good Monsieur Morin, read the letter,” said she, “I pray you. My dear and best friend had no secrets to confide to me, I am sure, and her last wishes should be respected and known by all.”

The notary bowed and broke the seal. With one look he glanced through the writing, and a shade of surprise and anxiety was depicted on his face. Valentine, disquieted in turn, advanced gently, and extended her hand toward the paper.

“Of what is this the subject, sir?” she asked timidly.

“Business; only business, my dear young lady,” stammered the good M. Morin in an embarrassed tone.

“Then read it aloud, I pray you, sir,” said the young girl, tranquil, resolved, and suddenly reassured.

The notary then slowly unfolded the paper, put on his spectacles, and began his reading in the midst of a profound silence, and perhaps anxiety, that reigned just then among the little assembly.

“My dearly loved Valentine,” said the noble woman dead, “forgive me if I open my heart to you, and if, in giving up what has been, after you, the joy and consolation of my existence, I leave you perhaps serious duties, real and profound anxiety. My will, as you no doubt have learned, makes you the one and only heiress to the modest sum I feel so happy to be able to leave you. But you know, my poor dear child, I have besides undertaken, and you know with what end, a work of mercy that I wished to succeed and prosper a long time, even when my presence and aid would have, by the will of God, been withdrawn from my poor old *protégées*. This charitable foundation has been for me the object of grave and disquieting cares, that till now I have never found necessary to confide to you. I have just learned that the proprietor of the building that shelters my poor old pensioners, having some speculation in view, has decided to take possession of it and its dependencies himself, or will only permit me to retain it under conditions too exacting to be in harmony with my slender resources. Many people of judgment whom I have consulted have all counselled me to choose another abode and there install my pensioners. If I had found myself, as formerly, alone in the world, I should not have hesitated to do so; but to find a suitable house and pay several debts of my poor little hospital—for times have not been good for a few years past—I should have had to have laid out at least twenty thousand francs, almost the half of my present fortune; and could I deprive you of so important a sum—you, my best loved and only heiress, who cannot have the same reasons for being interested in the existence of the work, and therefore its continuation?

“This idea has not seemed possible to me, my dear child; therefore I have made no reserves, no stipulations in the interests of my poor old dependants, leaving it to your reason, not less than to your generous heart, to decide what you find best to do. Perhaps the advice, the support of the new family into which you are going to enter, of my good friend M. Maubars, whom I have always known so loyal and just, will be at your service, and, without impoverishing yourself, you can aid those whom I have always wished so much to see prosper. Take advice, then, of these friends, my daughter, consult your own faculties, your strength, and, above all, do not precipitate anything. It would have been too painful for me to have died in the thought of relinquishing this work which has been so dear and consoling, therefore I speak to you of it to-day, confident you will understand me in this as in everything else. But, in any event, I hope that Providence will continue to watch over this modest foundation for his glory, and whatever you decide to do, my good and tender child, be assured you will have my approval and my blessing.

“Farewell, joy and consolation of my old years, sweetness of my life, my dear daughter. I will not forget you in the presence of my God, if he will deign to hear my prayers.”

Thus the letter finished, and the sad and continued voice of M. Morin, which seemed to die out in murmurs, was only replied to by the long and bitter sobs of Valentine.

At the end, the young girl, trembling and half-tranquillized, approached the notary, turned toward him her mild countenance, where a timid smile of gratitude and tenderness already commenced to shine as a fugitive and light ray in the midst of her tears.

“Monsieur Morin, in four months I will be twenty-one,” said she. “Perhaps the proprietor of the asylum will wait till then. I shall be free then, will I not, to give the twenty thousand francs necessary for the purchase of the house?”

A profound silence, soon interrupted by a feeble murmur, greeted at first these words of the

orphan. M. Maubars rose from his chair, shrugged his shoulders slightly, approached her, and took her hand with a benevolent and paternal smile.

“Permit me, my dear child,” said he. “You are not—my worthy and respectable friend knew it well—quite competent to decide in matters of business, and you had better, I think—”

“You think perhaps I would do better to install the poor women in this dear old house,” interrupted the generous girl, with her sad and sweet smile. “Monsieur Maubars, I love it too much, this humble abode, too much in truth, I have in it so many sweet recollections, and have passed here so many happy days of infancy. But my poor dear mamma would perhaps be happier to know her old friends lodged and sheltered here, in her own house. So I am quite ready to give it up to them, if you think it right, quite suitable.”

“But no, no, dear good Valentine,” replied the prudent papa, with a very embarrassed air. “My child, you well understand, questions of sentiment should never interfere with those of business. Think, by abandoning this little property, or its equivalent sum, you give up in reality one-third of your dowry—a dowry, permit me to say too, without any grudge, that is already not the most considerable. Think that all prudent people would endeavor to dissuade you from taking this part; that you are not in reality free to accomplish a sacrifice so important and to the detriment of your future family.”

Ah! poor Valentine! had she ever expected such a declaration? At first she listened calmly, then smiled; then as she comprehended these words, that came like a thunderbolt upon her in all their cruelty, her paleness disappeared and gave place to a quick and glowing redness; then this in turn vanished, and she remained cold and white as a marble statue. Then a ray of indignation and grief glanced from her pure eyes, but compressing, however, the sudden beating of her heart, palpitating and growing colder every instant, she replied, still in an uncertain and timid voice, with a firm and serious accent, but caressing and affectionate:

“Free, did you say, my good Monsieur Maubars? Do you not mistake me? Should I not be always free to accomplish my duty, the last wishes of my mother?”

“But allow me ... distinguish,” repeated the future father-in-law, alarmed but yet not discouraged. “There is an imprudent and rash liberty, my dear young lady, and one that is provident and wise. You see yourself that your tender and generous protectress orders nothing, and asks nothing of you. She simply engages you to seek for the best advice of those who are interested in your happiness, in your future destiny, mine amongst others, my dear child. And you know well I am disposed to act toward you as an old friend, as your father. I have a great influence in benevolent societies, am a member of several; nothing easier for me to tranquillize you on the subject of your old women than to make out a little account of the actual state of things, with a few words of my own observation, and have them received without any delay or trouble into the hospital for incurables in this department. In this way, my dear Valentine, you see all can be arranged for the best. You will be relieved from all inquietude as to the fate of the *protégées* of the excellent Madame de Guers; your little fortune will not be compromised; exempted from every care, free from obligations, you can consecrate your entire time to your duties, to the affections that await you in your new family.”

Valentine listened to every word, her eyes fixed, her lips immovable. But from time to time a deeper and more sombre shade spread over her eyes, an expression more desolate fixed itself on her lips. When the caressing and persuasive voice of her future father-in-law ceased to be heard, she sadly bent her head, and replied:

“Alas! Monsieur Maubars, I see we can never again understand each other. I am not free, as you appear to think. What my dear and worthy protectress would have done, I must do for her.”

“But, my child, reflect: you cannot sacrifice your little fortune.”

“And this fortune, to whom do I owe it, then—I, a poor, abandoned orphan, who, without the generous protection of this inestimable friend, would have been sent in years gone by where you would place these poor infirm people—in a hospital. Oh! my good Monsieur Maubars, if my benefactress had in dying left some debt of honor that I should pay, would you advise me to cancel the obligation—you who are so just and honorable?”

“But, dear young lady, the case is different; your excessive delicacy leads you astray.”

“It is only different in one respect: it is more grave and solemn. This is a sacred debt that Madame de Guers has contracted toward God and toward the poor, to satisfy the yearning of her soul. To-day this debt is transmitted to me. I recognize it; I receive it with the rest of her heritage; I promise to use, if necessary, all my resources, all my time, all my strength to pay it as I should.”

The young girl, pale though resolute, rose in pronouncing these words, and extended her little hand, that had ceased to tremble, as if she called upon all the strangers assembled to witness her irrevocable decision, her generous determination. The old frequenters of the mansion could scarcely recognize her: she seemed to have grown taller, ripened in a moment, and was transfigured. Her former sweetness, so timid and charming, did not abandon her, but there mingled in it an expression of invincible courage and inflexible

integrity; the weak and feeble child had disappeared, and in her place appeared a woman—loyal, intrepid, resigned, ready for every devotion, for every sacrifice, even of the oldest and most cherished affections of her heart.

M. Maubars was undeceived; it was with an expression evidently of extreme surprise and marked discontent that he fell back a few steps and bent his whitened head: "I persist in hoping, mademoiselle, that you will still reflect," said he, in a tone impressed with remarkable coldness. "Otherwise, you understand, without doubt, our projects must undergo same modification. Consider that such obstinacy on your part is a most unhappy precedent for the well-being and peace of your future household."

At this brutal menace, at this the saddest moment, perhaps, of her life, Valentine became still paler and her look more sombre, but she neither trembled nor flinched, accepting without a murmur and in silence all the bitterness of the duty she had just embraced. Only, by an old and tender habit of childhood, with the remains of a hope perhaps, her gaze, more eloquent and earnest than ever, was fixed upon Alfred—the friend, the betrothed, whom, for so long a time, she had been accustomed to consult in any sadness or disquietude. But Alfred, before the mute anguish of this regard, was not moved. He bore with his father an air of gravity and dissatisfaction.

"I am sure you will reflect upon this, Valentine," he simply said. "You see my father counsels you as a true friend, having only in view your happiness and the preservation of your fortune."

Then Valentine turned slowly and sadly, without allowing a single tear to escape her, or a single sob that was then swelling in her breast.

"My good Monsieur Morin, my resolution is taken," said she, her voice at first trembling, but becoming steadier as she spoke. "All the reflections that I could make would only serve to show me my duty, more distinct, more exact, more sacred. In two months, if you wish, we will hear what property had better be sold, and choose a suitable abode for our asylum.... Now, gentlemen, our council is ended, I believe.... I thank you one and all for having accorded me your advice and the support of your presence."

All the assistants understood that the courageous young girl must be left alone to suffer, alone to weep. They rose simultaneously, bowed to her profoundly with admiration and respect, and went out. Alfred wore already a resigned look of sadness, and M. Maubars betrayed his irritation in his brusque movements and unsteady walk. The echoes of their steps died in the distance, and around the orphan in her mourning reigned only solitude and silence.

"It is all over; they have said it," she murmured then, and let fall the pent-up tears. "But no! it was to be.... I wished it also. It was my duty—why could he not so understand it? Oh! Adeline told me the truth. God is good to have enlightened me while I am still single and free. Poor mamma, you could not have imagined this. So much the better, for you would have wept so bitterly."

Speaking thus, she wept and wept, hiding her face in her hands, and sobbing as if her heart would break. The hours flew by, night came, and the November rain fell on the windows, the November wind shook the shutters in the little parlor, formerly so tightly closed, so bright, and peopled with good friends, but now so solemn and deserted, and where the orphan alone must suffer and weep.

IV.

Valentine held firm to her resolution; her soul, so loyal and pure, was of those where the courage of devotion, and the love of duty accomplished, united to double the price of the humble virtues, submission, gentleness, and tenderness. To a very polite and respectful letter from Alfred, in which the young man begged her to let him know if she still persisted in her intentions, she replied in simple terms, releasing him from his engagement, and telling him that henceforward she should devote herself to the austere and honorable task bequeathed her by her adopted mother. Notwithstanding her orders to the contrary, one of her best friends forced her way into the house, no doubt with good intentions. It was the lively and joyous Adeline de Malers, in whom, in spite of much prudence and worldly experience, tenderness and benevolence were not wanting, and who would sincerely have desired to conquer what she considered the obstinacy and blindness of her poor dear friend. Adeline took care to bring precious arguments with her to plead the important marriage cause: she led her two dear little children by the hand, with their innocent babbling and sweet smiles, the source of so much delight and maternal felicity. However, Valentine did not yield; her soul was steeped and her resolution strengthened by the secret prayers and solitude of her affliction.

"My dear," said Adeline to her at the end of her arguments, "if you grow poor by this foolish liberality, and if, half-ruined, you are obliged to give up M. Alfred Maubars, you will be an old maid, I warn you."

"I have always been a happy young girl, I can be a tranquil and contented old maid. Happiness has no age," replied Valentine, with her calm and tender smile.

“My dear, the obliged are generally ungrateful; gratitude from the poor is a rare and uncertain commodity.”

“I know it; but the satisfaction of an accomplished duty is immense, and the grace of God infinite. Besides, I shall be so happy to realize the intentions and to continue the work of my mother, who is in heaven.”

Adeline shrugged her shoulders with a gesture of impatience. “But your poor old folks won’t live for ever, and when the last one has disappeared, your work will be finished, and you will be alone. Besides, in devoting yourself in the flower of your years to their catarrhs and their rheumatisms, do you know, my poor child, what you renounce and what you lose? Come here, Bertha, my treasure, kiss me, Max, you dear little angel.... Look at them now, you wicked little obstinate one, and tell me, as you examine them well, if all the happiness, all the glory of a woman, does not consist in raising, caring for, and cherishing such charming little loves.”

At these words, Valentine drew the little ones to her; kissed each of their pretty white foreheads, and laid her hand gently on their blonde heads; for she had at heart that tender and deep love of children that God has given innocent young girls, in order that one day their most holy duty may become their truest and sweetest happiness. And for an instant perhaps the caressing look that she fixed upon them became more tender, deeper, and more tearful; she stooped then a moment toward the earth; then resumed her serenity, and replied peaceably and with resignation:

“God has given me my children—children, Adeline, who have great need of me, for they are suffering, poor, and feeble. Besides, my good friend, when the last of these poor old people shall have gone, there will remain to me the foundation, the hospital. I will open it then to real children, to young and poor orphans. In this way, I too will have my family—my family blessed by God.”

“It is fanaticism, truly, and I begin to despair of your future, my dear friend,” cried Adeline, surprised and discontented to find her overtures so energetically repulsed. “But, then, why do you persist in remaining in the world, that will only have, believe me, disdain for your heroism, coldness and raillery for your generous devotion? Why do you not at once adopt the cornette and serge of the Sister of Charity?”

“Because, thus far, God has not so commanded me,” replied the courageous child, modest and resigned. “My duty lies near these old women; here my place is marked out; I have nothing else to do but understand, adore, and obey. And since I have friends among my people, I esteem and love them also. Why should these friends abandon me because a sacred duty claims a portion of my time and my strength, and I must consecrate myself to it? My destiny is no doubt changed, but my heart will never change, and from those I should have loved my memory will never be detached; no rival affection will banish their remembrance, and for them, always, I shall be Valentine.”

Adeline took leave soon after, half-angry, half-impressed, declaring she could understand nothing of the character of such an obstinate girl, who could hide such real perversity, such inexplicable tenacity, under a manner so timid and so gentle. After her departure, the pupil of Madame de Guers read for the last time the solemn message to Alfred, and finished the reply she had already commenced. Not a tear sullied the page whereon slowly and courageously she traced her farewell. Not a start of tenderness or grief agitated the poor little white hand, that so heroically sealed the decree of separation, renunciation, and forgetfulness. Only when she had finished, when there was nothing more to propose or hope for, when the old Marianne, carrying the letter, had disappeared in the fog, near the neighboring quay, she gently approached, with her eyes full of tears, the chimney where the noble and tender face of her second mother, the friend of her youthful years, smiled on her as if to encourage her from under her light glass covering. Before she pressed her trembling lips on the little portrait, she smiled sweetly through her tears.

“It is all finished, mamma,” murmured she. “I will do as you would—hereafter live only for God, and for his poor. You have told me more than once that such is the lot of the elect. I believe you, dear mamma; I love you and I bless you.”

And as the choice of the young girl was made, she lived, as she had said, devoted and valiant, active and resigned. The notary soon came to the conclusion, and made it known to her, that all her resources would be needed for the support of her old people. But what would she have done all alone in the dear old house, much too large for her by herself, and so full of remembrances, rendered so bitter in silence and solitude? Valentine understood what she had to do, and easily resigned herself. The old and peaceable abode, a little enlarged, received on one story the old pensioners of the little hospital, while the young protectress reserved on another her bedroom, her little parlor, and her library: a modest apartment filled with pious relics and sweet and humble souvenirs. And from this moment her life was entirely consecrated to her retreat, to God and the poor; from this moment, too, she openly relinquished all hope of any new situation, any other destiny; and the circle of friends and acquaintances of the little town of C—— ceased to include her among the marriageable.

In obscure cares, in constant labor, in hidden devotions, passed the days, sped the years,

and robbed her of her youth. But peace remained, because she was content to establish her abode in the shadow of a Christian roof, and in the love of grateful hearts. It is true—though some of our readers may be permitted to doubt it—that a peace the sweetest, the most delightful, the most constant, and the most sure does not depend on what excites and passes so quickly from earth, but on the true, salutary, and Christian manner in which the soul, wise and resigned, puts itself in harmony with the exigencies of its destiny and the will of its God. Valentine felt this early, and from that time experienced it always. The serene tranquillity of her heart, humble in its desires and contented in its destiny, was never overshadowed by a cloud; it stood proof against any shock, even on the day when, having finished the reading of the Scriptures to the old Genevieve, she heard in the street, quite close to her, a great noise of carriages, rolling joyously towards the church, from which resounded the sounds of a *fête*, and, looking out the window to explain the cause of the tumult, she saw in the first of the carriages, ornamented with wedding favors, bouquets, and ribbons, two friends of her childhood: the betrothed of that day, Alfred Maubars and Rosine Martin. There passed over her face a calm smile, vague and almost dreaming; then a fixed and disturbed look, for at the bottom of the page, as she read, were these words: "*It is not good for man to be alone.*"

But almost immediately resounded in her ears the caressing and infantine voices of childhood, those of two little orphans, her cherished dependants, who had taken the places of Babet and Manou, dead full of years, and now quietly reposing in their graves. At the joyous call Valentine was once more herself, and, with a calm smile, bending her head as if she recognized her error, she said:

"Yes, indeed, it would be sad to be alone, but those are never so who know how to love. Dear mamma told me so, and well she knew what she said. Come, Marie, come Louisette, let me say the *Angelus* with you." The little ones approached, knelt down, and she laid her hands on their heads, and kissed their browned foreheads. And before she made the sign of the cross she regarded them earnestly, and with a joyful, softened, peaceable, and triumphant gaze, even an expression of indifference and forgetfulness to the carriage that was rolling towards the church, and she rose at last full of gratitude and love of benediction and prayer, and lifted her eyes to the clear and blue heaven that caressed her with its gold-lit rays.

TRUE FAITH.

Faith is no weakly flower,
By sudden blight, or heat, or stormy shower
To perish in an hour.

But rich in hidden worth,
A plant of grace, though striking root in earth,
It boasts a hardy birth.

Still from its native skies
Draws energy which common shocks defies,
And lives where nature dies!

E. Caswall.

THE PLACE VENDOME AND LA ROQUETTE.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF THE COMMUNE.

FROM LE CORRESPONDANT.

II.

I shall not pass abruptly from my first account, drawn up at the end of March, respecting the tragedy of the Place Vendôme, to that written at the end of May, concerning the invasion of the Madeleine, my detention at the Préfecture de Police and at Mazas, and the transcendent crimes of the Commune which I witnessed at La Roquette.

What was the opinion of the few politicians left in Paris respecting the strange events they witnessed, the accomplices and auxiliaries of the Commune, and the degree of responsibility the national and international element would incur in its follies and crimes?

We must render this justice to the victorious insurgents of the eighteenth of March—that the power of dissimulation was the weakest of their traits and the least of their cares. If they aimed at imitating Carnot, Danton, and Robespierre, they made no pretensions of rivalling Richelieu, Mazarin, and Talleyrand. With a moderate degree of coolness, curiosity, and discernment, it was easy to gain access to their larder, and ascertain the ingredients of the viands to be served up to us each day. They had too slight a dash of moral sense to be preoccupied with questions of honor and propriety. The absoluteness of their aims made them completely insensible to delicacy of means and diffidence as to appearances. Therefore, the politicians who had not fled before the heroes of the Internationale did not waste their time. If they were nearly deprived of action, they could, at least, be observant, communicate the result of their impressions, and acquire a reasonable conviction respecting the operation of the revolutionary engine, with its numerous springs and mysterious propelling forces, not revealed by the press of the Commune, and therefore escaping the attention of the vulgar.

I have already protested against the weakness, blindness, or connivance of the republican mayors and deputies of Paris, who, immediately after the massacres of the Place Vendôme, became reconciled to the agents of the central committee, disbanded and dispersed the battalions of the national guard still faithful to the cause of order, and gave Paris up to an association of adventurers and outlaws, some of unknown origin, others notorious for their conflicts with the laws of their own countries, and all for their savage hatred of every social institution.

Instead of subsequently acknowledging their weakness or error, the majority of the radical republicans continued their campaign against the national assembly with a persistence and hypocrisy that cannot be sufficiently stigmatized. To preserve the republic, they emboldened and strengthened the Commune, thus sacrificing to their political idol the peace, prosperity, honor, and existence of their country. The Commune did not conceal its affection for such auxiliaries, but its caresses were to some of a more serious and compromising nature.

Formerly, the most ultra never dreamed of giving up their patriotism. It was reserved for the members of the Commune to divest themselves of this old prejudice of all nations. They vehemently demanded, during the siege of Paris by the Prussians, the most extreme measures—a general sortie, “*des battailles torrentielles*,” and fighting to the last. When conspiracy made them masters of Paris, their violence and ferocity against the Prussians changed to obsequious devotedness and civilities of the most amicable nature. Their dishonest protestations were displayed in the columns of the official journal of the Commune with a coolness that makes one blush. The delegate of foreign affairs treated the Prussians, who had just lacerated and humiliated France, and bombarded its capital, as if they were our most faithful allies, and were sacrificing themselves heroically for our safety.

The generals of the Commune, who had been imprisoned some weeks before by the government of the national assembly as Prussian spies and agents, made no change in their patriotic course. The delegate of war, General Trochu, recalled at the tribune, “is making a series of rigorous arrests, the object of which is to assure to the enemy the freedom the pending negotiations confer on them.”

The politicians and chemists of the Commune proved they had been in a good school by borrowing two ideas of M. de Bismarck and M. de Moltke, the very names of which now inspire horror—the system of hostages and the use of petroleum. To ensure the entire payment of the exorbitant requisitions on the invaded provinces, and somewhat avenge the limited enthusiasm manifested by the humiliated and suffering inhabitants, the Prussians retained the most notable individuals as hostages, and sent them to the prisons of Germany. Citizens Ferré and Raoul Rigault found this system too ingenious and convenient not to be adopted. They took as hostages, and imprisoned them at Mazas and La Roquette, the priests and laymen who, according to the opinion of these servile imitators, had been more devoted to social and national interests than to those of anarchy and demagogism.

Fourteen months ago, a peculiar dictionary was discovered in the headquarters of the Internationale, in which was a list of such words as nitro-glycerine and picrate of potassium,

and a recipe for sulphurate of carbon, and the chlorate and prussiate of potassium. At the end of the recipes were these words, significant of the uses to which they were to be applied: "To throw from the windows: to be thrown into the gutters." If the most formidable of recipes is not to be found there, it is because the citizens of the Commune had not yet learned in the school of Prussian engineers the art of destroying houses and monuments by means of petroleum.

In continuing the account of the horrible deeds of the Commune, I find consolation as a Frenchman in the thought that the murderers and incendiaries of Paris denied not only their God, but their country, and that they were members not only of a criminal, but a foreign league.

I.

THE CLOSING OF THE MADELEINE.

In following with serious attention the various evolutions of the Commune, we are struck by the contrast between its beginning and its end. Its first essays were rather grotesque than frightful. The statesmen most preoccupied about the quicksands on which it threatened to cast society and the nation did not at first foresee the crimes that are without a name, which made its end one of the most sinister pages in human history. The reason is easily understood. Once masters of Paris, the charlatans and rogues that composed the Commune hoped to become the rulers of France. They saw themselves already at the head of a social revolution, and, encouraged by their unexpected success in the seductive cause of pretended renovation, they set to work in earnest. Hence the deluge of strange and incoherent decrees that became a dead letter, and only served to amuse the careless and frivolous Parisian.

But when the generals of the Commune made an audacious effort to seize Versailles and open communication with their numerous agents in the populous centres of the provinces, they were overwhelmed by the army they thought disorganized or won over to their cause, and all their plans were overthrown. The attempts to excite an insurrection in the large cities failed. The Commune could expect nothing more from the intervention of the departments: its rule was restricted to Paris, and the days of its power were numbered. Then projects of hatred and vengeance succeeded those of social renovation. The monkeys of the Hôtel de Ville gave place to tigers. The prophets and apostles of the Commune lost their *sang-froid*. The foul Felix Pyat exhausted himself in atrocious invectives, and the fiendish Delescluze evidently preferred to blow up Paris rather than give it up to France.

While the emissaries of the radical republicans knowingly deceived France and all Europe respecting the condition of Paris, and were circulating their deceitful and imprudent sophisms, dictated by their admiration for the Commune and their hatred of the national assembly, what was the language of foreign journals that cared for nothing about these internal struggles but exactness and impartiality? The correspondent of the *Times* was not satisfied with comparing Paris to an infernal caldron, in which seethed all human passions, but thus depicted the armed forces of the Commune: "Besides the old and the young, excited by the phraseology of the first revolution, still novel to them, all the villains in Paris are under arms. I have never seen, even in London, so sinister a collection of faces. These men always seem more or less intoxicated. They have not, perhaps, ceased to be so since the eighteenth of March." Such is the spectacle in the streets and public places: that of the forts and ramparts is of a still more expressive character: "Man is there only a ferocious animal, everywhere scenting blood. We hardly recognize him, and no longer comprehend him."

The parish service I directed at the Madeleine after the arrest of M. Deguerry encountered but few difficulties. The Commune only made some insignificant requisitions in a civil manner. The qualification of "citizen director of the church of the Madeleine," given me in the most solemn manner, enlivened me for an instant in the midst of my cares and griefs.

The success of the Versailles army, in giving joy to the respectable people still remaining at Paris, was a source of danger to them. The Commune concentrated, or rather gave up, its civil and military power into the hands of the committee of public safety and the central committee. On Wednesday, the seventeenth of May, in going to administer the last sacraments to the daughter of a concierge in the Rue de la Victoire, I found the ninth arrondissement hemmed in by the insurgents, who were making frequent arrests. Thanks to one of the most ultra journals of the Commune that I pretended to be reading very attentively, I passed through their inquisitorial ranks unimpeded.

On the eighteenth, which was Ascension day, the church of St. Augustine was closed, and one of the vicars and the organist were imprisoned. All the offices of the day were celebrated at the Madeleine, attended by a numerous and very devout congregation; but, so far from yielding to any illusion about the fate that awaited me, I begged Dr. B. de L——, a parishioner of the Madeleine, to enable me after vespers to see M. Jacquemin, one of the physicians of the prison of Mazas. There was every reason to believe I should soon require his kind services. I was already acquainted with M. de Beauvais, the second physician at Mazas, whose courageous devotedness I was subsequently to experience, and who had already been so thoughtful as to give me news of the curé of the Madeleine and of the

Archbishop of Paris. After my interview with Dr. Jacquemin, I felt some embarrassment about returning to my residence. The Rue de la Ville-l'Evêque was filled with an armed band of the national guards. The house of the Sisters of Charity, opposite the Presbytère, was guarded by two sentinels. The sisters had been expelled, and the girls' school confided to some *citoyennes*, who, according to the unruly tongues of the quarter, had been replaced at the prison of St. Lazare by the Sisters of Picpus, who were accused of a series of crimes, each one more extraordinary than the rest. I bought, as on the previous day, one of the ultra journals of the Commune, and, armed with this new kind of a safe-conduct, I took a roundabout way to the Rue la Ville-l'Evêque, in order to avoid the national guards as much as possible. Once their protection would have been eagerly sought against a robber or assassin, but since the reign of the Commune respectable people feared and fled from them as the worst of evil-doers. And the new military organization will doubtless have to undergo a radical transformation, for it will be difficult for it to rise above the moral discredit into which it has fallen.

Some moments after, a Polish priest, who had given himself up with indefatigable zeal to the service of the ambulances, notified me that an order had been signed to close the churches and arrest the priests still in Paris. I went to see one of my devoted *confrères*, M. de Bretagne, and consult with him about the means of preserving the holy eucharist from profanation. The insurgents had already thrown away or carried off in their cartridge-boxes the sacred elements in some of the churches. At this very time the church of St. Philippe-du-Roule was entered by the insurgents, and for want of priests they arrested two employees who were guarding the church. The Madeleine of the eighth arrondissement was the only church that was still open.

Although, after the arrest of M. Deguerry, a part of the valuables of the church had been carried to a safe place, I employed the first moments of Friday, the nineteenth, in confiding the remainder to some women of the working-classes. I only left in the church a few valuable objects and several hundred francs. The agents of the Commune had a singular longing for money, and when they could not obtain some bank-bills or gold in their expeditions, the places invaded or the persons arrested had to suffer for such a financial disappointment.

At half-past three, the sacristy door burst open. A tall young man, clad *à la* Robespierre, with a broad red mantle that half-covered him, advanced at the head of a knot of confederates armed with revolvers, and exclaimed in a loud tone: "The church of the Madeleine is closed by order of the committee of public safety." I was at that moment supplying the unfortunate people whom the *régime* of the Commune had deprived of work and bread. I had on my choir robes in addition to my ordinary ecclesiastical costume. The inmates of the sacristy were greatly excited. Some who were waiting to go to confession fled. Only one, the wife of an old prefect of the empire, bravely remained to witness this singular spectacle. I approached the judicial agent, and asked to examine the official decree and see if it was authentic. While I was reading it, I saw in his hands two other decrees of the committee of public safety, one prescribing my arrest and the other the suppression of some newspapers that had not conformed to the opinions of the Commune. I thought the signature was that of Ranvier, the mayor of Belleville, one of the most influential members of the Commune and of the committee of public safety. He was an old bankrupt wine-dealer, who had several times been amenable to the laws, and, like all social outlaws, swore an implacable hatred to society. He acquired great popularity in the clubs, after the fourth of September, by advocating social war, as in the last months of the empire he had advocated the claims of absolute liberty! It was by virtue of this absolute liberty that he had just signed the three decrees, that aimed so many brutal blows at religious, civil, and political liberty.

"Are you the citizen director of the church of the Madeleine?" added the delegate, somewhat irritated at the inspection of the warrant, which seemed to him rather impertinent.

I would willingly have replied like Sganarelle, "Yes and no, according to your wish," but unfortunately, instead of living any longer in the Paris of Molière, we lived in a city of folly and crime.

"You know perfectly well that the curé of the Madeleine was arrested six weeks ago. It is I who am for the present in his place." I had not finished these words before he took the second warrant, and exclaimed in thundering tones: "By virtue of a decree of the committee of public safety, the citizen director of the church of the Madeleine is arrested." The murderers who escorted him, and who belonged to the battalion of the *Vengeurs de Flourens*, rushed upon me, holding their revolvers against my throat and chest, and bestowing on me a series of names, the most decent of which were "*bandit*, *canaille*, *crapule*, *assassin*!" One of them, whose stupid ferocity can only be attributed to drunkenness, cried, while endeavoring to adjust his arms: "It is you, vile rabble, who cause the patriots of Paris to be assassinated by the wretches at Versailles: the priests are the murderers of the people: they should all be shot." I had received these miserable men with politeness and a sentiment of resignation. Their low insults made me flush with indignation and decide to confront them.

"I am not accustomed to hear such language," said I to their leader. "If you continue to treat me in this way, I shall seat myself without another word, and force alone shall tear me from this sanctuary."

He made a sign to his followers to moderate their civic indignation, but without being

heeded. I now sought to lead them into a discussion, hoping to appease them and preserve the church from devastation by making them incapable of justifying their acts and outrages. For two hours—hours that seemed ages—I was obliged, under the greatest peril, to defend myself as a man and a priest against these emissaries, who were as ridiculous as they were odious. I will relate the principal points in this interchange of observations.

I first asked why I was arrested. At this question the delegate of the committee of public safety replied by a torrent of accusations and maledictions against the "miserable quarter of the Madeleine, the most hostile in Paris to the *régime* of the Commune." He was not wholly wrong in this, for at the last elections the parish of the Madeleine, which comprises about forty thousand inhabitants, did not give more than a hundred votes to the candidates of the Commune. In the eighth arrondissement, where the church is, of about nineteen thousand votes, only five hundred voted for the Communist members. He added: "You must therefore expiate your conspirations in favor of the Versailles assassins." Here the delegate was no longer right. But it was evident that I was arrested because I was the "citizen director of the Madeleine," and they would make me expiate the sympathy and concurrence that the parishioners of the Madeleine had the unpardonable offence to refuse the Commune. To gain more time and thus calm their fury, I spoke of political affairs. My observations visibly disconcerted my interlocutors. The epithets, *canaille*, *crapule*, and assassin, became more and more rare, and their revolvers, at first so actively and impertinently exercised, were returned by degrees to their cases.

Another incident that might have been fatal to me served still more to disconcert them. During the last half of the reign of the Commune, the affair of the bodies found at St. Laurent, Notre Dame des Victoires, and Notre Dame de Lorette had an unfortunate effect. Disregarding the reports of the physicians and what was clearly evident, the revolutionist papers, the *Journal Officiel*, and the clubs exclaimed at the scandal. The most abominable crimes were imputed to the clergy, against whom a diabolical persecution was excited by extravagant accounts and vile pictures. In vain were these extravagances met by decisive reasons: the reasons themselves became new subjects of crimination and invectives which gave me great concern.

The vaults of the Madeleine were at this epoch filled with bodies. During the siege of Paris by the Prussians, the bodies of several generals and foreigners of distinction had been deposited there till they could be carried to their distant family tombs. I had for several days dwelt on the explanation I could give respecting these bodies so as to silence these furious madmen, but had found none. The time had come when I needed it.

"It is in this miserable parish of the Madeleine," exclaimed the delegate of the Commune with a smile of contempt and hatred, "that we shall discover the infamy of the priests. I will bet," continued he, turning toward his agent, "that we shall find here more horrible things than at St. Laurent and Notre Dame des Victoires. Citizens, let us go down into the vaults!"

The ray of light that I had sought for in vain the three previous weeks all at once beamed into my mind, I found the reason I needed. Though in the power of the dangerous agents of the committee of public safety, I blessed God for his protection.

"I have two observations to make to you," I replied. "The first is that you will find in the vaults of the Madeleine many more corpses than in the other churches...."

I can still see the delegate laughing with fiendish satisfaction at these words till he nearly fell backwards. "I told you, citizens, that there was more infamy in this church than anywhere else!"

"The second observation, sir, concerns you personally, and from a motive of charity I think it a duty to draw your attention to it. I warn you that several of these bodies belong to illustrious families in Spain, Italy, England, and America, and, if you are rash enough to disturb them, it is with these foreign powers, and not with me, you will have to deal."

In his place I should have endeavored to dissimulate my embarrassment by doubting this assertion, and requesting to be assured of the fact. But he was not constrained in the least. He waved his hand with a triumphant air, and, as if it were I who proposed to violate the tombs, he exclaimed in the most sonorous manner: "Yes, yes, the Commune will protect these bodies; they shall be protected!"

After this incredible instance of foolishness and incoherency, we may stop. I will only beg pardon for mentioning one of the moral reflections made by one of the emissaries of the Commune at the commencement of this scene. I had occasion to pronounce the name of God. "Stop," said he to me, flourishing his revolver, "if God existed and should descend here, it is he I would shoot first!"

It was half-past five. My situation became less critical. These men, at first so ferocious, now treated me with politeness. The most brutal seemed almost ashamed of having insulted me. I was able to request the national guards appointed to watch over the Madeleine not to allow anything to be removed or desecrated. I also begged that the faithful employees of the church might have the liberty of returning home. The delegate charged to arrest me could no longer deceive himself. He became almost affable. I will not mention his name. He sufficiently dishonored the family from which he sprang by his deeds. A week after, by a coincidence worthy of note, he directed from the Madeleine the fight on the Boulevard

Malesherbes. More strongly resisted than he had expected, he found himself with two of his agents hedged in by the Versailles troops, and sought shelter in the cellar of the church. An officer of the line shot him with a revolver, fracturing his skull. This prodigal child had become hardened in sin: unworthy of pardon and mercy, he had become incapable of repentance.

I arrived at the préfecture de police at a quarter past six, accompanied by a staff-officer of the Commune. I was as yet but little preoccupied about my situation, but when told that I was to appear at once before citizen Ferré, the *préfet de police*, who was regarded by men of penetration as another Robespierre, I felt that my case was extremely grave, and that, having but little to hope from man, I should confide myself to the protection of God.

II.

THE PREFECTURE DE POLICE AND MAZAS.

It is no easy matter to describe the singular scene at the préfecture de police, usually so quiet, so disciplined and solemn. This establishment had become noisier and more picturesque than a fair-ground. By way of contrast with the usual proceedings, robbers and other criminals now issued decrees of arrest and imprisonment, and they who were arrested and imprisoned were lovers of order and their duty.

The entrance was guarded by a crowd of national guardsmen, who had stopped drinking and smoking to laugh at the unfortunate victims of the hatred of the committee of public safety, who were arriving in large numbers. I had seen at the Madeleine the delegate who ordered my arrest give the staff-officer appointed to conduct me a five-franc piece to pay for the carriage. This honest man found it more suitable to leave this expense to his prisoner, and keep the five francs himself. It was a little contribution to the expenses of the war that I cheerfully paid. Like the misanthrope of Molière, I was almost glad to see the masters of Paris throw off the mask and add niggardliness to all kinds of violence. It was pleasant to be able to testify that a staff-officer of the Commune, the friend of Ferré and Raoul Rigault, the confidential agent of the committee of public safety, and one of the great dignitaries of the prefecture de police, committed a theft at my expense, and with an unceremoniousness that could not be found among the robbers and pickpockets of the worst quarters of the barriers.

After waiting three hours, I was summoned before citizen Ferré, the member of the Commune delegated to the ex-préfecture de police, which signifies in common language the *préfet de police*. He appeared to be from twenty-six to thirty years of age. He was no longer the ten-years student and the burlesque writer for the small journals of the Latin quarter, who gave himself up to pleasure on those rare festivals when the proceeds of his pen allowed him to revel at the public balls at the crossway of the Observatory. He had exchanged his worn clothes for a more elegant suit, his old pointed hat for a cap with gold spangles. Carelessly seated in a superb arm-chair in the luxurious office where Delessert, Maupas, and Pietri had labored, he gave orders to his subordinates with the solemnity and self-sufficiency of a pasha. I am mistaken; the great pashas I saw while travelling in the East were only inferior rulers beside him; he realized with admirable precision the fantastic idea I had formed of a Chinese mandarin of the first class.

After making a salutation which he doubtless did not find proportionate to his dignity, I requested permission in respectful and sufficiently humble tones to appear as promptly as possible before the *juge d'instruction*. He interrupted me in a dry and haughty tone: “Be silent, citizen. You are here to listen to me, and not to talk!”

I had never met with so humiliating a reception. It is true I had never been in the presence of insolence personified. I immediately drew from my pocket a number of the *Journal Officiel de la Commune* which I had been carefully keeping for three days, and which contained a recent decree by virtue of which all individuals arrested should appear before the *juge d'instruction* within twenty-four hours or be restored to liberty.

“I wished at first, sir,” I firmly replied, “to solicit a favor, now I claim a right. By virtue of the decree of the Commune which I am going to read to you, I demand the right to appear within twenty-four hours before a *juge d'instruction*.”

Our arrogant mandarin shrugged his shoulders, and smiled, as if to say, “Here is a simpleton who still believes in the decrees of the Commune!”

“Captain, conduct this citizen to prison,” was his only reply. On Wednesday, the twenty-fourth of May, at half-past seven in the evening, I noticed through the bars of my cell my mandarin transformed into a bloodthirsty tiger, crossing the court of La Roquette and giving orders for the immediate execution of the Archbishop of Paris, M. Bonjean, M. Deguerry, and their three companions.

My situation assumed a more gloomy aspect than I had anticipated. I had been arrested as one of the last hostages, and was at the mercy of a band of ruffians who were exasperated to madness by the approach of the Versailles army. I did not lose courage in my misfortunes. Convinced by the example of the staff-officer who had robbed me of five francs that I still had one means of alleviating my lot, I henceforth placed all my confidence in the infinite

mercy of God, without forgetting a generous distribution of pieces of a hundred sous. I immediately slipped two into the hands of my jailer, who was profuse in his bows, and gave me an exceptional testimony of his gratitude, in his way, by shutting me up in the cell that had been occupied by M. Deguerry. I told him that, lacking everything, I must absolutely write my friends that evening, and begged him not to send my letter through the office. As he objected, I told him I needed money, and, if I were not at once supplied, I should not be able to acknowledge, as was my practice, the kind services of the good officials with whom I had to deal. At this, what had been impossible was instantly effected.

I wrote to the Presbytère of the Madeleine for money and other effects; then I added what I considered very important, and wished not to be seen at the office, that they must not speak to any one of my arrest, or write me a single line, or, especially, take any steps for my release. To pass unperceived and confounded in the crowd of prisoners was my only chance of safety. I remained faithful to this principle to the end.

Having had no food since ten o'clock in the morning, I asked for something to eat. They told me it was too late, that the dinner was at five o'clock, and the regulations allowed nothing afterwards. The same accident occurred several times, and owing to other obstacles I was no more fortunate about sleeping. I will say, for the edification of those who wish to get an idea of the *régime* of the Commune, that at the end of ten days' imprisonment I returned home, after having dined twice and slept two hours and a half. My friends declared that I looked ten years older; but, knowing the truly French elasticity of my temperament, I consoled them with the assurance that ten days of freedom would make me ten years younger, which has proved true.

During the night, prisoners were continually being brought in. Among them were some members of the national guards of the Commune, who, through insubordination and drunkenness, became my companions in captivity. They kept up a terrific noise. Some cried as loud as they could bawl: "Vive la République! Vive la Commune!" Others thought they were at a club, and, all speaking at once, advocated in discordant tones the abolition of capital, the death of the priests, the freedom of woman, and other benefits of social revolution.

Just after midnight, a confederate officer was brought into one of the neighboring cells who was indebted to too copious libations for the eloquence of a Demosthenes and the strength of a Hercules. This patriot thought himself confronting the Prussians, among whom he made frightful carnage. "Now it is your turn, you bully of a Bismarck! Now you, William, you rascal! You shall see what a patriot and a republican can do!" Then he would throw himself on to the door of his cell, and pound and kick it. This continued till daybreak. The heroic avenger of the national honor made me forget for a time the singular insolence of Ferré, and more than once I laughed at his manly eloquence and glorious feats in battle. I took pleasure in retaining, in the midst of the extravagances and crimes of the Commune, a bitter remembrance of the crushing and humiliating proceedings of Prussia.

On Saturday morning I wrote to M. Moiré, the *juge d'instruction*, asking to be heard in the course of the day. At half-past three I received a reply. It was an order to Mazas. No illusion was longer possible. The advocates of legal forms must expect to be shot without form—a respect for which would doubtless have been a poor consolation in falling under the bullets of assassins, but it is well to observe that such judicial modes are unknown among the cannibals themselves. Among the prisoners who accompanied me were, with other ecclesiastics, the Abbé Laurent Amodru, the vicar of Notre Dame des Victoires, and the Abbé de Marsy, the vicar of St. Vincent de Paul. Both came to me and manifested a sympathy that began to cheer the gloomy perspective of Mazas. M. de Marsy was full of animation, and his cordial devotedness was of more benefit to us in a moral than a material sense. And I became inseparably attached to M. l'Abbé Amodru. He was my neighbor again at La Roquette, and his encouraging example, even more than his precious religious ministrations, aided me in enduring the greatest trials in that fearful abode. I wish to give him a public testimony of my profound gratitude. We were transported in one of those cellular vehicles, the very sight of which inspires horror and disgust, and arrived at Mazas at half-past five. They kept us shut up nearly two hours in a kind of grated cage, which made me wish for one of those which contain the wild beasts in the Jardin des Plantes.

Though separated from one another, we were able nevertheless to exchange some words. "It is an indignity," exclaimed a young national guardsman, who had refused to serve the Commune, "to shut us up in this way as if we were robbers!"

"Cheer up," replied an old man with a cultivated and sympathetic voice. "In these days, honest men are placed here, and robbers are left without."

Exhausted with fatigue, I could neither sit down, lie down, eat, nor read. I can understand these rigorous precautions for the disciples of Cartouche, Troppman, and Dumolard. Would there have been any great social danger in shutting us up in an apartment where there was a bench? I learned afterward that the Archbishop of Paris had the same preliminary ceremony to undergo, which almost reduced him to agony. When my turn came to go to the register's office, I was very much exasperated, and not at all disposed to conceal my dissatisfaction; and I had begun to observe that mildness and patience only served to aggravate our troubles with the emissaries of the Commune, while a timely and vigorous protestation obtained some alleviation. The registrar, in taking a long and minute

description, demanded my name—"The Abbé Lamazou, Vicar of the Madeleine." I never failed to articulate this title distinctly. It edified some, irritated others, and proved to all that by my profession I did not necessarily belong to the family of those accused of robbery, brigandage, or assassination, for whom the prison of Mazas was intended.

Having entered the establishment, they pointed toward a door. I supposed it was my cell. By no means: it was a bath-room. As vagabonds and criminals are not always models of neatness and health, I understood the necessity of making them take a bath at their entrance into prison. I also comprehend that recourse may be had to this easy means of ascertaining if a dangerous criminal has not concealed in his clothes some weapon or some document that may compromise him. When the warden ordered me to undress in order to take a bath, I was for a moment confounded. The sight of a dirty bath-room and a smoking rag, that perhaps had just wiped the body of some foul vagrant of the barriers, quite restored my energy.

"I will not take a bath."

"The regulations require it: you must submit to them."

"I tell you once for all, that I will not take a bath, if you shoot me."

"Well, in your place I would act the same," replied the warden in a most friendly tone. "I am distressed at all that has been going on here for some time. Only, as the director of the prison is a furious partisan of the Commune, if he were aware of your resistance, he might subject you to rigorous treatment. I will close the door for a few minutes, and you will be reported as having taken your bath."

I thanked him warmly. Some wardens of the former administration still remained at Mazas and La Roquette. They not only manifested a cordial respect for us, but rendered us the most valuable assistance. Of all the marks of sympathy that I received after my deliverance, none affected me more than the letters and calls of my old wardens of Mazas and La Roquette. Among those who came to see me was the warden of the bath-rooms at Mazas. There were then, among the hordes of the Commune, who were a disgrace to the human race, some men who honored it by their conscientiousness, their courage, and their moral dignity.

Although the day was nearly at an end, I was not at the end of my tribulations. The cell in which I was shut up seemed most objectionable. It was exceedingly cold, and, as I had been laid up with an attack of bronchitis, it might bring on inflammation of the lungs. It was on the ground, and immediately facing the interior entrance to the main part of the prison. I knew the populace might take Mazas by force and give a second edition of the days in September. I should then be one of the first at hand. Finally, and this was decisive, I had fallen into the hands of a Communist warden, who, seeing me exhausted, having had no nourishment since morning, gave no other proof of his solicitude than examining my pockets, my books, and even my portemonnaie.

The next morning I asked to see one of the physicians of the prison. It was Dr. de Beauvais's day, whom I had already seen at the Madeleine. As he was under the surveillance of the agents of the Commune, I made no sign of recognition. I made known to him the intolerable treatment I had received, the bad state of my health, and the physical impossibility of remaining in my cell. I added that I simply wished to inform him of my situation, but by no means to claim a favor.

He replied that, in consequence of my state of health, I had a right to change my cell. He ordered one to be given me in the first story.

The energy of my language had such an effect on the infirmarian and pharmaceutist of the prison that they hastened to manifest their sympathy. My new warden was perfect. In spite of the severity of the discipline, I could, thanks to them, obtain news of M. Deguerry, Mgr. Darboy, Mgr. Surat, and of M. Bayle, the vicar-general of Paris, who was in my neighborhood. Hitherto I could only give an idea of their trials and those of the other hostages of the Commune by relating my own, only most of them had been incarcerated seven weeks, and I only four days.

Sunday was, relatively speaking, a comfortable day. I guessed, on Monday morning, from the general sound of the tocsin, that the Versailles troops must have entered Paris. The pharmacist and wardens confirmed the supposition. "Courage," they said to me, "perhaps in a few hours, or to-morrow at the latest, you will be free."

I offered up my thanksgivings to God, and hailed the first dawn of light on Tuesday as the happy day of my deliverance, and the deliverance of all my companions in captivity.

III.

LA ROQUETTE—MASSACRE OF THE HOSTAGES—FOUR DAYS OF AGONY.

A brilliant sun lighted the prison of Mazas. We were, then, about to return to Paris, from which we seemed a thousand leagues distant, though within its limits; we were to behold once more those who were dear to us, and endeavor, according to the measure of our

strength, to heal the moral and material wounds made by the most shameful and odious of *régimes* that ever burdened a civilized people. I forgot all my fatigues, all my sadness, all my anguish, in the reawakening of hope and life. I prayed with the enthusiasm of an exile who had despaired of ever seeing his country again, and to which he was, by an unexpected event, about to be restored.

At a quarter before ten, the door of my cell was opened. A warden I did not know ordered me to collect my effects and go down. My deliverance, then, was nearer at hand than I had hoped. All my things were packed in a few minutes. I took all the money out of my purse except enough to pay for a carriage and give the driver a generous *pourboire*. I was too happy not to wish to make those around me happy. In descending I distributed all the money I possessed. They shut me up in one of the compartments of the prison parlor. After some minutes, they took me to the director, who asked me if I had any observations to make. “None,” said I, “unless that I am ignorant why I am brought here.”

His face, and the faces of the agents who surrounded him, seemed very ferocious, but I knew they had been indebted to the insurrection for their places at Mazas, and must therefore be dissatisfied to see Paris restored to France and to itself. In my heart I pardoned all the ill that had been done me. Nevertheless, one thing astonished me, that I did not see Mgr. Darboy, M. Deguerry, or Père Olivaint, or any of the priests who had been transported with me from the préfecture de police to Mazas. I spied a warden I knew. I asked him where I might expect to find the curé of the Madeleine. He replied with tears in his eyes: “He left last evening with the archbishop and several other gentlemen! May God watch over you!”

I could not describe the impression made on the happiest of men by this mysterious reply and the frightened appearance of the warden. I questioned him, but he disappeared in a passage. What had happened to my companions? What was going to happen to me?... I sought an explanation to this mystery—but it was beyond my comprehension. Suddenly a word, a single word, pronounced, I know not by whom, I know not where, resounded in my ear like a thunderbolt: “La Roquette!”... To this voice from without, an interior voice instantly replied: “La Roquette, the prison of those condemned to death!”...

This frightful thunderbolt, which precipitated me into an abyss a thousand times more fearful than that from which I thought I had issued, was enough to dismay a nature more strongly tempered than mine. I was dismayed and broken down, and yet, after the poignant griefs and enervating perplexities that had overwhelmed me for two months, I had at least the advantage of knowing my certain fate. My conscience gave me the consoling testimony that I was a victim of my fidelity to duty; my courage revived at the thought of the numerous and illustrious captives who had suffered more than I, and whose examples I only had to follow to die as a priest and a Frenchman. I cried with the royal Psalmist: “But I have put my trust in thee, O Lord: I said: Thou art my God, my lot is in thy hands.” This lifting of my heart to God sufficed to give me firmness and the serenity of Christian resignation.

When they shut me up in one of the grated cages in the vestibule of Mazas, the warden charged with this painful task secretly pressed my hand, and informed me that the Archbishop of Paris, the curé of the Madeleine, and most of the other hostages had gone to La Roquette, where we were now to be taken. His pressure of my hand and the consternation of his face were more eloquent than all he could say. It was a comfort truly providential to find the Abbé Amodru again in the cage next mine. Our impressions were the same. Thanks to the signs we agreed upon when we left the préfecture de police, we could give each other absolution. We must find ourselves in the presence of death to comprehend the nothingness of all human things; there is then no longer any difficulty in praying, in repenting, in pardoning our fellow-men, and in trusting wholly in the mercy of God.

One by one the cages opened and shut with a lugubrious noise, and I was surrounded with hostages destined for La Roquette. I was surprised to find several under complete illusion respecting our situation. Some thought we were about to be restored to liberty, and others did not seem to comprehend the significance of our being sent to La Roquette. It was not best to enlighten them yet, but I resolved to do so at a later moment. With almost certain death staring us in the face, I thought it proper, and especially more Christian, to modify my attitude. Until now I had taken an energetic stand against the agents of the Commune, and sometimes expressed my indignation. I now resolved to speak but little, to pray a great deal, to encourage those of my companions who should need it, and to arm myself with patience and meekness toward our persecutors.

The charitable young pharmacist of the prison, who, the night before, so gladly announced our approaching liberation, was stationed in a corner of the vestibule to give us a last proof of his sorrowful sympathy. This was not only a kind but a courageous act at a moment when a single smile of compassion might be regarded as treason. A week after, a young man, kneeling by the body of M. Deguerry in the lower chapel of the Madeleine, stopped me to express his joy and his grief. It was the pharmacist of Mazas.

An enormous cart, surrounded by armed national guards, awaited us in the first court. I at once bethought myself of the carts that during the Reign of Terror conveyed the victims of the committee of public safety to execution. And we too were to go in the same direction, toward the Barrière du Trône. Such coincidences could not fail to strike any one familiar with our revolutionary history. Fifteen prisoners mounted the cart, among whom I noticed M. Chevriaux, the principal of the Lycée at Vanves, who bravely wore his ribbon of the

Legion of Honor; Père Bazin; M. Bacues, the director of St. Sulpice; an honest workman, and some members of the national guards, guilty of not having sacrificed to the idol of the day. They were mostly ecclesiastics.

We were told that the reason we had not been sent to La Roquette the night before with the first hostages dispatched was that a third vehicle could not be procured. Mgr. Darboy, Mgr. Deguerry, Mgr. Surat, and M. Bonjean had suffered very much at Mazas: the prolonged severity of the prison discipline had, in particular, shaken the archbishop's health. They had been obliged, only a few hours before his departure for La Roquette, to apply blisters to him. But they all showed themselves, by their firmness and patience, superior to their sad condition.

At the sight of M. Perny and M. Houillon, apostolic missionaries in China, whom the Commune had stupidly arrested on their way through Paris, M. Deguerry said to Mgr. Darboy: "Only think of those two Orientals coming to seek martyrdom in Paris! Is it not curious?" On the way, they had to encounter the threats and outrages of a rabid mob. Men *en blouse*, ragged children, and women, or rather furies, wished to stop and enter the vehicles: "*A bas les chouans et les calotins!*"—"Stop, we wish to cut them in pieces!"

It was revolting, monstrous, and yet something still more hideous was reserved for us. We were insulted in our turn, not by the multitude, but by the national guards who had charge of us. I could understand the threatening attitude of an over-excited mob, led away by its bad instincts and the speeches of demagogues, but I had never seen, or thought it possible, that an armed force could basely insult and threaten those whom they were officially deputed to escort to a place of punishment. I had not suspected such a degree of vileness in human nature, and felt rather humiliated than indignant. "Ah! citizen," said one of these tigers armed with a *képi* and a chassepot, "you reckon on the arrival of the Versailles assassins! Well, this morning we cut them off at the Porte d'Auteuil with our mitrailleuses: twenty thousand prisoners are in our hands. The *chouans* and their accomplices will have the fate they merit." An ecclesiastic of the Faubourg St. Antoine, who had been embittered by his trials, wished to take up for the Versailles army. I tried to make him comprehend that reserve and silence were the safest and most suitable course for us.

I asked the national guardsman at my right the quarter he was from. He replied that he belonged to the battalion of Charonne. It was more and more manifest that the old suburbs of Paris ruled and kept Paris in terror. The quarters St. Martin, St. Antoine, and St. Marceau were no longer rulers of this great city, but the citoyens of Belleville, Montmartre, La Villette, Ménilmontant, Charonne, and Montrouge, that is to say, the districts that a few years ago were not a part of Paris, that had municipalities and material interests distinct from Paris, and had made a most vigorous resistance to their annexation to the city. But the head of the second empire conceived a pride in reigning over a capital containing two millions of inhabitants, and the thickly settled suburbs were violently annexed to Paris. He wished to eclipse Babylon and ancient Rome. To make his way through his capital, innumerable boulevards must be opened, bordered by sumptuous edifices. To seek the fresh air of the Bois de Boulogne, he must traverse immense avenues peopled with all the wealthy idlers in the world, and consequently new legions of workmen were summoned from every point of the compass, who concentrated themselves like an army ranged in battle in the annexed zone.

A humble journalist, I had pointed out, as a great social danger, the tendency of the empire to separate Paris into two parts, one peopled by the aristocracy and bourgeoisie, and the other by workmen, outcasts, and the dissatisfied from the entire world. My criticisms and sad forebodings were recompensed by officious remonstrances, domiciliary visits, and the seizure of my papers. The course of the empire had, then, been fatal to France in a political point of view, since compression had only served to debase its inhabitants and organize all kinds of social conspirations; fatal in a religious point of view, for the affairs of Rome alarmed the consciences of Catholics, and the clergy, so respected in 1848, became the objects of prejudice and hatred, the bitter fruits of which we were reaping; and fatal in a military sense, for France was humbled and crushed by a foreign power.

I will declare, for the political honor of the eminent men whose opposition to the empire I shared, that at the time I thought I was about to be put to death in prison and render the Supreme Judge a strict account of my actions, far from regretting a stand that some of my friends and ecclesiastical superiors had blamed and treated as "*passion politique*," everything at Mazas and La Roquette, everything in Paris and the whole of France, assured me I had not taken a wrong course; that, on the contrary, I had served the cause of religion and of my country.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DÖLLINGER SCANDAL.

FROM THE HISTORISCH-POLITISCHE BLAETTER.

During the course of the year 1857 we published in these pages an exhaustive article on the philosophy of Baader. Before the article was sent to press, the editor of Baader's complete works gave to the public the author's correspondence in another volume, the appearance of which occasioned the most painful surprise among the admirers of the great thinker. The book showed that, in his later years, Baader's mind was out of harmony with the church; and that his tone towards it had grown to be one of bitterness even. As was wont to be the case in those happier days, the editors of these pages turned to Dr. Döllinger for an explanation of the glaring contradictions between the earlier and later views of Dr. Baader. The result was a postscript to the article above referred to, written by Dr. Döllinger, and which may be seen in the fortieth volume of the *Historisch-Politische Blätter*, p. 178.

In this postscript, Dr. Döllinger pointed out from the correspondence itself what were the reasons of the change, and showed that Baader's animosity against the church rested only on extraneous and accidental causes, and had nothing to do with his philosophy. "No further key"—these are Döllinger's concluding words—"will be needed to understand how the broad chasm that separates the calm convictions of the ripe man in his prime from the passionate, almost childlike, outbursts of mental impotence of the old man in his decline, was overleaped."

These lines were written by Dr. Döllinger thirteen years ago, and we have often read them since. Step by step, he has himself proceeded in a course towards the church which he so severely censured in the philosopher of Munich.

The fall of the two men is to a certain extent the same. The gray-haired church historian, too, is separated by a great chasm from what he was in his prime—at a great distance from the convictions that guided him when he was in the zenith of his intellectual power.

His deportment and language betray signs of ungovernable passion, incompatible with the self-possession of a man who understands his own mind.

We have a right to seek in his case, also, for a psychological solution of the change that has left him the very reverse of what he was. In his case, as in that of Baader, it will be seen that the reasons have nothing to do with his erudition as a church historian; that they are of a purely "extraneous and accidental character." But, indeed—and this is the great difference between the two—in Baader's case, the motives were of a private, domestic nature; in the case of Döllinger, they are of a public and political nature. To express it in a word, it is the spirit of the times and of the world that has carried Döllinger into the fatal gulf. Döllinger's fall, his breaking off from all he was in the past, is only a piece of the political history of Bavaria during the last twenty years. The Council and the definition of the 18th of July have only hastened the matter; they have merely given the disease, in its crisis, an acute form; but, without them, the break would still have taken place; for a current of thought had set in in Döllinger's mind which would have necessitated it. When, therefore, we are asked how it happens that a highly learned and highly respected man, like Döllinger, in the enjoyment of a completely independent position, could cast himself into a current running counter to his whole previous life, our answer is very simple; for, from the very beginning of a certain period in the history of Bavaria, every true Catholic was called upon to bear his cross with the church; and it is not given to every one to choose being put in the background when he needs only to yield in order to reap his share of the honors of this world.

It was beyond a doubt impossible for Döllinger to add anything to his reputation for learning. Was he not the head and ornament of the Catholic school of Munich? And, by the way, it is beyond a doubt that that school had taught as a body, concerning the *ex cathedrâ* decisions of the Holy See, neither more nor less than is now required by the decrees of the Council of the Vatican. Witnesses can be found for every day and year, from among the students of the Munich theological faculty, from the Bishop of Mainz down to the humblest parish priest, to show from their notes and memoranda that Döllinger himself taught exactly what the Archbishop of Munich requires him now to subscribe to. Whoever questions the infallibility of the Papal decisions contradicts the present and past testimony of the church, and must deny the infallibility of the church itself—such was the view of the whole Munich school; such was Döllinger's own view.

If Döllinger's present views were correct, the immunity of the church from error could not for a moment be maintained, no matter where it might be claimed its infallibility resided. Döllinger subordinates the church to science and the decisions of the church to the final judgment of the learned, more especially to the final judgment of historians. Such is his theory, and such, practically, his answer to his ecclesiastical superiors.

Not without reason, therefore, does the Archbishop of Munich in his pastoral, dated Palm Sunday, say: "In this manner the church's divine commission and all Catholic truth is called in question." It cannot for a moment be doubted that a man who speaks as does Döllinger in his declaration of the 28th of March last, has lost completely the Catholic idea of the church. The only difference between him and the Protestants is that, in addition to the Bible, he admits, tradition, "the unanimous consent of the fathers," to be a source of religious truth;

and this a Protestant may also do, provided no external authority be constituted the court of final appeal; and Döllinger in fact claims that there is no such court, since he subordinates both Pope and Council alike to what he calls “science.”

In point of fact, however, even if not expressed in precisely those words, these were Döllinger’s views years ago. We long since foresaw what was coming, and just as it has come. It was then a matter of no little surprise to us that his course caused no uneasiness even in ecclesiastical circles; and that no importance was attached to the remarkable revelations to which we now call attention, although the circumstances attending and the persons concerned in them were calculated to invest them with a character of the highest importance. We have already referred to the revelations in question as throwing light on the internal history of Bavaria, and on Döllinger’s dangerous complication with certain tendencies of the late government; but we must return to the subject, and treat it more particularly. We refer especially to the academical oration held by Dr. Döllinger on the 13th of March, 1864, on King Maximilian II.

In his oration, he happens to speak of the remarkable interest felt by the deceased monarch in historical research, and reveals to the world a very strange, “a more secret” motive for the royal interest. The reader, to understand the full bearing of the history which we give below entire on Döllinger himself, must bear in mind the peculiar characteristics of a man who has lived more among his books than among men. It would be hard for any one to be more subject to external influences than Döllinger is, and, at the same time, to be less conscious of their presence or effect. He unconsciously puts forth to-day, as the result of his own experience, what he happened to hear expressed yesterday by another. Döllinger is always the product of his surroundings, and hence his change, as he lost his old friends, one after another, by death or by alienation, and fell in almost exclusively with the society of the so-called “Bernfenen.” This explains also how it came to pass that many younger men, and the members of the scientific guild—for example, his little Mephistopheles, Huber—exercised so unwarranted and increasing an influence over him. Bearing all this in mind, it is impossible to overestimate the effects and influence of the overtures which King Maximilian made to Dr. Döllinger. He was completely intoxicated by them, and his new friends found means to prevent his return to his sober senses. The impression made on Döllinger in the conference in question must have been the more lasting, as Döllinger, the acknowledged head of the Ultramontane party, could not have hoped to stand any higher in his majesty’s favor than any other of that abused class. To express the whole matter in a few words, we are convinced that the careful observer will discover the later as opposed to the earlier Döllinger in the following account, or in his cradle.

The following extract is from the oration above referred to:

“As I have permitted myself to refer to the deeper thoughts which guided the king in his government, and especially in his attitude towards science, I may also recall certain other communications which I received from his own mouth. An upright, faithful Christian, he believed in the lasting future of Christianity, and, therefore, could not conceive that its divisions and the struggle of the different confessions should continue for ever; that Christians should waste their powers in mutual injury. The division, he was of opinion, had had its time, and God had permitted it for some high purpose; and that time, even where not entirely past, was near its end; and he believed firmly that in spite of all polemical bitterness, in spite of the sordid spirit of self which had intruded itself into the controversy, the day of union for Christian nations would come, and the promise of one fold and one shepherd be fulfilled. And the great ecclesiastical bodies of the West being once reconciled and working with more than redoubled intellectual vigor upon the Græco-Russian church, the latter would not long resist the powerful magnetic influence of unity. Or, on the other hand, when once the union of the Catholic and Anatolian churches was effected, the various Protestant sects would be gradually drawn into the current and meet their brethren.

“Naturally, however, the attention of the king was claimed in the first instance by whatever could be looked upon as tending in a proximate or remote degree to the reconciliation of the East, and particularly of Germany. He saw that the future union could not be a simple, unaccommodating mechanical coming together of the separated confessions. Neither did he think for a moment of the absorption of one church into another. It was necessary, he thought, that both bodies should first undergo a purgative process, and that each should acknowledge that it might receive, though, perhaps, in an unequal degree, some good from the other; that each might help to free the other from its peculiar defects and one-sidednesses, and supply what was wanting in each other’s ecclesiastical and religious being; that each might heal the other’s wounds; and that neither should be required to surrender anything which its life and history had proved to be a positive good. Under these conditions, sooner or later, the process of reconciliation and of union would take place in the heart of Europe, in Germany.

“Such nearly were the thoughts which the king developed to me in a long conversation which I had with him, and which I never can forget. I do not know how far Schelling’s ideas of an all-embracing church of the future gave form and shape to the royal views. It is a matter of fact, however, that that thinker had exerted a great influence on the mind of the king long before his accession to the throne. At the same time, the king saw that this idea of a future church entertained by Leibnitz and by Germany’s greatest men was recognized as a necessity, and confidently hoped for also by his eminent and enlightened kinsman, King

Frederick William the Fourth of Prussia. A German patriot, he saw in this reunion the salvation of Germany; a Christian, he saw in it a bulwark for the defence of the Christian faith, now so fiercely menaced.

“And here he believed his own Bavaria was called to take an active and initiatory part, and the Bavarian king not only to point out the way the country was to go, but to guide it in that way. It was not a matter of mere chance the Frankish race, the numerically predominant race in Bavaria, was about equally divided between the two confessions, and that in no country, not even in Prussia, were the local mixture and inter-relations of Protestants and Catholics so intimate and extensive as in Bavaria.

“In the second place, as far as the king himself was concerned, he could and it was his duty to do something to bring Germany a little nearer to the desired goal. He had been obliged to establish a perfect equality of rights and of political standing for the professors of both confessions, to the end that no portion of the people might feel oppressed, or grow embittered, or think themselves kept in the background, for with such feelings on the part of any portion of the nation, all coming together, all understanding, was impossible.

“And here he was of opinion science, and particularly historical science, was called upon to accomplish much; for religion itself was history, and only as a historical fact, and in accordance with the rules of historical criticism, could religion be understood or appreciated. In his own view, historical science was the kingdom in which, in the words of the sacred writings, peace and justice would kiss; for only through history, as established by the most thorough research, could men know their own past and others’ past, their own and others’ failings; through it only was there any hope of begetting a conciliatory and pacificatory frame of mind.

“Thus the field of historical science seemed to the king like the Truce of God in the middle ages, or like a sacred city in which those elsewhere at variance found themselves at peace together; and, urged on by the same desires, endeavored to slake their thirst at the same fountain of truth, and grew into one communion.

“Out of the scientific fraternity of historians would one day proceed, so he hoped, after the trammels of confessions had been done away with, a higher union, embracing all historical, all religious truth, a brotherly reconciliation, such as patriots and Christians alike hoped and prayed for.”

All this Dr. Döllinger spoke with all the warmth of personal conviction. Although the whole is evidently a thrust at the idea of a confession and against the church as an organization, Döllinger does not append one word of correction in the name of the church. We cannot, however, help wondering that a critic so acute, a thinker so profound, as Döllinger should have surrendered himself to such a politico-religious system. It is easily seen that there are three separate, and in part contradictory, ideas in the royal programme, and all three have this in common, that they are totally irreconcilable with the idea of a divinely instituted and saving church.

In the first place, there is mentioned St. John’s church of love, Schelling’s church of the future, on which subject Döllinger was otherwise perfectly innocent. An ideal which contemplative enthusiastic characters like King William the Fourth might cherish, and which might also claim a place in the thoughts of the Bavarian king, could scarcely have much attraction for Döllinger. But it was otherwise with the second idea which King Maximilian had elaborated, that is, with the idea of a German national church; and, finally, with the third idea, that of the absorption of all the confessions into a universal republic of *savants*, and the church into a world-academy of science. Here the thread of the supernatural is completely lost, though, perchance, the king himself was not aware of it; for, is this not the most utter rationalism?

If, now, we look at Döllinger’s declaration of the 28th of March, we will find these two ideas standing out in bold relief. The odious antithesis of Germanism and Romanism may indeed be in harmony with the reigning political spirit; it certainly is incompatible with the idea of the Catholic Church. Whoever presumes in the name of nationality to speak of any member of the church as of the “Roman party,” either knows not what he is doing or must wish the “German national church” in schism. From this there is but one step, and that not a hard one for the pride of intellect or the haughtiness of science, to the position occupied by Döllinger in his declaration to the archbishop, in which he places the scientific fraternity of historians as the highest authority over the church, and makes it the court of final appeal in matters of faith. And yet the learned gentleman, although he signs himself only “a Christian,” will have us consider him a Catholic.

It is impossible to look into the abyss into which this once clear thinker has fallen without a feeling of terror. Is it not sufficient to open the eyes of every one that the apostles of German Catholicism and free religion, like a Heribert Rau and an Oswald, have again called the attention of the public to their already published works as an “interesting commentary on Dr. Döllinger’s protest”?

It is true that Döllinger has nothing in common with those men in his views of his relations to God; but then we must remember these gentlemen are only drawing their own consequences, and Döllinger has lost all right to find fault with the consequences they draw.

The unwarranted introduction of nationalism into the idea of the church was doubtless Döllinger’s first step downhill. This gained, the disturbers of the peace of the church soon possessed themselves of the whole man. There can be nothing more hostile to the real spirit of Catholicism than this false principle of nationality; for the end of the church, in a spiritual point of view, is to smooth away all national differences, and bring the different nations into one fold.

To wish, at a time like the present, when the fanaticism of nationality, if we may be allowed the expression, is tending to alienate still more the peoples of different nations—to wish, we say, at such a time to destroy the only tie that holds them together, is to betray the wildest party fanaticism imaginable.

We can understand what the cry for a German national church means in the mouths of those modern Neros, the liberalists—in the mouth of any one else, we cannot understand it.

We know very well that Döllinger was very far from desiring a schism when he spoke at the Linzer Catholic meeting in 1850, upon the subject of the place of German nationalism in the church. It was somewhat otherwise in his declarations in the Munich Conference in 1863. There a turning-point was discoverable.

A short time previously, the at first purely scientific difference with the “Roman party,” or neo-scholastics, had arisen. Döllinger had roused the suspicions of these latter; but we feel certain that at that time there were no grounds for their suspicions. He was, it was plain, only a little too susceptible to the influences of a certain kind of liberalism, and extraordinarily anxious to do away with any suspicion of adhering to the Ultramontane party.

The danger practically and in point of fact began when he became entangled in Bavarian politics, especially in what concerns the question of the relations of science to ecclesiastical authority. “German science” now became the focus in which the more or less conscious tendencies of Döllinger were concentrated. It is in 1865 that we must place the real turning-point in Döllinger’s career.

About the end of the year 1861, the writer of these lines went to Frankfort-on-the-Main. He visited Böhmer, and will never forget a scene he witnessed on the occasion of that visit. The great historian was sick at the time, fresh in mind, it is true, but in a repining condition, and almost bitter. Our conversation turned on the condition of the University of Munich under the *régime* of the so-called “Bernjungen.” Böhmer expressed great regret at what was going on in Munich, but reserved the vials of his wrath for the celebrities of the month of March previous. Especially, he made Döllinger responsible for it that so favorable a time had not been used for the founding of a historical school in the interests of the church. It was well known that Dr. Döllinger had had many scholars during his long career as a professor; but he had founded no school. It might be said, even, that he did not leave a disciple after him. Whilst he expatiated in the endless world of book in a manner hitherto unparalleled, perhaps it became impossible for him to prepare the living materials which young men needed, and lost the gift of sociability.

Böhmer became more and more aggravated as he proceeded, till, finally, his anger culminated in the following anecdote: He said that, when Döllinger visited Frankfort last, he had had a walk with him through the city, and Döllinger had spoken to him about his literary plans. He, Böhmer, remonstrated with him, and inquired why he did not fulfil his older promises; why he did not continue his unfinished church history. Whereupon Döllinger, stopping and swinging his cane, said with a smile: “You see, I can’t do that; for now my researches have brought me to such a pass that I cannot make the end of my history tally with the beginning; the continuation of my church history would be entirely Protestant.” I see Böhmer this moment before me with the same grim visage which he wore as he closed this story with the words: “*He—he* said that!”

Still, in 1860, Döllinger’s great work, *Christianity and the Church in the time of their Foundation*, appeared. Embracing the results of the latest research, and written in the most charming manner, this book touched and strengthened many a Catholic heart, as it did my own. But Döllinger has made that same beautiful book a sad memorial of his fall. He had written the book when he was sixty years of age, but when, in 1868, the second edition of it appeared, it was discovered that he had omitted some of the principal passages of the first edition, bearing upon the promises to and the establishment of the primacy; and what he had not omitted, he had changed in the interests of liberalism, and all without giving any ground for the alterations, without a single note even.

Döllinger has a wonderful memory for everything in the world of print, but very little for what concerns his own person or his own acts. When he wrote his declaration to the Archbishop of Munich, he seems to have quite forgotten the intentional “corrections” of his celebrated work. Otherwise, he would not have referred to the approval which it met with from the whole of Catholic Germany, and raised the question, Which text he meant—the true one of 1860, or the altered, not to say the falsified, one of 1868? Moreover, he, as the inspirer of *Janus*, recalled, in that last-named book, the little he had left in the edition of 1868 favorable to the primacy, for the reason that it “contradicted all opinions of the fathers, and the principles of exegetical theology.” In other words, *Janus* has completely and flatly denied the primacy.

It is hard to calculate what a blessing Döllinger might have been the means of to his contemporaries and to posterity, had he continued to make the rich treasures of his knowledge accessible to Christendom as he had done in his work of 1860. The Almighty, who had preserved him upright during the wars and passions of these later years, would have decreed him doubtless a rare old age had he remained true to his resolution not to divide his powers, to live an unprejudiced votary of science. It was to be otherwise. That book was the last fruit of the professional activity of the historian. The historian was now to become the bitter party-man, not to say the future Bavarian senator, and, as a writer, a mere political pamphleteer. Here his career as a man of science closes.

Late in the fall of 1861 appeared his work, *The Church and the Churches, etc.* It was a kind of colossal apology for the two well-known Odeon Lectures of the fifth and ninth of April of the same year, on the temporal power of the popes. In these lectures Döllinger has come forward in the *rôle* of the politician—a *rôle* which he was never intended to play on account of his too great credulity. Expressions had crept into these lectures so little savoring of piety, so painful to Catholic hearts, that the worst was feared for Döllinger in ecclesiastical circles. We also feared the consequences. Döllinger himself was evidently staggered at the unexpected impression of his, to say the least, unexplained appearance in such a character. The book which followed, in other respects a wonder of historical information, was nothing but a powerful effort to shield himself from the consequences of this step.

The ideas expressed in the royal conversation above referred to are here recognizable, more particularly in the introduction, as well as the endeavor to harmonize them with the principles of the church. It would not be very difficult to allay the doubts which Döllinger has endeavored to awaken concerning the mediæval church and the Papacy in his (or his amanuensis's) letters on the council in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and now in his "declaration," from his own work of 1861. The Encyclical, and particularly the doctrine of the Syllabus on the relations of church and state, may be both explained and defended by the assistance of the same book. Döllinger then knew very well how to vindicate the true sense of certain decrees and bulls of the popes issued while the mediæval relations of the church to the state were yet in force; he well knew then how to separate what is transient from that which is eternally true. If, at that time, any one had come to him to tell him that Napoleon III. intended to take advantage of the Bull "Cum ex apostolatus officio" against the Protestant princes of Germany and Prussia, with what shouts of laughter would he not have received him! Now he himself is guilty of just such an absurdity—and how grave he is withal!

The question of the relations of science to church authority became now in Bavaria a practical question, and Döllinger was called upon to prove the strength of his principles by overt acts. One difference followed another in that country, and Döllinger was as interested in them as he could be in matters entirely personal to himself. Like a general, he felt himself responsible for the result of all those contests, and never thought of examining closely the claims of those who crowded around him and offered him their services. In this way it was that he became the protector of one so unworthy as Pichler against the archiepiscopal ordinary. At this time, even, he had his passionate turns, which gave rise to serious misgivings, but which he was sure to regret himself before any length of time had expired.

At this period the episcopal conference at Fulda resolved to take steps to revive action in the matter of the establishment of a "free Catholic university." Döllinger could see in this nothing but the proof of a dark conspiracy against German science.

He was unable to see that the anti-ecclesiastical, not to say the antichrist, spirit which had crept into the universities, was more than even he would be willing to be accountable for were he the chief pastor of a diocese.

The opinion expressed in an appeal to the Catholic ladies of Germany on the subject of the higher schools, made him lose his patience altogether. The outbreak of the Seminary question in Spiers was in his view another attempt of those infected with the "Roman" spirit against free German science, and it found him, even if not publicly, on the side of the decided opponents of the bishop's rightful claim in the matter.

Very nearly at the same time, the then Bavarian minister of worship made a report to the king on the occasion of a vacancy in the theological faculty of Würzburg, in which he painted the clergy educated in the German College at Rome in no flattering terms. An accidental circumstance threw suspicion on Döllinger as the instigator of it. The pamphlet "for the information of kings," which appeared in the beginning of 1866, represented Döllinger, although only under the general name "of the Munich school," as the real actor in the minister of worship's puppet-play. There was a report that in the Spiers matter, speaking of the attitude of the bishops, he had said: "They are attempting to misuse the king's youth!" How much of this had its foundation in truth, to what extent the statements of the pamphlet were based on a change or mistake between the ministry and cabinet, must remain undecided.

The pamphlet referred to created no small excitement, however; and, precisely two years before the appearance of the notorious articles on the Council, was exhaustively replied to in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The style and other accidents would lead to suppose that the "amanuensis," since known more of, had here made his *début*. The reply was not a refutation. It was made up of a series of counter-complaints, and, with the exception of the attacks on the Jesuits, the Roman party, and the boys' seminaries, these articles contain the

kernel of the articles against the Council published two years later. In spite of all this, however, Döllinger is represented in these articles as of the same unaltered mind with other members of the faculty, Haneberg and Reithmayer.

"If there was no ground of suspicion during all these long years, no reason to believe that these men were hankering after dangerous novelties, how comes it recently that such suspicions are aroused, seeing that they have always been of the same mind?" It is now certain that this unanimity has since ceased; and it is clear that Döllinger's monstrous accusation—"not a soul believes it"—must have been unjustly brought by him against his colleagues. The articles also quote the words of the Tübingen theologian: "The suspicion has spread further—Döllinger and Michelis are no longer innocent." What says the Tübinger of the drifting of these two men to-day?

On the first of January, 1867, the Hohenlohe ministry took charge of the ship of state.

It will not be claimed that Döllinger's influence increased with the accession of his old friend Prince Hohenlohe to the ministry; it seemed more probable that the prince would have found the learned professor a powerful obstacle in his way. The prince had formerly been considered unexceptionable in his religious views and relations; but in order to dissipate the bad odor in which he was in the highest circles, suspected as he was of favoring Prussia, he knew no better method than to encourage the superstitious fear of the Ultramontanes and of the Jesuits which for twenty years had reigned within the walls of the royal palace at Munich. This it was which had made Dr. Döllinger so interesting a subject since he was regenerated from the infection of Ultramontanism.

Countenanced by such a man, it was thought the discomfiting of the "clerical party" would be a less dangerous operation than effecting it by an unasked-for alliance with the party of progress.

This explains how Prince Hohenlohe, at the head of the foreign department, was determined to serve Döllinger in every way possible against the "Curia" and all matters related to it.

The infamous articles on the Council appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* from the 10th to the 15th March, 1869, under an anonymous name. Every effort was made to conceal the author, and even to mislead the public as to who he was. The real author could not conceal himself as far as we were concerned; but it required a long time to convince the many, and great was the surprise of all unprejudiced minds at the discovery.

In the meantime, the preparation of the anonymous *Janus* was undertaken, and the circulatory dispatches of Prince Hohenlohe made their appearance on the 9th of April, 1869, which, of course, Döllinger could not well subscribe as their author. The council of ministers, of course, was not consulted in the matter; and the well-known five questions put by Prince Hohenlohe to the theological faculties of Munich and Würzburg, concerning the future council, were not whispered to the minister of foreign affairs by some secret agent.

In the name of the majority of the faculty of Munich, Döllinger was called upon to answer his own questions. In contradistinction to the clear and frank separate vote of Professors Schmid and Thalhofer, and to the incisive opinion of the Würzburger faculty, that exposition was but the unworthy production of a time-server. It was impossible for any one to discover the real meaning of the opinion. The only thing plainly discoverable was the ambiguity by which the author sought to shield himself from trouble.

The absence of conviction in the whole affair is so evident that we may well yet remain in doubt concerning the position of Döllinger's colleagues; and that in spite of the fact that the libellous articles of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* are to be found in the widespread pages of *Janus*. We have already looked into this department of the literature of our day; we have done so already. Not only was infallibility condemned in it; but the primacy, at least since 845, is there made to appear as an infinite series of deception and forgeries, or, as *Janus* expresses it, as a sickly, uncouth, consumptive-engendering excrescence on the organism of the church. Not only was the future council condemned before it was held, but the Council of Trent was turned into "a should-be œcumenical council," which was arbitrarily governed by legates, in which the Roman party alone had sway, and which, in a word, was nothing but an assemblage of fools and pickpockets. This view of the Council of Trent Döllinger seems to have forgotten, when he wrote his declaration of the 28th of March of the present year, in which he refers to the Tridentine article of faith which he had twice sworn to, and in which he leaves out the essential part of the oath, namely, the promise to interpret the Holy Scripture only "in the sense approved by Holy Mother Church."

The foreign office and its zealous co-operator, the learned professor, now began their campaign against the Council. The reporter of the Leipzig *Grenzboten* of the 24th of June, 1870, thus expresses himself on the subject: "The alarming circulatory dispatches of Prince Hohenlohe have turned to political account the results obtained by *Janus*, and introduced them into governmental and diplomatic circles." The Bavarian ambassador, a man of no distinction and one who favored the "Curia," was recalled and replaced by Count Tauffkirchen, the most talented diplomatist at that time at the disposal of the government.

His operations in Rome were very influential; and if the matter furnished by the events in the Council became immediately the subject of discussion in the press and in the literature of the day, the Bavarian Embassy is not entitled in the least to the merit of it. The rest was

accomplished by Döllinger, as is now well known, and by his intimate young friend Lord Acton.

About the end of the year appeared the pamphlet, *Considerations for the Bishops of the Council on the Question of Papal Infallibility*. This time he appeared again anonymously, but without making any extra effort to conceal himself as the author. A little later, he appeared under his own name in the official organ of the new Catholic theology, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in the "Declaration in the matter of the address touching Papal Infallibility," on the 19th January, 1870. From this declaration, says the Lepzig correspondent more than once referred to above, proceeded his agreement with the views of *Janus*.

The publication of his name was no sooner made than the party of progress took it as a signal to make him their own entirely.

This had already been done in the press; now it was accomplished in the House.

On the 7th of February, Dr. Völk, a deputy, seized the opportunity presented by the debates on the "address" to drag Döllinger into the field against the "patriotic" majority. He read the most objectionable and most venomous parts of the "Considerations" and "Declaration," and imputed these views to the majority of the House as their own opinions, endeavoring to drive them to declare themselves for Döllinger and against the Pope and the Council. The "patriotic" majority had taken care not to embitter the debates by introducing questions ecclesiastical into them; but now a defence was called for. The stenographic report describes the scenes, which were closed with the following words from Deputy Törg:

"I have been on the most intimate terms with the gentleman whom Deputy Völk so formally parades before the House, for years. I became acquainted with him shortly after the time of the 'genuflexion question' in Bavaria; and, surely, no one then imagined that a time would come when Dr. Döllinger would be thus quoted before the whole House by Dr. Völk. I consider it a terrible misfortune, and accept it as such; yes, gentlemen, as a personal misfortune. Dr. Döllinger was an authority for me; he is such no longer; for he has fallen the victim of blind passion and lost the calmness necessary to the forming of an opinion; and he is no longer in a condition to formulate a dogmatic question as a theologian ought to be able to formulate one."

But that is not what Döllinger wants. He now stands in dread of all conscientious critics, his own fame for critical acumen being entirely gone.

He makes the definition of Papal infallibility a monstrous bugbear, and no remonstrance prevails to prevent his making the bugbear more terrible to himself and others. The worst feature in the whole is his passion against the temporal power. He sees nothing in his opponents that is not criminal. They use the infallible Pope to depose the monarchs who do not suit them, to absolve subjects from their oath of fealty, to overthrow constitutions, to annihilate every right. Dr. Döllinger endeavors by the most unqualified denunciation to tell the new German Empire—elsewhere he always says that the doctrine was never known in Germany: "I cannot dissemble that this doctrine, in consequence of which the former German empire perished, in case it should obtain sway among the Catholic portion of the German nations, would sow the seeds of an incurable disease in the newly founded German empire."

But what now? As we have already pointed out, the matter did not turn out as those interested wished it would.

It was expected that Döllinger's influence would have carried the greater part of the clergy and intimidated the bishops; thus it was hoped without much danger would be obtained the object which, although yet not clearly defined in every particular, embraced, at all events, the annihilation of Ultramontanism, of the "clerical party," and of the Jesuits in Germany. It was hoped to accomplish all this without the always, as was acknowledged, dangerous assistance of the party of progress, through the mere weight of Döllinger's name and influence. But his name has not accomplished what was hoped it would. The auxiliaries wished for did not come; the others who were not expected came in crowds. Scarcely had the national liberals rested from other arduous tasks than they enlisted under Döllinger's standard for the accomplishment of their next and greatest task, the destruction of the Catholic Church in Germany. We are far from denying that at first, under the pressure of slanders and denunciations, some well-intentioned men were carried away. We have hopes for their return, and do not wish to wound the feelings of any one. But when Dr. Döllinger surveys the chaos of the "address," and considers how it would fare with him could he hear the confessions of all these "Catholics," I do believe he would blush at such adherents, for I do not believe he has quite lost the power of distinguishing moral turpidity from virtue.

He need not know the state of the consciences of his Munich colleagues who signed the address, in which they hesitate not to give the lie to the whole Catholic episcopate; he knows better than anybody how many of them have a moral right to speak in the name of "Catholic Christendom."

Viewing the matter in this light, we have in one way wondered at the signing of many, in another way we have wondered at the signing of only a few. And in the face of such phenomena, Dr. Döllinger desires a church the duty of whose bishops it shall be simply to declare that which all believers, represented by scientists, will have thought or believed

upon a question of the faith.

It is easy to say what the next thing sought by those who follow behind Döllinger's banner is. The police regulations required by the government against the decrees of the Council are a matter of secondary importance. And the great storm of an ovation given to Döllinger is meant not so much for Döllinger himself as for its influence on the king and his government.

The king must a second time be made to serve the cause of German liberalism. We said it in the beginning: as soon as the little German Empire is established, the party will want a "German National Church" for their little empire. We did not think, indeed, that any attempt at this would be made so soon; for, a year ago, men who knew what they were talking about assured us that so long as the old king lived he would not permit the peace of religion to be disturbed; but that it would be otherwise with those who came after him. But now that the king has become German Emperor, unanimous reports of the contrary come to us. "The idea of the establishment of a German National Church is taking deeper root, to all appearances, in the government circles." So a relatively unprejudiced Berlin correspondent lately reported. The rest of the tale is told by the debates in the chamber of deputies.

The party are anxious to strike the iron while it is hot; not without reason was the party battle-cry spoken during the war—all our noble blood were shed in vain did not the stroke which freed us from France sever the Catholics of Germany from Rome—"War against France and against—Rome!" Even Dr. Michelis joined in the cry.

If it was very desirable that the Bavarian king should take the initiative in the matter of the imperial title, it was also very desirable that the first step for the establishment of the "German National Church" should proceed from the palace at Munich.

The King of Bavaria was to be to the "new Luther" what Prince Frederick of Saxony had been to Luther of old; and on that account, he is promised the surname of the Wise. This is the meaning of the infamous telegram of the tenth of March from Dresden—"him, the enlightened thinker who publicly proclaims his dissatisfaction with the dogma of Papal infallibility!" When the representatives of high offices in Munich dare to set themselves up publicly as commanders in the military ecclesiastical society, one need not be surprised at the progressionist intrusive attempts, rashly sporting with the monarchical principle itself. Thus only can we understand how any one could be so bold as to encourage the clergy to fall by insinuating a provision that no one might fear a material loss. Could the necessary number of state-church servants have been found, the programme was that the King of Bavaria should give the "German National Church" its first ground in the Munich places of worship. We wish to be excused from describing further the plan which finally would make true the saying: "They wish to misuse the king's youth."

We are not deceived. Should this plan fail, another will be sought to accomplish what is intended. Döllinger has been in relation with Prussian diplomats since 1866. However, neither he nor the new German Empire has the divine promise which the church has; and where the Pope and the bishops are, there is the church.

Let all Catholics gather more closely yet about the centre of unity. We can do no better service to the world. God will take care of the rest.

A GHOST STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

We have not many haunted spots now in our Empire State, or even in America, and very few genuine goblin stories, such as once upon a time, told by the fireside, made one afraid to look behind him; delightful old tales, implicitly believed in by narrator and listeners, and casting over all a shadow of utter and indefinable terror! Not that ghosts have ceased to come, but they are things of course now, and their position with regard to mortals in the flesh is entirely changed; the territory of spirit-land (at least a part of it) has been annexed, we may say, to our free and independent thirty-seven states; a regular intercourse has been opened; and, as the intangible parties in the compact have frequent and passing invitations to make earthly visits at certain specified periods, it is no more than civil in them to wait until they are expected.

Now, in years gone by it was quite otherwise; so far from being invited, they were universally shunned; man, woman, and child fled at the slightest indication of their presence; and as for speech, it was next to impossible for them to put in a single word before the terror-stricken mortal had speeded away, far beyond all hearing. Not much seemed the gain to either side by those interviews; occasionally some rogue was known to disgorge his ill-gotten pelf in consequence of the midnight apparitions of some phantom things, a warning to him to mend his ways; or some timid heart perhaps grew faint, and before long time ceased to beat, under the idea that it had received a supernatural summons to the unseen world; but generally speaking, the shock of an intense and overpowering affright was about all that accrued to the sight-seer from the meeting—a terror so genuine that he was able to impart it to many a circle of eager listeners for an incredibly long period after the adventure.

But what attraction has modern America for sprites, spooks, brownies, fairies, and all that dainty ethereal tribe that may be met in the Old World? Or what, for the more solemn shadows that haunt dilapidated galleries, in the tumble-down ruins of ancient transatlantic castles? What homes have we for “elves and little people,” that dance for years, yes for centuries, on the same greensward in the Highlands of Scotland? Alas! in an incredibly short period grass here gives place to wheatfields, and fairy rings would be disrespectfully ploughed up and planted. Let any sociable *brownie* plan a visit to old friends, she would probably find the whole family, bag and baggage, moved off to the far West, and only strangers round the hearthstone. They love things old, and here all is new and cheerful under the tireless march of improvement. We have no black forest, no

“Castled crag of Drachenfels,”

but the primitive woodland yet clothes the mountain that “frowns o’er the wide and winding” river.

The nearest approach to a haunted castle is to be seen sometimes in travelling over the Western States. There, in some lonely inconvenient spot which no prudent man would have chosen for a homestead, an unfinished, overgrown, weakly-looking wooden house tells its story, not of greatness gone by, but of greatness planned and never accomplished—a pitiful comment on the uncertainty of human affairs! It happens thus: Some settler, sadly miscalculating his resources, projects a palace in the wilderness on a scale of city splendor; that is, with parlor, dining-room, kitchen, bedrooms, and the little elegances of pantries and closets. The sides are enclosed, the roof is on, and the revenues he counted on as certain are not forthcoming. Then do papered walls and panelled doors with brass knobs, and visions of portico and piazza, all float away to the blue clouds; the hapless dreamer fits up one corner room for the reception of his whole household until he can find another *location*, and take a new start in the search after fortune, and so abandons his rickety palace to the lord of the soil. As the boards blacken in wind and storm, and one end blows down perhaps in some rough northwester, it gains the name of being haunted; and to ride past such a skeleton thing by moonlight or in the dim twilight, with the utter desolation of all around, and the yawning blackness of cavities which should have been doors and windows, it requires no great stretch of imagination to picture an unearthly head peeping out here and there. Very bold yeomen are known to always whip their horses to a full gallop as they approach and pass the fearful spot; and as for women and children, under that strange fascination by which the supernatural repels and yet attracts, they always gaze intently, and as surely “see something”!

Although goblin visits in our land are just now rather on the decline (except in a regular business way), there was a time when strange sights were seen and strange things happened; and, although it may seem almost incredible, it is a fact well established in history that it was generally to the Dutch settled here, to that clearheaded, reasoning nation, so little likely to be deceived on any subject, that most of these revelations were made.

This certainly ensures for the tales the firm belief of all mankind. When an imaginative Hibernian or a lively, light-hearted Gaul announces a vision, it must be taken with some little allowance for flights of fancy, etc., etc.; but when a phlegmatic, cool-headed Hollander declares he has seen a *spook*, you may believe as if it was your own eyes.

For the precise period most prolific in signs, sights, and dreams, we must go back to the early days of our state, yet not to the *first* settlers. *Their* troubles, so numerous that it is

scarcely possible to number them, had their origin in things tangible; and so closely did these troubles press daily on all sides, that the thoughts of the first colonists were entirely engrossed by the things of earth. To such a point did this downward tendency reach, that they seemed at times in danger of relapsing into heathendom, as may be seen from the reports sent back to Amsterdam, and yet extant among colonial papers, that they possessed neither school-houses nor churches. They did possess, however, three unfailing sources of annoyances and danger—an Indian warfare, neighbors on their eastern boundary of unparalleled audacity, and domestic bickerings in the perpetual strife kept up between Manhattan and Rensselaerwyck.

What might have happened if the Indians had been treated with common justice and honesty can be now only conjecture; but their wrongs began at the beginning. It is a dark spot on the glories of the adventurous little yacht *Half-Moon* that her very first track through the waters of the magnificent Cahohatéa (now the Hudson) was marked with their blood, causelessly and wantonly shed.

Hendrik Hudson and his crew landed, we are told, on the western bank of the great bay, which was lined with “men, women, and children, by whom they were kindly received, and presented with tobacco and dried currants.”[68] A little further on were “very loving people and very old men, by whom the Europeans were well used.” They brought in their canoes to the voyagers all sorts of fruit and game, and on one occasion of a visit made by white men to the shore they broke their arrows and threw them in the fire to express their pacific intentions. Yet despite all this, when the vessel had advanced only a few miles, one of her crew fired and killed an Indian, without the least warning, for attempting to steal a pillow and some old garments.[69] No satisfaction was offered to the terrified savages, and they pushed off for the shore in their canoes, but they vowed a vengeance, and they kept the vow; so that, when some few years later one ship after another brought the enterprising individuals who first unpacked their household utensils and farm tools in the New World, they entered upon a stormy existence already prepared for them. It was not a glimpse of wraith or goblin that people feared to encounter in the lonely by-path, but the stealthy tread and dark visage of some lurking savage, ever watchful and merciless, ever close at hand when least expected. How often in the silent night, in how many little hamlets, in how many solitary huts, women and children listened in speechless terror to the war-whoop, that fearful yell, and were made to feel Indian retaliation for the evil doings of fathers and husbands! Small time had they for ghostly fears. When the savages fled before European firearms, it was only to return. More than two thousand of them appeared in their canoes at one time before the little block-house at Manhattan, because Hendrik von Dyke, with an imprudence and wickedness perfectly disgraceful in a mynheer, had killed a squaw for stealing apples in his orchard. His orchard was on the present site of Rector Street.

But, though the Dutch colonists were generally at fault in provoking contention, they were also valiant, after some preparation, to meet it. When Claes Smit was ruthlessly murdered by the natives, some time about 1642, and they refused either to give up or punish his murderer because he had fled and could not be found, the colonists consented to march to battle,

> “provided the director himself (Von Kieft) accompanied them to prevent disorder, also that he furnish, in addition to powder and ball, provision necessary for the expedition, such as *bread and butter*, and appoint a steward to take charge of the same, so that all waste be prevented.
>
> “If any person require anything more than this *bread and butter*, he to provide himself therewith.”[70]

Finally, however, gunpowder prevailed; and the aborigines retreated to forests beyond the reach of the *pale-faces*; schoolmasters and ministers had been sent over from Holland, and the inhabitants of Manhattan Island, as well as the other little settlements up the river, began to live a more spiritual life, and to gather around them by degrees all that troop of unearthly beings well-known in the mother country. Little children were encouraged to be good and expect Santa Klaus, and bad ones were no longer frightened into propriety with the threat of being devoured by some hideous Waranancongyn with tomahawk and scalping-knife.

One of the spots first renowned for ghostly adventures was a pleasant little valleylike place, on the northern limits of the town, called Medge Padje (now Maiden Lane), where a clear stream ran between grassy banks, so gentle and noiseless that it carried the gazer’s heart back—far back over the ocean to the canals of Faderlandt, and was a perfect relief from the lashing waves of the great North River. Hither, on pleasant summer afternoons, many a gude vrow would turn her steps with her troop of sturdy urchins, and, work in hand, knitting, knitting, all the way. But they were always careful to return before dark; for such fearful tales had been told, principally of a tall woman in white who always vanished in the direction of Golden Hill (now John Street), that no one cared to make her acquaintance.

Long years after this, when the palisades marking the extent of the city had been removed as far north as what is now Warren Street, and a field of barley flourished on the Heerewegh (now Broadway), somewhat about the present City Hall, we again hear of the same apparition. The Rev. John Kimball, passing along the little stream rather late at night, heard steps, and, looking behind him, saw the spectre; of course he fled. Doubtless she was the

bearer of some important message from the spirit-land which she was anxious to communicate, but, as no one ever stopped to listen, what it was can now never be known.

Mr. Watson, in his *Annals of New York*, relates a story given by a military gentleman of his own encounter with an apparition in that same place. The captain declares, and doubtless believed, that he bravely attacked it, and discovered only a mischievous mortal in disguise; but it is hardly probable that any mortal in his senses would be personating a ghost at midnight on haunted ground, so that the tale, being rather one-sided evidence, is doubtful.

Another solitary place was Windmill Lane,[71] which led from Broadway between Cortlandt and Liberty Streets down quite a steep hill, in a northwest direction, to the river edge, where stood a windmill. There was a time when this lane was the most northern street in the settlement; then house after house began to be built around the old mill, and the city crept up gradually in that direction. Among those who made their homes there was a French lady, Madame Blonspeaux, who had crossed the ocean to teach the rising generation all she knew—French and embroidery. Two paths led to her establishment, one through the Lane, the other through a wheatfield, where now is St. Paul's church, and both were beset with spectres. Alas for the scholar kept in after the others were dismissed! Lightly did the offended majesty of madame weigh in the balance compared to what might possibly beleague the path homeward. There was a legend of a tall Indian who was always digging about for his bow and arrows, and a little short Dutchman about a foot high in breeches and cocked hat, who, the moment he found them, sprang into sight from somewhere and kicked the dirt over them, and the Indian began his search again![72]

But the section of country most famous for spectral manifestations was the region about the Kaatskill Mountains. Darkly wooded glens, and lonely streams, and deep ravines offered the most ample facilities for all kinds of signs and wonders. Indeed, the Dutch settlers that dwelt in that by-place of existence, on the little cleared spots that here and there dotted the landscape, were so quiet and orderly, so far removed from the commotions that agitated the river colonies, no wonder ethereal beings found their companionship most congenial. These settlers had removed thither originally from the neighborhood of Fort Orange, and principally, nay, I may say solely, in disgust at the general uproar and discomfort which invested everything in proximity to that fort, under the joint dominion of the Patroon of Rensselaerwyck (or his agent), who resided there, and Director-General Petrus Stuyvesant, who fulminated his bulls from the south end of the Hudson; the contemporary edicts of the rival parties being always diametrically opposed to each other.

The truth is that, from the moment Director Stuyvesant landed at Manhattan, appointed there by the States-General of the United Netherlands, he had carried matters with such a high hand that everything succumbed before him. The boldest spirits bent to his rule, and (to continue the metaphor) he walked over them. His word was law without reason or explanation. He had even been known to shorten a troublesome state audience by tearing up the documents and dismissing the deputation.

Thus ruled the governor at Manhattan; but when Brant Arent Van Slechtenhorst was sent over from Holland as agent for the heir of the last patroon—Johannes Van Rensselaer, a minor—Petrus Stuyvesant met his match. Commander Slechtenhorst was in popular estimation "a person of stubborn and headstrong temper."[73]

When Stuyvesant directed Carl von Brugge to quarry stone and cut wood for repairs on Fort Orange, nearly destroyed by a freshet, Brant dared the deputy to touch stone or stick at his peril, either for fortification or firewood; for the trees, root and branch, all belonged to his employer the patroon! He further forbade any of the inhabitants to aid them with horses, etc., while at the same time he was building a house himself not a pistol-shot from the fort. The news being carried to Manhattan, the director sent some soldiers to demolish the offending house now being built, and arrest the offender. This was more easily ordered than accomplished, so the soldiers held a parley with him, and were cautioned, among other bits of good advice, to take warning by one Jacob Jansen, who had not long before cut two fir-trees—eight days after he was seized with his plunder on the river by the patroon's officer, and duly punished! with the stunning point to the climax: "Can't he do so now?" All this being duly reported to the great director at Manhattan, it was deemed best to seek supplies beyond the domain of Rensselaerwyck, "stones from the mountains, rocks, and plains—timber from anywhere within the limits of New Netherlands—to have a wagon made, and take the horses of Jonas Bronck, who was in debt to the company," and whose opinions on the subject were of course of no consequence. As for pulling down the house recently erected, Herr Van Slechtenhorst pointed to the fact that Fort Orange stood on the very soil of his employer, and that it was his intention at some leisure day to annihilate it. So went matters, until at last, when Stuyvesant ordered a solemn fast, and Van Slechtenhorst absolved all in his latitude from obedience, human patience could stand it no longer, and the insulted autocrat rushed to Albany in the swiftest sailing sloop that could be found; there, as has been said, to meet his match.

But our business is not with these belligerents, but with those peacefully disposed burghers, who had grown tired more and more, year after year, with this turmoil, which seemed now to have reached its height. Armed soldiers were in their midst (for seven had been sent up from Manhattan), and when the talk was of razing houses, why, even the neighboring Indians came crowding in to ask what the *Swannekins* were about.

Happily another home opened to them, and very many packed up all their worldly goods and migrated. This home was the region about the Kaatskill. One part of the mission of Herr Van Slechtenhorst when sent over the ocean was "to acquire by purchase the lands around Kaatskill for the greater security of the colonie, as they were forming companies to remove thither."[74]

On the land thus obtained, they had nothing to fear from Indian opposition, and the kind of domestic life they coveted is pictured in a lease yet extant in the Van Rensselaer family, dated 1651, wherein the tenant binds himself to "read a sermon or portion of Scripture every Sunday and festival to the neighboring Christians, and to sing hymns before and after prayer, after the custom of the Church of Holland." Years in that little nook of creation brought few great changes; their habitations had come to be grouped together somewhat town fashion, and were dignified by a name much too long, and unpronounceable except by a Dutch tongue, but well loved because traceable to Holland; and there life after life passed away like great waves in a stream—one disappears and another takes its place.

Such were the mortal inhabitants of the place; but the invisible portion of the community—their name was Legion! It seemed the very place of refuge for all sorts of bodiless personages who had been insulted and expelled from other places; indeed, if a census had been taken, according to the old wives' stories, their aggregate numbers would have made up near half the population of the village.

In one portion of the spot which might truly have been called the supernatural reservation was a deep ravine, which bore traces of having once been the bed of a mountain stream. At this period (some time before the old French war), its sole inhabitants were a morose, ill-looking woodman and his aged mother, and their dwelling-place was a miserable hut perched on rocks, and so hidden by gnarled and twisted trees and a dense undergrowth of shrubs as to be almost invisible to any but its occupants. Why they established themselves in that uninviting place, or what were the events of their lives previous to their appearance there, their unintelligible English failed to communicate, nor was there aught in the sullen taciturnity of both of them in the presence of a stranger, or in the loud and fearful bickerings heard ofttimes in their hovel by the passer-by, that created a desire to fathom the mystery. When the news arrived that French and English had met, the outcasts in the glen, strange to say were the only ones in the settlement whose fortunes seemed in any way to be affected by it. Their disputes were heard louder and more frequent than ever before, to end, alas! in a tragedy. The man, tired perhaps of his monotonous existence, and hoping also to better his fortunes, was desirous of joining the ranks of war, yet, feeling at the same time the necessity of his support to his old mother, he strove to wring from her a consent to his departure. It was sought in vain. The aged woman, to her consciousness of utter helplessness, added doubtless a natural desire for his safety, and consent was withheld. Opposition goaded him, and in a moment of passion he struck her lifeless to the ground.

The miserable parricide fled, and the hut fell in ruins. Time passed on, the war was ended, and peace restored.

And now, when the tragedy of the glen had grown to be an old story, only told by a winter evening's fire, it began to be whispered—and it fairly petrified the senses of every hearer—that Dark Rob, as he was called, or his spectre, had returned to his old abode!

No one cared to investigate the matter very closely. A light was certainly seen flickering in the ruined hovel, and a phantom-like thing in human shape glided about the spot. No mortal would choose to remain there alone, so it must be the shade of Dark Rob, on the theatre of his unnatural crime!

Many an evil deed was related of him in this, his second sojourn in the hut; but one of the most evil, because passing all comprehension, was the strange influence he contrived to acquire by ways unknown over a sturdy farmer named Jansen Van Dorp. How they first met was perfectly inexplicable; for goblin Rob had never been visible in any of the ordinary paths of the settlement, and, although Jans was one of the very few who laughed to scorn the idea of a ghost, he would scarcely venture in his sober senses to penetrate the dark shadows of the haunted hovel uninvited. In whatever way it happened, events proved their close intimacy; his steps were watched, and traced night after night to the hut, where they held their unholy orgies.

As a matter of course, the worldly affairs of Jans Van Dorp became disjointed things. His vrow had always borne a close resemblance to the helpmate of Socrates, and it is not to be supposed that such doings on the part of her truant spouse added to her sweetness of temper.

The most irritating part was the sudden taciturn spirit which seemed to possess the mynheer. Taunts, sneers, questions, reproaches, all were in vain! This was both new and alarming, because on no previous occasion had he ever been backward in contributing his share to the Babel din of their wordy skirmishes. It confirmed, alas! her worst suspicions, namely, that he was in toils and snares beyond all mortal power of extrication.

Great light was thrown on the affair by a shrewd neighbor, Effie Demson, who, having migrated to America from the Highlands of Scotland (and by some odd chance wandered down to the Kaatskill), was allowed to be especially versed in hobgoblin ethics. She affirmed

that she had often heard from reliable authority that, whenever a mortal is admitted to the society of spirits, an oath of secrecy is imposed under a penalty few would care to brave. She cited the cases of several imprudent individuals who, having violated this compact, suffered fearful consequences. One was Alice Pearson, of Byrehill, somewhere about 1588. Having been introduced to the invisible world by a friend, and joined them in "piping, mirth, and good cheer" (to use her own words), she was warned that, if she ever related what she had seen, "she should be martyred." One day, when she began to speak of these things, an unseen blow took away her breath and left an ugly mark on her side; heedless of the warning, Alice continued her revelations until she was burned as a witch, thus fulfilling her doom.[75] Every one in the Highlands knew, too, the terrible visitation that had lighted on one kirk for having pried into secrets merely to publish them. Every one knew that he was a mere wandering gypsy in the universe, and would be to the end of time.

Effie generally concluded her oracles with the remnant of an old song, written about fairies particularly, but equally applicable to any unearthlies. It was called

"*God a Mercy Will*.

"To be sung or whistled to the tune of *Meadow Brow* by the learned; by the unlearned, to the tune of *Fortune*.

"A tell-tale in their companie
They never could endure,
But whoso kept not secrecy
Their deed was punished sure.
It was a just and Christian deed
To pinch such black and blue."
Etc., etc., etc.
Poetica Stromata.

As this bore the antique date of 1648, and was written by Corbet, Bishop of Norwich, it was considered good authority for anything.

This, then, explained the unusual silence of Jans Van Dorp, and it also half-reconciled his gude vrow to endure her unsatisfied curiosity. To wonder and to be afflicted night after night by his truant absence was bad enough, but to have seen him vanish in blue smoke would have been worse.

Things were passing thus in that sequestered little spot, while the great world without was agitated with mightier events—the opening scenes of the Revolutionary war. It is doubtful whether the faint rumors of it which penetrated the seclusion there would have excited the least attention, except for the fact that it was the only earthly topic on which Jans Van Dorp nowadays manifested the least interest. Every Dutch villager, whose business led him to the great cities, was questioned and cross-questioned on his return as to the precise state of things, with a minuteness which would have done honor to that renowned lawyer Heer Adrian Van der Donck, the first who landed in the New Netherlands. The one little gray newspaper that arrived weekly, and had hitherto circulated among his neighbors until it was quite illegible, was now packed immediately in his great-coat pocket and taken to his ghostly partner. All this was a perfect labyrinth of mystery, and furnished texts for many a sage conjecture and dubious shake of the head. Some hinted that Jans Van Dorp might mean to put in execution the threat he had been so often heard to hurl at his irritating helpmate when her vexatious volubility exceeded all bounds of endurance—that he'd be off to some war. But time puts an end to all things, although it does not always explain things to universal satisfaction. What Jans or the goblin thought or meant can never be fathomed, but some things are matters of history; and it is a testified fact that the very moment this little dingy newspaper brought tidings that the first cannons of battle had boomed, Jansen Van Dorp started as if his doom was somehow connected with it. It was a night, dark and stormy, but he seized his hat, and rushed from the cheerful glow of his own home to the pitchy darkness without, and they whispered he was bound to the haunted hovel! Too probable, for from that hour neither Jans nor spectre was ever seen there more.

It should rather be said, never seen as mortal *could* be seen, for by many he was still considered an inhabitant of the settlement, although lost for ever to his hapless vrow. He had visited her in dreams, and warned her of something she could not exactly remember, but very terrible, and given on these occasions such diverse accounts of himself, it was hard to tell what to believe. To Effie he had frequently presented himself. She had seen him in the coffee dregs, in leaves at the bottom of her tea-cup, in a mirror which she had cut triangular for that express purpose, and, finally, in a tremendous thunder-storm, standing close beside her.

As he gave no sign on these occasions, her charitable conclusion was that he had nothing very good to relate of himself.

Many months after this, one of the most intelligent mynheers of the settlement, having been called by business to a far eastern city, declared on his return that, among a troop of soldiers marching to the frontiers, he had recognized Jans Van Dorp and Dark Rob; but, as he failed in speaking to them, his assertion passed for nothing, and his story was dismissed as mere moonshine, too absurd to be believed.

[68] O’Callaghan. *Hist. New Neths.*, vol. i. p. 37.

[69] *Ibid.* vol. i. ch. 2.

[70] O’Callaghan, *Hist.* vol. i. bk. iii. ch. 2.

[71] Watson’s *Annals of New York*.

[72] The writer of this possesses two pieces of embroidery done by one of madame’s pupils.

[73] O’Callaghan, *Hist.*, vol. ii. p. 72.

[74] O’Callaghan, *Hist.*, vol. ii. ch. iv.

[75] *Trials from the Criminal Records of Scotland.* By R. Pitcairn, Esq.

THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN GERMANY, AND THE *FRACTION DU CENTRE* IN THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE REVUE GENERALE.

An apathetic calm generally succeeds to political agitation at the close of legislative sessions. An exception to this rule prevails in the German Empire, inasmuch as the attacks against the *Fraction du Centre*, which began during the session, increased to an actual storm at the close of the diet. Most of the foreign journals have spoken of this phenomenon, but in so unsatisfactory a manner that perhaps a more minute account of the movement will not be displeasing to the readers of the *Revue Générale*.

I have already indicated in a general way, in an account of the parties in the German Parliament, the attitude and tendency of the Catholic party, or the so-called *Fraction du Centre*.

The bases upon which it is founded are as follows:

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“*Justitia fundamentum regnorum.* The *Fraction au Centre* in the German Parliament limits its activity by the following principles:

“I. The fundamental characteristics of the empire as a confederation (*Bundesstaat*) shall be maintained. Conformably to this principle, all efforts shall be opposed that tend to modify the federal character of the constitution of the empire, and the spontaneity and independence of the several states in their interior affairs shall only be sacrificed when the general interests evidently require it.

“II. The material and moral welfare of the popular classes shall be urgently insisted upon. The civil and religious liberty of all the subjects of the empire shall be secured by means of constitutional guarantees, and religious associations, in particular, shall be protected against legislative encroachments.

“III. The *Fraction* weighs and forms resolutions in accordance with these principles, upon all questions submitted to the deliberation of the parliament, but without forbidding isolated members to vote in the assembly contrary to the decisions of the *Fraction*.”

The *Fraction* remained faithful to these principles during the session of the parliament that has just closed. It avoided all extreme views, and manifested no systematic hostility to the government. Nevertheless, the very fact that it is composed of Catholics firmly resolved to defend the rights and liberties of the church against all attacks, and that these Catholics were elected from the most prosperous and intelligent sections of Germany, where pseudo-liberalism thought its rule immovably established, sufficed to excite against the *Fraction* a coalition of all who were opposed to the church. Their invectives began with the debates on the address. The form of address proposed by the national liberal party contained, besides some expressions in praise of the historic views of the adversaries of the Papacy, the following sentence: “The days of interference with the national affairs of other kingdoms will, we trust, never return under any pretext or under any form.” This sentence, destructive of all national rights, was evidently aimed against Rome, as was partly acknowledged: the Italian revolution was not to be checked by diplomatic representations in the accomplishment of its designs against the visible head of the church. Naturally, it would not have occurred to any one to impose absolute passiveness on the powerful German Empire in its relations with neighboring states. The party of the *Centre* drew up a counter-schedule, which did not contain the proposition of absolute non-intervention we have just referred to, but which was nevertheless in conformity with the address of the liberals. This counter-schedule did not demand, either directly or indirectly, any intervention in favor of the Pope: it contained nothing that clashed either with the government or the other parties, and consequently was not the object of criticism in any quarter. So true is this, that the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Augsburg, the chief organ of anti-religious liberalism, could not disguise its preference for the schedule of the *Centre* as to its substance as well as form. Nevertheless, though the *Centre* remained wholly on the defensive, and its orators exhibited the greatest moderation, a real storm of invectives was raised against them and the church by the journalists of all the other parties and by the parliament. Even the so-called conservatives took sides against the *Centre*, whose motion, thanks to these outcries, only obtained sixty votes. A proposition made shortly after by the *Centre* in the interests of civil [Pg 271] liberty met the same fate. This proposition had for its object the admission of several principles into the constitution of the German Empire which had been sanctioned by the Prussian constitution. As these principles guaranteed the independence of the church—the Evangelical as well as the Catholic (Art. 15, Pruss. const.)—the proposition was opposed with extreme bitterness, even by a large majority of the Catholic deputies who did not belong to the *Fraction du Centre*. Among these was Count de Frankenberg, of Silesia. This noble member had given his electors a written promise to vote in accordance with the proposition of the *Fraction du Centre*. But in the speech he made against it, he declared that he did not consider the time chosen by the *Fraction* as opportune. In his ignorance of judicial things, he probably is not familiar with the adage: *Quod sine die debetur, statim debetur*.

The *Fraction du Centre* made no other independent motions during the session that could

incur any attacks. But the “clerical party” was attacked the more vehemently at the elections, so the *Centre* found itself still exposed to a cross fire. The whole affair has been related in the journals. We will confine ourselves to an incident that gives a tolerably correct idea of the majority.

Before the election of Dr. Schüttinger, nominated from the district of Bamberg, and belonging to the *Fraction du Centre*, the curate of a small town within that district announced from the pulpit, after divine service, that those of his parishioners who had confidence in him could assemble at his house after church to learn which candidate was preferable, according to his opinion. This invitation appeared to the majority an intolerable infringement on electoral liberty as well as an abuse of the pulpit, and the election of Dr. Schüttinger was annulled. A new ballot gave the same candidate a thousand more votes than at first. At the next session, the validity of this re-election will be submitted to the decision of the parliament, and the question arises if the majority will be fully satisfied respecting the electoral liberty of the district of Bamberg. But the Belgian Catholics know by long experience what their adversaries mean by electoral manœuvres.

In all the occurrences we have referred to, the government showed itself entirely passive, so there was no real conflict between it and the party of the *Centre*. When the debate took place respecting Alsace-Lorraine, our party proposed to ensure to those provinces the most independent existence possible, and a separate constitution. Prince Bismarck did not exactly agree with this, but his opinions coincided far oftener with those of the deputies Windthorst and Reichensperger than with those of the leaders of the other parties. On the whole, no instance can be mentioned in which the *Fraction du Centre* is in flagrant hostility to that powerful statesman. It even openly opposed an interpellation respecting the Roman question, in order not to excite any irritating debates and appear suspicious of the good intentions of the emperor and chancellor. In spite of this, it was reported during the session that the *Fraction du Centre* had incurred the disapprobation of the chancellor of the empire. The *Deutsche Reichscorrespondenz*, the organ of the so-called liberal conservatives, gave some foundation to this report by pretending that the Count de Tauffkirchen had, according to the instructions of Prince Bismarck, accused the *Fraction du Centre* to Cardinal Antonelli of having assumed an attitude hostile to the government of the empire, and that the cardinal had expressed his disapproval of this attitude not only before the Count de Tauffkirchen, but in a letter addressed to the leaders of the *Fraction*. This assertion being repeated in several quarters, the said leaders denied it in the journals. Driven to the wall, the *Deutsche Reichscorrespondenz* then brought up the case of the Count de Frankenberg already mentioned, and at last Prince Bismarck himself declared the blame really proceeded from Cardinal Antonelli. This induced the Bishop of Mayence to ascertain the correct account of the matter from the cardinal. His eminence replied that it had been incorrectly reported to him that the *Fraction du Centre* had insisted upon the Emperor of Germany’s intervention in favor of the Pope, and that, under the existing circumstances, he had declared such a step inopportune. At the same time, the cardinal assured the Bishop of Mayence and his friends that he had a particular esteem for the members of the *Fraction du Centre* and its proclivities. Thus failed the effort made at the court of Rome to bring discredit on the *Fraction* among Catholics, for at once a great number of Catholics gave in their full adhesion to the *Fraction*, and besought it to persevere courageously. This effort had, moreover, a comic side, for until now the *Fraction* had been represented as the servile tool of the Roman curia, whence it received its orders on all important questions.

No general interest would be felt in all these facts, if they were not the clear prelude of an act the consequences of which cannot be foreseen. It is not the acts of the *Fraction du Centre* that provoke the violent attacks against it: it is its very existence that is considered a crime. Those hostile to the church had calculated, without distinction of party, that the very first diet of the German Empire would aim a blow at “Romanism” in Germany, on the ruins of which would afterwards rise a national German church, that might finally end in a cosmopolitan “Humanitarianism,” without dogmas, without sacraments, and without altars—the very *beau idéal* of freemasonry. Everything, in fact, seemed propitious for the realization of this hope. The two principal Catholic nations successively conquered, the Roman race suffering from incessant convulsions, the head of the Catholic Church a prisoner at the Vatican, and, finally, a schism that seemed likely to arise on account of the dogma of infallibility—all seemed to form a breach by which it was hoped their opponents would be overcome. Only, as an ancient adage says: “Man proposes, but God disposes!”

The election of the Prussian deputies and the members of the German Parliament has already paralyzed the action of these regenerators of humanity, by rousing the Catholics to an energy not easily to be surmounted. The complete union of the representatives elected, and their bold stand, showed it would be quite useless for the legislative assemblies at Berlin to make any serious charge against Catholicism. On the contrary, it was hoped at Berlin that the initiative would be taken by Munich, where “the Luther of the nineteenth century” had raised a standard of revolt against the Roman Pontificate. But Munich was likewise under the influence of illusions. It was supposed that Mgr. Hefele, the Bishop of Rothenberg, would add the sanction of episcopal authority to the influence of the learned Professor Döllinger, and thus sustain his course. It was still more certain that a great number of the pupils of the theological seminaries would respond to the appeal of Döllinger and his able adherents. Döllinger, it may be remembered, had publicly declared that thousands of priests thought exactly as he did.

But Bishop Hefele remained faithful to the Pope, and the German clergy unanimously declared that Döllinger’s assertion was a calumny. The King of Bavaria himself, who had given Döllinger so many proofs of his esteem, hesitated a long time about giving him his support, because he could not help seeing that the anti-ecclesiastical movement was chiefly led by a political party whose efforts openly tended to mediatize the reigning houses of the second and third ranks in order to form a united and centralized Germany, in imitation of the empire of Napoleon III. These efforts naturally met with the most favorable concurrence on the part of the democrats; for an empire of this kind, established on a broad and “liberal” basis, would lead, by a sort of fatality, to a republic, especially if they first succeeded in doing away with the religious and historic traditions.

Immediately after the close of the parliament, a fire was opened at Berlin upon the “clericals,” and especially upon the *Fraction du Centre*. The official journals did their best to open the way to “modern progress” by removing all the obstacles that might impede it, and to increase the diplomatic pressure that had so long been exerting its influence on the Bavarian cabinet. The whole German press, with the exception of a dozen journals, naturally joined in the chorus, and then began an attack on the Catholics, the like of which had not been witnessed since the Archbishop of Cologne was sent under guard to the fortress of Minden, under the pretext that he had conspired with the two revolutionary parties against the Prussian government.

The German Catholics are accustomed to these kinds of accusations, which have passed through all possible variations. Thus, the Catholics of the Rhenish provinces have been successively accused, according to the circumstances of the moment, of plotting with France, Belgium, Bavaria, and Austria, against Prussia, and of considering the Pope as their legitimate sovereign. Foreigners can hardly credit what I am obliged to relate here, and, if they should, it would excite their risibility. Unfortunately, these absurdities have a serious side for the Prussian Catholics. Independently of the circumstance that these perfidious calumnies, systematically repeated, might pervert public opinion in those sections of Germany where Protestantism prevails, they serve as a pretext for practically refusing Catholics the open equality which they should share with the adherents of other religions. For example, all the higher offices of influence are, with very rare exceptions, filled by Protestants, who, as a matter of course, specially favor the interests of their co-religionists in every way, and, so to speak, are obliged to do so, because genuine Catholics are officially designated as unpatriotic. An exact list of the functionaries of the German communes and government, drawn up with reference to the religion of each one, would be a valuable statistic, because it would incontestably establish how far the principle of *suum cuique*, which constitutionally recognizes the equality of Christian sects, is really applied. It is evident that such a report will never be published or drawn up by the authorities, consequently the formation of a private agency to effect such an object is an urgent necessity. Perhaps this report might at last put an end to the constantly repeated accusations of the base ingratitude of Catholics against the Prussian government. The clear judgment of Frederick William IV., and the constitutions that sprang from the events of 1848, guaranteed a liberty of action to the Catholic Church and its organs which had not existed in any German state since the peace of Westphalia. The Prussian Catholics displayed a lively gratitude for this, and flattered themselves with the hope that several crying injustices which weighed on them would be removed, especially in the conferring of public offices and the nomination of professors at the universities. This hope was then the more reasonable, because, in the war against France, Catholics, as well as Protestants, shed their blood on the battle-fields, and submitted to the heaviest requisitions. The religious orders particularly signalized themselves by their services, as the recently published report of the Knights of Malta (Catholics) prove. Unfortunately, this hope has already given place to serious preoccupation.

Prince Bismarck appears no longer able to endure repose. Having vanquished our foreign enemies, he seems to aim, unless all appearances deceive us, at making adversaries of the Catholics of Germany and causing them to feel the weight of his hand. Perhaps he is influenced by the consideration that military unity, to be on a solid basis, should be founded on, or crowned by, political and religious unity. At all events, this is the opinion of the liberal party, whose course involuntarily recalls the expression of Tacitus, “*Ruere in servitium*;” whereas, while M. de Bismarck was rising to power, they abused him beyond all bounds. These worshippers of success have for allies the Catholics who are not willing to submit to the decrees of the Council of the Vatican. In the jargon of the liberals, these Neo-Protestants are designated as old Catholics, while the immense majority of Catholics who now, as formerly, consider the authority of the Pope and bishops in religious things as higher than that of certain professors, are styled Neo-Catholics, absolutely as if they had abandoned the faith of the church. A foreigner would find it difficult to understand how it is possible to give a completely opposite meaning to the real signification of a word, and this in a country like Germany, which prides itself on its intelligence.

But it is not the anti-religious journals alone that take this liberty. M. de Mühler himself, the Prussian minister of the public worship, treats the Catholics, who remain faithful to the decrees of the Pope and bishops as rebels to the government. Immediately after the suspension of the council, he took under his protection the professors, even those who were priests, who refused to submit to the decisions of the council and the bishops, and encouraged them in their revolt against ecclesiastical authority. Recently, *à propos* of the

affair of the Bishop of Ermland, he went so far as to submit to the ministry of Prussia, composed exclusively of Protestants, a resolution to ascertain what Catholics should be considered as orthodox, and he ordered a priest named Wollmann, who had been excluded from the fold of the church by major excommunication, to retain his professorship as religious instructor in the Catholic college of Braunsberg. The students, unwilling to receive religious instruction from a fallen priest, left the college. They were thus obliged to give up most of their studies, as there is no other establishment of the kind at Braunsberg. It should also be remarked that the College of Braunsberg was founded by a bishop and sustained by Catholic foundations. In Silesia, another priest named Kaminski, likewise excommunicated, was appointed to a church that he might celebrate the divine service for those who protested against the Council of the Vatican. In a word, every where there is any reason, or even a pretext, the episcopal authority is sacrificed to those who refuse them the obedience solemnly sworn to them, or become unfaithful to the church by calling the episcopal crosier the *bâton* of a police officer. On all sides were declarations, more and more threatening, that an end must be made of "Romanism," that German science should take the place of idolatrous papistry, and the echo of this cry is to be found in the papers that seek their inspiration from the ministerial bureaux.

But in spite of the great power of the Prussian government, the centralists, to their severe mortification, were doubtful about succeeding in fully organizing a persecution against the Catholics unless the other German governments, or at least the most important of them, declare war against the church. The Würtemberg government was so wise as to declare from the first that it would ignore the decisions of the Council of the Vatican as long as no one was influenced by it against the laws and constitution of the kingdom. As this evidently would never be the case, the Würtemberg ministry, if the national liberals who have just begun an outcry in the assembly of representations at Stuttgart do not impose a different policy on them, will consequently remain strictly passive with respect to the church, as is the case in Belgium, Holland, England, the United States, and every country where genuine liberty prevails. The statesmen who govern those countries do not allow their slumbers to be disturbed by the decrees of the Council of the Vatican, and deem it beneath their dignity to regard them as a pretext to form a kind of Cæsaro-papism.

As we have remarked, the course of the Bavarian government in the ulterior development of this agitation, will be of great importance. The pressure brought to bear on that government by Prussia and all the parties inimical to the church has led to the retirement of Count Bray, whose devotedness to the church is well-known. Nevertheless, the king has not fully decided to create, by an open rupture with the religious authorities, unforeseen complications in his kingdom, already so shaken, and to recompense by moral violence the fidelity of those of his subjects who have shown themselves the most devoted partisans of the dynasty of Wittelsbach. This question, so painful for the majority of Bavarians, will be doubtless decided before this article is published.

Having given a general outline of the present state of affairs, I am led to ask myself what, before the end of the year, will be the stand of the Catholic representatives who are still faithful to the church in the legislative assemblies of Prussia and the German empire. The reports of those deputies to their electors appear to me adapted to strengthen them in their resolution to continue to struggle courageously against the supremacy of the state as well as against revolutionary absolution, and to remain defenders of the church and of all constitutional rights against the false apostles of liberty and an arbitrary ministry. At all events, I imagine these deputies will smile with pity when they hear themselves styled unpatriotic by some parties in imitation of a part of the journals hostile to the church, or even accused of conspiring with foreigners or the *Internationale*. Some papers, in fact, have not shrunk from the ridicule attached to such foolish accusations. Does not this having to resort to such imputations prove the want of any serious charge against the members of the *Centre*? They are evidently not credited by those who make use of them, nor is any attempt made to convince others of their truth.

The members of the *Fraction du Centre* figure, for the most part, among the notabilities of their districts. Many of them have occupied or occupy some public office with honor: and several have, for many years, showed their constant zeal in the old Prussian house of legislation, where they had a seat, and gave their devoted support to the government in the crisis of the year 1848 and the following year, often at the expense of their popularity. They were often known to defend the authorities against the attacks of those who are now endeavoring to excite the government against them.

In support of what I have just stated, it is sufficient to recall the names of those whom the confidence of their colleagues chose as a committee of the *Fraction du Centre* in the German parliament and the Prussian house of representatives. I will mention M. de Savigny, the son of the illustrious jurisconsult so well-known throughout the whole world, who was formerly Prussian minister at Brussels, and latterly the representative of the King of Prussia at the Diet of Frankfort; M. Windthorst, who was president of the house of representatives in Hanover, and twice minister of justice in that kingdom; the Baron d'Arétin, the vice-president of the upper house in the kingdom of Bavaria; M. de Mallinkrodt, the counsellor of the Prussian regency; the Prince de Loewenstein; the Count de Landsberg-Velen, a hereditary member of the Prussian house of lords, etc. Perhaps I may be permitted to mention also my brother, a counsellor of the Prussian Court of Cassation, who was one of

the most active leaders of the conservative party when the government was the object of the most violent attacks.[76]

He who consecrates his time and strength to the cause of justice and religious liberty, or uses them in the arena of political combat, should not expect to reap any gratitude, but the leaders of the *Centre* and their friends could not foresee that they would be exposed to the calumnies I have alluded to. The only appreciable grievance uttered against the Hanoverian and Bavarian members of their *Fraction* is, that the former disapproved of the annexation of their country to Prussia, and the latter used its influence to prevent Bavaria from joining the new German Empire. But these deputies have stated publicly that, these measures having been decided by vote, they were ready not only to fall in with the new order of things, but to endeavor to strengthen it, which cannot be the case if the national liberal party is not opposed, the evident tendency of which is not of a nature to fortify the constitution of the empire, being directed against the federative principle, which is the fundamental characteristic of this constitution. No one has a right to suspect the statements and character of these men who merit the esteem of all honorable people for having defended in a purely conservative sense, and by all legal means, the traditions of their ancestors, to which they remain faithful, and which they wish to maintain as long as their duty evidently requires it.

To the *Fraction du Centre* in the German Parliament belongs also M. Kraetzig, the leader of the Catholic department of the ministry of public worship, which has just been dissolved. This division, composed of three counsellors belonging to the Catholic faith, was organized by Frederick William IV. with the benevolent intention of giving the Catholics of Prussia a sort of guarantee for the suitable administration of the funds for public worship: it was not wished that such matters should be decided by a Protestant government without at least listening to the advice of the Catholic functionaries. (The leader of the Catholic department of public worship had only a consultative voice.) The existence of this division was a pledge to the Catholics, being an assurance that their religious interests would never fall into hostile or indifferent hands. If we except the Prince de Hohenzollern, no Catholic ever had a seat in the ministerial council, and especially no Catholic was ever appointed minister of public instruction. The suppression of this division, decreed on the eighth of last July, is the more serious a symptom that it has been applauded by the journals opposed to the church, and with a joy equal to that manifested at the measures taken in Alsace against the brothers devoted to instruction and against the Catholic press. The party of the *Centre* will naturally oppose with all its might the current of opinion which these acts prove to exist in the region of power. Its voice, it is true, will be stifled by the majority, but it will not be raised the less energetically for liberty and justice, with the hope of seeing a better day dawn, and, whatever the event, with the conviction of having fulfilled an obligation of conscience not only toward the church, but to the state.

The hope of soon seeing the clouds disperse that have been accumulating of late around Germany in so unexpected a manner is founded on the political prudence, the experience, and the opinions of the Emperor William. It is not possible for this monarch crowned with laurels, after having established peace with foreign powers through the bravery and fidelity of the *whole* German nation, to authorize the persecution of millions of Germans on account of their faith, and consent to sacrifice the national peace—the peace which is especially due to his royal brother, whose memory is still blessed by Catholics. There is no doubt but the appeals of the Catholic population will be heard and listened to, as soon as they reach the foot of the throne. The statesman who, in such an unparalleled manner, has been so highly exalted to the very steps of that throne, and whose celebrated name is displayed, without his consent I am persuaded, on the standard of the enemies of the church, cannot be ignorant that, when these troubles shall have assumed more formidable proportions, it will be more difficult to overcome moral resistance than to triumph over physical obstacles, and that measures of policy will be powerless against the former. He will hardly consider it chivalric; with all the enormous material resources of the state at his disposal, to enter into a combat against people who can and will only oppose him passively, as is suitable in the defence of a cause which represents the most powerful interests of humanity.

But perhaps all these hopes are illusory; perhaps we are about to see in our Fatherland the beginning of a sad and fruitless struggle, such as has so exhausted the strength of other countries by giving a free course to the most dangerous passions. In this case the Catholics of Germany should prepare themselves to endure a long succession of contradictions, for their moral courage will be severely tried. They will have to make sacrifices of all kinds for their faith, recalling the precept of the Gospel that commands us not only to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but also to God the things that are God's, whatever may happen, whatever may be the consequence of such a struggle, the church of God, which has always been victorious through patience, will never yield either under assaults of unbelief or the attacks of a false science, that in its pride seems to declare anew: *Eritis sicut Deus*. Truth is great, and it will prevail: *Magna est veritas et prævalebit*.

A. Reichensperger.

Cologne, Aug., 1871.

[76] The modesty of the eminent author of this article did not permit him to mention his own name among the most illustrious members of the *Fraction du Centre*. It would be ungrateful

not to supply this omission by adding to the valiant champions enumerated above the man whose multiplied labors, marked by his superior intelligence and ardor of feeling, are at once an honor to Germany and the church.—(*Note of the Editor.*)

THE MOUNTAIN.

The mountain’s sides are green anear,
 In clouds is lost its snow;
And he who climbs that Alpine height
 Shall earth and heaven know.
Lo! like a temple to the skies,
For toil, for prayer, for sacrifice,
Its green and snowy heights arise.

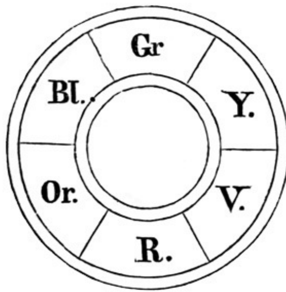
A thousand pilgrims wander up
 To yonder blue abode,
And some are lost, and some are slain,
 Or robbed upon the road.
Far up the holy hermits dwell,
And sounds the monastery bell
The safe and ancient way to tell.

And they who mount that highest steep
 Are tired and sad and poor,
But lo! a starry house is there,
 And angels at the door.
Rich joy for poverty and pain
They give, that summit to attain:
All earth they leave all heaven to gain.

COLOR—ITS POETRY AND PROSE.

The three primary colors, according to the latest conclusions of science, are *red*, *green*, and *blue*.

Oersted, in one of the chapters of his *Soul in Nature*, gives us a little diagram to show how the *complementary* and *characteristic* combinations of colors are produced.



The colors opposite in the figure complete each other in white, hence are called complementary colors—red and green, orange and blue, yellow and violet. These are the harmonious colors.

Two colors, between which there is only one intermediate color, constitute characteristic combinations of color, as Goethe calls them—for instance, red and yellow, yellow and blue, blue and red—and are the combinations most common in uniforms.

In regard to the symbolism of colors, Oersted gives the following enumeration:

White fitly typifies *innocence*; the purity of snow and summer clouds, and all the analogies of nature, suggesting and completing its significance. Black, which, as the withdrawal of light, denotes loss of life-giving power, as in night, and to which is added in the storm-cloud unwonted gloom and desolation, stands appropriately for the color of mourning. Red is the color of love, from the hue of the blood, to which is united the idea of the heart, heat, and intensity of life. Yellow denotes falsehood, as indicating the deceitfulness of that which shines, also as the color which, when it departs from purity, soonest becomes disagreeable. Green symbolizes hope, the green of spring in nature giving token of the fruition of summer. "If we consider also," says Oersted, "the satisfaction with which the eye can rest on it, we should call it the color of trust. Blue," he adds, "is called the color of fidelity, but since faith, hope, and love are so frequently named together, and the two last each has its symbolical color, we might assume that one of the colors belonged to this noble quality. It is evident that blue, since it indicates distance, vacuity from matter, therefore the immaterial is suitable as a symbol of faith. It is the color of the sky also, and this leads us away from the earthly. Then the repose in blue, and the feeling that of all colors it is the least splendid, with the exception of violet, which, when unmingled with red, really the violet of light, is so feeble, and has in it so little power, that it is not much considered. Goethe says that blue is a '*stimulating negation*.' We learn from natural science that blue united with violet is reflected back every time that light passes through a less occupied space, namely, a vacuum, hence Goethe's expression. Violet and blue also indicate darkness, since they are the colors which have the least light in them, and the pigments which they represent are easiest converted into black.

Faith, which looks up out of the blackness and shadow of death into the full-orbed splendor of the sun of righteousness, may not inappropriately take for its symbol the "stimulating negation" of the poet.

Thus do the three primary colors, blue, green, and red, represent the triad of Christian graces, the primary virtues of the Christian life—faith, hope, and charity, or love.

But leaving the poetry of color, we come to the subject of its place and function as it imprints itself on the myriad forms of the organic world. The question has been asked, Are all these tints of nature in the flower and shrub, the gorgeous plumage of the bird, only meant to please the eye of man and to gratify the artistic sense? Is there a deeper, subtler purpose running through all this apparently wanton pageantry, aside from the delight which it affords the mind of man, and looking only to the perfecting and preservation of the organism itself?

A utilitarian age has answered in the affirmative, and the researches of Darwin, Wallace, and others are daily opening new vistas into this interesting field of inquiry.

Darwin was the first to establish the fact that the bright coloring of flowers is for the purpose of attracting insects in order to accomplish their fertilization, and deduces the general rule that all flowers fertilized by the wind are of dull and inconspicuous colors. In the animal kingdom the principle of assimilation guides and modifies coloring in conformity with surrounding nature, and it is, therefore, to a great extent, protective.

The lion inhabiting the desert is of the color of the sands, so as hardly to be distinguished at a short distance. The leopard lives in jungles, and the vertical stripes on its body harmonize admirably with the vertical reeds of its tangled lair, and completely conceal it from view.

In arctic regions, white is the prevailing color, as here reign perpetual snows; therefore, it is that the bear is only found *white* in this part of the globe.

The curious fact that among birds the female is usually of a dull neutral tint, while the male monopolizes the bright colors, is accounted for on the principle of protective coloring, the female needing the obscurity afforded her by her sober plumage. When there is an exception to this rule, the protection is afforded in some other way. And this leads us to the subject of

birds' nests.

Wallace, in a chapter on the theory of birds' nests, divides them into two classes, those in which the eggs are protected by the shape or position of the nest, and those in which they are left exposed to view. He then gives the following law: "That, when both sexes are of strikingly gay and conspicuous colors, the nest is of the first class, or so as to conceal the sitting bird; while, whenever there is a striking contrast of colors, the male being gay and conspicuous, the female dull and obscure, the nest is open and the sitting bird exposed to view."

In connection with the subject of protective coloring, the phenomenon of *mimicry* is not the least curious. Wallace gives several instances of butterflies, moths, snakes, etc., where the coloring of protected families is imitated by weak and unprotected ones not in any way allied to them. A large and bright-colored butterfly, the heliconidæ of South America, which is protected by a disagreeable quality affecting its taste, thus rendering it secure from insect-eating birds, is imitated by a smaller and eatable family, resembling it so completely as to be quite indistinguishable by its enemies from the former. Thus it is protected and enabled to perpetuate itself by borrowing the colors of its secure and powerful neighbor.

The elaps among venomous snakes is another instance where protection is afforded through mimicry to a harmless snake that would otherwise be defenceless. The elaps and the species that copy its coloring are found only in tropical America, and are peculiar as being the only snakes marked in the same manner by red, black, and yellow rings.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Works of Aurelius Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. A New Translation. Edited by the Rev. Marcus Dods, M.A. Vols. I. and II. The City of God. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society, New York. 1871.

The Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, are well known and honorably distinguished among publishers for the works of a high class of scientific and literary worth in sacred literature which they are regularly bringing out in the best style of the typographic art. Besides their series of works by the most eminent German Protestant theologians of the orthodox school, some of which are really valuable to the Catholic student, they are issuing a set of translations of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, and have now commenced a series of translations from St. Augustine which they design to extend to sixteen or eighteen volumes. We cannot sufficiently rejoice in the publication of these patristic works. Nothing can produce an equally powerful impression in favor of the Catholic Church on serious and educated minds with the perusal of numerous and extensive works translated from the early Christian writers. The two volumes before us are, in every sense of the word, superb. The editor has prefaced them by an introduction, whose style reminds us of Macaulay—while its matter is excellent, interesting, and in all respects unexceptionable—in which he gives an account of the nature and the circumstances of the great work of St. Augustine, and of the various judgments of eminent scholars upon it. So far as a merely cursory glance can warrant us in judging of the merit of the translation, it appears to us that the extremely difficult task of rendering the Latin accurately into good English has been successfully accomplished. The work itself has been considered by some eminent scholars as one of the great masterpieces of human genius. It is the first great work on the philosophy of history which was ever written. It was the fruit of the latest and most mature period of the great doctor’s life. Its plan embraces a comprehensive defence of Christianity against the objections of the Roman statesmen and philosophers of the fifth century. A vast number of interesting topics are treated in it, so that, apart from the philosophical value which it possesses, it is most interesting and curious as a museum of antiquities from the epoch when paganism was passing away to give place to Christianity. It is to be hoped that Catholics as well as Protestants will patronize the truly noble and useful undertaking of the Messrs. Clark and their literary *collaborateurs*, to enrich our English libraries with these splendid patristic translations.

A Life of St. Augustine is also promised to accompany the selections from his writings. From this we can scarcely expect as much satisfaction as from the other parts of the undertaking. The theology and opinions of the writer must unavoidably prevent him from understanding and correctly representing a Catholic bishop and doctor, and giving a perfectly complete and correct account of the state of the church during the period in which he lived. No one but a Catholic can achieve this task with success, although a Protestant who is sufficiently learned, accurate, and skilled in the art of composition, may make a perfectly satisfactory translation of Catholic works. It were much to be desired that some competent Catholic scholar would give us a biography of St. Augustine so complete and perfect that it would supplant all others, and take rank as the standard history of his life and times.

Light in Darkness. A Treatise on the Obscure Night of the Soul. By the Rev. A. F. Hewit, of the Congregation of St. Paul. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1871. Pp. 160.

This is a very small volume in bulk, and of very modest pretensions, but of great merit, and treats with much truth and justice a very important subject. It belongs to what is called *Mystic Theology*, and gives us in a small compass the simpler elements of the science of the saints, and cannot fail to interest all those who are entering upon a life of Christian perfection, whether in religion or in the world. The “obscure night of the soul,” as St. John of the Cross calls it, is experienced in some degree by all whom the Holy Spirit is conducting through purification, not to be effected without pain and sorrow, to the highest and closest union with God possible while we are still in the flesh. It is a deprivation of all sensible sweetness in devotion, a desolation, a deadness of all but the very highest faculties of the soul, in which all is dry and hard, and the soul discerns not a ray of light to relieve the darkness that seems to pervade and envelop her every act, and everything seems listless, prayer demands an effort, and brings no consolation, and meditation is painful and fruitless. This obscure night of the soul, sometimes called passive purgation, is supernatural, the gift of the Holy Ghost, and is intended to try the soul, to test its faith and confidence, to purify it, and enhance its merit by bringing it in the end into joyful union with God.

If carefully distinguished from sadness and melancholy, which may spring from the physical constitution and a variety of natural causes, this inward desolation, in which the soul longs for light, for spiritual life, and to behold the countenance of the Lord, is a great good, and a proof that the Holy Spirit has not left us, but is present within, and is preparing us for the joyful day that will dawn in the soul, and permit us to ascend to the Mount of Vision with the saints. Sensible sweetness, even visions, which are not seldom experienced by one just entering a religious life, are baits to lure us on, or to save us from discouragement, but they cannot create in us a robust and solid piety. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son that he receiveth. Far more profitable to the soul is this obscure night in which the Lord hides his face from us, and leaves us desolate, and yet does not leave us,

nor cease to love and care for us.

Father Hewit explains the sources and solidity, the certainty, the infallibility, of the science of the saints; shows the principles on which it rests; describes the desolation of the soul due to the discipline to which the Holy Spirit subjects the aspirant to Christian perfection; gives plain and simple directions to distinguish it from natural sadness or melancholy, and for the behavior of the soul while suffering, and for deriving the greatest possible spiritual benefit from it. He also gives us a criterion by which the operations of the Holy Ghost may be distinguished from visionary illusions sent by Satan to deceive and ruin the soul, which the spiritists make so much of. His remarks on spiritism are just and opportune, are exceedingly valuable, and should be pondered by every Catholic. The ravages of spiritism are fearful.

The work is addressed solely to Catholics, and we think young and inexperienced confessors and directors will find much in it to aid them in their noble but arduous duties of directing souls in the way of perfection. To the class of Christians for whom it is specially intended, it will serve as a valuable and trustworthy guide, and will assist them to profit by the many larger and fuller treatises on the spiritual life whose excellence is unquestionable, and without superseding them. We thank the author for the rich present he has made us.

The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard. By the Count de Montalembert. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1872. 2 vols.

This is an American reprint of the English translation of Count Montalembert’s great work. The English edition is not only very splendid, but very costly. Mr. Donahoe’s edition is compressed into two volumes, at the reduced price of eight dollars, and is nevertheless very handsomely printed, with type sufficiently large and clear, and in all other respects well brought out. We welcome its appearance as a most fortunate event, and recommend the work most heartily as one which every intelligent Catholic ought to read as a glorious monument of his religion, and every literary man as one of the finest historical and literary productions of the age.

It is without a question that the Count de Montalembert was one of the greatest and noblest men of this century, whether in or out of the Catholic Church. The present work is the most complete and splendid monument of his genius and piety which he has left to perpetuate his fame. It is no mere compilation of biographies of the common sort, but a history of the great monastic institution in the West, of its stupendous works, and of the civilization of which it was one of the chief organizing powers. It includes some most important and little known chapters in the history of the chief nations of Christendom. Its copious and exact erudition is only equalled by the majestic eloquence of the style in which it is written, and which the translator has well rendered into English. There are a few passages in the introduction in which the author has allowed a certain bitterness of feeling to disturb the ordinarily pure current of his sentiments, and has betrayed some signs of his sympathy with the errors of the party of so-called Liberal Catholics. We do not consider this blemish, however, sufficient to detract seriously from the value and merit of this great work, or to make its perusal in any way dangerous. It is a work thoroughly Catholic, and pervaded with the same spirit of loyalty to the Holy See which the illustrious author has expressed in his dedication of the work to Pius IX. Whatever he said or did in a contrary spirit was a lamentable inconsistency, which we trust God has pardoned, as the Holy Father has done in so tender and magnanimous a manner.

Peters’s Catholic Choir. A Monthly Magazine devoted to Catholic Church Music. New York: J. L. Peters.

The purpose of this publication is to offer in a cheap form selected musical Masses, hymns, and motets for the use of our church choirs. The selections, from a purely musical point of view, are as good as publications of this nature generally contain.

The Pictorial Bible and Church History Stories. Abridged. A Compendious Narrative of Sacred History, brought down to the present Time of the Church, and complete in one Volume. By the Rev. Henry Formby. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren St. 1871.

This is a book which deserves to find a place as a text-book in all Catholic schools, and to be put by all Catholic parents into the hands of their children. Even the very little ones will be found capable of comprehending the easy and familiar English of the narrative; nor can too much stress be laid on the importance of thus familiarizing them from the start with the history of God’s dealings with men. For this purpose, the plan of acquainting them with the Bible history simply is far from sufficient. It leaves too great a gap between the past and the present—as if sacred history had virtually come to an end eighteen centuries ago, and since then everything had been merely secular and profane. A well-instructed child needs to have the whole of sacred history, from the creation of the world to the usurpation of Rome by Victor Emanuel, laid before his eyes in a series the connections of which are plain and unbroken. Such a simple historical knowledge will be apt to prove the best safeguard of his faith in a time when there is no longer any great temptation for him to abandon it in favor of misbelief, but when open unbelief in the providence of God is fast becoming his only real enemy. The task which Father Formby has undertaken, of presenting this history in an easy and compendious form, is one which he has very satisfactorily accomplished, and for which there seemed to be a crying need.

We can only hope that American Catholics will make haste to avail themselves of the results of his labors. The book is an attractive one, very fully illustrated by pictures which, if they are not to be called artistic, have at all events the merit of being often suggestive, and the letterpress will be found good reading by older readers as well as by the young ones.

The Illustrated Catholic Family Almanac for the United States for the Year of our Lord 1872. Calculated for different Parallels of Latitude, and adapted for use throughout the Country. Illuminated cover, 12mo, pp. 144. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1872.

There are many good works to be done for our Catholic community, and here is one of them. A little annual at a trifling price, yet, in paper, typographical execution, and illustrations, wonderfully attractive, now finds its way to over seventy thousand Catholic homes, and gives to perhaps a quarter of a million of Catholic readers information, instruction, and entertainment.

The material is new and healthy. It is a commentary on the communion of saints. Catholics are not of one state or country, of one age or century. We are a brotherhood embracing all. The young growing up wish to know of the past glories of the church as the old love to speak of them; and all desire information of the actual life of the church.

God's hand is not shortened in the nineteenth century. He overlooks the great and wise, and reveals himself to little ones, now as of old. Bernadette Soubirous, whose likeness is given, kneels there, and all cluster round her to hear the wonderful history of Lourdes. The lately martyred Archbishop of Paris will be viewed with interest, and the sketch of him will be imprinted on all minds. The beautiful portraits of Adelaide Procter and Eugénie de Guérin bring to mind the representative women of the church in our day, whom to know is to love; and many thousands will here begin to appreciate those two beautiful souls. In the history of the church in America, all will feel that Catholicity is no stranger in the land when we see before us the remains of a cathedral in Greenland, built in the twelfth century; a bishop in Florida in the sixteenth, predecessor of the illustrious Carroll in the last, and the saintly Flaget in our own.

Ireland, the fatherland of so many sons of our Holy Mother, is not forgotten. The ruins of religious houses, caused by hate, and the excellent portrait of the Liberator, O'Connell, show the close union between Catholics of all lands and times.

This little attractive bouquet of Catholic flowers, rich with the aroma of faith, will, by its suggestions, its information, and its creditable appearance alone, keep alive and stimulate the true Catholic feeling; and there can be no better work than to disseminate it widely and more widely in every parish, until it finds its way to every Catholic family in the land.

Life of the Reverend Mother Julia, Foundress and First Superior of the Sisters of Notre Dame, of Namur. Translated from the French. With the History of the Order in the United States. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren Street. 1871.

Marie Rose Julia Billiart, the foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame, was born at Cuvilly, in Picardy, in 1751, and died in 1816. The life from which this is translated was first published in 1862, for the use of the Sisters, but will be found also of great interest to the general reader. It is certainly so, or at least should be, in this country, where they are so widely diffused, are doing so much for the cause of Catholic education, and are so well known. Mother Julia was also a saint, and the lives of the servants of God are always interesting, especially when told in a natural and unaffected way. Her whole life was an extraordinary one, though her congregation was not established till 1803, when she had reached the age of fifty-two; its foundation being, as it were, necessarily delayed by the disturbances in France during the Revolution; but of course the greater part of this memoir is occupied with her last years, which were more abundant than those that preceded in visible service to others, though not perhaps in merit to herself. At her death, the order was firmly established, though not without passing through many trials and difficulties, and had a number of houses in France and Belgium. It was brought to this country in 1840, and to England three years later; it now has seventeen houses there, and twenty in the United States, having the care, in these two countries alone, of more than thirty thousand children. The latter part of the book, as stated in the title, is occupied with its foundation and establishment here; also an interesting account is given of its introduction into England and Guatemala, to which latter place they were sent in 1859.

We have before us a list of the houses of the Sisters in Massachusetts, nine in number, at which nearly seven thousand children are instructed, as well as over a thousand night-scholars; they have also more than five thousand attending Sunday-school. It is very much to be desired and hoped that so useful a body of religious may be everywhere as abundant as in this favored state; and yet there are not enough even there, and probably never will be. The words of our Lord are always verified: "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few." Still, there will, no doubt, be vocations when they are really asked for.

The *Life of Mother Julia* is well and clearly printed, and beautifully bound; and the translation was made by an American lady fully qualified for the task.

An excellent portrait of Mother Julia embellishes the book.

THE FOUR GREAT EVILS OF THE DAY. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. London: Burns, Oates & Co. 1871. Pp. 142. For sale by The Catholic Publication Society, New York.

The Four Great Evils exposed in these four lectures are the Revolt of the Intellect against God, the Revolt of the Will against God, the Revolt of Society against God, the Spirit of Antichrist. The author shows how the revolt against the Roman Church and the Vicar of Christ results in atheism, immorality, social anarchy, and the disruption of the whole fabric of Christianity, involving the destruction of the human race, and of the world, the Catholic Church excepted, which is preserved by miracle to the end of time. These lectures are very timely, and ought to be read by every reflecting person. The Archbishop of Westminster is equal to the greatest of our modern prelates in his clear insight into Catholic principles, and thorough knowledge of the atheistic and communistic tendencies of Protestantism. Hence the respect, fear, and hatred with which he is regarded by the enemies of the church. One thing especially noticeable in these lectures, and which we have observed with peculiar pleasure, is the exhibition of the intellectual as well as moral degradation of modern infidelity. The superstition and absurdity into which the proud rebellion of the mind against the authority of the church has plunged it is shown by Archbishop Manning, in a different way from that employed by Dr. Newman, but with a force equally irresistible. We recommend all our intelligent readers, and we presume that all our readers are intelligent, who desire to master the true and pure principles of the Catholic religion in their relation to the errors and disorders of the day, to obtain and study carefully all the works of the Archbishop of Westminster.

A CRITICAL GREEK AND ENGLISH CONCORDANCE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. Prepared by Charles F. Hudson, under the direction of Horace L. Hastings, editor of *The Christian*; revised and completed by Ezra Abbot, LL.D., Assistant Librarian of Harvard University. Second edition, revised. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

This handy little volume is evidently the result of a good deal of painstaking and conscientious labor. As the production of several hands, it is a monument of somewhat heterogeneous scholarship. It professes to be “critical”; and critical and scholarly we are sure it is, so far as it is indebted to the contributions of Dr. Ezra Abbot, a gentleman whose minute bibliographical knowledge is only equalled by his rare modesty, and by his readiness to place his learning at the disposal of others. To his careful hand, we take it, is due the collection of various readings as given by Griesbach, Lachmann, and the latest editions of Tischendorf and Tregelles. The student will find in this compilation a mass of information which we do not remember to have seen in so compact a form elsewhere. For the rest, the work will doubtless fulfil the purpose announced by the editor-in-chief, as a “book available to the mere English reader,” and will be welcomed by evangelical ministers of all denominations who may have felt more or less keenly the need of supplementing the defects in their early classical education by some easy artificial helps. How convenient, for example, when we run against the word γυνή, to find, on the authority of Messrs. Hastings and Hudson, that, in a given number of passages, the majority in fact, it signifies *woman*, undoubtedly *woman*, whereas in several other given passages, including 1 Cor. ix. 5, it means *wife*—even though there may be some misgivings about the “margin.” Whether or not it be “critical,” under cover of scholarship, to turn a supposed Greek concordance into nothing more nor less than a quiet vindication of the accuracy of the King James Version, we leave it to ordinary unbelievers to determine.

LIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN, with Notices of some of his Contemporaries, and Specimens of his Style. By D. A. Harsha, M.A., author of “Life of Philip Doddrige, D.D.,” etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

Nothing, we suppose, is more likely to strike the ordinary Catholic reader, supposing him even to waste his time over books of the kind, than the great meagreness and poverty of what are known by Protestants as religious lives. Even a non-Catholic, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, has somewhere commented on the superiority of Catholic biographies to Protestant ones, with that air of easy insolence which has made him anything but a pleasing subject for contemplation to the majority of his countrymen and co-religionists.

Mr. Harsha’s life of the allegorizing tinker of Bedford can boast of no advantage in this respect over other efforts of the same general description. It is not, we should say, the fault of the biographer, who seems to have genuine religious instincts, and to be principally hampered by his ignorance of what true spirituality means, and the poverty of the material he works in. These, however, are in his position necessary evils.

This book has other faults for which he is more actively responsible. A man who wonders that Bunyan should have been molested for his religious views under what he, perhaps facetiously, calls the “mild rule of Cromwell” (a characterization that John Evelyn would have been as slow to endorse as any Catholic Irishman of Zedah) and is puzzled to account for his freedom during the reign of the Second James, needs something besides an acquaintance with the *Pilgrim’s Progress* and Bunyan’s sermons to qualify him for the task of a biographer. Perhaps, however, a thorough knowledge of history would be as successful an agent in the work of un-Protestantizing a sincere man as any other merely human one that could be named.

GRADUALE DE TEMPORE ET DE SANCTIS, juxta Ritum Sacrosanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ cum cantu Pauli V. Pont.

Max. jussu reformato cui addita sunt officia postea approbata sub auspiciis Sanctissimi Domini Nostri Pii PP. IX. Curante Sacr. Rituum Congregatione, cum privilegio. Ratisbonæ, Neo-Eboraci et Cincinnatii: Sumptibus, chartis et typis Frederici Pustet.

About the time of the opening of the Œcumenical Council, the firm of F. Pustet were permitted by special indult to publish a revised edition of the Gradual known as the Medicean. A commission was appointed by the Sacred Congregation of Rites to undertake this revision, but the suspension of the Council and the political troubles ensuing prevented the completion of their labors. A dispensation, however, was granted to Mr. Pustet to publish and sell the work, adding the portion yet unrevised as it stands in the original edition. We reserve a fuller notice for some future date, when we hope to lay before our readers a critical essay on the various editions of the Gradual and other books of chant published in Europe and Canada.

The Grand Demonstration in Baltimore and Washington, D. C., in honor of the XXVth Anniversary of the Election of Pius IX. to the Chair of St. Peter, June 17, 18, 19. A.D. 1871. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

It would be scarcely possible to add anything on the general subject of this handsome brochure—the theme of so many thousand eloquent pens and voices. The celebration in the Province of Baltimore, however, was an exceptional one, as became the oldest See in the United States. Besides the addresses, letters, and resolutions, etc., which we naturally look for in such a publication, it includes encyclical and other letters from His Holiness, and some historical and chronological matter which the reader will find highly useful.

The Martyrs of the Coliseum; or, Historical Records of the Great Amphitheatre of Ancient Rome. By the Rev. A. J. O'Reilly, Missionary Apostolic at St. Mary's, Capetown. London: Burns, Oates, & Co. 1871. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society, New York.

The basis of the narratives of this volume is furnished by the ancient *Acts of the Martyrs*. The story of several of the most illustrious martyrs of the early ages is told by the author, according to history and legend, with some embellishments of imagination, poetry, and fancy. There is also an account of the history of the Coliseum itself, as far as knowledge or probable conjecture can furnish it. The author's style is warm, exuberant, and brilliant. The volume is instructive and entertaining, and ought to be a favorite, with young people especially.

Manual of Piety, for the use of Seminarians. Second American Edition. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co., 182 Baltimore Street. 1872.

This is a new edition of an excellent and well-known manual for seminarians. It can hardly be too highly commended either as regards matter or form. It contains an immense amount of matter in a very small space, and the type is clear and beautiful.

Mr. Robert Coddington has in press, and will publish about Christmas, *The Vicar of Christ; or, Lectures upon the Office and Prerogatives of our Holy Father the Pope*, by Rev. Thomas S. Preston, pastor of St. Ann's Church, New York, and Chancellor of the Diocese. It will be published uniform in style with the other volumes of Father Preston's lectures.

The Catholic Publication Society will publish, November 1, *Mary, Queen of Scots, and Her Latest English Historian*, a narrative of the principal events in the life of Mary Stuart, with some remarks on Mr. Froude's *History of England*, by James F. Meline. This work will contain not only the thorough criticism of Mr. Froude's *History of England* as far as made in the five articles on the subject in The Catholic World—articles which have attracted general attention, and put Mr. Froude upon his defence—but also a complete narrative of the life of Mary Stuart, with a review of those volumes of Mr. Froude's history not noticed in the articles.

Mr. P. Donahoe, Boston, will soon publish *To and from the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Bavaria*, from the pen of the Rev. George H. Doane, Chancellor of the Diocese of Newark. It will be dedicated to the Rt. Rev. J. R. Bayley, D.D., Bishop of Newark.

Kelly, Piet & Co. announce as in press *The Martyrs of the Coliseum*, by Rev. A. J. O'Reilly.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Charles Scribner & Co., New York: The Holy Bible according to the Authorized Version (A.D. 1611), with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation, by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. Vol. I. Part 1. Genesis-Exodus.

From Kay & Brother, Philadelphia: A Collection of Leading Cases in the Law of Elections in the United States, with Notes and References to the latest Authorities. By Frederick C. Brightly.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE RECENT EVENTS IN FRANCE.

We have no occasion to dwell on the disastrous events of the war of the second French Empire with Prussia, nor on the still more disastrous results of the feeble efforts of the improvised republic to drive back the German armies from French soil. They are too painful to be dwelt on, and are, probably, as well known to our readers as to ourselves. We may, however, remark that we regard it as a mistake to represent the war as unprovoked by Prussia. The party that declares the war is not always responsible for it. Prussia, by her duplicity, her aggressive spirit, and her menacing attitude to France, gave to the French government ample reason, according to what has long been the usage with European nations, for declaring the war.

We have never been the partisans of Louis Napoleon; but it is only simple justice to say that by his concessions of January, 1870, he had ceased to be the absolute sovereign of France, and had become a constitutional monarch, like the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and the declaration of war against Prussia in July of the same year was not his personal act, but the act of the Liberal ministry and the French people, influenced, not unlikely, by the secret societies that had sworn the Emperor’s destruction. Perhaps, when the facts are better known, it will be clearly seen that the Emperor had really no alternative but war with Prussia, or the loss of the French throne for himself and dynasty. Though unprepared, he chose the war, as offering at least a chance of success, and it is not improbable that the result would have been less disastrous both for him and the nation if he had been loyally sustained by the French people, and had not had a more formidable enemy in his rear than in his front. The influences that compelled him to consent to the declaration of war were unfriendly to him, and both before and after the declaration were, not unlikely, indirectly controlled by that astute but unprincipled diplomatist, Bismarck, at present Chancellor of the new German Empire, and through whose adroitness Germany has been Prussianized.

It now also appears that the disaster of Sedan was far less the fault of the Emperor than of his marshals, who acted without his orders, and without concert with one another. If Marshal MacMahon had fallen back on the capital, as Trochu says he advised, instead of attempting to relieve Metz, and given the nation time to rally and concentrate its forces, it is probable the empire would have been saved, and the Prussians been ultimately defeated and driven beyond the Rhine. Even after the disaster of Sedan, the integrity of French territory might have been saved, and peace obtained on far less onerous terms than those which were finally imposed by the conqueror after the surrender of Paris, but for the Parisian mob of the 4th of September, which compelled the Corps Législatif to pronounce, illegally of course, the escheat of the Emperor and the empire, to proclaim the republic, and to suffer a so-called government of defence to be improvised. The disaster of Sedan was great, but it was a mere bagatelle in comparison with that of the revolution effected by the Parisian mob acting under the direction of the secret societies, whose destructive power and influence were so well and so truthfully set forth by Disraeli in his *Lothair*, one of the most remarkable books recently published, and which shows that its author fully understands the great questions, movements, and tendencies of modern society. That revolution was the real disaster, and Paris, not Prussia or Germany, has subjugated France. The French, excepting a few lawyers, journalists, literary dreamers, and the workingmen of the cities and towns, who demanded “*la république démocratique et sociale*,” had no wish for a republic, and were, and are, decidedly anti-republican at heart. The men composing the so-called government of defence were, for the most part, men who had not, and could not inspire it, the confidence of the nation, were men without faith or solid principle, theorists and declaimers, utterly destitute both of civil and military capacity, distrusted, if not detested, by all Frenchmen who retained any sense of religion or any love of country surpassing their love for their own theories. France, perhaps, could have been saved by a loyal support of the empire, and a hearty co-operation with the Imperial government under the Empress-Regent, even after the disaster of Sedan, but not by overthrowing it, and plunging the nation into the revolutionary abyss. The government of defence only hastened the catastrophe by defaming the Imperial government, calumniating it, and publishing every sort of falsehood against it that malice could invent or render plausible, as the event has proved, and all the world is beginning to see and admit.

But for the socialistic revolution, it is now known that, even after the surrender of the Emperor, the Imperial government could have obtained peace without any mutilation of French territory, and on terms, if hard, at least such as could be borne. France would have suffered the mortification of defeat, and would have been compelled to indemnify, as a matter of course, Prussia for the expenses of the war; but she would have suffered no loss of territory, and would have remained, defeated indeed, but not conquered. Europe would have mediated effectually in her favor, for the balance of power requires her preservation; but the European nations could not intervene in favor of a revolution which was a menace to each one of themselves, and Prussia would not and could not treat with a revolutionary committee that had no legal existence and no power to bind the nation.

The insurrection of Paris on the 18th of March, 1871, against the Versailles government, was only the logical continuation of that of the 4th of September against the empire. The same party that made the one made the other. An omnibus would hold nearly all the republicans in France that differ essentially or in principle from the Paris Commune, and its suppression after a fearful struggle is the condemnation of the revolution that overthrew the empire, and also of the government that suppressed it. Its suppression, so absolutely necessary if France or French society is to subsist, was simply the revolution condemning and killing itself. No government can be founded on the revolutionary principle, for that principle is destructive and can found nothing; and hence it is that every revolution is compelled to devour itself; and to be able to reconstruct and maintain political or social order, it must deny its own principle, and as far as possible undo its own work. Yet the Commune is only "scotched, not killed," and will rear its head again in the first moment a new political crisis comes. A republic of law and order, respecting and maintaining the rights of person and property, such as we regard our own, is at present impracticable in every nation in Europe, with the single exception of Switzerland, for it has no basis in the interior life, the antecedents, the manners, customs, and usages of the people. It was by the aid of non-republican France that the Parisian insurgents were put down. There is in Europe no political *via media* practicable as yet between the absolutism of Cæsar and the absolutism of the people. Either Cæsar is in the place of God, or the people; and the only religion this nineteenth century tolerates is either monarchical absolutism or popular absolutism; and European society, as we see, only swings like a pendulum from the one to the other, and finds no liberty or chance for free development under either. Its real progress is suspended.

At this moment, France lies prostrate with the iron heel of the conqueror on her neck, and that conqueror, Prussia, a power that never was known to have a noble or generous sentiment, and that has 1806 to avenge. Prussia has not yet relaxed her hold on her prostrate foe, and will not of her own accord, so long as a single sign of life remains. France has now no legal government, no political organization, and, what is the worst, recognizes no power competent to reorganize her society, and reconstitute the state, and has recognized none since the revolution of 1789. Since that worldwide event, she has had no government which she felt herself bound in conscience to obey, or towards which she had any genuine sentiment of loyalty. No government has been able to count on the national support if it became unfortunate, and ceased to gratify the national pride or vanity. The principles of 1789, avowedly accepted as the basis of his government by the Emperor, are destructive of the very sentiment of loyalty, and deny the obligation in conscience of the people to obey authority any longer than it suits their convenience. If a plebiscitum or the popular vote could create a legal government, Louis Napoleon was and is still the legal sovereign of the French people, and, through them, of France. But the nation never had any sentiment of loyalty towards him, and abandons him as it did his greater uncle the moment he becomes unsuccessful. It never felt that it owed him allegiance, and how could it since he professed to hold from it? His government was based on a plebiscitum, and could it bind the nation? It was created by the people, was their creature, and can the creator be loyal to or bound by his own creation? The nation can be bound only by a power above itself and be loyal only to an authority that comes from a source independent of the people.

Louis Napoleon held from 1789, and had the weakness to believe in plebiscitums. He seems never to have understood that universal suffrage can only create an agency, not a government. He was a disciple of the political philosophers of the eighteenth century, who erected revolution into a principle. These philosophers of the eighteenth century made no account of the continuity of the national life, of national habits, customs, and usages, and assumed that the convention might draw up an entirely new constitution according to an abstract and preconceived theory, without regard to the antecedents or past life of the nation, and without any support in the spiritual or supernatural order above the nation, get it adopted by a plurality of votes, and safely rely on *l'intérêt bien entendu*, or enlightened self-interest, to preserve it and secure its successful practical workings as the fundamental law of the nation. The whole history of France for nearly a century, without any reference to our own experience, refutes the absurd theory of the philosophers, or sophists, rather. A French gentleman, still living, told us, before the recent collapse of the second French Empire, that he had witnessed seventeen revolutions or changes of government in his native country, and he is in a fair way of living to see the number increased at least to a score. No government created by and held from the people can govern the people; and, if reason alone or the calculations of interest were sufficient to sustain a government, no government or political constitution would be necessary. Paper constitutions are worthless, save so far as they express the living constitution of the nation. "Constitutions," Count de Maistre has well

said, “are generated, not made”; and the merit of the American constitution is in the fact that it was born with the American people, not made by them.

France was originally constituted by the king, the nobility, the church, with some feeble remains of the old Roman municipalities, subsequently revived and expanded into the *tiers-état*. The balance of her original constitution had been disturbed, it is true; the church and the nobility had been greatly enfeebled by the inordinate growth of monarchy on the one hand, and the expansion of the communal power on the other; but these four fundamental elements of her national constitution still subsisted in more or less force down to the Revolution of 1789. That revolution swept away king, church, and nobility, and proclaimed the *tiers-état* the nation, without any political organization or power to reconstitute legal or legitimate government. No nation is competent to constitute itself, for till constituted it is only a mass of individuals, incapable of any legal national act. Since then France has been trying in vain to make something out of nothing, and been continually alternating between the mob and despotism—despotism suppressing the mob, and the mob deposing despotism. She at this moment has no legal government, and the French people recognize no power able to reconstitute the state. Her old monarchical constitution, tempered by the church and her old nobility, and restrained by provincial customs, usages, privileges, and franchises, is swept away, and nothing remains of her political life that can serve as the germ or basis of reorganization, or the re-establishment of authority, competent, legally or morally, to bind the nation, restore order, and protect liberty.

Worse than all else is the fact that 1789 swept away the church as a power in the state, and left the state it wished to constitute without any moral support, or power not dependent on the nation to sustain it. It threw the management of public affairs into the hands of men and parties that had no faith in God, who hated or despised religion, and believed only in themselves and the perfectibility of the species. This was the greatest evil of all. A nation may be politically disorganized, and yet be able to recover and re-establish a legal government, if it retains religion as an organized power, independent of the nation; for it then retains a power that has its source in the supernatural, above the people, and able to bind the national will in conscience, and give consistency and a divine sanction to the national ordinations. The first Napoleon had sense enough to see something of this, and to understand that he could not reorganize disorganized France without calling in religion to his aid; he therefore solicited a concordat from the Holy See, and re-established the church. But he had not sense enough to see and understand that even the church could not aid him if holding from himself, or if subjected in her administration to his own or the national will. He committed the usual mistake of secular sovereigns, that of insisting on keeping the control of the ecclesiastical administration in their respective dominions each in his own hands, of using the church to control his subjects, but allowing her no authority over himself.

Nothing can exceed the short-sightedness of secular sovereigns in seeking to keep religion in their respective dominions subject to their will as an adjunct of the police, rather than an independent power holding from God, and alike supreme over sovereigns and subjects. The present hostility to the church, even in old Catholic nations, is in no small measure owing to the fact that the sovereigns have sought to use her to preach submission, resignation, and patience to their subjects, and to uphold the authority of the government, however forgetful of its duties, tyrannical, or oppressive. They have sought to make her their instrument in governing or, rather, misgoverning their subjects, without the liberty to exercise the power which, as the representative of the divine authority on earth, she holds from God, to remind them of their duty to govern their subjects wisely and justly, to rebuke and place them under interdict, and even to declare their power forfeited when they persistently violate the law of God and oppress the people. They thus render her odious to the lovers of freedom. Hence we see the revolution far more bitter against the church than against the sovereigns, who, having rendered her odious by denying her the freedom and independence which are her right, and without which she can render no service either to power or to liberty, have everywhere abandoned her to the tender mercies of her enemies, in the vain hope of conciliating the revolution and saving their own heads. They throw her now as a sop to Cerberus.

The power of religion to sustain authority against the insurrection and rebellion of subjects, and liberty against the tyranny of the prince, is in her being an organic power in the nation, but independent of the national will, holding from God, not from the nation or its sovereign, and free to declare and apply the divine law alike to prince and people. Nationalized, she has no support outside of the nation, no power not derived from it, and can give the nation only what it already has in itself. It must follow, not lead the nation, and share its fate, which it has no power to avert. What can the Russian Church do to restrain the tyranny of the Czar? Or the Church of England to check the progress of the revolution now going on and threatening to sweep away king, nobility, and the church first of all? What can it do before the democracy become omnipotent? Why is it that no Gentile nation has ever shown any recuperative energy, but because Gentilism, as the name implies, is nationalism, and the nation has in it only a national religion, and nothing outside, above, or independent of the national authority? The Gentile religion, deprived of catholicity, had to follow the nation, and to share its corruption and its fate. When the nation fell, it fell with it; and the nation, when it fell, fell for ever, and disappeared from the list of nations. Protestantism in its essential principle is a revolt against catholicity, and the subjection of religion to the national will. It

is essentially a revival of nationalism, or Gentilism, and hence a Protestant nation has no recuperative energy, and, were it to fall, its fall would be like that of a Gentile nation, a fall without the power to rise again. So it must be with every nation that has only a national or a nationalized religion.

Napoleon, who wished the church only as an adjunct of his own power, never understood anything of all this. He saw that the church was more conservative than Protestantism, and in fact so by virtue of her Catholicity, that she had a stronger hold on the French people, and could serve him better than any Protestant sect; but he did not see that the church, sought for a political end, is necessarily powerless even to that end, and that she serves a political end only when she is sought for her own sake, recognized and supported for a religious end, or as the free and independent kingdom of God on earth. Not understanding this, he refused her unrestrained liberty, and sought by his own legislation to subject her in his own dominions to his own will, and to compel her either to support his policy or to feel the full weight of his vengeance. She must support him, wear his livery, do his bidding, hold his enemies to be her enemies, or he would not tolerate her at all. She, as the church of God, could not accept this position and sink into a mere national church, however powerful the nation. She asserted her independence, and her independence alike of him and those he professed to govern. He commanded her to obey him: she refused. He quarrelled with her, dragged her supreme pontiff from his throne, despoiled him of his estates, imprisoned him, was excommunicated, became powerless before his enemies, was defeated, lost his throne, and was sent by his conquerors to fret his life away as a prisoner of England on the barren isle of St. Helena, leaving French society hardly less disorganized than he found it.

The Restoration which followed was a return toward legitimacy, and under it France actually recuperated with a rapidity which seems marvellous to unbelievers. But it humiliated the nation, because it was imposed on it by foreign bayonets, and its work of reparation and expiation necessarily made it unpopular with all who had profited by the plunder and confiscations of the Revolution, or by the wars of the Empire. The spirit of 1789 still possessed a large portion of the population. The Bourbons returned, also, with the old Gallican traditions of the relation of church and state, which had lost the monarchy, and prepared the people for the old revolution. They would have the church, indeed, but they would never recognize her rightful supremacy; and, though giving France really the best government she had had for a long time, they at length fell before the intrigues of a younger branch of the family, supported by the combined factions of the Bonapartists, republicans, and socialists.

The monarchy of July or the Barricades was, notwithstanding the pretences of the *juste milieu*, or doctrinaires, a purely revolutionary government, improvised in the interests of disorder, without a shadow of legality, and without anything, in the nation or in religion, on which it could rest; and from the first it was spurned by the legitimists, the old national nobility, by the peasantry, the larger part of the republicans, and supported only by the *bourgeoisie*, or business classes, and the Bonapartists, the latter of whom hoped to make it a stepping-stone to the restoration of the Napoleonic empire. It had no hold on the nation, no power to reconstitute it on a solid and permanent basis; and so, as a new generation appeared on the stage, it fell without a struggle before the Parisian mob. It was indifferent rather than avowedly hostile to the church, but it gave free scope to the infidel press, warred against the Jesuits, and maintained the infidel university in the monopoly of education. It, however, indirectly served the cause of religion by the little court favor the bishops could obtain, and who, in consequence, retired, and looked after the interests of religion in their respective dioceses, so that when a Parisian mob overthrew the citizen-king in February, 1848, and proclaimed the republic, the church was really more influential in France than she had been since 1682. She had influence enough to displace the party that made the revolution from the control of public affairs, to defeat and crush the reds and communists in the terrible days of June, 1848, to save French society from utter dissolution, and maintain order under a republic proclaimed by the friends of disorder. We are far from being convinced that, if the bishops and clergy had continued to show the energy in supporting the republic that they did in wresting it from the control of the infidels and destructives, they would not have been able to reconstitute French society on a Catholic and a republican basis, to the advantage alike of religion and society.

Certain it is, the church, though not officially supported by the republic, and had many and bitter enemies in France, was freer under it than she had been since the great Western Schism, and had a fair opportunity to prove to the world that she is wedded to no particular form of government or political organization, and can subsist as well, to say the least, in a republic as in a monarchy. We thought at the time, and we still think, though no enemy to monarchy and no blind defender of republicanism, that the French bishops and clergy committed a grave blunder in abandoning the republic and surrendering French society to the nephew of his uncle—a member of the Carbonari, a known conspirator against the Pope in 1832, and a favorite with the red republicans and socialists. It would be difficult to estimate the damage they did to France and to the cause of religion throughout the world. It will cost, perhaps, centuries of bitter struggle and suffering on the part of Catholics, to repair the sad effects of that blunder. But French Catholics had for ages been accustomed to rely on royal support, and they lacked the robust and vigorous habits under God of self-reliance. The bishops and clergy could easily have marched to a martyrs' death, but they had with all their experience never learned the folly of putting their trust for the church in

princes. They remembered the Reign of Terror; they remembered, also, the flesh-pots of Egypt, and shrank from the hunger, thirst, and fatigue of the desert.

The new emperor found the French people divided into three principal parties—the church or Catholic party, which included the Bourbonists and the better part of the Orleanists; the republican party, properly so-called; and the socialistic or extreme radical party, represented in the recent civil war by the communists of Paris and of all Europe. His policy on commencing his reign was avowedly to keep the control of all these parties in his own hands, by leaving each party something to hope from his government, and allowing no one to gain the ascendency, and, as far as possible, engrossing the whole nation in the pursuit of material goods. He acknowledged the sovereignty of the nation, professed to hold from 1789, and favored universal suffrage, which was in accordance with the views of the republican party; he adopted measures to secure employment to the working-men of the cities and towns, among whom was the great body of the socialists, or communists, by his encouragement of expensive national and municipal works; and, to retain his hold on them and to protect himself from the assassins of the secret societies, he made his Italian campaign, drove the Austrians out of Italy, and prepared the way for Italian unification, and for despoiling the Holy Father of his temporal possessions and sovereignty; raised the salaries paid to clergy as servants of the state, and repaired churches and abbeys as national monuments at the national expense, to please and secure the church party. But he suppressed the freedom the church had enjoyed under the republic, maintained the "organic articles" of his uncle, and all the old Gallican edicts and legislation against the freedom and independence of the church in full force, trusting that she would see a compensation for her loss of liberty in the increased pomp and splendor of her worship or the gilded slavery to which he reduced her.

The recrudescence of infidelity, atheism, or materialism was a marked feature under the Second Empire, and the influence of religion daily and hourly declined; and all the wisdom and energy of the government seemed exerted to *despiritualize*, if we may be allowed the word, the French nation, to extinguish whatever remained of its old chivalric sentiments and its old love of glory, once so powerful in every French heart, and to render the nation intent only on things of the earth, earthy. His policy, being always that of half-measures, disguised as moderation, was not suited to make him true friends. His Italian campaign against Austria was pushed far enough to make Austrians his enemies, but not far enough to make friends of the Italians. His consent to the annexation to Sardinia of the Italian duchies, the Neapolitan kingdom, and the Æmilian provinces of the Holy See, was enough to alienate the friends of international law, and to offend all conservatives and Catholics who had any sense of right or religion; but not enough, so long as he protected the Holy Father in the sovereignty of the city of Rome, to gain him the good-will of the infidels, communists, secret societies, or of the partisans of Italian unity. His policy of never pushing matters to extremes, and of winning and controlling all parties, by leaving each something to hope from him, but never what any one specially desired, necessarily resulted, as might have been foreseen, in offending all parties, and in gaining the confidence of no one. He had by his half-and-half measures succeeded in alienating all parties in France, and, by his Crimean war, his Italian policy, and his half-league with Bismarck to drive Austria out of Germany and increase the territory and power of Prussia, had succeeded equally well in losing the confidence of all the European nations with which he had any relations, and in finding himself without an ally or a friend.

The elections of 1869 disclosed the very unsatisfactory fact that he really had no party in France, and no support but his own creatures, and if he still retained a feeble majority in the popular vote, say of five hundred thousand votes out of an aggregate of six millions and a half, it was from a dread of another revolution, rather than from any attachment to him personally or to his government. This led him to a new line of policy, to abandon *personal* government, to make large concessions to what is called self-government, and to throw himself into the arms of the apparently moderate liberals, as distinguished on the one hand from the church party, and on the other from the socialists, communists, or destructives, that is, of the feeblest and least popular party in France, and consented to the war against Prussia as his only chance of recovering, by military success, if he gained it, his popularity with the nation. His military expedition having failed, because he had, so to speak, *unmartialized* his empire, and because he was not really backed by the French people, he was obliged to surrender himself a prisoner of war with his army at Sedan, and his dynasty was expelled by a mob. He had abandoned the Holy Father in order to serve the liberals at home and abroad, deserted the cause of God, and God, and even the liberals, deserted him.

France is to-day not only prostrate under the iron heel of the Prussian, but is without any government in which any party in the nation has any confidence, and, if she recovers at all, her recovery must be slow and painful, and subject to numerous relapses. Prussia, as we have said, will not readily let go her hold, and never, so long as she can help it, suffer her to rise from her present condition. The remote cause is 1789, or rather the causes that led to that uncalled-for and most disastrous revolution; but the proximate cause we must look for in the lack of wise and practical statesmanship in Louis Napoleon, who sought to govern France according to a preconceived theory, worked out in his closet or his solitary studies. When he took the reins of government, the Catholic party were really in the ascendant; and, had he been a wise and practical statesman, he would have seen that the only chance of reorganizing and governing France was not in laboring to maintain an equilibrium of parties, but in throwing himself resolutely on the side of the party, in studying and

sustaining, without any compromise with the enemies of God and society, real Catholic interests, and in surrounding himself by thorough-going Catholic statesmen. Catholicity alone offered any solid basis for the state or for authority, order, or liberty. The other parties in the nation were all, in varying degrees, the enemies alike of authority and liberty, and none of them offered any solid basis of government. He should, therefore, have placed his whole confidence in Catholic France, and set them aside, and, if they rebelled, have suppressed them, if necessary, by armed force. Had he done so, and acted in concert with the Holy Father and the religious portion of the nation, he would have reorganized France, given solidity to his power, and permanence to his throne. But from policy or from conviction he chose to hold from 1789, and was incapable of understanding that no government that tolerates the revolutionary principle, or is based on infidelity or the rejection of all spiritual or supernatural authority above the nation, can stand. So-called self-government, without the church of God, teaching and governing all men and nations in all things spiritual, is only a delusion, for the nation needs governing no less than the individual.

But as we have already hinted, there are remoter causes of the present condition of France, and, we may add, of all old Catholic nations; and Catholics must not throw all the blame of that condition on the governments or the revolutionary spirit of 1789, still so rife. They have been and still are the great majority in all these nations, and why should they not be held responsible for the prevalence of the revolutionary spirit, and for the bad secular governments they have suffered to oppress the church? Why have they suffered an anti-Catholic public opinion to grow up and become predominant? Why have they suffered the rights and interests of religion to be sacrificed to the falsely supposed rights and interests of the secular order? Can they pretend that no blame attaches to them for all this?

France has, at least since the death of Philip the Second of Spain, been the foremost Catholic nation of the world, and for a much longer time the leader of modern civilization; and in her we may see the causes that have produced her own fall and that of the other old Catholic nations. France, in this her supreme moment, has not, we believe, a single Catholic in the administration. The president is a believer in no religion; the minister of foreign affairs is no Christian, and besides is a man of very small abilities; the minister of worship and instruction says he is moral, but he is certainly no Catholic. The transition government, opposed as it is by all the other parties in the nation, of course must at present seek to gain the support of the bishops and clergy, or what we call the church party. In Spain, though the majority are Catholics and have votes, the government is in the hands of the enemies of the church. In Italy, a handful of infidels and miscreants are able, though the great body of the people are Catholics and have votes, to control the nation, to violate with impunity every principle of private right and of international law, to confiscate the property of the church and of religious orders, and to despoil the Holy Father, take possession of his capital, and hold him a prisoner in his palace. Why is this suffered? Why is France and every other old Catholic nation ruled by men who have no regard for the church and are opposed to her freedom and independence? Whence in modern times comes this undeniable political inanity of Catholics? Why is it that popular literature, science, and public opinion are throughout the world decidedly anti-Catholic?

Certainly this is not owing to the inaptitude of Catholics as such; for, through all the ages from the fall of the Western Roman Empire to the taking of Constantinople by the Ottoman Turks in the fifteenth century, Catholics were the governing class, and in no period of human history have civilization and the progress of society so rapidly advanced as during this period, which Digby calls the Ages of Faith. It is not, again, owing to any loss of life or vigor in the church herself, as is evinced by the success of her missions in Protestant nations and among savage and barbarous tribes. It is only in old Catholic nations that the church loses ground, and this proves that the cause is not in her. It can be traced to no Catholic cause, but must be traced to some defect in the Catholic administration in these old Catholic nations themselves. Catholics protect Catholic interests better, and have more influence in public affairs in Prussia, in Great Britain and Ireland, in Holland, and the United States, than in Austria, France, Spain, or Italy. Why is this?

One reason we may perhaps find in the failure of pious and devout Catholics to consider the difference between their duties in a Catholic state and what were their duties in the early ages under the pagan emperors. Under the pagan emperors, power was in the hands of their enemies, as it is in infidel, heretical, and schismatical nations now, and they had no political responsibility. All that was incumbent on them was to cultivate the private virtues, to do their best to sanctify their souls, to obey the constituted authorities in all things not contrary to the law of God, and, when the laws of the empire or the edicts of the emperors commanded them to do what the Christian law forbids, to refuse obedience and submit cheerfully to the penalty of disobedience, which in most cases we know was martyrdom. But when the empire became Christian, and especially when Christendom was reconstituted by the conversion of the barbarian nations that succeeded to the empire, the position and duties of Catholics or Christians in some respects changed. Power passed to their hands, and they became responsible for its exercise, and it was their duty to keep it in their own hands, and conform the national legislation and administration to the law of Christ. Catholics then incurred as Catholics a political responsibility which they had not under the pagan emperor, and which they were not free to throw off. The popes always understood this, and acted accordingly; but the ascetic discipline which enjoined detachment from the world was by many devout and earnest souls construed to mean detachment from all part or

interest in the political order or the government of Christendom. In consequence, the affairs of state fell, as under the pagan empire, into the hands of Cæsar, or of those who were more ambitious to acquire honors and power than to protect and promote the interests of religion.

This has been more especially the case since the opening of modern history or the rise of Protestantism; and we find among devout Catholics intent on saving their own souls a feeling that there is an incompatibility between politics and religion, and that he who would serve God must leave the affairs of state to men of the world; which is, in effect, to deliver them over to the control of men who are servants of Satan rather than servants of God. The state has, therefore, been given over to the Enemy of souls, because Catholics were led, through a one-sided asceticism, to neglect to keep it in their own hands, and the church has been suffered to be despoiled, her pontiffs, priests, and religious have been suffered to be massacred, for the lack of a little resolution and energy on the part of Catholics to defend their religion and the sacred rights of their church and of society entrusted to their courage and fidelity. Thus a handful of Jansenists, Protestants, Jews, and infidels in France were permitted to establish a reign of terror over twenty-five millions of Catholics, exile their bishops, massacre or banish their priests and religious, suppress religious houses, close the churches, prohibit Catholic worship, abolish religion itself, decree that death is an eternal sleep, and substitute for the worship of the living God the idolatry of an infamous woman, placed upon the altar and adored as the goddess of Reason. All this time, while all these horrors were enacted in the name of the nation, the twenty-five millions of Catholics, except in Brittany and La Vendée, made hardly a show of resistance, and suffered themselves to be led as sheep to the slaughter, forgetful that they owed it to France and to Christendom to sustain and govern their country as a Christian or Catholic nation. It is a duty to pray, and to pray always, but sometimes it is a duty for Christians to fight, and to have not only the courage to die in the battle for a holy cause, but to generous souls the far more difficult courage, the courage to kill. We have observed among French Catholics no lack of courage against a foreign foe, even in a war of more than doubtful necessity or justice, but a fearful lack of courage against the domestic foe, as in the late communist insurrection of Paris. They seem restrained by scruples of conscience.

Another reason may probably be found in the fact already hinted, that the mass of Catholics have been trained and accustomed to rely on external authority; to look for protection and support not to God and themselves, but to the secular government. They have not been accustomed to rely on spiritual authority alone, but on the secular sovereign as a sort of *episcopus externus*. This had no evil consequences so long as the secular sovereign was faithful, and acted only under the direction and authority of, and in concert with, the Supreme Pontiff; but it had a most disastrous effect when the sovereign acted in ecclesiastical matters in his own name, and when he turned against the Pope, and sought to subject the church in his dominions to his own control or supervision, which was not seldom the case. But the clergy and people, accustomed to look to the secular authority to guard the fold against the entrance of the wolves, became slack in their vigilance and remiss in acquiring habits of self-reliance, and, with the inspirations of the Holy Ghost, of self-defence. Consequently, when kings and princes ceased to keep guard, or when they turned wolves themselves, as in the Protestant revolt, the flock was powerless, knew not to whom to look for support, and had no resource but to yield themselves to be devoured by schism, heresy, or apostasy. This is now the case with the great body of the Catholic people in all old Catholic countries. With the vain hope of conciliating the revolution and preserving their thrones, the sovereigns of Europe, without a single exception, have abandoned or turned against the church, and there is not one on whom the Holy Father can count. He is alone, with the kings and princes of the earth either hostile or indifferent to him, while the old habit of relying on the secular authority for support, for the moment at least, paralyzes nearly the whole body of Catholics in all old Catholic nations.

Another reason, growing out of the last, may be found in the habit that has grown up since the rise of Protestantism, of relying on the external almost to the exclusion of the internal authority of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost dwells in the church, and teaches and governs through her as his external organ; he dwells also in the souls of the faithful, and inspires and directs them, and gives vigor, robustness, and self-reliance to their piety. Protestantism assailed the external authority of the church, and made it necessary for Catholics to turn their attention to its defence, and to show that no spirit that disregards it, or that does not assert it and conform to it, can be the spirit of truth, but is the spirit of error, in reality anti-Christ, who, the blessed Apostle John tells, was already in his time in the world; yet it may be that the defence of what we call the external authority of the Holy Ghost, or authority of the church as a teaching and governing body, has caused some neglect in the great body of the faithful of the interior inspirations and guidance of the Holy Ghost in the individual soul. No Catholic will misunderstand us. We appreciate as much as any one can the external authority of the church, her supremacy, her infallibility; we accept *ex animo* the supremacy and infallibility of the successor of St. Peter in the See of Rome, as defined in the recent Council of the Vatican, and should be no better than a Protestant if we did not; but that external authority is not alone, or alone sufficient, as every Catholic knows, for the soul, and its acceptance is not sufficient for salvation. The Holy Ghost must dwell in the individual soul, forming "Christ within, the hope of glory." We do not mean to imply that any of our ascetic writers or spiritual directors overlook the need of the interior inspirations and guidance of the Holy Spirit, or fail to give it due prominence, but that its authority has not had due prominence given it in our controversial literature and in our expositions of Catholic

faith intended for the public at large.

All these reasons have combined to reduce France, so long the foremost Catholic nation in the world, to her present pitiable condition, hardly more pitiable than that of Italy, Spain, Austria, and the Spanish and Portuguese states of this continent. What is the remedy, or is there none? We do not believe there is no remedy. We do not believe it, because the church proved her power in France under the Republic of 1848, which originated in hostility to her still more than to monarchy; we do not believe it, for we see Catholicity still able to convert the heathen; we do not believe it, because we see Catholicity vigorous and flourishing, and every day gaining ground in Protestant nations, where the church has no external support, and receives no aid from the state, and is thrown back on her own resources as the kingdom of God on earth, as she was under the pagan emperors. These facts prove that she is by no means effete, or incapable of making further conquests. Her decline in old Catholic nations [Pg 302] is no sign of weakness or decay in her, but is due to the imperfect training, to the timidity and helplessness of her children, deprived as they are of their accustomed external supports.

The remedy is not, as De Lamennais contended, in breaking with the sovereigns and forming an alliance with the revolution; but in training her children to those interior habits and robust virtues that will enable them to dispense with the external props and supports of civil society, and in asserting for herself in old Catholic nations the freedom and independence she has here, or had in pagan Rome, though it be done at the expense of her temporal goods and of martyrdom. The people of God, under the Old Law, sought support in an arm of flesh; the arm of flesh failed, and they were carried away into captivity. The arm of flesh fails the people of God again. There are Christians, but there is no longer a Christendom. Modern society is hardly less pagan than the ancient society the church found when she went forth from Jerusalem to convert the world. There is no reliance to be placed in the horsemen and chariots of Egypt. The whole world is to-day, as in the time of the apostles, a *missionary* world; and, perhaps, the greatest embarrassment of the Holy Father is encountered in the fact that Catholics in old Catholic nations cannot see it, but persist in being trained and governed as they were when there was a Christendom. Everywhere the church is by the defections of the governments become again in all nations a missionary church, and her bishops and priests need everywhere to be trained and formed to be wise, persevering, and effective missionaries. Catholics must everywhere be made to understand that it is not the church that needs the state, but the state that needs the church.

France without the church has no power to reorganize the state. She has not yet subdued the revolutionary elements which have so confused her, nor loosed the hold of the conqueror upon her throat, and her present improvised government deserves the confidence of no party in the nation. In itself, the Thiers government is utterly powerless. It needs the church, and cannot stand without her. French Catholics should understand this, and boldly assume the lead of public affairs, if they are men and love their country, and make, as they now can, the republic, under an emperor, king, or president, it matters not much which, a truly Catholic republic, and France, now so low and weak, may become again the nucleus, as under Clovis and St. Clotilde, of a reconstructed Christendom, constituted differently as to politics, it may be, but unchanged as to religion from that which has now passed away. The church never dies, never changes, and cannot be other than she is; but the political organization of Christendom may change with time and events. It changed when the barbarian nations displaced the Roman Empire; it changed when Charlemagne closed the barbarous ages, and opened the way for the feudalism of the middle ages; it changed again when, through the revolution inaugurated by Luther, absolute monarchy succeeded to feudalism in Catholic hardly less than in Protestant Europe; and it may change again when order succeeds to the present revolutionary chaos. It is not likely that Christendom will be reconstructed on its old political basis, whether it is desirable that it should be or not, and, for ourselves, we think that all who hope to see it so reconstructed are sure to be disappointed. We think it not improbable that, when Christendom is reconstituted, it will be [Pg 303] politically, on a republican and anti-monarchical basis. Pure absolutism, whether that of Cæsar or that of the people, is incompatible with the recognition of the divine sovereignty, and consequently with religion. Neither form of absolutism can form the political basis of a reconstructed Christendom; but the probabilities are that, when things settle into their places, and the new order begins to emerge, it will be based on some form of republicanism, in which the organic people will take the place of the monarch.

The present condition of things is certainly sad; but we see nothing in it that should lead us to despair of the future. Catholics in old Catholic nations have needed, and perhaps still need, to learn that this church can subsist and conquer the world without any external support of the secular government, but that secular government cannot subsist and discharge properly its duties to society without the church. We who live in Protestant countries, and see society daily dissolving before our eyes, have no need to be taught that lesson; we have already learned it by heart. But the mass of Catholics in old Catholic nations, even of the educated as well as the uneducated, as yet only imperfectly understand it, and consequently render it difficult, if not impossible, for the church to adopt fully and promptly the measures she might judge the most proper to meet the wants of the times. They do not see that the old Christendom has gone, beyond the hope of recovery. Providence, it seems to us, has permitted the present state of things as necessary to disembarrass the church of their inopportune conservatism, and to force them to learn and

profit by the lesson which every day becomes more and more necessary for them to heed, if the prosperity of religion is to be promoted, the salvation of souls to be cared for, and the preservation of society assured. The measures taken are severe—very severe, but there are scholars that can be made to learn only by the free use of the ferula. Especially do the Catholics of France need to learn this lesson, for in no other country have Catholics made their religion so dependent on the secular order.

The fall of France, notwithstanding the faith, piety, and charity of so large a portion of her people, will probably prove only a temporary injury to Catholic interests. France has fallen because she has been false to her mission as the leader of modern civilization, because she has led it in an anti-Catholic direction, and made it weak and frivolous, corrupt and corrupting. Providence is severely punishing her; but he has not, we trust, cast her off for ever. She has in her bosom still millions of Catholics, and these have only to come forward in the strength of their religion, displace the enemies of God, take themselves the management of the affairs of the nation, and show the wisdom and energy they did in 1848, when they put down the red republicans and socialists. They will then enable France, in spite of the grasp of the conqueror and the fierce opposition of the destructives, to recover, slowly and painfully, it may be, but nevertheless to recover, and to prove herself greater and more powerful than ever. When France becomes once more a really Catholic nation, the revolution will be extinguished, infidelity will lose its popularity, atheism will no longer dare show its head, and a reaction in favor of the church will take place, so strong and so irresistible that the whole world will be affected by it, and the nations that have so long been alienated from unity will be brought back within the fold.

The only obstacle to this grand result which we see is in the timidity, in the lack of energy on the part of Catholics in the assertion and defence of their religion, or in their want of courage to confide alone in God for success. Adversity, we think, can hardly fail to reform and reinvigorate them, and to direct their attention to their true source of strength as Catholics or the children of God. They will learn from it to adhere more closely to the Chair of Peter, and to rely more on the internal direction of the Holy Ghost, and less on the aid of the secular order. No doubt, the present state of things imposes additional labors as well as sufferings on the bishops and clergy in old Catholic nations, and requires some modifications of the education of the priesthood now given in our seminaries. Our Levites must be trained for a missionary world, not for an old Catholic world; but this need alarm no one; for the greater the labors and sacrifices in the service of God, the greater the merit and the reward.

A MEMORY.[77]

’Twas only a prayer I heard
In that vast cathedral grim,
Where incense filled the air
And vesper lights burnt dim.

’Twas only a woman’s form,
Kneeling with upturned face,
That looked through the pictured altar
Up to the throne of grace.

Clasped in her small white hands
An amber rosary telling;
While from her glorious eyes
Teardrops fast were weelling.

No thought for the world without,
No thought for the stranger near,
As pausing and sobbing she murmured,
“O Mother of sorrows, hear!”

And I, in a land of strangers,
Joined in the pleader’s prayer:
Praying for her that I knew not,
To Her who I felt was there.

[77] By one who is not a Catholic.

THE HOUSE OF YORKE.

CHAPTER XVII.

“Most characters are too narrow for much variety,” says Walter Savage Landor; and, we add, so much the better for them! for that variety is often a bitter dower to its possessor.

A man of one idea may be called an acute sector of humanity. He is clear-willed, prompt, and uncompromising; he walks over people who stand in his path, and will not listen to the opinions of others, except in order to controvert them; and he usually accomplishes something that you can see. The man of two ideas widens his arc a little, and turns out for and listens to people now and then. The man of three or more ideas lives and lets live, believes that some good may come out of Nazareth, and not only listens to others, but is sometimes convinced by them; and his path curves somewhat, hinting at an orbit. In him you first perceive that growing humanity aims at the circle; and as, with the crescent moon, we may see the full moon faintly outlined, so this man perceives more than he is. For it is not true, at least not here, what Carlyle says, that “what a man kens, he can.”

But there is another kind of man, rarely seen, who rounds the circle. He has eyes and sympathies for zenith and nadir, sunset and sunrise, and every starry sign. His thought enters at every door, feeds at every table, and listens to every tongue. Nevertheless, to the few of one idea and the few of two ideas, and the countless throng of those who never had an idea, he is, oftener than not, a fool, or a knave, or a lunatic. He is eccentric, inconsistent; worse than all, unpractical. Doubtless, he is wicked as well, since he is likely to eat of all the fruits in the garden. For, though original sin may have touched them with blight on the one cheek, on the other, to his eyes still lingers that paradisian bloom it caught on the sixth day, when the Creator looked, and *saw that all was good*. This perfected nature, therefore, which needs only the *fiat lux* of faith to make it a sun, is appreciated and hailed by him only from whose one limit to the other stretches the connecting glimmer of prophetic half-knowledge.

We do not pretend to say that Carl Yorke had one of these universally sympathizing natures; but he was various enough to be hard to get attuned, especially since his programme had once been interrupted, and his harmony temporarily disconcerted.

When a man has looked upon happiness as his first object in life, he finds it hard to give it the second place, or to leave it quite out of his plans. Moreover, we do not repent till we have transgressed, and it must, therefore, be far more difficult to save the tempted than the sinner. Of actual, heinous transgression, Carl was innocent; but he had slipped around the outer circle, where first you lay the oars aside, and the smooth-backed waves become your coursers. Then a man fancies himself a god: not Neptune himself seems greater. One may more easily tear himself out from the central whirl than draw back from that smooth outer circle.

Besides, there was doubt. He who can do many things must needs choose, and, where circumstances are passive, choice may be difficult. Carl inherited his father’s talent, and had more than his father’s force. He sketched and painted exquisitely, and, when he drew the portrait of one he loved, the picture breathed. Many a lady, disappointed with the stiff presentment of her beauty achieved by other artists, had entreated him in vain to become her limner.

“Ransome paints my nose, and hair, and shoulders all right,” one said. “I cannot find fault with a line. But for all the soul he puts into them, my head might as well be a milliner’s block. I suppose it is because he thinks that a fine body does not need any soul. Such a contrast as I saw in his studio, the other day! He had two or three portraits of Mrs. Clare, painted in different positions, and he displayed them to me, going into ecstasies over her beauty. ‘Yes, yes,’ I answered; but I was not enchanted. ‘She is one of the few dangerous women,’ he said, meaning that the power of her loveliness was irresistible; but I could not understand his enthusiasm. Presently, I espied, in a corner of the room, on the floor, half-hidden by other pictures, a face that made me start. I did not think whether or not the features were perfect, the hair profuse, the tint exquisite. I saw only a luring, fascinating creature, who, with head half-drooping and lips half-smiling, gazed at me over her shoulder. There were no red and white. The face looked out from shadows so profound, they might be of a midnight garden at midsummer, when the moon and stars are hid in sultry cloud, or from the shrouding arras of a lonely chamber in some wicked old palace, or from the overhanging portal of the bottomless pit. I would walk through fire to snatch back one I love from following such a face. ‘It is wonderful!’ I exclaimed. ‘Why do you hide it? It is by far superior too anything else you have here.’ I thought that Mr. Ransome did not seem to be much delighted by my praise. ‘I did not paint it,’ he said. ‘Carl Owen Yorke did.’ Of course, I could not say any more. The situation was embarrassing. ‘Would you think that face the same as these?’ pointing to his portraits of Mrs. Clare. I could see no resemblance. ‘They are the same,’ he said, looking mortified. And then I knew what he meant in saying that she was a dangerous woman.” “Why did you paint that, Mr. Yorke?” the lady asked abruptly, turning upon Carl.

“In order not to be attracted by it,” he replied gravely. “Did it not leave on you the impression of something snakelike? In painting that, I broke the spell. Alice Mills told me to

paint it. She said, ‘You are fascinated only by that which you cannot analyze. Catch the trick, and the power is gone.’ She was right. She is always right. Nothing is so shallow as an evil fascination.”

Yet, in spite of every promise of success, Carl turned aside from art. He had found out that the artist, above all, needs happiness. One can study, think, and work, when the heartstrings are strained to breaking; but he who, with his hand upon the pen, the brush, the chorded string, or the chisel, waits till those subtile influences which he is gifted to perceive shall move him, must have every pulse stilled by a perfect content. Pain distorts his work. It untunes his music, blurs his color, deadens his thought, and makes his chisel swerve. Nor is this in purely natural art alone; for the artist whose struggling soul ignores all else to grasp the supernatural gives only a blunted ray through a turbid medium.

The pencil failing, there was diplomacy, and literature, particularly journalism. Something must be done. His idle and aimless life had become a torture. Therefore he studied, and read, giving much time to languages. “Languages,” he was wont to say, “are as necessary to a man who would always and everywhere have his forces in hand, as a string of keys is to a burglar.”

A conversation which Carl held with Edith, just before she left Boston, may have been instrumental in arousing him. The two stood together, in one of the lance-windows that lighted Hester’s library. Hester and her mother were up-stairs, and there was no one else in the room but Eugene Cleaveland and his little brother, Hester’s child. The little one was gravely and patiently striving to pick up, with dimpled fingers, a beam of pink light that fell on the floor through a pane of colored glass in the window-arch, and Eugene was as gravely explaining to him why he could not.

“And so,” said Carl, after a silence, “Mr. Rowan is your ideal man.”

It was his way of intimating his knowledge of existing circumstances, and he spoke carelessly, watching the children.

“I have no ideal of man,” Edith replied briefly; and, after a moment, added: “A person maybe excellent, without being ideal.” She thought a moment longer, then said: “Men and stars have to be set at a certain distance before they shine to us. I am not sure but Tennyson could make a fine hero of a poem of Dick. He has heroic qualities. I do not analyze nor criticise my friends, but I perceive this in him: he is capable of proposing to himself an object, and following it steadily. Every one is not.”

Carl Yorke’s countenance changed. And yet he knew well that she had not dreamed of reproaching him.

“What are you studying Spanish for?” Miss Clinton inquired fretfully, one day. “You might as well learn to dance the minuet.”

“When one has so many castles in a country, one would like to know the language,” he said.

“Pshaw!” exclaimed the old lady. “Don’t waste your time. No language with a guttural in it is fit for a well-bred person to speak. Besides, to speak Spanish properly, you must wear a slouched hat and a stiletto, or a ruff and feather. I have no patience with this mania for tongues. English and French are enough for any sensible person. Italian is boned turkey. What book is that you have brought in?”

“De Maistre, *Les Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg*.”

Miss Clinton laughed disagreeably. “‘The prophet of the past,’ is it? Who is it says that he has ‘*une grande vigueur, non pas de raison, mais de raisonnement*’? Are you studying sophistry or Ultramontanism? *A propos*, there are pretty doings in that absurd little town where your people live. That ungrateful paper which you used to edit has been abusing your father like a pickpocket, on Edith’s account, I suppose. You wouldn’t tell me, but Bird found out; and she says that he doesn’t dare stir outdoors.”

“It is not true that he is afraid,” Carl said; “but he is insulted. In Seaton, ‘the pen is mightier than the sword,’ without doubt. I would like to see it tried if the horse-whip might not in this case be mightier than the pen.”

“You see, now,” the old lady said, “what mischief all these religions make. The basis of every so-called religion is hatred of every other so-called religion. And here you are poring over De Maistre! Pshaw! Read *The Age of Reason*. Here it is.”

Carl was silent a moment, struggling with himself. Then he said, “I have gone round the circle, and come back to a faith in faith, and the sneers or arguments of the atheist have no more effect on me. I have found that mocking is neither noble nor manly, still less womanly; and I look back on my days of scepticism as on the freaks of a presumptuous child, who fancies itself wiser than its parents, when it is only more foolish. I have done with Tom Paine and his brotherhood.”

It is always hard to even seem to exhort our elders, and especially so when they are our intimates; and Carl spoke with such an effort that his words seemed to be a passionate outburst.

Miss Clinton looked at him a moment in silent astonishment, then laughed shrilly. "'*What is this that hath happened to the son of Kish?*" Then changing suddenly, she rang her bell. "Bird," she said, when that person appeared, "I want you to read the paper to me. There is a beautiful case of poisoning, this evening. Young Mr. Yorke is too pious for secular reading. He has turned preacher, Bird. You and he can sing psalms together."

"Alice, I accept one dogma of your church," Carl said afterward to his friend. "I must believe in purgatory, for I am in it."

"I am rejoiced to hear it," she replied, yet looked at him sadly. She would so gladly have spared him any pain. "Purgatory is the high-road to heaven. Of course, while you are getting your moral perspective arranged, you must feel uncomfortable; but once started in life, all will arrange itself."

"Suppose that I should fail?" he asked.

"I dare say that you will fail, in one sense," she replied. "Men who propose to themselves great ends always do meet with a sort of failure, as the flower fails in order to give place to the fruit. Each great success, *being unique* of its kind, comes in its own way. You cannot count surely, but success must come, sooner or later."

"You speak as if I had all eternity," he said, not without impatience.

She looked up vividly. "You have all eternity, Carl!"

He made no reply.

"Let me quote a favorite of yours," she said:

> "'That low man goes on adding one to one,
> His hundred's soon hit.
> This high man, aiming at a million,
> Misses a unit.
> That, has the world here—should he need the next,
> Let the world mind him!
> This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed,
> Seeking, shall find him.'"

"I understand you," he said, with a slight shrug. "But, do I look an apostle?"

"You might be," she answered. "You could influence a class which the preachers cannot reach. Religion has been too much confined to ascetics, or to those who underestimate the power of the beautiful. What we want most now are Christians who can outshine sinners in grace, fascination, and learning. In these reckless days, people will not receive a check from those whom they know would gladly impose an utter prohibition; but one of their own might put a limit. We want scholars who will acknowledge that there is a point beyond which speculation should not go and reason cannot. We want accomplished leaders in society who are not ashamed to prostrate themselves before God; and we want gentlemen to encourage modesty in women. You see there is a large field."

"I am glad," Carl exclaimed, "to hear a Catholic own that a rich and cultivated person can do some good in the church besides giving money. From all the sermons I have heard with you, the impression I have received is that clean linen and a knowledge of the alphabet are obstacles to grace. Never once have I heard talent or culture spoken of except with reprobation."

"Oh! you exaggerate!" she said. "It is true, the poor need constant comfort, and the rich constant warning; and it is equally true that the greatest ignorance, combined with charity, must be more pleasing to God than the finest intellect and learning without charity."

"There is precisely the point," Carl said eagerly. "And my experience and belief are that the finer the mind and the culture, the greater the charity, and *vicè versa*. '*Tout comprendre c'est tout aimer.*' I like Sir Thomas Browne's thought: 'Those highly magnify him whose judicious inquiry into his works returns him the homage of a learned admiration.'"

She made no reply. They had been out walking, and they now reached Miss Mills's door. "Are you ill?" Carl asked, noticing that she looked unusually pale.

"I am rather tired," she answered faintly. "Good-by!"

When he turned away, she stood looking at him through the side-light, and, when he was no longer visible, she went up-stairs to her chamber. She was very tired, and very ill. Her impulse was to lie down, but she hesitated, then refrained. "All is ready," she said, looking about her. "I do not think that there is anything to do."

She put up a small trunkful of clothing with feverish haste, rang her bell, and ordered a carriage. "Drive to the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity, in South Boston," she said to the driver. And, sinking back, knew no more till she had reached her destination.

"I think I have come here to die," she said to the sister who received her. "And I have a few wishes. Send back word immediately where I am. I did not tell them, for I could not bear any struggle. My worldly affairs are all in order, and I have no last words to say to any one. Let

no person come near me but the sister and the priest, and do not mention any person's name to me, nor tell me who comes to inquire. I know they will all be kind; but all my life has been a sacrifice to others, a sympathizing with and loving of others, while my own heart starved, and these last hours must be given to God alone. No earthly being has any claim on them."

Perhaps in all her life she had never before spoken so bitterly, but her words were true. She had given to the poor, and worked for them, and their gratitude had been but the 'lively sense of favors to come.' She had been solicitous for friends, had mourned over their sorrows, and sympathized with them always, and their selfishness had grown upon her unselfishness. So sweet had been the sympathy and love she lavished upon them, they had never stopped to inquire if she were impoverishing herself, or if she also might not wish sometimes to receive as well as to give.

But the thought of how keen would be the revenge of this utter withdrawal at the time when they must have been startled into thinking of her in some other way than as pensioners, never entered her mind. Besides that momentary and almost unconscious complaint, she had but one thought: God alone had loved her, and she must be alone with him. She could no longer do anything for any person; and since no one belonged to her more than to any other, nor so much as to others, no one had any claim to intrude now.

The sisters were faithful to their charge. Of the many who came with tardy devotion, she heard nothing; of Miss Clinton, sitting in her carriage at the door, with two men waiting to carry her up-stairs in a chair as soon as she should have permission, the attendants did not speak to her; of Carl Yorke, haunting the place, and sitting hour after hour in the parlor, waiting for news, she never knew.

One day, when Carl had sat there long, with only one prospect of news before him, the priest came down, and entered the room. Carl lifted his face from his hands, and looked at him, but could not speak.

"Let us think of heaven!" said the priest.

Of some actively religious persons, we might think that they parody the paradox, and say, Give us the luxuries of piety, and we will dispense with the necessities; but this woman had been other. No great work could be pointed to that she had done or attempted: her life had flowed like an unseen brook, that, hidden itself, is only guessed at by the winding line of verdure which betrays its presence. She was one of those piteously tender and generous souls whom everybody makes use of, and nobody truly thanks. Seldom, indeed, do we find one so just and truly kind as to think for those who do not demand their thoughtfulness. It is the clamorous and the pushing who possess the land.

A part of Miss Mills's fortune was given to the church, the rest was left conditionally. She knew Miss Clinton's caprice well enough to think it possible that Carl might be left unprovided for at the last moment. In such a case, he was to be her heir, after a few legacies had been paid. But if Miss Clinton's will should be favorable to him, then all was to go to Edith.

On Miss Clinton, the effect of this death was terrible. She alternately refused to believe that it had taken place, and reproached them for telling her of it. When Bird tried indiscreetly to draw a pious lesson from it, the old lady flew into such a paroxysm of rage that she frightened them. She seemed to be on the point of having convulsions. Carl went to the funeral without saying where he was going, and the name was never again mentioned in her hearing.

But that silence was not forgetfulness, they saw plainly; for, from that time, Miss Clinton never allowed herself to be left alone a moment. Bird read to her till far into the night, watched her fitful slumbers, and was ready with cheerful inquiries whenever the old lady opened her frightened eyes. The light never went out in her room, but was kept brightly burning—a small shade screening the face only of the sleeper. By day, Carl had to read to her amusing stories or tell the gossip of the town.

When spring came again, she was unable to leave her room, and, in a short time, was confined to her bed, and from querulous became light-headed.

Carl made a desperate effort one day to induce her to see a priest or a minister, using every argument in his power, even begging her to consent for his sake. He was not sure that she heard or understood all that he said, for, though she sometimes looked at him with intent, wide-open eyes, her glance often wandered.

"Are you afraid?" she asked sharply, when he paused for a reply.

"Yes; I am afraid," he answered. "There is no bravery in defying God."

She half-lifted herself from the pillows, her brows contracted with an anxious frown, and she looked about the room as if in search of some one. He was startled by the change in her face. "Do you want anything?" he asked gently.

"Carl," she called out, as if he were far away and out of her sight, "who was it said, 'O God!—if there is a God—save my soul—if I have a soul'?"

She did not look at him, but leaned out of bed, staring wildly round the room. He tried to soothe her, and coax her back to her pillows again.

"Was it I said it?" she asked excitedly, resisting him, and sitting upright. "Was it I said it? It sounds like me, doesn't it?"

He rang the bell, and Bird came in. But they could do nothing with her. She pushed them aside, leaned from the bed, and searched the room with her wild eyes, then looked upward, and seemed to shrink, yet continued looking. "Was it I said it, Alice?" she cried out breathlessly. "It sounds like me, doesn't it? 'O God!—if there is a God—save my soul—if I have a soul!'"

"She is gone!" Carl whispered, and laid her back on the pillow.

So Carl Yorke was at last rich and free, with the world before him. There was but little for him to do at present. When winter should be near, the family were to come up and take possession of their old home, which would then be ready for them. Now that it was summer, he would go down and stay with them a while. If rest and pleasure were to be had there, he would have them. He felt like one who has travelled over a dusty, sultry road, and longs to plunge into a bath, and wash all that heat and dust away. He wanted to hear again at the home gatherings gentle voices, to see tender, thoughtful ways, to refresh his soul in that quiet yet rich atmosphere.

"I will not turn my back upon delight, and invite dryness of life by looking for it," he thought. "If the Bible does not proclaim my right to pursue happiness, the Declaration of Independence does, and I will give myself the benefit of the doubt. When the summer fails, I must look about me, and think of work, and remember the curse of Adam; but I will give myself a few weeks of lotos-eating—if they are to be had."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHOOSING THE PATH.

"Now that the priest is gone, we have peace," said the Seaton paper.

In fact, having driven the priest away, so that these poor souls were deprived of their consolations and restraints of religion, having destroyed their school-house, so that there seemed no possibility that the school could continue after the cold weather should set in, there appeared no more mischief to do. Catholicism was, apparently, dead in Seaton. The Catholics did not raise their voices. Those who mourned their deserted altar, mourned in silence; the rest went back to their whiskey-drinking, their quarrelling and stealing. That was what the atheists meant by peace. "The lion and the lamb had lain down together," but the lamb was inside the lion.

On the surface of these halcyon circumstances, Carl Yorke found his lotos-flower growing. Everybody was smiling and conciliatory. Congratulations, not always overdelicate, on his accession to fortune met him at every hand, and callers became more frequent, in spite of a reception as cool as politeness would allow. In fine, the Yorkes, having suffered a temporary eclipse, shone out again with dazzling lustre, regilt by their new prosperity. If they bore themselves rather haughtily in the face of this subservience, we can scarcely blame them. We can forgive, we may not care for, the frowns that darken with our adversity; but the smiles that brighten when fortune brightens, must, in a noble nature, awaken a feeling of involuntary disgust.

Dr. Martin and his wife called a few days after Carl came home. It was rather an embarrassing call, for there was scarcely a non-explosive subject on which they could speak, but by dint of careful management on the part of the ladies, and a determination on the part of each gentleman that he would not be the aggressor, no accident happened. Mr. Yorke and the minister exchanged a few remarks on agriculture, Clara hovering between them, and volubly smoothing the asperities of their uphill talk. Mrs. Martin and Melicent were kindred souls on the subject of worsted work, and grew quite intimate over a new pattern and a rainbow package of wools. Mrs. Yorke acted as presiding deity, and dropped a smile or a word at the right time, and Carl was somewhat cynically amused by the situation, and therefore amusing. The visitors had asked for Edith, but she declined to come down. When they had gone, however, she spoke kindly of Dr. Martin.

"He asked me once," she said, "if, when I came to die, I should need any one but Christ. I could not answer him, for I did not understand then that he was attacking the doctrine of extreme unction, and intimating his belief that Catholics think only of the priest, and not at all of God. But I noticed that he showed a great deal of feeling, and when he said, 'If you have Christ, you need no one else,' there were tears in his eyes. Since then, I have liked him. I think he is mistaken, rather than malicious."

Mr. Yorke looked gravely at his niece. "I sometimes think," he said, "with Pope, 'that there is nothing needed to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.' If people would ask what you believe, and listen to you, instead of telling you what you believe, and abusing you, much strife might be avoided."

“I think that Dr. Martin’s motive in coming here was good,” Mrs. Yorke said. “He knows that we are going away, and wishes to part in peace.”

“Carl, have you settled what you are going to be?” Edith ventured to ask when he joined her afterward in the garden.

“No,” he answered, with hesitation. “Something depends. I am at the north pole, and all roads lead south. Meantime, I am not idle.”

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She waited for him to continue, but he said no more, and she felt chilled, and mortified at having questioned him. No one in the world was less curious concerning the private affairs of others than Edith, and she never asked a question, except from a feeling of tender interest. Therefore she considered herself repulsed.

“What are you studying now?” Carl asked, after a moment, the silence becoming awkward.

“I have almost given up books,” she replied quietly, and the hands with which she was weaving a morning-glory vine into its trellis were not quite steady.

Oh! if he would only question her, and insist on knowing everything. She was in deep waters, and she longed to tell him all, and ask the solution of her doubts. With a fine, unerring instinct which she felt, but did not understand, Edith could tolerate the thought of no other confidant. Yet a great barrier stood between them. She could go frankly to Dick, if she had anything to say to him, but Carl was different. She could tell him nothing, unless he asked her. Besides, he never told her anything. Now she thought of it, except these silent motions of sympathy, their intercourse had been very exterior. She knew nothing of his real life; and yet he, too, was at the point of choice in some things, and must have much to say to one he cared for and trusted. She waited a moment, then walked toward the house, and they separated rather coldly.

Edith had, indeed, dropped the study of physical science, but she had taken up another, and it perplexed her sorely. Within the last year she had been striving, with but little help, to learn something of the science of the heart. What was this love that had started up in her path, and demanded to be listened to, and returned? She had written as frankly as she could to Father Rasle, telling him of her promise to Dick Rowan, and his answer had disappointed her. She read some of the moralists, and her soul recoiled. If that was love, why were the stories of Jacob and Rachel, and Esther and Assuerus, told without sign of reprobation? She went to the novelists, and they pleased her but little better. In despair, then, she went to the poets. Eureka! Here was what she wanted: the affection at once pure and impassioned, heroic and tender, demanding all, yet sacrificing all, proud yet humble, inexplicable save by the poet and the lover. It was fitting that the poets should be its interpreters, for it was above common life, as song is above speech. Grapes were not sour because they grew high, nor things impossible because rare.

“Dear Mrs. Browning!” she whispered, as she read *Aurora Leigh*. “What a pity she had not faith! Her nature is glorious. How she spurns the low!”

She read Tennyson, and sighed with delight over the faithful Enid, and wept for Elaine dead, and floating down the river to Launcelot, her letter to him in her hand.

So, with the help of the poets, Edith escaped the danger of being contaminated by the efforts made to save her from harm. With her intuitive beliefs confirmed by these prophetic singers, she refused to let that yet unfolded blossom of her life trail in the mire, but held it up with a proud, though trembling hand. To her, loving was a very holy and beautiful thing.

But she longed to know what Carl thought of it.

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Carl kept up his regular hours of study, and he set up his easel, and made a crayon group of his father, mother, and sisters. Mrs. Yorke insisted that he should paint his own portrait separately for her. Being in a bitter mood one day, he sketched himself as Sisyphus standing on the hill-top, and watching the great stone, which he had just rolled painfully up hill, roll down again of itself. Edith sat by him, saying a word now and then, and watching his work.

When his hand paused to let his imagination picture first the dull misery in the face of the dazed and baffled giant, she said quietly, “What great bovine creatures the Titans were, after all! I did not admire them much, even when you read me the translation of the *Prometheus*. All that splendor of soul was Æschylus, not the fire-stealer. But wasn’t it a beautiful verse: ‘Stately and antique were thy fallen race’?

“Still, the mastodon is stately and antique, too. The Titans were too easily conquered. They cut like great melons. If their spirit had been equal to their size, they would have snapped the Olympians like dry twigs beneath their feet.”

Carl knew full well that she was talking *at* him, but he was in no mood to be either shamed or inspired. He wanted to be coaxed. The manliest man has his time of not only wishing, but needing, to be coaxed, if only he would own it.

She stretched her hand, and softly, inch by inch, drew the porte-crayon from his yielding fingers. “Please, Carl! The picture would haunt me, though it were out of sight.”

It was better than a wiser word. Carl’s face cleared.

"I am going to paint your portrait in oil," he said, "and keep it myself. Shall I?"

"I will be your rich patroness, and you a poor artist," she said. "I order my portrait of you, and will pay—let me think what! It shall be a red gold medal of the Immaculate Conception, or a little ebony crucifix, with the figure in gold, whichever you choose. Then I will be a poor lady, and you a rich artist, and you shall buy the picture back, and—what will you give me for it? I know what I like that you have."

"What do you like?" asks Carl, placing a large sheet of drawing-board on his easel.

"A tiny brooch, that you never wear, with a carbuncle in it. I confess to you that I have longed for it. It is like a coal of fire. It is most beautiful. You know I have a passion for gems. Flowers make me sad, but gems are like heavenly joys and hopes that never fade. There is no object in nature that delights me like a beautiful gem. They are the good acts of the earth. A ruby is an act of love, a sapphire an act of faith, an emerald an act of hope, a diamond an act of joyful adoration. Pearls are tears of sorrow for the dead, opals are tears of sorrow for sin. The opal, you know, is the only gem that cannot be imitated."

"So you wanted the carbuncle," Carl said, much pleased. "Why didn't you say so before?"

"I waited till I knew that you cared nothing about it," Edith answered.

"But I do value it very much now, young woman; and if you know where it is, you will bring it to me at once. I am impatient to see it."

She went out and got the brooch. It was a smooth, oval stone of a deep-red color, with a tiny flame flickering in it. The lapidary had been too true an artist to spoil the stone with facets, and the result was a little crystallized poem. Edith laid it on black velvet, and held it out for Carl to see. "There!" she said. It had never occurred to him to look at it before, but now its beauty was apparent. [Pg 315]

"I am delighted to give it to you, dear," he said affectionately, and pinned the velvet ribbon round her neck with it.

They smiled at each other, well pleased; then she sat down by him, and watched while he began to sketch.

"Isn't it odd, Carl," she said, "that you and I should be rich people, when we were so poor a short time ago? Only I did not know that we were poor. I always felt rich after I came here."

"I half remember a fairy story," Carl said. "It is of a fairy who wove pearls around a sunbeam, or a moonbeam, to prove to her lover her miraculous power. I am going to paint you as that fairy. Shall it be a sunbeam or a moonbeam, milady?"

"Make it a tropical full moonlight, Carl, and give me a palm-tree to stand under. It would be refreshing to stand in the midst of such a scene, even on canvas."

The artist sketched lightly and swiftly. "Here, at the right, a troop of fairies shall dance, only half seen. Near them, a thin arch of a waterfall shall leap, and drop, and lose itself in spray, and gather so slowly, and flow away so slowly, that the stream shall look like a vein of amethyst damaskeened into the turf, not a ripple nor a bubble to be seen. The orchestra, blowing on flower-trumpets, and shaking campaniles of bluebells and lilies-of-the-valley, are hidden by their instruments beside this waterfall, and their music makes the thin sheet waver as it drops. The palm-tree lifts itself against the moon, and seems to be on fire with it, and droops in a verdant cascade above you, every feathery plume fire-fringed with light. But only one beam, like a shaft of diamond, shall pierce that foliage, and there you stand, with your arms uplifted, braiding pearls around it. You are smiling softly, your hair is down, and filmy sleeves drop back to your shoulders. As you braid, the light prisoned inside changes the pearls to opals."

"You will never be able to make me look like a fairy," Edith said. "I see a moral in everything. Fairy stories and myths always seem to me Christian truths in masquerade; as though the truths, jealously wishing us to prize them, put on dress after dress, to see if we would recognize them in each. 'If you really care for me, you will know me through any disguise,' that is what they say. Why, Carl, if you and I were at a masquerade, and you did not know me, I should feel hurt."

"We will try that some night in Venice," Carl said, smiling to himself.

"Yes. But this moonbeam hid in pearls—to me it is like a true thought well spoken; or, no, it is the Immaculate Conception. And now, good-by. I must go to my school."

Since she could not be permitted to instruct Catholic children, Edith went four times a week, and every Sunday, to the Pattens, and taught them whatever they seemed to be most in need of. The town-schools were far away, and the mother too hard-worked to do more than feed and clothe her children, and these ministrations were thankfully received. Edith held her school on a large flat rock near the house, so as not to interfere with Mrs. Patten, and embarrass her in her work. Only on Sundays did the young lady enter the house, and then there was a grand dress parade, to which the family looked forward all the week. On these occasions the children were all washed "within an inch of their lives," as Mrs. Yorke's Betsey expressed it; their best clothes, given by Mrs. Yorke, were donned; and their hair combed [Pg 316]

down so smoothly that it seemed to be plastered to their heads. Woe to that child who should rumple a hair or disturb a fold when all was done! Since her accession to fortune, Edith had given the family, among other things, a clock—they had formerly reckoned time by the sun—and, at precisely half-past nine, Joe sat himself in the south window to watch for the teacher. According to Mrs. Patten's notions of propriety, it would be indecorous for any of them to be seen outside the door on Sunday till after the instruction. The house was as clean and orderly as such a place could be made; the sacks of straw and dry leaves that answered for beds were made into two piles, in opposite corners, and used as sofas; the calico curtains that divided the bedrooms were artistically looped; a vast armful of green boughs concealed the rocks of the rough chimney, the sticks laid there to be lighted to get dinner by, and the pots and pans in which that dinner was cooked. Green vines and flowers and moss were placed here and there, and the door by which Edith entered was always made into a sort of triumphal arch, where she stood a moment to exchange her first salutation with the family. They were drawn up in two lines, to right and left, the girls headed by their mother, the boys by their father, and as that pretty creature appeared in the door, with her air of half-conscious shyness, and wholly unconscious stateliness, like a young queen appearing to her subjects, the feminine line dropped a short courtesy, and the masculine line achieved a simultaneous bow, both so crisp that they gave a sensation of snapping. What a beautiful salutation was that low, deliberate “Good-morning!” of hers; and what could equal in grace that slight bending, half bow, half courtesy, with which she greeted them! Opposite the door was a little stand, with a chair behind it, and the whole company stood till Edith had taken her seat there. She never did so without a blush of humility.

To one less earnest, and less preoccupied by the real work she had to do, this ceremony would have seemed sufficiently ludicrous. Or, perhaps, we should say, rather, to one less tender of heart. But Edith Yorke saw only the eager gratitude and desire to do her honor, the simple earnestness and good faith, and that mingling of poverty and taste which silently showed all the misery of poor Mrs. Patten's life. For all that was done was hers. Without her, the children and their father would have been almost as clods.

There is a certain arrogance of affability with which the rich sometimes approach the poor, as though wealth and education constituted an essential difference which they are elaborately anxious should not too much humiliate their *protégés*. This the intelligent poor are very quick to perceive, and inwardly, if not outwardly, to resent. Others assume the rude manners of those whom they would benefit, in order to set them at ease—a good-natured mistake, but one which inspires contempt, and weakens their influence. Edith Yorke's quick sympathies and delicate intuitions rendered it impossible for her even to make either of these missteps. She carried herself with perfect dignity and simplicity, was kind, and even affectionate, without lowering herself into a caressing familiarity, and thus gave them a sample of exquisite demeanor, and, at the same time, set them as much at their ease as it was well they should be. If people of rude manners were always perfectly at ease, they would never improve. Mrs. Patten, who was often on her guard with Melicent, pronounced Edith to be a perfect lady; and when an intelligent poor person gives such a verdict, without hope of favor from it, it is, perhaps, about as good a patent of social nobility as a lady can receive.

Paul and Sally were still at “the hall,” where Melicent considered them her especial subjects, and taught them in season and out of season; but, alas! there were still nine children at home. Polly, the baby of six years ago, is now a stolid lassie of seven, and there are two younger, the last only six months old.

One hot Sunday in July, Edith found the feminine procession without its head. Everything else was in order, but Mrs. Patten sat in a corner of the room, holding her sick baby. It had been sick all the week, and Edith had visited it, and sent the doctor, but this morning it was worse.

“We need not interrupt your discourse, though,” Mrs. Patten said. “He doesn't notice anything.”

In these Sunday lessons, usually consisting of Bible instructions, histories of the saints, and explanation of Christian doctrine, Edith had instilled a good deal of Catholic truth, without alarming her hearers. She had even obtained permission to teach the children to bless themselves, and say the Hail Mary; only Mrs. Patten had wished that *Mother of Christ* should be substituted for *Mother of God*.

“But was not Christ God?” asked the young teacher.

“Yes, Miss Edith,” the woman replied. “But Mary was the mother of his human nature only, not of his Godhead.”

“You cannot separate them,” Edith said. “He was not born a mere man, and deified afterward: his birth was miraculous, and God was his Father. She was the mother of all that he was. To be a mother is not to create. You did not make that child's soul, yet you are his mother. You would not stop to say that you are the mother of his body, and that his soul came from God. You are his mother, because you gave him human life; so Mary did for Christ. Besides, you will always be your child's mother, though his body will turn to dust, and be regathered again at the last day. But the body of Christ never was destroyed. It sits

now at the right hand of the Father, the same human form that Mary cherished, as you do that child.”

Boadicea was silent “They shall say Mother of Christ, then, if you prefer,” Edith said softly. But the next time she came, they said Mother of God. She made no verbal comment on the amendment, but bent and, for the first time, kissed the forehead of the child who gave the title, tears of joy shining in her eyes.

On this July day, after taking her seat, and watching the family arrange themselves to listen, Edith hesitated on what subject she should speak. She had one prepared, but presently concluded to change it.

“I will tell you what baptism is to-day,” she said; and then gave them a clear and simple explanation of the sacrament.

Joe sat on a low stool, with a child in his arms, tears dropping down his cheek now and then, as he glanced from the speaker to his sick child. Mrs. Patten’s face showed only a quiet endurance.

“So necessary is baptism,” Edith concluded, her voice slightly tremulous, “that even a baby must not die without it. If one should be in danger of death, any person who knows how can baptize it.”

She said no more, but, after distributing some little presents to the children, as her custom was, and sitting by the baby a few minutes, went home. The mother was very pale. She sat looking at her child, and seemed indisposed to speak. There was even a sort of coldness in her manner when she took leave of her visitor.

The children went out, and looked after the lady as long as they could see her, then gathered in a whispering group about the door. They felt, rather than knew, the impending sorrow. Joe went, stool in hand, and sat down by his wife. Her lips began to tremble. She was only a woman, poor soul! and wanted comfort, not only for the grief before her, but for the new and terrible fear that had risen up in her heart while Edith Yorke spoke.

“Joe,” she said unsteadily, “that girl is very learned. Dr. Martin can’t equal her. She makes everything awfully clear. She leaves no hole for you to crawl out. If baptism isn’t what she says, then there isn’t any sense in baptism.”

“Yes,” sighed Joe, “she’s a mighty smart gal.”

“Then,” the mother whispered sharply, “if what she says is true, what’s become of our other children, Joe?”

He looked up with startled eyes. He had been thinking of their present sorrow, not of the past. It is only the mother who for ever carries her children in her heart.

“There are three children gone, Joe,” she said imploringly.

He dropped his eyes, and considered anxiously, not so much the fate of his lost children as the fact that Sally looked to him for help. A shallow head goes with a shallow heart, and his first thought was merely how he should evade the weight of his wife’s dependence.

“Oh! you broken reed!” she exclaimed, with suppressed passion.

Thus apostrophized, Joe became desperate, and that desperation imparted to him an air of unwonted decision and authority.

“I tell you what it is, Sally,” he said, “these rules and regulations are very well for learned folks, and they’re to blame if they don’t keep ‘em. But I don’t believe that the Lord is going to punish us nor our young ones for what we don’t know nothing about. He knows well enough that we’d a had ‘em, every soul of ‘em, baptized, if we’d a thought he wanted us to. I’m sure I don’t begrudge the young ones being baptized. So don’t you believe, Sally, but he’ll sly ‘em in somehow, poor little creters! Why, do you s’pose that, while we were sitting here and crying over our dead babies, and saying, ‘The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord,’ that just at that time he’d got ‘em out of sight somewhere, and was pinching on ‘em and hurting on ‘em for his own amusement, with their scared little faces looking up at him? It don’t stand to reason, Sally.”

The first tears she had shed started from the mother’s eyes and ran down her cheeks. “Joe,” she said gratefully, “you’ve got some gumption in you, after all.”

Edith went home that day with a troubled heart. Two or three times on the way she stopped, having half a mind to turn back, but did not. She was too agitated to keep quiet or to eat. One thought filled her mind: a soul just slipping away from earth waited on the threshold till she should open for it the gate of heaven. The thought was overpowering.

 In the afternoon, Mrs. Yorke and Melicent went to see the sick child, carrying everything they thought might be needed. Edith had sent for the doctor again, and he came while they were there, and accompanied them home. She listened to their talk, and heard them say that the child could not live more than twenty-four hours longer. They spoke kindly, and they had acted kindly, yet it all jarred terribly on her. Of the highest interest at stake, of the miraculous possibility that she saw, they knew nothing. Dared she wait?

After tea her resolution was taken. She came down-stairs, and found Carl pacing to and fro at the foot of the terrace. He threw the end of his cigar away as she approached him, but did not take any further notice of her till it became evident that she wanted him.

“Carl,” she said, “I want you to go over to the Pattens’ with me.”

“Certainly!”

He did not annoy her with questions, nor exclamations, nor expostulations; he simply and promptly started. They avoided the family in going. When one is in suspense, it is distressing to have to explain to those who cannot help and do not understand the need.

“I am going to baptize the baby, if they will let me,” Edith said, when they entered the wood.

He only answered, “Yes!” He knew enough of Catholic doctrine to understand the importance which she attached to the ceremony.

The sun had gone down in a splendor of rose-color, and all the forest was steeped with it. The silver stems of the birches flickered like rubies, and all the streams and springs blushed as if they had newly been changed to wine for some great marriage feast. A brook ran toward them all the way beside their path, like a breathless messenger bidding them hasten at every step. Then that airy flood of light ebbed down the west, and left a new moon stranded there, and stars sprinkled all through the blue. When they came out into the clearing, it was deep twilight. The cabin window shone out red through the dusk, and from the open door a lurid path of light stretched across the garden-plot and plunged into the woods opposite.

Like most people who live in the woods, the family kept early hours, but to-night none of them had gone to bed, nor were the beds prepared for them. The children were huddled together near the fireplace, whispering, and casting frightened glances to where their father and mother crouched on the floor beside the cradle, in which lay their dying babe. They had no lamps nor candles, but a pine-knot, fixed in the fireplace, sent a volume of inky smoke up chimney, and made a crimson illumination in the room. In that light every face shone like a torch.

The sick child lay in a stupor, sometimes holding its breath so long that the mother started and caught it up. Thus partially recalled, it breathed slowly again. There was no sound in the room but that low breathing, and the hissing of the flame in the chimney.

But presently there was a sound outside of steps coming nearer, and as they looked at the door Edith appeared on the threshold, all her whiteness of face, dress, and hands changed to pink in the light, as Charity might look hastening on her errand. Her eyes were wide-open and startled; her hair, which had fallen, caught in the low bough of a tree as they came, was drawn over her left shoulder, and twisted about her arm.

After the pause of an instant, she came swiftly in, and knelt by the cradle, leaving Carl standing in the doorway.

“Thank God! I am in time,” she exclaimed. “I have come, you dear parents, to baptize this child, if you will permit me. You were not to blame for the others, because you did not know. But now you know. Consent quickly; for it is almost gone!”

“Yes, yes!” said the mother. “Make haste!”

Edith called the children, and made them kneel about the cradle, with their hands folded, palm to palm, and she scarcely noticed that Carl came in and knelt behind them.

“I am so anxious to do it rightly,” she said, with one swift glance round the circle. “I never did it before, but it is very simple. I am very unworthy, and am afraid. All of you must say an Our Father for me.”

Edith put a crucifix in the father’s hands, and, as he held it up, bowed herself, and kissed the floor before it. Then she lighted a wax candle she had brought, and gave it to the mother to hold. Lastly, she knelt by the head of the cradle, and poured out a little vase of holy water.

“What is the child’s name?” she asked, quite calm by this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Patten looked at each other. There had been many discussions between them on the subject, and at this moment neither of them could call to mind a single desirable name which had not been appropriated by their children, living or dead.

“I would like to name him for my father,” Edith said. And they consented.

The words were spoken, then Edith leaned quickly, with a triumphant smile, and kissed the new-made saint, and whispered something to it.

The child had been lying in that stupor for several hours, but at her whisper he opened his eyes, and fixed them in a solemn and steady gaze on her face. There was something in the look significant and unchildlike; and, so looking at her, he calmly died. Only a sigh, and the lids half-drooped, that was all on earth. But who shall say what it was in heaven?

It was quite dark when the two went home again. The sultry air was still, and perfumed with

sweet fern and wild violets, and the brook ran along with them now with a sound like a child talking to itself. They walked hand in hand, guided by that sound.

“I am very, very happy!” said Edith.

Carl said nothing, but stopped short.

“Have you lost the track?” she asked.

There was still a moment of silence, then he said in a stifled voice, “I have found it again.”

Poor Carl! his finding of that path was heroic. For an instant, a flower-wreathed wicket had seemed to swing across his way, and a path of delight to lead from it. He closed it, and walked on.

After a minute, Edith recollected that she had brought a second candle. They stopped and lighted it, then resumed their walk. She held the candle in her right hand, her left she placed in Carl’s again. The air was so still that the yellow flame waved only with their motion, and the light of it made a halo about them, and brought out leaves and flowers, and drooping branches, that shone a moment, then disappeared.

That ancient forest had arched over many a human group during the unknown centuries of its life, dusky hunters in the chase or on the war-trail, pale-faced pioneers, glancing right and left for the savage foe, the Catholic missionary, armed only with the crucifix, yet with that weapon and with his pleading tongue conquering the hatchet and the tomahawk, children and youths going a-maying, yet never did it overshadow a fairer group than this.

Looking down at Edith, Carl renounced the thought of painting her as a fairy; he would paint her walking through a dark forest, with a candle in her hand. “Perish civilization!” he said suddenly. “I wish there was not a house between here and Massachusetts Bay!”

Edith smiled, but said nothing. She did not speak till, too soon, they reached the house. There she stopped to enter by the side door. “I will go in this way,” she said. “I do not wish to speak to any one else to-night. Please tell them what I have done.”

He was going, when she softly called him back. “After he was baptized,” she said hurriedly, “I whispered, and told him to pray for you and me when he reached heaven. Good-night, Carl!”

The next forenoon Edith went up to her chamber to dress before dinner. She braided her hair, put on a rose-colored lawn, and fastened a velvet ribbon around her throat with the precious carbuncle. She was blissfully happy, she scarce knew why. Never had she been conscious of such delight. “How sweet, how beautiful is life!” she said to herself. “Thanks, dear Lord! I am so happy!”

She looked smilingly over her shoulder toward the door, for Clara had come running up the stairs and burst into her room.

“Edith,” she said breathlessly, “he has come! Mr. Rowan has come! He is down in the parlor with papa, and mamma, and Melicent.”

Edith did not change her position nor say a word. She looked steadily at Clara, and waited.

“He is as handsome as a prince,” her cousin went on with enthusiasm. “He gave me this slip of paper for you. Will you be right down?”

“Go and tell him that I will come down in a minute,” Edith said quietly, and still looked at her cousin till she went out of the room and shut the door. Then, overcome by a sudden weakness, she dropped on her knees.

“I am very glad,” she said solemnly, and lifted her eyes. “I thank thee for bringing him safe home again. Help me!”

She unfolded the slip of paper, and read the line it contained: “Don’t come down, Edith, if you are going to say no to me.”

She had never thought of saying no to him.

A minute later she stood in the door of the parlor, where they all were. She was very white, but her lips wore a sweet and resolute smile.

Dick came to meet her, his face in a fine flame, and she placed her hand in his. “It is yours, with their consent,” she said.

For a moment he was unable to speak. He looked at her searchingly, his eyes full of tears. “Are you willing, Edith?” he asked.

“I am more than willing,” she replied.

He led her to Mr. and Mrs. Yorke. “I would not dare to ask you for such a precious gift,” he said, “if God and herself had not already bestowed it.”

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN CHINA.[78]

In November, 1867, Mr. T. T. Cooper, an English gentleman who describes himself as a "pioneer of commerce," undertook an overland journey from Shanghai to Calcutta with the hope of discovering some shorter and more direct line of communication between India and China than that lying through the province of Su-tchuen and Eastern Thibet, the only route at present open. The undertaking was not a successful one, Mr. Cooper having been stopped and imprisoned at Weisee-foo, in the province of Yunnan, in July of the following year. This detention was the work of the Thibetan lamas, who have no desire for a free trade which will interfere with their monopolies, and who are, as a matter of course, violently opposed to the introduction of a religion which will weaken their own hold upon the people. Mr. Cooper, although an English Protestant who was contented to describe himself on his travels as a disciple of Confucius, and who took pains to inform the lamas that he could readily sympathize with their dislike of foreign innovations in religious matters, did not fail to share the effects of that distrust of foreigners which is so carefully kept alive in China by the governing classes, the literati, and the priests. While imprisoned at Weisee-foo, his interpreter, a Chinese Catholic, overheard the following conversation between two Mandarins, one of whom was Mr. Cooper's jailer, which was, to say the least of it, not reassuring:

"Just as Philip took his place under the window, Tien asked the Atenze Mandarin if he had seen the foreigner who had passed through Atenze on his way to Tali-foo, adding, 'We have him here in the Yamun.' His guest replied, 'No; the cursed barbarian! what is he? I heard he was writing all the time he was in my town, and drawing the country. The son of a dog, too, writes with a pen that requires no ink. I suppose he has come to see the country; and his people will come to take it by-and-by. You have got him here; why don't you kill him?' To this my friend Tien replied, 'Why, it's no use to kill him; he has no money. We have searched him; he has nothing; and now we are considering what to do with him.' When Philip had got thus far, he was so completely overwhelmed that it was several minutes before he could proceed: when he had recovered a little, he went on to relate what the Atenze Mandarin said in reply. The ruffian evidently hated foreigners, for he said, 'Oh! kill him. You dispose of him; and when I return from the fight, I will kill those sons of dogs, the missionaries on the Lan-tsan-kiang: they are fast converting the Lu-tsu, and they will very soon be masters of the country, and we shall be killed; so kill them all, I say.'"

A day or two later, our traveller, who seems to be very plucky and full of courage, managed to effect his escape, but only to retrace his steps to Shanghai. His account of his travels is most entertaining, and as it contains a great deal which will be interesting to the general reader, as well as much which is especially so to Catholics, we propose to make copious extracts from it. The book itself has not been reprinted here, and the English edition is so expensive that it is hardly likely to be as generally read as its merits deserve.

The project of undertaking this long and perilous journey had suggested itself to our traveller's mind so long ago as 1862, but various circumstances rendered it impracticable to begin it until 1867, when the promised support of influential Shanghai merchants made Mr. Cooper again cast about him for ways of surmounting the still remaining difficulties. These were the well-known jealousy manifested by Chinese officials toward strangers; the wild tribes dwelling in the mountains; utter ignorance of the language of the country; and the danger of carrying so large a sum of money as would be necessary for the expenses of the journey. After a month of perplexity, Mr. Cooper concluded to address himself to M. Lamonier, the procurator of the Catholic missions at Shanghai. "I knew," he says, "that the posts of the French missionaries extended in an unbroken chain to beyond the western border of China; and I felt convinced that only by their help could I hope to pass through the empire. M. Lamonier, ever ready, as are all the Catholic missionaries, to forward all useful projects, soon dispelled my anxiety about the carriage of specie, for he arranged to give me a letter of credit for six hundred taels (£180, the sum he considered sufficient for travelling expenses), addressed to the mission stations in Yunnan, Sz-chuan, and Eastern Thibet; so that it would not be needful to carry a large sum in silver, until after passing beyond their posts. He also proposed a feasible plan for surmounting the difficulty of the language. A party of young missionaries were expected to arrive from France toward the end of the year; if I accompanied them to Sz-chuan, I could hire a house in some village containing a mission station, and, under the protection of the missionaries, set to work and acquire a sufficient mastery of the language. This arrangement would prolong my journey by six months; but the delay was unimportant, so long as the difficulty of the language was got over. And thus, before leaving M. Lamonier, the two great obstacles which seemed for a time to render my journey impossible were disposed of."

A part of this plan, however, was not destined to fulfilment. The French consul at Hankou, whose dignity had been touched by some remarks made upon him in the Hankou *Times* by its English editor, resolved to avenge himself by preventing our Englishman from availing himself of the services of the missionaries, and compelled them to leave Hankou without him. The French consul-general at Shanghai, Vicomte Brenier de Montmorend, on being appealed to, found means to soothe his subordinate's ruffled temper, and although he lost the promised escort of the young missionaries, Father de Carli, the head of the missions at Hankou, obviated this difficulty by providing him with two native Christians to serve as

interpreter and guide. These were both trustworthy men, who joined him rather for the sake of the missionaries than for any liking for the journey, but who, for that reason, served him so much the more faithfully. One of them, George Phillips, whose name Mr. Cooper contracted into Philip, for convenience's sake, was the eldest son of a family which had been Christians for several generations. "His superior education rendered him, save in dress and manner, quite different to ordinary Chinamen, whose natural superstition and prejudice were replaced by intelligence, strengthened by the study of European philosophy and theology, while a knowledge of the Latin, English, and Chinese languages made the term of interpreter in his case no empty title. Such was my interpreter, who proved, as I expected, a useful servant and intelligent companion."

Having procured the services of these men, however, Mr. Cooper found it impossible to induce them to start from home until after the Christmas holidays were over; so that it was not until the 4th of January, 1868, that he finally left Hankou for the interior. He had previously taken the advice of the English secretary of legation at Pekin to conform himself in all respects to the line of conduct pursued by the missionaries, and had, during his month of enforced inaction, been trying to accustom himself to the pigtail and petticoats in which he was to introduce himself to the Chinese public. He had also been obliged to relinquish the idea of making scientific observations while on his journey, in order to avoid shocking the inveterate prejudices of the people against the use of instruments for that purpose. Even in keeping a daily record of his travels, he found it necessary to be constantly on his guard against their suspicious curiosity. One amusing instance of his caution in this respect, characteristic alike of our traveller and of his friendly enemy, is worth quoting:

"Round the fire of the little courier hut where we put up for the night, we were joined by a lama, who was, he said, *en route* for Bathang. Since the unwelcome addition of the soldier spies to our party, it had become necessary for me to wait till all were asleep, to write up my journal. I was hard at work about midnight, when the lama returned to the room, pretending to have left his prayer-book behind; and seeing me engaged in writing, he became very curious to know what I was doing. Had I owned to recording a simple narrative of the day's journey, he would have reported that I was taking notes of the country for some sinister purpose, so I replied that I was writing my prayers, a ceremony which I performed every night. This is a very common occupation of the lamas themselves, but he was surprised that a merchant should write prayers; so I told him that I always recited them after they were written, and would commence as soon as I had finished. He waited, and I soon commenced to read my journal over in a monotone like that in which the lamas recite their litanies. After reading thus for nearly half an hour, I stopped and asked my friend to recite his prayers for my benefit, promising to pay him for the service—and off he started and kept it up without ceasing until daylight next morning, when he awoke me, and received his fee of one rupee. He declared that I must belong to the Yellow religion, but I assured him to the contrary, merely saying that my religion much resembled his own. He was evidently puzzled, but pleased at my having made use of his services as a priest, and begged me to allow him to keep under my escort to Bathang."

His inability to serve the interests of science was perhaps not a trouble of a nature to be very seriously felt by our traveller, whose chief object in undertaking his journey was a commercial one, and whose quick perceptions and readiness to adapt himself to circumstances were a fair guarantee that he would neither run unnecessary risks nor let any available source of information pass unexplored. His book, which is very free from anything like unpleasant self-consciousness, shows him, notwithstanding, to have plenty of English pluck and determination, accompanied by a very un-English freedom from prejudice. One could find it in one's heart to wish that in passing through scenery so impressive as that of Eastern Thibet, he might have added to his other good qualities as a narrator something more nearly approaching artistic perception than he anywhere exhibits. The absence of anything of the kind has, however, the effect of making his narrative singularly free from any appearance of conventional book-making—a result which is very like a perfect compensation.

At Sha-su, which he reached toward the middle of January, after a week or more of rather unpleasant boating experience, Mr. Cooper made his first acquaintance with real Chinese society, which he describes very well, and with some characteristic reflections:

"After breakfast, I paid a visit to the Catholic mission agent, Cheesien-sin by name, a wealthy merchant engaged in an extensive trade with Sz-chuan, with whom I had to arrange about funds for our journey to Chung Ching. We were shown into a little room next the counting-house, where we found several Christians, merchants from Chung Ching, smoking their pipes, each with his cup of tea on a small table before him. As soon as I seated myself, a little boy placed a tea-cup before me, and, throwing in a pinch of fragrant tea, poured in boiling water from a large kettle, which he took from a little stand over a charcoal fire burning in an iron brazier in the centre of the room; having thus helped me to tea, he took my long Chinese pipe, and, filling it with tobacco, handed it to me with a light, and then took up his place behind my chair. Nothing could exceed the quiet politeness and quickness with which this little fellow served me; to every one in the room I was a perfect stranger and a foreigner, yet, being in a house of business, no distinction was made between me and any of the Chinese present.... After waiting about half an hour, the merchant came from the counting-house, and, saluting me very courteously, apologized for having kept me waiting,

and after a few remarks on the crops and weather, inquired my business. On learning the object of my visit, he appeared quite pleased, and expressed himself delighted to be able to do anything for a friend of the fathers, and, leading me into his office, he paid me over the sum I required, merely taking from me a receipt for the amount. We then went back to the waiting-room, where he introduced me to several of the Chung Ching merchants, and explained to his guests that I was a foreign merchant undertaking a great journey to open up commerce, and complimented me on my courage in starting alone on so great an enterprise. We all sat smoking and drinking tea for nearly two hours, when I rose to go; but my host said that dinner was just ready, and he would be glad if I would join himself and guests, apologizing at the same time for his homely fare, saying that, if he had known I was coming, I should have had a proper dinner.

"I was so charmed with the manner of this Chinese gentleman—for such in bearing he really was—that I accepted his invitation, and sat down again; and in a few minutes all the other merchants, except two young men, who were permanent guests, left, and a serving-man then laid out the table, placing a pair of ivory chop-sticks, tipped with silver, for each of us, and brought in the dinner, consisting of fish-soup, boiled and fried fish, stewed ducks, mutton, and fowl. We took our seats—the host last—and were then handed cups (about the size of a large breakfast-cup) of rice, and in the interval before the soup and fish were brought in, baked melon-seeds were placed before us on small plates; these we nibbled at for a few minutes, until our host, taking his chop-sticks up, put their points into a plate of fish, and, looking round the table, bowed to us, whereupon we simultaneously helped ourselves, and commenced our meal. I kept up a lively conversation on the subject of foreigners and their wonderful inventions during the dinner, which I thoroughly enjoyed. When we had finished, we all stood up, holding our chop-sticks by the tips with both hands horizontally in front of our foreheads as a sign of thankfulness, and also respect to our host. We then sat down again, and little kettles of hot Samshu were brought in, and we commenced to drink wine with each other. The two young merchants soon became very loud in my praise, saying that I was quite different to the foreigners in Hankou, I was more like a Chinaman; but were very anxious to know if I was of the same religion as themselves; and when I told that I was a Christian, repeatedly embraced me, calling me a brother. We sat over our Samshu and smoked for a long time, the absence of anything like constraint among us, and the genuine hospitality of our host, making the hours pass quickly. I felt that I was seeing Chinese life from a standpoint hitherto unknown to most Europeans, especially Englishmen; and I felt much gratified with this my first admission into the private life of the people whose manners and customs I had adopted. During the time I was in the house I saw no females with the exception of a servant, nor did I ever in the house of any respectable Chinaman meet the womankind during the greater part of a year spent among this people.... As I was going toward the hotel, I could not help reflecting on the scene I had just left, so different in all respects from any previous idea I had formed of the Chinese character, of which, though I had dwelt for years in their country, I confess with shame, I had until now known nothing. I could not help contrasting the reception my host had given me, a total stranger and a foreigner, with that which he would probably have received at my hands had he visited me in Shanghai, when, as is usual with us Englishmen, he would very likely have had to come into my office without the least polite encouragement from me, and have transacted his business standing, after which I should probably have dismissed him with a gesture of impatience. It seems a great pity that we Englishmen, being such a great commercial people, do not associate ourselves more with the people amongst whom we trade. In China, we would do wisely to remember the old adage which tells us to 'do in Rome as the Romans do,' and to meet the Chinese more on a footing of equality; in fact, adopt as much as possible their ways of business, and by this means do away with that system of go-betweens which is so detrimental to us in all our dealings with the people, of whom we really know nothing. By being brought more in contact with them, we should pick up their language, and instead of being at the mercy of that villanous thing known under the name of compradore, we should at once preserve our dignity, and enter into more pleasant and profitable relations with a people whose closer acquaintance is better worth cultivating than we in our national insularity are prone to believe."

Such pleasant experiences, which were often repeated, were not always, however, the order of the day when our traveller met the individual popularly known as the "heathen Chinee." At the mission-stations, or wherever he encountered isolated Christians, he received always the most cordial hospitality, since even the jealous Chinaman, in becoming Catholic, becomes also cosmopolitan.

At Chung Ching, where Monseigneur Desfleches sent a swell Chinese merchant to be his escort about the city, Mr. Cooper visited a newly-built and very beautiful Taouist temple, belonging to a sect differing widely from the Buddhists, and which he describes as representing the ancient polytheism of the country, as reformed and engrafted with a peculiar theosophy of Laotse, the great rival of Confucius. Here also he assisted at daybreak on a Sunday morning at the sacrifice of the Mass, served by a Chinese priest and Chinese acolytes, and listened to a Chinese sermon. The devout behavior of the congregation, many of whom gathered around him after the Mass was over, and, on learning that he was not a Catholic, naturally expressed fervent hopes that he might soon become one, made a great impression upon our traveller's mind. He could not, he says, avoid being influenced by them, nor help offering up a silent prayer for the success of the Catholic missions in China. He finds the present power of these missions a "most striking instance of the inutility of

coercion directed to restrain freedom of mind in religion. The fearful persecutions that assailed the missionaries and their converts during the eighteenth century, failed altogether to arrest the spread of Catholic Christianity, which now, but a hundred years later, numbers its adherents by hundreds of thousands, to be found in all the provinces of the empire."

Apparently both the missions and the missionaries impressed him much; and he gives a lengthy account of them, prefacing it with the remark that whoever deems it irrelevant is at liberty to skip it. In his judgment, as in that of every intelligent observer, it is the literati and the governing classes who are the promoters of all the persecutions of the converts—the people themselves are neither so jealous of foreigners nor so attached to paganism as is often supposed.

The converts are principally recruited from the well-to-do middle classes, although there are in the villages many Christian communities composed of the industrious peasantry. When Mr. Cooper was in China, the missions were enjoying perfect toleration, but from his observation of the marked dislike of the Christians displayed by the officials and the literati, he was apprehensive that this apparent peace might be at any moment exchanged for all the perils of persecution—an apprehension which, as all the world knows, has since been most fearfully realized. We extract a few passages from his account of the missions, as recording the impressions of a candid observer as to the success of a work of which he was yet capable of lamenting that the devoted men who labor in it "are not the apostles of a simpler and purer faith." Yet when he meets "apostles" of what he supposes to be a "simpler and purer faith," he can hardly preserve a decent gravity in contemplating either their methods or their results. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is naturally the last reflection suggested to the mind of a Protestant when he considers missionary work. The application of the text would be so speedily fatal to his Protestantism that the instinct of self-preservation keeps him from making it:

"The *Société des Missions Etrangères*, which from its headquarters in Paris directs the affairs of this mission, is most careful in the selection and training of the candidates for missionary life. As their work lies much among the wealthy and educated, though the poor and ignorant are by no means neglected, every missionary sent to Sz-chuan is specially educated for the purpose of meeting the Chinese literati on equal terms. They land in China generally as young and newly-ordained priests, under vows by which the rest of their lives is dedicated to the Sz-chuan Mission. Once having entered upon their work, they never abandon it, nor return to their native country; indeed, it is impossible for them to do so, for I have good reasons for stating that any recreant who may seek, in violation of his engagements, to quit the country, is certain to be apprehended by the Mandarins and sent back to the jurisdiction of the mission. This has an apparent connection with the edict of Khang-hi, which accorded toleration to those missionaries only who would swear never to return to Europe. The young missionary on entering China strips himself of his nationality; he shaves his head, and adopts the Chinese costume, and conforms in all respects to the Chinese mode of life. His first two years are spent either at one of the principal mission stations or at some out-station, in close attendance on an old and experienced father, under whose care he systematically studies the language and the manners of the people to whose service he has devoted his life. He is also trained in the working of the mission, and, as soon as he is a proficient in the language, is appointed to a permanent post under general orders from the bishop of the district to which he has been sent from Paris. It can easily be imagined that a mission numbering its converts by tens of thousands, and carrying its labors over such a vast extent of country as Western China and Eastern Thibet, must be a well-organized institution systematically administered. Taking advantage of the division of all the provinces into districts, each district is worked by the mission with more or less activity, as the disposition of the people will allow. The apostolic bishop resident at Chung Ching exercises a metropolitan authority over four other bishops, who reside at Cheutu and Swi-foo, in Sz-chuan, Yunnan-foo in Yunnan, and in Kwei-cheu, and Bishop Chauveau at Ta-tsian-loo. The latter has charge of the mission stations of Eastern Thibet established at Bathang, Yengin, and Tz-coo, on the western banks of the Lan-tsan-kiang. I was informed that there were, in 1868, three hundred French missionaries, besides native priests and catechists, engaged in the missions working in the above provinces. The pay of a missionary varies from one hundred taels[79] per mensem—the salary of a bishop—to twenty taels, the scanty stipend of the simple fathers. Out of this they provide themselves with everything. At small out-stations, of course, the people give many presents of food, but even then the pay is so trifling, compared with the salaries drawn by Protestant missionaries, that one can only wonder how these French missionaries manage to exist, and it is only when their self-denying and abstemious mode of life is witnessed that an adequate idea can be formed of real missionary work.

"By a strict system of reports, coming from every missionary in charge of a district through his bishop to the metropolitan bishop at Chung Ching, the affairs of the mission are administered with the regularity of a well-organized government. Closely observing the Chinese customs, the bishops assume the title of Tajen, 'Excellency,' and the fathers, according to their precedence in the mission, Ta-low-ya, 'Great Elder,' and Low-ya, 'Elder.' Every convert coming into the presence of a father is obliged to bend the knee, a custom which a recent able French writer declares he has himself heard the Christians complain of as unbecoming. In exacting this apparently slavish mark of homage from their flock, the fathers imitate the magistrates, and by this means, as well as by the influence they naturally

acquire in the direction of civil affairs among their converts, they very probably excite the jealousy and hatred of the governing classes. As an illustration of this, I may quote the words of an old and experienced father: ‘We are not persecuted on religious grounds, but on political, because they fear our influence over the people.’ From my own experience of the Chinese, I must say that (however repugnant to our Western ideas) the exaction of the utmost respect from their converts is absolutely necessary to the maintenance of the religious authority of the clergy, for the Chinese, as yet, know no intermediate step between servile submission and insolent independence; and, when compared with that of any Protestant mission in the world, their success is so wonderfully great, that I feel inclined to give them the full credit of knowing from experience what is best for the interest of their mission.... The education of the young is a special object of care; at all the principal mission stations there are separate schools for boys and girls. The boys are taught to read and write Chinese and Latin, besides geography and other useful information, which tends to dispel their Chinese prejudices. Promising candidates for the priesthood are usually sent to Macao and Hong-Kong, and occasionally to Rome, to receive their professional education. The girls are taught to read and write Chinese, and are instructed in sewing, etc. At Chung Ching and Cheutu there are boarding-schools, where young girls are educated till they are marriageable. These pupils are eagerly sought for by the converts in marriage, and are reputed to make excellent wives. The native Christians, as a rule, are remarkable for their good character; their houses are distinguished by their superior cleanliness and order.... I cannot but record how forcibly I was impressed by their devout attention to the offices of their religion, and this is not merely superficial—they are staunch adherents of their faith, but few being ever found to apostatize even under the pressure of persecution; and having myself witnessed the beneficial effects of their labors, I conclude with wishing the utmost success to the pious and laborious agents whose self-denial has been rewarded by such extraordinary results.”

On reaching Ta-tsian-loo, at that time the headquarters of Bishop Chauveau, to whom Mr. Cooper gratefully records his many obligations, and whom he calls the ablest man and kindest friend he found in Western China, he made acquaintance with some of the Thibetan lamas, and visited their lamasery, of which he gives an interesting account. The chief lama paid him a visit at his hotel, and, as he showed a good deal of curiosity concerning his intentions, Mr. Cooper proceeded to define his position by remarking that he had heard that the lamas were averse to French missionaries entering their central kingdom, and added that he was not surprised that a great religious country like Thibet should object to the introduction of a new religion. The lama, unused to the easy way in which a travelled Englishman can carry his religion, was amazed, but on learning that Mr. Cooper was not a Frenchman, but professed a different faith from theirs, being in fact a simple disciple of Confucius, quite indifferent to new creeds, and disposed to look with friendly eyes upon all religions whatsoever, he became at once more cordial, invited him to the lamasery, warned him of a conspiracy against his liberty, and cautioned him to avoid identifying himself in any way with the Catholic missionaries. Mr. Cooper’s return call upon his new friend was not in all respects pleasant:

“Crossing the courtyard, the lama led me up a flight of stairs into his room, which differed from those occupied by the other lamas only in its furniture and superior cleanliness. The other rooms were dirty, and contained nothing save a small stove in the centre of the floor, and a large wooden bucket, somewhat like an attenuated churn, and containing the everlasting butter-tea of the Thibetans. My host’s room, however, had in it several chairs of Chinese make, and round the stove was spread a thick woollen carpet, on which I was invited to squat. Having comfortably seated myself, a youth attired in lama robes brought in silver cups, one of which my host filled with butter-tea, and, as an especial mark of hospitality, broke off from a huge pat of rancid butter a piece as large as his fist, and put it into my cup, which he politely handed to me; then, filling his cup in the same way, he invited me to drink with him. Good manners obliged me to drink, and I succeeded in swallowing a mouthful of the greasy mess with well-feigned pleasure, which, my host observing, nodded his head, and, bending gracefully forward with a flourish, stirred round the piece of butter in my cup with his little finger, and again pressed me to drink. I would have given worlds to have been spared this second trial; but, calling up all my resolution, I made another gulp, and hastily relighted my pipe, while my hospitable host sipped his melted butter with as much gusto as an alderman would his full-bodied port.

“Expressing a wish to view the lamasery, I was shown over it by the lama, and visited the chapel or temple, where he daily offered his prayers to the Grand Lama, as he said; meaning, I presume, Buddha. It was a superb little place. At one end a railing, richly ornamented and gilded, fenced off intruders from a gilded image of Buddha, about five feet high, sitting in a contemplative posture, enveloped in a white drapery of silk gauze. Round the four walls were rows of niches, like pigeon-holes, about a foot square, in each of which was a small Buddha of solid gold, about two inches high. There could not have been less than a hundred of these images, and my first impression was that they were only gilt; but the lama pointed them out to me as gold, and several of them which I handled were made of the precious metal.... I learned from Bishop Chauveau that before the Chinese conquest the lamas used to marry, but that the Chinese, fearing the power of the sacerdotal caste, procured an order from Lhássa enforcing celibacy on all lamas. Notwithstanding this, at the present time, out of the population of the three kingdoms of Thibet, more than one-third are lamas. It may be imagined, therefore, what a power the priesthood has over the people. In

almost every family one or more of the sons are lamas from compulsion. In a family of, say, four sons, the chief lama of the district will generally insist upon two becoming lamas, and, at the age of between twelve and fourteen, the boys are taken to the lamasery, where they are educated, and, when grown up, admitted into the priesthood. If the parents object to give up their sons to the priesthood, the threat of an anathema from the lips of the chief lama or the grand lama at Lhássa, is sufficient to overcome all opposition; thus the ranks of the priesthood are constantly recruited and their power strengthened. The population, owing to this, is gradually lessening, and the lay people are the mere slaves of the lamas, who live in luxurious idleness, for each lamasery possesses enormous estates, as well as the revenues drawn from the lay population in the shape of tithes on produce, both of cattle and grain."

At Bathang, which our traveller visited in May, 1868, he made still further acquaintance with the lamas, but seems to have found no cause to form a more favorable opinion of them. The lamasery which he describes, and the town of Bathang itself, have since been destroyed, as readers of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* will remember, by an earthquake which occurred on the 11th of April, 1870. The valley of Bathang seemed to Mr. Cooper a sort of little Eden, by reason of its great fertility and beauty. The town contained, according to him, some 6,000 inhabitants, including the lamas, who lived just outside it. Bishop Chauveau, however, whose information is of course more accurate, rates them at 8,000 or 9,000. Of these at least 3,000 were killed by the earthquake, including 430 of the lamas. One of these men had for some time been prophesying some fearful calamity as a judgment from the gods upon the frequent conversions from lamanism, and he induced the people to renew some of their heathenish practices, and it was during these performances that the town was destroyed, and the prophet himself killed. None of our missionaries were injured, and the ill fate of the lamas and their lamasery has had the fortunate effect of making the people look with still greater disfavor upon them. The gods, they say, seem to be getting tired of the lamas. Mr. Cooper being admitted as witness against them, such a disposition on the part of their deities would appear to be only natural:

"My arrival at the gates of the lamasery caused a great hubbub. Hundreds of lamas swarmed on the flat roof of the buildings which composed the square block enclosed by a high wall, while numbers hurried to and fro through the courts and passages in a state of great excitement. Dismounting outside the gate, I left my pony in charge of the gatekeeper, and entered. Scarcely, however, had I passed the inner gate, when a lama, addressing me in Chinese, inquired my business. I informed him that I was desirous of seeing the building, and, giving him my card, desired him to present it to the chief lama, with a request for permission to view the lamasery. He requested me to remain at the gate until his return, and took my message to the chief lama.... From where I stood I could see but little of the interior building. As much, however, as was visible proved that the fame of the Bathang Lamasery was justly deserved. In the centre of the block of buildings, the roof of the sacred temple was plainly visible, its massive gold covering flashing and gleaming in the sunlight with dazzling brilliancy. On the roofs, and, indeed, everywhere, the place was literally alive with roosters, which kept up an incessant crowing, blending in a chorus with the chants of the lamas. These birds are sacred to Buddha, and number, I was told, more than a thousand. None are ever killed, and their ranks are constantly swelled by the donations of the country people, who bring the chickens to the lamasery as religious offerings. The birds are all capons, and, like the lamas, live a life of celibacy. Not a single hen is allowed to come within the building. Everything in the sacred edifice is dedicated to the worship of Buddha, and supposed to be free from the contamination of the outer world.

"I noticed several nuns about, with shaven heads, but dressed in the ordinary garb of Thibetan women, with this difference, that the color and material of their dress were the same as those of the priestly robes of green stuff. These nuns are the abject slaves of the lamas, performing all the drudgery of the house in common with youthful novices or deacons. They, however, in the outer world enjoy, like the lamas, a superior social position, and command considerable respect from both sexes of the lay people. They do not shut themselves up entirely in lamaseries, like cloistered nuns of the Romish religion, but often live with their families, and work at the household duties and in the fields. These nuns, like the priests, profess the strictest chastity, dedicating themselves entirely to the worship and service of Buddha. But, from my own observations, and from the openly expressed opinion of the lay inhabitants of Thibet, which I had frequent opportunities of hearing, virtue is a thing unknown among the priesthood, and the lamaseries are little better than dens of debauchery. Just as I had begun to be impatient at his long absence, the lama returned with a message that my presence was not desired within the building, as it would unsettle the priests at their devotions, but if I wished to leave an offering in the shape of money or anything else, it would be accepted. As this concession on the part of the chief lama was meant as an expression of good-will, I gave the messenger a tael of silver, and, with a feeling of disappointment, returned home. I afterward found that I had reason to congratulate myself on my exclusion from the lamasery, as many of its inmates were suffering from small-pox. This fearful disease commits great ravages among the Thibetan population; of whom almost every fourth person is disfigured by its effects.... When cases occur in a town, the lamas compel the families attacked to remove to the mountains, and seal up their houses. Should the sick persons be unable to bear removal, they are shut up in the house, all communication with them being prohibited, and are left to die or recover, as the case may be."

It was in a great measure to the lamas that Mr. Cooper owed the non-success of his journey, although, the object of it becoming known, the Chinese government also was interested in preventing its accomplishment, since with a new trade route opened to foreign enterprise, the existing monopolies would of course be destroyed. "Nothing," says Mr. Cooper, "is more contrary to the policy of the Chinese government and lamas than the introduction of Assam tea. The Chinese on their part dread the loss of their valuable wholesale monopoly, to maintain which they give the lamas the monopoly of the retail supply; who, by this means, hold in absolute subjection the people, to whom tea is a prime necessary of life. The lamas, on their part, fear that, with the introduction of British trade, the teachers of the new religion would come, and free trade and free thought combined would overthrow their spiritual sway.... I myself was destined both now and in a subsequent journey to experience their determination to prevent the intrusion of the detested Palin."

Nothing would be easier than to extend our quotations from this interesting traveller, every page of whose book is entertaining. On leaving Bathang, the impossibility of inducing a male Thibetan to act as a servant had made it necessary for his interpreter to hire an elderly female as a cook; but Mr. Cooper, while supposing that he was merely assisting at an impromptu picnic, found himself unexpectedly married, with all due Thibetan form, to a pretty little maid, who, her parents were persuaded, would be an excellent substitute for a servant. He soon managed to return her to her relatives, but not until after an amusing compliance with the religious customs of his new bride, which we must let him relate. They were passing one of those cairns of prayer-stones which the piety of the travelling Thibetans erect along the road. No Buddhist passes them without adding a stone and muttering a prayer:

"Lo-tzung, having contributed her quota of stones and prayers, gave me to understand that, in order to secure our future happiness, she must have a couple of Khatah cloths to attach to the flagstaffs, and there was nothing for it but to unpack one of the baggage-animals and get out the 'scarves of felicity'(?) Having given them to the young lady, I was inwardly congratulating myself that now, at least, we should be able to continue our march, for the afternoon was wearing, and our station for the night still distant. But my matrimonial embarrassments had not yet ended. It was necessary for me to tie one of the 'scarves of felicity' to the flagstaff, and kneel in prayer with my bride. This I peremptorily refused to do; but poor Lo-tzung shed such a torrent of tears, and informed me with such heart-broken accents that, if I did not do this, we should not be happy, and that she especially would be miserable, that there was nothing for it but to comply. And there, on the summit of a Thibetan mountain, kneeling before a heap of stones, my hand wet with the tears of a daughter of the country, I muttered curses on the fate that had placed me in such a position."

It had been Mr. Cooper's intention to take this little girl along with him to Calcutta, since to cast her off would have given dire offence to the Thibetans, and there hand her over to the care of the Catholic Sisters. The hatred of the lamas, however, pursued him on his journey, and, by prohibiting the people from sheltering him or selling him food, they so nearly reduced the party to starvation that Lo-tzung was only too glad to leave him and take shelter with an uncle. Later on, at Weisee-foo, as we have already related, he was imprisoned, and narrowly escaped with his life, only to begin at once to retrace his steps homeward. On reaching Kiating, on his return journey, he met for the first time traces of Protestant missionary work, and tells an amusing story about it:

"On the second day, a Chinese Christian called upon me, from whom I learned that a Protestant missionary had visited the city in the early part of the year, and had distributed a good many religious books; one of which, in the possession of the landlord of the hotel, proved to be a copy of the New Testament in Chinese. The owner produced the volume, and, adjusting his spectacles with a solemn air of wisdom, turned up the passage which runs as follows: 'It is easier for a mule [the camel in the English version] to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.' Having read these words, he looked over his spectacles at me, and asked in a very contemptuous voice if it was possible for any man to believe such a statement, and if foreigners really did believe the statements made in this book? It had been my invariable custom since commencing to travel in China to avoid religious discussions, and always to proclaim myself a disciple of Confucius, so I now replied that I was not a teacher of religion, but only a humble disciple of Con-fu-dzu, but as to the statement about the mule passing through the eye of a needle, I thought I could explain that; and then proceeded to interpret the word 'needle' as used in the passage referred to. This somewhat mollified mine host, who remarked that he had no doubt that English teachers found great difficulty in writing the flowery language, and it would perhaps be as well if they did not write religious books for the Chinese under such circumstances. When I was alone, I could not but regret that the praiseworthy efforts of the missionary in Kiating had not been more successful. However, as soon as it becomes safe for Europeans to travel in China, there is little doubt but that the self-denying and hard-working Protestant missionaries will enter upon a new and extensive field of labor, in which their energy, devotedness, and well-known *pacific* influence will doubtless win for them, if not success, at least admiration from their supporters at home."

After leaving Hankou for Shanghai, he again came upon their traces—apparently without great gratification:

“As we steamed past the city of Yang-chow, in the province of Nganhoei, we saw the British fleet which had been sent up to demand satisfaction for an outrage committed on some Protestant missionaries, who had been beaten and otherwise maltreated. The sight of a British fleet on the Yang-tsu for such a purpose was curious indeed, and must, I have no doubt, have done much toward convincing the people of Yang-chow of the force of Protestantism, if not of its pacific nature. For myself, I remember the patient French missionaries, whose only resource had been flight into mountain fastnesses, and then recall the rebuke given by the Master to the disciple for drawing his sword against the high-priest’s servant; and it seemed hard to reconcile the presence of a fleet at Yang-chow for such a purpose with the doctrines professed by his servants. Probably, however, times have changed since Paul preached Christ crucified, and suffered martyrdom; and it may now be found more expedient to proclaim the Gospel from the cannon’s mouth, and summon gunboats to exact reparation for our modern martyrs.”

Here we take leave of our traveller, whose unfortunate experiences did not prevent him from undertaking a similar journey, though by a different route, in the following year, and with a like unsuccessful result. His book is very well worth reading, simply as an entertaining record of travel in a little known country; although to a Catholic it has the further interest of furnishing another of those involuntary testimonies from Protestant pens, which record the unvarying failure of their own missionary enterprises in producing any beneficial effect upon the heathen, and the exceeding heroism and devotion and the uniform and great success which as invariably characterize our own.

[78] *Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce in Pigtail and Petticoats; or, An Overland Journey from China toward India.* By T. T. Cooper, late Agent for the Chamber of Commerce at Calcutta. With Map and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1871.

[79] Not quite $170.

THE ISLAND OF SAINTS.

Nature has been lavish in her gifts to this lovely island, once so famous as the nursing-school of the godly and learned. Though fallen from her high estate, though no longer the unrivalled land of science, she is still the

> “Land of wild beauty and romantic shapes,
> Of sheltered valleys and of stormy capes;
> Of the bright garden and the tangled brake,
> Of the dark mountain and the sunlit lake!”

Rugged, precipitous cliffs protect her coasts, while her shores are indented by the most magnificent bays and harbors. Her bosom is stored with precious metals, and the most fertile soil in the world crowns her granite base. Her very geographical position is an advantageous one, for she is placed, as it were, an advanced guard on the outskirts of Europe—she opens the route to the great Western world, and she offers the first eastern port to the American mariner.

“Moist, bright, and green, her landscape smiles around;” pellucid lakes reflect as in a mirror the hills, rocks, and precipices on their margins; here are undulating plains of unequalled verdure; there, garden-like tracts where the myrtle, the rose, and the laurel need no culture; where the evergreen arbutus, in wonderful luxuriance of growth, appears to be indigenous; where every spot is enamelled with flowers and fragrant herbs.

Beautiful Ireland! most picturesque land on the face of the globe! Alas! why not also the richest and happiest?

Religion and learning early found a welcome home in this “emerald gem of the ocean.” Even in the dark days of paganism, the priest-and-poet Druid of Erin appears to have been superior in intelligence and culture to his brethren of England and of the Continent; and when Christianity was first preached in the land, no other people ever welcomed it with such ardent enthusiasm as did the Irish; no other people ever clung to their faith with such inviolable fidelity as Irish Catholics have since done.

During the five centuries that followed the apostolic labors of Saint Patrick, so great was the multitude of holy personages who trod in the way which he traced out; so eminent the sanctity of their lives; so illustrious their learning, that Ireland received the proud title of “Island of Saints and Doctors.” The number of her churches was infinite, and her monasteries and convents were at once the abodes of piety and the sheltering homes of the poor and the stranger. Her theological schools and colleges were the most renowned of Europe. Their halls were open to the students of every clime, “who,” says Moreri, “were there received with greater hospitality than in any other country in the Christian world.” Hither, as to the “emporium of literature,” the youth of France, Germany, and Switzerland repaired in search of knowledge. But to the English nobility and gentry especially, the Venerable Bede tells us “Ireland showed the most cordial hospitality and generosity, for, great though their numbers, they were *all* most willingly received, maintained, supplied with books, and instructed without fee or reward.”

And the tide of sanctity and learning overflowed the shores of the holy isle; many were the pious missionaries who, in those days of religious fervor, went forth to labor for the salvation of souls among the nations of Europe. The memory of their works is still preserved in the countries which reaped the fruits of their zeal. The Italian town, San Columbano, still bears the name of the great Columbanus, a native of Leinster; and St. Gall, in Switzerland, still reminds us of his friend and disciple Gallus. The hermitage of Saint Fiacre, another Irish saint, is still one of France’s consecrated spots; and the memory of the Connaught man, Saint Fridolin, “the Traveller,” is still blessed on the banks of the Rhine. The famous universities of Paris and of Pavia owe their origin to the learning and industry of Clement and John, both Irishmen. From Ireland the Anglo-Saxons derived their first enlightenment, and till the thirteenth century the literature of Scotland was the special province of the Irish clergy.

“When we look into the ecclesiastical life of this people,” says the learned Görres, “we are almost tempted to believe that some potent spirit had transported over the sea the cells of the Valley of the Nile, with all their hermits, its monasteries with all their inmates, and had settled them down in the Western isle—an isle which, in the lapse of three centuries, gave eight hundred and fifty saints to the church; won over to Christianity the north of Britain, and, soon after, a large portion of the yet pagan Germany; and, while it devoted the utmost attention to the sciences, cultivated with especial care the mystical contemplation in her religious communities, as well as in the saints whom they produced.”

Numerous vestiges are still to be found in Ireland of those days of enthusiastic faith. Ivy-grown abbeys and churches, and the habitations of saints; and the emblem of our holy creed, now rudely cut on pillar stones, now exquisitely carved in fine proportions, are to be met with scattered over the whole length and breadth of the land—“memorials,” we are told “by a celebrated archæologist, “not only of the piety and magnificence of a people whom ignorance and prejudice have too often sneered at as barbarous, but also as the finest works of sculptured art, of their period, now existing.”

In the wild and lonely valley of Glendalough, County Wicklow, are yet to be seen the remains of the noble monastery, “once the luminary of the Western world,” founded in the beginning of the sixth century by Saint Kevin, around which a city rose, flourished, and decayed. Gloomy mountains encompass the silent and now almost uninhabited glen, in whose bosom lie the ruins of shrines which nearly thirteen centuries ago were raised in honor of their God by men joyous and thankful in the feeling of certain immortality—men whose fathers in their youth reverenced the Druid as a more than human counsellor.

“Yes, peopled were once these silent shades
With saintly forms of days departed,
When holy men and votive maids
Lived humble here, and heavenly-hearted!”

Here are assembled dismantled churches, crumbling oratories, broken crosses, shattered monumental stones, and tombs, no longer to be distinguished, of bishops, abbots, and recluses. And near the wasted remains of the holy piles, one of those mysterious edifices, a tall and slender Round Tower, stands, still strong and straight, like a sentinel guarding the wrecks of the past. It is impossible to imagine a scene of sterner, more desolate grandeur. On the shore of one of the two lakes that lie embosomed in the glen, rises a beetling rock, in a cavity of which Saint Kevin is said to have lived while pursuing that course of study and contemplation for which his name is even now revered. In this same cavern, too, still known by the name of “Saint Kevin’s Bed,” the illustrious saint and patriot Laurence O’Toole is believed to have ofttimes mused and prayed when he was abbot of Glendalough.

In the county of Meath we find the remains of Saint Columb’s house—Saint Columbkille, the elegant poet, the pious founder of so many monasteries—a high stone-roofed construction of singular architecture, seeming to combine the purpose of an oratory with that of a habitation.

On the celebrated Rock of Cashel stands a group of ruins unparalleled for picturesque beauty and antiquarian interest. The most ancient structure, with the exception of the Round Tower, is Cormac’s chapel, built by Cormac MacCarthy, the pious king of “deep-valleyed Desmond,” in the beginning of the twelfth century. It also is a stone-roofed edifice, with Norman arches and an almost endless variety of Norman decorations. Near it rise the magnificent cathedral founded by Donogh O’Brien, King of Thomond, about 1152; and on the plain beside the rock, Hoar Abbey, the ancient castle of the archbishops, a perfect Round Tower, and numerous crosses.

And one of the grandest of these ancient holy piles, Newtown Abbey, now lies a crumbling heap on the banks of the Boyne. What it once was may, however, still be conceived, of from the exquisite beauty of some of the remaining capitals, vaulting, and shafts, and from the many fragments of its noble windows which are strewn about the neighboring cemetery. This, alas! like many another of the magnificent ruins of Ireland, has been used as a quarry; not by the unlettered peasant, who is rarely found wanting in a devotional feeling that leads him to regard antiquities, and especially those of an ecclesiastical origin, with a sentiment of profound veneration; but by contractors for the erection of new buildings, and sometimes even by men of station and education, who seem to have forgotten that age and neglect cannot deprive structures once consecrated to God, and applied to the service of religion, of any portion of their sacred character.

Bective Abbey, not far from Newtown, is another wonderful wreck, which seems to combine ecclesiastical with military and domestic architecture in the most singular manner. It presents indeed a striking evidence of the half-monk, half-soldier character of its founders. Battlemented towers, cloister-arches, and rooms with great fire-places; the flues carried up through the thickness of the walls, and continued through tapering chimney-shafts, seem to have made the Abbey of Bective a kind of monastic castle, and previous to the use of artillery it must have been a place of great strength.

Perhaps one of the most beautiful edifices ever erected in Ireland was the church of Killeshin, near Carlow, once decorated with richly sculptured capitals representing human heads, the hair intertwined with serpents. This magnificent building was more hardly treated by the destructiveness of an individual who, about forty years since, resided in the neighborhood, than by the storms and frosts and thunderbolts of ages. The detestable vandal wantonly defaced the exquisite capitals, and almost entirely obliterated an Irish inscription which extended round the abacus!

On the romantic shores of the beautiful Lake of Killarney stands the venerable ruins of Muckross Abbey. No vestige of its former grandeur remains; “its antic pillars massy proof” are all ground into dust, and a magnificent yew-tree that has grown in the very centre of the wreck spreads its mighty, sombre branches like a funereal pall over the fallen temple. And in the lake on the “holy island” of Innisfallen, on a gentle verdant slope, surrounded by thick groves, are still to be seen the few crumbling stones that mark where stood the abbey once so renowned throughout Christendom for its learning and piety.

But it would be a vain task to attempt to enumerate all the beautiful memorials of Ireland’s splendor whose ivy-grown ruins still adorn the land they once made so famous.

“Her temples grew as grows the grass”—

and popular tradition tells us that numbers have been hidden from mortal eye, ever since the pious monks who prayed within them were barbarously driven forth or slain.

"In yonder dim and pathless wood
Strange sounds are heard at twilight hour,
And peals of solemn music swell
As from some minster's lofty tower.
From age to age those sounds are heard,
Borne on the breeze at twilight hour—
From age to age no foot hath found
A pathway to the minster's tower!"

Mingled among the mossy marbles of fallen altars; among the mouldering stones and the rusted iron of crumbled cloisters; beneath the "churchyard's bowers"; by the bleak hillsides; on the margins of the sunlit lakes, or under the shadow of the mysterious Round Towers, lie, almost countless, the defaced, mutilated emblems of Ireland's heart-deep faith—broken crosses—innumerable broken crosses—eloquent of the piety of those by-gone days, eloquent of the ruthlessness of the devastator. They are found scattered over the whole island, and are as various in their styles as in the perfection of their workmanship—some, differing in nothing from the pillar-stones of the pagans, save that they are rudely sculptured with a cross, to mark the graves of the early Irish saints—others have the upper part of the shaft hewn into the form of a circle, from which the arms and the top extend. Crosses, highly sculptured, appear to date from the ninth and twelfth centuries. In these the circle, instead of being simply cut into the face of the stone, is represented by a ring, binding, as it were, the shaft, arms, and upper portion of the cross together. There are scores of these beautiful remains in Ireland, but the finest, perhaps, are those at Monasterboice, near Drogheda; they are so singularly symmetrical and artistic as to have excited the enthusiasm of every learned archæologist who has seen them.

There were originally three crosses at Monasterboice; two still exist, well preserved; the third was broken, tradition says, by Cromwell. The larger of the two nearly perfect crosses measures twenty-seven feet in height, and is composed of three stones. The shaft, at its junction with the base, is two feet in breadth and one foot three inches in thickness. It is divided upon the western side by fillets into seven compartments, each of which contains two or more boldly-cut figures, now much worn by the rain and wind of nine centuries. The sides of the cross are ornamented with figures and scroll-work alternately.

"The smaller cross, fifteen feet high, is exquisitely beautiful," says Mr. Wakeman, in the *Archæologia Hibernica*, "and has suffered little from the effects of time. It stands almost as perfect as when first erected nine hundred years ago. The figures retain almost all their original sharpness and beauty of execution. Within the circular head of the cross, on its eastern face, our Saviour is represented sitting in judgment. A choir of angels occupy the arm to the right of the figure. Several hold musical instruments, among which is seen the ancient small and triangular Irish harp. The space to the left of our Saviour is crowded with figures, several of which are in an attitude of despair; an armed fiend is driving them from before the throne. The compartment immediately beneath bears a figure weighing in a pair of huge scales a smaller figure, the balance seeming to preponderate in his favor. One who appears to have been weighed and found wanting is lying beneath the scales in an attitude of terror. The next compartment beneath represents apparently the adoration of the wise men. The star above the head of the infant Christ is distinctly marked. The third compartment contains several figures, the action of which we do not understand. The signification of the sculpture of the next following compartment is also very obscure. A figure seated upon a throne or chair is blowing a horn, and soldiers with conical helmets, broad-bladed swords, and with small circular shields appear crowding in. The fifth and lowest division illustrates the Temptation and the Expulsion. An inscription in Irish, upon the lower part of the shaft, desires "a prayer for Muiredach, by whom was made this cross."

We can imagine how, when this masterpiece was pronounced finished by the gifted artist, the chiefs and abbots, the bards and warriors, the monks and priests, and may be many a rival sculptor, crowded around it, full of wonder and admiration for what they must have considered a truly glorious, nay, unequalled work. And Muiredach most certainly was not refused the boon he craved.

We have mentioned pillar-stones, and though they do not belong to the Christian vestiges of the Island of Saints, still they are so mingled with the holier relics that they cannot be passed over in silence. Obscure, mysterious in their origin, many hypotheses have been formed respecting them by the learned, and they have been supposed by turns to be landmarks, idols, or monumental stones. Some of the Irish pillar-stones are inscribed with the Ogham character, a kind of writing believed to have been in use in Ireland before the introduction of Christianity. Stones very similar, but perforated, are also found in Ireland, in Scotland, and even, it is said, in India. What may have been their origin is completely unknown.

The most remarkable of the pillar-stones is found at the celebrated hill of Tara, in the county of Meath. Dr. Petrie thinks that this monument is the famous Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, upon which, for many ages, the kings of Ireland were crowned, and which is generally supposed to have been removed from Ireland to Scotland for the coronation of Fergus Mac Eark, an Irish prince—a prophecy having declared that in whatever country this stone was

preserved, a king of the Scotic (ancient Irish) race should reign. The learned Doctor refers to some MSS., not earlier certainly than the tenth century, in which the stone is mentioned as still existing at Tara. “If this authority may be relied on,” says Mr. Wakeman, “the stone carried away from Scotland by Edward the First, and now preserved in Westminster Abbey, under the coronation chair, has long attracted a degree of celebrity to which it was not entitled, while the veritable Lia Fail, the stone which, according to the early bardic accounts, *roared* beneath the ancient Irish monarchs at their inauguration, remained forgotten and diregarded among the green raths of deserted Tara.” Deserted Tara! thirteen centuries have passed away since the kings and chiefs of Ireland were wont to assemble in the royal city—

> “Tara, where the voice of music sung,
> And many a harp and cruit responsive rung,
> And many a bard, in high heroic verse,
> The deeds of heroes gloried to rehearse.
> And many a shell went round, and loud and long
> Rose the full chorus of the festive song.
> Ah! who can tell how beautiful were they—
> The Fenian chiefs—how joyous, young, and gay!
> Each stood a champion on the battle-field,
> And but with life the victory would yield.”

Thirteen centuries have passed away since the work of decay began, and nothing now remains of its ancient grandeur. All has been swept away, save some faint indications of the site of the noble banqueting-hall, whose magnificence was so vaunted in bardic song and story, and the raths upon which the principal habitations stood.

These raths or duns, which are found in every part of Ireland, often consist of only a circular intrenchment, but most frequently form a steep mound, flat at the top and strongly intrenched. The works usually enclosed a piece of ground upon which, it is presumed, the houses of lesser importance stood, the mound being occupied by the dwelling of the chief. The circular enclosures generally contain excavations of a beehive form, lined with uncemented stones, and connected by passages sufficiently large to admit a man. These chambers or artificial caverns are supposed to have been store-houses for food and treasure, and places of refuge for the women and children in time of war.

In the centre of the principal mound of Tara, the Forradh, now stands the Lia Fail—the great pillar-stone—the stone of destiny—moved from its primitive site to its present in order to mark the grave—“the croppies’ grave,” it is called—of some men killed in an encounter with British troops during the rising in 1798.

By the side of the hoary ruins of the earlier monastic houses is almost invariably seen one of those singular and, for many centuries, mysterious edifices, the Round Towers. The question of the origin and uses of these remarkable vestiges long occupied the attention of antiquaries. They were supposed to have been built by the Danes, or to have a Phœnician or Indo-Scythic origin, and to have contained the sacred fire from whence all the fires in the kingdom were annually rekindled. There were almost as many theories concerning them as there were towers, and each succeeding theory appeared to involve the subject in deeper mystery than ever—a mystery that was proverbial until dispelled for ever by the learned Dr. Petrie. This gentleman has decided that the towers are of Christian and of ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries—that they were designed to answer, at least, a twofold use, namely, to serve as belfries, and as keeps, or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics to whom they belonged could retire for security in cases of sudden attack; and that they were probably also used, when occasion required, as beacons and watch-towers. These conclusions were arrived at after a long and patient investigation of the architectural peculiarities of the Round Towers, and also of the religious structures generally found in connection with them, and the vexed question is at rest.

The sites of a hundred and eighteen of these buildings have been discovered, the greater number in ruins; indeed, of some only the foundations remain; others are almost perfect in external shape. They vary from eighty to a hundred and ten feet in height, tapering gradually to the summit, and terminated by a high conical stone roof. The Tower of Clondalkin, near Dublin, is nearly perfect; but perhaps the most noble example is found at Monasterboice, where it combines, with the magnificent crosses we have described, and the ivy-grown ruined churches, to form a group of sacred antiquities unsurpassed in interest and picturesque beauty.

Frightful as were the devastations of the Danes in Ireland—the unhappy land bore the brunt of their fury—and frequent as was the pillage of religious property, there have been found many beautiful relics of sacred objects belonging to the sacked and ravaged abbeys and churches. In newly-ploughed lands, in the beds of rivers, in the heaps of crumbled stones around the ruins, in the bogs have been discovered, among many other interesting evidences of early Irish civilization, pastoral crooks and crosiers, chalices of stone and of silver, and ancient quadrangular bells of bronze and of iron. These last appear to have been in use in Ireland as early as the time of St. Patrick. Some of them, we are told by Cambrensis, were so highly reverenced that both clergy and laity were more afraid of

swearing falsely by them than by the Gospels—“because of some hidden and miraculous power with which they were gifted, and by the vengeance of the saint to whom they were particularly pleasing, their despisers and transgressors were severely punished.”

The crooks and crosiers are in general of exquisite workmanship, exhibiting a profusion of ornament of extreme beauty. Among these relics has been found one which affords the most striking evidence of the proficiency that Irish artificers had arrived at in many of the arts previous to the arrival of the English. It is known as the Cross of Cong, and was made at Roscommon, by native Irishmen, about the year 1123, in the reign of Turlogh O’Connor, father of Roderich, the last king of Ireland. The form is most elegant, and it is completely covered with minute and elaborate ornaments, a portion worked in pure gold. The ornaments are, for the most part, tracery and grotesque animals fancifully combined, and similar in character to the decorations found upon crosses of stone of the same period. In the centre, at the intersection, is set a large crystal, through which is visible a piece of the true cross, as inscriptions in Irish and Latin distinctly record.

The copies of the Gospels and of the sacred writings which had been used by the saints of Erin were often preserved by their successors enclosed in cases of yew, or some wood equally durable. Some of these deeply-interesting evidences of Irish piety and learning have come down to us, and are to be seen in the collection of the Royal Irish Accademy at Dublin. One of them, the Caah, is a box about nine inches long and eight broad, formed of brass plates riveted together, and ornamented with gems and chasings of gold and silver. It contains a rude wooden box enclosing a copy of the ancient Vulgate translation of the Psalms in Latin, written on vellum, and, it is believed, by the hand of Saint Columbkille, “the Apostle of the Picts.” It seems to have been handed down in the O’Donnell family, to which the great saint belonged.

Another most interesting relic, also in the collection of the Academy, is the Domnach Airgid, which contains, beyond a doubt, a considerable portion of the copy of the holy Gospels used by Saint Patrick, and presented to him by Saint Macarthen. This MS. has three covers; the first and most ancient, of yew; the second, of copper plated with silver; and the third, of silver plated with gold.

Beautiful—sadly, solemnly beautiful—are the remains of Ireland’s ancient grandeur; but though her splendor may have passed away; though she be no longer “the school of Christendom”; though her abbeys and monasteries, her churches and towers and sculptured crosses, lie mostly heaps of wayside ruins, still her faith, her wondrous faith, is fresh and strong as in those bygone ages. As it was in those days of old when the fervent piety of her sons led them to distant lands, apostles of religion and science, so is Ireland’s faith now, warm and active as ever. In all her struggles, in all her sorrows, her faith has stood by her side to minister consolation and to ward off despair.

O lovely, unhappy isle! “thou chief of reliquaries,” though thy shamrock be watered with tears, still thou hast the better part!

“And if of every land the guest,
Thine exile back returning
Finds still one land unlike the rest,
Discrowned, disgraced, and mourning,
Give thanks! Thy flowers, to yonder skies
Transferred, pure airs are tasting;
And, stone by stone, thy temples rise
In regions everlasting!”

Will “the bound and suffering victim” ever again breathe freely?—will religious freedom and political freedom ever again stand hand in hand on the dewy turf of Erin?—will the Lia Fail ever again roar beneath the seat of an independent Irish ruler?—these are questions which Time alone can answer. But whatever fate may be reserved for long-tried Ireland in the future, however disconsolate her present, every Irishman’s heart should glow with pride and love when he remembers the glory of her early days—glory such as no other country ever possessed—glory of which no centuries of relentless tyranny can deprive her—the glory of having been, when all was dark around, the home of learning and the fatherland of saints!

THE LEGENDS OF OISIN, BARD OF ERIN,

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

II.

THE DEATH OF OSCAR.[80]

“Sing us once more of Gahbra’s fight,
Old bard, that fight where fell thy son:”
Thus Patrick spake to vexed Oisin,
And the old man’s wrath was gone.

“Thou of the crosier white! whoe’er
Had seen that plain with carnage spread.
Or friend or foe, had wept for Eire,
And for her princes dead!

“There lay the arms of mighty chiefs:
There kings in death with helms unbound.
A field of doom it was; a place
By deadly spells girt round!

“Upon his left hand leaned my son:
His shield lay broken by his side:
His right hand clutched his sword: the blood
Rushed from him like a tide.

“I stayed my spear-shaft on the ground:
O’er him I stooped on bended knee:
On me my Oscar turned his eyes:
He stretched his hands to me.

“To me my Oscar spake—my son—
The dying man, and all but dead:
‘Thou liv’st! For this I thank the gods!
O father!’ thus he said.

“‘Rememberest thou that day we fought
Far westward at the Sith of Mor?’
Caoilte spake: ‘I healed thee then,
Though deep thy wounds and sore:—

“‘No cure there lives for wounds like these.’”
Here ceased the lamentable sound.
Five steps the old man moved apart;
Then dashed him on the ground.

“My Oscar stared upon his wounds;
To fields long past his thoughts took flight:
‘My son, I cried, thou hadst not died
If Fionn had ruled the fight!’

“O Patrick! I have sung thee lays,
Emprize of others, or my own;
Where he was bravest all were brave;
But his, and his alone,

“The gracious ways, the voice that smiled,
The heart so loving and so strong:
The women laughed my harp to hear;
They wept at Oscar’s song!

“All night we watched the dying man:
To staunch his blood we strove in vain:
We heard the demon-loaded wind
Along the mountain strain.

“All night we propped him with our spears:
To staunch his blood we strove in vain:
Till, drenched in falling floods, the moon
Went down beyond the plain.

“Alas! the dawning of that morn,
My Oscar’s last! With barren glare
It flashed along the broken arms,

And the red pools here and there.

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“Then saw we pacing from afar,
A kingly form, a shape of woe:
King Fionn it was that toward us moved
With measured footsteps slow:

“King Fionn himself; and far behind
Came many warriors more of Fail,[81]
Down-gazing on Baoigne’s clan,
Death-cold, and still, and pale.

“There lay all dumb the men of might;
There, foot to foot, the foemen, strewn
Like seaweed lines on stormy shores,
Or forests overblown!

“Oh! then to hear that cry far borne
On gales new-touched with morning frost
As though he heard it not, the king
Came, striding o’er that host,

“Seeking the bodies of his sons.
So on he strode through fog and mist;
And we to meet him moved; for now
That Fionn it was we wist.

“‘All hail to thee, King Fionn! all hail!’
He answered naught, but onward passed
Until he reached that spot where lay
My Oscar sinking fast.

“‘Late, late thou com’st: yet thou art here.’
Then answered Fionn, ‘Alas the day!
My reign is done since thou art gone,
And all this host is clay.’

“My Oscar gazed upon his face:
He heard the words his grandsire said:
He heard, nor spake: his hand down fell;
And his great spirit fled.

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“Then all the warriors, far and near,
Save one that wept, and Fionn, my sire,
Three times upraised a cry that rang
O’er all the land of Eire.

“Fionn turned from us his face that hour:
We knew that tears adown it crept:
Never, except for Bran his hound,
The king till then had wept.

He shed no tear above his son;
Tearless he saw his brother die:
He wept to see my Oscar dead,
And the warriors weeping nigh.

“This is the tale of Gahbra’s fight,
Where all the monarchs warred on one;
Where they that wrecked him shared his fate,
And Erin’s day was done.

“On Gahbra’s field the curse came down:
Our voice is changed from that of men:
We sigh by night; we sigh by day:
We learned that lesson then.

Oh! many a prince was laid that day
In narrow cairn and lonely cave:
But all the fair-famed Rath thenceforth
Became my Oscar’s grave.

Patrick, I pray the Lord of Life—
Patrick, do thou his grace implore—
That death may still my heart ere long:
This night my pain is sore.”

[80] The substance of this poem will be found among the translations of the Irish Ossianic Society.

[81] “Inisfail”—Ireland.

THE PLACE VENDOME AND LA ROQUETTE.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF THE COMMUNE.

FROM LE CORRESPONDANT.

Concluded.

When we arrived at La Roquette, as there were no steps by which to descend from the cart, the national guardsmen, who had not insulted us, aided the laymen in getting out, but when it came to the turn of the priests they refused their assistance. They shut us up for more than an hour and a half in a narrow room which could scarcely hold us. It was nearly five hours since we left our cells at Mazas. Some aged priests—pardon these common details concerning the sufferings of all kinds we underwent—asked to be shown to a retired place. After making them wait a long time, they placed a repulsive bucket in the middle of the room. During our whole stay at La Roquette, a hundred soldiers, ten ecclesiastics, and some national guardsmen had no other—what the English and Germans call by a modest euphemism "a closet or privy"—than an article of the same kind, placed in the middle of an infectious apartment in the third story, and I was suffering from an inflammation of the bowels, brought on by want of exercise, of nourishment, and of sleep.

The time passed in this anteroom was not lost. We became acquainted and we encouraged one another. In the school of misfortune, people learn to be communicative, and to overlook differences of age and social rank. Those who did not anticipate any imminent danger were undeceived. We will add, to show how profoundly hope is graven in the heart of man, that the strongest pessimists easily yielded to the influence of the optimists. Not one was wanting in firmness and patience.

At last the door of the anteroom opened, and a citoyen with red pantaloons, a red girdle, and red cravat called over the prisoners. It was Citoyen François, the Director of La Roquette. Those familiar with the history of Paris know that, at the end of the Empire, the post of the sapeurs-pompiers of La Villette was taken by assault by a handful of demagogues, who killed several sapeurs-pompiers. The leaders of the insurrection were no other than *General* Eudes, a member of the Commune, and Citizen François, the warden of La Roquette. The citizen-director of Mazas had still greater claims on the confidence of the Commune. It will be seen that the hostages were well guarded.

La Grande-Roquette, so called to distinguish it from La Petite-Roquette, which is opposite, and where young prisoners are confined, is the prison of those condemned to death and to the *travaux forcés*. It is divided into two distinct parts: the eastern and western buildings. Separated by a spacious interior court, they are united on the street by a third building, in the lower part of which is the jailer's office; and, on the opposite side, by a sufficiently large chapel, which was, of course, closed and stript of all the exterior emblems they could destroy.

Some of us were confined in the first story of the western building where the hostages were who came the night before. The second and third stories were occupied by those sentenced by the court of assize of the Seine.

The remainder, and I was of the number, were sent to the third story of the eastern building. The first story was occupied by about forty Parisian guardsmen, prisoners of the Commune; the second story by a somewhat larger number of *sergents de ville*, who were found at Montmartre in the affair of the eighteenth of March. In consequence of the defection of a part of the line, they fell into the power of the insurgents. There were also on the same story a dozen artillerymen, likewise prisoners. The third story, where I was conducted with seven ecclesiastics and three laymen, was already occupied by a hundred soldiers, some of whom, on their way through Paris at the time of the proclamation of the Commune, refused to serve it, and others had been taken prisoners in the engagements between the insurgents and the regular army. The following night, three vicars from Belleville and St. Ambroise were imprisoned with us.

The cells of La Roquette are extremely plain. They are about one mètre and a few centimètres wide and two and a half metrès long. No chair, no table: the only article of furniture is an iron bedstead. Neatness is the least thing to be remarked concerning them. It was very evident that several generations of criminals had occupied them without rendering them any more agreeable. This was not all. The first night I found myself among two kinds of insects whose names are unmentionable. When in the warm climes of the East, and in the villages of Southern Spain, I found myself *aux prises* with these nocturnal enemies, I had at least the consolation of lighting my taper, of complaining the next day to the hostess, and of changing my room or the inn. But at La Roquette none of these things was possible. Having no chair to sit on, I remained seated on my bed.

I must, however, mention one advantage at La Roquette of which we were deprived at Mazas: the cellular discipline was not as rigorous. The prisoners could at certain moments of the day see each other in the court, or in the passage of the story they occupied. Each window lights two cells separated by a strong partition, but between the partition and the grating of the window, common to both cells, is a space through which the occupants can

talk, and even pass a book. I could thus exchange some pious thoughts and fortifying resolutions with my neighbor, the Abbé Amodru. During the day we spoke of God, of death, eternity, of the assistance we could render our companions: during the night, we regarded with horror the lugubrious fires that seemed to be devouring the whole city.

The very night of our arrival, a battery of seven large marine pieces set up at Père-la-Chaise began to discharge shells and petroleum-bombs on different parts of Paris. As it was only a few mètres from our prison, it shook our cells and stunned us with the frightful detonation, and the whir of the projectiles passing above our heads. This battery did not cease its incendiary work till the following Saturday, the twenty-seventh of May, at half-past three, the moment when the regular army gained possession of the cemetery. Some days before my arrest, Citizen Delescluze declared in a proclamation, little noticed, that the miserable advocates of the government of the fourth of September, ready in words to defend us against the Prussians behind the forts, ramparts, and barricades, had given everything up to them; but the Communists would show themselves faithful to their plan of defence against the royalists—“after the ramparts, the barricades; after the barricades, the houses; after the houses, fire and the mine.” This great criminal should have kept his word.

We were permitted on Wednesday morning to hold communication with one another. But the director gave the strictest orders that there should be none whatever between us and the soldiers. When the soldiers were not in one of the courts of the prison, we were shut up in our cells.

I observed M. l’Abbé Beyle, one of Mgr. Darboy’s vicar-generals, in one of the windows of the first story of the western building. He immediately recognized me, and informed me by some intelligible signs that the hostages would have recreation together in one of the courts, and that M. Deguerry would be very glad to see me and obtain news of the parish of the Madeleine.

At noon the wardens ordered us to descend. I was affected at the thought that I was about to see our archbishop and vicar-generals, my curé, and some of my friends belonging to the clergy and religious orders of Paris. I stationed myself before the door through which they would come out of the western building. The archbishop was the first to appear. He was hardly recognizable, such frightful ravages had privations and sufferings wrought on his frail and delicate constitution. He was immediately surrounded by the priests of the eastern building. The laymen were not less eager to manifest their respectful sympathy. While he was addressing me a friendly word, and I was kissing his hand, M. Deguerry entered the court. I had been for ten years one of his vicars at the Madeleine. Knowing his great need of an active life and a certain impressionability of his character, I expected to find him enfeebled, discouraged, and ill after two months’ confinement in the cell of a prison. Happily, there was nothing of the kind. His face was fresh and healthy, and his conversation cheerful and enlivening. In spite of his seventy-four years, he was as erect as ever. He, as well as the archbishop, had undergone much suffering, but privations and trials had made no inroads upon his strong constitution.

With the exception of a quarter of an hour I passed with Mgr. Surat, Père Olivaint, M. Bayle, M. Petit, the chief secretary of the archbishop, M. Moléon, the curé of St. Séverin, and some other *confrères*, I passed the whole time of recreation with M. Deguerry. He was desirous of news concerning his clergy and parish. The closing of the Madeleine greatly distressed him, but, when he heard that nothing had been injured or desecrated, he resumed his serenity. He said little of the humiliating treatment of Raoul Rigault, and the *ennui* and sufferings of his long imprisonment in the cells of Mazas. So far from retaining any bitterness in his heart, he wished “to consecrate *the few years he still had to live* in doing as much good as possible to those who had been persecuting the clergy and injuring the cause of religion; in adapting the charities and the ministry of the times to the exceptional wants of Paris; and in showing that by abandoning Jesus Christ and his holy teachings, peoples, as well as individuals, only meet with deceptive illusions and material and moral ruin.”

We quote these words to show that M. Deguerry had no grave fears respecting his situation. The archbishop and he both knew that the death of the hostages had been discussed by the Commune, but they were convinced that these threats would never be executed. What reasons had they for such an assurance? Had they received an absolute promise? Were they ignorant of the revolutionary orgies of Paris, and the brutal hatred of its tyrants? Did they think, having nothing to reproach themselves for, that no one could conceive the idea of putting them to death? I was vainly endeavoring to find an explanation of this assurance when Mgr. Darboy joined us.

If his health was affected and his body enfeebled, his mind was undoubtedly clear and sagacious. He not only took broad and correct views of the events and men of the times, but he displayed an acuteness almost caustic. The consciousness of his ecclesiastical dignity and his intellectual strength suggested to him many observations, full of animation and reality, respecting the incredible humiliations that he had received from Raoul Rigault and other heroes of the club, or *estaminet*, who thought they were aggrandizing themselves and acquiring claims on the admiration of posterity by their absurdity and impertinence. He bitterly deplored the weakening of the public sense of respect for authority, and thought, without a reformation in this respect, Paris and the whole of France would never recover from their misfortunes. To support these observations, Mgr. Darboy recalled the conclusion

of one of his last pastoral letters, in which he predicted that, if society, persisted in disregarding the precepts of the Gospel and abandoning the principles of religion and morality, it would be liable to a terrible overthrow.

I, in my turn, recalled to his recollection that a democratic journal had not hesitated to condemn this language as bearing the impress of exaggeration, so desirous was it that Paris should be divested of all religious belief or practice. He remembered the article spoken of, and seemed pleased to hear it quoted.

The archbishop knew I had only been arrested the week before, and was aware that, in consequence of my former functions, I had frequent intercourse with the political world. After questioning me respecting the religious condition of Paris and the parish affairs, and inquiring about Mgr. Buquet, who, notwithstanding his great age and notoriety, had bravely remained at Paris, rendering quite providential service in the diocesan administration, of which he was the only member free after the arrest and incarceration of M. Jourdain at the Conciergerie, and M. Icard at the Prison de la Santé, Mgr. Darboy added, in a tone that excluded all personal preoccupation:

“What is thought of the situation and fate of the hostages in the political world of Paris?”

“Thanks to the confidence inspired by the Commune, honest men, monseigneur, are daily taking flight. When the committee of public safety came to prove my mistake in not following in their traces, I only knew four persons in Paris with whom I could converse, and that rarely, on the events of the day:—M. L——, the chief secretary of the Crédit Foncier; M. G——, a former deputy from Seine-et-Marne; the Count de L——, an old officer; and M. G——, the president of the Conseil de Fabrique, at St. Eustache, imprisoned for a short time, though eighty-four years old, because a supply of bread and meat was found at his house which he had the boldness to distribute to the poor of the Quartier des Halles. If, therefore, you wish to know the impressions of the political and diplomatic world now at Paris, you will be nearly reduced to mine, and it is a question if my modest *régal* could tempt monseigneur’s appetite.”

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“I perceive,” said Mgr. Darboy, smiling, “that the Commune has not had any time to depress your spirits. I am waiting for an answer to my question.”

“All persons of honesty and intelligence condemn your arrest, monseigneur, and that of the other hostages. Only the Prussians and the Commune are capable of reviving this barbarous custom. I have been assured that the representatives of several foreign powers have taken steps to free you from danger, and doubtless the government at Versailles, in the impossibility of directly intervening, will consider it a duty to encourage these efforts.”

“I was aware of this,” replied the archbishop with marked satisfaction. “It was doubtless under this diplomatic pressure that Protot declared to me that, if the Commune had taken hostages, it was in obedience to the brutal requirements of the lowest demagogues, and if they should possibly consider an execution necessary, they would choose one or two officers of the peace, or *sergents de ville*, and by no means a member of the clergy. As for the rest, I have entire confidence in the goodness of God and the testimony of my conscience.”

As Mgr. Darboy ended these words, at about half-past two, the warden, who guarded us, gave the signal for returning to our cells. His confidence astonished me, and would have diminished my apprehensions if, after my transfer to La Roquette, I had not firmly resolved not to yield to my illusions. And afterwards, in writing an account of this final interview to an eminent friend of the archbishop and my curé, I said: “While they seemed to have no fears, I had no hope.”

This was on Wednesday, the twenty-fourth of May. Some time after, about seven o’clock, I observed, through the bars of my cell, a strange movement in the large interior court. There was a great difference between Mazas and La Roquette. At Mazas, the prison discipline was in sufficient vigor, but at La Roquette there was no order and no discipline. This prison, placed between the Faubourgs St. Antoine, Ménilmontant, and Charonne, was at the mercy of all the wild beasts of these quarters, who knocked around and roared without any restraint. Some men of sinister appearance went from the office to the western building where the first hostages were kept, some armed with revolvers and others carrying mysterious documents. The director of the prison, with his red girdle and pantaloons, gave, or rather received, orders with an air that might be regarded as embarrassed or satisfied, according to one’s idea of his principles. The bad wardens did not conceal their joy, the good ones disappeared in consternation. A citoyen of imperious manners and wild aspect, before whom some bowed and others trembled, proceeded like a man in a fit of madness or intoxication towards the western building. I had not then sufficient presence of mind to recognize him, but I was convinced afterwards that it was Ferré; others, with less probability, declare it was Raoul Rigault. These two rivals of Robespierre would figure equally well at the post of infamy.

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Most of the windows were closed in the first story of the western part facing us, where the principal hostages were incarcerated; a few were open, revealing empty cells. At the same time, the windows of the second and third stories, occupied by those condemned by the court of assize, were filled with prisoners who were wondering, with a lively curiosity, at the meaning of the unusual spectacle which had struck us.

My anxiety became more and more intense, when I saw an officer of the insurgents half open the door that led from the court to the office, and say, with a solemn voice: “Are the *hommes de guerre* ready?” Without being thoroughly initiated into the military language, I understood they were about to shoot the whole or a part of us. I threw myself on my knees to implore God to grant us all strength and courage. A few minutes past eight, I was stunned by a horrible firing. Six almost simultaneous discharges of chassepots, succeeded by some single reports, resounded in the prison court. A deadly silence succeeded this noise, and revealed to me that only a few steps distant had been committed one of those monstrous crimes that constitute an epoch in the history of the human race.

From the prayers for the dying I passed to the prayers for the dead. Never had I so thoroughly sounded the depths of God’s mercy. I no longer conjured him, but claimed an indemnification, worthy of him, for the victims of so base and execrable an outrage. I never could have survived this excess of man’s iniquity, if I had not felt myself sustained by an assurance of the eternal goodness and justice of God.

When I rose, the mournful noise of the clarions and drums, and the dismal rumbling of a cart towards Charonne, seemed to put an end to this tragedy.

Wednesday night was truly a night of torture for me. Every instant the outer and inner doors of the prison were opened to bring in, or carry away, victims. A court martial, or rather banditti under the guise of judges, held a session in the office. The unfortunate men, who were suspected of “complicity with the *chouans* at Versailles,” or who refused to die for the Commune under the orders of old criminals, were mercilessly sacrificed. With the sound of drums and trumpets mingled the noise of the carriages that brought the suspected to La Roquette, and carried to Père-la-Chaise those who had been shot, and the bombs *à pétrole*. At the same time the cemetery battery did not cease its thunder, and the flames that were consuming the monuments of Paris cast their lurid gleams into our cells. Let the reader for a moment take my place, and he will feel that no description could equal so overwhelming a spectacle.

Being on the eastern side of the prison, which has no direct communication with the western, I was still ignorant on Thursday morning of the names of the victims of the night before. Two faithful wardens came at an early hour to announce the fatal news, and give me nearly the same details of this sad drama. According to them, the emissaries of the Commune were the only witnesses of the execution: it was therefore difficult to obtain a precise, and, especially, a complete account. One of these wardens, who went as near as he could to the place of execution, received orders to aid the executioners in placing the bodies upon a cart which was to take them to a corner of Charonne, at the extremity of Père-la-Chaise. It is to his details, and those of other wardens, and the prisoners of the western side, that I owe the following particulars.

An emissary of the préfecture of police presented himself with some armed insurgents in the first story of the western side, uttering horrible threats: “The royalists are assassinating the republicans: it is horrible! it must be stopped!” Then taking a list marked with a red pencil, he cried in a loud voice: “Citoyen Darboy! citoyen Deguerry! citoyen Bonjean! citoyen Ducoudray! citoyen Clerc! citoyen Allard!” They were the six victims given up to the jury of frenzied demagogues. Everybody knows the three first. Père Ducoudray, of the Society of Jesus, was the superior of an educational establishment in the old Rue des Postes, and devoted himself to the formation of good Christians and good Frenchmen; Père Clerc, also a Jesuit, and formerly a naval officer, was one of the directors of the same establishment; and the Abbé Allard, an old apostolic missionary, who had been devoting his time to the service of the ambulances and still wore the armlet and cross of the international society of Geneva.

Each one replied in a firm and resigned voice: “Present.” I learned the next day from Mgr. Surat, the first vicar-general of Paris, that the Jesuit fathers had received two days before some consecrated hosts, and the Fathers Ducoudray and Clerc were able at this critical moment to give themselves the Holy Communion. They also gave him two sacred hosts at the arrival of their murderers, one of which he offered M. Deguerry, who thus met death with the Christian fortitude and the boundless trust that the bread of life confers.

In going down, Mgr. Darboy and M. Bonjean, who showed an invincible firmness to the end, locked arms.

They were all overwhelmed with gross insults on their way to the place of execution. An obscure corner had been chosen, on the circular railway that separates the main prison from the outer ramparts. The victims were able to give one another encouragement and final absolution and benediction. Some words have been attributed to the archbishop, the authenticity of which I cannot vouch for: I am not even sure that he spoke at all. It is very probable that, in the presence of death, they preserved a religious recollection, replying only by their silence and forgiveness to the insults of their murderers. What is beyond doubt, they all displayed an unalterable calmness and dignity.

Their murderers could not have been numerous, or else their state of intoxication and fury must have prevented their correctness of aim. Some of their victims, in fact, received only two shots. When their bodies were discovered, I had that of M. Deguerry examined by three physicians—Drs. de Beauvais, Moissenet, and Raynaud. A round ball had passed through one side of the eye into the skull, where it was imbedded in the fractured bones. It is preserved

at the Madeleine. The other ball passed through one of the lungs. The physicians thought that his death must have been instantaneous. At the moment of being shot, M. Deguerry, with an impulse in accordance with his military turn, opened his cassock and exposed his chest to the aim of his murderers; the ball which entered his lung only passed through the back part of his cassock.

The wardens informed me that, before throwing the bodies into the cart, they were stripped of a part of their clothes, which were burned on the place of execution. I can testify to the exactitude of this, having twice seen the spots covered with the burning clothes. I also ascertained that the money of the six victims was afterward stolen from their cells, and their books and papers cast into the fire. Some weeks after a half-burned breviary was seen in one of the closets of the ante-room of La Roquette. It is thus the Commune respected the last wishes and testamentary dispositions of its victims.

Those who were shot on Wednesday and the following days, and all the prisoners whom the committee of public safety reserved for the same fate, were victims of their devotedness to two noble and grand causes. They were persecuted through hatred of religion, the abolition of which the Commune had inscribed in its sacrilegious programme, and through hatred of the country represented by the French army and the national assembly at Versailles, who were defending order, liberty, honor, civilization, and the faith against barbarians.

After the massacre on Wednesday, the hostages could entertain no further illusion as to their fate. This was only the commencement of a bloody drama. Everything convinced me it would only end with the last of the hostages. Then we entered upon a long agony of four days, the sad changes in which no human tongue could describe. I will confine myself to enumerating without comment the most remarkable incidents.

On Thursday noon, we were allowed recreation together in the same court as the day before. Our faces were sadder, but our hearts were as courageous. The laymen manifested a cordial sympathy for the clergy and a like serenity. It was evident that all put their confidence in God—a confidence that is not vain. I conversed twenty minutes with Père Olivaint. Smitten in his dearest affections, he still had a gracious smile on his lips. I will not attempt to depict the expression of his face or repeat his conversation. His face had something about it truly supernatural, and his words were those of an angel. At the proposition of Mgr. Surat, M. Bayle, and Père Olivaint, the priests made a vow, if God would deign to snatch them from the jaws of death, to celebrate a Mass of thanksgiving in honor of the Blessed Virgin on the first Saturday of every month for the space of three years. I noticed among the laymen a face familiar to me. I inquired his name. It was that of one of the most intelligent and most courageous commissaires de police. It was he whom the government appointed in January, 1864, to make me a domiciliary visit and seize my papers, by way of expiating my support of M. Thiers as a candidate, and my opposition to the measures that had brought destruction on the empire and threatened at this very moment to cover Paris with blood and ruins. By a strange freak of fortune, our struggles in opposite directions had brought us to the same fate, which neither of us had hardly anticipated. If I had not been afraid of recalling a delicate remembrance, I would have assured him of my absolute forgiveness and of my devoted regards. Towards the end of our recreation, one of the shells from the battery of Père-la-Chaise broke, with a loud explosion, a stone in the wall under which we were walking. In ordinary times we should have shuddered and taken flight, but now it scarcely excited attention. In separating, we bade one another farewell till we met again—below, or in heaven: we did not know which.

In the evening we noticed fresh fires in Paris, and learned that the insurgents were setting fire to all the monuments of those quarters where they had been repulsed by the army of Versailles. These fires distressed and exasperated me. Forgetting the danger I was in, I broke out in bitter complaints before my companions, who could not succeed in calming me. I was indebted to the heroes of petroleum, picrate, and glycerine for the only moments of irritation and despondency I felt during my captivity.

That morning they shot M. Jecker, the celebrated Mexican banker, in the court of La Roquette, and in the evening a refactory national guardsman against the outer wall. I comprehended the execution of the latter, but that of M. Jecker would have seemed to me an atrocious logogriph, if we had been on earth and not in the realm of demons. At eight o'clock, a warden notified M. Amodru and myself to descend to be shot. "*Finitum est*," "All is finished," said my kind neighbor to me. We knelt down by the window common to both cells, and gave each other absolution. The prisoners who understood the warden's order regarded us from their cells with curiosity. The most cynical laughed at the prayers we were making in view of immediate death. I put on my sacerdotal garments, wrote my relatives, friends, and *confrères* a few farewell lines, and read in my breviary the prayers of the dying. After half an hour, I learned they had made a mistake, and instead of exposing M. Amodru and myself to the range of loaded chassepots, two laymen were to be taken before a court-martial, which amounted to the same thing, if I except a pretence of trial. I learned later, from an under-officer and some *sergents de ville*, that the agents of the Commune announced, more than once, that prisoners were about to be shot, adding some time after with a malicious smile that they would lose nothing by waiting, and the ceremony was merely deferred till the next day.

I passed a part of the night in regarding the fires. The whole horizon was aflame toward

Bercy. The battery at Père-la-Chaise, encouraged by the progress of the flames, redoubled its violence. The firing of arms and the booming of the cannon at the same time resounded in the direction of Montmartre and the Hôtel de Ville. I wondered if I was awake or under the influence of a horrible nightmare. A complete exhaustion of physical strength prevented me from fully deciding. I only mention this strange sensation because my companions in captivity also experienced it.

On Friday morning, at an early hour, my neighbor and myself received a visit from one of the subaltern employees of the prison. At first we felt some confidence in him, and we gave him two or three francs a day, as much from a wish to do a kind act, as a reward for his services, which were in a state of project. It did not require profound sagacity to discover that he was at the bottom only a spy and an accomplice of the Commune. The equivocal manner in which he pretended to console us in relating the progress of the Versailles army, showed he had the highest ideas of our simplicity and candor. Finding us more depressed and reserved after the catastrophe of Wednesday, he said to us in that tone, at once bantering and polite, which the Parisian *voyou* has at command: “Is it possible you give credit to the stories in circulation respecting the death of the Archbishop of Paris and the Curé of the Madeleine? They are simply absurd. Some of the national guards, who had been drinking too much, [Pg 356] were amusing themselves in discharging their guns against the prison walls: I assure you, no one was shot.”

Then, knowing we were to undergo the same fate in a few hours, he eagerly proposed to the clergy of our story a lottery which, according to his delicate calculations, would procure him some profits without depriving him of the objects of art he was proud of fabricating. For eight days I was obliged to swallow such humiliations, which revealed poor human nature in quite a new aspect. The selfish proposition of this deceitful employee was rejected promptly, but we concluded to continue our daily gratuity, in gratitude for services he was always promising, and which were never performed.

When he left our story, he always went directly to the office to give an account of what he had seen or heard. We had not only to resist ferocity, but also craftiness and duplicity.

It was in the plans of the Commune that none of the hostages should escape death. The next Sunday, the first object that struck my eyes at the office of La Roquette was the list of their names. There was a horizontal mark against the names of those who were to be shot: when the execution was accomplished, they added a vertical mark, thus forming a cross. Every name had a horizontal line before it. If my memory does not deceive me, they followed the order of the list in the executions.

About two o’clock, three shells from the battery of Père-la-Chaise hit the prison roof only a few mètres above our heads, and covered the court with tiles and fragments of the chimneys. Some of the prisoners protested against the danger of these projectiles exploding in their closed cells and had the doors opened; others did not seem to heed the stunning incident: absorbed in prayer, they were more preoccupied with eternal than temporal things.

The shells that hit our prison were an indication of the rapid progress of the French troops, but this progress threw us into the most perplexing and intolerable of situations. We could only expect our safety from the Versailles army; we ought, then, in consideration of the general interests of civilization, and our own interests, to desire ardently its triumph. But it was no less evident that the nearer the army approached, the more imminent became our end. Thus the perspective which was our only hope of safety, inevitably announced at the same time our destruction. If the illimitable consolations of religion had not raised us above our misfortunes, we should have been a prey to the anticipated horrors of everlasting woe. In such cruel hours we comprehend the words of the God-Man, who, in the garden of Gethsemani and on Golgotha, drank to the dregs the chalice of all humiliations, all sorrows, and every kind of anguish, in order to sanctify them. “My God, my God, why hast thou abandoned me?” should not be separated from these other words, which exclude all despondency and presage a wonderful recompense: “Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!”

IV.

LA ROQUETTE—INSURRECTION—DELIVERANCE—CONCLUSION.

The close of the day on Friday was exceedingly gloomy. The same events took place in the interior court of the prison as on Thursday evening. At the sight of the mysterious agent who held a list in his hand, each one said to himself: “My name is probably inscribed on that list: [Pg 357] may God have mercy on me!” I again heard the fatal interrogation from the mouth of an insurgent officer: “Are the soldiers at their post?” From the cells in the building opposite some friendly hands indicated to us by signs that the number to be shot amounted to twelve, fifteen, sixteen!... It was hardly a fourth of those immolated to the hatred of the Commune. Unfortunately, the facts that each one witnessed were limited, as our horizon was restricted to the four corners of our cell, or at most to a part of the story we were in: each one, therefore, could only give some particulars of the changes of fortune and the victims executed.

On Saturday morning, one of the employees of the library, who manifested a solicitude beyond all praise, gave me, with tears in his eyes, the most minute details about the extent of the sad event. At five o'clock, an emissary of the Commune entered the first story of the western side, and called out: "Citoyens, attention to the roll: here, fifteen are wanted!" Among these victims were the Jesuit Fathers Olivaint, Caubert, and De Bengy; the four principal Fathers of the Society of Picpus: Abbé Sabattier, the second vicar of Notre Dame de Lorette: Abbé Seigneret, a young pupil of the Seminary of St. Sulpice; and Abbé Planchat, a genuine missionary, who displayed all the zeal of an apostle, not in China or Japan, but among the working-classes of the Faubourg St. Antoine. About forty gendarmes, soldiers, officers of the peace, and Parisian guardsmen were also summoned, the most of whom were imprisoned in the first story of our building to the east. They were conducted to Belleville, preceded by drums and trumpets, into one of the courts of the Rue Haxo. All the long way, a furious crowd, among whom women made themselves conspicuous by a frenzy bordering on drunkenness, vomited forth threats and imprecations. After shooting them with chassepots and revolvers, they mutilated their bodies with kicks and the butt-end of their muskets, and afterwards threw them pell-mell into a cellar, whence they were taken out three days after in a state of advanced putrefaction.

The most incredulous saw their last hour approaching, and I prepared myself once more to die. The insurgents stole or burned the things left in the cells. I placed my watch, papers, and my testamentary dispositions in the care of the employee at the library, with the names of the persons to whom he was to transmit them. I earnestly desired my body might receive a suitable burial, and, not knowing what means to take that it might be recognized, I communicated my anxiety to the Abbé Amodru, my neighbor. He had foreseen, and provided for, the difficulty, and, following his example, I wrote my name in legible characters upon several small slips of paper, which I put into my shoes and the different pockets of my habit.

It was the eve of Whit-Sunday. Having no longer the strength to kneel, I seated myself on my bed, and took sometimes my breviary, and then *The Following of Christ* in my hands. I prayed God for courage and a spirit of sacrifice. In reading the Thirtieth Psalm, I was struck with these words: "Let me not be confounded, O Lord, for I have called upon thee!... Thou shalt protect them in thy tabernacle from the contradiction of tongues. Blessed be the Lord, for he hath shown his wonderful mercy to me, a fortified city." But I immediately distrusted the hopes that so readily pervaded my soul I wished to remain facing the sad realities of death.

The constantly increasing noise of the firing announced the approach of the contending parties. The barricades of the Château d'Eau had been valiantly taken by the Versailles troops: the Commune, in session at the Mairie du Prince Eugène, was obliged to beat a retreat. By a great effort, the scattered members sucoeeded in gaining the office of La Roquette, to conduct the labors of the cosmopolitan banditti. Between the army of deliverance and us were still those men of blood, whose last ravings were so many decrees of death and incendiarism. It is said that Ferré sprang like a tiger about to lose his prey, crying in a hoarse voice: "Make haste! shoot them, the *chouans*! Cut their throats, the robbers! do not leave one standing! Citoyens and citoyennes of the faubourgs, come and avenge your sons and your fathers, basely assassinated!" The unhappy men had no time to lose; the Versailles troops, on the one hand, were entering the Boulevard du Prince Eugène; on the other, they surrounded Père-la-Chaise; but, by an intolerable fatality, the source of our safety was at the same time that of our destruction.

A few minutes past three, the heavy bolts of our cells flew back with unaccustomed quickness. I was on my knees, saying, with a voice almost extinct, the office of the Eve of Whit-Sunday. My neighbor quickly opened the door of my cell. "Courage," he said, "it is now our turn; they are going to take us all down to shoot us!"

"Courage," I replied, "and may the will of God be done!" I had on my clerical costume, and advanced into the corridor where priests, soldiers, and national guards were all mingled together. The priests and national guards appeared calm and resigned, but the soldiers could not believe in the fate that awaited them. "What have we done to those wretches? we fought against the Prussians! we fulfilled our duty! What are they going to shoot us for? No, it is not possible!" Some uttered cries of anger, others remained silent and motionless as if they were in a dream. The priests knelt to fortify themselves by a last absolution; one of them urged the soldiers to imitate us, and addressed them some words of encouragement.

A voice with a metallic ring suddenly rose above this confused noise: "My friends, those ignoble villains have already killed too many; do not allow yourselves to be murdered; join me; let us resist; let us fight. Rather than give you up, I will die with you!" It was the voice of the warden Pinet. This generous son of Lorraine, aghast at so many crimes, could no longer stifle his indignation. Charged to open our cells slowly and deliver us two by two to the insurgents, who were waiting for us below, he had fastened the door of the third story behind him, rapidly opened our cells to advise us and aid in organizing a resistance, ready to sacrifice his life in aiding us to save ours. At first, I could not believe in so much heroism. The Abbé Amodru spoke in his turn, and joined his protestations to those of Pinet: "Let us not submit to be shot, my friends, let us defend ourselves. Have confidence in God; he is for us and with us; he will save us!"

There was a difference of opinion; some hesitated. To defend ourselves, objected one, would

be madness; we should only incur a more cruel death. Instead of being simply shot, we shall be slaughtered by a mob or consumed in the flames. “Let us call up the national guards,” exclaimed a simple fellow (I had not believed such *naiveté* possible at La Roquette), “and prove to them that we are honest men, and not robbers and assassins.” “It is not *our* lives they wish,” cried a soldier, whose impartial truthfulness renders it obligatory on me to repeat his words, and who had as little discernment as moral sense, “it is only the *curés* they have a grudge against; let us not expose our lives in trying to defend theirs!”

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I had not yet uttered a word, but followed with an anxiety, easy to comprehend, the phases of this strange situation. Some of my brethren asked what there was to fear or to hope for. “The *sergents de ville* who are below are disposed to defend themselves,” cried the warden Pinet, whom the hesitation rendered more energetic and more eloquent. “Do not allow yourselves to be shot by that band of robbers.” I was already convinced that resistance, the success of which I thought more than improbable, was nevertheless the most suitable measure to be taken. From the eighteenth of March I had not ceased to protest against the silence and giving up of honest men to criminals; and to show myself to the end faithful to my programme, I emerged from my apparent inaction. M. Walbert, an old *officier de paix*, and the Abbé Carré, the Vicar of Belleville, suggested that a hole should be made in the floor to open communication with the *sergents de ville* imprisoned on the second story, and they immediately set to work with boards and iron rods that we wrenched from our beds. I joined them. I, who in the morning had no longer strength enough to stand, and who had not yet eaten a mouthful of bread, broke boards in pieces and twisted off the rods with irresistible facility! In five minutes a large opening was made between the second and third stories. The *sergents de ville* were ready to pay dearly for their lives. The under-officer Teyssier hoisted himself through the opening to aid Pinet in the command of the insurrection.

The interior court of the prison was crowded by an abject multitude come to witness our last sufferings. It is easier to imagine than to depict the appearance and the threats of this crowd. We put mattresses against the windows as a protection against bullets. There was a young man in the crowd who ordered us to come down, and aimed at us with a coolness that attracted my attention. “See that wretch,” said the warden Pinet to me, “he is one of the two condemned to death by the court of assize of the Seine!.”

“The barricade is on fire,” exclaimed some soldiers. “We are stifled! Help!”

Two enormous barricades had been constructed against the two doors of the story, with our beds and the flagstones torn up from the floor. I ran to the barricade on fire, and found myself in a cloud of smoke. “Do not be alarmed,” said a soldier, whose skill and presence of mind I admired, “I constructed the barricade, and took care to place only mattresses in front: bring me some water.” In fifteen minutes the fire was extinguished. I heard the insurgents, who sometimes threatened to set fire to our building, to blow it up, or order the batteries of Père-la-Chaise to fire at it: sometimes they perfidiously cried: “*Vive la ligne!* surrender, and we will set you free!” The massacres of those who trusted to their promises proved how sincere they were.

At that moment, something as unexpected as fortunate took place in the prison. While we were organizing a desperate resistance, and the soldiers, more bold than prudent, were crying, “Let us go down to the office, and boldly attack the Commune!” the Communists, frightened at our resistance and the rapid progress of the French army along the Boulevard du Prince Eugène, hastily fled from La Roquette in the direction of Belleville. The rabble, astonished at this sudden removal, were convinced of the great danger, and fled after them. The prisoners were restored to liberty, and naturally cried: *Vive la République! vive la Commune!*

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Availing themselves of this confusion, the lay hostages who were to have been shot with us escaped from La Roquette: almost all succeeded in crossing the barricades or hiding till the next day in the late haunts of insurrection. Some of the clergy imitated them; others, particularly Mgr. Surat, who was dressed as a layman, hesitated. The wardens, from motives more praiseworthy than prudent, urged them to fly. This course seemed to me disastrous. The neighborhood of the prison was in the hands of the insurgents, whose irritation knew no bounds. I thought it my duty to warn the first vicar-general of Paris, and said to him through the bars: “Take care; to leave is certain death; to remain, uncertain!” I ascertained afterwards that I had not been heard. In going out of the prison, he was murdered in a frightful manner, with M. Bécourt, the curé of Bonne Nouvelle; M. Houillon, a missionary of the Missions Etrangères, and a lay prisoner. Some priests succeeded in concealing themselves in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and some returned to the prison.

Notwithstanding the departure of the insurgents who were to put us to death, we were still exposed to sudden attack and every danger while the prison gates were unfastened. I therefore protested in violent terms to the two wardens, who, frightened at the terrible consequences that would result from a return of the insurgents, urged us strongly to descend and go out. “We will not go out,” I replied; “the Versailles troops will be here in a few hours: if any misfortune happens to us by your fault, on you will fall the responsibility. Fasten all the prison doors, and only open them to the Versaillais.”

They warmly reproached me for an obstinacy they thought must prove fatal to us, but they faithfully obeyed my orders.

At eleven o’clock at night, the firing, which was not far off, ceased. The frenzied demagogues without uttered powerless threats against us. We kept a strict guard, and seriously began to hope. At a quarter before three, the firing recommenced toward Père-la-Chaise. Every hour now seemed an age. There was a formidable barricade in the Rue de la Roquette in front of the prison. Attacked on the side of the Bastille, it would have opposed a formidable resistance on account of its steepness, but, owing to the winding and concentric course of the French army, the insurgents, stormed from the heights occupied by our troops, left the barricade in disorder, and a battalion of marines took possession of La Roquette. Our resistance, that at first was only madness, ended miraculously. It was the great festival of Whit-Sunday. After four days of the greatest agony that can be imagined, we were, contrary to all expectation, restored to life and liberty.

While some of the prisoners cried, “Vive l’armee! Vive la France!” the most of them, affected by want of sleep and the mental torture that no human tongue could express, persisted in regarding our liberators as insurgents disguised as marines. Then began a singular negotiation between the prisoners and the marines, in which the former, more incredulous than St. Thomas, saw nothing but snares, and the latter with immovable patience submitted to requirements that were almost puerile. The arms, flags, books, and papers of the battalion were demanded. The marines consented, but the prisoners, blinded and confused, were still far from being reassured concerning the identity of the marines.

Some of my companions and myself, who could not believe a disguise could be so perfect, were distressed at this prolonged hesitation, far from flattering to our courageous deliverers. We induced our companions to allow us to go out, that they might judge from our reception what course to take themselves. At the sight of the marines who rush toward us, not to massacre us, but to shake our hands and rejoice over our deliverance, the confidence of our companions revived, and they came to receive their share of cordial sympathy.

My surprise was great when I heard General Vinoy’s aide-de-camp eagerly inquire for Mgr. Darboy and M. Deguerry. “Where are they? How do they do?” It was four days since they were massacred by the Commune, and the frightful reality was still unknown at Versailles and Paris. Knowing the profound affection of the brave General Vinoy for the Archbishop of Paris, his aide-de-camp begged me to give him some correct details, which he immediately despatched to the general and to Versailles.

They were still fighting furiously around La Roquette. We were obliged to wait nearly an hour at the office, where we found, in fearful disorder, cartridges, cigars, swords, guns, proscription lists, proclamations, and the decrees of the expiring Commune, never to be issued.

Accompanied by an escort bearing before us the French flag, we set out in a body by the heights of the Faubourg St. Antoine, the Jardin des Plantes, and the quais on the left bank of the river, toward our homes. At each step we had to struggle against the most poignant emotions. Here, in the boulevards, were heaps of men and horses who had been killed, with pools of blood beside piles of cartridges and broken chassepots. There, trees were broken down and houses shattered by shells. The few inhabitants we met seemed confounded and in despair. Further on, we uttered a cry of horror at the sight of the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, the entrance of the Rue du Bac, the Tuileries, and the palaces of the Conseil d’Etat and of the Légion d’Honneur in flames or in ashes.

In the Rue des Saintes-Pères, a gentleman and lady whom I knew, but whose names I could not recall, stopped to ask if I was one of the Jesuit Fathers, and if I came from La Roquette. They wished news of Père Caubert. I informed them he was shot on Friday with Père Olivaint. At this, the gentleman raised his eyes to heaven, while the lady made an effort to overcome her emotion. “You see before you,” said he, “Père Caubert’s sister!” It was M. Lauras, one of the directors of the Orleans Railway, and Madame Lauras, *née* Caubert.

I accompanied the soldiers, who had participated in my captivity, to the Palais Bourbon, and after a fraternal grasp of the hand I turned toward the Madeleine. The Place de la Concorde was upset, and a part of the Rue Royale burned down with petroleum. I found the Madeleine standing, and my residence in the Rue de la Ville-l’Evêque, but both injured by the firing. No one knew of, and what was more strange, no one would believe in, the horrible deaths of Mgr. Darboy and M. Deguerry. My two *confrères* at the Madeleine expressed the same doubt, the same incredulity. When at vespers I was about to ascend the pulpit to recommend the victims to the prayers of the faithful, they advised me to defer it, hoping the fatal news would not be confirmed.

I had told it to more than one hundred persons, begging them to inform, in their turn, the other parishioners of the Madeleine, but when, in an affecting but cautious and brief manner, I requested the faithful gathered at the foot of the altar to pray for the pastor of the diocese and the curé of the parish, basely shot on the twenty-fourth of May, in the prison of La Roquette, a cry of grief and horror escaped from every soul; the men and the women rose up in confusion, as if to protest against it; the gravest and most reverential for a moment seemed to lose their balance. Among the confused voices around the pulpit, these words were the most distinct: “No, no, such a crime is not possible!”

My moral conclusions will be simple and brief. It would be an insult to the reader to dwell on the great lessons to be drawn from such sorrowful and overwhelming catastrophes.

First Lesson. Divine Providence never chastised and enlightened a nation by severer blows. It behooves us therefore to consider the grave and exceptional malady that is afflicting society, and seek an efficacious and permanent remedy for it. We are all suffering from the evil, and we all should be preoccupied about the means of recovery.

Some days after leaving La Roquette, I wished to revisit the places where I had been imprisoned, in order to retrace, with precision, the events that took place in the last days of the Commune. I met there one of the most intelligent and most religious *juges d'instruction* on the bench of the Seine. I visited with him the places of the greatest interest, Mgr. Darboy's cell, and the spot on the circular road where the murder of the six principal hostages took place. The warden took us to Troppmann's cell. "I supposed, till within a few days," said I to the magistrate of the Seine, "that criminals like Troppmann were of a rare species that required fifty or sixty years to develop in the lowest grades of society. After the realities I witnessed at La Roquette, I am convinced they are to be found by thousands in Paris." The *juge d'instruction* replied that all the magistrates who studied the mysteries of those grades had the same conviction. It would therefore be simply folly not to consider the remedy most suitable to counteract such a disorder.

Second Lesson. In the horrible catastrophe that has just revealed so many material or moral sores, every one is more or less responsible and culpable. Every one should say his *meâ culpâ*, and seek to become better. The most guilty are certainly the turbulent working classes, the demagogues, the International, the secret societies, outlaws, and governments without morality, but they alone are not guilty. Literary men who diffuse in their pernicious publications the poison of scepticism and immorality; artists who are wanting in respect and decency; the journals of the rich and influential *bourgeoisie*, which defend the principles of material conservation, while by their attacks on the Holy See, the clergy, and the church generally, they sap the very foundations of morality; politicians who brutally proclaim, with a view to the rewards and the gratification of their cupidity, the primacy of might against right—should disavow and correct their errors. Pious people and the clergy should redouble their solicitude and energy in extending and strengthening their influence, particularly in the most populous districts. There are no other means of safety.

Third Lesson. The reign of the Commune has revealed a frightful number of wicked men in society capable of every excess. They have trampled under foot the very first principles of natural order and social life, which the Reign of Terror would have feared to disregard. The executions at La Roquette, without preparation, without discussion or preliminary trial, were a thousand times more monstrous than the executions of the Revolutionary tribunal. In 1793, the Dantons and Robespierres were imitators, more or less imposing, of the Catilines of ancient Rome: in 1871, we have had Raoul Rigault and Ferré, the Catilines of the gutter. Ferocious beasts are not reasoned with—they are muzzled. Society therefore should have a power of legal repression proportioned to the dangers that threaten it.

But as the material order of things is founded on the moral order, the great principles of reverence for God, a respect for others and for ourselves, should be diffused and practised. It has been wished to establish society with no religious belief, make laws, found institutions, and keep the people in order, without reference to the teachings of the Gospel: this is building the social edifice upon quicksands. How can an economist, a politician, however incredulous, help understanding that while the mass in the great cities, especially at Paris, do not find in the faith, in the observance of religious duties, and in the eternal recompense of a future life, a source of morality, strength and consolation in view of the inequalities of fortune and social position, in view of the enjoyments and leisure of the fortunate ones of this world and of the unforeseen trials and sufferings that too often beset them, there can be neither security nor repose?

Jesus Christ and his Gospel are still the salt of the earth and the light of the world. To withdraw society from this divine and guiding influence would condemn it to sorrow, crime, and shame.

GOD IS OUR AID.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF '67.

In the dim twilight of an October evening, a rich man prepared to leave the vast treasures accumulated by a fruitless life. Fruitless, I say, for though his increasing millions ranked him a merchant prince of the great metropolis, yet the gold had hardened and crusted and metallized his heart—fusing a subtle poison that destroyed the softer instincts of his nature. Therefore, instead of bearing upward a Godward soul on prayerful incense, those last pulses concentrated in one bitter feeling against the daughter whose faith had won from him the intense hate of his life. The owner of millions each year increased his avarice, bowing him low before the god of the nineteenth century, and inciting the struggle, the sacrifice, the sin, for place and station and gold, literally proving the poet-king's cry,[82] "*Quoniam omnes dii Gentium dæmonia!*" So, while the stormy gusts swept up the avenue, and the lowering sky increased the night, the old man gathered his failing strength for the last great effort. "Hold me, William, support me ere it is too late. Quick! give me the pen, I must sign while yet my hand has power." Then they put the pen in his trembling hand, his stalwart son supporting him, and all the fiercer passions played upon that cold face, and in those cruel eyes, as he wrote the signature disinheriting the child of the wife whose fair face looked in silent reproach from the portrait opposite. And William Stanfield folded the paper and locked it in the escritoire, and old Thomas of the iron heart "slept the last sleep." But this Stanfield, he of the stern Puritan stock, had not always been thus. First, he married his wife as a mere boy of twenty—a gentle New England girl—who had left William to him; William, so staunch in his loyalty to the heritage left by the *Mayflower* stock. But Thomas laid his boyish love to rest within the quiet "God's-acre" of the village church, and then wandered to New York to build his fortune. Fate did not withhold her favors from this sturdy son, who met and conquered her; for he was determined to succeed, and did!

And strange to say that at this time human softness yet lived amid the dross and corruption of the world, for Thomas Stanfield was by no means indifferent to certain influences. So, one bright Christmas morning, he found himself in New Orleans, and, stranger still to relate, his partner, Mons. Crécy, persuaded him to listen to the magnificent service at —— Church. The music was exquisitely appealing, thrilling the nobler attributes of man's better nature; and so this worldly materialist forgot to speculate or dream of gold for two long hours, and sat rapt, while his soul absorbed its divine inspiration. If there is a season when the hardness of humanity dissolves and merges into its spiritual essence, it is when music gently lifts it to its higher affinities, and brings it *en rapport* with God. And thus the man of gold listened to the soft soprano, and far beyond the latticed grating caught a glimpse of dark eyes that haunted him long after the anthem ended. And when Etienne Crécy asked him to dine at the "Grove," his plantation near the city, he accepted, scarcely realizing what he did till he found himself behind a pair of splendid bays, with New Orleans far in the distance.

The balmy, bright-skied South always brought a pleasant Christmas, for oranges hung golden on the trees that formed the grove leading to the house, and the sweet breath of the blossoms perfumed the air. This to the Northerner, accustomed to ice and snow at this season, was a most enjoyable contrast; and his stroll over the beautiful grounds afforded real pleasure. Then they rested on the broad piazza, or gallery, as it is called in Louisiana, and talked of business details, when suddenly Mons. Crécy discovered that his guest was strangely distrait, for a clear, soft voice was sounding, to an accompanying harp, and Mr. Stanfield recognized the same silver tones that had absorbed him during the morning service. "*Qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram*," fell earnest and tender on his ear—it was, it must be, the same, and he turned to M. Crécy. "It is my daughter Madelaine," said the old man; and at dinner he saw the same fawn-eyes that had first glanced from behind the grating in the old church. And those shy, sweet eyes found a place in the heart of the cold New Englander, and in the spring he bore her a bride to his beautiful home in New York.

Three years passed, and only the step-son shared their household. Some trouble attended the marriage, for the parish priest, Father Jean, at first refused to unite her with such an obstinate heretic. But the maiden loved this son of the Puritans, so either her gentle influence or his pertinacious perseverance overcame the scruples of the good priest, and Thomas Stanfield finally triumphed, giving some vague promise in reference to the children. He fully intended evading the fulfilment of the promise, for soon after his marriage he acknowledged thus much to his wife, who, with tears in her dark eyes, said she would only pray for God's grace to change him. So, almost as a curse it seemed, for three years no child came to bless the marriage. True, the young wife was very dear to this stern husband, but the element which had strengthened his forefathers still waxed strong within him, and the self-asserting dogmatism heired from John Carver's band sounded in the stern words that answered his wife when, with quivering lips, she told him of his little daughter's advent. He kissed the pale young mother tenderly and lovingly, but even in that hour he did not restrain himself from replying, "She belongs to me!" and Madelaine understood too well what those words implied. So she only whispered, as her white face grew whiter, "*I will leave her to God.* May our Holy Mother care for her!"

Then the gentle soul departed with the cross upon her bosom, and those last words on her lips, and many, many years after Thomas Stanfield heard repeated in his dreams, "God shall

help her.”

And a judgment rested on the rich man’s harvest, for this warm-hearted, earnest Southern wife was very dear to him. But the child grew in loveliness, and her impulsive nature felt the need of more than her cold father accorded. Firm as he had been in reference to the child, it seemed strange that he evinced so much indifference to her education, for though she had been baptized in his own church, and sent to Protestant schools, yet very little care was bestowed upon her religious instruction. When she grew old enough, she accompanied her father to church, and through the long sermons her weary little eyes would often close. She went merely from habit, because her father wished her with him, for there was nothing in the cold, formal ritual, if that bare service can be called a ritual, to attract or warm her heart; but it was part of her duty to go; and so she went. Thus her childhood passed, and so her girlhood opened. Children rarely exert the reasoning faculties, accepting with boundless trust what is proposed by their elders. Faith and confidence are largely developed, therefore a grave record is written of those intrusted with these young immortals. But when reason waked and the heart expanded, this warm loving nature asked for more than what was offered, and her soul felt starved, hungry for the food it found not. Thomas Stanfield was now devoted to his business, from nine in the morning, when his *coupé* drove him to his office, to six in the evening, when his key opened the massive door of his palace—his whole soul entered into the fascination, the strife for increasing millions. And at night, as he sat silent in his high carved chair, the closed eyes and set features told that the scheming still continued. Was it strange, then, that the young girl yearned for something more than her home offered? Well, one September evening, soon after their return from the country, the servant handed in a card, bearing the simple inscription, “Kenneth C. Arnaud.” Then Mr. Stanfield, disturbed in the midst of some speculation, testified by a grunt his welcome to a distant relative of his wife. “This is Miss Stanfield, my daughter,” he said, as he seemed to remember that another person occupied the room. The stranger was a courtly, handsome gentleman, and started as his eyes rested on the young girl. “How like my cousin Madelaine,” he said, “as I remember her in my childhood.” For the first time the old man seemed to realize the resemblance, and turned to examine the fair girl who was his daughter. “Yes,” he faintly assented, and the conversation dragged through a half-hour’s duration, when Mr. Arnaud rose to go. But this was not his last visit, for he passed the winter in the city; and many evenings found him at Mr. Stanfield’s house, where Madelaine sang to him the songs he loved best. Then a new life opened to the young girl, and her heart felt a strange happiness it had never known before.

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The Advent season came—a time of joy and gladness in the churches that celebrate this season, but scarcely remembered or noticed in dissenting congregations; and on the first Sunday that Mr. Arnaud formed one of the family party, he proposed that Madelaine should accompany him to St. ——’s church, as the music was always attractive there. Old Mr. Stanfield was half asleep, when the name of this Roman Catholic church startled him. “Only to listen to the music, papa!” she laughingly replied to his frown, and she went. The ritual was new to her, the service a strange mystery, but she patiently watched it all, listening to the exquisite bursts from the choir. Then sounded the “Alma” with its sweet cadence, and the heart of the young girl thrilled within her. She could not explain, but she felt a strange attraction that drew her against her will to this beautiful ritual. Then came the lovely benediction, and the devotion of the kneeling hundreds, the solemn censer’s cloudlike offering, the elevation, and the echoing bell, at which a hush swept like an angel’s presence over the rapt thousands. It was all a lovely dream to this young enthusiast, and, closing her eyes, troops of seraphim and cherubim seemed prolonging the words—

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> “Tantum ergo Sacramentum
> Veneremur cernui.”

She returned to her home filled with a new life, and for the first time her soul felt its thralls. She was very quiet that night, and even her father remarked the change. Poor child! she had needed all that had been denied to her, and the starved spirit was just tasting of the food immortal. Is it not often thus in life, that a charm, a mere instinct, leads us to the path for which we have been vainly striving? Give me thine heart! was the cry of the Holy Mother to the footsore and weary, to all who sought consolation from that loving breast; and the listening angels caught the echo of that cry, and bore it up to the great Pontiff, who sends the Comforter to spread the white-winged dove on the troubled soul that calls for peace!

The spring came, after the long, cold winter, and Kenneth Arnaud asked the old man for his gentle daughter. But Mr. Stanfield had always regarded Madelaine as a mere child, and seemed shocked and angry at the request. He had forgotten that eighteen years had passed since his soft-eyed wife had whispered, “I leave her to God”—and now a Catholic had asked his child in marriage! He did not answer the young man for several weeks, not till the sweet eyes of his daughter had been dimmed with many tears, and her childish heart had felt, ay, painfully felt, the first great sorrow of her life.

“It seems strange that my faith should prove an objection, Mr. Stanfield, for not very many years have passed since you gave your own example.”

The old man looked him steadily in the eyes, and replied:

“And the great unhappiness of that union was the education of the children that were to come. What say you of this?”

“That, your daughter shall determine.”

“You can speak this with safety, Mr. Arnaud, for my daughter has proved a quick pupil.”

“I can scarcely comprehend you, Mr. Stanfield, and, as a gentleman, will not understand the accusation implied.”

“I do not accuse you of influencing my daughter, but her bias in favor of the Romish Church is a subject that cannot afford me happiness.”

The conversation was serious, and very painful to both, and at last Mr. Stanfield closed the interview with this remark: “As my daughter’s happiness is concerned, I cannot withhold my consent, but I wish you to clearly understand that, when she renounces the church of her forefathers, she also relinquishes all right to her father’s estate.”

A proud smile curled the young man’s lips as he replied, “I feel privileged to claim her, even though the conditions were far more capable of inflicting unhappiness.”

And so they were married, and the old man and his son William bowed before the golden calf, and worshipped it, offering their souls as homage at its shrine.

For the young wife, one brief year of happiness passed, and yet there was unrest even then within her soul, for she craved with hungry longing the new life which she feared to taste, because the ties binding her to her father appealed to her heart, and she dreaded an anger which she knew would never forgive what he considered so fearful an error.

But one cold morning in the winter of ‘61, the telegraph bore to New York tidings of the secession of Louisiana, then the sons of the sunny South rallied to her standard, and for four long years a bloody war desolated that section. She, the young wife, had never given her thoughts to politics, nor did she understand why hate and bitterness waged with such deadly strife between the two portions of a country which she so dearly loved; but her husband decided for her, and, feeling that her life was only a part of his, she followed. And those were years fraught with agony—years that recorded suffering that aged more than time had power to accomplish; for over each battlefield brooded a great host of prayer—prayer born of love intensified, and of partings which would know only the meeting above; and the race schooled by those years grew, developed, lived, more than generations ordinarily experience in a whole lifetime.

Col. Arnaud won a soldier’s reputation, and the autumn of ‘64 found him, with his fine regiment, encamped a few miles below the Confederate capital. Madelaine soon followed him to Richmond, bringing her little family, her boy Kenneth and a baby daughter. The winter was very trying to this delicate woman, for the city was crowded with refugees from all parts of the Confederacy; every square inch was occupied, and therefore comfortable accommodations were impossible to find. Then the depreciated currency rendered the price of necessities almost fabulous, so that barely to live required great sacrifice and control. But the courageous wife and devoted mother gathered her little ones, and contentedly dwelt in one small room, happy to welcome her husband whenever his brief furloughs allowed him to spend a day with her. But the great culmination approached, and the troops that wore the tattered gray were soon to furl the cross of stars that had proudly waved over many a gallant fight; and on one cold wintry morning she heard the newsboys shout “Extra! extra!” and soon Franklin Street was echoing with news of the fierce battle below Richmond. Madelaine had not seen her husband for almost four weeks, and her heart sank as she listened. “I will get a paper,” she said, and, leaving her nurse with the children, she descended to the street to purchase one.

Poor young thing—she little realized how literally she had followed the Scriptures, for she had forsaken all things, and he, her brave husband, was all she had to cling to; and now—but she was too truly a woman for control, and she fainted when she read the cruel words that told of her husband’s fate. A night of horror followed, and the roll of the ambulance in the early gray of the next morning startled her from her troubled sleep. They, those of his brigade, in their faded gray bore him to the small chamber where his young wife waited, and pale and ghastly she saw him laid upon the bed, where he was soon to sleep the long pulseless sleep. All that glory could render to sweeten the pain of dying was offered, for the journals rang with the grand charge he had led, and his deeds of daring were as household words in the crowded Confederate capital. But the great edict had gone forth, and the priest of his church came to offer the last consolations.

“My own true wife,” and he summoned the bowed figure, the frail girl-woman who knelt beside him. The sweet eyes were dim with tears, and the voice was tremulous with passionate grief. His left arm drew her to him, for the right was crushed and powerless. “I am about to ask a brave act from you, my darling; do you think that you can please me?”

“Ask me anything, Kenneth, only stay with me. Oh! do not leave me yet,” and burning tears blinded her.

“‘My ways are not thy ways, nor my thoughts thy thoughts’: do you remember these words, my own wife? And then—only a little while, when we shall meet where the for evermore will indeed be eternal! But not of this did I wish to speak, Elaine, but”—and he hesitated—“if my faith could be taught to my little ones?”

She did not reply at first, but, with one gaze of devoted, earnest love, she turned, and kneeling by his side, with the weak precious hand clasped within her own, she repeated: “And receive, O Lord, thy servant into thy holy church, for which her heart hungers.” And he answered, “Amen!”

But this was no sudden desire influenced by her devotion to her husband; for, six years before, when she had listened to the sweet vesper service, the latent life had wakened, and the slumber had seen sleep no more, but the message, “Wake to thy salvation!” electrified her soul, and her whole nature thrilled its amen there; since then she had been peculiarly situated, and shrank from provoking anger in her father, as she realized how very stern he could be when he felt himself aggrieved. But now her heart told her she must no longer hesitate, the great crisis asked for action, and she felt that all worldly considerations must be forgotten when her husband, and her own heart also, called for a decision which shaped her life. So she was baptized by the holy father beside the bed where her husband lay dying; and the priest’s voice was very tender as he welcomed this stricken daughter Christ had given to his fold.

Only a few days after, she laid her husband to rest beneath the poplars at “Holleywood,” where many of his comrades were lying; and then came the gloomy, stormy March, and the sad April when the snowy flag was folded, and it was during this season that the widowed mother was received into her husband’s church.

The war had closed, and we all remember the fearful wreck that followed when Madelaine Arnaud found herself battling with the grim wolf whose shadow darkened her door. Her husband’s fortune was all gone, and the delicate, dependent woman felt that she had but little to hope for from her father; still she would not believe that he could entirely forsake her, even though she had become a member of the church his soul abhorred. So she wrote in her extremity and asked for advice. Many anxious days and nights passed, and no letter came; a fortnight intervened, when, one morning, she opened the envelope handed to her by the postman, and read:

> “You have chosen your way in life, and, when you forsook your father’s faith, he also separated from one who had joined herself to idols. I enclose all that you may ever claim from me.
>
> “Thomas Stanfield.”

She found enclosed the last note written by her mother, only a few hours before her death, and a silver crucifix, with the name “Madelaine Crécy, La.,” inscribed on the back or flat side of the cross.

She was very young to be left so entirely alone, for she was not yet twenty-five, and two children depended on her for support. What could she do, and how must she act? In her agony, she cried, “Save me, O Father, for without thine aid I am lost!” Then the crucifix fell from her letter, and, clasping it, she drew her boy to her, and, kneeling, prayed: “Lord, thy enemies and mine have risen up against me: I therefore cast myself at thy feet to implore thy succor.”

The soft eyes of the little one gazed into her own, and, nestling closer, he asked:

“What makes mamma so sad?”

There are seasons in life when suffering is too great for expression, when tears refuse relief, and the overcharged heart, paralyzed by pain, seems incapable of pulsation. Then even speech fails; and the poor, desolate woman only pressed her child closer, and appealed to her God for protection.

Thus days passed, and she seemed unable to act, for at the South all was poverty and desolation, while she dared not anticipate what awaited her in New York. But the few dollars were growing less, and her children required food, so she decided to try the great city, and thither with her faithful nurse she journeyed. Her mother’s note gave her strength, and she often re-read the faint tracery on the faded paper.

> “For, my darling child” (the note read), “should you ever wander into the dear fold of your mother’s church, feel always that my blessing will rest upon you, and though I may not live to guard you, yet my prayer will be then as it is now for God to be with you.
>
> “Madelaine Crecy Stanfield.”

And though she did feel crushed and desolate on that stormy September evening which found her in the great city, still a strength came to her which she had never known, and she felt that God would protect her. Through the crowd at the depot she wended her way, and thence in the midst of a pouring rain to a cheap boarding-house, where she passed the night. The next morning she met an old servant who had known her as a child, and, with tears streaming from the old eyes, she took her to a small but respectable house in the town-part of the city, where she rented two rooms, and commenced her new life. A touching sight it was to see her in her sad mourning dress, she so fair and fragile, yet feeling that three depended upon her exertions, she rose to the emergency, and determined to succeed, or die in the service. She had brought a letter to a priest of her church, and to him she applied. He was very kind, and promised to do all that he could, but at the same time told her that pupils

were not easily obtained, and recommended her to watch the newspapers. And she did search the journals, devoting herself to answering advertisements, but, save a few questionable replies, nothing came of this attempt. Meantime she began to feel the pinchings of want, and ventured to try sewing, but how was she to obtain work? "Go yourself, my dear young mistress," said the good old negress—"go yourself; and may de kind Lord bless you!" And, shrinking and nervous, she applied to a merchant down-town. She could scarcely find words for her request, but her pale face appealed, and she bore away her parcel. Tireless were her continued efforts, and all through snow and ice she persevered in her work. "God will help her!" the dying mother had said, and through the darkness of her life's storm she tried to comfort herself with this assurance.

It was very hard to realize that her father accumulated useless thousands and lived in princely style at the other end of the city, while, only because she believed in her mother's faith, she must suffer and toil with her little ones, needing comfort, and often even bread. Then the old man died, and, ere he died, the scene with which this story opens shamed his last hours.

But the exposure of three winters told on this delicate woman, and, when she felt her strength waning, all the horrors of starvation frightened her; for she knew that there were none to help her. She had moved still lower down-town, and into a smaller room, and there, with her faithful nurse, she endured life. But then there came a time when, though the will is strong to do, the physique fails to support, and the brave heart, struggling to conquer, feels despair steeling its vitals, and thus it was with Madelaine. The autumn of 1867 set in early, and November was cold and cruel to the poor. She, weaker than she had been, felt her slight unheeded cough increase, and, when December came, was too ill for any exertion. Bitterly the winter opened, snow covered the city, the wind keen and merciless swept the island, and thus the Christmas week found her with the little ones dependent, and she utterly helpless. The last penny had been expended, and the children were wailing with hunger.

Kenneth had looked into her own tearful eyes, and whispered, "Darling mamma, I will pray to Our Lady, and she will ask God to help you." She only kissed her brave, trustful child, but had no strength for utterance. So, when the chill night wrapped the city and darkened the gloomy chamber, the child picked up his mother's rosary, and, throwing it around his throat, held the crucifix in his infant hands, and, kneeling beside his mother's low, poor bed, pleaded that the blessed Virgin would be kind to his dear mamma; and then the sweet child went to sleep murmuring Our Lady's name.

The dawn was fast breaking over the city when the child kissed her, and said, "She has heard my prayer, mamma, for I dreamed that a beautiful angel like the picture in your prayer-book came to me, and said, 'God will help her!'—and does not that mean you, mamma?"

"I hope that our kind Father will help us, my darling; therefore we must try to deserve his help."

"Oh! he will help you, mamma, and I will help you, too."

The day wore away, the last slice had been divided, and there was literally nothing else in the house. Hunger, starvation, was before them, and God, only God, could help them.

The snow fell heavily, the wind blew, and even the elements seemed warring against her, for she had not even fuel to keep off the cold.

Two o'clock chimed from Trinity, and, turning, she missed Kenneth. He was now eight years old, and often went out alone, but, with an instinct plainer than words, her heart rose to warn her of danger.

Three, four, five o'clock came, but still the child did not return. The lamps glared in the dark streets, and the night seemed too cold for human life—when—crash! a shriek, and a pair of horses dashed madly down the streets, throwing the occupants of the coach senseless upon the sidewalk. A crowd soon gathered, and bore the crushed and suffering man into the gloomy room where the sick woman lay. Her room opened on the street, and so they laid him on the small bed where the nurse slept.

"Bring a light," sounded a gruff voice.

"Don't you see dat de poor chile has no light for herself? Stonishing de fools dat libs in dese parts!"

A kind voice asked, "Is there no money? Take this and buy a candle." The speaker was a shabbily-dressed man, but the whole aspect showed that he had known better days. He remained with the injured man, and while they go to find a light I leave them...

The snow was falling in great white feathery flakes, covering the dark alleys and darker tenements with its soft downy covering, and the little ragged, barefooted gamins of the great city were shrieking and screaming with delight; but not to build mimic forts or to join the army of snow-ballers did our little wanderer pause. "Mamma shall have some money," he said, "and I will begin to work for it, so I will go to the streets where the fine houses are, and there the men will give me work." Only eight years old was this little soldier in the grand army, but his noble face was radiant with the workings of his soul, which no poverty

could injure. His little clothes were patched and scanty, and his poor little frozen toes came through the holes in his worn shoes; but the eyes shone with a light that could not be dimmed, and the firmly-set lips told that he was quite determined to do his best on that afternoon. At first he shrank from the cutting wind that swept from the East River, but, with hands in his pockets and cap pulled down, he ran on till he came to Broadway. Crowded with the happy crowd of the vast metropolis, the great highway was gay with bright faces on this eve of the feast of joy. Windows bright with presents for the favored children of fortune, shops thronged by smiling mothers eager to gratify their pampered darlings, and child-infant as he was, the little one paused to look at the pretty toys; but tears filled the large blue eyes, and he said, "Oh! I can't look at these things, for poor mamma is sick and wants food." At that moment, a gentleman passed, and the child went up and pulled his warm overcoat, "Will you give me some work, sir?" But the creature, a fashionable young fop in tights, shook him off, and passed on. Then came another, this time a respectable gray-haired worthy, and, running in front, the same appealing voice asked the same question. But the successful merchant, hurrying home, was intent upon some new speculation, and, suddenly disturbed, was not very amiable, as he replied, "Be off, you little vagabond!"

This time the policeman came up, and taking him by the arm gruffly ordered him to move on. And thus, on the eve of this blessed festival, when the great city joyed in each household, there was no grain for this wee waif, no crumb for the little estray, who was struggling against the power of the ebb which fate had sent to test his strength for the hereafter. On, on past the Fifth Avenue Hotel, through Madison Square, glancing at the glittering icicles or gleaming snow-drifts, shivering over the frozen pavements, on he travelled, faintly trying for that which seemed for ever denied to him.

"*I will* find it for her," he said, "for the beautiful angel, our Holy Mother, told me that she should be taken care of. I see her now far up in the clouds." And up in the leaden sky, far beyond the pure, beautiful flakes, he gazed, half-hoping that the Mother of Christ would smile on him again. And did she not even then hover over the young boy-warrior? Did she not pray that he, too, might be strengthened in this hard fight which his infant powers essayed? *Adjuvabit eam Deus*![83] the dying mother had prayed, and his promises would not fail. At last, far up the avenue, when the cold, shadowy twilight stole on the great city, he paused before a stately mansion. Curtains of silk and costly lace draped the windows, and liveried servants were sitting on the box of the handsome coach awaiting the master's coming. Then the heavy door of massive bronze opened, and the master slowly descended the broad steps.

"Oh! you will help me, won't you? Please give me some work, for I want to earn money for my mother!"

"Send that little beggar away," was the irritable rebuff, and the footman flung him aside, not heeding where he fell. The carriage rolled away, and no thought was given to the small human bundle, roughly hurled from the rich man's path. Then night darkened over the city, and the stars, God's eternal sentinels, guarded earth as they had done eighteen centuries before when they watched the birth of the incarnate God. And beneath the same shimmering light the boy-warrior lay, all worsted in the strife, as thousands had sunk before, and all unconscious of the cruel hearts that still pulsed on. The torn little cap had fallen off, and the fair golden curls shaded the pale, childish face, turned upward as if in appeal to the Blessed Mother he had seen in his dreams. Was she watching still, and did her kind eyes see the crucifix clutched in the poor cold hands—the crucifix with the dead Christ, whose birth the morrow would celebrate? But the soft feathery flakes fell steadily on, covering the sweet face of the little one. Ah! God of infinite love and goodness, will the great army with the ranks of sin, and greed, and lust, prosper and thrive and live, while this young soldier, this infant of purest soul and lion heart, lies all unheeded, dying, the victim of cruelty and selfish forgetfulness?

But see—a policeman tramps near, and he comes with stalwart tread, swinging his burly arms, and clapping his gigantic hands to keep the fingers from freezing, for verily death seems to breathe out in the stealthy, deadening cold. Bravely he glances with searching look up and down the broad avenue, then pauses suddenly by the side of the obstruction just without the pavement.

"God and his holy saints forsake me, if this same bundle ain't a child! Ugh! but it's an ugly night for this small specimen to be left here! But come, let's see, my little man," and he tried to move him. "St. Patrick save me! if I ain't afraid that he'll never feel again!" And he dropped the little arm he held, and the crucifix, falling, lay dark against the glittering snow. The sight of the cross at once touched the stout Irishman, and this sturdy six-footed son of the Green Isle, this huge guardian of the great city, gathered the stray lamb to his bosom tenderly, pityingly, as its own mother, and bore it to the station-house. And, full of the warm impulse of his race, he chafed the poor little hands, and lingered by the pallet on which he lay, till great tears fell from eyes that had not seldom looked unmoved on the misery of the metropolis. He raised the child's crucifix to his lips, and though he hurriedly summoned a physician, he muttered, "Poor little lamb, if he does come back to life, it will only keep an angel longer from Our Lady's home!"

The man returned to his duty, and hours passed before he was relieved, but ere he returned to his own home, and the young wife waiting him, he went back to the station-house to look

after "the pretty young one" who had died with the cross in his hand; for he fully expected to find him dead on his return.

"We have had hard work to bring him back, Murphy," said the doctor, as the man walked up to the child. "Only five minutes more, and the cold would have reached the little heart, which was losing all sensation. We have had a time of it, and he has just fallen asleep. These are what we found on him. The card was fastened to his worn jacket, and the crucifix has also a name engraved." And picking up the card from the table the policeman read, "Kenneth Arnaud, 312 East —— Street." On the back of the silver cross was the name, "Madelaine Crécy, August 15, 18—."

"Poor little child! said the policeman. "I'll take him home, for his house is near my own."

So he wrapped the sleeping child in an old blanket, and carried him through the storm. A light glimmered on the first-floor front room as he approached the house, and the man stepped in to inquire about his young charge. As he opened the rickety door, the wailing voice of a woman smote him with the agonizing pain it expressed. "The gentleman may remain," she said, "but for God's sake find my child. O sir! bring me back my child!" and her sobs and moans were heart-rending. The negress rocked to and fro with the little girl, trying to keep her warm and still her feeble cries for bread, chanting the while in dull monotone, a habit peculiar to her race, and which at this time increased the oppressive gloom of the place, not at all relieved by the flickering tallow-candle, nearly burned out—on the small bed in the corner the wounded gentleman lay groaning in agony, and impatiently awaiting a messenger he had summoned—a sad eve truly that announced the blessed festival!

At this time the policeman tapped with his club, but receiving no answer, and not caring to wait in the cold, he once more opened the door. Standing mute on the threshold, for the scene at first deprived him of speech, then walking to the centre of the room, he asked, "Is the mother of Kenneth Arnaud here? For I have found a child of that name, who wore a crucifix on which was engraved 'Madelaine Crécy.'"

With one wild scream the mother answered, "He is mine!" and, as she clasped him to her heart, the soft eyes unclosed, and the feeble little voice whispered, "Darling mamma, I asked them all for work that I might buy you bread, but—oh! my head hurts, for a wicked man flung me away from a gentleman who rode in his carriage. But, mamma, don't cry, for she—the one with the angels—will care for us. Oh! I have just seen her, and I waked to find your own eyes where hers had been. Dear mamma, keep me with you, away from the cruel man, and the ice, oh! the cold snow!" And his little frame shivered with the recollection.

"Madelaine Crécy!" the sick man muttered on his couch in the corner. And the policeman approached. "Yes, sir, that was the name on the crucifix, and I thought the little fellow was dead when I picked him up in front of the millionaire's house on Fifth Avenue."

"My God! and it was my servant who cast him from me! Will you take a message to that house, my good man? Do not refuse me, for gold shall pay you well. I—I am that millionaire, and an avenging God has crushed me." With his uninjured arm, he drew out a card from his pocket, and said, "Take this to my residence, and tell my housekeeper to come to me at once." Then, placing an eagle, his own valued pocket-piece, in the policeman's hands, he prayed him to hasten his errand.

But the mother's weak voice also called the kind Irishman. She had heard nothing of the conversation, for she was absorbed with her darling, who in broken words had told his little story.

"I have nothing to give you, sir," she said with tears streaming down her pale cheeks. "The rosary was my mother's, and besides this I have not even food for my children. But I will pray for you, and God will bless and reward you, sir; he will grant what I cannot give."

She clasped his rough hand, which her tears fell upon, and he hurriedly left the room, for his own eyes were very dim.

Many and varied are the phases which the great city presents to these her guardians, but in his fifteen years' experience none had touched him more than this.

He closed the door after him, and the solitary candle burned to its socket. It was now past midnight, and a long silence ensued, broken only by the snores of the negress, for the starved infant had cried itself to sleep. The bruised stranger forgot his own suffering as he contemplated the surrounding misery, and for some time the stillness was profound. At last he muttered, "Madelaine Crécy! Madelaine Crécy! can it be the same! Then God have mercy on my soul!"

"Who calls my mother's name?" asked the sick woman.

"I, your father's son, Madelaine Arnaud. I, your brother, who despoiled you, and sold his life for gold, but," and his voice trembled with emotion—"but who will devote that life to you now, if you will allow it, to atone for the cold selfishness of the past."

"I should be no daughter of the church which you despise, William Stanfield, if I bore anger to my father's son. I teach my little children to pray, 'Forgive us, as we forgive those who sin against us,' therefore must my heart refuse all malice against God's creatures, else would

my own prayers avail not."

He could not answer then, for he, the bigot, the scorner of that church which he had ridiculed, felt now the beauty of her teaching when, even in the midst of her sufferings, this desolate woman could forgive one who knew that he was responsible for so much that might have been alleviated.

"Elaine!"—ay, it was the first time that she had listened to her old name since the night when her brave husband had spoken his farewell, and the sound thrilled her with strange memories—"Elaine, your roof has sheltered me to-night, and saved from destruction one who claims as a proof of your forgiveness acceptance of the home which he will share with yourself and little ones."

And, ere she answered, the chimes of Trinity heralded the dawn of that thrice-blessed morning when the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will." And that message of the Incarnation brooded with its holy evangel on the troubled hearts within, as, when the Christmas sun shone over the snow-covered city, the carriage of the rich merchant bore its precious freight to his home, and light, and life, and joy succeeded the gloomy night. And she, when her prayer ascended on that night of shelter and rest, realized the fulfilment of her mother's benediction: "Adjuvabit eam Deus!"

[82] "For all the gods of the Gentiles are devils."

[83] "God shall help her."

CATHOLICITY AND PANTHEISM.

NO. XII.

THE COSMOS IN TIME AND SPACE.

The supernatural moment unites created personalities to the infinite. By the moment of substantial creation the first duality is established between the infinite and the finite. This duality is brought into harmony and unity in the Theanthropos, who knits together the finite and the infinite in the oneness of his single personality. But as the hypostatic moment united only created natures to the infinite, another moment was necessary, namely, a medium between the Theanthropos and substantial creation. This is the *supernatural*, which, by raising created persons above their natural sphere, enables them to arise, as it were, to the level of the infinite, and establishes a communication and intercourse between them. This we have shown in the preceding article. The question which now remains to be treated of at present is the following: *Who or what is to be the medium of communicating the term of the supernatural moment to created personality?*

Although God, in acting outside himself, might have effected everything immediately by himself, without allowing any play to second causes, yet, following the law of his wisdom, he exerted immediately by himself as much power as was required to set second causes in action, and then allowed them to develop themselves under his guidance. The law of wisdom is the law of sufficient reason, which implies that no intelligent agent can, in acting, employ more power than is absolutely necessary to attain its object; for acting otherwise would be to let the amount of action not necessary to attain the object go to waste, and be employed without any possible reason. Hence the necessity on the part of the infinite to admit secondary agency in the effectuation of this moment, whenever that was possible, in order to observe the law of wisdom. Applying this theory to the external action, we see that the substantial and the hypostatic moments were effected immediately by God himself, because no secondary agency could be employed therein; but the supernatural moment was effected by God through the agency of the Theanthropos, who merited it by his own acts of infinite value.[84] Hence, as the Theanthropos is the meritorious cause of the supernatural moment, he is pre-eminently its mediator, and therefore the medium of communicating it to created personality. This consequence of Christ being the medium of the communication of grace, in force of his being its meritorious cause, is so evident that we know of none who has ever disputed it. The only question which remains to be solved—a question of the greatest importance—is this: When the Theanthropos was living on earth, he would communicate the term of the supernatural moment in the personal intercourse and intimacy in which he lived with his followers; but as he has withdrawn his visible presence and intercourse from the earth, how is the term of the supernatural moment to be communicated to human persons in all time and space?

We answer by laying down the following principle: *This medium must be such as will preserve the dignity and the prerogatives of the Theanthropos, as will befit the nature of human personality, as will fulfil the object which the supernatural term is intended to attain*.

Because, if the medium which is chosen does not fulfil these conditions; if it does not maintain the dignity and prerogatives of the Theanthropos; if it does not befit the nature and constitution of human personality; if it frustrates the ends of the supernatural moment instead of attaining them, it is evident that infinite wisdom could never have chosen it without contradicting itself. The principle is, therefore, evident. Now, what can this medium be in its nature which fulfils all these conditions? It can be nothing else than *the sacramental extension of the Theanthropos in time and space*. In announcing such a principle, the reader is at once aware that we require some kind of presence of the Theanthropos in the cosmos extending to all time and to all space.

But what is meant by sacramental extension, and why should it be so?

To answer this question, let us get first a true metaphysical idea of the sacrament. The term sacrament in theological language is applied as conveying the idea of an instrument of grace. Hence, to get at the idea, we must inquire into the idea of instrument. Now, what is an instrument? It is an organism which contains a force. And what is force? It, being one of the first elements of our thoughts, can be defined but imperfectly, less by its essence than by its effects. It might be defined to be the energy of a being retaining its existence through the means of an effort of concentration, or diffusing it outwardly by a movement of expansion. Every act of force must be reduced to this two-fold movement: either we shut ourselves, as it were, in ourselves to concentrate our life, and give ourselves the highest possible sensation; or we expand ourselves to communicate our life to others, and according to the degree of this double tension we exhibit the phenomenon of force. The hand contracted or closed is the symbol of the force of concentration; the hand open to give is the image of the force of expansion. The force of concentration in its highest possible act is eternity—the possession of interminable life all at once. He alone possesses it who in an instant—one, indivisible, and absolute—experiences in himself and for ever the plenitude of his being, and says, *I am who am*; the sublimest idea ever conceived and ever uttered. The force of expansion at its highest possible act is the external action; and he alone possesses it

who, absolutely sufficient to himself in the plenitude of his being, can call to life, without losing of his own, whomsoever and whatsoever he lists—bodies, spirits, worlds, and for ever in ages without number, and in space without limits.

Now, God, in giving us being, has given us force, without which a being could not conceive itself, and has given us this force in its double element of concentration and expansion: the one, which enables us to continue its existence, and to develop ourselves; the other, which enables us to propagate ourselves: the one, by which we tend to the act of eternity; the other, by which we tend to the act of creation.

But there is this difference among others between us and the infinite, that *he* possesses in himself and by himself the force of concentration and expansion, whereas our force is borrowed and communicated to us by means of *instruments*, which his infinite wisdom has prepared. Life is kept in us by something *forcing* to us the *instruments* to which God has communicated the power of sustaining and repairing it.

We subsist by the invisible force contained in an organism. The same must be said of the force of expansion. We cannot act outside ourselves, on any being at all capable of resistance, by the simple direct act of our will, but must make use of instruments, among which our body is the first.

Now, the reasons of this are, that, if we possessed the force of concentration and expansion in ourselves and by ourselves, it would follow that, as these two forces constitute the essence of life, we should have life in ourselves and by ourselves, we should be to ourselves the reason of our being and subsistence, and consequently we should be infinite and not finite. Hence, pantheism, which admits the unity of substance independent and self-sufficient, and all else as phenomena of this substance, rejects all idea of instrument in metaphysics, and all idea of sacrament in theology.

Nor would it do to say that God might communicate that double force to us immediately by himself without the aid of any instruments. For two reasons we must reject such a supposition: First, the law of secondary agency, which requires that created substance should act, and it would not for any purpose do so were God to do everything immediately by himself. Second, the law of communion, so necessary to the unity of the cosmos, which is founded exclusively upon the action of one element upon the other, else the communion would be merely imaginary and fictitious.

We conclude: An instrument in its metaphysical idea is an organism containing a force of concentration and expansion. A sacrament, being an instrument, must therefore be an organism containing a force of concentration and expansion; and, as an organism is something outward and sensible, it follows that a sacrament must be also outward and sensible. And as the force which the sacrament is designed to convey is altogether supernatural, it follows that a sacrament must be an instrument of conveying supernatural force. We may, therefore, define a sacrament to be a sensible instrument or organism containing a supernatural force of concentration and of expansion.

But it is evident that no instrument, no organism in nature, is capable of conveying a supernatural force of concentration and of expansion; for that would imply an act superior to its nature, which is a contradiction. It follows, therefore, that this supernatural force must be communicated to the organism by the Theanthropos, otherwise it could never fulfil its destination and office. The Theanthropos, in order to be the means of communicating to all human persons in time and space the supernatural term, which is nothing else but a supernatural force of concentration and expansion, must communicate and unite his infinite energy and action to an external organism, and thus himself convey through that organism the supernatural life. And this union of the infinite energy of the Theanthropos with an outward organism must not be successive or temporary, but permanent and stable; since the object is to convey the supernatural force to all human persons in *all time* and in *all space*.

This is the sacramental extension of the Theanthropos in time and space, the continuation upon earth of the hypostatic union, the filling up, as it were, of his incarnation, a second incarnation; not of the Word with human nature in the unity of his personality, but an incarnation of the Theanthropos, the Word made man, with visible, outward, external instruments, in the unity of one sacramental being, to convey to men in all times and spaces the supernatural life of grace.

This sacramental extension of the Theanthropos must be divided into various moments, owing to the requirements of the object for which it is intended. The object of the supernatural moment is to reproduce the Theanthropos in all human persons by a similitude of his nature, perfections, and attributes, and by a real union with and transformation into his life.

The infinite, from all eternity, under the subsistence of primary, unbegotten activity and principle, begets and conceives intellectually a similitude of himself absolutely perfect under the subsistence of intellectual expression, *Logos* or Word. This action of the *Principle* begetting the Word, exhibiting all the essential requisites of generation, constitutes the Principle—*Father*; and the begotten—*Son*. In his works *ad extra*, the infinite, in effecting the mystery of the hypostatic moment, does nothing less than exalt the cosmos, as recapitulated in the human nature of the Word, to the very same dignity which arises in his bosom when in

the day of his eternity he begets his eternal Son. For the Theanthropos, or the Word made man, is not the Son of God figuratively, or by adoption, or by any other action than that which begets him from eternity. He as man-God is the Son of God really, naturally, and by the same identical action which eternally engenders him. Hence, the cosmos, as abridged in the human nature of Christ, in force of the hypostatic moment, is really, naturally, and by the same eternal action of the Father, the Son of God Almighty.

The infinite wishes to extend this divine *Sonship* of the cosmos, as recapitulated in the human nature of Christ, to human persons also. This of course cannot be effected except by an adoption founded upon the following elements:

1. A perfect similitude of the nature, properties, attributes, and virtues of the Theanthropos.

2. A real union with him.

3. A communication of his life.

4. A communication of his beatitude.

In other words, a reproduction of Christ and his nature, his attributes, his life, and his bliss.

To effect this reproduction are required: First, a similitude of the nature of Christ; a similitude of his intellect; a similitude of his will; a sharing in his feelings. Second, a real and substantial participation of his life, in order that this similitude may be sustained, and that, initial and germinal as it is in this world, it may grow and develop itself by communing with its proper object, and thus become perfect and able to attain a participation of his bliss in palingenesia.

Thus the eternal Father, seeing all human persons bearing the image of his Son, having his mind, his will, his feelings, communicating with his life, extends to them the feeling of a father and the inheritance of children.[85]

Hence, the different moments of the sacramental extension of the Theanthropos:

1. A moment of supernatural generation by which the Theanthropos attaches his infinite energy to a visible instrument, permanent in time and space, and through which he confers a similitude of himself and the other divine persons; a similitude in essence, in intellect, in will, in feeling, in aspirations, in an initial and germinal state, and which establishes the incipient and germinal union of human persons with the Trinity.

2. A moment by which the Theanthropos attaches his infinite energy to a visible instrument, and through which he carries that initial and inchoative similitude and union to a definite and determinate growth.

3. A moment by which the Theanthropos attaches his infinite energy to a sensible instrument, in order to communicate to human persons the power to perpetuate his sacramental extension in time and space.

4. A moment by which the Theanthropos communicates his infinite energy to human persons, to exalt their natural force of expansion, and enable them to propagate the human and supernatural species.

5. A moment by which the Theanthropos attaches and unites the *real substantial presence of his person*, that is, of humanity and divinity, both subsisting in his single divine person, to a sensible instrument, in order to communicate to human persons his real, substantial, theanthropic life, in order to put all human persons of all time and space in real living communion with each other, by meeting in him and through him as a common centre, and in order to reside continually in the visible cosmos.

The third and fourth moments follow necessarily from the others, both having the like office.

The first of them is intended to perpetuate the sacramental extension of Christ. An organism to be set in motion requires the agency of human persons; consequently, the supernatural organism or the sacramental extension of Christ, in order to be applied to human persons, requires the agency of human persons, appointed and fitted for such office by another visible instrument to which a particular theanthropic energy is attached.

This third moment is demanded also for another object, that is, the transmitting whole and entire, and without any error, by a personal intercourse, of the whole body of doctrines which are the object of the supernatural intelligence bestowed by the first moment. No other possible way can be thought of transmitting whole and entire the whole body of doctrines, the object of the supernatural intelligence, than a personal intercourse, the only safe, natural, philosophical manner of transmitting doctrine. Hence, for this object, also, a moment was required by which the Theanthropos, attaching his infinite energy to a particular instrument, would fit human persons to teach infallibly the whole body of doctrines he came to reveal, and to put in act his sacramental extension.

The fourth moment relates to the natural union of sexes in reference to generation.

Human persons being exalted by the first moment to the supernatural order, their personal acts must necessarily become supernatural; much more the highest possible personal act of expansion, which is the transfusion of their united life into a third. Consequently, it was

befitting that the Theanthropos should attach a particular supernatural energy to the union of the sexes with a view to the act of generation, in order to exalt and sanctify it, and thus enable them not only to generate as persons exalted to a supernatural state, but to bring up the offspring in the same supernatural order.[86]

All the moments of the sacramental extension of Christ but the fifth imply a personal action of the Theanthropos, attached to each particular instrument constituting the moment.

The fifth moment alone implies a real substantial presence of the whole person of the Theanthropos under the visible instrument. This requires explanation and proof, since it has been denied with the fierceness and rage of an opposition which did not and could not comprehend the grandeur, the sublimity, the magnificence of the elevation of the cosmos, by the fact of the hypostatic moment. Catholicity holds: 1. That, though the Theanthropos has withdrawn his *visible* presence from the cosmos, he remains in it still, not by a spiritual, figurative, phenomenal presence, but by a real, substantial presence of his *whole person*, that is, of his body, blood, soul, and divinity—a presence hidden under the modifications of bread and wine.

2. That the manner according to which this real, substantial presence of the Theanthropos is obtained, is by a change of the substances of bread and wine into the substance of the body and blood of the Theanthropos, not still and dead, but as vivified by his soul and divinity; a change effected by the sacramental words impregnated with the infinite power of the Theanthropos, and uttered by the minister over the elements to be changed.

Now the question arises: Is this substantial presence of the Theanthropos necessary? Is it metaphysically possible in the manner that the Catholic Church admits it?

As to the first question, we observe that such a presence is not absolutely necessary when considered of itself, independent of, and previous to, the adoption of the present plan of the cosmos by the infinite intelligence of God. But considered in relation to the present plan of the cosmos and as a complement of it, it *is* necessary. Infinite intelligence might have selected another plan, but, having once chosen the present plan of the cosmos, the real presence becomes absolutely necessary as a complement bringing it to perfection. This we shall endeavor to prove by the following arguments:

First, the end of the action of the infinite outside himself is the highest possible manifestation of his infinite excellence. To attain this end, an infinite effect would have been necessary. But as an infinite effect was a contradiction in terms, infinite wisdom was to find means whereby to effect the highest possible manifestation of himself, in spite of the ontological finiteness of the cosmos to be effected. This means was to produce a variety of moments; to bring the whole variety of moments to the highest possible unity in the person of the Theanthropos.

1. To produce a variety of moments, in order that the *infinity* of the perfections of God, which could not be expressed by the terms effected in *intensity* of being, might be expressed in *extension* and *number*.

2. The highest possible unity, in order that the infinity, simplicity, and oneness of God might be portrayed.

3. In the person of the Theanthropos, in order that, if this variety brought into unity could not be ontologically infinite, it might be infinite by a union and communication the highest possible.

These are the three leading principles, according to which infinite wisdom resolved the problem of the end of the external action: highest possible variety, highest possible unity, highest possible communication.

Now, let us see if and how the effectuation of real cosmos was governed by these principles.

In view of these principles, God effected substantial creation and the hypostatic moment, by which the whole substantial moment was united to the person of the Word in the bond of his divine personality.

Was the problem of the highest possible variety and the highest possible unity and communication in the person of the Theanthropos resolved? It was, so far only as nature and substance were concerned; because the hypostatic union only wedded *human nature*, and through it all inferior natures, to the person of the Word. But this unity and communication excluded, and had to exclude, all human personalities. It excluded them in the fact; it had to exclude them, otherwise human personality would have ceased to exist. Here the problem must be resolved anew—how to raise human personality to the highest possible union and communication with the Theanthropos. Another moment was effected to initiate the solution of the problem; and this was the supernatural moment. By it human personality, by being endowed with a higher similitude of the Trinity and the Theanthropos, and by receiving higher faculties, is brought into a real and particular union with the Word, and through him the other persons of the Trinity. But the supernatural moment does not resolve the problem yet; because the union which results thereby is union between human persons and the Word as God, not a union between human persons and the *Theanthropos*, the Word made man.

A real and efficient union between two terms requires a real relation between them. Now,

the supernatural term establishes a relation between human persons and the Word, but not a relation between them and the Theanthropos, because it is wholly spiritual and incorporeal. A true relation between persons composed of body and soul must be a contact, not spiritual only, but also corporeal.

Hence, if we exclude the real substantial presence of the Theanthropos as such, we have a union of human persons united to the Word, but not a real efficacious union of human persons united to the *Theanthropos*. On this supposition, the cosmos would lack the highest possible unity and communication, and would fail to realize the end of that external action. But, admit the corporal presence of the Theanthropos in time and space, admit that presence incorporating and individualizing itself in human persons, and the whole wisdom and beauty of the design flashes at once upon your mind—the whole cosmos, as abridged in the human nature of Christ, made infinite by the hypostatic union with the Word; all human persons incorporated body and soul into the body and soul of the Theanthropos, built up into his body and soul, transformed, as it were, in them and through them, and in them coming in the closest possible communication with the divinity which a *person* can attain. In this plan only everything holds together and presents order, harmony, and beauty.

But, if the real substantial presence of the *Theanthropos* was necessary in order to bring human personality to the highest possible union and communication with the infinite, and thus realize the end of the external action, it was also required that the being and actions of human personality might be elevated to the dignity, excellence, and value of *theanthropic being and acts*. In the hypostatic union, human nature and all the inferior natures which it eminently contains, as connected in the person of the Word, are deified, and their acts have the value and dignity of divine acts.

Hence, so far, the end of the external action which is to raise the cosmos in its nature and acts to an infinite dignity by union and communication, is attained. But human personality, not being an element of the hypostatic union, could not acquire in its being and in its acts the dignity and excellence of divine being and acts, and consequently the end of the external action could not by the hypostatic moment be realized as regards the same personality. Here another problem arose in the divine mind—how to raise human personality to such a union with the Theanthropos as, without infringing upon its nature, to raise its being and its acts to the value, excellence, and dignity of theanthropic being and acts, and thus to exhibit in it the most perfect image of the infinite. This problem was resolved by the incorporation of the Theanthropos, under the modifications of bread and wine, in human persons. This plan does not imply an hypostatic union, which would do away with human personality, but a union so strict, so close, and so intimate, as merely to fall short of the hypostatic. For, in it and by it, the Theanthropos, the God made man, in his whole person, composed of body, soul, and divinity, is incorporated in human personalities by the act of eating, and his body pervades their bodies, his blood circulates in their blood, his soul inheres upon and clings to their soul, his divinity purifies, sanctifies, ennobles, exalts their whole being, and, like food, results in a transformation—a transformation not indeed of the Theanthropos into the flesh and blood of the human person, as it happens with ordinary food, but a transformation of the human person into the body, blood, soul, and almost divinity of the Theanthropos. “Cresce et manducabis me, nec tu me mutabis in te sed tu mutaberis in me.”[87] The fathers have endeavored to express the intimacy of the union by adopting various similitudes. Some have likened it to a piece of glass when impregnated by the rays of the sun, and appearing like a smaller sun. Others have compared it to the action of fire upon iron, which, when heated and become red hot, looks exactly like fire, and could fulfil the functions of fire. St. Cyril of Alexandria has chosen the similitude of two distinct pieces of wax, which when melted and mingled together are so intimately united as to form one single piece, defying every possible recognition of their former separation. But all these similitudes, possible as they may be, can never express the mysterious intimacy and closeness between human personalities and the Theanthropos in the eucharistic banquet.

Now, how does this resolve the problem? Most perfectly. The infinite intends to exhibit in human personalities an image, an expression of himself as pure and as perfect as possible—an image of his being and of his life or action in obedience to the end of the external action, always preserving the conditions of human personalities. Now, what does the cosmos of personalities when united to the Theanthropos in the mystery of the Eucharist, when pervaded by him, when so closely and so intimately united to him as to feel his flesh come in contact with their flesh, his blood glowing in their blood, his heart beating against their hearts, his mind illumining and guiding their minds, his will captivating and mastering their will, his divinity ennobling and exalting their whole being and faculties—I say, when the cosmos of personality is thus united to the Theanthropos, does it not represent most vividly the infinite being of God? Does the infinite in looking at such a cosmos see anything but as it were one Theanthropos filling and pervading all?

As to expressing the action of the life of the infinite, and thus raising the acts of a human person to the dignity and value of theanthropic life, it will appear evident if we recollect that the life of the infinite establishes the eternal religion in the bosom of God which expresses itself in the mystery of the ever blessed Trinity. For the Father, in recognizing himself intellectually, and as it were theoretically, produces an intellectual image of himself, absolutely perfect in every sense. Both in recognizing themselves aspire a practical acknowledgment of themselves, the Holy Ghost, who completes the cycle of infinite life, and

perfects the eternal religion.

Now, this eternal religion are human persons destined to express, to realize in themselves, that they may be a most perfect image in their action and life of the life of the infinite. This they could never do either naturally or supernaturally. Naturally, because such acknowledgment requires an infinite intellect to apprehend the infinite excellence and perfection of God, and an infinite power of appreciation to value, esteem, and love it practically. Now, naturally these faculties of human persons are simply finite. Even the light of grace, which strengthens the natural intelligence, and the supernatural force, which corroborates the will, cannot do it, because in their nature also finite. It is, therefore, the infinite intellect and will of the Theanthropos which alone can appreciate him intellectually and love him as he deserves. Now, the mystery of the Eucharist enables human persons to partake of this intellectual and volitive recognition of the infinite by their union with the Theanthropos. When, after the solemn and happy moment of feeding upon the flesh and blood of the Theanthropos, I turn myself to adore God, to render him the homage of adoration which I owe him as creature, then I am not alone with my limited understanding and will. It is with the intellect of the Theanthropos, which pervades and illumines my intellect, that I recognize theoretically his infinite perfections. When at the same moment I turn to him to offer him the tribute of my love, I cling to him then, not with the finite, limited, circumscribed power of my natural or supernatural will, but of a will under the guidance, the mastery, the possession, the infinite power of expansion of the will of the Theanthropos, under the immense weight of his love; and when I yield my heart to exuberant joy and complacency in his infinite loveliness and bliss, it is not the little vessel of a heart, which can contain but a finite joy, but a heart under the pressure of infinite jubilee, which gushes up from the heart of the Theanthropos and overflows into my heart, and makes it swim in a joy and a delight known to those alone who have tasted it. Thus, with the Theanthropos in my bosom, pervading my mind, my soul, my heart, my flesh, and drawing me toward him even as the bridegroom draws his bride to him, even as the mother presses her offspring close to her bosom in the intensity of maternal love, I know and I feel that I am adoring God as perfectly as a human person could possibly do, and the finite personal act of my adoration becomes infinite because mingled with the infinite act of the Theanthropos.

Hence the Eucharist is necessary, because it resolves the problem, how to elevate human persons to the most perfect image of God by incorporating the Theanthropos in human persons, and sharing with them his perfections and his acts.

So far, we have proved the necessity of the real presence, because, in force of the end of the external action, the cosmos, not only in the natures which it contains, but in the personalities also, required to be brought to the highest possible union and communication with the infinite.

We shall prove the same necessity from the requirements of supernatural life.

The supernatural term conferred upon human persons, consisting of a superior essence engrafted on their natural essence, and of supernatural faculties, must live, that is, act and develop itself.

Now, life, in the highest metaphysical acceptation of the term, consists in communion—the communing of a subject with an object. In the infinite, this communication is active. For the first principle lives inasmuch as he communicates his life to his conception, and both transfuse it into the spirit. But as the finite cannot contain life in itself, it must communicate with an object in order to appropriate it to itself. A person elevated to the supernatural moment cannot therefore live, except by communion with the objects proper to that moment. Now, what is the proper object of the supernatural faculties of intelligence and of will? For the intelligence, it is an actual apprehension of the infinite and the finite in all their relations, inasmuch as they are intelligible and inasmuch as the faculty is able to apprehend them. For the will, it is the infinite and the finite in all their relations, inasmuch as they are lovable. Hence, the supernatural intelligence must apprehend and come in contact with the infinite, his nature, his perfections, the mystery of his life and of his bliss, with the infinite, inasmuch as he acts outside himself, and, hence, with all the moments of his action and their terms. The same must be said of the supernatural will. This communication must be real and effective, otherwise the life which would flow from it would not be real, but fictitious and unsubstantial. But how to put the supernatural faculties of elevated persons in real, actual, substantial communication with the infinite and the finite in all their relations, so that the supernatural term may live, be unfolded, and transformed into them? By the real substance, presence, and communication of the Theanthropos, who in his single individuality realizes the infinite and the finite in all their relations to each other. By communing actually and substantially with him, the essence of the supernatural moment comes in contact with the essence of the infinite, with his attributes, the eternal mystery of his life; it comes in contact with all substantial creation as abridged in the human nature of Christ; it comes in contact with the supernatural term, as Christ contains the fulness of it in his soul. Supernatural intelligence comes, therefore, in contact with all the objects which it is intended to appropriate, that it may expand, grow, and become perfect. The same happens to the supernatural will. Thus, in union with the Theanthropos by the eucharistic presence, they come in communion with all the objects which are to bring them to perfection by a gradual development and transformation.

Take the corporal presence of the Theanthropos away, and the supernatural faculties would only be in communication with the infinite, but not with the finite; with God, but not with his cosmos; because these faculties could never come in contact with the whole cosmos, except inasmuch as it exists and lives in the Theanthropos.

This argument introduces us to another. Every elevated person, to live fully and perfectly, must be in communication not only with the infinite and the finite as to nature, but also as to personality. Every elevated person must commune in a real, living, actual, quickening manner with elevated persons in time and space. The perfection of unity of the cosmos claims this communing, as it is evident; and the fulness of life of each particular person demands it, because life in its plenitude[88] results from communing with all its proper objects.

Now, how to bring together all elevated persons living at a distance of time and space—some in the initial and germinal state, others in the state of completion and palingenesia? We come into communion with things and persons distinct and separate from us by time, space, or individuality, by a *medium* common to us and those things or persons we wish to enter into communion with. Thus, I come into communication with persons at a certain distance from me by the mediums of light and air, which are between me and them, and common to both. Suppose I was speaking, the air which exists between me and my hearers would be the common medium of communication. In articulating, I would strike the air which surrounds me, and the strokes would be transmitted from particle to particle in every direction until they would reach the ears of my audience, and thus a communication by speech would be established between us. If, therefore, all elevated persons must come in contact with each other, there must be something which will bring them together—a medium common to them all—to make them commune with each other. Now, this medium is the real substantial presence of the Theanthropos incorporating himself in all elevated persons. I commune with the Theanthropos, with his divinity and his humanity, with his intelligence, his will, his heart, his body: I appropriate him to myself; another communes likewise with the Theanthropos; and thus we are brought together, we come in contact, we are united in the same life, intelligence, will, heart, body; thus we meet and live in one common theanthropic life. This is the foundation partly of that sublime, magnificent, ennobling doctrine of Catholicity, the *communion of saints*—communion of all persons elevated to the supernatural moment. Communion! What is the medium which brings them together? It is the real, living, substantial presence of the Theanthropos incorporated in them, and on which they have fed and shall feed for eternity.[89]

How beautifully, how divinely was this communication of the Theanthropos given to us in the shape of food and at a banquet! Men in all times and in all places, by a prophetic instinct implanted in them by the Creator, have recognized the banquet as the supreme and the best expression of union and communication; because it was to appropriate, to drink life at one common source, from one common food. In the eucharistic banquet this is realized truly. Imagine a banqueting-hall as unbounded as space, and a banquet as long as time. Suppose millions upon millions of elevated persons entering the banqueting-hall to partake of the same repast. It is nothing less than the flesh and blood of the Theanthropos, not dead, but living and quickening, by the indwelling of his soul and divinity, under the appearance of the simplest and most primitive elements of life—bread and wine. All partake of it; it penetrates and fills them all. A glow of theanthropic life runs through their supernatural being; their supernatural intelligence grows brighter at the flashes of his infinite, finite intelligence; their will expands at the embraces of infinite and finite loveliness; their hearts swell with virtues under the pressure of the heart of Jesus; their affections are purified, cleansed, ennobled, divinized at the contact of the affections of Jesus; their very flesh is spiritualized at the touch of his flesh; a seed, a germ of immortality is sown in it, to bud and blossom in the end of time. They live; not they, it is the Theanthropos who lives in them. And what wonder is it, then, that their natures, coming in contact in him, their intelligences meeting in him, their will harmonizing in him, their hearts beating together in him, their emotions mingling in him, their flesh touching in him and through him—what wonder, I say, is it, then, that they should communicate with each other, and that their virtues and their very merits should become common? Those who have never realized such a doctrine may often have marvelled, on hearing a Catholic speaking of those who have passed from the initial and germinal state to the state of palingenesia, as if they were present to him, as if he were actually holding sweet converse with them. This doctrine explains it all. A Catholic feels truly that the life of the apostles and evangelists glows in his bosom, that the blood of martyrs runs in his very blood and ennobles it, that the guileless simplicity and innocent loveliness of the virgins beams on his countenance, that the virtues of all the saints are transfused into him; because at the eucharistic banquet he can meet them living in the eternal mediator of all things, the Theanthropos, and in him and through him he mingles with them, associates with them, comes into the closest possible communication with them. Utopians have dreamt of a universal society, in which everything would be common. It is the eucharistic doctrine of the substantial presence of the Theanthropos which alone realizes this universal, sublime, ennobling society of all elevated spirits in one common medium, and having everything common in the only mediator, Jesus Christ, in all time and space.[90]

We feel that withal the arguments we have brought forward in vindicating the beautiful and sublime dogma of the real presence of the Theanthropos in his cosmos will have no effect on some minds, unless we remove the metaphysical difficulties which are raised against it, and

show consequently its possibility. Therefore, we willingly hasten to the task. And as these objections are very popular, we shall put them in the popular form of a dialogue. The dialogue is between W. and D., the first a Protestant, and the other a Catholic.

W. I shall begin by a very strong objection. I cannot conceive the possibility of the body of a full-grown man being within the small portion of space filled by a wafer. Christ was a full-grown man. He is so now. How, then, can he reside or be contained in such a small particle of space as the host?

D. You will be kind enough to observe what the Catholic Church teaches, that it is the *substance* of the body and blood of Christ, which is under the modifications of bread and wine.

W. Suppose it is; what difference does that make?

D. All the difference in the world. Pray, what is a substance?

W. It is that part of a being which remains immutable amid all the vicissitudes and changes of the being. These changes or vicissitudes are called accidents or modifications; that which remains always the same and immutable is called substance.

D. Right; and, pray, has substance any dimensions, has it length, breadth, height, or depth, or is it what philosophers call a simple being?

W. It must have no dimensions, because dimensions may change and vary, and the substance must be always the same.

D. Then substance is a simple being, that is, it has neither height, depth, length, or breadth.

W. So it would seem, and so, if I recollect aright, all the metaphysicians worth the name hold it to be.

D. Right again; and, if you remember, Leibnitz calls it a *monas*, or a unit, and distinguishes two kinds of substances, the simple and the composite. The simple is one substance; the composite is an aggregate of simple substances or *units*. Thus, bodies are an aggregate of substances or units.

W. Well, suppose that bodies as to substance are an aggregate of simple units, what of that?

D. Why, then your objection is answered.

W. How?

D. Did we not say that the Catholic Church teaches that it is the *substance* of the body and blood of Christ, which is under the modifications of bread and wine? Did we not agree upon the theory that substance has no dimensions? Did we not admit that a body is an aggregate of simple units, as to substance, and that consequently in that respect it has no dimensions? Then it matters not how large or how small you may imagine the wafer to be, it cannot make the least difference; seeing that our Lord's body in the holy Eucharist is there in its substance, or as an aggregate of simple units, and consequently has no dimensions, and occupies no space whatever. And remark, that what happens in this particular case happens in every other being under the class of bodies. The substance or the number of simple units forming a body occupies no space whatever, and is whole and entire under each and every modification. What is particular to the Eucharist is that the substance of the body of Christ lies not under its own, but under foreign modifications. But I trust you see no difficulty in this?

W. Not much; the main difficulty of space being removed, I can very well conceive that God could easily cause a substance to appear under foreign modifications; for I see no contradiction to any essential attributes of a substance in appearing under the garb of the modifications of another. But what I cannot conceive is this: if we admit composite substances to be an aggregate of units, that is, of beings having no dimensions or parts, how do you account for the phenomenon of extension? A monas, or unit, is like a mathematical point, that is, a cipher with regard to extension; multiply, therefore, the units as much as you like, and the result will always be a cipher with reference to space. How, then, do you explain the phenomenon of extension?

D. First of all, you will be kind enough to understand that it is not the Catholic Church who is bound to explain the phenomenon of extension. It is the metaphysicians who hold the theory, though it is the only true one. It is enough for the church to say, Your best and most universal theory is, that a body is an aggregate of units devoid of extension. I show you that my dogma agrees perfectly with your theory. But it may be as well to mention the explanation which the metaphysicians just mentioned give to the objection. They hold that extension, as it falls under the senses and the imagination, is not real, but phenomenal, and that the real objective extension is nothing more than the constant relation of all the units of a nature to produce in a sensitive being the phenomenon of the representation of space.[91]

W. But the greatest difficulty remains yet. Nobody can be in different places at the same time. You hold that the body of Christ is in as many places as there are hosts in the universe. This would establish the astounding phenomenon of a body in millions of different places at the same time. This is certainly absurd, and I conceive that you will find much more trouble

in explaining away this difficulty than you did the first.

D. I must beg leave to call your attention again to the fact that the Catholic Church teaches that it is the substance of the body of Christ which is in different places at the same time.

W. Oh! you are there again with your substance! I must own you have an ingenious way about you, and, if you succeed in making me see how this circumstance removes the objection, as it did the first, I give it up.

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D. But it *does* remove it. And let me tell you that you Protestants, in fighting against the dogmas of the Catholic Church, commit two very serious faults: First, you do not provide yourselves with philosophy enough to cope with her. Secondly, you do not sound the depth of her statement. Then it generally happens that, when you think you are proposing your strongest objections, and you are very sure you have her in a corner, you are merely combating a phantom of your own imagination.

Now, let us see if the substance of the body of Christ can be in different places at the same time. To do this, we must examine the other question, How can a simple being reside in space? Metaphysicians teach that a body may reside in space in two ways, according as it is considered either in its phenomenal representation or in its real objective nature and substance. In its phenomenal representation, a body resides in space by contact of extension; in its real objective nature and substance, by acting upon it. I lay my hand flat upon the surface of a table, and suppose I consider both my hand and the table in their phenomenal extension. Under this respect, all the points and parts which form the phenomenal extension of my hand come in contact with all the respective parts of the table which my hand is able to cover.[92] Under this respect, a body naturally *cannot* be in different places at the same time without a contradiction, because the supposition would imply that the parts of my hand which are in contact with the respective parts of the table are also in contact with parts of other bodies at any given distance.

But if we consider a body not in its phenomenal extension, but in its real objective nature and substance, the case is different; because, as we have seen, the body as to its substance is simple and unextended, and therefore, as such, it cannot reside in space by contact of extension, inasmuch as its parts touch the phenomenal parts of space; for it has no parts which may touch. Hence it follows that it resides in space as every other simple being, that is, by acting upon it.[93] In this case, a body in its substance and objective nature does not reside in space except by its action upon it.

Now, naturally, a body in its objective nature and substance is limited in its action to a certain defined space, and cannot extend its action beyond it. But there is no possible contradiction in supposing that a body may be endowed by the infinite with the power and energy to act upon any indeterminate amount of space at the same time.

Now, with regard to the body of our Lord, we have seen that it is in the holy Eucharist in its objective state, and consequently is there by its real action. The miracle in this case is, that the infinite power of the Word to which it is hypostatically united intensifies its natural sphere of acting upon space, and makes it extend to thousands of places at the same time. To conclude: The question, Can the body of Christ be in different places at the same time? resolves itself into this other: Can the substance of the body of Christ act really and truly in different places at the same time? Who could give a reason worth anything to show that it cannot? Who could prove any contradiction in the supposition? There would be a contradiction in saying that the phenomenal dimensions of the body of Christ, at the same time that they touch the dimensions of one definite space, touch also the dimensions of numberless other spaces. But there is no contradiction in saying that the substance of the body of Christ can act by virtue of the Word, to whom it is united, in numberless places at one and the same instant.

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The completion of the theory of the cosmos in time and space will be given in the next article.

[84] Council of Trent.

[85] *"Quos prescivit et predestinavit conformes fieri imagini filii sui, ut ipse sit primogenitus in multis fratibus."* Rom. viii. 29.

[86] There are two other moments, but as these imply the question of evil, they shall be treated of when speaking of that question.

[87] St. Augustine.

[88] We speak of initial plenitude.

[89] We hold that an elevated person once united to the substance of the Theanthropos, though not always actually united to his body, because this sacramental union only lasts as long as the species would naturally last, yet is continually so united in a spiritual though not less real manner.

[90] We have given the real presence, and the communion of the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ, as the foundation of the communion of saints. To this might be objected that all the saints of the Old Testament, and many elevated persons, such as children dying after baptism, and grown persons who never could communicate, never were united to the Theanthropos in the

Eucharist, and consequently would be excluded from the communion of saints. We answer, first, that we have only made the real presence *partly* the foundation of the communion of saints. Second, we speak of the perfect state of the cosmos, and consequently not of the imperfect and incipient state, such as was the state of elevated persons in the Old Testament, who were united to Christ by faith and charity. As to children and grown-up persons who never communicated, we answer that we are giving the general law, and not accidental cases. The foundation, therefore, of the communion of saints is the union with Christ, real and actual, of the supernatural faculties. The perfection of the communion of saints is the real presence and incorporation.

[91] We have given here the theory of the best of modern philosophers. But any one acquainted with the scholastics will at once perceive that their theory agrees perfectly with the above. The fundamental idea of the scholastics in reference to matter is that it is something absolutely indeterminate, which they express by saying that it is neither quantity nor quality, etc., and that it becomes determinate by the form, which is something altogether unique and devoid of dimension. Matter they compare to potentiality, something only possible, the form to the act or actuality. We subjoin a few extracts from St. Thomas:

“Materia prima aliquo modo est quia est in potentia. Sicut omne quod est in potentia potest dici materia ita omne a quo habet aliquid esse potest dici forma. Forma dat esse materiæ.”

It is clear, therefore, that, according to the scholastic theory, what gives being to matter is the form, something altogether simple and unextended.

[92] “Corporalia sunt in loco per contactum quantitis.”—*St. Thomas.*

[93] “Incorporalia non sunt in loco per contactum quantitis sed per contactum *virtutis*.”—Id.

THE LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

NO. IV.

After the very full and detailed exposition of the facts of the liquefactions, as millions have seen them in the past—as tens of thousands may, and do still, see them each year—the question forces itself on us: Is this a miracle, as the Neapolitans believe, and as many earnest and critical examiners from other lands have been led to hold, after a careful and candid investigation into the facts of the case? Is it a suspension of the ordinary laws of nature, and an intervention of the supernatural power of the Most High, producing an effect above and beyond the ordinary course of nature? or is this liquefaction a phenomenon entirely within the sphere of natural laws—either the result of some law, or combination of laws, producing this effect; or is it the result of the art and skill of men? One of these three it must be: either the spontaneous effect of some natural laws, or the artificial result of human trickery, or a miracle. The decision must depend on the character of the facts.

The Neapolitans, and, with them, Catholic writers generally, hold it to be a miracle. On the other hand, such a visible substantiation of the claims made by the Catholic Church that miracles do continue in her fold, as the Saviour promised, and are the seal and confirmation of her divine authority, has not failed to arouse the opposition of those who deny that authority.

In meeting the argument, or the facts of the case, they have not always followed the same line. Two or three centuries ago, they contended that the liquefaction was a lying wonder produced by witchcraft or magic, or by the power of Beelzebub. A little later, natural philosophy was appealed to. This liquefaction of the blood, when the vial was brought near to the head, arose, they said, from a law of sympathy in nature, akin to if not merely a peculiar form of that law which causes blood to flow from the wounds of a corpse if the real murderer lay his hand on the dead body.

These replies, or attempts at a natural solution, are antiquated. We need not seriously consider them.

In the last century, the objectors took a very different ground. The whole thing, they said, was a device of the priests. Some called it a "trick of long standing and great ingenuity"; others stigmatized it as "one of the most bungling tricks ever seen."

This style of objection still holds its own.

During the present century, another style of objection has come into vogue, based on the ever-increasing spirit of rationalism. The laws of nature, we are told, are invariable and supreme. No violations of them are possible. All miracles—in the sense of occurrences above and beyond those laws of nature, occasional interruptions in the grand scheme of universal order, law, and causation—are to be at once rejected. "The idea of *their* possibility can only occur to those who have failed to grasp the great inductive principle of invariable uniformity and law in nature." "It is hardly a question of evidence. The generality of mankind habitually assume antecedently that miracles are now inadmissible; and hence, that, in any reported case, they must in some manner be explained away.... Of old, the sceptic professed he would be convinced by seeing a miracle. At the present day, a visible miracle would be the very subject of his scepticism. It is not the attestation, but the nature of the alleged miracle, which is now the point in question. It is not the fallibility of human testimony, but the infallibility of natural order, which is now the ground of argument." (Rev. Baden Powell, *Order of Nature*.)

We have not the space to examine this theory at length, and to show that it is at bottom anti-christian and pantheistic, contrary to the soundest principles of true philosophy. Nor is it necessary for our purpose to do so. All the philosophical disquisitions in the world will not prove to a man having eyes that, because "the laws of nature are immutable, and miracles are therefore impossible," the blood which stands in the ampulla was liquid when taken out, or is solid at the conclusion. He saw that it was hard, and sees that it is now fluid. He will laugh at the philosopher and believe his own eyes.

Neither is it necessary to confute at length the opinion accepted so blindly by Protestants, that the age of miracles has long since past, and that miracles have entirely ceased since the days of the apostles. If God can work miracles, what man can limit him in the exercise of that power, either in time or place? And did not the Saviour promise the continuance of signs among them that believe—a continuance to which he put no limitation?

The assertion that the Catholic Church is erroneous, and that consequently there can be no miracles in her fold, is more than akin to the words of the Pharisees to the blind man, whom our Lord had restored to sight: "*Give glory to God; we know that this man is a sinner*." The appropriate answer was: "*If he be a sinner, I know not: one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see*" (John ix. 24, 25).

We therefore leave the general subject of miracles to be treated by others; and we confine ourselves to the fact of the liquefaction. In this, as in every other case of alleged miracles, the decision depends entirely on the character of the testimony and on the nature of the

facts which that testimony establishes.

The testimony in this case is overwhelming in amount and unimpeachable in character. The liquefaction with its marked features and details are clearly established. We have only to seek its cause.

Is it due to the regular action of the natural laws which, under the given circumstances, produce the liquefaction, independently of any special act of men designed to bring it about? How does a solid body naturally pass into a fluid condition?

A solid body may become fluid by deliquescence. Certain substances drink in water from the atmosphere around them to such an extent as to become fluid. They are said to deliquesce.

Is this liquefaction a deliquescence? Most assuredly not.

1. The substance within the ampulla—the indurated blood—so far as the eye can judge of it, through the glass of the ampulla and the glass sides of the reliquary, bears no resemblance to any of the substances which are known to deliquesce.

2. The process of deliquescence is well known and is not to be mistaken. It is gradual; and the exterior of the deliquescing substance, being in immediate contact with the water-bearing atmosphere, is always seen to yield first to the liquefying influence of the water. On the contrary, the liquefaction is often instantaneous—*in un colpo d'occhio; in un tratto*. Even when gradual and not instantaneous, the differences are marked. The upper portion will become perfectly liquid while the lower portion remains still hard; or the lower portion will liquefy while the upper portion retains its hardness; or, again, the upper and lower portions may both remain hard while the middle portion becomes fluid; or the middle portion will continue hard and solid while they become perfectly liquid: sometimes, the outer surface next to the glass sides of the ampulla will be seen to soften and liquefy first—in this case following the course of a deliquescence; sometimes precisely the reverse occurs—the central portion is seen to become liquid while the exterior remains hard and unliquefied. When we add that occasionally one side or lateral half liquefies while the other preserves its hardness, and also that, while frequently the entire mass becomes liquid, yet, on many occasions, a certain portion remains hard for hours and days and then liquefies—perhaps gradually, perhaps only after the entire mass has become hardened again—it will be seen that this liquefaction presents every possible mode and shade of difference to distinguish it from the single mode of deliquescence.

The difficulty becomes greater if we consider the obstacles to a freer communication between the outer atmosphere and the substance within the ampulla. The ampulla is a tightly-closed glass vessel, and is itself held within the reliquary, another tightly-closed vessel of metal and glass. This twofold barrier must forbid any ready and rapid passage of atmospheric water from the air to the substance within the ampulla.

Again, no connection whatever can be discovered between the superabundant moisture or the dryness of the atmosphere at Naples and the occurrence or non-occurrence of the liquefaction. We may take a series of twenty days, which the diary marks as very rainy, or occurring in a long-continued rainy season; and a series of twenty others, when the weather was dry—so dry, they were praying for rain. It will be seen that the phases of the liquefactions for each series are so alike that they might be interchanged. The general hygrometric condition of the atmosphere evidently has no perceptible influence for or against or on the liquefactions.

Nay, more, it frequently happens that the blood, after liquefying, grows solid again on the same day, and then liquifies, perhaps solidifies anew, and liquefies a third time. All these changes have sometimes taken place within one hour. Now, did the atmosphere, during that hour or during that day, pass through corresponding extreme changes of its hygrometric condition? Ordinary men did not feel them. Meteorological observers have not noticed them. Registering instruments do not record them. And yet, the habit of watching their neighboring and often threatening volcano has made the people of Naples as observant of such changes as sailors at sea, and has given to that city one of the ablest schools of meteorology on the Continent.

We may well conclude, therefore, that the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is not the deliquescence of a solid body, arising from humidity of the air to which it is exposed.

Is it the melting of a solid substance through the action of heat?

This is a more important question. Many of those who charge bad faith and trickery on the "priests and monks" officiating at the expositions, maintain that it is by an adroit application of heat that the liquefaction is brought about. Others, who admit the sincerity and good faith of the Neapolitan clergy—which, knowing the men, they feel cannot be impugned—still attribute the liquefaction to the heat of the altar, all ablaze with lighted tapers, and of the crowd thronging the chapel, and packed most closely just in the sanctuary itself and around the altar.

We undertake to show that the liquefaction is in no way produced by or dependent on heat.

I. Often, when the crowd is greatest, and the heat most intense—say in September—the liquefaction is delayed for hours; perhaps does not occur at all, or only a portion liquefies,

while another portion remains solid.

II. On the contrary, it has occurred quickly and for the entire mass, even though the crowd was comparatively small. This is especially seen in the extraordinary expositions, even in winter, when not a score of persons were present.

III. It has taken place in the open air, while the reliquary, placed upright in an open framework, and held aloft above the heads of the people, was borne in procession through the streets; and this in the winter months of December and January, as well as on the vigils at the beginning of May.

IV. It has occurred on days when snow covered the streets, or the cold was so excessive as to cause the usual procession through the streets to be dispensed with. As the churches in Naples are not heated, the temperature within the cathedral must have been very low, probably not above 45° Fahrenheit.

V. This very question has been submitted to scientific investigation. The professors of the Royal University of Naples, headed by Dr. *Nicholas Fergola*, the most eminent physicist of the faculty, instituted a number of interesting observations, which Dr. Fergola published. We copy from his work a table giving the actual temperature in a number of instances, as shown by a standard thermometer which they stationed on the altar in close proximity to the reliquary at the time of the liquefaction:

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TABLE.

Observations for Temperature and Time and Character of the Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius, made by the Professors of the Royal University, Naples.

A, date; B, temperature, *Fahr.*; C, number of minutes which elapsed from the commencement of the exposition of the relics on the altar, until the liquefaction of the blood; D, character of the liquefaction.

A.	B.	C.	D.
1794. Sept. 19.	80°	27′	From hard to perfectly liquid.
20.	80	21	″ ″ ″ liquid.
21.	80	19	″ ″ ″ ″
22.	78	24	″ ″ ″ ″
23.	77	25	″ ″ ″ ″
24.	78	5	″ ″ ″ ″
25.	80	10	″ ″ ″ ″
26.	77	5	″ ″ ″ ″
1795. May. 2.	76	12	″ ″ ″ semi-liquid.
3.	76	2	″ ″ ″ perfectly liquid.
4.	77	41	″ ″ ″ liquid.*
5.	80	22	″ ″ ″ ″ *
6.	75	12	″ ″ ″ ″ *
7.	76	29	″ ″ ″ ″ *
8.	77	29	″ ″ ″ ″ *
9.	80	33	″ ″ ″ ″ *
10.	67	15	″ ″ ″ ″ *
1795. Sept. 19.	74	25	″ ″ ″ ″ with floating lump.
20.	78	26	″ ″ ″ perfectly liquid.
21.	81	27	″ ″ ″ ″ ″
22.	78	25	″ ″ ″ ″ ″
23.	80	24	″ ″ ″ ″ ″
24.	81	32	″ ″ ″ ″ ″
25.	78	18	″ ″ ″ ″ ″
26.	74	3	″ ″ ″ ″ ″

On the six days in May, marked *, the reliquary was placed on its stand on the altar about mid-day, for the afternoon intermissions. A silk veil was thrown over it; and it was left undisturbed until after 3 P.M. At that hour, the blood was found hard each day; and subsequently it liquefied again, during the afternoon service.

The foregoing very important table speaks for itself. Once the temperature stood at 67°, and the liquefaction took place in 15 minutes, although the day before, with the thermometer standing at 80°, it had been delayed more than twice that time. Twice the thermometer marked 74°; the liquefaction was delayed in one instance only 3 minutes; in the other, full 25 minutes. Once the temperature was 75°. In that case 12 minutes of delay were counted. Thrice it was 76°; and the times were 2 minutes, 12 minutes, and 29 minutes. Four times it was 77°; the liquefaction occurred after a lapse of 5, 25, 29, and 41 minutes, respectively. Five times the thermometer stood at 78°; and the times of delay in the several cases were 5, 18, 24, 25, and 26 minutes. Seven times it stood at 80°; and the delays were respectively 10, 19, 21, 22, 24, 27, and 33 minutes. The highest point observed at the time of the liquefaction was 81°. It was reached twice. Here again the times differed. On one occasion the

liquefaction was delayed 27 minutes; on the other, 32 minutes.

In view of these varied results from so many careful tests, the commission of professors could only report, as they did, and as Dr. Fergola maintains in his essay, that the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius evidently does not depend on the degree of heat to which it is subjected during the expositions.

VI. The same conclusion may also be reached by a single consideration. When a solid substance is liquefied or melted by heat, it will continue liquid if the heat is kept at the same temperature or rises. It will resume its solid condition only when the temperature falls below that degree which is the melting point of the substance.

Now, in those summer days which we have spoken of—such as the six days of May, 1795, marked in the table of Fergola—days on which the Neapolitans seek the repose of a *siesta*—the hottest hours are from 12 M. to 3 P.M. During these hours, the temperature is naturally higher than it was at 9.30 or 10 A.M., or is afterward at 4 P.M., or later. Yet the blood, which liquefied at 9.30 or 10 A.M., almost invariably becomes solid again during these hottest hours, if the reliquary be placed on the altar and a silk veil thrown over it, and it liquefies again during the afternoon exposition, although the heat of the day is then sensibly diminishing.

The more accurately and carefully the facts of the liquefaction are studied, the more clearly do we see that it does not depend on temperature, general or local. It is not produced by the action of heat.

This exclusion of the agency of heat has “considerably exercised” some of the opponents of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. Confident that all miracles are, now at least, inadmissible, and that this and every other alleged miracle is susceptible of a natural explanation, if we only knew it, they eagerly catch at any, even the most far-fetched and improbable theories, and put them forward with equal inconsiderateness and confidence.

We have heard it said: Oh! Naples is an exceptional, volcanic district. There may exist there some occult or obscure volcanic agency, which suffices to produce the liquefaction; who can tell what strange results may come from a combination of all the volcanic agencies ever at work in that vicinity?

Is Naples the only volcanic district in the world? Does any other volcanic district present anything like this liquefaction, or calculated to throw light on it? Even in Naples, is there another similar example? And has not this liquefaction continued regularly, even when Vesuvius was quiescent for a long term of years. Previous to December, 1631, the volcano had slumbered in perfect tranquillity for nearly two centuries. A French traveller tells of the flocks of cattle he saw browsing within the very crater itself, then a vast green valley sunk in the plateau forming the top of the mountain. Yet all this while the liquefactions continued as they had done before, and as they have done ever since, in other seasons of quiet, and in seasons of active volcanic eruption.

And then, we ask, what other sign or indication is there giving evidence of this natural influence or law? And what sort of a natural law is that which acts only on one single vial of blood, and has not acted on the thousands of others in the same conditions.

Again, it has been urged, in much the same strain, that our knowledge of the laws of nature is still very imperfect. Many laws are as yet undiscovered. Every year is marked by some advance in our knowledge of them. It by no means follows that this liquefaction is miraculous, merely because as yet we are unable to assign the precise law or laws of nature which govern it. Perhaps, some time, men will discover them. Then all will be plain. Until then, they tell us, philosophy requires us to note carefully and accurately the facts of the case, and to wait for some explanation or solution of them in the future.

It is always well to take note of the facts, and to make our theories subordinate to those facts. What we find fault with our opponents for, in this question, is that they do precisely the reverse: they fix a theory in their minds, and if the facts of the case do not agree with their theory, why, so much the worse for the facts.

One word on the laws of nature. Although there may be many of which we have now no knowledge, and which we may hereafter discover, still we do know some. These may be supplemented—they cannot be contradicted or reversed by any laws hereafter to be discovered. The legitimate conclusions based on the certain knowledge which we have, are not to be impugned or held doubtful until we discover other laws. We do know, for example, that when a man’s head is severed from his body, he dies. All the known and unknown laws of nature cannot make him live again.

It will not do to base an argument in one paragraph on the invariable uniformity of law and order in nature, and, in the next, to maintain that we are as yet all at sea about these laws.

Among the well-known and uncontested laws of nature by which we may be guided in our argument, are several which have a close connection with the subject before us. We refer to them.

I. We know that solid bodies become liquid by increase of temperature; for each body, there is a certain melting-point. Above that, the solid body becomes liquid; below that, it remains

solid, or returns to solidity.

II. The same liquid, at the same temperature, has the same volume, or occupies the same space. It is on this law that our thermometers are constructed.

These two laws are known and established beyond doubt, if anything is known or established beyond doubt in physical science. Let us consider them in reference to the substance which is seen to liquefy in the vial or ampulla in the reliquary.

I. This substance has no fixed melting-point. Looking at Fergola's table, we see that it liquefied one day at 67° in 15 minutes, while the day before, at 80°, it liquefied only in 33 minutes. One day at 76° it liquefied perfectly in 2 minutes, and the next day at 77° it occupied 41 minutes. It has liquefied in the month of January, during a procession in the public street, while it was borne aloft on a stand, and freely exposed to the general temperature—then probably between 50° and 60°, if not lower. At other times, in midsummer, with a temperature over 80°, it has remained solid and unliquefied for hours and for days. Nay, after having become liquid, it frequently solidifies again, just at the hours between 12 M. to 3 P.M., when the heat of the day reaches its maximum. It is clear that this liquefaction completely sets aside the first-mentioned law of the melting-point.

II. The law of volume is set aside with equal peremptoriness. As you look at the liquid in the vial, you see that it changes in volume, either increasing or decreasing. Sometimes the liquid occupies only about three-fourths of the space within the vial. Before your eyes, it will increase, sometimes with froth, sometimes even bubbling more or less violently, sometimes retaining a perfectly tranquil and level surface; sometimes rising very slowly, sometimes rapidly; and it may continue to rise until it fills the vial. Or again, if the vial be full, or nearly full, the liquid within it will sink, either suddenly or gradually, hour by hour, with or without froth or bubbling, until it occupies perhaps three-fourths of the space. These changes take place in summer and in winter indifferently. They are entirely independent of the temperature. They evidently set aside the second law we have recited regarding volume.

III. A third law of nature is, that her steps are forward and not backward. A movement once made is never revoked. Chemical changes are progressive, and, so long as the ingredients and agents remain the same, they never go back to repeat a combination which has once been made and then changed for another.

Yet continual repetitions of the same forms, combinations, or conditions of the substance within the ampulla are a special characteristic of the liquefactions.

We will produce, hereafter, in a fitting place, evidence that for centuries the ampulla has not been opened, and consequently that its contents have not been changed. Nevertheless, the alternate hardenings and liquefactions, the variations of color, the frothing, and the ebullitions, and the increases and decreases of volume, have continued to succeed each other, and to be repeated hundreds, some of them thousands, of times.

Nay, leaving aside for the moment these longer periods, and confining our examination to the ten or twelve hours of a single day, during which the ampulla is all the while under the public gaze, and any interference of chemical art with the contents is absolutely impossible, we still find these repetitions of the same form or combination. The blood was solid when first taken out, it liquefied, stood liquid for an hour or two, solidified again, and again liquefied. Perhaps it solidified a third time, and a third time liquefied. It commenced to froth, and it ceased, then commenced again, and again ceased. It changed color, and again returned to the prestine tint. It changed in bulk, either increasing or decreasing, and again returned to its former level.

This reiteration of some or of all of these changes, in a single day, while the ingredients in the ampulla are evidently neither added to nor diminished, is contrary to the course of nature. The opposition is seen, the same in character, but manifested in vaster proportions, when evidence compels us to admit that the substance in the ampulla has not been changed or meddled with for years, and even for centuries; while yet these reiterations ever continue. The argument is the same in both instances.

There is no uncertainty as to the facts of the liquefaction or the well-known laws of nature which we have referred to. Nor is there any doubt that the facts are violations of those laws. Other laws of nature, yet to be discovered, may fill gaps in our knowledge, and may complement the laws already known. None will be discovered to contradict or upset them. It is as vain to wait for the discovery of some unknown law which may account for the facts of the liquefaction, as it would be to look for some other unknown law of nature in virtue of which Lazarus lived again, and came forth from the tomb—a law which, curiously enough, happened to act just at the moment when our Saviour stood before the tomb, and cried out: "*Lazarus, come forth.*"

Can anything be more absurd than this theory which, with words of seeming scientific caution and of wide philosophic views, would attribute the liquefaction to the action of some as yet undiscovered laws. In truth, what sort of a regular natural law would that be which manifests its unshakable uniformity by somehow or other coming into play, and producing the liquefaction, just at those precise days, hours, and places which men have from time to time selected, because convenient to them or suited to their thoughts of religion—a law which caused the blood to liquefy regularly on the 14th of January, each year, so long as that

day was celebrated as a festival; and skipped back to December 16 when a new festival on that day was substituted instead—which is ready to put off the liquefaction from the 16th of December to the Sunday following, whether the delay be of one, two, three, four, five, or six days, according to the day of the week on which the 16th may fall, and continues its complaisant action for the quarter of a century during which several archbishops of Naples preferred a celebration on the Sunday after to a celebration on the 16th of December itself; and which was quite ready to go back again to liquefying the blood on the 16th of December as soon as another archbishop decided to return to the old usage—which is equally accommodating in May, and always commences its series of liquefactions for nine consecutive days precisely on the Saturday before the first Sunday in May, regardless of whether it fell on April 30 or any day after up to and including May 6—and which, stranger yet, has been known often to adapt itself to the journeyings of strangers coming to Naples, and to bring into play its power of liquefaction on the very days and hours when these strangers could come to the *Tesoro* chapel, and the ecclesiastical and the civil authorities had come to an understanding, and the relics were brought out and placed on the altar?

It is useless to multiply words. The theory of general law must be ruled out, as utterly inconsistent with the facts of the case.

Whenever the liquefaction occurs, it must be each time in consequence of something done or occurring on that occasion; either because of something done by man intentionally and advisedly for the express purpose of producing the liquefaction, or perchance unintentionally—that is, without a knowledge of the effect to follow—or else because of the exercise on the part of God of his supernatural power, in answer to the faith and earnest prayers of a believing people. In this case, it is a miracle, as the Neapolitans and those who agree with them steadfastly hold it to be.

We have already stated facts amply sufficient to exclude one arm of this alternative. The liquefaction cannot be the natural result of any action of man, whether intentional or accidental. Any liquefaction produced by the art of man would of course be within the sphere of natural action, and would necessarily be subject to the natural laws of liquefaction. If produced by heat, the law of the melting-point would be observed. If it in any way depended on the mutual action of chemical ingredients, the laws of such action would never be seen to be reversed and set aside repeatedly, even in a single day. In whatever way the liquid was obtained, it would observe the law of constant volume at the same temperature, and would not so frequently either decrease or increase its bulk. In one word, man has no power to set aside the laws of nature as we plainly see them set aside in this liquefaction. We are forced to conclude that it is not his work. The liquefaction which is seen at Naples is not, and cannot possibly be, the natural result of any art or skill, or of any blundering of the Neapolitan clergy.

This will be made still clearer if circumstances allow us to examine somewhat in detail, as we hope to do in a closing article, the various solutions which have been proposed, and the attempted imitations of this liquefaction. Their signal failure in every instance serves as practical confirmations of the conclusion to which we have been already led. If with the aids of science and skill at their command, men have failed to reproduce the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, is it not clear that the priests and monks of Naples are not competent of themselves to produce the original?

The liquefaction must be, as the Neapolitans hold it to be, a *miracle*—a fact contrary to the laws of nature, wrought by the power of God for a purpose worthy of himself.

THE PRINCETON REVIEW ON DR. FABER.[94]

Twenty years ago, Dr. Newman delivered a series of lectures on “The Present Position of Catholics in England.” The scope of these lectures was the exposition of the English Protestant view of the Catholic Church. Dr. Newman showed, with an ability, skill, and cogency of argument, a mastery of language, a wealth of illustration, and a keenness of satire which even he has rarely equalled in his voluminous writings, what is the nature, origin, basis, and life of this view. Its sustaining power, he proves, is *tradition*, its basis *fable*, its life *prejudice*, its protection ignorance. We take the liberty of recommending this volume to the writer whom we are now intending to criticise, to the conductors of the distinguished review for which he writes, and to the clergy and reading laity in general of his eminently respectable denomination. The indignation to which the British Lion was roused, and the fierce assault which he made upon the illustrious athlete who entered his cage and took him by the beard of prejudice, so thick, of such ancient growth, and so venerable in his own eyes, is an evidence of the power of Dr. Newman’s arm and the efficacy of his weapon. The exposure which he made of one of the apostate traducers of the Catholic religion, after whom the English public for a while ran open-mouthed, gave occasion to a prosecution for libel, as the result of which Dr. Newman was condemned to a fine and imprisonment. It was a striking illustration and confirmation of what Dr. Newman had so boldly declared. The consequence has been that the person whom Dr. Newman was judged by the English jury to have libelled stands just where he did before the sentence was pronounced, and that Dr. Newman himself is fawned upon by the British Lion with almost the affection which another lion felt for Androcles when he drew a thorn from his paw.

The old Protestant tradition or view about Catholics lingers still about its ancient haunts in England, and probably survives in the minds of a majority of the English people. Its force is, however, diminished, and its prestige is waning, thanks, in great part, to Dr. Newman, but in a considerable measure also to his gifted and holy friend and disciple, Dr. Faber. In the United States, the Protestant view and tradition about Catholics was colonized along with the other British institutions which the first settlers transplanted from the mother country. It has given way in part within the last quarter of a century, and with more facility than in England. Yet it still retains an extensive and strong hold upon our soil, and needs many vigorous efforts in order that it may be wholly uprooted. The article we are reviewing is an instance and an evidence of the condition in which this old Protestant view is lying at present in a large class of minds, of whom the author may be taken as a representative. On the one hand, his whole tone and line of thought and reasoning is a perfect illustration of the thesis of Dr. Newman’s lectures. On the other, his manner of speaking about Dr. Faber and his writings shows the beginning of a caving-in of the great dyke of prejudice even among the stricter and more old-fashioned Protestants. As to the way in which a Catholic should endeavor to open a breach for the tide through this heap of sand, Dr. Newman has shown it to such perfection in his aforesaid lectures that we can only follow out and apply his method, and push forward in some new directions the work which he has substantially completed. We will, therefore, begin by a somewhat long quotation from one of these lectures, as the basis of the remarks we have to make ourselves, in which we shall endeavor to make the line of argument adopted by Dr. Newman bear more directly and in detail upon certain specific topics brought to view in the article under notice:

“PREJUDICE THE LIFE OF THE PROTESTANT VIEW.

> “In attributing the extreme aversion and contempt in which we Catholics are held by this great Protestant country to the influence of falsehood and misrepresentation, energetic in its operation and unbounded in its extent, I believe in my heart I have referred it to a cause which will be acknowledged to be both real and necessary by the majority of thoughtful minds, Catholic or not, who set themselves to examine the state of the case. Take an educated man, who has seen the world, and interested himself in the religious bodies, disputes, and events of the day—let him be ever so ill-disposed towards the Catholic Church, yet I think, if he will but throw his mind upon the subject, and then candidly speak out, he will confess that the arguments which lead him to his present state of feeling about her, whatever they are, would not be sufficient for the multitude of men. The multitude, if it is to be arrested and moved, requires altogether a different polemic from that which is at the command of the man of letters, of thought, of feeling, and of honor. His proofs against Catholicism, though he considers them sufficient himself, and considers that they ought to be sufficient for the multitude, have a sobriety, a delicacy, an exactness, a nice adjustment of parts, a width and breadth, a philosophical cumulativeness, an indirectness and circuitousness, which will be lost on the generality of men. The problem is, how to make an impression on those who have never learned to exercise their minds, to compare thought with thought, to analyze an argument or to balance probabilities. The Catholic Church appeals to the imagination, as a great fact, wherever she comes; she strikes it: Protestants must find some idea equally captivating as she is, something fascinating, something capable of possessing, engrossing, and overwhelming, if they are to battle with her hopefully: their cause is lost unless they can do this. It was, then, a thought of genius, and, as I think, superhuman genius, to pitch upon the expedient which has been used against the church from Christ’s age to our own; to call her, as in the first century Beelzebub, so in the sixteenth Antichrist; it was a bold, politic, and successful move. It startled men who heard; and whereas Antichrist, by the very notion of his character, will counterfeit Christ, he will therefore be, so far,

> necessarily like him; and, if Antichrist is like Christ, then Christ, I suppose, must be like Antichrist; thus, there was, even at first starting, a felicitous plausibility about the very charge which went far towards securing belief, while it commanded attention.
>
> “This, however, though much, was not enough; the charge that Christ is Antichrist must not only be made, but must be sustained; and sustained it could not possibly be, in the vastness and enormity of its idea, as I have described it, by means of truth. Falsehood, then, has ever been the indispensable condition of the impeachment which Protestants have made; and the impeachment they make is the indispensable weapon wherewith to encounter the antagonist whom they combat. Thus you see that calumny and obloquy of every kind is, from the nature of the case, the portion of the church while she has enemies—that is, in other words, while she is militant—her position, that is, if she is to be argued with at all; and argued with she must be, because man, from the very force of his moral constitution, cannot content himself in his warfare, of whatever kind, with the mere use of brute force. The lion rends his prey, and gives no reason for doing so; but man cannot persecute without assigning to himself a reason for his act; he must settle it with his conscience; he must have sufficient reasons, and, if good reasons are not forthcoming, there is no help for it; he must put up with bad. How to conflict with the moral influence of the church being taken as the problem to be solved, nothing is left but to misstate and defame; there is no alternative. Tame facts, elaborate inductions, subtle presumptions, will not avail with the many; something which will cut a dash, something gaudy and staring, something inflammatory, is the rhetoric in request. He must make up his mind, then, to resign the populace to the action of the Catholic Church, or he must slander her to her greater confusion. This, I maintain, is the case; this, I consider, *must* be the case; bad logic, false facts; and I really do think that candid men, of whatever persuasion, though they will not express themselves exactly in the words I have used, will agree with me in substance; will allow that, putting aside the question whether Protestantism can be supported by any other method than controversy—for instance, by simple establishment, or by depriving Catholics of education, or by any other violent expedient—still, if popular controversy *is* to be used, then fable, not truth; calumny, not justice, will be its staple. Strip it of its fallacies and its fiction, and where are you?”[95]

Where would the Rev. Mr. Scribner be if his article were stripped of its fallacies and its fiction? What would become of the *Princeton Review* if it should publish a fair and favorable account of the life and writings of Dr. Faber, without the potent antidote administered along with that sweet draught of stolen waters which might otherwise prove too alluring to some of the young and candid members of the Presbyterian flock? The writer of the article, who has evidently been educated in the old-fashioned Protestant tradition about the Catholic Church, has fallen in love with Dr. Faber and his works, and with the greatest frankness and candor has opened his mind to the public. We can see plainly reflected in his pages the astonishment which came over him as he began and went on from volume to volume of the writings of the eloquent Oratorian, and from page to page of his charming biography. We can see, with equal distinctness, how he fell back on the old Protestant view, the old prejudice, with a sort of violent effort, in order to protect himself against the new light which had beamed on his mind and the new sentiments which had stolen unbidden into his heart. Moreover, since he could not deny himself the pleasure of communicating the new treasure he had found to his fellow-Presbyterians, he could not help feeling that they also needed a safeguard, and could find none that would answer except the old one behind whose shelter he had hidden himself. Suppose that a number of earnest and inquisitive Presbyterians should be induced, by reading the sketch of Dr. Faber’s life and writings furnished by one of their own pastors, to purchase or borrow the books which he so much delights in? Suppose they should come to the conclusion that the beautiful character of F. Faber is a fair specimen of the fruit which the Catholic religion produces? That his doctrine is really and truly the Catholic doctrine which flows from the lips of all our preachers and from the pens of all our spiritual writers? Suppose these same persons should meet with some priest possessing somewhat of the same spirit with F. Faber, should listen to his conversation and hear his sermons, or should perhaps attend a mission or retreat? We ask the question, not as a Catholic, but as any one might ask it, and simply looking at it as a question of the gain or loss of vantage-ground by the respective parties. Does not any one see, that whereas we have need of nothing more than a fair chance to compare the evidence, the excellence, the attractiveness of the two religions, in order to hold our old ground and gain new, the Presbyterian has lost the greatest advantage he has hitherto possessed, as soon as the frightful cloud of odium which the old Protestant view has thrown around us has been dissipated? Therefore, that odium must be kept up; that antecedent impossibility that there can be any truth in the claims of the Catholic Church because it is so very wicked, must be placed as a bar to the ingress of every argument. So has the Rev. Mr. Scribner reasoned and acted. We will not impute to him a deliberate and conscious purpose to falsify or calumniate, and are willing to admit that he is probably in a great measure the victim of the gigantic fraud which he indorses and recommends. His language about the Catholic Church and her hierarchy is of that kind which might justly cause the cheek of any one not steeled to the endurance of the grossest insults to mantle with indignation. But, when we reflect on the fact that many honest, candid, and well-disposed minds are duped to such an extent by this fraudulent Protestant tradition that they are almost incapable of seeing anything except through its medium, we are more inclined to pity than anger. It is a great misfortune, even when it is not a wilful fault, to be under the control of this horrid delusion, this gloomy nightmare, which besets the very cradle, haunts the nursery, and sits brooding and glowering on the breast of so great a multitude of our fellow-Christians. We will,

therefore, try to do something to relieve them of this incubus, and to lead them to think and feel more rationally and justly about Catholics and their religion. We will take the expression [Pg 404] of the common Protestant view by the author before us in its objective sense, without reference to his personal and subjective motives in repeating such ignominious charges, and simply examine them in themselves and with reference to the grounds on which they rest.

The first passage we quote is the last sentence of the article. It is expressed conditionally as to the form, because the direct statement of the author was quite different, and apparently contrary to it. Yet it does not appear that the author entertains any doubt, or at least intends to suggest any doubt, of its truth:

> “We may admit that the Papacy is the Mystical Babylon, the Scarlet Woman, the Antichrist drunk with the blood of the saints, ‘the great Whore which did corrupt the earth with her fornication,’ and yet believe that God has a people in the Church of Rome who live and die within her pale.”

Here we have what Dr. Newman calls the “expedient of superhuman genius,” the startling, fascinating, terrifying idea, the Protestant view, which forestalls all argument by prepossessing the imagination with a nightmare of preternatural horror. The writer has had this image before him from a child. He alludes to it as something well known to his readers. It is like the “Old Smoker” in the chimney, or the goblin in the garret, or the mad bull around the corner, waiting to execute vengeance on naughty little girls and boys who ask questions. We find it very difficult to argue seriously against this chimera. It is like arguing against the odd fancy of the eccentric Jesuit Hardouin, that the North American Indians are the descendants of devils. It is revolting or ludicrous as it is looked at in different lights. It appears to our mind to be vulgar, silly, superstitious, and fanatical. Not, of course, because it is the use of language and imagery taken from the Scripture, but because it is a wholly arbitrary, fanciful, and unwarrantable use and application of such language and imagery. It is like the grotesque use of Scriptural names and images by the fanatics of the Cromwellian revolution. It is assumed as something certain and well known that the Papacy is foretold and described in these prophetic visions and predictions, as certain and well known as the interpretation of Joseph’s dream, the dreams of the chief butler and chief baker of Pharaoh, the vision of Nabuchodonosor, or the Messianic predictions of Daniel. Nothing short of this would justify the manner in which Protestant writers apply these terms to the Roman Church, and shut out all calm and sober consideration of her claims and doctrines by an appeal to the prophecies respecting Antichrist and Babylon. You cannot argue from a mere hypothesis, as if it were a fact or a certain truth. In this case, the entire probability of the hypothesis depends on first proving that the Roman Church really possesses and exhibits the qualities which must belong to the objects of the prediction. A sober and rational inquiry into the real meaning of these sublime, terrible, and obscure prophecies exacts, first of all, a study of the interpretation of the fathers. It requires, moreover, an examination and due appreciation of the expositions of Catholic commentators. It must be dispassionate and scientific in its character. Now, the vulgar Protestant application of these prophecies to the Roman Church has none of these characteristics. It finds no countenance from any writers before the time of the so-called Reformation. It was invented and used as a convenient and telling weapon of assault. It is rejected by some of the eminent scholars of the Protestant [Pg 405] persuasion. On what does it rest? On nothing but the conjectural interpretation of a certain number of individuals. We should find no difficulty in proving its absurdity and falsity if we chose to undertake the task. But that is not our object. All we contend for at present is, that it is an irrational and abusive employment of terms to call the Roman Church by the names of symbolic persons or objects in the prophecies, as if it were certain that this application is just and true, and that these names need only to be repeated in order to designate the Catholic religion as a detestable monster, to be shunned and fled from, but not to be approached and fearlessly examined.

As the Rev. Mr. Scribner has been haunted from infancy by these Apocalyptic monsters, and has always associated them in his imagination with the Roman Church, it is quite natural that distinctive Catholic doctrines should appear to him clothed with the same alarming and hideous outward semblance of monstrosity. So, then, he says that,

> “Even if the sincerity of some who profess to have been converted to the belief of the *monstrous doctrines* of transubstantiation, the sacrifice of the Mass, the supremacy of the Pope, purgatory, the worship of the saints, and the adoration of the Virgin, must be admitted, still there are some who have secret doubts as to the possibility of such persons being true Christians” (p. 516).

Why are these doctrines called *monstrous*? Doubtless, all error is more or less monstrous, as a greater or less distortion of the truth. Therefore, one who considers these doctrines erroneous might mean no more in calling them monstrous than if he said they are great errors. But it seems to us that our author used the word to express an antecedent, obvious monstrosity of some sort, which makes these doctrines incredible in themselves, without any reference to the fact of their being either proved or disproved to be parts of revealed doctrine. Now, looking at the matter as if we were mere inquirers or philosophers, what is there more incredible in the doctrine of transubstantiation than in that of the Incarnation, in the sacrifice of the Mass than in that of the Cross, in the supremacy of the Pope than in the supremacy of the twelve apostles, in purgatory than in hell, in the worship of the saints and the Virgin than in the divine adoration of the humanity of Christ? Whoever will take the

trouble to read our philosophers and theologians, will find that they demonstrate the futility of all the antecedent objections which can be made to the credibility of any Catholic doctrines. As to the arguments in proof of these doctrines from Scripture, tradition, and reason, whoever maintains that they are so obviously proved to be false by the contrary arguments, that it is only a monstrous ignorance, folly, credulity, or wickedness which can induce any one to hold them as Christian doctrines, had better favor the public with a clear and succinct treatise containing the reasons for his opinion. It might, perhaps, answer the purpose of a Protestant *End of Controversy*, which has been a great desideratum for a long time.

When he incidentally hits on the subject of relics and miracles, our estimable author is still more overcome. Dr. Faber, in his eyes, is always a charming, grown-up infant, who is only made more lovely and attractive by believing everything. But not so with those who cannot claim his sympathy for their sweet simplicity, and must be considered as grown-up men:

> "With the exception of a few such men as Faber, it is not to be believed for a moment that the educated prelates and priesthood of the Romish Church have themselves a particle of faith in what they teach the people concerning their Popish legends. We do not know what to think of the man who does not feel intense indignation at the bare thought of Pope, cardinals, and priests all encouraging the people to reverence the disgusting pretended relics with which their churches are filled. Let it be remembered that the highest Romish authorities in all countries continue to this day to give their sanction to *what they know to be imposition* on the credulity of the people; and can it be doubted that even the most bigoted person, if he knew the real facts, would question the truth of a system which rests so extensively on known and deliberate deception?" (p. 528).

There is something which seems so honest and unpremeditated about this outburst of indignation that we are disposed to give the author the benefit of that excuse of childlike simplicity which he so kindly makes good in behalf of Dr. Faber. He has no thought of proving his assertions, does not seem to think they require any proof, or that they can be questioned by any one who is not ignorant and bigoted. *Let it be remembered*, he says, as of something learned in childhood, like the rules of grammar or the date of the discovery of America. Evidently, here is the old Protestant view, the old tradition, which has all the force of an infallible authority. Now, it is not the fault of Presbyterians and other Protestants that they have had this prejudice instilled into their minds in youth. While their ignorance is invincible, it is also inculpable. But if they adhere to it without reason, through supine indifference to truth or affection for their old prejudices, when their attention has been called to the reasons and motives for doubt and examination, they become morally blameworthy. A simple denial of the truth of the accusations made in the foregoing paragraph, on our part, is enough to destroy all their prestige in the mind of any candid and intelligent Presbyterian who is not ignorant or bigoted. Our word carries as much moral weight as that of the conductors of the *Princeton Review*. And we deny emphatically, invoking God as a witness to our sincerity and truth, every item of the foregoing accusation. It is an atrocious calumny, and those who have uttered it are bound to prove it or retract it, even if they have been themselves deceived, and have had no intention to calumniate. This is all the reply we have to make to the attack on the personal honor and integrity of the Catholic priesthood. But in regard to the topic itself of relics and miracles, we will say a word out of charity to our bewildered and indignant friend, and to all like him who are willing to hear the other side.

Disgusting pretended relics. What is the sense of that word *disgusting*? Does it mean that real relics are disgusting, or that pretended relics are disgusting because of the imposition? If it mean the former, we do not understand the feeling any more than we understand the feeling of one who is disgusted with the furniture which has been in the family for a long time. You cannot argue the question in that way. The only way of arguing the matter at all is to discuss the matter itself. If the relics of the saints are entitled to reverence, and have a secret, miraculous power, the feeling of disgust is simply an abnormal and senseless feeling, which ought to be suppressed by an act of the will. If it is a question about the genuineness of the relics, no one who is not grossly ignorant of history can be unaware of the fact that, from the second century down, relics of martyrs and saints have been highly honored and religiously preserved. There has never been any difficulty in procuring genuine relics in abundance of the contemporary saints. As regards the relics of the cross, and other relics connected with the persons of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, the apostles, and the most ancient and illustrious saints, we must refer the curious reader to books for information. We can only strike, so to speak, a few random blows at the prejudice which encrusts the Protestant mind, and endeavor to crack it. We merely wish to convince our friends of the absurdity of their hasty and wholesale condemnation of our motives, spirit, doctrines, and practices, that they may think it worth while really to examine the matter with seriousness. So, without going into any general examination of relics universally, we will just take up an instance of a particular case of relics in the house where we are writing, as an example of our ordinary and practical conduct in respect to relics. In an oratory which is used for private devotion, there is placed above the altar a large and ornamental sarcophagus, the front and sides of which are of plate glass. Within is a wax figure of a Roman youth reclining on a crimson couch, dressed in crimson silk, crowned with a chaplet of flowers, and with the eyes closed as if he had just died. Within the breast is a reliquary, with relics of a body taken from the Roman catacombs. In the corner is a phial, marked with a red ribbon, and which

once contained blood. These are the relics of Justinus, a young martyr of Rome, which are duly and officially authenticated as having been taken from the Catacombs. Now, whoever knows anything of Roman archæology knows that the most learned and careful antiquarians give us certain marks by which the remains of martyrs may be identified. The Rev. Mr. Scribner will not hazard his reputation as a scholar, we presume, by classing the folios of De Rossi and other savants of Rome among the impostures of priestcraft. We have, then, the relics of a true martyr, arranged and placed in such a way as to make an object of contemplation to the eye of taste and of Christian faith, which is pleasing, instructive, and fitted to excite pious emotions. What is there disgusting in this?

But then there are the legends about miracles wrought by the relics of the saints, and other miracles. Very true, my dear friend, and, no doubt, very puzzling and startling to one who has been accustomed to believe that the marvellous and miraculous passed away with the age of the Bible. But, reflect for a moment on the full extent of the admission you will have to make to the infidel rationalist, to the enemy of Christianity, who makes our whole religion mythical, if you reject all this portion of the belief of Catholics as founded on the fabulous. Read Bede's *Ecclesiastical History of England*, the twenty-third book of St. Augustine's *City of God*, St. Ambrose's description of the discovery of the relics of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, and Isaac Taylor's *Ancient Christianity*. You will find that we modern Catholics are in the same boat with the fathers, the prelates, the Christian people of the fifth century. We float or sink together. It seems to us, however, that before one resolves to follow the shallow and sophistical Isaac Taylor and his servile copyist, the translator of the *City of God*, in condemning our Christian forefathers as the authors or the dupes of a gigantic system of imposture, and before one pronounces a similar sentence on the whole body of their modern descendants, it would be well to examine somewhat carefully the evidence in the case. For instance, to confine ourselves to modern times, there are: the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius; the ecstatic virgins of the Tyrol, and the recent similar case in Belgium; the miraculous conversion of the Jew Ratisbon; the case of Mrs. Mattingly of Washington; the miracles of Lourdes; the miraculous cure of a young lady at St. Louis, attested by three physicians; the miracles wrought by the relics of F. Olivaint, the martyr of Paris; the miraculous conversion of sixteen Mohammedans at Damascus, one of whom has suffered martyrdom; and many other events, believed by a vast number of intelligent persons, upon grounds of evidence, to be supernatural and miraculous. We do not ask our Protestant friends to believe these things on our word or without evidence. We simply say that it is the part of good sense and necessary for you, if you expect to sustain your own cause against us, that you should examine these things, and, if you deny altogether this whole class of professed facts, should give good reasons for it. Will you rule the whole case out of court by a sweeping principle that these things are in themselves impossible and incredible, and therefore false? We defy you to do it without subverting the whole basis on which rests the belief in the miracles of the Old and New Testaments. Moreover, we defy any one to evade or rebut the evidence of some of the miracles we have mentioned, especially the cure of Bourriette at Lourdes and of Mrs. Mattingly at Washington. We mention these, because we have given the evidence of the former in our own pages, and of the latter in the edition of the works of Bishop England, prepared for the press by the author of this article more than twenty years ago. The authority of the Roman Church, nevertheless, and the truth of the Catholic faith, do not in any manner rest on any one or all together of the visions, revelations, or miracles in question as their basis, and as the ground of a divine faith. Their highest value, even when fully proved, is to confirm and enliven our faith in truths of which we are previously certain.

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The Rev. Mr. Scribner says with great truth that "one great lesson taught by this biography [of Dr. Faber] is the lesson of charity" (p. 531). He is also so obviously correct in his remark that "charity does not require us to admit that to be true which is false," that we wonder he took the trouble to make it. Moreover, we cannot and do not wish to dispute his right "to pronounce a flaming Roman Catholic professor a child of the devil who shows himself to be one." But we wish to add to his statement one more, which is that justice requires, as well as charity, that one should not make atrocious charges or apply opprobrious epithets without adequate proofs and motives. Let the reverend gentleman consider, then, coolly and deliberately, and let every Protestant reader of this article consider and judge of the following sentence:

> "It would not be enlightened charity which would make us think that, perhaps, after all, *the licentious Roman Catholic priests of Spain and Italy, and the brutal priests of Ireland*, are Christian men" (p. 531).

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Charity! We do not ask your charity. We spurn with indignation any such despicable counterfeit of charity as that which is here repudiated. The Catholic Church does not need any mantle to throw over any priests who are either "licentious" or "brutal." Let the jurisdiction over clerical delinquents, which rightfully belongs to her, be admitted and sustained by the civil governments, and she will treat them with the right kind of charity, by restraining them from all power to sin, and giving them an opportunity of doing penance. Civil governments, when they have been engaged in a conflict with the church, and Protestant leaders, have always been ready enough to encourage, to employ, and to reward these outcasts of the priesthood, or impostors who have falsely pretended to be priests. By their suborned testimony, the British government hanged Oliver Plunkett at Tyburn. For the sake of another of the same sort, an English jury fined and imprisoned the most honorable

and illustrious writer in England. Examples nearer home are not wanting, and are not, we suppose, quite yet forgotten. All those worthless members of the priesthood who have been disgraced, or who deserve to be, we leave to bear by themselves the judgment both of men and of God. But on what evidence are the priests of Spain and of Italy called in general and unqualified terms "licentious," and the priests of Ireland "brutal"? We would like to know what opportunity American Presbyterians have of knowing accurately the condition of the Spanish clergy. Blanco White, as Dr. Newman shows, furnishes no testimony which can be used to prove any such assumption as that of our very confident friend Mr. Scribner. In regard to Italy, is there any testimony given by trustworthy, competent witnesses, who have lived there long enough to know what the character of the clergy is, or anything which the violent enemies of the church in Italy have been able to establish against the clergy, which warrants the opprobrious epithets applied to them in the elegant passage we have cited above? That the busybodies who are trying to make mischief in Italy, and whose proceedings are viewed with intense disgust by some honorable Protestant clergymen, keep some very disreputable company among the Italian clergy, we have no doubt. We suppose there are more than one hundred thousand priests in Italy, and, as we have seen two such specimens as Gavazzi and Achilli, we cannot wonder if there are some scores of similar individuals who are able to keep their places under the protection of so detestable a government as that of Victor Emanuel. These are the men who consort with Protestant emissaries, and who malign the virtue of their brethren, which they hate and envy because of their own wickedness. But, as Dr. Newman remarks, those who leave the Catholic Church, and yet retain some moral probity and gentlemanly honor, do not furnish Protestants with the evidence they want in order to sustain their defamation of the Catholic priesthood. Men like Wharton, Blanco White, Lord Dunboyne, Gioberti,[96] Capes, Hyacinthe, and Döllinger, do not answer the purpose for which they are wanted, because they will not utter the gross calumnies or invent the startling, sensational lies which certain infamous scribblers like Maria Monk, or mountebank lecturers like Leahy and the last new Baron, manufacture for the greedy ears of a credulous public.

The insult offered to the clergy of Ireland is equally offensive and touches us still more closely. It is not so bad an epithet which is applied to them, but, while it is vague enough to make it difficult to seize and expose the precise calumny which the writer intends to fasten, it is forcible enough to make it as insulting and opprobrious as any epithet which a gentleman could well use, or a refined and scholarly periodical suffer to appear on its pages. It is like the gross caricatures of *Harper's Magazine*. We blush at the thought of noticing such an aspersion on the Irish clergy. The priests of Ireland *brutal*? The Irish people are not a brutal people, and it is impossible that a brutal clergy should spring from them. The clergy are loved by their people, they cannot therefore be brutally cruel; they are respected by them, and therefore they cannot be brutally vicious. They are educated men; they meet noblemen and gentlemen on equal terms. Irish society is cultivated, refined, and polished, and the Catholic priests of Ireland are respected by the respectable Protestants of Ireland. Such an accusation as this could not be made in Dublin, or on the floor of the British House of Commons, without calling derision on the head of the unlucky person who ventured to use a sort of language about Catholics, which polite society is beginning to regard as unfit for its ears.

It is no wonder that a gentleman so prejudiced against the Catholics and their religion as Mr. Scribner has shown himself to be, should be astonished or puzzled at the conversions which have taken place in the past twenty-five years:

> "How one educated in the Protestant faith can become a sincere Papist it is difficult for us to understand, and to many minds the thing seems impossible" (p. 516).

He tries to diminish, and as far as possible to shirk the difficulty by laying the blame on Anglicanism and Puseyism:

> "It must be remembered that for an Anglican or Puseyite to become a Catholic is a very different thing from the conversion to Romanism of any other intelligent Protestant."

The perusal of Dr. Newman's *Lectures* will show that the Protestant view and the Protestant prejudice have had as deep and strong a hold in the English Establishment as in the Kirk, and, therefore, the difficulty remains where it was. But, although we may allow that a High-churchman is logically nearer to a Catholic than is a Presbyterian, there are plenty of cases of the conversion of those who were brought up in the other Protestant churches. Hurter, Phillipps, Stolberg, and De Haller were Lutherans. Mr. Lucas was a Quaker, and F. Baker was brought up a Methodist; Dr. Brownson was a Unitarian, and Judge Burnett was a Campbellite. There are numbers of converts in the United States from the Lutherans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Unitarians, and other denominations. It does not alter the case that some of the best known of the converts who were brought up in various sects became Episcopalians first, and afterwards Catholics. For, as our author asserts, they became by that step "almost Catholics." And how did they first become convinced of those "almost Catholic" doctrines, and altogether Catholic principles which they only logically followed out when they became Catholics? Then, again, we have the two Drachs, the two Ratisbons, Hermann and Veith, who were Israelites. Infidels, too, have been converted, as well as Protestants and Jews; men of every country, rank, and profession, noblemen, clergymen, statesmen, lawyers, physicians, merchants, military and naval officers, have embraced the Catholic faith. Since the time of the so-called Reformation, these converts

have amounted to hundreds of thousands, and it is our opinion that there must be at least fifty thousand at the present moment in the Catholic Church of the United States. This fact must, therefore, be looked in the face, and it must be admitted that there is something in the Catholic religion which is capable of convincing the understanding and winning the homage of the most intelligent, upright, and conscientious persons, even though they have been educated in Protestantism.

Mr. Scribner admits, with a commendable candor and frankness, the sincerity and excellence of Father Faber:

> “One at least who followed Dr. Newman into that communion deserves, as far as his love for the Lord Jesus and his self-sacrificing zeal are concerned, to be held as a model—Frederick William Faber. In his numerous devotional books, in all his correspondence, and in his hymns, almost all of which are of the highest order for beauty, tenderness, and spirituality, there breathe sweet humility, childlike trust in Jesus as the Saviour of the lost, and the most loving submission to the divine will.... And yet this man, whose self-sacrificing piety and loveliness of Christian character all must acknowledge, was, during almost the whole period in which he so earnestly sought the good of others by his incessant toil, as sincere and thorough a Romanist as if he had drunk in the system with his mother’s milk.... But as long as one retains with these errors (‘the monstrous doctrines of transubstantiation, the sacrifice of the Mass, the supremacy of the Pope, purgatory, the worship of the saints, and the adoration of the Virgin’), however inconsistently, the essential truths of the Gospel, his holding them is not incompatible with piety. Whoever is a true worshipper of Christ is born of God, and that the subject of this biography worshipped and loved the Saviour it is *impossible to doubt*.... One great lesson taught by this biography is the lesson of charity, and that we should be cautious in assuming that a man is not a Christian because he is a Romanist. Undoubtedly, when we obey the injunction of the Scripture to pray for ‘all saints,’ we pray for many who are in the Church of Rome. Even a Romish priest who prays to the Virgin, and who teaches the people to pray to her, as Faber certainly did, may be, like him, an humble worshipper and lover of Jesus. And though he may practise austerities, he may do so in a different spirit from that which actuates the masses in his own church, for, instead of being full of self-righteousness, he may have no confidence in his own righteousness.... We may admit, etc., and yet believe that God has a people in the Church of Rome who live and die within her pale” (pp. 515, 516, 517, 531, 532).

Let the reader peruse these passages carefully. They read very differently from the other set of extracts, and yet they occur together, mixed up with each other, and we have separated them in order to exhibit more clearly the singular clashing in the author’s mind between old, timeworn prejudices, and a new, intruding set of thoughts and sentiments derived from the perusal of F. Faber’s life and writings. We have shown how he attempts to reunite the two. But they cannot live peaceably together in the same breast, any more than could Sara and Agar in the same tent. They are incompatible. It is impossible to make out of Father Faber an exceptional case. If the charge of idolatry is sustained against us, and if, in other respects, the Roman Church deserves the epithets applied to her by our enemies, Father Faber went with his eyes open, and remained with his eyes opening wider and wider, and died in a religion which cannot be embraced without bringing death to the soul. He was no adherent of any softening, modifying, minimizing school. He was not like any of those whom Protestants are wont to regard with favor as belonging more to themselves than to us, as a sort of secret, unconscious Protestants, who are only externally united to the Roman Church, while their spirit is alien from her spirit. There was nothing of Pascal, Martin Boos, or Hyacinthe about him. He was not even one of those who stopped short at the line of strictly defined and obligatory doctrine, as if afraid of being extreme Catholics. He was no Gallican, no rigorist, no advocate of anything that might be called Neo-Catholic or Anglo-Catholic. Even in regard to minor and accessory matters, to modes and ways in which there is great room for variation in opinion and practice, he preferred those which characterize the genius of the Italian and Spanish nations, and which seem to the colder and more reserved temperament of the English to be the most remote and foreign to their tastes and intellectual habits. He endeavored to divest himself of everything which bore the semblance of conformity even in accidentals to Anglicanism, and to throw his whole soul into what he considered to be the most perfectly Catholic mould. He outran in this many both of the old English Catholics and of his fellow-converts. Especially in regard to the devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, he made himself the champion of the most exalted views concerning the power and glory of the Mother of God, and the importance of her cultus in the practical teaching and piety which is directed to the end of the conversion and perfection of souls. He followed St. Bernardine of Sienna, St. Alphonsus, and the V. Louis Grignon de Montfort, and his entire spiritual doctrine is derived from similar sources, as it were flowing from the very topmost heights of mystic contemplation, above the clouds, and far remote from the paths and ken of ordinary mortals. In his theology, which is remarkable both for accuracy and depth, he always follows those authors whose doctrine accords with the strictest criterion of Roman orthodoxy. It is not, then, anything in Father Faber which is peculiar and self-originated, or which he brought over from his Protestant education, and has mixed with Catholic doctrine as a clarifying ingredient, that makes his books popular with Protestants, and has excited the admiration of the writer in the *Princeton Review*. F. Faber’s doctrine and sanctity are purely Catholic products. The homage which he has extorted is homage paid to the school in which he learned, and the masters and models he followed. The sheep shows the quality of his pasture in the fineness and whiteness of his wool. “Men do not

gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles.” If our reverend friend were more familiar with the lives of the Saints and the works of Catholic spiritual writers, he would cease to wonder at F. Faber and his works. We can point him to whole libraries of works in which the characters and actions of a multitude of similar men and women are depicted, and where countless forms of the same divine truths and holy sentiments are presented. Those who “practised austerities” to the greatest possible extent, the solitaries of the desert, the holy monks and nuns, the saints of the most heroic type, are precisely those who were marked at the same time by their entire conformity to the doctrine and spirit of the Roman Church, their profound humility, and their ardent love of the great Lord and Saviour of mankind. Contrasting F. Faber, and others like him, with the great body of fervent Catholics, as if they had a “different spirit,” the great body being “full of self-righteousness,” and these select few having “no confidence in their own righteousness,” is sheer nonsense, and an unmeaning rattle of words. We cannot all pretend to possess the genius, the loveliness of character, the extraordinary graces, or the exalted sanctity of F. Faber. But all those who hold the genuine Catholic doctrine which our holy mother the church teaches, and possess in any degree the genuine Catholic piety which she inculcates, are, so far, like F. Faber. The same spirit is in all, whether they be the frail and sinful confessing their sins with contrition, the sincere though imperfect who are striving to keep God’s commandments with more or less diligence, or the more advanced in Christian virtue and holiness of life. Those who have a false and counterfeit piety, who indulge in the spiritual sins of pride, self-confidence, and vainglory, who are willing victims to the illusions of the devil, and seek to play the part of saints in order to gratify their self-love and win applause, are like other sinners, except that they have more of the hypocrite about them. They generally become heretics, or fall into open sin, and cease acting their wearisome part, unless they are truly humbled and converted. These are the persons who have a “different spirit” from that which actuates the true children of the church. That F. Faber touched the common chords which vibrate through the great Catholic heart is shown by the fact that he is the most popular spiritual writer of this century. Three hundred thousand copies of his works, in some six or seven languages, had been sold some time ago, and they still continue to circulate everywhere. It is not a little remarkable that the same chord is obedient to his touch in the hearts of so many Protestants. What genius, learning, reasoning, philosophy, cannot do, the faith and love which spring from prayer and penance accomplish with ease. It is a remarkable fact, and we call the attention of Catholic preachers and writers to it, as well as that of Protestants. One who disdained the thought of diluting Catholic doctrine to suit the delicate palate of the age, who was regardless of the opinion of men, who plumed his pinions for a kind of audacious flight into the lofty ether in which saints alone are wont to soar and poise in contemplation, who threw off all drapery from the glorious form of Catholic truth, and loudly called on all men to gaze and worship, is the one who wins the confidence and captivates the hearts of the greatest number of the church’s lost and estranged children. We trust that his works will win their way, and exercise their gentle, attractive force still more extensively among evangelical Protestants. The recommendation of a Presbyterian pastor, which goes forth under the sanction of Princeton, will, we trust, produce its full effect, and excite the pious curiosity of a great number of readers to become acquainted with the biography and writings of the gifted, lovely, holy poet, priest, and teacher, who has been called the Bernardine of Sienna of the nineteenth century.

We have endeavored to bring out into strong relief what is really of the greatest moment in the article of the *Princeton Review*, and what the weak though violent counter-protests only make more prominent and definite, that the concessions to the personal and doctrinal purity of Father Faber are a yielding of the most grievous of the charges against Catholics and their religion. It argues, we hope, a change in the spirit and manner of maintaining the controversy with us which is coming on. The teaching of Father Faber is admitted to contain the “essential truths of the Gospel,” and his most distinctively Catholic and Roman doctrines are admitted to be “not incompatible with piety.” The conclusion is rigidly logical and irresistible, that Calvinists must consider the controversy between us as one not respecting *directly*, but only *indirectly*, the essential, fundamental dogmas and precepts of the Gospel and Christianity. Let them, then, realize this view to themselves, think in accordance with it, and regulate their conduct and language in harmony with it. Let them no longer ignore and practically abjure the Christian church from the fourth century to the present moment, and confine their sympathies to an imaginary primitive period and the sphere of modern Protestantism. Let them study ancient, mediæval, and modern Catholic authors, read history and theology, and learn to discuss the real issue with us. The Chinese method of warfare, charging upon us with shields aloft, bearing the hideous figure of the beast with seven heads and ten horns, with outcries and shouts of derision and vituperation, will not answer any longer. Those who choose to follow such tactics will soon be forced to throw their shoes into the air and take to flight. It is too late to frighten even Presbyterian children with such nonsense. The weakness and helplessness of the poor Irish Catholics, and of the handful of Catholics in England, made them for a long time the easy victims of oppression and calumny. But the day for treating the Catholics of the English-speaking world with haughtiness and contumely has passed by. We desire, however, no revenge or retaliation. We ask nothing of Protestants except that they will seek the truth. In the words of Montalembert: “The truth, and nothing but the truth—justice, and nothing but justice—let that be our sole revenge!”[97]

[94] *The Princeton Review*, October, 1871. Art. II.: *The Life and Letters of Frederick William Faber.* By Rev. William Scribner.

[95] *Lecture IV.*, p. 206. Dublin. Third Edition.

[96] We do not intend to affirm positively that Gioberti formally renounced the communion and faith of the Catholic Church, a matter about which there hangs a great obscurity. But his violent enmity to the Jesuits and his revolutionary principles in general would have certainly led him to attack the clergy and the existing order in the most vulnerable part.

[97] *Monks of the West*, Introduction, last paragraph.

LIMITATION.

Through limit and hindrance man works: no limit hath God, and no need;
But his wind is musical only when prisoned in the cane of the reed.

AUBREY DE VERE.

MODERN OPERA.[98]

Nothing better pictures an epoch than the art and literature which it produces. The great characters, religious and political, immortalized by history, have always been surrounded by a cluster of noble geniuses, artistic and literary. The generosity and magnanimity of heroes is reproduced in the sublime purity of the works of art of their epoch. Nobility of art bears testimony to the excellence of morals. Our century is no exception to this. Confusion of principles in politics and religion is accompanied by an analogous overturning of morals, of art, and of literature. We are living in a time of general depravity; at least, it is so as regards those who pretend to march at the head of modern civilization. But their depraved literature, their shameless arts, exercise their disastrous influence over those who would wish to resist the current of the bad passions of the day. It is to them that M. Stein gives warning of the danger, in depicting the bad conditions into which dramatic music has degenerated. It is a study of contemporaneous manners, not so much from an artistic as from a religious and political point of view.

Gentlemen: A few days ago, it was shown you here how considerable is the influence of the fine arts upon the moral life of mankind; it was demonstrated how they can guide the human sentiment towards different ends, good or bad.

You will permit me now to call your attention to a branch of the fine arts which, more now than ever, and more than all others, exercises its influence on the moral life of the people, and which merits thus the highest degree of interest from this assembly. It is dramatic poetry allied to musical art, that is, the Opera.

You all know the great extent of this branch, which has captivated the favor of the public to a degree perfectly exceptional, and which has banished to the second place all other branches of dramatic art.

The reasons of this extraordinary success are not so well known. The excessive predilection of public theatregoers for the opera is of quite recent date. Only forty years ago, the masterpieces of dramatic poetry enjoyed the same favor as those of dramatic music. By the side of Mozart and Carl Maria von Weber, Shakespeare and Schiller were found on a footing of equality; to-day they must retire before Meyerbeer and Offenbach, and be contented to remain eclipsed by these favorites of the public. If you question on the subject enthusiastic lovers of the opera, they will answer that, in our day, opera has made progress so considerable, and attained to such perfection, that the understanding of music is so general among the people, that this predilection of an enlightened public for dramatic music is the most natural thing in the world. You know there never can be question of any other than an enlightened public; for it cannot be doubted that every man who frequents the theatre is a man of progress. The gallery represents the preparatory school; the boxes, the pupils in philosophy.

However, it is difficult to believe that artistic taste and love of music are the sole motives which cause the public to fill the halls of the opera-house. Forty years ago, the works of Mozart, of Weber, and other masters were well appreciated by connoisseurs, but they did not meet with as much success from the public as modern operas enjoy to-day. Or is it rather that Donizetti and Verdi, Meyerbeer and Offenbach, understand the art better than Mozart and Weber, Spohr and Spontini? We cannot admit it. The reason must be elsewhere, and surely, gentlemen, you wish to know it.

In a pamphlet published ten years ago, Richard Wagner says: “The essential foundation of art, as practised generally in our day, is industry: its moral end is gain, its æsthetic intention to kill *ennui*.”

This richly endowed artist has in view his colleagues in dramatic music, the composers of opera. He knew these men well, and understood himself how they set to work. But in the words quoted he has perfectly explained the end and tendency of modern opera.

The end is no other than gain; and, as means conducive to this end, effect is necessary, which must be attained at any price. Industrialism, that tyrant of our age, has also submitted the opera to its power, and under its domination the art exhausts itself forcibly, because tied to the fly-wheel of the artistic fabric. To produce effect, to surprise and bring out something which has not yet been seen—these are the objects of actual dramatic music. To this end is sacrificed not only art, but also all that exists—religion, politics, morality, and truth. This unfortunate course has been inaugurated by the Italians. In their dramatic works, Donizetti and Verdi have sought but for effect, theatrical success, and to this end have completely sacrificed dramatic truth. For love of effect, they have trodden upon law, morals, and even reason. The domination of sense over mind is the characteristic feature of their music.

But it is among the French that this style has attained its greatest perfection, and even among the German composers, who, for love of effect, have Frenchified themselves. The most skilful author of scores of operas, Scribe, has offered his pen to these greedy musicians for money, and shows his readiness to sacrifice all to it. Scribe understood the Parisian public for which he worked. He knew its weakness, and he has succeeded in imposing the vitiated taste of that public on the whole civilized world.

In the texts furnished by Scribe, all is intended for scenic effect—all means are employed to reach this end. The requirements of dramatic truth and of morality, even of good sense, are sacrificed to the one end, effect. Frivolous and immodest allusions, which offer gross food to the impure fancy, and necessarily soil the imagination of innocence; doubtful scenes, as, for example, in *Fra Diavolo*, where a young girl unrobes and goes to bed before the audience; scenes of the bath, as in the *Huguenots*; scenes of seduction, as in *Robert le Diable*; political allusions, exaltation of and homage to the revolutionary passions, as in the *Muette de Portici*; base flattery to the irreligious opinions and prejudices of the day; even, in fine, scenes peculiarly religious, that are put into the piece to produce striking contrasts, and bring out voluptuous scenes better—these are the artistic means of which these poets and composers have made use to produce effect, and to make money with this effect. Thanks to these industrials of the opera, it happens that in France a new opera has no longer chance of success, if it be not abundantly provided with these means for exciting bad passions.

Now, how is it in Germany? The German good-nature imitates everything of which the French set the example. It allows itself to be deceived, even to the point of finding *naïveté* where there is nothing but immodesty. It thinks even that it recognizes a religious character in works which do but abuse and vilify religion. The German good-nature imagines that these creators of French art have carried dramatic music to its highest perfection, whilst in reality they are merely skilful workmen, and often something much worse.

If it be denied that our so-called artistic and intelligent public is intoxicated with drinking from the poisoned cup of the French opera, it must be conceded that in Germany there are still many men who know and love art, and who therefore, at the start, do not sacrifice to this musical Baal, but render testimony to the truth with regard to the modern opera. They do not trouble themselves about the shouts and railleries of the crowd, who are unreflecting, and seek in art only sensual enjoyment and pastime.

Permit me here to recall the memory of a generous man, a grand master of the musical art, whom the city of Düsseldorf formerly counted among its citizens—to wit, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. From the letters he has left, we know that, during his artistic career, he desired earnestly to try his creative power on the opera, but could not succeed because, notwithstanding his multiplied efforts, he could not find a text to please him. During his sojourn in Paris, his father wrote him to employ Scribe to furnish him a text, to make the composition at Paris, and to have the joint work performed there. This letter of the father betrays a man well versed in business. In his answer, Mendelssohn first speaks of the difficulties which are raised against strangers who wish to represent their works in Paris; then says: “It must be added that, among the French, the principal condition is one to which we must always be opposed, even when the epoch requires us to be ready to make concessions to the taste of the day. This essential condition is immorality. I have no music for that. It is ignoble. If the present age exacts such requirements of the opera, I renounce it for ever. I prefer to compose religious music.”

Honor to the honest man! Honor to the artist who in acting thus honored himself—who refused to gain money and to make himself famous by selling for so base a use the divine gift which God had given him!

As Mendelssohn indicates here, it is particularly Meyerbeer who has devoted himself to this bad style. In his youth, this talented artist had composed several operas which had not been favorably received. He had tried without success in the German school as well as in the Italian. He gave himself up to the mercantile style, and his career was brilliant. Meanwhile, Meyerbeer employed Scribe to write his texts, and these two minds understood each other wonderfully. The one furnished piquant scenes, without regard to the exigencies of reason and morals, and threw in a profusion of seductions for all the passions. He set to work all the wonders of decoration. The other illuminated the whole with seductive music, which sought but for effect, and had no regard to dramatic truth. In this manner, Meyerbeer has become not only the most famous, but also—and this is the principal thing—the richest musician of the entire world. He knows his business, as no one before has known it.

Meyerbeer is distinguished particularly for his predilection for religious scenes. With consummate skill, he uses them to produce striking contrasts. None of his last operas fail in this spicy seasoning. As a Jew, he is impartial among the different Christian sects. He maligns and mocks them all. In *Robert le Diable*, it is Catholicism which is put under contribution to furnish material for his religious scenes; in the *Huguenots*, he abuses Protestantism in the same manner and to the same end.

Marcel, a personage insignificant and dull, a fanatical Huguenot, interrupts everywhere the action of the piece with a Protestant canticle, always inopportunely and without reason, but producing always a grand effect by contrast. It is the air of the canticle of Luther: “Our God is a tower of strength.” The success of the *Huguenots*, this opera being so much a favorite, rests almost entirely on the contrasts produced by this canticle.

In the first act, a merry company of cavaliers is found at table drinking and singing a riotous song. Marcel, the incomprehensible solitary, proceeds to thunder out, with a loud voice accompanied with brazen instruments: “Hear me, strong God! My voice is raised to thee.” This canticle, in the midst of jovial drinkers, intermingled with the song they are singing—how can it fail of effect? In the second act, there is a very violent scene. At the instigation of Queen Margaret, the Count St. Bris has proposed his daughter to the Chevalier Raoul, who

refuses her. Valentina, the daughter, despised and scorned, complains; Queen Margaret preaches peace; all shout and fence, and Marcel adds his chorus in a thundering voice, “God, our guard and protection, listen to our cries!” Is not this a shameful prostitution of sacred things? But it produces effect; and our opera-going public, which boasts of its delicate taste, is enchanted with it, and imagines that the violent impression produced by these contrasts is a religious and edifying sentiment.

In *L’Africaine*, the last production of Meyerbeer, he introduces us immediately, in the first act, to a sitting of the secret council of the King of Portugal. It is understood that the grand inquisitor and a certain number of cardinals play the principal *rôle*. Finally, Vasco de Gama is condemned, loaded with chains, and thrown into the deepest dungeon. Why? Because he has affirmed the existence of distant and unknown lands of which the Scripture does not speak. You know well that ecclesiastical dignitaries have always had the habit of refuting with chains and a prison novel ideas and scientific discoveries. At least, by this scene the public is convinced of it, with the aid of stunning music. This same opera, so much approved, contains also a very piquant amorous intrigue. There are several choruses of prayer, then a large vessel on the stage, and finally a manchineel tree, which spreads death. We must agree that it is the possible and the impossible.

However, it is not the Jew Meyerbeer who has pushed to the extreme his musical industry. The Jew Offenbach has gone much further. The former speculated principally on the curiosity of the unreflecting masses; but while his art is under subjection to frivolity, he still seeks to preserve a certain decorum. But Offenbach has got rid of the last remains of modesty and propriety. Yet the Christian public besiege the workshop, and applaud with frenzy the musical indecencies of this industrious Jew.

Orphées aux Enfers, *La Belle Hélène*, *La Vie Parisienne*, such, for several years, have been the favorite works with a public in advance of its age. These operas have been played every day for weeks and months on every stage; and often there are disputes over the tickets for these representations. Of course, it is all owing to the beautiful music.

With these impure works, dramatic music has attained the extreme of degradation. After having been lowered by Meyerbeer and the modern composers of France and Italy to the rank of an *equestrienne*, who rides round the circus in elegant costume, the muse of music has been thrown to the demi-monde by Offenbach. She could not fall lower.

Gentlemen, permit me to repeat the question which was laid before you in the beginning. What is the reason that modern opera has gained the favor of the public to so eminent a degree that not only the classical works of this kind, but also the masterpieces of declaimed drama, are banished from the theatre? Now, we can answer this question. The reason of this surprising phenomenon is that, by the modern opera, art has entered into the service of sensuality, art has lost all generous and elevated motives. It has tasked itself to amuse a public depraved by pleasures of every kind—to satisfy curiosity, to flatter the bad passions, the errors and prejudices of the age, and to make a bad use of the questions of the day.

Those who still doubt what I say have but to notice the intimate union of the ballet with the opera which the prevailing taste dictates as an inexorable law. In most cases, the ballet has no logical or artistic connection with the opera. It is a foreign element which imposes itself upon musical and dramatic action, and which is given with the avowed intention of exciting voluptuousness. Reason is forced to despise the ballet; moral sentiment condemns it; musical art is obliged to lament over it as a sad aberration; nevertheless, modern opera has concluded an alliance for life with this frivolous creation of the present time. You know the proverb, “Tell me what company you keep: I will tell you what you are.”

Our friends of the opera do not like to be told these things. Judgments like these are for them the expressions of a mind opposed to modern civilization, and lost in obsolete ideas. If one of these partisans of modern opera hears what I have just said, he will certainly say that the darkness of my ultramontane soul is blacker than the color of my robe. He will maintain that it is only æsthetic education, artistic sense, enthusiasm for music, which draws him and his equals to similar works; and, nevertheless, the old operas which are veritable works of art, but which do not contain any piquant subject and little food for sensuality, leave them cold and indifferent in the depth of their hearts. The symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart cause these lovers of art to yawn, and the name alone of an oratorio makes their flesh creep.

What position have we Christians to take, in order to oppose these alarming phenomena of the present day? A critic of the seventeenth century, named Wehrenfels, has laid down this principle for dramatic art in general: “Finally, all our dramatic representations should be such that Plato could tolerate them in his republic, that Cato could listen to them with pleasure, that vestals could witness them without wounding their chastity, and, what is more important, that Christians could listen to them.”

You will say this is too antiquated a principle. Among the greater part of our amateurs at the theatre it will only provoke expressions of doubt; they will say that this poor Wehrenfels is far behind modern civilization. Notwithstanding, no one undertakes to refute this principle, to demonstrate that these requirements are groundless. But as long as they are not refuted, we must consider them justified, and we ask if they should not be applied to the opera. Is not the drama when sung to be submitted to the same true moral and æsthetic laws as the drama recited?

To the phenomena of life as produced before our eyes, we apply the scale of conscience and of reason. Why should it not be our right and our duty to apply them also to the opera, and to regulate our conduct from the result of such an examination? No one will deny that this question is well founded. Nevertheless, it would meet with much resistance. Our enthusiasts of the opera have tacitly agreed that, where it is a question of opera, good sense and conscience should be silent. But ourselves, gentlemen, ought never to abandon these principles. We should no longer be Christians, if we did not apply to the opera the principles we practise in our lives.

Let us, then, apply these principles to the music of our day. What must we do if it be condemned for frivolity, for immodesty and abuse of religious things? If we find that the scenes are arranged solely with a view to effect, and in disregard of good sense and logic? If reason and conscience, by common accord, condemn this degradation of art, and the deception with which this degradation is presented as veritable art? What must we do, in presence of these great accusations against modern opera?

Would you condemn to silence your reason and your conscience because you are promised amusement? Would you wish, as a return for your money, to have sung on the stage words you despise, words you would repulse if they were spoken? Would you put a temptation before your children, in leading them to the opera—these same children whom you tried to bring up in honesty, in religion, in piety, and the observance of all Christian duties? Do you believe that at the opera, where religion is made a plaything, where it is exposed to contempt, attacked and calumniated, they will learn to esteem and to obey it? Will they learn good morals, decency, and propriety from the dancers of the ballet? It is sufficient to place before you these questions; you will answer them yourselves. But why this severe criticism? What will result from it?

Will my words succeed in turning dramatic music from its bad course, and making it enter on a better? Will the thousands and thousands of individuals who find their greatest pleasure in modern opera take notice of them at all? I do not count upon that. But I hope with confidence, gentlemen, that my words will engage you to examine more closely the subject of which I have been treating. You will not form your judgment from charlatans of criticism and enthusiastic partisans of sensuality; but you will judge for yourselves, by vigorously applying your Christian principles. If you are thus affected, my words will have borne fruit.

[98] *Lecture of M. Stein, Curate of Cologne.* Delivered before the Catholic Congress at Düsseldorf.

THE STUDY OF SACRED HISTORY.[99]

It has been said that a distinguished English lady, remarkable for her intelligence in the treatment of many questions affecting the condition of the proletarian classes, and by whose persevering efforts the erection and management of reformatories for juvenile offenders, and industrial schools for that vagrant portion of the community known in our civilized era as "street Arabs," and who herself personally superintended most admirably a reformatory for young girls in Bristol, was accustomed to say to her visitors, in reply to their astonishment at her wonderful perseverance and success: "Whenever I see anything that I can call radically wrong, I never feel satisfied till I can render to myself an intelligent reason why it has gone wrong; and then, when I know what the causes are, I set myself to the task of preventing, as far as possible, the occurrence of anything of the same kind in the future."

This practical view of the duties of life, which proved of such benefit to the beneficiaries of that philanthropic lady, seems to have been adopted by the author of the work before us, and to have been applied on a more comprehensive scale. Becoming convinced, after long investigation, that one of the evils which at present afflict society arises out of spiritual ignorance of the history of the church and of the pre-Christian era, instead of supinely contenting himself with bemoaning the calamity, he set to work and produced a book which, under its present modest title, contains a concise history not only of the Catholic Church, but of the ways of God's providence to man from the creation, as far as they have been revealed to us through the pages of Holy Writ and in the writings of ancient authorities. The reverend author by this admirable work hoped, if he could not contribute to dispel the mists of doubt and dissent now so widespread in both hemispheres, to at least put into the hands of the rising generation a preventive and an argument against those who would either deny the existence of a revealed law, or, admitting, would pervert its commands to their own weak or vicious purposes. His success so far has been proportionate to his ability and purity of motive.

We are all aware that the best part of the Christian people has been plunged into profound grief and stupefaction by the recent murder, or, as the Holy Father more emphatically expressed it, the parricide of the late Archbishop of Paris, and so many of his faithful clergy. Now, who were the perpetrators of that most foul deed? In one sense, certainly, not a wild, tumultuous mob, acting without system or guidance, nor yet private assassins in the employment of the secret societies, or moved thereto by personal malice or revenge. On the contrary, the deed was done in the open day, by the arbitrary orders of what was claimed to have been a regularly established government, and executed by its armed soldiery, two of whom, even when about to obey the mandates of their supposed superiors, knelt at the feet of the holy prelate and begged his forgiveness for the crime they were about to commit. It is not claimed by the apologists of the Communists that their illustrious victims were guilty of any offence against the state, or that even the form of a trial was accorded them; and yet there are to be found many persons, considering themselves honorable and intelligent, who openly or secretly applaud that glaring and cruel act of injustice, and who thoroughly sympathize with the European revolutionists—those enemies of all law, who, if they had the power, would repeat in every city in Christendom the late disgraceful scenes of Paris. It is a melancholy fact that outside the Catholic Church the horrible murder of the venerable Archbishop Darboy and so many of his clergy has been the cause of ill-disguised congratulation, not only among those who are in direct affiliation with the revolutionists, but amid the sects who profess to regard the Decalogue as part of their fundamental doctrine. Have we yet heard from the thousands of pulpits and hundreds of newspapers, occupied and controlled by the various Protestant sects, one open and manly protest against the atrocious criminals who have so recently sullied the fair fame of France by deeds that would have disgraced the most degraded forms of savage life? Not one.

A fact like this, so patent and portentous, while it shows how large a portion of civilized society has fallen away from the plainest teachings of Christian charity and justice, must necessarily lead to the inquiry as to the best means of arresting, and, if possible, correcting so monstrous an evil. Recognizing it as such, it is our duty fearlessly and persistently to endeavor to correct it, for "*Felix qui potuis rerum cognoscere causæ*" will always be a true maxim, even when we are engaged in the study of the worst of human miseries and disasters with a view to their alleviation.

In contemplating the many evils which now afflict Christian society, the creation and formerly the obedient creature of the Catholic Church, we must recollect that God has not given to his church the gift of being the infallible preserver of the faith in every nation and at all times, no more than she can guarantee to all people civil order and wise government. There is no doubt that the church is the tree set up in this world, the leaves of which are the health of mankind, "*et quis tibi imputavit si perierint nationes quas tu fecisti*" (Wisd. xii. 12); but who shall accuse her of countenancing the disorders which have arisen through the rejection of her authority, and to which she has ever been strenuously opposed? Our Lord himself contemplates the rebellion of nations and people against his doctrine. To the angel of the Church of Ephesus the Spirit said, "Be mindful from whence thou hast fallen: and do penance, and resume thy first works. Or if not, behold I come to thee and will move thy candlestick out of its place, except thou dost penance" (Apoc. ii. 5). Even the presence of the priesthood among us in adequate numbers is no assurance against schism and infidelity.

Though we may have every confidence in their sanctity and the soundness of their teachings, we cannot always be certain that the duties of their holy calling will be performed with uniform discretion, intelligence, and zeal, or that the hearts of their congregations will respond on all occasions and amid all circumstances to the teachings of their pastors. It is true that at all times and in all places the soldiers of the Cross have proved themselves the faithful guardians of piety and morality, but it must be admitted that occasionally, particularly in Europe, they have not attached sufficient importance to the necessity of the intellectual training of the masses and to the wonderful advances of the human mind in abstract and practical sciences. What the Abbé Fleury wrote of a past generation is partially, at least, true in this. In the preface to his *Historical Catechism*, he says:

> "We see a great number of devout persons who have read great numbers of spiritual books, and are familiar with a large variety of devotional practices, but who are totally wanting in an understanding of the very groundwork of religion."

Fleury's testimony receives a remarkable corroboration in the circumstance that, in the last century, whoever derided the traditional belief in God and in the Christian revelation acquired credit with the multitude as an "*esprit fort*." In short, the idea of there being so much as the possibility of an "*esprit fort*" who believed in God and who *ex animo* professed the faith of the church, appeared to be unknown, and the universal notion in France was that the choice consisted in being feeble and pious or strong-minded and atheistical. Under the influence of this notion, the principal part of the male population of France fell away from the faith, and it has required the persistent efforts of at least two generations of priests, and with but partial success, to lead them back to the church. Religion in Great Britain during the past century is known to have largely taken its complexion from France, and it is remarkable that the bulk of the English Protestants affected to form precisely the same estimate of it, and that it was a power inimical to the cultivation of the understanding and a decided enemy of knowledge and progress. The same phenomenon appears in Italy. The Italian people are still deeply attached to the traditions of the Catholic faith, but the popular idea of the Catholic religion, misled by the slanders and misrepresentations of the revolutionists, is that it is the religion of the timid, the feeble, and the pious, that its wants are limited to functions and processions, beads and prayer-books, or what would be rather scoffingly called "*roba di pietà*," and that it is in no way conscious of any wants proper to a manly understanding, and consequently never expected to take any pains to satisfy them. In Germany, there are perfectly analogous symptoms. Catholics in some parts of that great empire bear the contemptuous name of *Dunkelmänner*, men of darkness; and they are looked upon, not merely by the positive enemies of all religion, but by the busy throng, as certainly no friends to the legitimate progress and cultivation of the gifts of the understanding.

The consequences of these disastrous tendencies to fall off from the practice of the virtues and observances of the church are apparent to all thinking men, and, if not checked, will have an equally marked effect on the morals and faith of future generations. To some extent, we humbly submit, they are due to a want of thorough education, not only spiritually but humanly, among a large number of Catholics, who, not deficient in piety and the desire to live according to the precepts of Christianity, are too often led away by the sophistries and superior knowledge—real or affected—of the opponents of their faith. Learning is said to be the handmaiden of religion—and is never so brilliant as when employed in her service, while religion, profiting by her assistance, moves on from one triumph to another. It does not appear to be a part of the providence of God that man should simply grow into a knowledge of the doctrines of the church, in the same manner as he advances to bodily maturity, but by intelligent and persevering teaching and diligent practice. In our world, every year brings new-comers on the stage, and the message to the Church of Ephesus was, "*Age pœnitentiam et prima opera fac*." The Catholic clergy inherit a tradition, long anterior to that of the past century, of being the patrons and the cultivators of the human mind, and they still should remember these true and ancient glories of their sacred calling. The language of the sacred liturgy on the day of Pentecost is beautifully expressive on this subject:

> "*Da tuis fidelibus*
> *In te confitentibus*
> *Sacrum septenarium.*"

Sacrum Septenarium—the sacred seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, amongst which we find the "spirit of understanding and of knowledge." All the gifts of the Holy Ghost doubtless require to receive their due share of honor and cultivation. But in a generation which has gone so widely and so terribly wrong by the way of a perverted and deceived intellect, the cause of faith in the world demands that the battle be fought with a special determination on the ground of the intelligence. If Satan relies on the perversion of the mind for leading them away from belief in the truth and divinity of the revelation brought by Moses, and perfected by the coming and ministry of one greater than Moses, St. Michael must contend with Satan for the possession of the body of Moses. The more the spirit of deception that has gone abroad seeks to discredit the Mosaic revelation, which is the forerunner in the world of the revelation of Jesus Christ, the more we must diligently persevere and insist that all who are willing to listen should stir up within themselves the gifts of the spirit of understanding and knowledge, and qualify themselves to resist and confront the spirit of error wherever they meet with it and on all fitting occasions. Every Catholic family ought to be a centre or focus of Christian information. In every household there ought to be books containing the

narrative of the works of God through the line of his great saints, beginning from the sacred narrative of Moses downwards to the present time. Sacred history is the true tower of strength to the cause of faith.

This study should not, as it has heretofore generally been, confined to ancient history; for, though we may find in the Old Testament the wonderful working of God in his intercourse with his creatures, and see developed and completed his works and promises to his chosen people, we have, under the new dispensation and in the history of the Catholic Church, as indubitable proofs of the promises and fulfilment of them in the fulness of time by our divine Maker. The history of the Popes, for example, from St. Peter to Pius IX., is replete with providential incidents, astonishing the worldly and baffling the so-called wisdom of the sceptical. The perpetual rejuvenation of the church herself when apparently crushed and disintegrated beneath the load of kingly oppression and the lawlessness of the mob, is in itself not only a perpetual miracle, but the evident fulfilment of the promises of the Founder to be with her all days even to the consummation of the world. The lives of the grand throng of saints, martyrs, confessors, and missionaries—the glory and pride of the church—their sufferings, triumphs, and miracles; their love of art and literature, and all that makes life holy and beautiful, are fraught with lessons before which even the story of Abraham's sacrifice and Joseph's forgiveness sink into comparative insignificance. Sacred history should be read as a whole, from the beginning of time to the present day, giving to the more ancient part its proper share of attention, not only for its own sake but as prefiguring the more perfect system of Christianity. But the history of the Church deserves and should receive our chiefest and most marked attention.

The book of the Rev. Henry Formby, which, under its simple title, contains a concise and chronological narrative of sacred history from the creation down to our own times, in this respect is one of the most useful publications that has recently appeared from the English press, and, though but an abridgment of a much more voluminous work on the same subject, it preserves all the essential features of the original with singular simplicity and lucidity of style. The title gives but a faint idea of its merits, for in truth it is not a mere collection of stories in the general acceptation of that term, but short, succinct, and correct historical sketches of events related in the Old Testament, and a condensed and necessarily short history of the church from its foundation. The arrangement of the subject is admirable, and, in view of the vast field of Biblical lore to be traversed, and the numerous historical facts of the first importance to be touched on, at least in the confined limits of one volume, there are displayed a clearness of narration, and a nice appreciation of the salient points in the spiritual progress of the human race, that make the book easy to be read and understood by even the most ordinarily instructed person. In fact, if the author had substituted "pictures" for "stories" in his title-page, he would have been more correct.

A general knowledge of the history of the creation, and of God's once chosen people, the Jews, as well as an acquaintance with that of the church herself, the perfection of what was imperfectly prefigured under the old dispensation, ought to be an essential ingredient in the education of every Catholic child and of every adult, no matter what may be his condition in life; but heretofore the undertaking has been so laborious on account of the want of elementary books on those all-important subjects, that but little was generally known of the workings of Providence in ancient times, and the typical significance of many of the events related in the Old Testament, except by the learned few. Even the early history of the church has been practically a sealed book to the English-speaking masses, whose ideas of her long years of suffering, persecution, and final triumph have been of the most indefinite and oftentimes erroneous character. We have to thank Father Formby for supplying this defect in our Catholic literature, and in future there can be no excuse for ignorance of at least the origin, labors, and progress of the religion we profess. In about one hundred and sixty pages, the half of his book, devoted to the Christian era, he presents to us very complete and exact, if not very elaborate, views of the leading events in the history of the church for over eighteen centuries. In addition to this, he has appended to many of the sections in the part occupied with the pre-Christian period short moral reflections, and institutes comparisons between the old and new order of things, which are not only edifying, but highly instructive, particularly to young readers. For example, with reference to the days of the creation of the world, he remarks:

> "Jesus Christ rested in the tomb from the work of redemption on the Sabbath or seventh day, and arose again from the dead on the first day of the week. For this reason, the Christians no longer keep holy the original Sabbath, but the Lord's day, or first day of the week, in memory of the resurrection of Jesus Christ."

And again, after relating the dispersion of the builders of the Tower of Babel, he draws this beautiful comparison:

> "The nations of the world suffered a great punishment upon their pride in the confusion of their speech, and in their separation one from another. Jesus Christ has in part removed this punishment; for he has again made all the nations of the earth one religious family in his church, under the supreme government of the successor of St. Peter, and as partakers of one and the same sacrifice at the altar."

In allusion to the well-known story of the sale of Joseph to the Egyptians by his brethren, he says:

> “Joseph, hated by his brethren on account of his love of virtue and innocence, and sold by them for a slave into the land of Egypt, is a striking figure of Jesus Christ hated by his own people on account of his love of justice and sanctity, and delivered up by them bound into the hands of the Roman governor, Pontius Pilate.”

Father Formby’s diction and treatment of his subject are varied and suited to the epoch which he describes. In the early pages of his book, he adopts the figurative orientalisms of the Hebrew writers, but further on he sobers down to the less florid and more matter-of-fact style of modern times. His descriptions of the crusades and the origin and growth of the religious orders are exceedingly graphic and correct, though of course merely outlines of what would fill books enough to make up an ordinary library if written in detail, and his summing up of the so-called reformation is deserving of particular notice.

> “There is something worthy of being carefully observed as regards the Protestantism which began in the sixteenth century to cause whole nations and peoples to renounce the faith and discipline of the Catholic Church. But as other great heresies, such as that of Arius, have had a similar ruinous effect in causing a great falling off from faith without the end of the world following in their wake, Protestantism cannot simply for this reason by itself be understood to be the sign to which St. Paul refers. What is remarkable, however, in Protestantism is, that though Dr. Martin Luther and the others who were leaders at the time formed sects, their the disciples of which called themselves by the names of masters—as Lutherans from Luther, Calvinists from Calvin—Protestantism has long ago ceased to be the name of any particular doctrine. Lutherans, Calvinists, Anabaptists, Socinians, and all the different sects which arose at this time, as regards what is meant by Protestantism, are just as good Protestants the one as the other. They may, and do, dispute with each other about what is to be held to be true as Christian doctrine, but as regards Protestantism they are all quite agreed. How come, then, those who are completely at war with each other about Christian doctrine to agree completely about ‘Protestantism’? The reason is, that Protestantism proper has but one solitary doctrine and one solitary precept, viz., ‘*Depart from the Roman Church*.’ All who satisfy this one precept entitle themselves to the name of ‘Protestant.’ It is true that, up to the present time, those who have protested against the Roman Church have generally had the credit of deserving to be, in some way or other, known as Christians; but this is rapidly ceasing to be the case. ‘Protestantism’ has now come to be the name of the confederacy of almost all without exception whose cry is, ‘Depart from the Roman Church,’ so that there would seem to be no rashness in recognizing it as the departure (*discessio*) which St. Paul points to as the sign indicating the world to be drawing to a close.”

In addition to the merits and attractions of this valuable contribution to contemporaneous Catholic literature, we observe that most of the leading incidents recorded in sacred history are illustrated by wood-cuts very handsomely designed and executed, so that the eye as well as the understanding is made familiar with the historical places, incidents, and characters sought to be portrayed, and the frontispiece is a large and excellently clear engraving of Jerusalem. The growth of Catholic literature in England, where even in the recollection of many of us Catholicity, confined to the humble minority, was banned and ostracized by author and reader alike, is one of the most healthful signs of the times, and it will be a great dereliction of duty on our part here in America if we do not profit by the labors of our co-religionists abroad, hoping some day to reciprocate the favor.

[99] *The Pictorial Bible and Church History Stories, Abridged.* By the Rev. Henry Formby. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1871. 8vo, pp. 320.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Essays Critical and Historical. By John Henry Newman, formerly Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Vols. I. and II., 8vo. London: Basil Montagu Pickering, 196 Piccadilly. 1871. New York: For sale by The Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren Street.

"These essays, with the exception of the last, were written while their author was Fellow of Oriel, and a member of the Established Church. They are now, after many years, republished, mainly for the following reason: He cannot destroy what he has once put into print: 'Litera scripta manet.' He might suppress it for a time; but, sooner or later, his power over it will cease. And then, if it is, either in its matter or its drift, adapted to benefit the cause which it was intended to support when it was given to the world, it will be republished in spite of his later disavowal of it. In order to anticipate the chance of its being thus used after his death, the only way open to him is, while living, to show why it has ceased to approve itself to his own judgment.... This, accordingly, has been his attempt in the present edition of these essays, as far as they demand it of him; and he is sanguine that he has been able to reduce what is uncatholic in them, whether in argument or in statement, to the position of those 'difficultates' which figure in dogmatic treatises of theology, and which are elaborately drawn out, and set forth to best advantage, in order that they may be the more carefully and satisfactorily answered."—*Author's Preface.*

Anything from Dr. Newman's pen has a strong personal claim upon the interest of Catholics. The volumes before us contain fifteen essays, written at different times between the years 1828 and 1846. The subjects are mainly connected with the intellectual progress at that time developing in the mind of the author. The volumes are necessary to a collection of his works, and also to a perfect acquaintance with classic English literature.

The Fourfold Sovereignty of God. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. London: Burns, Oates & Co. For sale by The Catholic Publication Society, New York.

The rapidity with which volume follows volume from the prolific pen of the Archbishop of Westminster has often astonished our mind. From hints given in the preface to this last publication, we get, in part, an explanation. It appears that his Grace employs a skilful stenographer to take down and then copy for the press his extemporaneous lectures. In this way, one who has a mind stored with the acquisitions of a lifetime, and is gifted so unusually with the *copia fundi*, can accomplish what could otherwise be done only by a man of more leisure than is enjoyed by the active prelate of the London diocese.

These four lectures make a pendant to the last four published, and complete the general view of the subject. They are like all the works of Archbishop Manning, of which our opinion has been so lately expressed. We need, therefore, only to announce the publication of these new lectures, and our readers will understand for themselves the value and interest they possess.

The Tradition of the Syriac Church of Antioch, concerning the Primacy and the Prerogatives of St. Peter, and of his successors, the Roman Pontiffs. By the Most Rev. Cyril Behnam Benni, Syriac Archbishop of Mossul (Nineveh). London: Burns, Oates & Co. 1871. For sale by The Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren Street.

This unique production symbolizes the contrariety and unity of the East and West in a singular manner. It begins at both ends, and finishes in the middle, where the appendices usually put at the end are snugly sandwiched between the Syriac original and the English translation. This translation has been made by the Rev. Joseph Gagliardi, and is, of course, at that end of the volume which, to our Occidental habits of thought, appears to be the natural beginning. The Syriac begins at the opposite end, and thus both languages have their own way, and the book will answer equally well for the reader in Nineveh and the one in London. The tradition of the Church of Antioch, where St. Peter established his first see, is scarcely inferior in interest and importance to that of the Roman Church. The learned prelate has gathered together the best and most authentic testimonies to the supremacy of the Roman See from documents both ancient and modern, liturgies, official acts, and writings of prelates and learned men, both Catholic and schismatical. The references are most carefully given, and the whole work is critical and scholarly. It is published in a very handsome and ornamental style, and cannot fail to interest the curious, the learned, and all who are engaged in theological pursuits. The testimonies to the authority of the Holy See which it contains are very valuable, and as they are given in a clear English translation, methodically arranged, and accompanied by full explanations, they are intelligible to any person of ordinary education. We cannot flatter ourselves that we have very many among our subscribers who will be able to appreciate the beauties of the Syriac original.

The Life of Jesus the Christ. By Henry Ward Beecher. Illustrated. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1871. Vol. I.

The publishers of this work have given it a very handsome exterior, and adorned it with a number of excellent illustrations of scenes and places in Palestine. The attempts at reproducing some of the most celebrated representations of our Lord are, however, not successful. As for the work itself, it is an effort to imitate the fascinating and popular style of Renan in such a way as to satisfy those Protestants who call themselves Evangelical. That

the author has the art of pleasing the multitude cannot be questioned. That he is an artist in the highest and truest sense we cannot admit. And, so far as more solid qualities are concerned, he is not to be compared for a moment, in respect to that erudition which brings rabbinical and classical treasures to enrich and illustrate the Evangelical narrative, with Dr. Sepp, whose *Leben Jesu* still remains both the most valuable and the most interesting of all works of this class thus far produced, in spite of much that is fanciful and visionary.

If the doctrine of this book were sound, we should hail its publication with joy, even although we could not consider it to be a literary masterpiece. Even if it contained only the errors common to Protestants; still, if it were sound on the great central truth of the Incarnation; one might think it likely to be useful in preserving among Protestants the true doctrine of the divinity and humanity of Christ contained in their formularies. As it is, we must condemn it as more mischievous and absurd than the *Vie de Jésus* of Renan. Of course, no Catholic who has any regard for his own principles will ever think of looking for religious instruction or edification in any book proceeding from Mr. Beecher's pen. The evil which this shallow and utterly heretical production, coming forth in such a taking guise, will cause will be among Protestants. One class of them—those who swallow its honey with pleasure—will take in a deadly poison of heresy. Another class, who will look at its doctrine coolly and critically, will be strengthened in their tendency to rationalism and unbelief by its crude absurdity.

Mr. Beecher teaches a more gross and monstrous doctrine than that of Arius, Nestorius, or Appolinaris. It is, namely, that God contracted and diminished his divine nature within the mental and physical limits of manhood. God became the human soul of a human body. This is the anthropomorphism of Swedenborg. It destroys all true conceptions both of the human and the divine nature of our Lord. Pantheism is better than this. The reasoning and exegesis on which this revolting doctrine is based are not worthy of a moment's notice. All is mere superficial, rhetorical, sentimental talk, without a shred of philosophy or theology. We shall look with some curiosity to see what judgment the Episcopalian and Presbyterian divines of the stricter sort will pronounce on this latest product of the pseudo-Evangelical school. What those of them who have some theological knowledge will think, we know very well; but we are desirous of seeing whether they will express their thoughts in clear and emphatic language, and caution the Protestant public against a doctrine which subverts the Nicene Creed and the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, to say nothing of other formularies which are essentially the same with these.

Behold a new proof of the utter insufficiency of the text of Scripture alone by itself even to preserve the orthodox doctrine after it has been fully presented to the mind! How much more, then, to give it at first hand! What the orthodox Protestants still retain of the faith is the faith of creeds, councils, and tradition, and the exercise of private judgment on the text of Scripture is destroying it fast.

Cineas; or, Rome under Nero. From the French of J. M. Villefranche. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham. 1871.

If we except *Fabiola*, *Callista*, and *Dion*, we feel no hesitation in saying that *Cineas* is equal to any production of its kind yet offered to the English reader. In this tale, history and tradition are interwoven with fiction, and the result is a graphic sketch of Christianity in the apostolic ages. The portico, the Pantheon, the temple, and the catacomb are brought upon the stage, and made to represent their parts. The scene changes from the Circus Maximus to the Mamertine, from Rome to Jerusalem, from Jerusalem to Athens; and at each change of scene the infant church appears clothed in new beauty, in new holiness, in new strength. It is much to be desired that Catholics of the present day should become acquainted with the religious life of their brethren of the early church. No other study is so well calculated to enliven our faith, animate our hope, inflame our charity, and incite us to that heroic virtue so necessary to perseverance in the present age. *Cineas* tends to promote this study, and as such we welcome it, commend it to the perusal of every Catholic, and thank the translator and publisher for the care with which they have performed their respective tasks.

The Letters of Madame de Sevigne to Her Daughter and Friends. Edited by Mrs. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Edited by Mrs. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

These two books, simultaneously issued from the same press and edited by the same author, bear strong marks of similarity and contrast. Each, in its way, has long been looked upon as a model of epistolary correspondence in its appropriate language, and each is defaced by that superficial, not to say anti-Christian, philosophy which prevailed among the "higher classes" in France and England during the last and the preceding century. The French authoress, however, has somewhat the advantage of her English sister, not only in the possession of a language especially adapted, by its grace and flexibility, to this species of composition, but from the fact that she lived surrounded by a strong Catholic public opinion, which, with all her cynicism and fashionable scepticism, she could not wholly disregard. We find, therefore, in many of her letters, particularly those to her daughter, flashes of true, genuine moral sentiment, which are the more striking from contrast with the worldly tone which generally characterized her life and correspondence. Lady Montagu, on the contrary,

was brought up in that hard, unsympathetic school which was inaugurated in England after the frenzy of the Reformation had subsided, and with all her wit and womanly elegance we cannot look upon her otherwise than as an intellectual pagan. We may search from cover to cover of Mrs. Hale's edition of her correspondence in vain to find one religious sentiment that would not have been as appropriate in the days of Horace or Zeno as in the eighteenth century of the Christian era. This is the more singular when we recollect that these gifted women, married to husbands far their inferiors mentally, and, as it appears, merely for the sake of conventionalism, by a not unnatural effort transferred the love women usually bear to the partners of their joys and sorrows to their offspring, and centred all their affections and hopes in their children. With our children we are apt "to assume a virtue if we have it not," yet still we find these two intellectual mothers writing to their daughters in strains which, if not positively immoral in the broad sense of that term, certainly could not actively conduce to strengthen them against the temptations by which they were constantly surrounded, or to elevate their minds above the glitter and hollowness of the society in which they were obliged to move. Both these distinguished writers were well-bred, thoroughly educated according to the idea of their times, and were the associates of generals, statesmen, poets, and artists, and their frequent and familiar reference to the then leading men of their respective countries are not only interesting, but instructive, as giving us a view of the interior life of many eminent personages hitherto known to us only by their public acts; but when we consider how many unexceptionably good books this age of cheap printing has put within our reach, and the shortness of this busy life itself, we cannot recommend to our readers, particularly the younger portion, the perusal of either volume; nor do we see the necessity of a new edition of works which are merely ornamental, without having the merit of being innocuous.

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A Collection of Leading Cases on the Law of Elections in the United States. With Notes and References to the latest authorities. By Frederick C. Brightly, author of "The Federal Digest," "The United States Digest," etc. Philadelphia: Kay & Brother, 17 and 19 South Sixth Street, Law Booksellers, Publishers, and Importers. 1871.

Mr. Brightly, who has done so much in his previous works to facilitate the law-student and the lawyer in their studies and preparation of cases, by means of his admirable and learned digests and treatises, has now acquired a new claim upon the gratitude of the student and professional man by his *Collection of Leading Cases on Elections*. The author has been most happy in the selection of his subject, for there are few branches of the law so important, in a free and representative government like ours, as the law of public elections.

In the early days of our Republic, when there was more conservatism than at present, only the most important civil officers of the Federal and State governments were elective by the people, and the elective franchise was not so universally participated in by the masses as at the present time. Then the executive, elected by the people, was clothed with the appointing power, which he exercised with greater deliberation, calmness, and discrimination than is possible to the people amidst the excitements and intrigues of a popular election. He was held responsible to the people for an honest, faithful, and judicious exercise of this high prerogative. But gradually the executive, elected by, and justly accountable to, his constituents, has been stripped of this power, and the same has become vested in or been resumed by the people, who, while possessing, according to the theory of the lawgivers of Ancient Greece, a greater amount of purity of intention, are swayed more by impulses and the passions of the hour. The legislative bodies then, as now, have always been elected by the qualified voters. Then elections were comparatively few, and the contests in the courts over executive, judicial, and ministerial offices, and in the legislatures over the contested seats of members, were comparatively few.

The law in such cases was sought for entirely from the analogies of the English common law cases and the parliamentary precedents and decisions. Now, while the Federal offices remain mostly as they were under our first Presidents and Congresses, in the States almost every office, from governor and judges of the highest courts down to magistrates and constables, has become elective by the people, and the States, with whom, under the Constitution, rests the power of regulating the qualifications for the exercise of the elective franchise, have generally removed all qualifications thereon, and conferred universal suffrage, as it is called, upon the people.

There is scarcely a function of government, from the most vital and momentous to the most trifling, that is not discharged in our regard by elected officers; our lives, our liberties, our property, our castles, and our reputations are confided to the protection or neglect, if not abuse, of officers elected for short terms; so that every interest of life and of society is thus governed, controlled, and administered indirectly by the voting masses.

We will give a single illustration of this: If we take thirty-three and a third years as the average span of human life, it may be said that in every thirty-three and a third years [the time has been estimated as much shorter in regard to what we are going to state], the entire property of the country, its countless millions, are administered or acted upon by a single officer, the Judge of the Probate Court, or other officer of the law, elected by the people, and thus incidentally by the masses themselves. Thus the various elections, which we so heedlessly disregard or pass by, are, in fact, the casts of the die that determine the fate of the nation, its prosperity, happiness, and honor. The importance, therefore, of the law

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regulating these elections in their varied relations may be estimated from this fact.

That numerous questions and contests should have arisen in a country where so many offices are to be filled, and where elections are so frequent, is not strange, and that the decisions of our own courts upon these litigated cases should have become numerous and controlling is a natural result. The law of elections has been greatly developed and expounded in this country in recent years. The leading cases bearing upon these subjects have been skilfully and carefully collated by Mr. Brightly, illustrated by his own notes and references, and presented to the legal profession and the public in the volume before us. He could not have selected a theme of greater interest or importance to our country, especially at this time, than the law of elections. He has handled it with the same accuracy, learning, and industry which have always characterized his works, and elevated his reputation as a jurist and author. The present work carries with it an interest far more general than professional works usually possess, and may be read with improvement and pleasure by all who are fond of a good and readable book, who seek for useful knowledge on a matter of vast public import, or who take an interest in the purity of elections, and in the general morals and welfare of the commonwealth. We commend it to their perusal.

The title of Father Doane's new book is to be *To and from the Passion Play in the Summer of 1871*. It will soon be published by Mr. Donahoe, Boston.

Mr. P. O'Shea announces as in press, and to be published by subscription, *The Lives of Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States*, by Mr. Richard H. Clark, A. M. The work will be published in two large octavo volumes, and will be ready about the first of December. These volumes will contain the biographies of all the deceased members of the American Catholic Hierarchy, from the earliest dawn of Christianity on this continent to the present day, and will trace the history of the church through the important episcopate of Archbishop Carroll, and chronicle with graphic effect the labors, sacrifices, and achievements of over fifty bishops who have been called to their reward.

The Catholic Publication Society will soon publish a new edition of Father Young's *Office of Vespers*, greatly enlarged and improved.

The volume of *Sermons of the Paulist Fathers for 1870* will be ready for delivery on the 25th of November.

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WHO IS TO EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN?

Every day that passes over our heads and witnesses the rapid increase of the population of the country adds to the interest which attaches to the reciprocal rights and duties existing between the state and the citizen, as far as the question of the proper education of our children is concerned. It has become a matter of the most vital importance, superior to mere party consideration in the success of this or that faction of politicians; for in the proper appreciation of its magnitude and in its judicious and permanent settlement may be said to lie not only the future welfare of this republic, but the supremacy of Christianity itself on this broad continent. The history of the church from its very foundation is full of instances of the decay of religion and morality in one country simultaneously with their growth or revival in another. It was thus that the faith, grown weak in the farther East, found so many earnest professors in Italy, and when Gaul and the Spanish peninsula succumbed to their pagan conquerors, the light of the Gospel was transferred to the islands of Britain and Ireland, and brightened into an effulgence which, in a few centuries, penetrated the darkest recesses of the then semi-barbarized continent. In Europe to-day, the church, assailed on one side by Cæsarism and on the other by the secret societies, can hardly hold her own, notwithstanding the justice of her cause and the zeal and learning of her champions; and it would seem to be one of the mysterious designs of Providence that the theatre of her triumphs and conquests is, for a time at least, to be transferred to the fresher and more vigorous New World. The astonishing growth of Catholicity in America in our own day is an evidence of this, but our present victories will be barren of any good results if we neglect the proper education of our children, who, as we gradually pass away, are destined to take our places for good or evil.

The time has come when the question, Who is to educate our children? should be definitively answered. Pulpits, forums, and the press, in their respective spheres, have discussed the matter from almost every stand-point, and some of the ablest thinkers, particularly in the Eastern States, have devoted their time and erudition to the elimination of order out of the chaos of crude and transcendental opinions which of late have filled the pamphlets and books of so many writers in Europe and America on the subject of education. Theories innumerable have been advanced, and historical precedents quoted in favor of particular systems, without much approach to unanimity, and still the problem remains as ever unsolved.

Amongst other expressions of opinion on this all-important subject, we have before us a long and very elaborate essay in the *Congregational Quarterly* of Boston, strongly in favor of the continuance of the public-school system as received in that classical city, and as earnestly endeavoring to demonstrate that, unless the Bible, “without note or comment,” prayers, hymns, and piety, be taught in the state schools in conformity to the statute of 1826, these institutions will become worse than useless, and should be discountenanced. In the language of the writer: “The school system which requires the ethics can receive them only as indissolubly one with the religion, and the state that cannot sustain a statute like the Massachusetts law of 1826, which requires the principles of piety as well as those of morality to be taught, cannot sustain a common school system.”

As a counterpoise to our New England contemporary, we find in the last number of the *American Educational Monthly*, a magazine published in this city, as stout a defence of secular education, while exhibiting a decided preference for the removal from our public schools of the Bible and the discontinuance of all teaching of a religious character. Its arguments on these points, if less subtle, are more practical than those of the *Congregational*, and some of the facts it adduces in support of its views are thus plainly stated:

> “It is well to repeat here what was said in the beginning: that knowledge is not virtue itself, but only the handmaid of virtue. This is the lesson of Connecticut statistics—a state having a first-class university as well as the usual network of common schools: in every nine and seven-tenths marriages there is sure to be one divorce. Ohio, which has no university comparable to Yale, and whose common schools are presumably no better than Connecticut’s, has but one divorce in twenty-four marriages in a much larger population. There are graduates of common schools who make it their business to procure divorces by observing prescribed forms, yet without the knowledge of one or

other of the parties—contrary to the spirit of the law."

From the contemplation of these and other results of our common schools, in which piety and morality are supposed to be taught, the writer in the *Monthly* concludes that it is better for us to "leave devotional instruction to those whose business it is—to parents and clergymen."

Another writer, the editor of one of the most widely circulated of our sectarian weekly newspapers, also a decided advocate of the public school system as at present existing, puts forward among others the following novel argument for its perpetuity:

> "We hold, therefore, that it is unnecessary and unwise to disperse or redistribute our common school pupils in accordance with the dogmatic or ecclesiastical leanings of their parents respectively—that the inconvenience and cost of so doing would immensely overbalance its benefits. We should need far more schools; yet our children would have to travel much further to reach one of the preferred theological stripe than at present. [Pg 435] We do not decide that soundness of faith is of little consequence—far from it; we only insist that provision is already made for theological instruction apart from our common schools, and that there is no need of making such provision within them. The Roman Catholic and the Protestant coincide with respect to spelling and grammar; the Trinitarian and the Unitarian are in perfect accord as to mathematics, at least in their application to all mundane affairs. Then, why not allow them to read and cipher from the same text-books on week-days, and learn theology in their respective churches and Sunday-schools on the Lord's day? This seems to us the dictate of economy, convenience, and good sense."

Nearly every week similar effusions appear in the columns of the so-called religious press, in which are enunciated opinions and speculations as absurd as the above, and yet as varied as the clashing sects they profess to represent. On one point alone, and that a very suspicious one, are they agreed—in a general determination to reduce the children of the Catholics of this country under the sway of a system of public instruction which parents can neither encourage nor countenance. On the minor features of this system, with their usual want of unity, they widely dissent one from the other.

Now, whence this confusion of ideas about one of the plainest and most vital requirements of a free Christian people—education? Does it not lie in the utter misapprehension of what education really is? In pagan times, education was supposed to be the accumulation of knowledge for its own sake or for the superiority it conferred on its possessor over his less instructed fellows. It was of the earth, earthy. From a Christian point of view, its aim, primarily and principally, is to facilitate, by proper training and instruction, the attainment of our true happiness—the knowledge and observance of the laws of God here and eternal happiness hereafter. To the pagan, this world was everything, and consequently he utilized his knowledge for worldly advantage alone. For the Christian, education is merely a means to a great end, and, as eternal bliss is infinitely greater than any temporal enjoyment to him, the training of the soul, the immortal part, in the ways of religion is of paramount and incomparable importance. Secular education, when properly applied, should not be undervalued, inasmuch as we have duties in this life to be performed, to ourselves, our country, and our fellow-man; but it should be tempered and permeated, so to speak, with religious instruction, so that the learner, as his mental faculties expand with his years, may be gradually but constantly led to the knowledge of those divine truths which the church teaches her children, and his character thus be insensibly formed on a true Christian basis. If we admit, as every professing Christian is bound to do, that man's chiefest object in life is the salvation of his soul, if "the knowledge of God is the beginning of wisdom," it is the merest folly to suppose that this knowledge, so all-important in itself, can properly be imparted to our children after ordinary school-hours, when the young mind is fatigued and needs repose or recreation, or on one day out of seven, when so many distractions occur to call off the attention of most children. This would be to make religion distasteful, if not odious, to our boys and girls, and lead them to dread the recurrence of a day which, to them at least, should be one of gladness and innocent enjoyment. We do not underrate the value of parental advice and example, or ignore the benefits conferred on our rising population by pastoral instructions and Sunday-school training, but we assert the day-schools should also [Pg 436] take their part in supplying food to the ever-expanding and question-asking minds of the American youth.

The formation of character, one of the great objects of education, should be conducted on principles somewhat similar to those of domestic economy. We do not eat all the sweets at one time and the sours at another, the solids at one meal and the dessert at the next, but by a judicious admixture of both produce a savory and salutary combination which gives health and strength to the body. It may be said that mere secular education—such as geology, geometry, history, natural philosophy, botany, astronomy, etc., as taught in our common schools—presents no opportunity for moral instruction. Nothing can be more fallacious. That great master of dramatic literature, Shakespeare, whose knowledge of the springs of human action has seldom been equalled, has told us that we can find books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything. Properly directed, the anatomy of the smallest insect, equally with the contemplation of the vast firmament with its countless planets and stars, may become a silent and involuntary prayer to the Creator of all things. There is not a force, physical or deduced, that is revealed to the mind of youth that ought not to be made to bear with it some conception of the unseen Power that presides over and governs the

universe, and the teacher who neglects to place before the minds of his pupils the moral to be drawn from those symbols of the Creator’s almightiness does but half his work, and that the less nobler part. Leaving dogma and doctrine aside, are the generality of our public school teachers capable or disposed to thus draw from nature the beautiful lessons of God’s wisdom and power—lessons which no book can adequately teach, but which should be before one’s eyes from infancy to the grave?

Some persons speak of religion in connection with the education of youth as if it were a mere matter of sentiment or a holiday pastime, to be occasionally indulged in when the more serious duties of money-making and political advancement have been complied with. On the contrary, it is a matter of everyday life, controlling and guiding our intercourse with mankind individually as well as collectively, and as we are responsible for our actions every conscious moment of our life, so should it in one form or another be associated with our every pursuit and act. If this be true among full-grown men and women, is it not apparent that any system of youthful training that would dissociate religion from secular studies in early life would send into the world vicious or ignorant adults, who would either ignore altogether the practice of honesty, truthfulness, and morality, or who in their ignorance would make these great attributes of Christianity subserve their worldly interests and passions? Education, therefore, that would exclude religious instruction from our children during their hours of study, which is half of their young lives, is not education at all, at least in the Christian sense of the word. It may make them expert financiers or glib politicians, but it cannot make them upright, truthful, and benevolent citizens. In this regard, we agree with the writer in the *Congregational* when he says, “We call attention in the outset to the immense difficulty, if it be not the absolute impossibility, of separating religious instruction from any practical system of public education.”

[Pg 437] But we do not coincide with him in his estimate of the right and duty of the state to provide this education. Granted that religion is an essential element in education, who is the proper authority to inculcate it? Clearly not the state, for, in our theory of government, the state knows no religion, nor under any pretence can it lay claim to any apostolic authority to preach and teach the Gospel to the nations. That is a power far anterior to and above all existing governments. That the state is or ought to be religious in the character of its acts cannot be denied, but this character should be derived from the teachings of the church to its individual members, and gives it no power to prescribe to the church what she should teach or allow to be taught, for the authority of the teaching church is from God, and that of the state from man. It is true that the common law framed by our Catholic ancestors recognized the laws of the church, as far as public morality and the observance of Sundays and holidays were concerned, as part of the law of the land, but it was never intended that the state should be placed above the church in matters spiritual, much less to make it the teacher and expounder of her doctrines. This innovation was one of the fruits of the “Reformation,” which, while professing to liberate the minds of men from spiritual thraldom and the authority of the popes, actually subjected their consciences and forms of faith to the whim of parliaments and the arbitrary *dicta* of local lay tyrants. Even to this day, the House of Lords in England, composed as it is mostly of laymen, and those, too, not remarkable for their piety or morality, is the court of last resort to determine and decide what are and what are not the doctrines taught by our Holy Redeemer.

If the state claim the right to educate our children, that right cannot be derived from the natural law; for the state, being an artificial organization, cannot in its corporate capacity have any natural law. On the contrary, the natural law bestows the possession, care, and custody of the child on the parent, and the duty thus imposed cannot be relinquished or delegated without a manifest infraction of the first principles of that law. Besides, the state is only constituted to do for the citizen what he, from his want of ability, means, or strength, cannot do for himself. Its office is simply the administration of justice, retributive and distributive, and the enactment of laws to facilitate that object. All outside of that is simply usurpation, which may, and generally does, degenerate into tyranny. Whenever a state invades private reserved rights and oversteps the bounds of its legitimate duties, law and justice are not only brought into contempt, but enactments in themselves abstractly just are despised and evaded. The futile attempts to enforce certain sumptuary laws in this and other countries prove this conclusively.

Nor does the state derive its power to educate our children as it sees fit from the will of the people as expressed in the fundamental laws of the land. In the Declaration of Independence, it is clearly stated that among the *inalienable* rights of mankind are life, liberty, and the pursuit of *happiness*. Now, who that has been blessed with children does not know that the care and custody, education and maintenance, of his offspring constitute the greatest happiness of his life, compared with which riches, honors, and fame dwindle into insignificance? One of the most powerful arguments against Southern slavery, now happily for ever abolished, was that it separated the child from its parent: [Pg 438] but what is the value of freedom to me if, as the *Congregational* suggests, I must see my child forced into a common school, to listen to the reading of a Bible which I believe, at best, to be a mutilated and perverted copy of the Holy Scriptures, and be obliged to repeat prayers and hymns that too often, alas! are but blasphemies against the holy name of him who died on the cross for man’s redemption? In one case the body alone suffered, in the other the eternal salvation of immortal souls is imperilled. Even the framers of the constitution, that noble document about which so much is said and so little understood, having surveyed their work, and

finding it defective in respect to providing guarantees for the perfect freedom of religion, hastened by an amendment to supply the deficiency. “Congress,” they ordained, “shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof,”[100] and our own state, on November 3, 1846, by its constitution, emphatically declares that “the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without *discrimination or preference*, shall for ever be allowed in this state to all mankind.” (Art. I. sec. 3.)

Does the state derive its authority to teach religion to our children from God? If so, where is its authority? The writer in the *Congregational* evidently considers the Bible an authority on matters of faith and discipline. Yet we fail to find in the inspired writings any authority for the state of Massachusetts, or any other purely political corporation, to teach the doctrines of Christ. But, if the state have a right so to teach, it has a right also to decide what shall be taught, and this, of course, must depend on the character of the officials through whom the state for the time being acts; for as yet, unlike other and more favored Protestant countries, we have no fixed state religion, and must depend on the popular electoral vote for our faith and ideas of morality. We would like the advocates of religious teaching in schools, “the Bible, prayers, hymns, and piety,” to be more explicit on this point. Are our children to be taught religion according to the parliamentary doctrine of the Church of England, or the total depravity notions of the followers of Calvin; are they to be obliged to deny the divinity of Christ with the Unitarians, and eternal punishments with the Universalists? Are we, in fact, bringing children into the world to be liable any day to be indoctrinated into the vagaries of Methodism, Congregationalism, Presbyterianism, Muggletonianism, Mormonism, or any other of the thousand “isms” born of that fruitful mother of dissent, the much vaunted Reformation? Or are we to have them treated to a dose of each and every one in turn as the political wheel brings their professors to the surface? The idea seems perfectly absurd, and yet it is the logical consequence of the *Congergational’s* position that the state can teach religion in its schools; for the state, being liable to be controlled at any time by any of the believers in the “isms,” must of necessity teach its own ism, and, having the sovereign authority, who can dispute its choice? But, says the writer in the *Congregational*, and those who agree with him, we do not violate the rights of conscience, we only advocate the reading of the Bible, “in which the Papist does not believe,”[101] prayers, hymns, and piety. Now, in what does the religion of the Congregationalists consist, if not in these very matters which they would insidiously intrude on the attention of our children? Does any one believe, if the writer in question, or those who believe in his sentiments, had the control of our schools, that the prayers and hymns would be such as a Catholic child could conscientiously listen to? Would the Apostles’ Creed and the *Confiteor* be among the forms, or would the *Stabat Mater, Ave Maria Stella*, in Latin or English, or any other of the beautiful appeals to the clemency and protection of the Blessed Mother which the church puts into the mouths and hearts of her little ones, find a place in schools presided over by the advocates of religion and piety, as prescribed by the law of 1826? And yet, we venture to say that more than one-half of the children who attend the public schools in the very city in which this *Quarterly* is published are Catholics, and born of Catholic parents. Yet we are told that not only the morals, but the religion of our children is to be at the mercy of politicians, calling themselves the state, too often elevated to power by most corrupt intrigues. Is there anything particularly virtuous in the character of our legislators or the members of our board of education that would induce us to suppose that they were specially selected by Providence to teach his laws and expound his doctrines? And still, for all practical purposes, they are the state. They enact the laws, select the schoolbooks, appoint the teachers, and prescribe the course of study to be pursued. If their appointees leave out the Bible, prayers, hymns, etc., the schools become, in the language of the *Congregational*, the instruments of “sweeping away the political Protestantism of the land,” while, if they do enforce the observance of these religious exercises, we have a new set of apostles annually or biennially elected by political coteries to teach our children!

The three great sources of authority which all writers on the philosophy of government ascribe to the state are, then, wanting, to justify these assumptions of the advocates of the right of the state to teach religion to the children of its citizens, but the *Congregational* still argues that it has a right to teach “morality and piety.” How are morality and piety to be taught without religion? What is its idea of morals abstracted from practical religion? Does the writer who adorns its columns believe that the end and aim of all true education is to promote man’s true happiness, and, if so, does he believe in a hereafter of eternal rewards and punishments, and how we are to earn the one and avoid the other? He knows as well as we do that, of some dozen leading Protestant sects in this country, not two are agreed on the essential Christian duty and faith of man necessary for his salvation. Who, then, is to decide but the state, which, as we have endeavored to prove, has neither a divine mission nor even human consent to interfere in spiritual matters? It may be said that the state does not decide these questions, but it does. Every hour devoted to a child’s instruction, relatively at least, involves the question of man’s true destiny; for the religious question, which is the question of man’s true destiny, sums up all other questions. As far as Catholics are concerned, they object to each and all such teachers, whether appointed by the warring sects or by the temporal authority. For example, the writer in the *Congregational*, though evidently an intelligent and accomplished gentleman, would not be a very safe teacher in a school composed in whole or in part of Catholic children. Any person who could endorse as he does Draper’s absurd assertion that the *Imitation of Christ* was the forerunner of the Reformation, call the illustrious Fénelon a Jansenist, style millions of his fellow-citizens by

the cant epithets of “Romanists” and “Papists,” and coolly declare that Catholics do not believe in the Bible, is evidently unfitted to form a correct opinion on any religious subject, much less to be entrusted with the instruction of youth.

“But,” says the writer above quoted, “the safety of democracy requires compulsory education. The work cannot be entrusted to churches, or to corporations, or to individuals.” Now, this may mean very little or a very great deal. If it mean, as he hints in another part of his article, that the state has an absolute right to teach a particular religion or any religion at all in its public schools, and enforce attendance therein, for the preservation of our democratic form of government, we entirely dissent from his proposition. The very essence of a free government lies in its recognition of religious liberty and the natural rights of individuals, and our best guarantees of freedom rest on the fact that majorities, which for the time being represent the power of the state, all potent as they may be, cannot set aside the fundamental law, and dare not infringe on the civil or religious liberty of the citizen. No state could or ought to attempt an exercise of power so utterly despotic and foreign to the genius of our institutions.

We are aware that of late it has been customary to denominate our form of education as the American system, for the purpose, doubtless, of exciting public prejudice in its favor. The system is not by any means American in the national sense. It is purely local, and of Puritanical origin and growth. When the New England colonies by persecution and violence secured for themselves uniformity of worship, such as it was, they established schools, in which prayers, hymns, and piety were taught *ad libitum*, with all the raw-head-and-bloody-bones anti-Catholic fiction which the descendants of the Pilgrims mistook for veritable history. Being all of one mind, such a system of training could have no perceptible evil effect on the pupils; for, if they did not hear intolerance and falsehood in the school, they were pretty certain to hear them in the meeting-house. But times have strangely altered since then, as the writer in the *Congregational* is forced to admit. “The reason our school system had to be modified,” he says, “was not that it was *per se* right from the day it was enacted, but because the foreign immigration and the changes of time had produced an immense revolution in the religious spirit of the people, and required the readjustment of the civil creed in the school system.” In no sense, then, can this system of public education which is sought to be thrust upon us be called American, except, perhaps, as contradistinguished from that of England, France, Germany, Austria, and other so-called despotic countries, in all of which the denominational plan, more or less generally, prevails. In the latter two countries particularly, one Catholic and the other Protestant, the scheme of secular education has been tried and abandoned, and the wisdom of the new system has been proved beyond peradventure. If it be American to tax citizens for the support of schools and compel them to send their children to be called Romanists and idolaters, then is the public-school system entitled to that distinctive appellation? We do not think that it is.

The state having no authority by the natural or divine law to assume control of the education of our children, by what other right can it claim it? Some may say, from political necessity, that the state, in order to protect its own interests, must see to it that a certain amount of intelligence is diffused among its supporters. Here the whole question comes up again. What is that intelligence which is necessary to the preservation and well-being of our free institutions? Is it a certain knowledge of mathematics, geography, and the physical sciences, or is it not probity, morality, and lawful obedience to the constituted authorities? Yet these are virtues that can only be taught through religion, and the state, having no religion, cannot teach them. Is it not for the general interests that we should have stalwart, healthy, well-fed, and sober citizens? And yet the state does not profess to enforce a general plan whereby every one should be provided with proper exercise, employment, medicine, food, clothing, and shelter. To do so would simply be to attempt to realize the utopian dream of the socialists; and still it would be no greater a usurpation of power than the design of furnishing our children with a general system of instruction, and, indirectly, with a uniform religion. If the state, as it ought to do, requires a certain amount of intelligence in its citizens, let it make the presence or absence of that knowledge the test of citizenship and the passport to places of honor and public confidence. The right to vote and hold office, for example, is not an inherent right, but depends on many qualifications, such as sex, age, nationality, freedom from crime, ability to support one’s self, and previous residence. Why not add ability to read and write intelligibly?

There are cases, however, in which we admit that the state has not only a right, but is in duty bound, to interfere with the disposition and education of children. When parents, either through poverty, misfortune, crime, or any other cause, are unable or unwilling to take proper charge of their children, the state, for its own protection and to save the community from the consequence of vice and idleness, is justified in taking care of them, for this does not violate the principle of civil polity that a state is constituted to do only for the citizen what he is unable to do for himself. Hence, the establishment of almshouses, asylums, nurseries, reformatories, and other benevolent institutions, which all wise governments provide as barriers against prospective crime and distress. But even in those exceptional cases, as much care as possible should be observed in following out the spirit of our free institutions, which are so strongly opposed to any interference in matters of conscience, even among the most humble and unfortunate.

But while we are combating the arguments of our Boston contemporary in favor of

compulsory education, it may be said that no compulsion is used or intended to be used in this or many other states in the Union. This is a mistake; there is compulsion of the most practical kind. It is true that the officer of the law does not come into our homes and forcibly drag our children to school, but the tax-gatherer does so, almost as efficiently, if more silently. The masses of the people in this, as in most other countries, are poor. With the American Catholics this is peculiarly so. They are taxed to support the public schools, and must either send their children there or pay for their education elsewhere. This double payment, in most instances, they cannot afford. How many tens of thousands of parents are there not among us whose scanty means will not permit them to indulge in the luxury of seeing their children instructed in the ways of true religion, and who are consequently compelled, if they desire even a primary education for their offspring, to send them to schools which they neither admire nor would select if they had a free choice!

We are accused of being hostile to the Bible. Such is not the fact, and those who make the assertion are well aware of its falsity. The Bible has always been an object of especial care and veneration in the Catholic Church. It is one of the sources of her authority and the muniments of her holy mission. What we object to is the profanation of its sacred character by unworthy and profane hands. It has repeatedly pained us to see even “King James’s Version,” imperfect as it is, scattered broadcast by the agents of the Bible societies in hotel and steamboat saloons, barbers’ shops, and bar-rooms, not to be read, but to be devoted to the meanest purposes of waste paper. The treatment of the holy book in some of our public schools is little better. If any person doubts that Catholics venerate and read the Bible, let him go to our large Catholic publishing-houses and see the numerous and splendid editions of the Old and New Testaments which are constantly being issued from their presses.

Though on principle we decidedly object to the reading of the Bible in our public schools, our greatest objection is to the schools themselves. We hold that the education that does not primarily include the religious element is worse than no education at all, and, we hold, also, that the state has no right to prescribe what form of faith, doctrine, or religious practice should be taught to the children of its citizens. We claim that Catholic parents have a right to demand that their children shall be educated by Catholic teachers, be instructed from Catholic books, and at all times, particularly during hours of study, be surrounded as much as possible with all the influence that the church, into whose bosom they have been admitted by baptism, can surround them. This can never be done in our public schools. However high the personal character of the teachers in those institutions, and whatever may be the peculiar merits of their discipline and success in turning out smart accountants and superficial thinkers, we maintain that, in the formation of character and the cultivation of the spiritual and better part of our nature, they have been and must necessarily be failures. What parent can read without a shudder the following extract from a Boston paper regarding the recent investigation of a *savant* who, it is well known, is no friend to Catholicity or the teachings of the church:

> “Professor Agassiz has of late given a portion of his valuable time to an investigation of the social evil, its causes and growth, and the result has filled him with dismay, and almost destroyed his faith in the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century. He has visited and noted down the houses of ill-fame throughout the city of Boston, and has drawn from the unfortunate inmates many sad life stories. *To his utter surprise, a large number of the unfortunate women and girls traced their fall to influences which surrounded them in the public schools.*”[102]

It has been already stated, on the authority of the *Educational Monthly*, that in the State of Connecticut, the paradise of public schools and nursery of public-school teachers, there is one divorce annually to every nine marriages, and now we have the unbiassed testimony of Agassiz, after mature examination of the malign influence of state schools in the sister state. Is there any reason to doubt that this sad state of morals exists in other cities, and may be traced to the same source, and, if so, is it not time that our public system of instruction, at least for females, should be discontinued?

But even in a material point of view our common schools have been far from a success. In the efforts, conscientious we must believe, to eliminate sectarianism from the school-books, the Board of Education and Trustees of our cities have almost destroyed their usefulness for any purpose. The primary rules of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the elements of pure mathematics, can be taught with impunity, but, when the higher branches of study are reached, the religious question again comes up. Take geology, for example, that most interesting science, the abuse of which has led to more atheism than all the sophistries of Voltaire or Volney. As at present taught in our schools, without explanation or qualification, it cannot help being detrimental to the faith, and consequently to the morals, of the curious and undisciplined minds of the scholars. As to history, it is impossible, even with the most careful revision, to reproduce it without constant reference to disputed events and characters, regarding which Protestants and Catholics can never agree. Can we imagine a history of modern Europe, with the great facts of the civilization of the Old World by the church, the establishment of the temporal power of the Popes, the “Truce of God” and the Crusades in the middle ages, the great rebellion against spiritual authority—miscalled the Reformation—the penal persecution of the Irish Catholics, and the French Revolution left out? At best, such a book would be a sorry compilation of dates and miscalled facts, and yet to describe those great epochs in European history with any degree of accuracy would necessarily offend the opinions or prejudices of either Protestants or Catholics. If history be

“philosophy teaching by example,” we must look for it somewhere else than in our public schools.

But, because we are opposed to the existence of common schools, are we therefore against popular education? On the contrary, the efforts of the humbler class of Catholics throughout the country to secure education for their children independent of state interference are almost incredible.

In this city alone twenty thousand children are annually taught in the free schools attached to the various churches, at an expense of a little over one hundred thousand dollars, independent of the thousands who attend the pay-schools of the Christian Brothers of a high grade.[103]

Let us now sum up in brief our objections to the further continuance of the present public school system:

I. All education should be based and conducted on true religious principles.

II. The state has no right to teach religion in its schools.

III. State or public schools without religion are godless.

IV. As such, they are incapable of forming the character of our children, or teaching them morality according to the Christian principle.

V. In endeavoring to avoid what is called sectarianism, they defeat the ends of even mere secular education.

Now, it may be asked, What remedy do we propose for the evils which our public school system has already produced? What substitute are we prepared to offer that will both satisfy the demands of religion and the requirements of the state? We answer, by the establishment of denominational schools for Catholics, wherever practicable, under the supervision of the proper ecclesiastical authorities, and likewise for such of the sects as do not approve of mixed schools. How are these schools to be sustained? In either of two ways. If the state will insist on levying a general school tax, let it be divided *pro rata* according to the number of pupils taught in each school: let the denominational schools have their proper proportion, and the mixed or non-religious schools theirs. The amount thus apportioned to the Catholic schools might be deposited with a board or other executive body, to be composed in whole or in part of clerics and laymen, and, if necessary, let the state appoint proper officials to see that accurate returns of attendance are made. The other way, which to our mind is much preferable, would be to abolish altogether the school tax, and throw upon the parents of all denominations or of no denomination the responsibility of educating their own children. Compulsory education may do very well in countries where the subject is but an automaton liable at any time to be moved by a despotic government, based on principles that the people are made for the government, not the government for the people, and where the acquired intelligence of the masses is merely used or misused for the benefit of a few hereditary rulers; but in a country like our republic, the strength of which lies in individual effort, and where wealth, fame, and honor are within the reach of every one, even the humblest who has energy and ability enough to win them, we can have no fear that parents, and, least of all, Catholic parents, will be derelict in their duty in respect to the proper secular education of their children. The struggles they have made and are making to support their free day-schools, despite the onerous tax with which they are burdened by the state, would be renewed with fourfold energy if that drain on their resources were removed.

The advantages to be derived from the adoption of either plan would be manifold and incalculable.

It would satisfy the conscientious scruples of those parents who consider that they should not be required, directly or indirectly, to send their children to the public schools, as at present conducted. It would not only advance the material prospects of the pupil, by giving him a thorough education devoid of all the restrictions and mutilations which an attempt at fairness and the production of non-religious books have produced; while he would, gradually and without apparent effort, imbibe the true religious spirit that would be his guide and best defence in after life. It would also elevate the character of the teacher by placing him in his true position, midway between the divinely appointed minister of the Gospel, and the instructor of children in matters purely secular, and, by holding out to him a higher and nobler goal than that resulting from mere personal ambition or the hope of pecuniary reward, would doubly increase his zeal and efficiency. For the public generally, the change suggested would be equally salutary. The welfare of the state does not rest on piety alone, nor on mental intelligence alone, but on both acting together, the latter, of course, being subordinate to the former. No man, no matter what may have been his natural gifts, was ever less brave in action, less wise in council, less enterprising in commerce, or less loyal to his government, because he was taught from his infancy to regard the practice of religion as his first and principal duty. The desire of eternal happiness, as much an instinct of our nature as the mode of securing it, is the fruit of proper religious education, reacts on a man’s conduct even in matters exclusively pertaining to the things of the world, and compels him to a more steadfast and fearless course in the discharge of his civic duties.

But it would also have another and not less marked effect. It would rid the community of a

host of officials, many of whom are incompetent, and some of whom, we are sorry to say, are corrupt, and it would also save the public treasury vast sums of money, much of which is now uselessly squandered. Who would believe that in this great city, where there is so much learning and public spirit, the Board of Education, consisting of twenty-one persons, is principally composed of liquor and billiard saloon keepers, horse dealers, retailers of articles used in the schools, and of that nondescript class called brokers? Yet this intellectual body exercises supreme control over the public schools of New York, and proposed this year to spend no less a sum than $3,150,000, or more than double the amount required for the same purpose eight years ago.[104] The way in which a portion of this money is spent may be inferred from a statement recently published in one of our daily newspapers, from which we extract the following paragraph:

> "The next item is incidental expenses of the Board of Education, including shop account, $60,000. What are 'incidental' expenses? It means expenditures for which the items cannot be anticipated, or of which it is not agreeable to furnish a statement; it means simply a general fund to be expended by the clerks and officers of the Board of Education as they think proper 'incidentally.' Among these 'incidental' expenses is what is known as a tea-room; that is to say, the members have a supper or refreshments furnished to them at their meetings, and as they choose to order. This is never returned or charged under the head of tea-room, supper, dinner, or board bill, but is covered up under the head of postage-stamps or other 'incidental' expenses. How much of the $60,000 goes in this way, it is, of course, impossible for us to know."

Is it any wonder, then, that, in view of such extravagant use of the public money, of which the above is only a specimen, the education of about one hundred thousand children, the average attendance at our public schools, should cost over three millions of dollars, or at the rate of thirty dollars *per capita*, while in the Catholic free schools one-fifth of that number are taught at an expense of one hundred thousand dollars, or at the rate of only five dollars a head, per annum?

Are the Catholics competent and prepared to assume the duties and responsibilities of the education of the vast number of children of their communion who now attend the public schools? Most decidedly. As to our ability to teach, we point with something like pride, certainly with satisfaction, to the success of our numerous colleges, seminaries, and convent schools, to the latter in particular, where are always to be found among the pupils a respectable minority composed of daughters of many of our most intelligent Protestant families. We call attention, also, to our twenty-four city free schools, now in full operation, many of which, though of recent origin, will compare favorably with the oldest of our common schools. Besides the professors of our colleges, who are constantly preparing young men for the ministry and for the scarcely less responsible duties of teachers, and such orders as the Christian Brothers, we have many trained lay instructors ready and anxious to devote themselves to the good work of Christian education. Then, again, there are numbers of Catholic teachers now in the public schools, male and female, many of whom we know personally, who would prefer to give their services exclusively to the training of children of their own faith if such an opportunity presented itself. Said one of this class, a teacher of over twenty years' experience, on a late occasion to the writer, "If I dared, I would like to expose the dangers and absurdities of our school system; but I cannot, for I would surely be found out and dismissed, and then what would become of my wife and family? I wish we had separate schools for ourselves, and then I would feel like teaching even at a less salary than I now receive."

We submit the consideration of this very grave and, in our mind, most important question to the serious consideration of our patriotic and reflective countrymen, no matter of what creed or opinion, having an abiding confidence in their sense of justice and equity. To the fanatical portion of the community who will not listen to reason, we have only this to say: Though you may pretend not to know it, and may even be unconscious of the fact, your instincts tell you that the present system of education saps the foundation of the Catholic religion, and it is for this reason you hold so tenaciously to it; but let us add, the system itself, being godless, undermines all religion and morality likewise. But such is your infatuation and hostility to our religion that to so undermine it you are willing to see your own faith, whatever that may be, ruined and wrecked as long as you can accomplish your object, and the next generation become atheists and sceptics, totally devoid of all faith. Holding the political power, and in spite of your boasted fair play and in defiance of the spirit of our free institutions, you are determined to uphold your system and tax us for its support against our consciences, against religion, freedom, equal rights, and the spirit of American institutions. Your efforts to stretch the powers of our government, to the detriment of our natural, divine, and political rights, will ultimately end in your own confusion. They are more worthy of some half-crazed theorist or mad follower of Fourrier and the Communists than of a citizen of this great republic. The government that robs a parent of his rights and his children is neither free nor democratic, but is the aider and abettor of that system of free-lovism which is said to have originated in pagan Sparta, and has culminated in our own country at Oneida. But let it be understood that, as Catholics and free citizens, we proclaim our rights, shall resolutely defend them, asking for nothing which we are not willing to grant to others, and being content with no less for ourselves.

[100] Amendment proposed March, 1789.

[101] See page 587, October number of the *Congregational Quarterly*, under the title "The State —Religion in its Schools."

[102] *The Pilot*, Nov. 4, 1871.

[103] For the benefit and edification of our readers, we subjoin an official tabular statement of the attendance on, and expenses of, the Catholic free day schools of the city of New York for the present year:

Location of Schools.	Daily attendance.	Annual Expenses for the support of schools.
Nos. 272 & 274 Mulberry St.,	1,100	$6,000
Barclay and Church Sts.,	573	3,118
New Bowery and James Sts.,	1,400	9,000
No. 29 Mott St.,	1,225	5,745
Nos. 54 & 56 Pitt St., and 264 Madison St.,	1,620	9,500
Nos. 8 & 10 Rutgers St.,	1,050	5,000
Leroy St.,	1,000	5,500
Nos. 300 & 302 East Eighth St.,	1,600	7,000
Nos. 121 & 123, and 135 & 137 Second St.,	1,420	5,970
Nos. 8 & 10 Thompson St.,	240	2,000
No. 208 East Fourth St.,	1,700	6,217
No. 48 Fourth Ave.,	200	2,000
Nos. 511 & 513 East 14th St.,	1,250	10,000
No. 32 West 18th St., and 111 West 19th St.,	720	5,000
No. 118 West 24th St., and 236 West 26th St.,	140	1,120
Nos. 333 & 335 West 25th St.,	650	3,000
No. 209 West 30th St., and 211 West 31st St.,	400	1,600
No. 143 West 31st St.,	400	1,000
East 36th St., near Second Ave.,	1,250	6,000
No. 309 East 47th St.,	130	2,660
East 50th St. and Madison Ave.,	350	1,000
East 84th St., near Fourth Ave.,	560	4,000
West 131st St., and West 133d St., near 10th Ave.,	320	1,000
West 125th St. and Ninth Ave.,	130	1,000
	19,428	$104,430

[104] The expenses of the Board of Education of this city for six years have been as follows:

1863, $1,450,000
1864, 1,787,000
1865, 2,298,508
1866, 2,454,327
1867, 2,939,348
1868, 2,900,000

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE IN LA VENDEE.

It was in ‘93—that horrible ‘93, whose very name makes our blood curdle and our hearts beat with a sense of terror and security, as when we gaze on the painted panorama of a battle-field or some scene of crime and danger and despair long since enacted, but brought vividly before us by the graphic power of eloquence or art. The words have a spell in them that fascinates us, and defies us to pass on without pausing to look upon the memories they evoke. Well, it is of this tragic ‘93 that I am going to speak. But not to describe its horrors. It only makes the frame of my story, a most veracious story, and full of the spirit of that wonderful epoch, where we see all that was noble and loveliest in humanity shine forth by the side of its most criminal and appalling aberrations.

It was Christmas eve fourscore years ago. The fertile soil of La Vendée, red-dyed by streams of patriot blood, was hidden under a deep quilt of snow. All the landscape slept as in a death-sleep under a pure white pall. Hills and plains were garmented in white. The snow had fallen heavily during the night, and its untrodden purity was as smooth and uniform as the blue of the winter sky, that looked down upon it and grew pale. The cottages that dotted the fair expanse hardly broke its uniformity, for they too were liveried in white, the roof thick thatched with snow, and the whitewashed walls only a degree less dazzling than the brightness of the ground. The hedges that divide the fields in La Vendée as in England were filled and covered with snow, and the hoar-frost like a fairy lace-work glittered and shone on the soft, unblemished surface, and the trees with rolls of snow resting on their bare gaunt arms held up clusters of icicles that sparkled like crystals in the tepid December sun.

The village of Chamtocé lay in this white landscape; and in the middle of the village stood the church, and close by the church the presbytery.

On the road that led from St. Florent to Chamtocé a young, lithe figure was crushing the crisp white carpet with a long, elastic step. His face was concealed, the upper part of it by a cap drawn low over his forehead, and the lower part by a woollen scarf wound round his throat, swallowing up the chin and nose in its capacious folds. The weather was not cold enough to need this ostentatious display of *cache-nez*; true, *la nappe blanche de la Noël* (white cloth of Christmas), as the peasants call it, was spread, but there was not a breath of wind, and it was not freezing. It had frozen during the night just enough to sprinkle the hoar-frost abroad and hang a thin fringe of glass from the roofs of the houses and deck the trees with icicles, but this was not what the Vendéans called freezing. The Loire pursued its journey majestically to the sea unchecked by the icy hand of the black frost, the cruel black frost, that had but to blow with its bleak breath for one night on the strong deep stream to paralyze its waters and chill their moaning into icy dumbness. So, the cold was not bitter. The traveller knew it, too, for on coming to a point of the road where it turned abruptly, and disclosed the church with its slim, gray belfry, and, on the rising ground beyond it, a windmill, still as spectre suspended midway between the white earth and the pale sky, he looked cautiously up and down the road, assured himself there was no one in sight, and then, raising his beaver cap, stood bare-headed in the attitude of a man saluting some object of love and veneration.

“Nearly four years since I knelt under the shadow of thy walls, and now I have come home, and thou dost greet me with the same unchanged, unchanging welcome!”

He replaced his cap, drew it low over his face, and continued his way.

“Home, did I say?” he muttered presently. “Have I still a home to come to? Gaston most likely is gone, fallen like the best blood of La Vendée in God’s and the king’s cause. And Marie!”

A sudden flush suffused the bronzed cheek. The pilgrim walked on with a quicker step, and was soon at the gate of the presbytery.

“Ah! here it is, just as I left it—the little wicket that opened so often with a ready welcome. A good omen to begin with!”

He pushed it and walked on. The door of the dwelling-house stood ajar; winter and summer it was never shut; he pushed it open, and knocked gently at a door on the left.

“Come in!” said M. le Curé.

And François Léonval entered and stood face to face with the only father he had known on earth. Nearly four years had passed since they had parted, and the old priest who had baptized him, and taught him, and wept with him beside his mother’s grave, was just the same as when he had left him, benign, cheerful, a trifle more bowed perhaps and a good deal whiter, but the same in everything else—nothing was changed within. He looked up promptly, closed his book, and then, with a glance where “charity that thinketh no evil” deprecated a certain vague mistrust, he said:

“What can I do for you, my boy?”

“Monsieur le Curé! mon père! Is this the welcome you give me?”

“François! my son! my best-loved!” And the old man held out his arms, and the two clasped

each other.

“Ah! my son!” exclaimed the curé, when his emotion left him power to speak, “this is an hour worth suffering for; it pays me for many days of anguish. Little did I dream to have such a joy before we met in heaven. My son! my boy! Blessed be God and Our Lady of Mercy, who have watched over you and brought you back to me! I never thought to see your face before I died!”

“And why not, mon père!” said François, laughing, and embracing him again; “you know the prodigals are sure to return sooner or later; besides, you promised to pray me safe home, and not to go to heaven till I came back to get your blessing. Did you forget your promise?”

“Forget it! Does a father forget his son? But you have travelled a long way; you will tell me all presently; but first you must have need of food and warmth. Victoire!”

The grim old gouvernante appeared, and on recognizing François her features expanded into a smile of genuine delight, and she embraced the young man with motherly affection, and overpowered him with questions that she never waited to hear answered, while she bustled about the table, running backward and forward to her kitchen, and making ready with all speed the very best her store could supply. The frugal meal was soon spread, and the curé, to whom, after the first outburst of joy had subsided, her presence was an unguessed relief, said with a sudden change in his voice and look that struck cold on François’s heart:

“Ah! François, François, it was not well to leave me all these years without a sign or a word. Gaston held out for a long time that either you had escaped from the country, or that you were still fighting, and that it was in either case only the fear of getting us into trouble that prevented you writing, or the want of a trusty messenger, and I believed him while I could; but when two whole years went by, and still we had no news, what could I think but that you had fallen? Victoire, put on your hood, and go—but stay—no, I had better go myself. We must run no risks: there is a price on your head, you say? I will go myself. These are times when we need the cunning of the serpent more than the innocence of the dove. Alas! what does innocence avail my little ones? But shame upon me for an ungrateful wretch! Does it not avail them the palm-branch and the crown, and are not the purest of the flock chosen for a sacrifice to plead for the guilty?”

Thus discoursing, he wrapped himself in his heavy serge cloak, and clutched his stick, and went in search of Gaston, but not without first speaking a word in Victoire’s ear.

And who was Gaston? Gaston was cousin-german and adopted brother of François. They had been brought up from infancy together by Gaston’s mother. When they were both sixteen, she died, leaving the lads to the care of the good God and Monsieur le Curé, and bidding them love each other like true brothers, and live together in the comfortable cottage, which, being her own, she bequeathed them as a joint legacy till either should marry, and then, if they chose to separate, the one who left was to have compensation in a sum of money to be kept by M. le Curé till the event entitled either of the youths to claim it. Besides the cottage, their mother, for both the lads looked on her as such, left two thousand francs, to be equally divided between them when they came to be twenty-one. This was the wedding portion she had brought to Gaston’s father, and as she had adopted François, and given him a true mother’s love, she wished to divide her all, share and share, between him and her own son.

Gaston had a goodly inheritance of land from his father, so she was not impoverishing him by sharing her own with his brother, and he could never feel in after-life that she had wronged him. So Jeanne Léonval thought, at least. And perhaps she was right at the time. But as years went on, Gaston saw things differently; his ideas about the value of money changed, and with them his notions regarding right and justice, and he began to feel an undefined vexation and sense of injury on the subject of his mother’s will. For Gaston had a worm at his heart—the worm that entered the heart of Judas, and sucked it dry of love, and truth, and mercy, and led him at last to deicide and despair. He loved money, and he was growing to love it more every day; it was filling up his heart, and making him hard and selfish, and brushing off the bloom of his boyish freshness. He was growing into a miser. Nobody noticed the growth. Gaston did not suspect it. He lived like other people, frugally but abundantly, in the homely manner of his mother and the people of his class. He wore good clothes, and the same as those around him. But though he did not take to the ways and crotchets of the miser of the story-book, his heart was none the less developing the miser’s spirit, and growing rapidly absorbed, to the exclusion of all other aims, in the love of money. He grudged more and more parting with it, and he longed and pined more greedily after its possession. François, who lived with him, saw nothing of this. He saw him indeed eager and active in turning his land and stock to account, vigilant to seize every opportunity for gain, sharp at striking a bargain, chary of spending his money on many innocent pleasures that tempted the self-denial of older and wiser heads; but this was right and fair so far. There were plenty of idlers, and fellows to spend their money as fast as they made it, and it was well to see Gaston prudent and thrifty, and laying by for the rainy day and the little ones who would be coming by-and-by. So argued the honest, open-handed François, who approved the wisdom of his brother, but did not practise it, and never could keep a franc in his pocket while he saw any one in want of it. Quite as self-denying as Gaston, he pinched himself from a different motive. He saved to give. He gave to the widow who would be driven from her shelter if he did not come in time to pay the rent; he gave to the cold and

the hungry; no hearth wanted wood, no mouth craved for bread, while François could supply both. Not a child in the village but loved him, not an elder but smiled a blessing on the young man as he passed. Gaston knew it, and forgave him. He loved him well enough to forgive him even that share in his mother's *dot* that was coming to François one of these days. But when the day came, and he saw the money that ought to have been his handed over to his cousin—he disowned the brotherhood that moment for the first time in his life—Gaston felt the fiend wake up in him, he felt he was badly treated, wronged and robbed of his due, and he was wrathful against Jeanne and François. In the angry spirit of the moment, he spoke bitter words to François, and reproached him for having come between him and his mother. But François, who retained the guilelessness of a child, cared too little about the money to seize the base motive of his brother's anger; he thought it was an outburst of latent jealousy against the orphan child who had come between him and the fulness of his mother's love, and, with the warmth of a generous nature, François forgave him his unjust reproaches; he offered to give up all at once unconditionally to his cousin, and to leave the cottage, and take no compensation, provided only Gaston would give him back his love and trust. Gaston was not utterly hardened, and the generosity and frankness of his cousin disarmed him, and shamed him out of his unworthy resentment; he embraced him, and asked him to forgive him, and they were true brothers from that out. The coils of avarice twined round Gaston's heart, and choked his best instincts and his finest impulses, but they did not crush out his love for François. That grew and flourished like a lily amongst weeds. So they stayed together till they grew up to man's estate, and then an event occurred in the distant town of Chapelle-aux-lys which was to make a new era in the lives of both.

A niece of the curé's died, leaving one orphan child, whom she implored her uncle to receive and take care of; Marie was alone in the world; and there was no one to whom the mother could bequeath her except the curé of Chamtocé. Great was the perplexity of the worthy priest when he received the intelligence of his niece's death, accompanied by the unexpected legacy of a grand-niece, and a request that he would enter into possession at once. Victoire was called into council, but, instead of helping him out of the difficulties of the position, she staggered him by asking if he meant to buy a cage and hang *la petite* in the window like a canary? That was the only way *she* saw of taking her in. Why, they were so tight for room that if she, Victoire, were not the woman she was, it would be simply an impossibility to fit herself and her *effects* into the space allotted to her at the presbytery; and where, in the name of common sense, did M. le Curé think she could make room for another inmate? The curé admitted the inexorable logic of this fact, and immediately proposed adding another room to the house; this was the Vendéan's ready way of simplifying difficulties when his family outgrew his dwelling. Victoire said of course that this remedy was open to them, but what were they to do with *la petite* till the room was built? Hang her up in the window? M. le Curé rejected the cage alternative, and suggested his niece be sent to one of the farmers' wives' for the time being. "Which of them?" Victoire begged leave to inquire. Mère Madeleine would take her and welcome, but she had four sons at home, so that would not do. Then there were La Mère Tustine and La Tante Ursule, and a great many other estimable matrons who would gladly give her a shelter, but between their hospitality and Marie's acceptance of it there stood some impediment in the shape of sons or brothers that shut the door on the young stranger. The curé and his gouvernante were puzzling over the case, and seeing no way out of it, when François Léonval came in. The curé loved all his children, but, if there was one that he loved better than all, it was the child-like, open-hearted François. He told him at once of his trouble, and asked him what he was to do. François solved the difficulty instanter by offering him the spare room at home—his mother's formerly, and never occupied since her death—assuring the curé that he and Gaston and Gervoise, their old *bonne*, would take every care of his grand-niece, and that, far from being in the way, she would be quite a godsend to them all in the dull cottage. The curé smiled with a deeper thankfulness than the young man understood at the biblical simplicity betrayed in this proposal, and it took a good deal of argument to make François see that the scheme was not practicable; but when ultimately he did see it, he was ready with an amendment which the curé saw no fair reason for rejecting. This was that Mlle. Marie was to be installed in her uncle's room, and he was to come and stay with the brothers while another was being added to the presbytery. This point settled, the first thing to be done was to get possession of Marie. The curé would have gladly gone to fetch the poor little orphan himself, but this was Saturday, a very busy day for the country priest, and to-morrow would be Sunday, a busier day still, and when it was quite impossible for him to be absent. But François here again came to the rescue. He would drive over to Chapelle-aux-lys, put up for a few hours—it was a good three hours' drive—and be back by nightfall with the legacy. François Léonval was perhaps the only youth in the village to whom such a mission could have been entrusted without its provoking a stream of chattering comments on all sides, but the curé knew that not even that queen of gossips, Tante Ursule, would find a word to say against it in his case. So he gave his blessing to François, who ran home as fast as he could, put the strong bay mare to the cariole, and was soon trotting over the snow on the road to Chapelle-aux-lys. This was how Marie came to Chamtocé.

In due time the room was built, the curé took leave of the brothers, and returned to the presbytery, where Marie reigned henceforth with soft, despotic sway over himself, the stiff old Victoire, and all who came within her kingdom. She was soon the acknowledged belle of Chamtocé, and the number of her admirers and the zeal with which they competed for her hand in the village dance, or the honor of carrying her red morocco *Heures* to and from

church on Sundays and fête-days, became a serious complication in the existence of the venerable curé. For his flock loved him with the love that casteth out fear, and had no secrets from him; old and young went to him with their *confidences* as a matter of course, and the rival candidates for Marie's favors carried their hopes and fears and complaints of her and of each other to his sympathizing ears with merciless garrulity. It was no small thing to bear the burden of this confidence, to hearken to these knotty cases, and to give advice and sympathy befitting each particular one. The curé, to be sure, had more experience than most men in this kind of diplomacy, having been the bosom confidant of all the swains who had sighed to the belles of Chamtocé these forty years past; but he declared that Marie's lovers gave him more to do than the whole generation together. There were nine eligible *partis* going, and all nine were competing for her. The good man was driven to his wits' end. Marie remained serenely indifferent to them all, and never gave a glance of encouragement to one above another, nor could her uncle detect the faintest sign of preference toward any of them. He took refuge, therefore, in perfect neutrality, and refused to interfere in behalf of any of the suitors. She was young enough to bide her time and try their fidelity before she adopted a choice so important to them and to herself. Marie was fifteen when she came to Chamtocé. The revolution had broken out in Paris and was spreading rapidly through the provinces. La Vendée, which was destined soon to play such a noble part in the fiercest tragedy the world ever saw, was still comparatively quiet; but before Marie had spent two years in her new home, the Royalist movement was firing the hearts of the Vendéans, and the enthusiastic spirit of Charette and Cathelineau and Stoffel was fanning the flames of patriotism and goading the peasants to that grand and universal uprising whose story stands unparalleled in the annals of chivalrous loyalty. The Republican soldiers, *les bleus*, as they were called, were scouring the country, depopulating villages, murdering the priests, and hunting down the nobles, ordering off whole streets to the guillotine in a batch, spreading terror and devastation everywhere. The peasantry had risen *en masse* and joined the Royalist troops, and were selling their lives and their altars dear. Chamtocé was not behind hand in the patriotic movement. It furnished its goodly contingent of soldiers to the king, and many were the episodes of daring and self-devoted loyalty that marked the progress of the Vendéan cause in the pretty, peaceful village.

Marie was just seventeen when the first recruitment took place. It was a bright spring morning. She was sitting in the latticed window of the presbytery parlor, a dark-eyed, merry-looking maiden in a fan-shaped Vendéan cap, whose soft white cambric frilling set off her warm olive complexion admirably, and made her a very pretty picture as she sat singing to her spinning-wheel, bobbing her head with a quick, graceful movement that kept time to the play of her foot and hands. At a table at the other end of the room the curé was writing away diligently. He was too much absorbed in his work to be disturbed by the musical purring of Marie's wheel, or the broken snatches of song with which she varied the *rond-rond* and enlivened the pleasant, monotonous labor; he knew she was there, but her presence was no more hindrance to him than the sunshine that was streaming unbidden through the window, and filling the little room with warmth and brightness.

Suddenly the *rond-rond* ceased, Marie looked up, and fixed her eyes on some distant object along on the road. Then she stood up, and said hurriedly:

"Mon oncle! mon oncle!"

"Well, my child?" answered the curé abstractedly, without pausing from his work.

"I see horsemen galloping toward the village. *Sont-ce les bleus?*"

The word made the curé start like the touch of a spring. He dropped his pen and was beside her in an instant. They looked out steadily toward the dust-cloud that was advancing rapidly, and for one minute neither spoke. Then the curé exclaimed joyfully:

"No! They are Charette's men!"

And so they were. But none the less was there cause for Marie's cheek to grow pale, and the heart of the old pastor to beat with a great emotion. They knew what brought these Royalist soldiers to Chamtocé. Charette wanted men, and he had sent here to levy them. In less than an hour, every available man in the village was up on the *place* for inspection. The difficulty was whom to take and whom to refuse, for the brave fellows whose exploits and valor won for them later the sobriquet of *peuple de géants* (race of giants) were all clamoring to be enrolled under the king's flag, and to go forth and die for the king's cause.

For the first time to-day since that outbreak that had bound them in closer brotherhood, François and Gaston quarrelled. Both wanted to go, both were equally good for the service; the recruiting officer, unable to choose between them, declared they must decide for themselves. The only way to do this was to defer it to the curé. They walked off to the church, where the old man was speaking plain, soul-stirring words of encouragement and exhortation to a throng of men and women, the men exulting, the women weeping, but all of one mind and heart in the cause, and ready to give their best and dearest to serve under the banner of the fleur-de-lis.

Marie was kneeling close by the altar, amidst a group of weeping mothers and sisters. Her eyes were dry, but dim and restless; she spoke to no one, but turned constantly toward the door, as if she were watching for some new arrival. When the brothers came in, there was a

movement, the crowd made way for them as they walked up to the altar, and hushed their sobs to hear what they were going to say.

“Monsieur le Curé,” said Gaston, “only one of us may enlist, and you are to choose between us; which of us may go and fight for the king?”

“Ah! my children, what is it you ask of me! How can I choose!” exclaimed the old man, clasping his hands. “You are both dear to me; I would have you both fight for the king and win a crown of glory. If you fall fighting in defence of God and his altars, yours will be the crown of the martyrs. Which is most pure at heart, strongest in faith, most worthy to serve in the cause of God? He alone can tell!”

“François! François!” cried many voices in chorus, and the people gathered round the poor man’s friend, and blessed him, and bid him joy of being chosen for the good fight.

“So be it!” said the curé; and François knelt down, and the curé laid both hands upon his head and blessed him.

Marie was a silent and unnoticed spectator of the scene. She was still on her knees, clasping the altar-rails with both hands so tightly that the strain left them white and bloodless. François waited till the crowd had followed M. le Curé out of the church, and it was empty except of the two, and then he went close up to Marie and knelt down beside her. He did not speak, and she did not look at him, but she knew that it was François.

“Marie!” he said, and laid his hand on her arm.

Then she turned and looked into his eyes, and these two knew that they loved each other.

“If I fall, you will remember me, Marie, and pray for me,” said François, taking her hand in both his.

“Yes.”

“And, Marie, if I return—”

“We will come to this same spot and bless God together, François.”

“You will wait for me a year and a day?”

“I will wait for you to the end of my life.”

They sent up one last prayer in silence, then kissed each other and parted.

As François left the church he met Gaston, who was seeking him in great concern everywhere. The brothers walked home arm-in-arm, discoursing with full hearts of this sudden and solemn parting. When they entered the cottage, François went straight to his room, and came out with a small deal box in his hand.

“*Frère*,” he said, “I have not much to trouble about in the way of property, but what I have you will keep for me. My savings are nothing to speak of, seven hundred francs in all; here is the box. I should not have had even that sum but for the sale of the cattle at Easter. Do the best you can for me with it; lay it out in stock or grain—whatever brings most as times go. The sheep were the best investment the last two fairs; I wish I had done more in that line; but I was never overwise with my money, and this will thrive better in your hands than in mine, *frère*; only I would rather you didn’t let it lie out long at a time, as you do with your own; gather it in soon after a good stroke, and let it grow till it’s a good sum; it’s not safe in these days to leave one’s money floating in any business.”

Gaston’s astonishment had grown to stupefaction by the time his brother brought this speech to an end. What did it mean, this sudden desire to make money and let it accumulate? François had all his life been as careless of louis-d’or as of carrots or apples, and gave them away as readily for the asking; and now that he was about to face the cannon, and stood a strong chance of never needing them again, he was smitten with an insane desire to have them increase and multiply. Though Gaston said nothing, François read this wonder in his eyes.

“Don’t think I’ve put my heart in the money,” he said, laying a hand on Gaston’s shoulder, and looking wistfully into his face; “I’d hand it to you for your own, to do as you liked with it, if I were alone in the world; but I’m not, *frère*. I’ve another to think of now.”

He drew away his hand, and averted his face quickly, but Gaston saw his lip quiver, and the drops gather in his brave, truthful eyes. He saw it all at a glance, and followed the recruit’s figure, as it disappeared again into his room, with an expression on his face that it was better for both François did not see; if he had looked at his brother then he would have read a secret that would have pierced his heart like a sword. Gaston stood staring after him as if he had been turned to stone, his features fierce and hard-set, the veins in his forehead swelling and throbbing, all his frame shaken by a vehement struggle. Gaston mastered it, his face relaxed, and he went in after François.

“*Frère*,” he said, “you may trust me,” and held out his hand to him.

François clasped it, but looking at his brother with a puzzled smile:

“Trust thee!” he repeated, “as if I needed thy pledge for that! Brother, I trust thee as I trust my soul.”

“And, *frère*, as Monsieur le Curé said just now, the best and purest are chosen for the sacrifice; if—”

“*Vive Dieu et le Roi!*” cried François, raising his cap. Then he was silent a moment before he said:

“If I fall, you will be a good brother to Marie, and do what you can to comfort her.”

“And the money, what shall I do with it?”

“Give it to her.”

The brothers embraced, and set out in search of M. le Curé. He blessed them all once more, and the brave young fellows fell into ranks with the soldiers, and marched off singing their battle-psalm, their hearts beating with high hope and faith and courage; while brave Vendéan mothers followed them out of the village, speeding them with blessings and cries of *Vive Dieu et le Roi!* It echoed through the gathering twilight with a strange, inspiring pathos. Quiet and darkness fell upon Chamtocé, the shadows died out of the silent church, the red flame of the sanctuary lamp rose and fell, flickering like a crimson pulse in the gloom, and casting its halo on the bowed head of the Vendéan soldier’s *fiancée*.

PART SECOND.

François’s money multiplied with such unprecedented luck in Gaston’s keeping that the little deal box was soon too small to hold it. Gaston kept very little money of his own in hand, he let it float, as his brother said, but whatever he had was always in gold—he never took payment in anything else, and he followed the same plan for François. If it had been his own, he could not have put more zeal into the management of it; and it was with a sense of personal pride and success that at the end of a year he counted over François’s treasure, and found he had trebled the original sum. And Marie—how fared it with her? She was waiting in patience and hope and prayer till the time named by François as the furthest date of his return came and passed and brought no sign of him, and then her heart sank. She could not think that he would leave her in such cruel ignorance of his fate if he were still alive; but neither could she believe that he was dead. They would have heard of it somehow. Bad news travels quickly at all times, and even in those days of terror, when postal arrangements were broken up, and it was at the risk of his head that a messenger carried a letter, news came from the most distant points to out-of-the-way villages in a way that was almost miraculous. *Les bleus* were everywhere, ubiquitous, stealthy, vindictive, but they could not cut off communication between the Royalists. Fresh recruits started from Chamtocé, and wounds and deaths and noble exploits were chronicled from the distant camp or battle-field, but not a word came over the hilly plains of La Vendée to tell of the fate of François Léonval. Two years went by, and still the silence was unbroken. Then one morning Gaston dressed himself with unwonted care, and went to the presbytery. He found M. le Curé alone. They sat some time together, and when the young man rose to take his leave, the curé said:

“You will meet her probably on the way home. Plead your own cause, my boy; I have done what I could for you; you have my best blessing if you can persuade Marie.”

Gaston met her and pleaded. But not successfully. “François said a year and a day, and after that, if you did not hear, you might be sure he had gone before us,” urged Gaston, choosing the word that would fall less harshly on his listener’s heart; “and now two years have passed and he has neither written nor sent. I do not ask you to forget him, or to cease to love him; we will both love him, and think of him always as dear brother, and he will be happier in heaven for seeing you happy here. Let me fulfil my promise to him that I would take care of you. Come home with me, Marie, and be my wife!”

“I promised that I would wait for him,” answered Marie, her dark eyes looking out toward the west with a gaze of patient longing as she walked on by Gaston’s side.

“A year and a day. You told me he said a year and a day.”

“He said it, but I put no limit to the time. I said I would wait to the end.”

“But he would not have it, Marie; he loved you too well to wish you to waste your life in solitude and vain hopes.”

But Marie shook her head and repeated:

“I promised I would wait for him.”

“And your uncle—does his wish count for nothing? You know that he has long since given up all hope, and that the thought of leaving you alone in the world is embittering his old age. ‘I am getting old,’ he said to me just now, ‘but the only thing that makes me dread death is this anxiety about my *pauvre petite*. Who will take care of her when I am gone?’ ‘I promised François I would, *mon père*,’ I said. ‘Then go and plead with her for yourself and for me,’ he replied, ‘that Marie may let you keep your promise.’”

They walked on in silence till they came to the gate of the presbytery, and Marie raised her face to Gaston's and said:

"Wait one year more, Gaston, and then, if you still wish, come and tell me, and I will go home with you."

"I have waited three years already, and I would wait as many more to win you," answered the young man; and as he bent his face over hers—not a handsome face, but illuminated now by eyes that were liquid and beautiful with beseeching love—Marie thought that, since she must choose a home when her uncle was gone, she would rather share Gaston's than any other, and that it might not be such a difficult thing to love him by-and-by.

That night, when Gervoise had gone to bed, and the place was quiet and all the bolts drawn, Gaston took out François' money-bag and counted over the contents. It was a good round sum now. He built up the louis into little piles and reckoned them, and then poured them back into the bag; and the coins flashed like little suns in the dim light of his lantern; and Gaston feasted his eyes on them: he thrust his hand into the heap, and, gathering up a handful of coins, let them drip down through his fingers one by one, listening to the pure ring of the metal as if it had been music, as indeed it was to him. Now that Marie had promised to be his wife, this gold which was hers would soon be his, and before the year was out it would be a still bigger heap. He had not told her or the curé that Francois had left any money in his charge, not from any idea of latent treachery to François—oh, no! Gaston was incapable of that; but it had been his dream ever since François had gone to win Marie and then settle this money on her, telling her, of course, whose gift it was. Partly from methodical habit, and partly from an unconfessed pleasure in the sight and touch of the gold, he had made a point of counting it all over after every fresh transaction, but from this night out he began to count it oftener. The fact that it was now to all intents and purposes his own added a new zest to the operation, and the prospect of it became by degrees the chief solace of his working hours, till at last he came to count it regularly every night and to long for the moment when he could lock his door and turn the flame of his lantern on the burning blaze of the gold.

The year came to an end. There was no news of François, and Gaston, being still of the same mind, claimed his promise, and Marie came home with him.

But seven months later François was tramping along through the snow on his way to Chamtocé, and now he is sitting before the pine-wood fire in Monsieur le Curé's parlor. He had not asked for Marie, and the curé had not named her. The dumb entreaty of François' eyes smote him to the heart, and he had not the courage to tell the pilgrim that the light which had lured him on through the smoke of the battle, in the dreary watches of the bivouac, in the many miseries of his soldier life, was a mirage that had tempted him along the desert path, only to mock him when he neared it, and fade out of the sky like a false and fickle star. No; he had not the courage to tell him that Marie was his brother's wife.

When the curé entered the cottage, he found Gaston sitting down to his dinner alone. Marie had gone to nurse a sick neighbor's child. The curé was glad of her absence. It made his mission easier. "*Mon garçon*," he said at once, "I bring news that will startle you, and I am thankful to be able to break it to you before Marie hears it. Your brother is come back." The curé expected his announcement to startle Gaston, as he had said, but he was not prepared for the effect it produced. The young man stood bolt upright, looked at the curé with wild, scared eyes, and dropped again into his chair without uttering a word.

"Have you told him?" he gasped, after an interval of silence that the old priest felt himself incapable of breaking.

"No; her name was not mentioned by either of us."

"Ha!" Gaston drew a breath of relief; "then perhaps—who knows? He may take it less to heart than we fear?"

"I don't know. At his age, four years is a long absence; still we cannot tell. But at any rate, my son, you must come and give him a brother's welcome, and do what a brother's love can do to lighten the disappointment to him."

He took Gaston's arm, and they went out to the presbytery together.

The curé's heart belied his words when he held out the hope that François' love might not have borne unchanged the test of absence. He knew the youth too well to believe it. And he was right.

The meeting between the brothers was quiet, but none the less terrible. The curé told François how it had all happened; how faithfully Marie had kept her troth, hoping long after he and Gaston had given up all hope; how at length he had urged her to listen to Gaston; and how, tardily and with a sad heart, she had yielded to both their entreaties. François heard him to the end, and then, in a voice of heart-rending gentleness, he said:

"It was my fault, *frère*; I do not blame thee. God's will be done!"

He held out his hand, Gaston clasped it, and the brothers stood for a moment face to face in silence. Both were very, pale, but it was not François who was the paler of the two.

Gaston went home, and François watched his figure across the little garden and down the road till it disappeared like a blue speck on the white background, and then he fell upon the curé's neck and sobbed like a woman.

Before many hours Chamtocé was on tiptoe with alarm and curiosity. A shepherd had arrived in haste with the news that one of the royalist captains had passed through Saumur in disguise, and been traced to Chapelle-aux-lys, whence *les bleus* were started in pursuit of him; there was a large price on his head; and *les bleus* were so enraged against him for his desperate exploits and for having baffled them so long, that they were resolved to show no quarter to the people that harbored him, and would set fire to the town rather than let him escape. An old cowherd who had been born and bred in the service of the Maulevriers had recognized François Léonvel on the road, and, guessing whither he was bound, had sent a trusty messenger with a word of warning to Chamtocé. [Pg 459]

Gaston was the only person, besides the curé and Victoire, who knew of his brother's arrival so far, and when Gervoise came in with this news, which she caught from the village gossips on her way from evening prayers, his first impulse was to rush to the presbytery, and warn his brother to start at once, and seek some safer hiding-place. He went out quickly, but, as he had his hand on the wicket, he saw Marie coming towards the cottage. She was the last person he wished to meet just then, but he could not avoid her without exciting surprise in her mind, and perhaps suspicion. So he tarried till she came, wondering why she walked so slowly, as if she did not make sure he was waiting for her, or as if—as Gaston's heart whispered to him—she would rather he went without speaking to her. Why? Was it possible the truth had come to her ears already? He could not believe it, still it was with a painful quickening of his pulse that he saw her at that leisurely pace.

"Were you waiting for me, Gaston?" she said simply.

"No. I am going in to Monsieur le Curé for a minute; I will be back presently. Are you not well, Marie?"

"Yes, *mon ami*, quite well, only tired and cold."

She drew her shawl closer round her with a little shudder, and passed him and entered the cottage. Gaston's heart leaped up as if an adder had stung it, and then sank as suddenly with a horrible faintness. He leaned against the snow-stuffed hedge and felt as if the very life were frozen within him. The blood rushed to his throat; he put his hand to his forehead as if a spasm of pain had stunned him; but soon rousing himself from his absent attitude, he walked on to the presbytery. But he did not enter it. He did not see it, in fact. He walked on and on like a man in a dream, looking neither to the right nor the left, and when suddenly he remembered where he was, and whither he was bound, he had left the village more than a league behind him, and was standing on the sloping beach of St. Florent, under the shadow of its semicircular hills that look down upon the Loire, where the little islet of —— sits like a brooding swan midway in its waters. The night had fallen, but the moon was not yet up, and the darkness was only lightened by the snowy reflex of the landscape. A bank of cloud hung like a heavy curtain over the hill, and hid away the moon. Somehow Gaston was glad of the darkness. But it was in vain that he strove to make it dark within. No outer darkness could conceal from him the workings of his heart. He saw into its troubled depths as clearly as if a thousand moons had been shining in the purple vault above him. He saw the tempter busy with his fiercest instincts, and he saw what a base and miserable tool he was. Ay, but desperate as well as base. Much must be forgiven to a desperate man. Here was his whole life wrecked. His wife's affection and trust—he felt it had not yet grown to love—was lost to him; his gold was lost to him—his precious, darling gold, that he had hugged to his heart till it grew to be a part of it, a second wife; and he must give it up just at a moment when he wanted it as he had never done before, and had laid out all his money, and had not a louis to ring on his hearthstone except this gold of François'. A curse upon the hour he took it! François would never ask it back—never accept it, most likely, Gaston felt. But Marie would never consent to keep it. No, and she would grow to hate him in spite of herself for having come between her and François, and forced her to break her troth to him. His life, that was so bright and rich, how dark and wretched it had become within these last few hours! And was there no rescue from it all? Yes. He had only to speak a word, and he was saved. Let him start off now, before Marie knew of François's return, and meet *les bleus*, and they would come quietly to the presbytery, and take him away in the night, and there would be an end of François for ever, and of the misery he was going to cause. Treachery? Bah! His was the treachery to come back after being as good as dead all this time. Was it a crime to have married Marie, when he left her three whole years without a word of love or a sign of existence? She was happy now, but if once she saw François she would never know happiness again. The sight of his misery would fill her heart with remorse, and break it. What right had François to go away at all when he knew that Marie loved him? It was no doing of Gaston's that; he wanted to go in his stead. Would that he had! But now he was to be a ruined, blighted man to the end of his days. And to what purpose? To save François from being shot a little sooner than he might be; for so surely as he had a head on his shoulders, so surely would he have a bullet through it some day. No one would be the worse of his having it to-morrow instead of a month hence or a year, and two human beings would be considerably the better of it. [Pg 460]

Gaston had flung himself on a snow-heap by the side of the river, his face buried in his arms,

while he worked out his wrongs and his despair to this conclusion. François must die. There was no other way out of it. Once he brought his mind to face this alternative and close with it, there was no time to be lost, and it would be dangerous to go over the ground again. He must act at once if he were to act at all. Gaston shook the snow from his arms, and sprang to his feet. But a change had come over the scene, and he could hardly realize that it was the same he had surveyed in the dim white darkness half an hour previously. The heavy bank of cloud had melted away; only one small patch remained, fringed with silvery rays that lighted up the sky like the glory of a tabernacle; all round it myriads of stars were twinkling in the liquid depths of blue, and gazing on their own brightness in the steel-blue mirror of the Loire, that trembled lightly as the golden shafts shot down through it and illuminated its cold, pure bosom like a second heaven. Presently, the moon came out, not "pale for weariness of climbing" the steep sky, but radiant and beautiful, and shone serenely in the clear December heaven, and all the world was bathed in silvery twilight. The solemnity of the scene thrilled through Gaston's soul, and made his pulse beat with an unknown fear; but it was the ennobling fear with which nature inspires us in her sublimest aspects—the reverent awe that uplifts the soul, not the guilty terror that casts it down, paralyzing and debasing it.

His ghastly project cowered before him like a fiend dragged from outer darkness into the splendor of God's sunshine. The divine beauty of the world without rebuked and annihilated the foulness of the world within. No base or treacherous thoughts could contemplate the purity and glory of that starry splendor, and not perish. It drew the earth heavenward, and made all things grand and solemn. The meek, low hills grew mighty and majestic; they stretched their pure white peaks to kiss the stars, soaring high above the haunts of men, as if they scorned the earth, and would have naught in common with the pettiness, the guilt, and the folly that had their dwelling on the plain. The very silence had a voice in it more powerful than thunder. It rang with inarticulate harmonies through Gaston's soul—mysterious, unuttered whisperings, as of angels hovering to and fro, brushing the crystal twilight with their wings.

And were there not angels near him in his hour of struggle? Did he not hear them pleading at his heart, touching his storm-tossed spirit with their loving, beseeching eyes, weeping, perhaps, over the impending ruin of his God-imaged soul? Surely, if angels ever weep, earth has no misery more worthy of their tears. And were they less powerful than the fallen spirits who were fighting against them for the noble prize, or did they love God's human creature less than the fiends hate him?

Gaston called to mind the days long ago, when he was an innocent child, and prayed every night to his angel guardian before lying down to sleep, and believed that the beautiful benign spirit stood at the right side of his little cot, watching him while he slept. It was many a day since he had prayed, but now the words came back on him with a strange, impelling power, and played upon his heart like the notes of a long-forgotten melody. They rose to his lips, but he choked them down. He could not let them pass. Whom was he to speak to—an angel? There was a gulf between the Judas that he was to-day and the unsullied little child who used to breathe that prayer in an angel's ear.

Gaston felt the scene was subduing his soul to a dangerous softness, and unnerving him for his purpose. What a fool he was to stand there moon-gazing! He turned his back on the river and the hills, and strode homeward at a rapid pace. He tried to sing, but his voice jarred like a discord on the holy silence, and he checked himself. It was near ten when he re-entered the village. Every house was closed and quiet, but not asleep. This was Christmas eve. The children were put to bed with many a promise that they should be called for midnight Mass, but most of the elders were watching, saying their rosaries, or singing *cantiques* in family groups while awaiting the summons of the bell to gather round the crib of the new-born King. Gaston saw the lights gleaming from many windows, and wished them out. He had no mind to be seen prowling alone in the snow at this time of night, and on such a night, so he crept on stealthily under the shadow of the cottages, till he came to his own gate. He dreaded meeting Marie, and having to answer her questions as to why he had been out so long. But perhaps she would ask no questions. Was she really so pale when he met her that time, or was it his terrified fancy? Anyhow, she could not know yet for certain that François was here, whatever fears or hopes—yes, Gaston must use the word—the gossip that had reached her ears may have suggested. But on entering the bright, spacious kitchen where the table was spread for supper, all its pewter and delft glancing in the light of the pine-logs that blazed merrily in the broad chimney, he saw no one but old Gervoise, sitting bolt upright in her high-backed chair in the chimney-corner, and nodding significantly at the knitting that lay on her knees. The noise he made drawing a stool to the fire awoke her. He asked where her mistress was, and Gervoise told him that Marie had come in for a few minutes and then gone out again, and that they were not to expect her home that night, as the child was worse. He was glad of her absence; yet it frightened him. Was it a pretext—was she shrinking from him, afraid or loath to meet him! At any rate, it changed his intention of starting at once; he decided that he would wait till all the village was up and astir for midnight Mass, and then he would slip off and ride hard, so as to reach Chapelle-aux-lys and be back again before daylight and Marie's return. He said he did not care to eat anything, and went up to his room. He locked himself in, lighted his lantern, and pulled out the fatal money-bag; he felt he must strengthen himself by the sight of the gold, and count over his treasure once more, to make sure it was worth the price he was going to pay for it.

This done, he flung himself undressed on the bed, and, worn out by the conflict of the last few hours, was soon sound asleep. But he had not been asleep long before he was aroused by a long knocking at his door, and a rough voice demanded admittance. Gaston sprang to his feet.

“Who’s there?” he said.

“*Les bleus.* Open in the name of the republic!” and the speaker dealt a blow on the door that nearly broke it in.

Gaston opened without further parley, and six men entered the room.

“What do you want?” he asked.

“We want one François Léonval who is concealed in this house. Tell us where to find him and we will go, and do you no harm; but if you try to shirk it—” The man swore a brutal oath, and pointed his pistol at Gaston’s head.

But Gaston Léonval had a Vendéan’s spirit withal. It was not to dastardly personal cowardice that he would betray his brother; he felt the cold touch of the muzzle on his forehead, and, quietly pushing it aside, he told the man he might search the house, and he wished him joy if he found what he was looking for. “We had better begin by the outhouses and the garden,” said the one who seemed to take the lead; “two of you stay inside to prevent any tricks, while we are outside.” And he left the room, followed by all but one soldier, who remained to mount guard over Gaston.

But a safer and stronger sentinel was keeping watch by the wretched brother, urging him with terrible power and show of reason to say the word that would free him for ever. Only an hour ago, he was resolved to run great risks to say it, and now he had only to make a sign, and run no risk whatever, and he could not bring himself to do it. Confound that moonshine! It had made a woman of him. He went to the window and looked down into the garden to watch the proceedings of the soldiers. Then he heard them searching the rooms below, banging doors and overturning everything, and presently the officer came up-stairs again.

“Hearken, *mon garçon*, it’s no use trying to play hide-and-seek with *les bleus*,” he said, “you won’t find it answer. Now, once for all, where is this François Léonval?”

“I tell you he’s not here,” replied Gaston doggedly; “if he was, you would find him.”

“Most likely, if we had time to lose hammering at the walls and hunting up the chimneys; but *les bleus* have a more expeditious way of going to work. When we can’t bag our game, we fire it. So walk out, and we will set a light to the house and make a little Christmas bonfire for you. If he’s a coward, he’ll soon cry *merci*! If he’s a brave man, why he’ll go out in a blaze, and that’s as good a death as another. So here goes, give me the light!” [Pg 463]

He seized the lantern, took out the socket, and deliberately advanced towards the bed.

“Hold!” cried Gaston, clutching his outstretched arm; “the man you are in search of is not here; he is at the presbytery.”

The *bleu* laid down the light.

“Stay here,” he said to the soldier who had remained in the room; “we will whistle for you when it’s time to join us.”

He descended the stairs quickly, and Gaston heard the door close, and saw the five figures disappear down the road. After that he seemed to fall into a sort of stupor, and stood without moving hand or foot, staring stolidly out of the window, while the soldier waited in silence for the promised signal. It came at last, wounding the silence like the hiss of a snake, and Gaston knew that his brother was in the hands of the torturers.

No sooner was he alone than a legion of demons seemed to people the room, filling it with hideous forms and voices, mocking and scoffing, and asking him what he had done with his brother. He stamped in rage, and dashed his hands through his hair, and began to walk rapidly up and down. But the spectres kept pace with him, grinning and hooting and repeating with maddening iteration: “What have you done with your brother?”

“What had he done with him?” cried Gaston aloud—“why, only what François would have done with himself sooner or later. And was he to let his house be burnt down and his gold melted to postpone the day perhaps for twenty-four hours? Pshaw! what an idiot he was to take on so about it. It was all that whistle that set his nerves on an edge. Why did it keep on hissing and hissing? The *bleus* and their capture were half a mile out of ear-shot by this. Fate had been good to Gaston, and served him much better than he could have served himself. It had taken the matter out of his hands, and he had been no more than a passive agent in its grasp, in the grasp of law and might—ay, and right too. When François came back like a simpleton and thrust his head into the lion’s mouth, what could he expect but that it would close on him and crunch him? It was over now. Marie would never hear of his return and need never curse the day she gave her hand to Gaston, and Gaston might sleep in peace, and without being haunted by terrors of his brother’s return.” Thus did he argue with the fiend and strive to beat him off, and stifle remorse that had entered his soul, and was gnawing at him with fierce, relentless tooth. But it would not do. Across the legion of fiends

there flitted visions of the past, that he could not shut his eyes to, struggle as he would. First, there rose before him a curly-headed little brother whose small arms were round Gaston’s neck, clasping him as they lay in a little cot beside their mother, breathing softly in sweet child slumber; then he beheld a frank, bright boy kneeling with him beside that mother’s death-bed, while she blessed them and promised to meet them in heaven. Then the boy was a youth who stood with his hand on Gaston’s shoulder, and looked into his eyes, and said: “Brother, I trust thee as I trust my soul!” This faded away, and he saw the same youth bronzed and war-worn, and betrayed in his manly trust, but still holding out his hand to Gaston, and saying with the well-remembered voice, now husky with the strong man’s agony: “I do not blame thee, brother; God’s will be done!” Slowly but vividly the visions rose before Gaston’s soul, and he could not but look on them, and, as he looked, sweet memories of his childhood rushed upon him like a torrent and bore him down; his boasted courage was gone, his pride, his love, his gold melted away like false phantoms, and he was alone with his sin and his despair. He remembered François’ noble unselfishness, his truth, his grateful love of their common mother, his reverence for her lightest wish; he remembered his many acts of kindness to the poor and the suffering, and how he had seen him followed by blessings from the old and young whom his generosity had helped and comforted; and oh! bitterest of all was the memory of their parting, when François gave him his little hoard in trust, and bid him take care of Marie. And this was the brother he had sold! O God! It was all too horrible to be true. Gaston seized the bag of gold, rushed from the house and into the stable, and, without waiting to saddle her, leaped on his mare’s back, and dashed off in pursuit of *les bleus*. They were only six, and he had gold enough to buy them if he only came in time. The mare flew as if she knew what hung on her speed, dashing up the snow that spattered her flanks and enveloped her rider in a moving cloud as they galloped along. The moon was still magnificent, and the stars shone down with the same calm splendor—the patient, far-away stars that 1793 years ago rang out the glad tidings to the watchers on the hills of Judea: Glory to God! Peace to men! Gaston, as he flew past the scene of his recent struggle, felt a chill of supernatural terror freeze him to the marrow of his bones. The stars stooped down till they seemed to touch him, and pierce him with needles of fire; the hills, the stern, uncompromising hills, shook their pale brows at him, and turned and ran with him through the waste of snow; and above them, from the battlements of heaven, rang out a myriad voices in ecstatic song: Glory to God! Peace to men! But ever and anon, breaking the high harmony of that song, came a shriek as of a mocking fiend: “What hast thou done with thy brother?”

The mare took a longer stride and put out her strength with a sudden increase of vehemence as they came to a turn in the road where it crossed the river and rounded the base of the hills. Gaston’s heart leaped up to his throat, as he caught the hammering of hoofs ahead. Thank heaven! he was in time. The horsemen came in sight. They slackened their speed, nay, they were dismounting now. Out in the open road with no shelter of any sort in sight? What did it mean? The mare strode on. A few more pulls, and she would be up with them. Gaston could distinguish the trim figures of the soldiers and François’s loose peasant dress. But now he lost sight of them; they had moved behind a hedge. Only for a moment. The six slim figures emerged from the snowy foreground, and six muskets gleamed horizontal in the moonlight.

“Hold! in the name of heaven, hold!” shrieked Gaston.

He flung down the bag, that burst and sent the gold rippling on the ground—but it was too late; there was a rattle, and flash followed flash, as he sprang from his horse and rushed between the murderers and his brother. François lay prostrate, writhing in the snow, that his blood was turning to crimson. Their eyes met for one moment, and then François’ closed for ever. Gaston fell on the body with a cry that was like the shriek of a condemned soul; and then he felt a hand on his arm.

“There are the midnight bells sounding,” said old Gervoise, in a querulous voice. “I have been calling to you through the door these ten minutes, and you wouldn’t awake. I thought you were dead, so I got my own key and opened it.”

Gaston, dazed and terror-stricken, and doubting still whether he was dreaming or waking, started up, and told Gervoise not to wait for him, that he would follow her in a minute. Then he fell upon his knees, and prayed as a soul might do who had passed the gate “where hope enters not,” and been snatched back from the dark abyss.

“It was a vision to save me from the crime of Cain. Blessed be the mercy that has rescued me!”

He lighted a candle, opened a drawer in which he kept some writing materials, and sat down with a pen in his hand. He hid his face in his hands, and his lips moved convulsively in prayer for a moment, and then he began to write. It was not long. He did not read the letter over, but sealed it with a broad red seal, and then, with that strange force of habit that asserts itself so unaccountably in moments of supreme emotion, he carefully replaced the pen and paper in the drawer. After this he laid the letter on the table in the middle of the room, and, taking his coat and cap, sallied out into the night.

The Christmas bells were ringing out their welcome to the new-born King, tripping in silver-footed chime on the midnight silence, grave and merry, full of glad pathos and exulting hope, and forebodings solemn and tender. And the hymns and anthems of the villagers

answered their call and swelled the chorus of the chimes; but the voice of a noble sacrifice that went up from Gaston’s heart mingled in diviner harmony with the pure joy-jargon of the bells. He entered the church, but, instead of going up to his accustomed seat, he stood near the door, half concealed by the angel holding the *bénitier*. He saw the stream of familiar faces flow in and take their places, and then turn with eager expectation toward the sacristy. The well-trained voices of the choir, unsustained by harp or organ, intoned the glorious hymn, *Adeste Fidelis*, and old and young answered in loud-voiced chorus: *Venite adoremus, Venite in Bethlehem!* The altar was wreathed with lights and flowers, every pillar and picture-frame sparkled with the red-berried holly; the little lowly crib with its suggestive imagery glowed with crimson lamps; and before it the loving prayer of simple hearts made a fitting welcome for the Child that was born in poverty, and first worshipped by shepherds. As midnight struck, the door of the sacristy opened, and Monsieur le Curé in his grandest vestments came forth; but before the door had closed again, Gaston caught sight of a figure kneeling furtively behind it. He gave one long look at the golden door of the tabernacle, signed himself with the sign of the cross, and slipped out of the church.

Early on Christmas morning, a horseman rode in from Chapelle-aux-lys with a letter for M. le Curé! It was signed *Loison, soldat de la République*; and its purport was to inform him that one François Léonval, who had born arms for nearly four years against the republic, and taken refuge the day before at Chamtocé, whither the soldiers of the republic were bound in pursuit of him, had, in order to prevent the shedding of innocent blood, left his native village in the night, and of his own free will given himself up to justice. He had died like a soldier, worthy of a better cause, and had begged the writer to bear his last words to the curé of Chamtocé, which were that he was happy to give his life for God and the king; and he prayed a blessing on his brother, and Marie his sister-in-law, and begged them and the curé to be mindful of him in their prayers. He fell crying *Vive Dieu et le Roi!* which treasonable words had been enough to shoot him again if he were alive; but being dead, the writer, who respected a brave man, though he was a traitor, conveyed them in fulfilment of his promise to François Léonval.

Soon after this event the Reign of Terror came to an end. The fertile fields of La Vendée smoked once more under the furrowing ploughshare, and peace and plenty smiled upon the land. Absent ones returned to gladden many hearts, and to tell the story of their short and wonderful campaign, and brought back glory-laden banners, tattered and blood-stained, to hang in the village church, as trophies of Vendéan valor, to show future sons of La Vendée how their fathers had fought the good fight. Once more there was marrying and giving in marriage, and toil and prosperity reigned in Chamtocé.

When the winter snows had twice melted off the hills, and the snowdrops peeped up under the grimy hedges, like white-robed little choristers singing their glad good-by to the winter, and the lusty young spring had laid his emerald finger on the earth, the bells rang out their full, exhilarating peal, and a gay procession wound its way to the church, where Monsieur le Curé in his surplice and stole awaited the bridal train. His voice shook, and big drops rolled down his aged cheeks, as he laid his hand on the two bowed heads and called down the blessing of the God of Abraham on Marie and François Léonval. This was his last ministration. He tarried long enough to bless the marriage of his two best-loved children, and then he went home. They laid him to rest beside a humble grave that was always freshly decked with flowers. It bore a white stone cross and a marble slab, on which it was recorded that François Léonval in life was a brother with a noble heart, and in death a martyr who had died for a noble cause, and that, like his Master, “having loved his own, he loved them to the end.”

THOUGHTS FOR THE WOMEN OF THE TIMES.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

The woman of the nineteenth century owes all the advantages of her social position to the Catholic Church.

The disadvantages of that position, which are more or less justly the causes of discontent and complaint, are the natural fruits of Protestantism.

For many centuries, the church maintained a severe conflict against influences, principalities, and powers, which must have baffled the efforts of any but a divine institution, to rescue woman from the depths of degradation into which the iniquities of heathenism had thrust her. It required the superhuman patience and energy of a system animated by divine charity and sustained by omnipotent power to prosecute the struggle successfully, and to place woman in the position for which she was designed by her Creator. So far as she has since preserved the high relations with her Maker, with the family, and with society which were achieved for her by that struggle, it has been by virtue of the same power that first effected her elevation.

The divided and antagonistic forces of Protestantism have been as adverse to the interests of woman as it was possible for disjointed elements, acting discordantly, to be. Fortunate has it been for her that the very discrepancies of its moral elements have operated in a great measure to neutralize its influence. Since the days when the first Reformers (?) pronounced the result of a solemn debate in their decision that the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel might live with two wives conjointly without compromising his character as a good Christian under the *new religion*, and those of England exulted in the action of Henry VIII. when he repudiated the saintly Catharine of Aragon—for twenty-five years his faithful and lawful wife—and took the wanton Anne Boleyn in her stead, the general tendency of Protestant influence has been to rob woman of the dignity with which the church had invested her, by loosening the obligations of the marriage bond and diminishing the sanctity of the conjugal relation. If it has not entirely succeeded in degrading her to be the mere victim of man’s capricious whims, it has done what it could. Want of harmonious action between its constituent parts has been the best protection Protestantism has afforded to woman against this result. The boasted “progress”—originating in the revolt against divine authority exercised through the church—so far as it affects the condition of woman, has been steadily in this direction, especially during the present century.

Women are conscious of this. They are aware that the ground upon which they stand is becoming, year by year, less and less firm, the guarantees of their rights more and more feeble and inoperative, while the chances of a conflict for gaining a more secure footing are strongly against them. But while they are keenly alive to these facts, the cause for their existence is an enigma they have not yet solved—its remedy, a contingency they have not reached even in conjecture.

They could not be persuaded that it is the boasted “spirit of the age” which is in fault; that its irrepressible tendencies are to raise one class by depressing another, and to create a countless multitude of tastes and wants which can be gratified by none but the favored class who are the possessors of great wealth.

They fret vainly—beating against the little that remains of ancient bulwarks erected to shield them, as if by destroying these their condition would be improved—and indulge an idle dream that women’s suffrage will remedy the evils, real or imaginary, of which they complain. “Let us vote,” they say; “let us have some voice in regulating our own affairs, and, if we do not succeed in shaping them entirely to our wishes, we shall at least reduce the number and weight of our grievances, be enabled to open new channels through which we can attain the independence we desire, and, by making our presence felt as an element of the body politic, be acknowledged as an existing fact that is of some importance to the nation.”

It is indeed an idle dream! The mind of every intelligent person must, upon a very little reflection, discover innumerable reasons why woman must cease to be woman, wife, and mother, before she can exercise the elective franchise to any purpose.

As a true American woman, we cannot regard the clamor which has been raised upon the subject of woman’s rights with the entire contempt it has met in many quarters. There is an invisible current of sad and mournful facts underlying this agitation.

If “material prosperity” is the key-note of Protestantism—as the testimony of its own writers would seem to prove—the development of material comfort and luxury is its highest expression. In all the appliances, arrangements, and habits of our domestic and social life, there has been a constant and alarming increase of expense during the past fifty years. New fashions have been invented, new wants created and multiplied, so rapidly that the supply, never exceeding the demand, has altogether exceeded the means of a great majority of our people. The few who were able to indulge in each novelty as it appeared have gone to surprising lengths; while the many, whose revenues were wholly inadequate, have strained every possible resource to keep pace with their wealthy leaders in expensive follies. Crime,

bankruptcy, widespread ruin, and desolation have followed, of course. Multitudes have been left in poverty, with all the habits, tastes, and aspirations which wealth alone can gratify, and of these multitudes a large proportion are women. Accustomed to affluence, they are determined not to accept poverty—the synonym for *disgrace* in their circle—and eagerly cast about them for some avenue of escape. Hence the frantic efforts to obtain entrance into new paths, hitherto untrodden by woman, for securing the object of their ambition.

Woman has a right to be all that her Maker designed when he created her as a "help" to man. He is not of more importance to society in his own place than she in hers. He would not render himself more ridiculous by forsaking his own duties and avocations for the care of the household, the kitchen, and the nursery, than she would by abandoning these for the public employments of men. The present state of affairs is sufficiently deplorable, but I do not see how such an exchange would mend the matter. Nor can we see any remedy, but by returning to old-fashioned ways. Very comfortable ways they were, too, however disdainfully the Flora McFlimsys of modern times may toss their pretty befrizzled heads at the mere mention of them.

What sensible woman would not prefer the happy solitude of a Eugénie de Guérin—whereof her pen discourseth so eloquently that even the chickens fed by her hand seem to the reader like birds-of-paradise—in her beloved Cayla, to all the magnificent bleakness, splendid miseries, and heart-burning rivalries too often enclosed within the walls of a palace on the Fifth Avenue?

There are still further causes of uneasiness for women.

Twenty-four years of security in Catholic certainties, and in the enjoyment of such countless consolations as flow from the acceptance of Catholic verities and guidance, have not obliterated from our memory the discomforts formerly experienced from some of these. American women cannot abide the patronizing and condescending tone assumed by the men of society toward them. For our own part, the air of lofty contempt for which it was exchanged after our profession of the Catholic faith was truly refreshing in comparison. They want no such ostentatious toleration. They glory in the consciousness that woman may claim as inalienable a right to be sharply criticised as men enjoy, and have no thanks for such forbearance and namby-pamby nonsense as would be extended to a spoiled child. Nor would men offer it, if they possessed the robust hardihood and manly frankness of their grandfathers.

These women, many of them intelligent and thoughtful, are restless with an unrest which comes from being tossed upon the heaving waves of vague uncertainty from point to point, without the power to attain any fixed position.

Men regard their efforts to gain *terra firma* with a blending of pity and contempt—in which the contempt is ill concealed and largely predominates—and the question whether a party rope shall be thrown out to draw them ashore, only to offer them before the car of some new political Juggernaut, hangs in the balance. Woe to the women of America should that question be decided in the affirmative!

In all the perplexing "changes and chances of this mortal life," it is much to stand upon the firm basis of a well-defined and secure position, with the assurance that, so long as one is true to the duties and requirements of that position, a power fully competent to sustain its own guarantees is pledged to shield and protect it in every exigency.

This is the situation in which the Catholic woman is placed at the present juncture. She occupies an elevated standpoint, from which she can watch with great serenity and confidence all the strifes and agitations, moral, social, and political, that convulse this nineteenth century. She knows that the firm and consistent action of the church of Christ, as the champion and protector of woman's rights, from the period of its first establishment to the present time, is a sufficient assurance of its future course; and she need not fear that an institution through which the Almighty sways the moral forces of the world so potently as to bring to naught the raging of the heathen, and render all the fractional efforts of Protestantism powerless, will prove a broken reed to lean upon in the hour of danger.

But the church requires from her daughters a *quid pro quo*. Nor does she leave them in doubt as to its character. Every duty of the Catholic woman of whatever age, relation, or state in life is so simply and clearly defined for her, that to mistake or err is impossible, except through wilful dereliction: For the child, reverence and submission to parental authority; for the maiden, humble devotion to the plain everyday duties of home, and a modest reserve that seeks the seclusion from which she must be

"Wooed,
And not unsought be won";

for the married woman, respect for him who is "her head, even as Christ is head of the church"; entire devotion to his spiritual and temporal interests; and a loyal fealty to the sacred gift of maternity, by which the First Great Cause brings her into most intimate communion with himself; permitting her through its penalties, as one of Eve's daughters, to offer her portion of expiation for the sin of that first parent, before his holy altar. For the mother, this tender Mother of souls provides abundant consolations and counsels in every hour of need, with measureless grace and strength to enable her to discharge perfectly

every duty towards the young immortals committed to her keeping.

In no feature of the maternal care and solicitude with which the church surrounds her daughters is the contrast with the cold neglect and indifference of Protestantism more striking, than in the treatment extended by each system to those women who remain in a state of celibacy.

The condition of such under the Protestant *régime* is truly pitiable, and the very title of "old maid," with rare exceptions, entails odium and contempt more surely than moral depravity.

Hence the dread entertained by the girl in Protestant society for a single life, and the universal impression that to be married is the first great object of her existence. Alas! that escape from the sacred but irksome duties involved in that step should too frequently be the next!

Even mothers encourage their daughters in this view of the matter, and enter into their conspiracies for securing husbands with misguided zeal. Very little reflection is devoted to the question whether the parties are suited for each other, or the mutual attachment sufficiently strong to enable them to bear jointly the numerous and inevitable trials which pertain to every state and condition of life. The attention is chiefly directed to considerations of a widely different character, relating wholly to pecuniary affairs. It is a most singular fact, in connection with this phase of our subject, that—the great *desideratum* once secured—the young wife too generally begins at once to regard and treat the husband whom she has been so anxious to gain as the adversary to her interests and happiness, instead of adopting the old-fashioned idea that he is her best friend. Strange as it may seem, this is a very common mistake in these days, and the source of much domestic discord and misery.

A lovely young mother—one of the fairest and most intelligent specimens of the modern American woman whom we are so happy as to know—said to us, the other day: "My boys are well provided for in any event, and, if they were not, they could fight their way in the world like others; but, I assure you, I shall bestir myself to make such provision for my girls as will secure them from being ground to powder by their husbands!"

This from a most devoted and exemplary wife, happy in a husband who dotes upon her, was sufficiently surprising.

"But," said we, "you would not on any account have your daughters remain unmarried; and would you be willing to give them to men with whom you would not trust their money?"

"Ah!" she replied, "I should prefer to rely upon their securing respect and good treatment with plenty of their own money at command, than with an empty purse."

We sighed as we inquired mentally if it could be that our American men were really becoming so mercenary, and, recalling the old-fashioned doctrine of perfect community of interests between husbands and wives, marvelled much whether families governed by such maxims, and homes regulated from the start upon such a footing, would more abound in the desirable elements of old-fashioned comfort than those wherein the wife ruled, as of yore—yea, and supremely, too—by the old, old fashion of *love*!

The Catholic maiden of advanced age has a place as secure, and a sphere of action as respectable, in Catholic society as the married woman, nay, the very spirit and effect of her religion is to ensure for her increased respect on account of her vocation to celibacy. We know of many beautiful instances where such persons are the beloved and guiding spirits of households embracing all ages, and the beneficent patrons of their neighborhoods.

If she is favored with a vocation to a religious life, how many homes are open to her happy choice, where affection, honor, and countless opportunities for the exercise of angelic virtues and charities await her!

Verily, the Catholic maiden need not despair if she has no vocation for matrimony! She knows she does better in remaining single than she would in entering the married state without such vocation. These questions are, therefore, made the subjects of long, serious, and prayerful consideration. The Catholic wife enters that state, forewarned and forearmed for all the painful trials and anxious cares it involves, with the full knowledge that she can evade none of them, however trying to flesh and blood or irksome to her tastes and habits, and remain guiltless in the sight of the Arbiter of her destiny, before whose tribunal she appears as often as she approaches the holy sacrament of penance.

She takes up the tender and healthful delights of maternity with joy. and bears its pains and penalties with cheerful courage and patience. Already the Catholic mothers of America may glory in the fact that their children will form a very large proportion of the future citizens of our great republic. Let them, then, rise to the level of their destiny. Let them see that those children are thoroughly instructed in the principles of their religion. No station is so humble and no lot so hard as to prevent the mother from teaching the children God has given her, if she is earnest in her wish to do so. In no way can her boys be better prepared for exercising their elective franchise intelligently, and no one can deny that a woman's suffrage offered through a fine group of boys will be far more efficient than her single vote.

Catholic women are inexcusable if they do not put aside the allurements of the world, spurn the glittering kaleidoscope of fashionable vanities, and, clinging with ever-increasing

affection and allegiance to the ancient and mighty Mother, who is their best, their only sufficient, friend and protector, keep themselves aloof from all the agitations that distract their less favored sisters in the fruitless attempt to build up woman's rights upon the ruins of her ancient safeguards.

Woman's suffrage—should they obtain it—will only betray their feet into a political slough, and bespatter them with political defilements from which none but an omnipotent power can rescue and cleanse them. Woman has everything to lose and nothing to gain in this movement, for, after all, men will manage affairs to suit themselves. The Almighty pronounced no idle decree when he said to the woman: "Thou shalt be under thy husband's power, and he shall have dominion over thee."

EVER.

The steadfast gaze brings out the star,
That, like an eye
Set in the sky,
Its sweet light shedding from afar,
At morning dawn, and still at even,
The night alway,
And livelong day,
There twinkles ever, deep in heaven:

Thy constant prayer so reacheth Love,
That, like the star,
Seeming so far,
Its glad strength sending from above,
To youth’s fair dream, and memory’s smart,
To grief’s sad moan,
And joy’s sweet tone,
Aye burns for us, deep in God’s heart.

THE HOUSE OF YORKE.

CHAPTER XIX.

HALCYON DAYS.

Having given their consent to Edith's engagement, the Yorkes immediately adopted Dick Rowan as their own. They were not people to be friendly by halves. Even Melicent was propitious, and, when she saw with what pleased surprise he met her advances, became still more amiable. Clara, who lived in a rarer atmosphere, effervesced more readily, and could not enough praise her cousin's *futur*. Hester insisted that he should leave the hotel, and stay at her house. She was completely won by the almost boyish affection and respect with which he treated her husband, his first and only former friend in Seaton, and by his fondness to her children.

Mrs. Yorke, beginning by talking with, in order to study him, and know thoroughly what sort of man she had promised her niece to, found herself growing affectionate toward him, and not only probing his mind, but unfolding her own. In after-years she remembered these confidential interviews as an honor, which, at the time, she had scarcely appreciated. The young man told her all his hopes and plans, asked her advice in everything concerning Edith, and listened eagerly when she explained to him the needs and habits of a delicately bred lady.

"My poor mother is the only woman I have ever lived in the house with," he remarked; "and, of course, she was not able to be dainty."

He said this rather sadly, but without a taint of humility. Mrs. Yorke was impressed by the dignity of that character which would not be ashamed of anything but its own wrong-doing.

One confidence led to another, and Dick was afterward surprised on recollecting that he had related the story of his whole life to Edith's aunt, and spoken more freely to her of his early struggles and sufferings than even to Edith herself. Not only this; but, seeing tears in her eyes when he told of his father's despairing efforts to reform himself, and hearing the pitying word she spoke for him whom others had mocked, he told her the end of it all, and where that father's desolate grave had been made.

"You poor, dear boy!" she exclaimed, holding out her kind hand to him, "I don't wonder that Edith loves you!"

"I do not pretend to understand the designs of God," Dick said unsteadily. "When I think of my father, all is a mystery. But for myself, I think I can see that suffering was good. My nature is to go straight to any end which I propose to myself, without much regard for the wishes of others, and no regard for ordinary obstacles. I might have been cruel, I should have been selfish; but suffering has taught me to be more tender of other people."

"Yes," Mrs. Yorke said; and, recollecting her own early trials, thought that they had helped her to be more pitiful of his.

Then, led on by her sympathy for him, she told her own past, there on the spot where it had occurred.

These confidences drew the two together, and formed a bond which was never broken.

A man's manliness can scarcely bear a severer test than when he becomes the pet of woman. One is sometimes astonished to see how characters, apparently fine, deteriorate under that insidious influence. But Dick Rowan was too grateful and modest, and too little selfish or vain, to be injured.

"He is not quite like us," Mrs. Yorke said, "but he is more natural and original, and is, altogether, a remarkable young man. Edith has reason to be proud of his homage. He certainly behaves exquisitely toward her."

Mr. Yorke, refusing to be influenced by feminine raptures, was fain to take the young man out of the house, in order to talk with him uninterruptedly. He displayed the improvements he had made in the place, his avenues, now as hard as cement, his terraces, smooth and green with turf of velvet fineness. There were vines here and there, disposed for effect, like drapery in an artist's studio, and many a flower which bloomed now for the first time under Seaton skies. They stopped at last beside a clover-plot, thick with crowded trefoils and blossoms. Its surface was unsteady with bees, musical with a low hum, and all the air was sweet with the breath of it.

"If I were not disgusted with Seaton," Mr. Yorke said, "I should like to spend my summers here, and carry out my plans for the place; but when we go away, probably in October, I shall never wish to see the town again. There is no security here."

Dick leaned thoughtfully on the fence, and watched the bees come and go over the clover, and took off his hat to shake his hair loose in that fragrant air. "I think, sir, that Seaton may be in future all the better for this trouble," he said slowly. "The tone of the place is low, I know that well, but it is in a fair way of becoming ashamed of itself, and so, of mending.

When people have wrong ideas, and stand by them stubbornly, I like to have them go on, and find out for themselves what their principles lead to. Conviction reaches them then through their own experience, and so you hear no more about the matter. It is, of course, a slow way, but it is sure.”

Mr. Yorke made a grimace, and quoted President Mann: “God Almighty is not in a hurry, and I am.”

Carl had gone to Bragon. He went quite unexpectedly, the day Dick Rowan came, and did not see Edith’s lover till he had been a week in Seaton. He came home one evening after tea, when the young people were in the cupola, looking down the bay, for the *Halcyon*. They waved their handkerchiefs to him, and his mother ran out to meet him.

“My dear son!” she exclaimed, embracing him as joyfully as if he had been gone a year. “I would not watch for you, lest I should be disappointed. I pretended I did not expect you. But you may know what a hypocritical pretence it was when I say that your supper is all ready, though, to be sure, breakfast, dinner, and supper have been kept for you every day.”

While speaking, she led him into a little northern parlor, which was their summer dining-room.

Carl looked at his mother with a smile, but tears rose to his eyes. He was not one to take even a mother’s devotion as a matter of course, and just now he found it peculiarly touching.

Mrs. Yorke looked very frail and lovely as she sat opposite her son. Her snowdrop of a face, the pale blue scarf knotted loosely about her neck, with fringed ends hanging over her white dress, the fall of lace fastened to her hair by a rosebud—all made a pretty picture. To the inherent loveliness of the mother, she added the charm of the exquisite lady.

“If you do not need that apostle behind your chair—” her son suggested.

She immediately dismissed Paul Patten; and Carl was free to say, “Now tell me the state of affairs. The engagement I take for granted; but have I got to endure the spectacle of a pair of cooing lovers? I would rather leave the country.”

For a moment Mrs. Yorke was too much occupied to give any reply but a smiling shake of the head. Eating was one of the fine arts with her, and she made a point of having the circumstances of that odious operation as artistic as possible. Having placed an accurate square of currant jelly on a glass plate, where it lay like a ruby block stolen from Solomon’s hidden treasures, and filled a gorgeous Japanese cup with coffee, into which she put a tiny cube of loaf-sugar and a spoonful of cream, she was ready to speak.

“There is no necessity for any such banishment, my dear. Edith is very friendly to him, but she surrounds herself with a fine reserve which he could not break through if he would. I could as soon fancy a gentleman approaching familiarly the Queen of Sheba. They are very little alone together.”

“What delicious coffee!” Carl exclaimed, and immediately began to tell some incidents of his journey.

When they heard the others coming down-stairs, they went to meet them. Melicent came first, with Mr. Rowan, and all saw with pleasure that the two young men met not only with courtesy, but friendliness. Carl’s invariable, haughty silence whenever Dick Rowan’s name was mentioned had given them some uneasiness regarding the meeting. Indeed, could they have found fault with him for anything, it would have been for what they considered this excess of pride.

The two passed on, Clara following, and, quite in the rear, came Edith, alone. She was half-smiling, and came slowly down, step by step, with a touch of feminine coquetry as innocent and natural as the tricks of a playful kitten, lingering as he waited. Yet her bright cheeks and shining eyes told that the approach was a delight.

But for some reason, Carl chose to be displeased all at once, and, by a slight change of attitude and expression, to be waiting, not to greet her, but to go up-stairs.

“Pardon me for being so slow,” she said, becoming instantly a courteous lady. “I think I am getting old and dignified. The wings have gone from my feet.”

The *Halcyon* had come, and the Yorkes immediately made the acquaintance of its master. Dick and Edith went down to the ship to see him, and persuaded him to go home to tea with them. The big, bashful sailor was not accustomed to the society of ladies, and had the impression that there was something cabalistic in good-breeding. But he found himself quite at ease with the family, after a while, and was convinced that they were not aware of the few blunders he committed in the first embarrassment of meeting them. Some diversion had always taken place at precisely the right moment to screen him, and soon his self-possession was quite restored. He left the house that night highly pleased with his visit.

“They seem to me perfectly kind and natural people,” he said to Dick, as they walked through the woods together. “Your Edith, it is true, is rather grand, but in a sweet, child-like way, and Miss Melicent seems disposed to be a little on the high horse once in a while, but not much. I always thought that accomplished ladies were more airy, but I don’t see that

these do any great things."

"True," Dick answered; "but mark the things which they do not do."

They were much together after that, and Mrs. Yorke and her daughters went on board the *Halcyon*, and were entertained there. Carl had been afraid to have his mother venture on board the ship, and had charged himself especially with the care of her, but his solicitude was not needed. He was both pleased and amused by the simplicity and tenderness with which their gigantic host smoothed every smallest obstruction from her path and spared her every exertion. There had been a momentary flash of angry surprise when he saw his mother lifted over an obstructing timber in Captain Cary's arms; but the sailor's face was so absolutely anxious and kind, and Mrs. Yorke laughed so merrily over the *naïf* gallantry, that he instantly perceived the folly of resenting it.

"My dear," Mrs. Yorke whispered to Clara, "he is like one's grandfather, grandmother, and all one's aunts and uncles, in one. It's a pity he hasn't a wife, he would be so good to her."

Clara blushed slightly. She had been thinking some such thought herself.

The intercourse gave the Yorkes a fresh and novel sensation. It was so different from anything they had ever had before, and, at the same time, so pleasant. It came like a breath of pure sea-air into a warm and scented drawing-room. They were not so mummified by convention that they could not appreciate this simple, unconventional nature, in which they found a noble delicacy.

Captain Cary listened with indignation to the story of their Seaton experiences. An autocrat on board ship, and completely his own master everywhere, he could not comprehend how one part of a community could exercise such tyranny and coercion over the other. "It seems to me that the Catholics must have done something out of the way," he said. "There's usually fault on both sides, you know, though no fault would justify such a persecution."

"There is just the trouble," Mr. Yorke replied, rather impatiently. "It is so easy for people, who wish to be fair, and, at the same time, not put themselves to the inconvenience of investigating, to say that there is probably fault on both sides, and then fancy that they have done justice. On the contrary, they may have done great injustice, and have, certainly, rendered a careless and slipshod judgment. For there are cases where the fault is all on one side, and other cases where, though in the end there may be fault on both sides, the responsibility really rests on the one who was the aggressor, and provoked the other beyond endurance. I am not blaming you, sir; but I am always anoyed by that off-hand way of saying, 'There's probably fault on both sides.' If people don't know, let them say they don't know, and not give any judgment at all. I do know, and I say that no provocation was given, and the Catholics have been only too supine."

"There have been times, Captain Cary," Edith said, "when I have wished that you were here. I know you would have been on our side."

"That I would!" he answered heartily, looking at her with a kind smile. The two were great friends. "And I would have left my mark anywhere you told me to strike."

"It was a shame to waste you on a merchant-ship," Clara said to him. "You should have been an admiral."

The sailor gave one of his great laughs, which always made Mrs. Yorke jump and flush. "We big fellows are not always fond of fighting," he said. "When I was a boy, I had two younger brothers about half my size, and either of them was a match for me. I was so peaceable that I was called Mother Cary's chicken, and I believe it was that nickname that first put it into my head to go to sea. No, I'd rather fight wind and wave than men. I could attack a man if he were doing anything absolutely wrong; but to kill him because he belonged to a foreign nation, and carried a different flag, that would be too cold-blooded for me."

The two sailors, with Edith and Clara, visited the Catholic school, carrying gifts for the children and encouragement to the teacher.

"You look so worn, dear friend," Edith said. "I wish you would give up, and come to Boston with us."

The teacher shook her head. "I cannot give up," she said.

Captain Cary complimented Miss Churchill in his own fashion: "We call that a pretty sharp ship that will sail within four points of the wind," he said. "But I hear that you have been making way with the wind in your teeth."

"I have not made much headway," she answered, smiling, "but only held my own. I am anchored."

Carl accompanied them up Irish Lane, on Sunday afternoon. They called at several houses, and talked with and encouraged the inmates. It was a help to these poor souls to have some one to tell their troubles to. "But what shall we do when you are all gone?" they asked mournfully. To them, the expected departure of the Yorke family from Seaton was a misfortune second only to the banishment of their priest.

Their situation was, indeed, a cruel one. It was not alone the contumely to which they were subjected, and the being unable to hear Mass, but their sick and dying were deprived of the sacraments, and their infants were unbaptized. Yet no harsh word escaped them. Scarcely one seemed to recollect their persecutors. They were suffering for the faith, and it was God's will—that was their view of the position. The instruments which God used to try them, they thought but little of. Carl Yorke went home thinking that he had heard better sermons that afternoon than he had ever before heard in his life.

Father Rasle's continued absence was not voluntary. He would fain have returned to his flock, in spite of Mr. Yorke's and Miss Churchill's letters, but his superior added a command to their advice, and he was forced to restrain his zeal.

"Tell my people that I never forgot them," he wrote to the teacher. "Every day at Mass I pray for their deliverance. It cannot be long before I shall visit them. Meantime, let them give their enemies no pretext for further injury."

To Edith he wrote:

"Your desire to *act* in behalf of these persecuted people is natural, but I must forbid you. You may safely follow the advice of such good people as Mr. and Mrs. Yorke. But do not fear that, because you are inactive, you therefore are useless. I visited once, in Europe, a spot where a temple had stood. Nothing was left of it but a few broken fragments lying about, and a single beautiful pillar that stood alone. Was that pillar useless? No; in its way, it was very eloquent. No one could look upon it without trying to fancy what the whole edifice might have been; and you may be sure that the traveller's imagination did its best in rebuilding that temple. So, now, you shall be the little caryatid of the church in Seaton. You have the gift of silence: use it. Be as obedient and quiet as that solitary column, and let the world guess from you how fair must be that structure of which you are a part."

Edith turned from the window, where she had stood to read her letter, folded her arms up over her head, and said to Dick Rowan, sitting there, "Can you fancy me supporting an entablature?"

"No," he answered; "for then there would have to be others like you."

Edith blushed, and dropped her arms; for they were all looking at her, and their faces, as well as Dick Rowan's answer, reminded her that she was beautiful. She gave him her letter to read, and went to sit on the window-sill beside Clara, and listen to the talk of the three gentlemen on the piazza. The two families were dining together that day, and Mr. Yorke, with his son-in-law, and Captain Cary, were smoking their cigars outside. Inside the window nearest her husband, Mrs. Cleaveland sat in a low, broad arm-chair. A nurse in a white cap had just placed on her knees Hester's second son, an infant of six months old. As it lay slowly and deliciously waking up, both nurse and mother gazed down upon it with adoring eyes. Master Philip, this baby's predecessor, was hiding his face in one arm of his mother's arm-chair, being in temporary disgrace. Original sin was very strong and active in this child. He was full of vitality and determination, and just at that age when will is pretty well developed, and memory and understanding still dormant—the age for childish atrocities. There were moments when the child's life was a burden to him, by reason of the great number of things which he wished to do, and meant to do, and could not remember that he must not do. He had a chronic desire to pull out the baby's eyelashes, "eye-winkeys," he called them, and to make it smile in season and out by violently drawing the corners of its mouth round toward its ears. Whenever an infantine shriek was heard, it was always understood that Master Philip was in some way accountable. Another fancy of his was to poke holes in paper, or any delicate and easily perforated fabric, with his plump forefinger. He could have no greater pleasure than to seat himself, with some precious volume before him, and go gravely and industriously through it in this way, leaf by leaf, from cover to cover. There was, indeed, a long list of indictments against this unhappy child. The two little forefingers tied together behind his back, and a dilapidated book lying on the carpet, showed plainly enough what his offence was at this time.

In the background, Carl was telling marvellous stories to the culprit's half-brother, Eugene; and Mrs. Yorke and Milicent, in the centre of the room, were coaxing some account of his adventures from Dick Rowan. He had to be persuaded before he would speak much of himself.

"Isn't he magnificent?" Clara whispered to Edith, meaning Captain Cary.

The sailor had been describing an arrowy little craft, the *Humming-bird*, in which he had once darted in and out of the Chinese coast, smuggling opium in the very teeth of an English man-of-war. Seeing the addition to his audience, he threw the end of his cigar away, and moved his chair nearer the window.

"How I should like to be a sailor!" exclaimed Clara with enthusiasm.

Captain Cary leaned forward, with his arms on his knees, in order to bring himself more on a level with the young ladies. "And how would you like to be a sailor's wife?" he asked.

Although he had the greatest possible admiration for Miss Clara Yorke, and considered her by far the cleverest young woman he had ever known, it would be safe to say that the

thought of going any further than that had never entered his mind, till he saw the flash of eyes and color with which she received his question. The effect was electrical. He straightened himself up again, and, in the first break of that possibility, did not hear her saucy but rather tardy reply: “That depends on who the sailor is.”

The man was confounded between terror, rapture, and astonishment. Clara’s look had seemed to show that such a consummation was not impossible to, at least, think of—that it had, perhaps, occurred to her own mind. True, she was most likely to scorn the thought; but, for all that, a momentary vision danced before his eyes of what his life would be if he had a woman of his own to love and serve. That the wife of his choice should serve him, never occurred to this generous soul. He could at any time have married a common person, whom most people would have thought good enough for him; but there was in his nature a capacity for tender worship which made him shrink from such an alliance.

Presently, Edith’s cool voice stole through the chaos of his mind. “You can go to sea with Dick and me, Clara.”

The sailor started, and fell from the clouds. His face became overcast, and, with a deep sigh, he seemed to renounce a long-cherished hope.

With a laugh and a toss of the head, Clara rose from her lowly seat, and, stepping out through the window, began to promenade up and down the garden-walk. She saw through this great, transparent creature perfectly, and was amused, and she knew not what else. One could not be angry with the fellow, she said laughingly to herself. She had been looking up to him with enthusiasm, as to some antique bronze or marble Argonaut, or other hero of simpler times. Now that was changed, and she was on the pedestal, to be worshipped by him. It was preposterous, but not altogether disagreeable.

Meantime, Captain Cary was confiding his distress to Edith. “I hope that your cousin didn’t think I was fool enough to dream of her being my wife,” he said, looking down. “What I said was a slip of the tongue, and I didn’t know the drift of it myself till I saw how she took it.”

“Oh! never mind,” Edith answered. “Clara is always jesting, and twisting people’s meaning. She knew you meant no such thing.”

He sighed, and said no more.

If Clara had expected the sailor to watch her, she was disappointed. He went into the parlor, and when, later, she entered, brilliant with exercise and mischief, he was sitting by Carl, and listening with as sober a face to the stories that young man was telling Eugene Cleaveland as if he were listening to a sermon. Clara passed near them, to hear what it might be which produced such solemnity in the man and such a trance of interest in the child. [Pg 480]

“Then,” Carl was saying, “Taurus sent to the Great Bear to say that he should like to have something out of the golden dipper about the middle of the next month, for all the little stars would grow dim about that time, and need something to polish up with. And the Bear said, ‘All right! but the dipper hangs so high on the celestial pole that you will have to pay me a good deal to climb up to it.’ And Taurus answered, ‘All right!’ And then the Bears set slyly to work to grease the pole, so that the dipper should slip down, and they get their pay without work; and Taurus he set to work to push the dipper higher up, so as to get more work than he had agreed to pay for; and, meantime, all the poor little stars languished, and grew dim. And then Orion got mad, and brought a lot of little dippers, and gave each of the little stars a full one. And the stars grew bright and glad. But the Bulls and Bears, finding that they were both beaten, didn’t feel glad. The Bear began to bite his own paws, and the Bull went for Orion, and tried to toss him. But Orion laughed, and put up his shield, and called his dogs, and—”

“Upon my word, Carl,” says Clara, “I think you put the stars to base uses when you set them to gambling in stocks. Have you told Captain Cary of our projected sail down the bay?”

“Poor Clara!” Melicent said, joining them. “We are planning some little pleasure-trip to distract her mind. You do not know, perhaps, that the Philistines are upon her?”

The sailor did not understand, but looked so inquiring and solicitous that Clara explained to him.

“I published a story ages ago,” she said, “and the editor of the *Cosmic* has just become aware of it. He found it lately among the *débris* of his writing-table. The authoress, he says, has shaken up a few fancies in a kaleidoscope, and calls them life. They are about as much like life, he adds, as Watteau’s shepherdesses are like real shepherdesses, or as Marie Antoinette’s housekeeping at the Petit Trianon, with ribbons tied round the handles of silver saucepans, was like real kitchen-work. Still, he concludes, the story is amusing, in spite of its pinchbeck ideal, and, when the writer is older, she will, doubtless, do better. The musty old metaphysician!” exclaimed Miss Clara, warming with the subject. “I once read a paragraph in one of his articles, and found it comical. I had never seen any of the words before, except the articles and prepositions. My first impression was that he had made them up, for fun. I found them all out in the unabridged dictionary, though. They were real words, but I have forgotten what they mean.”

“So much the better!” said Melicent. And then followed a controversy on the subject of

learned women. Melicent denounced them as unwomanly; but Melicent was neither a student nor well read, and there might be a difference of opinion as to cause and effect in her case. Mr. Yorke mocked *les savantes*; but Mr. Yorke adored a wife whose literary acquirements were of the most modest kind, and he had once, in a never-forgotten argument, been worsted by a clever woman. Captain Cary was of opinion that clever and learned women were not fit wives for common men. At that, Clara took up the gauntlet with great spirit.

Clever women did not wish to marry common men, she said. And there were plenty of uncommon men who were not jealous of them. She disliked all this hypocritical talk about the beauty of simplicity and humility and submission in women. The real meaning of it was not Christian, but Mohammedan.

“For me,” Mrs. Yorke interposed, “I think that some women should be learned, in order to appreciate learned men. If the wife of a scholar could not understand and sympathize in her husband’s love of books and what they teach, she would soon grow jealous of them, and he would miss what should be his sweetest homage.”

“Now, is not there an orthodox woman?” Mr. Yorke exclaimed with delight. “The sole use she can conceive of a woman’s having for learning is that she may be better able to appreciate her husband.”

Edith glanced past Carl, and looked with arch inquiry at Dick Rowan.

He was perfectly self-possessed, and spoke even with a slight air of authority. “I believe the true superiority of woman to be in religion,” he said; “and, if she has that, it is no matter whether she is learned or not.”

“But is not your view somewhat ascetical?” asked Carl Yorke. “We are supposing that this life is something. Looking at the question in that light, I would say that no one has the right to dogmatize one way or the other. Let each woman follow the bent of her own mind, and be as learned as she will. I only stipulate that she shall not be loud-voiced nor disputatious, but wear her learning with a grace, as an ornament, not a weapon, though she may use it as a weapon when there is need. I would have woman wear erudition, as Mrs. Browning says men wear grief who have worn it long:

> ‘As a hat aside,
> With a flower stuck in it.’”

“And while your erudite wife is gracefully adjusting her ologies, who is to see to the bread and the buttons?” Melicent asked, rather sneeringly.

“Oh! those everlasting buttons!” Clara cried out, and put her hands over her ears.

“The servant, probably,” Carl replied to Melicent. “If a woman could give some thought to those things also, well and good, but I should not choose a wife for such a service. I would rather have her help me to polish a sentence or pose a figure than cook my dinner or mend my stockings, unless we were so poor that labor was absolutely necessary. I should be ashamed to see my wife performing menial services for me. I would as willingly see her at work in the field as bringing me my slippers.”

Carl had scarcely time to see the look of beaming approval in Edith’s eyes, before his sight and hearing were both temporarily lost in Clara’s rapturous embrace. “You are perfect!” she cried, kissing him. “You are of the progeny of Apollo! I am so glad to have that slipper theory upset; for I never saw a woman bringing her husband’s slippers for him without feeling a contempt for her. I don’t believe that any one ever admired such a piece of mean servility, except the lazy Turk who allowed it to be done for him.”

While they laughed at Clara’s enthusiasm, Dick Rowan said to Edith, “I quite agree with your cousin. I mean all that he means, and more.”

“By the way,” Carl said carelessly, as he went toward the door, “I am not Edith’s cousin, nor in any way related to her.”

CHAPTER XX.

THREE SONGS.

Captain Cary had been three weeks in Seaton, and was to sail in two days for New York, where the *Halcyon* was sold, taking Dick Rowan with him. From New York, Dick was to sail immediately, on a three years’ voyage, in the *Edith Yorke*. The captain did not say definitely what his own plans were, perhaps did not know them himself. “I did think of settling down on shore,” he said to Mrs. Yorke. “But one person doesn’t make a home, and all my people are dead. I’d half a mind to ask Rowan to take me as a passenger. He has a splendid ship.”

They were all in the garden that last evening but one. Edith sat on a bench beside Melicent, and looked intently at Dick Rowan, who was talking with Clara and Mrs. Yorke. She was thinking over all his goodness, all his affection for her, studying his personal beauty, his frank, bright face and athletic form, and trying to excite in herself some enthusiasm regarding him. Carl stood near, listening to, but not joining in, the conversation. She

compared the two young men. Their height, their form, were very nearly the same; but Carl had the proud and measured tread of one bred to the parlor and the promenade, Dick the free and springing step of the mountaineer. This was distinctive, yet each had moods like the other. On the deck of his own ship, the sailor trod like a king; and the man of the world could bound as lightly up a steep, or vault as lightly over an obstacle, as though his life had been spent in athletic sports. Dick Rowan's eyes sparkled like the ripples of his own blue sea, and looked *at* people, not through them; Carl's careless glance could become piercing and keen as a two-edged blade. It was useless to compare them, the one as direct and transparent as a child, the other noble, indeed, yet subtle, as one aware of the world's ways, and guarded at every point.

"I must be very hard and cold," Edith thought, finding herself unmoved, in spite of her efforts. "Or, perhaps, it may be because I have always known and been sure of him."

Looking her way, Dick met that steady gaze, and flushed with pleasure. If the expression was grave and regretful, what then? Were they not about to part? He led Mrs. Yorke to her, and the others followed, to make arrangements "for a sail they were to have the next day."

"You had better wear dresses that wetting will not hurt," Dick said; "for you will be likely to get a little scud-water in your laps."

"And, pray, what is scud-water?" Mrs. Yorke asked.

Dick explained that it was spray blown off.

"How pretty!" exclaimed Clara. "You may fill my lap with it."

They separated again, and Dick was left with Edith.

"What shall I bring you from Calcutta?" he asked.

"Bring me Dick Rowan safe back again," was the answer.

Both were silent a little while, then he spoke in a quiet voice: "Ask God to do that, Edith. He has been so good to us, I think he will refuse nothing."

She looked at him wistfully. "Are you very happy, Dick?"

"Happy!" he exclaimed. "Dear, my very finger-nails shine! Edith, I am so happy that I should be afraid, if I would allow myself to be. But, no; I will trust God when he gives me joy, as well as when he gives me pain."

While they talked, Mrs. Yorke was walking aside with Clara, and questioning her. "What is the matter with Captain Cary?" she asked. "He has grown very sober lately."

Clara laughed, rather consciously. "How should I know, mamma?"

Mrs. Yorke looked displeased. "I wish for a frank answer," she said. "What is the meaning of this? It isn't possible that there has been any trifling on your part!"

The girl blushed deeply, but told what little there was to tell, including that unlucky question: "How would you like to be a sailor's wife?"

"He hadn't the slightest personal meaning, mamma," Clara added hastily, seeing her eyes open with something like a flash. "He told Edith afterward that it was a slip of the tongue."

"Then why should not that have been the end of the matter?" Mrs. Yorke asked, rather peremptorily. "You had but to assume that such a thing was impossible, not to be thought of, and be just as courteous to him as before."

"But you see, mamma," Clara replied, looking a little frightened, "it isn't as impossible as it is unlikely. Stranger things have happened in the world, and will again, and the world is and will be no worse for them. You know I have never been able to acquire the fine art of assuming that ninety-nine facts make a truth."

"My dear," said the mother with precision, "please not to be grandiloquent. Let us confine ourselves to the case in hand. Your sublime generalizing has done you very little credit if it has led you to disturb the peace of a good honest man, and put our own delicacy in question. Coquetry is not only cruel, it is mean and vulgar. Of course you are ready with the childish excuse that you meant no harm. That is not enough for one who has arrived at years of discretion and has a conscience. You must mean something one way or the other."

Clara's eyes were suffused with tears. "I think that you misunderstand me, mamma," she said in a low voice. "I was never in my life so much pleased to have any one like me."

Mrs. Yorke stopped, and looked at her daughter in astonishment.

"Oh! I know all that you would say, mamma," the girl went on, half laughing, half weeping. "He is a sailor, which is as if a bird should say, 'He is a fish.' He has only a common-school education, as far as books go, and he has none of our ways. But all that doesn't make his esteem any less worth having. Men of the world often give only a tame, half affection, and are, perhaps, almost sorry when they are accepted. They think of themselves, they think of a thousand other things: he would think of me. When Edith sang, the other evening,

I saw his eyes fill with tears. He would take all the roughness, and danger, and hardship, I know. But men of the world are as dainty as women. If they give us the inside of the pavement, and let us enter a room first, they have gone the length of their chivalry. Then, there is the effect on myself. In the society of such a man”—glancing to where Captain Cary stood—“I should be gentle and feminine. But with the wilted specimens of humanity I see ordinarily, I am in imminent danger of becoming a strong-minded woman. One must keep up a balance, mamma, and it is weak men make bold women.”

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Mrs. Yorke sank on to a bench. “What do you mean to do? What am I to think?” she exclaimed.

Clara laughed. “Don’t be afraid, mamma. If this Neptune should offer himself to me—he will not!—I should refuse him, and then cry my eyes out afterward. But if he should take me by force, pirate-fashion, and run away with me, so that I could not help myself nor be responsible, I should be delighted. Now, don’t say any more about it, please.”

Mrs. Yorke threw off her fears with a shrug of the shoulders. It was a mere theory. It was one of Clara’s enthusiasms. “Well, my dear,” she concluded, rising, “all I have to add is that I hope your admiration of the rough diamond will not lead you to consume it in the blowpipe.”

And so the subject dropped.

“There is a party of Indians camping out on the Point,” Mr. Yorke said to them that evening. “You might find it interesting to visit them to-morrow. I met one in the woodland, this morning, cutting down a tree for basket-wood. I asked him who gave him permission to cut trees on my land. ‘It was all ours once,’ he growled out, and gave me a look that I shouldn’t like to meet, unless I had friends near. I told him to take all he wanted.”

The little sailing-party, only six with a sailor from the *Halcyon* as assistant, started early in the afternoon. The crew of the *Halcyon* gave them a hearty cheer as they slid down past the wharf where she lay; the fresh breeze, blowing off shore, smoothed the waves, and, overhead, light clouds ran races with them. Out of one cloud, that seemed scarcely a hand’s breadth, a shower of large, sun-lighted drops came clattering down. In the midst of it they reached the Point, and stepped out on to the rocky shore. A clumsy old Indian woman had just kindled a fire, and piled brush over it. Not a spark was visible, but thick white smoke gushed out through the green, curled over into a shifting Corinthian capital, and rose into air, and in another instant it topped a shaft of flame. The woman took no notice of the visitors standing near her, but stood tossing twigs into the fire. Her face was ugly, her dress careless, but her small brown hands and moccasined feet were models of beauty. Two or three men were lying about lazily, waiting for their dinner, and a mischievous little girl was weaving a basket. She alone noticed the strangers, the others wore a look of disdainful unconsciousness. The ladies talked with the child, and bought baskets of her; the gentlemen made themselves acquainted with the elders, and found them not insensible to the charms of tobacco and coffee. Under these persuasive influences, their taciturn hosts melted, and became almost friendly. Presently, another Indian appeared from the woods, came straight toward them, and dropped a long string of quivering, rainbow-colored trout at the old woman’s feet. A whispered exclamation broke from the lips of the visitors as they saw this dusky young Adonis. The Greek outlines, with more than Grecian richness of color, the plumy, clustering hair, from which a few raindrops slid as from a bird’s wing, the eagle eyes, the fanciful dress, beaded and fringed, that air of superb repose and unconsciousness which civilization only imitates, but does not attain—all were fascinating and *unique*. He stood one moment as some exquisite bronze, then stepped lightly over the springy moss, lifted the fold of a tent, and disappeared. This was her brother, Philip Nicola, the little girl told the ladies, and her name was Malie. Edith gave the child an Indian prayer-book, prepared by their patlias; then the party embarked again, spread their sail to the breeze, and sped down the bay.

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Dick Rowan, standing to unfurl the sail, sang out joyously, in a clear, ringing voice, an old French song:

“‘Si le roi m’avoit donné
Paris sa grand’ ville,
Et qu’il me fallût quitter
L’amour de ma mie,
Je dirois au roi Henri:
Reprenez votre Paris,
J’aime mieux ma mie, oh, gay!
J’aime mieux ma mie.’”

Edith turned her head aside, and watched their sparkling wake subside to a milky path. If she was pleased, no one could see. But as they approached that low, sandy island that three of them had visited before, she rose, and leaned on Dick’s arm, and gazed on it with him.

“God have mercy on him!” they whispered; and both Dick and the captain removed their hats, and remained uncovered till they had passed by. The others did not know what it meant, but they asked no question, and soon all was gay again.

They landed a few miles down the bay, wandered awhile on the shore, took their luncheon

there, and sat to see the sun go down, reddening all the water. Then a bright pallor succeeded, tingling with unseen stars, and the bay became a silver mirror. The breeze went down with the sun, and only a soft breath out of the south pressed their sail as they started to return. Between two fleckless, transparent abysses, they floated, as through ether, and might, it seemed, be drawn up or sink down at any moment. The night deepened, and became a crystalline darkness, with stars above and stars below, and then the east grew radiant with a soft aurora.

As the light increased, they saw a speck on the water, and, leaning low, Captain Cary espied Philip Nicola in a bark canoe, dancing across the bay, skimming the water like a bird. The imp of mischief, or of vanity, seemed to possess the fellow. He shot across their prow, so near as almost to catch the foam it threw up, he zigzagged ahead of them, he slid into their wake on one side, and flew past them on the other. Lastly, he dropped far behind, and they heard him singing over the water. The song was some wild chant in his own language, piercingly sweet, and full of a barbarous pathos and power. As they listened, convention dropped from them like a garment. They were simple children of nature, and creation was full of mysteries for them.

A golden splendor filled the east, a disk of burning gold showed above the woods, and kindled their feathery tops, a crinkling flame ran round every ripple of the bay, and their prow tossed off sparks instead of foam. Then the moon sailed majestically upward, and made an enchanted day about them. As she rose, the blue of the sky drew back, like the fold of a curtain, and left a pathway of mellow light for her feet.

Not a word was said by any one. The scene was too beautiful for praise. Edith and Carl sat opposite each other, and Dick Rowan stood between them, leaning against the mast, and looking down on that fair head with its crown of braids. She leaned over the boat-side, and trailed her hand in the water, nor spoke a word, nor once lifted her eyes. As the water-lily, growing to maturity through unconscious sun and dew, when its appointed sunrise comes, shines through all its snowy petals, and opens to disclose another sun hidden within its folded whiteness, so her soul, now its time was come to know itself and be known, stirred through all its calm reserves and unconsciousness at the sound of that savage chant. She forgot, for the time, all that was cramping in her life, and had a new sense of freedom and joy.

The song ceased. They neared the Point, and a path of crimson trembled out from the camp-fire there and crossed the moonlight. Clara leaned, and whispered to Carl. He hesitated a moment, then, with a gesture that showed a sort of defiant resolution, acquiesced in her demand. Carl seldom sang, and, when he did, it was for the words rather than the music, and his style was that of an improvisator. He sang:

“The moon is climbing up the sky,
Back rolls the ether blue.
The folded roses stir and sigh,
With droppings of the dew;
The tide runs up to meet the stream,
And bear her to the sea:
Downward, as in a happy dream,
They’re floating silently.

“The slumb’ring deeps of life upbreak,
Our childish play is o’er.
The footsteps of the future shake
The lintel of our door!
Awake, sweetheart! thou giv’st to-day
A soul, and not a toy:
Wake! lest the child’s hand fling away
The woman’s crowning joy.

“Cast off the dreams of childish days,
Take on thy woman’s state.
Search thine own spirit’s deeper ways,
Ere yet it be too late.
The time is come for thee to give—
The time for me to take:
Lift up thy lids, and bid me live!
O woman’s soul, awake!”

Slowly Edith lifted her drooping head, her heavy eyelids, and looked at Carl, and he looked at her. The full moon shone in their faces, and they saw only each other, and were conscious only of each other. The lily had bloomed.

Some sharp sound, like breath drawn through teeth, was heard, and Melicent cried out, “Mr. Rowan!”

They looked just in time to see Dick’s white face as he staggered backward. His eyes closed, and, before they could reach him, he fell over the boat-side, with a heavy splash, and sank.

Captain Cary threw off his coat, and was overboard in a second, and soon they saw him bearing up a pallid face on his arm. “Haul in sail, and row ashore!” he called out, and himself struck out for the Point, which they were close upon.

Philip Nicola met him there, and the other men came down, and, when the party had stepped on shore, Dick was in one of the tents. Captain Cary came out to meet them. “He has come to,” he said, “and will soon be all right. But you had better go home. I will stay and take care of him. He doesn’t wish to go up now.”

“I must see him, I shall certainly see him,” Edith said resolutely, stepping forward.

“I wouldn’t to-night, Miss Edith,” the sailor replied, standing in her way. “He doesn’t feel like talking.”

“I shall go in!” she said, and waved him aside, and went into the tent.

Dick Rowan lay on the low pallet, with his face turned away and hidden in his arms. Edith knelt beside him. “Dick!” she said, in an imploring voice.

He started slightly. “Don’t speak to me! Please go home now,” he said. “I don’t want to talk.”

“I mean to be true to you, Dick,” she sobbed, without rising. “I will never see nor speak to any one you wish me to avoid. I will go away with you this time, if you say so.”

His only reply was to bid her go. “Give me time to think,” he said, “I will tell you afterward.” And there was no way for her but to go.

“I am going to walk home,” Carl said, and started off through the woods.

When, the next morning early, they sent down to the village for news, the *Halcyon* had sailed, and Dick Rowan had sailed in her.

BETHLEHEM.

Bethlehem—House of bread:[105]
Of the Bread that came down from heaven,[106]
"For the life of the world 'tis given:
Eat of it," Jesus said.

"Father," he bade us pray,
"Give us this heavenly bread."
"Ours" we must call it, he said.
"Give us it day by day."

Knelt in the midnight cave
The shepherds and sages three—
Theirs (do we envy?) to *see*
The Bread which the Father gave:[107]

We in the faith's broad day
Kneeling—nor once, but at will—
Take of that Bread our fill,
None "sent empty away."

How should we envy *them*?
Yet as the grace the shame,
If but in boast we claim
The goodlier Bethlehem.

Advent, 1871.

[105] The literal signification of Bethlehem.

[106] John vi. 33, 51, 52

[107] Ibid. v. 32.

THE PROTESTANT RULE OF FAITH[108]

Dr. Hodge is an Old School Presbyterian, and a sturdy opponent of what among Protestants is called the "New England theology." He is a man of learning and ability, and one of the most distinguished theologians in the Presbyterian Church. If he has failed to reduce Protestantism to a system, complete, uniform, and coherent in all its parts, it is not his fault, but undeniably the fault of Protestantism itself, which is not all of a piece, which consists of fragments only of truth, with no genetic relation one to another, or connecting links, and which no mortal man can mould into a systematic whole. What man can do with so untoward a subject Dr. Hodge has done, if we may judge from the volume before us, and, as far as our knowledge goes, his work is the least unsuccessful attempt to construct a complete and consistent system of Protestant theology that has as yet been made.

Neither our space nor our leisure permits us to review the entire volume, or to discuss the author's system in its several bearings; a better opportunity to do that will be presented when we have the completed work before us, of which only the first volume has as yet been published. We shall confine ourselves for the present to a single question, namely, the Protestant rule of faith. The author devotes the entire Chapter V. of his Introduction to the statement and refutation, as he understands it, of the Catholic, or, as he says, the Romanist rule of faith; but as his objections to that rule and his supposed refutation of it presuppose the truth of Protestantism, and are of no account if the Protestant rule of faith is invalid or inadequate, we need not stop to defend it, but are free to pass at once to the examination of the Protestant rule which he opposes to it. If that can be asserted and maintained as a rule of faith, or authority for determining what is the faith God has revealed and commanded us to believe, the Catholic rule is indefensible, or at least unnecessary.

The author is not very clear and definite in his statement of the Protestant rule of faith. He says (p. 150), "All Protestants agree in teaching that 'the Word of God as contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments is the only infallible rule of faith and practice';" but from his assertion of the right of private judgment and several of his objections to the Catholic rule, we may, without danger of error, take the Protestant rule of faith to be the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, or the Bible interpreted by private judgment—that is, interpreted without any public or catholic authority—as the Protestant rule or standard of faith. But this is rather the denial than the assertion of a rule, because it presents no rule or standard to which private judgment must conform in order to be anything but naked opinion. The Bible, even conceding its divine inspiration and sufficiency, cannot be the rule or standard for private judgment, if it is to be interpreted by private judgment, for that would require private judgment to judge what the faith is, before it has any rule by which to judge what it is. The Protestant doctrine confounds the rule of faith with the place of faith, and private judgment with individual judgment. In private judgment, the individual judges by no objective rule or standard, and his judgment is purely subjective, and is worth nothing even for himself; but an individual judgment is not necessarily private, for it may be by a rule or standard common to all men, what we call a public or catholic rule. A judgment dictated by reason, or the reason which is common to all men and the same in all, is not a private but a public judgment, and binds all men to whose knowledge it comes as much as it does the individual who renders it. Men may sin against reason as well as against faith. Men are bound to exercise their reason, the reason common to all men, in all questions submitted to reason or within its province, and are bound to do so in interpreting the Bible so far as its interpretation comes within the province of reason, and may abide by its decisions, unless overruled by a higher authority—as the lawyer has the right to abide by his own judgment of the meaning of a statute, or as to what the law is, till the court decides against him; but private judgment is a private opinion, and binds nobody.

Dr. Hodge holds that the Scriptures contain not all the revelation Christ and his apostles made, but all that is now extant. But, even if so, his doctrine only makes them the *place* of faith; it tells where the faith is, but not what it is. They may be the fountain, but they cannot be the rule or standard, of faith. The rule is precisely that which is necessary to enable us to draw the faith from the Scriptures, and determine that it is the faith God has revealed and commanded us to believe as his word. The Protestant rule as given, then, is no rule of faith at all, and it is impossible to elicit by it an act of faith. The author is too hasty, then, in setting aside the Catholic rule on the authority of his Protestant rule, which, in order to be a rule, demands a catholic rule of judgment, as he himself virtually concedes (p. 127).

Dr. Hodge makes it a grave objection to the church that she does not allow private judgment as a rule of faith; yet it is only as against the church or Catholics that he himself allows it. When his aim is to destroy Catholic faith or to detach Catholics from their fidelity to the church, he asserts the unrestricted right of private judgment; but, when he wishes to build up faith or to establish Protestantism as a positive doctrine, he restricts it, and confines it to the regenerate. It is not every one who is free to interpret the faith or the Scriptures according to his own private judgment; but only those who have been regenerated, and are enlightened and led by the Holy Ghost. But even this does not help him, for he has no public or catholic rule by which to determine who are or who are not regenerated, and the individual himself has only his own private judgment by which to test the spirits, and to determine whether the spirit by which he is led is the spirit of truth or the spirit of error. The blessed Apostle John tells us not to believe every spirit, but to try the spirits, for there

are many false prophets gone out into the world. Now, what is wanted is an objective test or touchstone of truth by which to try the spirits. This cannot be the subjective leadings of the spirit, for they are precisely what is to be tested in order to determine that they are from God, and not from the enemy of souls taking the guise of an angel of light in order to deceive. The learned professor, then, even with the restriction of private judgment to the regenerate, and the assumption of the interior assistance and guidance of the Spirit, though contradicting himself, gets no rule of faith, and has at best only the place of faith.

The learned author is aware that the Bible interpreted by private judgment is no rule, at least no adequate rule, of faith, and so he seeks to supply its deficiency by tradition. He says, "Protestants admit there has been a stream of traditionary teaching flowing through the Christian church from the day of Pentecost to the present time. This tradition is so far a rule of faith that nothing contrary to it can be true. Christians do not stand isolated, holding each his own creed. They constitute one body, having one creed. Protestants admit that there is a common faith of the church, which no man is *at liberty to reject, or can reject and be a Christian*" (pp. 113, 114). This would seem to make the Protestant rule not the Bible interpreted by private judgment and private illumination, but the Bible interpreted by the traditionary teaching of the church or the common faith of the Christian body. This, if it meant anything, would be fatal to Protestantism. The author says (*ubi supra*), "Christians constitute one body with a common creed. Rejecting this creed, or any of its parts, is the rejection of the fellowship of Christians, incompatible with the communion of saints or membership in [of] the body of Christ." It is undeniable that the Catholic Church included at the epoch of the Reformation the whole Christian body, except those cut off from that body as heretics and schismatics; and it is equally undeniable that the Reformers or first Protestants did reject what was then the creed of this body, or at least important parts of it, and, therefore, did reject what our Princeton professor says "no man is at liberty to reject, and which no man can reject and be a Christian." The Reformers, then, were not, and Protestants who held from them are not and cannot be, Christians.

But the author would avoid this conclusion by making the tradition he concedes mean nothing, or at least nothing tangible. When Protestants speak of the common consent of Christians, he says (p. 115), "they understand by Christians the true people of God," that is, "the truly regenerate, holy men, the temples of the Holy Ghost." They understand not a public external organic body, but an invisible and inorganic body of believers, confined to no one external communion, that is, men who belong to what Catholic theologians call "the soul of the church." Yet even these prior to Protestantism were, if not the whole body of Catholics, in the Catholic Church, and held firmly, and more firmly than others, the very creed, or the very parts of it, which Protestants reject as Roman or Papal corruption. Even conceding this restriction, the author would hardly be able to avoid the conclusion that Protestants do reject the common creed of the true people of God, for these true people of God, whoever they might be, were included in the visible Catholic Church, and held its faith. But let this pass. How is the Protestant to ascertain who these people are? Or how ascertain what is their creed or common faith, if he does not determine it by the creed publicly professed by the external or visible church in which they are concealed?

Here is a grave difficulty, and much graver than our Protestant professor would seem to regard it. The Scriptures interpreted by unregenerate men, he holds, are no rule or criterion of faith; it is only the private judgment of the regenerate, of those who are led by the Spirit, that is to be heeded, and the common faith of all such, the true people of God, is obligatory, and the faith which no one can reject in whole or in part and be a Christian. But we cannot avail ourselves of their traditionary teaching or common consent as a rule of faith, or for the interpretation of Scripture, unless we know who they are. But, as they are not an outward visible public body, but an invisible, inorganic, and, so to speak, a private body, we cannot know who they are without some rule or criterion by which we can distinguish them from the ungodly, or from those who, according to St. Augustine, are *in* the church, but not *of* the church. Hence the difficulty. We must have, prior to the application of the Protestant rule, another rule, a catholic rule, by which to determine and apply it. We cannot use the Protestant rule unless we know what it is, and we cannot know what it is without a prior rule for determining who are the true people of God, the elect, and what is their common creed, or traditionary teaching from the day of Pentecost down to our times. But our learned professor has neglected to give us this antecedent rule, without which the one he gives us is no rule at all. He gives no mark or sign by which we can recognize the invisible people of God, and we do not think he can; for we do not believe anybody knows or will know who they are till the last judgment, when the secrets of all hearts will be laid open.

It will not do here to refer us to the Bible for the rule by which to ascertain them; for we must know them and their common faith in order to obtain our guide to the sense of the Bible. We cannot take the sense of the Bible to determine them, and then take them to determine the sense of the Bible. It will not do, again, to say they are they who are led by the Spirit, for it is precisely those who are led by the Spirit that we wish to ascertain; nor will it do to appeal to religious experience, for it is only the religious experience of the true people of God that can avail, and that would be referring us to the people of God to tell us who are the people of God. It would be to reason like the poor Anglican, who makes orthodoxy the test of the church, and the church the test of orthodoxy. "Jack, where is the hoe?" "Wid de harrow, massa." "Where is the harrow?" "Wid de hoe, massa." The Protestant, in any case, gives no more satisfactory answer; for, with all his pretensions, he

can only tell us that the true faith is the faith held and followed by the true people of God, and the true people of God are they who hold and follow the true faith.

The author, as we have seen, says: "When Protestants plead the common consent of Christians—the common faith of the Christian body—they mean by Christians the true people of God. Romanists, on the other hand," he continues, "mean the company of those who profess the true faith, and who are subject to the Pope of Rome. There is the greatest difference between the authority due to the common faith of truly regenerate, holy men, the temples of the Holy Ghost, and that due to what a society of nominal Christians profess to believe, the great majority of whom may be worldly, immoral, and irreligious." But where did the professor learn that the authority of the teaching depends on the personal virtue of the teacher? How does he know that they who recognize the authority of the Pope are only nominal Christians? or that the Pope is not led and assisted by the Spirit in his office of teacher of the universal church? Nay, how does he know, or how can he prove to us or anybody else, that there are any of the true people of God among Protestants at all? He must prove his rule of faith before proceeding to apply it.

Dr. Hodge continues, on the same page (115): "The common consent for which Protestants plead concerns only essential doctrines; that is, doctrines which enter into the very nature of Christianity as a religion, and which are necessary to its *subjective* existence in the heart, or which, if they do not enter essentially into the religious experience of believers, are so connected with vital doctrines and precepts as not to admit a separation from them."

Here is the same difficulty again. What is the Protestant rule for distinguishing among revealed doctrines those which are essential and those which are not essential? Will the author tell us the essentials are those doctrines which all Protestants agree in teaching, and that those in which they do not agree in teaching are non-essentials? But who are Protestants? All those who agree in teaching the essentials? Where is the hoe? With the harrow. Where is the harrow? With the hoe. This would be only to adopt the principle of poor Jack's replies to the questions of his master.

But no. The essentials are "those doctrines which enter into the very nature of Christianity as a religion, and which are necessary to its *subjective* existence in the heart." But how determine what these are, unless we know the very nature of Christianity? And how can we know or determine what is the very nature of Christianity, unless we have a rule or standard of faith? But the essentials are those doctrines which "are necessary to its subjective existence in the heart." What doctrines are these? Have Protestants any objective rule for determining them? The professor gives none except the Scriptures, which do not suffice, because, as we have seen, the Scriptures are the place, not the rule of faith, and what we are seeking is the rule or authority for determining what is the faith they contain. Among Protestants there is a very great diversity of views as to what is necessary to the subjective existence of religion in the heart. Schleiermacher, in his *Discourses on Religion, addressed to the Cultivated among its Despisers*, maintains that only the sense of dependence is necessary to the subjective existence of religion; Twesten, as cited by the author, maintains the same, and that in a subjective sense all religions are equally true, though not equally pure; some Protestants place the essence of religion in reverence; Dr. Channing seemed to place it in philanthropy, or in a sense of the dignity of man; others in "self-culture," in "self-worship"; and a distinguished Protestant minister maintained to us, some years ago, that a pantheist, like Spinoza, or an atheist, like Shelley, might not only be truly religious, but a good Christian. There are thousands and thousands in all Protestant denominations who, virtually at least, regard the subjective existence of religion in the heart as nearly, if not totally, independent of all objective doctrines or faith. Such is at least the tendency of modern Evangelicalism, Bushnellism, Beecherism, and from which even our author himself is not always free. He makes, indeed, a brave fight for dogmatic theology or objective faith, but his concessions to Whitfieldian and Wesleyan notions of religious experience place him on the declivity to pure religious subjectivism. All these have the Scriptures, and profess to take them for their rule of faith and practice; but it is evident from what we have said that the Scriptures are not a sufficient rule by which to determine what are essentials and what are not. What rule, then, have Protestants by which to make the distinction?

Dr. Hodge says, in refutation of the Catholic rule, which, by the way, he does not correctly state: "Our Lord, in promising the Spirit to guide his people into the knowledge of truths necessary to their salvation, did *not* promise to preserve them from error in subordinate matters, or to give them a supernatural knowledge of the organization of the church, the number of the sacraments, or the power of bishops" (pp. 115, 116). Then, on these matters, the organization of the church, the number of the Sacraments, and the power of bishops, Protestants have no promise of exemption from error, and hence it is quite possible that they err in rejecting the Catholic doctrine of the church, of the hierarchy and the sacraments. But the professor's limitation of the promise of our Lord is not warranted by his own professed rule. The promise, as recorded by the Evangelists is unlimited: "But the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you *all* things, and bring *all* things to your mind *whatsoever* I shall have said to you" (St. John xiv. 26). This is explicit enough. But, again, "But he, the Spirit of truth, when he shall come, will teach you *all* truth" (*ib.* xvi. 13). Therefore, our Lord said to his apostles, "Go ye, and teach all nations ... to observe all things *whatsoever* I have commanded you, and behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world" (St. Matt, xxviii. 19, 20). This is a promise of

guidance of the Spirit into all truth, and of exemption from error, in anything which our Lord has said or commanded.

If we were defending the Catholic rule, we should remind the author that this promise was made to the *ecclesia docens*, and only through that to the *ecclesia credens*; but, as we are not defending the Catholic rule, we suffer him to apply it to what he calls the true people of God. Yet, if he accepts the plain declaration of our Lord himself as recorded in the Gospels, he has no authority for distinguishing between essentials and non-essentials in the revelation of God, and none at all for restricting the promise of spiritual guidance and assistance to a promise of preservation from error only in certain fundamental truths of revelation. The author must either give us the rule or authority on which he makes the distinction and limitation, or concede that he makes it by no rule, and, therefore, on no authority.

Dr. Hodge tells us (p. 151) that "all Protestants agree in teaching that the word of God, as contained in the Old and New Testaments, is the infallible rule of faith." He should have said *some* Protestants; for many who claim to be Protestants do not agree in teaching that. Will the professor say that those who do not so agree are not Protestants? By what authority? By the authority of the Bible, interpreted by private judgment? But they have the Bible and private judgment as well as he, or those who agree with him. Will he appeal to tradition? But tradition taken as a whole condemns him as well as those who differ from him. Then he must discriminate in tradition between what is to be followed and what is to be rejected. But this discrimination demands a rule of judgment. But what rule can the author allege? Private judgment? But that is no rule, for private judgment is by its very definition a judgment without any rule or standard of judgment, and, besides, those who differ from him have private judgment, and theirs is worth as much as his. Will the author answer again—The tradition or common consent of the true people of God? But who are they? Here, then, we are back in the old difficulty. Protestantism moves always in a vicious circle; proving its rule by its faith, and its faith by its rule. We see no way by which it can get out of this circle. It is not only as a Catholic we have felt this difficulty; we felt it as a Protestant, when we had the misfortune to be a Presbyterian, like our learned friend the Princeton professor.

We are sure the fault is not the professor's, for he doubtless sees that he moves only in a vicious circle as clearly as we do, and no doubt would come out of it and move forward in a straight line, if he could. The fault is in Protestantism itself, which is essentially illogical, and does not conform to the divine order or the truth of things. The Reformers themselves started without seeing whither they were going, and without seeing that the Catholic system, parts of which they rejected, was a systematic whole, and that, if one part was retained, the whole must be retained, and, if one part was rejected, the whole must be rejected. This is what Moehler has so admirably shown in his *Symbolik*. But the Reformers did not wish to reject the whole; they wished to reject only a part, and in the beginning only a small part. They wished to remain Catholics, *minus* one or two dogmas, and, after the condemnation of Luther by Leo X., *minus* the Pope and the Roman curia. But they were driven onward farther than they intended, and farther than they foresaw or were prepared for. They constructed no rule of faith beforehand, and adopted one only as the exigencies of the controversy with Catholics made one necessary; still, except on certain points, they continued using the old Catholic rule. Hence their Protestantism was patched up with shreds of the old religion, eked out by such new cloth as they were able to supply to meet the pressure of the occasion. It was formed not all at once, nor all of one piece. It was formed little by little in the struggle to maintain themselves against their Catholic adversaries, and to retain as much of what had always been the faith of Christendom as was possible in the position they assumed. In forming it, they were much more intent on demolishing what our professor calls "Romanism" than on laying a solid foundation for a Protestant superstructure.

The simple fact is, the Protestant movement could find no solid foundation except in pure rationalism, or, rather, in pure individualism, in which every man is his own church, his own rule of faith, his own law, and his own God—a conclusion from which Luther and Calvin would have recoiled with horror, as recoils Dr. Hodge to-day. The Reformers did not see, for they were, as all Protestants are, sad logicians in matters of religion, whither their movement tended, nor dream that one day they would be called on to show that their religion rests on a solid foundation, or a bottom of its own, irrespective of any relation to the Catholic Church, and when they must prove that it is something besides a mere protest against the Church of Rome. They thought they could throw off Rome and a few dogmas, and still remain true Christian believers. In this they were deceived; for they were too little for Christianity and too much for its full denial. They retained certain positive Christian doctrines, but they had no authority for them except the Catholic authority which they madly rejected. Hence, when we press them for the authority on which they assert these doctrines, they fall into the vicious circle in which we find them for ever gyrating, and from which not even Dr. Hodge can relieve them.

The author says (p. 104), "Romanists agree with Protestants in teaching the plenary inspiration and consequent infallible authority of the sacred writings." But this is a mistake. Catholics do not agree with Protestants, but some Protestants—by no means all Protestants—agree with the church in maintaining the Catholic doctrine of the "plenary inspiration and consequent infallible authority of the sacred writings." It is simply a Catholic doctrine

retained by the Reformers from the church, which taught it nearly fourteen hundred years before Protestantism was born. The able and learned professor, we are sorry to observe, forgets that the church is some centuries older than the oldest Protestant sect, that the founders of Protestantism had all been reared in her communion, and separated from her. Protestants have undeniably no historical connection with our Lord and his apostles, save through the Catholic Church, or the church in communion with the See of Rome. Whatever doctrines Protestants hold that the church always held and taught are hers, not theirs; and it is a grave mistake to pretend that they are Protestant doctrines. Protestantism consists essentially and solely in those things which distinguish it from Catholicity, or in what is peculiar to it and constitutes its *differentia*—in what it denies that the church asserts, and it asserts that she denies. If they have stolen some of her doctrines, that does not make them any the less hers by right, nor give them the right to appropriate them as their own. There is not a single doctrine which Protestants profess to hold—which she teaches, and always has taught—to which they, as Protestants, have any title, or which they can prove to be revealed truth independently of her testimony and authority. It is disregarding this truth that gives to Protestantism the appearance of being a religion.

We return to the word of God as contained in the Old and New Testaments. Before the author can assert the Scriptures as the infallible rule of faith, he must settle, first, the canon; second, the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures; third, the completeness or sufficiency of the Scriptures; and, fourth, the true sense of the Scriptures. Now, not one of these points is it possible for a Protestant to settle independently of the witness and authority of the Catholic Church, and Dr. Hodge confirms our assertion by his manifest failure to settle any one of them on Protestant grounds. They are all questions of faith, and not one of them can be settled prior to or without the rule of faith; and yet on Protestant grounds they must all be settled before the rule of faith can be ascertained and applied.

Protestants exclude from the canon of the Old Testament several books called by some the Deutero-canonical books, which are included in it by the Catholic Church, and even the schismatic churches of the East, and they are far from being agreed among themselves as to what books are or are not canonical. Some would exclude the Book of Ruth and the Canticle. As to the New Testament, Luther had doubts, if our reading or memory be not at fault, of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and that of St. Jude, and rejected the Epistle of St. James, which he called an epistle of straw, probably because it flatly contradicts his doctrine of justification by faith alone; others have doubted the canonicity of these, and, in addition, of the Apocalypse, the second Epistle of St. Peter, the second and third of St. John, and that of St. Paul to Philemon; others still reject the Gospel according to St. John, and indeed the whole New Testament, except the Synoptics—and these, while they admit them as authentic, they deny to be inspired. The Princeton professor may deny these to be Protestants, but they have as good a right to exclude from the canon such books as they judge proper as had Luther and Calvin; and there is no rule by which he can make out that he is a Protestant that will not equally serve to prove that they are Protestants. The only rule available is Catholic tradition, and that condemns him as well as them.

The professor does not rely on the authority of the Synagogue, though he adduces it, to settle the canon of the Old Testament, for that would be anti-Protestant; but attempts to settle it by the authority of the New Testament. Such books as he finds a text quoted from by our Lord or his apostles he assumes to be canonical and inspired; but such as he does not find thus quoted from, he rejects from the canon. But this is not conclusive, for the author concedes that our Lord and his apostles said many things that are not recorded in the New Testament, and how does he know that in those many unrecorded discourses the books which he rejects as uncanonical, and which Catholics hold to be canonical, were not quoted? Then, by what authority does he pretend that a citation of a text from a book proves the book to be canonical or the whole book to be inspired? St. Paul, at Athens, cites the Greek poet Arrian, and in his Epistle to the Hebrews he manifestly adopts a phrase and a sentiment from Plato's *Republic*: must we therefore conclude that the poems of Arrian and Plato's *Republic* are canonical, and Arrian and Plato to be included in the list of divinely inspired writers? Has the professor any assertion of our Lord or of any writer in the New Testament that a Jewish or any other book cited by him or by his apostles is canonical and divinely inspired? Certainly not. St. Paul says in his second Epistle to Timothy, "All Scripture divinely inspired is profitable," etc., but he does not say what Scriptures are or are not divinely inspired.

Then, again, as to the New Testament, the author concedes that, during the first century and later, the canon of the New Testament was uncertain. It, then, was not settled by our Lord or his apostles themselves. On what authority, then, was it settled? Manifestly only on the authority of the church, that is, of popes and councils. But our Princeton professor denies the authority of popes and councils; denies the infallibility of the church; nay, he denies that the church, Catholic or Protestant, has any teaching authority, fallible or infallible. The canon neither of the New Testament nor of the Old is settled, then, by any infallible rule or authority. How, then, can the professor maintain that Protestants have, in the Scriptures, an infallible rule of faith? No fallible rule suffices for infallible faith.

As Protestants are unable, without the authority of the church or tradition, to settle the canon, so are they unable, without the same authority, to determine what books are or are not divinely inspired. The author contends that it suffices to prove that the writers were

messengers from God, and commissioned to speak or write in his name. But that cannot be proved unless they accredited themselves as such by their miracles, and not even then, unless the miracles are attested to us by a competent and credible witness of them. Who or what, for Protestants, is that witness? The Record! But the record may have been forged or interpolated, and must, before it can be adduced as evidence, be authenticated. How can the Protestant authenticate it, except by showing that it has been carefully and vigilantly guarded from the first till now by an official keeper with whom it was deposited? Deny the church as the depositary of the record, as the Protestant does, and there is no certain means of authenticating the record, and then none of authenticating the miracles; then none of establishing the fact of the divine commission of the sacred writers, and consequently none of proving the divine inspiration of the sacred writings, since inspiration is a supernatural fact.

But did it ever occur to our learned professor that he has, in order to prove the inspiration of the Scriptures, not only to take the authority of the church for so much, but to prove, before he can allege the authority of the Scriptures, all the Catholic has to prove, in order to prove the divine authority and infallibility of the church? He must prove that our Lord and his apostles spoke and wrote by divine authority, and that is all the Catholic has to prove. In either case, the authority, whether of the church or of the Bible, turns on the fact of the divine commission, which the Protestant must prove in the very outset as well as the Catholic, and which he cannot prove if he rejects the testimony of the church as the contemporary and living witness of the facts. The church, having been founded by and grown out of that commission, and continuing without interruption from the apostles down to us, is herself the living witness of the facts which prove the commission. She authenticates the record; but the Protestant has, in addition to authenticating the record which proves the commission, to establish the genuineness, integrity, and authenticity of the sacred writings before he can infer their divine inspiration and infallible authority, or use them as a rule of faith, and not even then unless their writers expressly declare them to be inspired, for it is possible for divinely commissioned men to write at times on matters not covered by their commission.

But we are not yet through with the Protestant's difficulties, if he is to proceed independently of Catholic tradition. Supposing him to have proved all this, he still has to prove the completeness or sufficiency of the Scriptures. Dr. Hodge does not pretend that the Scriptures contain all the revelations made by our Lord to his apostles, but only what is now extant. "It is not denied," he says (pp. 182, 183), "that there may have been, and probably were, books written by inspired men which are no longer in existence. Much less is it denied that Christ and his apostles delivered many discourses which were not recorded, and which, could they now be known, would be of equal authority with the books now regarded as canonical." But how does he know that these discourses or the instructions they contained are now lost, or that they are not preserved and as well-known and authenticated in the traditions of the church as the canonical books themselves? Furthermore, how does he know that it is not precisely in these discourses which were not recorded that is to be found the key to the sense of those which were recorded? The church has always so held and taught; indeed, the author himself concedes that, at the first, the whole revealed word, whether written or unwritten, went by the name of the tradition, and the written tradition was not distinguished from the unwritten. He says:

> "In the early church, the word [tradition] was used in this wide sense. Appeal was constantly made to the traditions, that is, the instructions the churches had received. It was only certain churches at first that received any of the written instructions of the apostles. And it was not till the end of the first century that the writings of the Evangelists and apostles were collected and formed into a canon or rule of faith. And when the books of the New Testament had been collected, the fathers spoke of them as containing the 'traditions,' that is, the instructions derived from Christ and his apostles.... In that age of the church, the distinction between the written and unwritten word had not yet been distinctly made. But as controversies arose and disputants on both sides of all questions appealed to 'tradition,' that is, to what they had been taught; and when it was found that these traditions differed, one church saying their teachers always taught them one thing, and another that theirs had taught them its opposite, it was felt that there should be some authoritative standard. Hence the wisest and best of the fathers [who were they?] insisted on abiding by the written word, and receiving nothing as authoritative not contained therein. In this, however, it must be confessed, they [the wisest and the best of the fathers] were not always consistent. Whenever prescription, usage, or conviction founded on unwritten evidence was available against an adversary, they did not hesitate to make use of it. During *all the early centuries*, therefore, the distinction between Scripture and tradition was not so sharply drawn as it has been since the controversies between Romanists and Protestants, and especially since the decisions of the Council of Trent" (pp. 108, 109).

There are several inaccuracies in this passage. In the early ages of the church, when controversies arose and contradictory traditions were alleged, appeal was not made to the written word, but to the churches founded by St. Peter, or by his immediate authority, that is, to Antioch, Alexandria, or Rome, or to a council, provincial, plenary, or œcumenical, as can hardly be unknown to so learned a theological scholar as Dr. Hodge.[109] But two facts are conceded in the passage: first, that the church for a hundred years or more had only unwritten tradition or the oral instructions of its pastors as its rule of faith; and, second, that

the written and the unwritten traditions of the word were deemed of equal authority by the wisest and best of the fathers, and were not as to their authority distinguished, at least not sharply distinguished, before the rise of Protestantism. The professor, then, must prove that the whole church was wrong prior to Luther in recognizing the authority of the unwritten traditions before he can assert that the Scriptures contain all of the revealed word extant, or maintain the completeness or sufficiency of the Scriptures as the rule of faith. How will he do it, after conceding that they do not contain the whole revelation that was made, nor even the whole extant in the opinion of the church or the great body of Christians prior to the rise of Protestantism? Does the written word anywhere declare its own completeness or sufficiency, and that the portions not recorded are of no importance?

But the difficulties of Protestantism do not end even here. The Bible is no rule of faith except in its true sense, or as rightly interpreted according to the meaning of the Holy Ghost. The author says (p. 183): “The Bible is a plain book. It is intelligible by the people. And they have the right and are bound to read and interpret it for themselves, so that their faith may rest on the testimony of the Scriptures, and not on that of the church. Such is the doctrine of Protestants on this subject.”

But is it true? If so, how happens it that among Protestants we can hardly find two, when left to themselves, without any parental or pastoral instruction, who agree in their interpretation of the written word, or as to the doctrines to be deduced from it? Yet the author himself can hardly believe what he asserts to be the Protestant doctrine on the subject is true. “It is not denied,” he adds (pp. 183, 184), “that the Scriptures contain many things that are hard to be understood; that they require diligent study; that all men need the guidance of the Holy Spirit to a right knowledge and true faith. But it is maintained that in all things necessary to salvation they are sufficiently plain to be understood even by the unlearned.” What! even by those who are unable to understand a word of the language in which the Scriptures were written, and must depend on the fidelity of translations made by fallible men, and vouched for by no infallible authority? By those who do not know how to read at all in any language? Then how does the professor know what things are or are not necessary to salvation? That the things necessary to the right apprehension of the mysteries of the faith are not contained in those very parts of Scripture which are hard to be understood, or that the proper explanation of those parts is not necessary to the proper understanding of the other parts, which he judges to be intelligible even to the unlearned? The author here must either borrow from the Catholic rule, which condemns his Protestantism, or else admit that he has no satisfactory answer to give to these and kindred questions.

But all these questions are quite unnecessary, for the author obligingly refutes his own rule of faith, and acknowledges that the Scriptures interpreted by private judgment or by human reason itself are not sufficient to give a “right knowledge of the true faith.” Neither learning nor diligent study, nor the perspicuity of Scripture, suffices; for “all men,” he says, “need the guidance of the Holy Spirit in order to a right knowledge of the true faith.” This is conclusive against the Protestant rule; and confesses that no man can arrive at the knowledge of the true faith without the supernatural assistance of the Holy Spirit. Let us hear no more, then, of the Scriptures interpreted by private judgment, or of the ability or the right of every individual to read and interpret the Scriptures for himself and to form from them his own creed.

It is worthy of remark here that our Protestant professor is obliged throughout to adopt the principle of the Catholic rule of faith, only he applies it differently. The Catholic asserts the infallibility of the Pope in matters of faith and morals by virtue of the assistance or guidance of the Holy Spirit; the Protestant professor claims the same infallibility, by virtue of the same supernatural assistance, for each one of the people of God taken individually. But the Pope is a public personage, all the world knows or may know who he is, and can recur to him, and, supposing him to be assisted as claimed, all the world may know from him the true faith; but in the Protestant sense there is no public means of knowing who the people of God are, and, consequently, no public means of knowing what the Spirit teaches, or whom he guides or assists to a knowledge of the true faith, since he guides or assists only private individuals, not a public personage or a public body. It can be no public rule of faith, and, as we have shown, none for the individual himself, for he has no objective and independent rule for determining whether the spirit that leads him is the spirit of truth or the spirit of error. The professor has refuted his own doctrine in his refutation of the Quaker rule of faith. The interior illumination, he asserts, is private, and can be brought to no public or catholic test. Not the church, both because the church the Protestant recognizes is invisible, and recognizable by no external marks or notes, and because the church, according to him, has no teaching authority or faculty. Not to the Scriptures, because it is the test of the right understanding of them that is required, and to take them as the test of this is to reason in a vicious circle.

Protestants, historically considered, arrived at their rule through Protestantism, not at Protestantism through the application of their rule, and the fact is, they cannot logically assert their rule till they have proved or obtained *aliunde* their Protestantism. They are obliged to prove their Protestantism in order to prove their rule, and they must prove their rule in order to prove their Protestantism. This is a grave inconvenience. But, assuming without proof that the Scriptures are the sufficient and only rule of faith, they conclude, against undeniable facts, that the Bible is a plain book, and intelligible to the people, to even

the unlearned, as it should be if intended by its divine Author to be the sufficient and only rule of faith. They find their conclusion untenable, and modify their statement, and say that their conclusion is true as to all things necessary to salvation. But, finding no agreement among Protestants themselves who take the Bible as their sufficient and only rule of faith as to what things are necessary to salvation, they divide. One class declares more or less distinctly that no objective faith is necessary to salvation, and another class, in which is included our author, asserts, while maintaining the right of private judgment, the private illumination of the Holy Ghost as the rule for interpreting the Scriptures, apparently not perceiving that they are in flagrant contradiction with themselves.

The professor objects (p. 127) to tradition as the rule of faith that it is not adapted to that purpose: "A rule of faith to the people must be something they can apply; a standard by which they can judge. But the unwritten tradition is not contained in any one volume accessible to the people and intelligible by them." This were a valid objection, if the people had to seek through all history to find and verify the tradition; but is no objection at all, if we suppose an infallible teacher, always present, who preserves and applies the tradition for the people. But does the Protestant escape his own objection by rejecting all unwritten tradition, and making the Bible alone the rule of faith, which is at least as unintelligible to the people as is unwritten tradition explained and applied by duly authorized preachers of the word?

That the Bible ought, on Protestant principles, to be a plain book, interpreting itself to every person of ordinary sense, or who has enough sense to be a moral agent, we concede, and Protestants should actually derive their doctrines from it. But nobody knows better than our author that neither is a fact. He knows that the Protestant people, however much they may read and praise the Bible, do not form their own opinions from it, but from their pastors or teachers, or the community in which they are brought up. He knows, also, that the people could never of themselves derive even the doctrines which he holds to be essential and necessary to salvation from reading the Bible alone. Unitarians and Universalists deny that the Bible teaches them, and the people, as a matter of fact, take them from the tradition of their sect, and at best only find confirmation of them in the Scriptures; and yet such are the exigencies of Protestantism that the ablest and most learned Protestant professors are obliged, in the face of these facts, to say with Chillingworth, "The Bible, the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants."

But Protestants should bear in mind that Catholics have the Bible as well as they—had it ages before Protestantism was ever heard of, and that it was from Catholics that they obtained it—strictly speaking, from the church *stole* it. How, then, can it be their religion any more than it is the religion of Catholics? Catholics, if they have not admitted it to contain the whole revealed word, have always held it, before Protestantism and since, to be divinely inspired, and, as far as it goes, the infallible word of God. They have always held that all Christians are bound to believe whatever it teaches, and forbidden to believe anything that contradicts it. This is all that Protestantism can really say. The church contends that in no respect does her doctrine conflict with the written word, and is in most respects, if not in all, positively sustained by it. Suppose her as fallible as Protestants confess themselves to be, what can Protestants have in the Bible that Catholics have not? or what have they from any source that can override the Catholic understanding of the Scriptures, or authorize them to say that it is a misunderstanding? Catholics may have more than Protestants, but in no case have they or can they have less. By what rule or standard, then, do Protestants judge the Catholic understanding of the Scriptures to be false and the Protestant understanding to be true? Private judgment is no rule, and, if it were, Catholics have private judgment as well as Protestants; they have, too, reason, Biblical, historical, and all other sorts of learning, as well as they, and, at least, in as eminent a degree. By what rule or standard of judgment, then, is Protestantism to be pronounced more Biblical than is Catholicity?

The professor says: "The people have the right of private judgment, and are bound to read and interpret the Bible for themselves." In matters left to private judgment, in regard to which there is no public or catholic rule, be it so. But, when the people have a public or catholic rule, they are bound to judge by it, and the right of private judgment ceases. Protestants either have such a rule or they have not. If they have, they are bound to judge by it, and have no right of private judgment in the case. If they have not these, they have no rule or standard by which to judge, no rule of faith, and that ends the matter. We beg the professor to understand that all this Protestant rationalistic talk about private judgment is mere moonshine. He may allow it against what he calls "Romanism," but he by no means allows it against what he holds to be the word of God. As for the people being bound to read or interpret the Bible for themselves, it is sufficient to ask what would become of the professor's own vocation if it were so? Were the people who lived before the New Testament was written, or its several books collected into a volume as the rule of faith, bound to read and understand it for themselves? Are those bound to read or interpret the Bible for themselves who know not even how to read? These are reckoned to be at least nineteen-twentieths of mankind; shall they receive no religious instructions till they have learned to read? What shall we say of those who—and they are the bulk of mankind—obliged to toil incessantly to sustain their bodily existence, have no time to learn to read, much less to study diligently the sacred Scriptures, even if they could read? What are we to say of children who are too young to read and understand the Bible for themselves, and yet are old

enough to sin? Can these all be saved without the knowledge of the truth? or are they excluded by an inexorable decree and no fault of their own from salvation? The fact is, Protestants, whatever the fuss they may make about the Scriptures and private judgment, adopt, in practice, as their rule of faith, the Bible interpreted by the learned, or those they hold to be learned, the rule Dr. Döllinger would force the church to adopt. Catholics are not more dependent on the church than Protestants are on their pastors. But as their doctors cannot agree among themselves, they have no resource but to divide with their doctors, and divide they do, each division following its favorite doctor, and founding with him a new sect, which allows no private judgment against itself. Even Unitarians, who believe hardly anything, tolerate private judgment only when it makes for them, and are as intolerant of those who deny anything they hold to be essential as an Old or New School Presbyterian. The worst of it is that, while Protestants yield a slavish submission to their ministers, they deny that their ministers have any authority from God either to teach or to govern them, and, like the old carnal Jews, boast that they are free and in bondage to no man. The most degrading and debasing slavery into which mortals can be plunged is that of Protestants to their favorite ministers, unless it be that of the heathen to their idols or false gods.

But we are exceeding our limits. We have said enough, we think, to show that Protestants have no independent rule of faith—independent of the Catholic Church, we mean. In so far as they hold Christian truth or positive faith at all, they hold it on the authority of the Catholic rule, which they reject; and when deprived of what they stole from us, and to which they have no right, they have nothing to prevent them from running into pure rationalism on the one hand, or into mysticism and transcendentalism on the other. The germs of both were in the original Protestant movement, and may be easily detected even in our Princeton professor. Into one or the other he must run, if he ever gets out of the vicious circle in which Protestantism, pretending to be Christian, necessarily gyrates, unless the grace of God relieves him and enables him to return to the bosom of the Catholic Church, where alone he will find true freedom and truth in its unity and integrity.

[108] *Systematic Theology.* By Charles Hodge, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J. Vol. I. New York: Scribner & Co. 1872. 8vo, pp. 648.

[109] If the written word had been regarded as the sufficient and only rule of faith, there could have been no occasion to appeal to apostolic churches or to councils to ascertain the evangelical or apostolical traditions. It would have been simpler to appeal to the written word itself. The reason of the council, as its purpose, was to collect by the testimony of the pastors of the several churches what was the tradition that was handed over to each by its apostolic founder, and which it had preserved. By ascertaining thus by the testimony of each the traditions common to them all, the controversy was settled. The frequency of councils in the early ages proves that during those ages, at least, Christians did not adopt the Protestant rule of faith, and that they were by no means Protestants. The pretence of the Reformers that they were restoring primitive Christianity, primitive faith and usage, is to be taken as a pretence only.

DANTE’S PURGATORIO.

CANTO SECOND.

This Canto of the *Purgatorio* is the one which contains that episode of the music-master, Casella, to which Milton alludes in his celebrated Sonnet to Henry Lawes, and perhaps all the more celebrated from this allusion to the passage in Dante.

Casella was a dear friend of Dante’s, and used to set his *canzoni* to music, and sing them with a voice which it must have been delicious for Dante to have made immortal. Dante supposes in the poem that Casella had gone to Rome in the year of the Jubilee, and, coming thence by sea, had perished near the mouth of the Tiber.

For Canto I. of this translation, see Catholic World for November, 1870.

Now that horizon whose meridian arch
Hangs o’er Jerusalem its topmost height
The sun had reached: while opposite, her march
Holding in countercourse, the circling Night
Walked forth from Ganges, bearing in her hand
The Scales that she lets fall with her advance,
So that the morning’s cheeks where I did stand
From white and red grew orange to my glance.

Beside the sea we made a brief delay,
Like lingering men, that on their journey dream,
Who go in spirit, but in body stay:
And lo! as when, surprised by morning’s beam,
Through the gross vapors Mars doth redly burn
Down in the west upon the ocean floor;
A light appeared—oh! may that light return—
So rapidly those waters travelling o’er,
That to its motion flying were but slow:
Then, having momently withdrawn my gaze
To question of my Guide, I looked, and lo!
Larger it burned, and seemed almost ablaze!
Soon from each side thereof, although I knew
Naught what they were, something appeared of white,
And underneath another of like hue
Little by little grew upon my sight.

My Master spake not: I meantime could spell
Wings in those first white objects at the side:
Soon as he recognized the pilot well,
“Behold God’s Angel!—bend thy knees!” he cried:
“Lift up thy palms to him—now in thy ken
See one of heaven’s high ministers indeed!
Look, how he scorneth all device of men;
He nor of oars nor any sail hath need
Save his own pinions (while he beats the air
And heavenward stretches those eternal pens),
From shore to shore so distant—plumes that ne’er
Moult like the changing tresses that are men’s.”

Then as more near and nearer to us drew
That divine bird, so grew the splendor more
Till scarce the eye could bear a closer view:
I bent mine down, and he arrived ashore
With a fleet skiff, so light upon the flood
That without wake it skimmed the water’s breast:
High on the stern the heavenly helmsman stood,
In aspect such as Holy Writ calls Blest.[110]
More than an hundred spirits in one band
Within sat blending in one voice their strains,
“*In exitu Isràel*—From the land
Of Egypt”—and what else that psalm contains.[111]

The sign of holy cross he made them then,
Whereat they bounded all upon the strand,
And he, swift as he came, sped back again.
The crowd that stayed looked wildly round, and scanned
The place like strangers coming to things new.
Now on all sides had Phœbus pierced the day
With his keen arrows, which so fiercely flew
That Capricorn was chased from heaven’s midway,
When the new-comers raised their brows to us,
Saying: “Show us the pathway, if ye know,

Up to the mountain.” Virgil answered thus:
“Perchance you think us dwellers here? Not so.
We, like yourselves, are only pilgrims here:
Just before you, and by another way,
We came, a road so rugged, so severe,
That climbing this will seem thereto as play.
The spirits, by my breathing who could guess
That I was living, wan with wonder grew;
And just as people round a herald press
Who comes with olive wreaths, to hear what new
Tidings he bears, regardless how they tread, [Pg 505]
Thus gathering round, those favored souls eyed me;
Each one, as ‘twere, forgetful how he sped
Towards where they go, more beautiful to be.

One I beheld before the rest, who came
As to embrace me, with such look intense
Of love, it moved me to return the same.
Oh! save in aspect, shadows void of sense,
Three times my hands around his form I threw,
And thrice received them back upon my breast.
I think my face was tinged with wonder’s hue;
For the shade smiled as after him I pressed,
And, I still following, he so sweetly said:
“Follow no longer;” whose that voice must be
I knew full well, and begged him, ere he fled,
To stay a little while to speak with me.

He answered me: “As in my mortal part
I loved thee once, I love thee loose from clay,
And therefore stop; but thou—why wandering art?”
“My dear Casella, I come not to stay,
And must return where I am dwelling still.
But tell me what has so delayed thy bliss?”
“If he who taketh whom and when he will
Refused my passage oft, no wrong was this,”
The shade replied: “To Heaven’s his choice conforms:
These three months freely he hath carried o’er,
At their own pleasure, the peace-parted swarms:
Whence I, too, coasting homeward by the shore,
Where Tiber’s waves grow salt, with gracious hand
Was gathered. Titherward he now has gone,
Bending his pinions towards the sacred strand
Where all those meet who seek not Acheron.”

Then I: “Unless the new laws here forbid
Memory or use of that love-laden style
Which all my longings once full gently chid,
Soothe with one song, beseech thee, for awhile
This soul of mine, which, dragging here its clay,
Is so worn out.” Directly he began
“*Love reasons with me*,” in so sweet a way
That the same sweetness I could hear—I can.
We stood, my Master and myself, as though
Naught else possessed us, and that shadowy swarm,
Rapt, listening round him to his notes: and lo!
That noble old man’s venerable form[112]
Came crying: “How now, tardy spirits—why [Pg 506]
This negligence? why lingering do ye plod?
Run to the mountain, that from every eye
The scales may fall that seal your sight from God.”

As doves in barley, gathering grain or tares
(Busy at pasture in a single flock,
Quiet, nor showing their accustomed airs),
If aught approach the timid tribe to shock,
Fly from their food, assailed by greater care,
So quit the song this new-come troop, and started
Hillward, like one who goes unknowing where:
And with no less a pace we, too, departed.

[110] “Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.”

[111] Psalm cxiv.

[112] The spirit of Cato of Utica, introduced in the First Canto.

THE LATE GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The doings of a body so large, and in a worldly point of view so respectable, as the Episcopal Church, ought to be of some consequence to the public. Unfortunately, however, the negative character of its legislation prevents it from reaching the wants of the day, or speaking to the heart of a restless age which is bent on physical progress. The gentlemen who form the convention meet together every three years, and spend three weeks in moving the interesting machinery of legislation, without doing anything whatever, and in disappointing every one who asks for a positive statement in matters of doctrine or discipline. Their body is formed after the plan of the United States Congress, and has no counterpart in any period of ecclesiastical history. The bishops form the upper house or senate, and the clerical and lay deputies constitute the lower or more popular house, one half of which is composed of ministers and one half of laymen. Each house acts as a restraint upon the other, and no law can be passed without the agreement of the two branches. The bishops might be disposed to change the creed or make some new article of faith for their communion, but they cannot do so without the consent of the deputies. The same thing is true of the ministers in the convention. The laymen have a veto upon their pastors, who in turn can tie up the legislation of their flock. A negative lay-vote in the lower house will nullify even the action of the bishops in council, as well as the wishes of the reverend clergy. If, for example, the Episcopal body should propose to pass a law on ritual, and the ministers were agreed to it, the lay deputies could defeat it by an adverse vote. There is something very peculiar in this equalization of ecclesiastical prerogatives between ministers and laymen, which strikes the unpractised eye as unique and strange. The constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church was formed, as we have intimated, after the model of the American Republic. There is, however, no executive, the presiding bishop being only a chairman of a meeting; and the power of putting into effect the action of the convention lies wholly in the convention itself, which has no existence after it adjourns *sine die*. We believe, however, that the different dioceses feel bound to a certain kind of obedience, the nature of which will depend upon individual bishops.

In regard to the late convention, we have little to say, and yet some good may result from putting on record what Catholics think of a body of Christians which makes such large pretensions, and at the same time is so utterly helpless, and useless as a teacher of truth. Our purpose in this article will be accomplished by a brief view of the impressions produced by this council upon the Episcopalians and the world; by a consideration of what has been done negatively and positively; and a few remarks upon the position in which the Protestant Episcopal Church stands before mankind.

I. The impression produced upon Episcopalians, as far as we can learn it from themselves, is very singular, and seems to differ with different minds. The only satisfaction expressed in any of their journals is that the convention did not do any more harm. The *Church Journal*, of November 1, speaks of the “tomb of the Capulets” to which so many important measures were consigned. “That vast mausoleum,” it says, “well stored at the close of the session of 1868, received a large accession in 1871.” It also terms the whole thing a *fiasco*, and pitifully remarks that “the mind of the church must be well informed in 1874 if we would not pave the way to another *fiasco*.” “In the matter of tone, temper, and decorum, *with slight exceptions*, the convention was worthy of the respect of the church.” There were, therefore, exceptions in which it is not deserving of any respect. The *Church Weekly* rejoices that no great evils have come from this council of their *branch* of the one (*invisible*) church, and attributes this to the good sense of the deputies, who generally were “wise and conservative men.” “It was only by the *non-concurrence* of orders that action was not had on ritual, and in the form proposed by the House of Bishops.” The same journal says that the bishops are utterly unfitted for action on any of the subjects which came before the convention. “They are chosen,” it remarks, “for any reason rather than knowledge of *liturgies*, *ritual*, *canon law*, *or theology*.” What these reverend fathers are expected to know we are left to imagine, and it is a great strain upon our powers; for we are somewhat bewildered by the observation “that they are chosen for their practical common sense, which is American English for success in life.”

The *Christian Witness* feels happy that there is “such elaborate discussion on the smallest points, and that questions of order take much of the time in their disposal.” The result, however, is not so pleasant, because “the most important subjects are left to the end of the session, when the haste of the members to return home cuts short the discussion, and *dissatisfaction* is the result.”

The *Protestant Churchman* is the only paper we have seen which seems really gratified. The convention did not do anything, but showed a spirit which, if not quenched, will yet accomplish much:

> “No one who was present could fail to be struck with some very remarkable developments, the full significance of which does by no means appear in what the convention actually did or left undone. Although the convention did not pass any of the proposed canons against ritualism, it is yet true that an anti-ritualistic spirit was disclosed, which was entirely unexpected, and in the presence of which scarcely any one, in either house, dared to avow himself a ritualist. Although the convention did not repeal

the restrictive and exclusive canons, still the evidence was most marked of the progress of liberal sentiments. If the questions involved in these canons had come fairly before the convention, we believe that the result would have surprised every one, and satisfied those who have been hopeless of favorable action.

"In our view, this convention has marked a transition period in the history of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The old ruts have been obliterated, and new paths of progress have been opened. It is our profound conviction that there has not been a convention for many years which has revealed a prospect so encouraging for truly liberal and evangelical principles."

The internal spirit of a legislative body is, however, hard to understand except from its public acts, and when there are no such satisfactory acts, honest observers may differ in their judgment. The High Churchmen felicitate themselves that their tenets were not pulled to pieces, while Low Churchmen see a *spirit* which accords with their sentiments, and so take courage for the future.

In spite of all these causes of happiness, the advanced ritualists find much to complain of, because the bishops, *though apostles*, did not realize their dignity, and the ministers, though *actually Catholic priests*, did not seem to know it. Besides their ignorance of "liturgies, ritual, canon law, and theology," they were not reverent in the house of God, nor did they seem to feel that they were, what the *Churchman* calls them, "apostles, occupied with the faith and practice of the apostolic age, and framing their conduct and teaching according to a model seventeen hundred years older than the systems represented by Protestant names." In church they seemed to forget the "real presence," and to be only polite and sociable gentlemen, very glad to meet their friends of the nineteenth century. So says the *Church Weekly*:

"Men and women seem too tired and excited for reverent devotion; and not merely was loud talking and laughter going on at one end of the building before the blessed sacrament was consumed, but, within the very sanctuary, even bishops were seen exchanging the courtesies of society with one hand, while with the other they were holding the Lord's body and blood. The truth is, there cannot be proper reverence when a building which is during one hour the scene of exciting debate and the arena of unrestrained conversation is, during the next, devoted to what ought to be the solemn worship of Almighty God. Nearly all the clergy and laity, ritualists included, seemed at times to forget that Emmanuel Church, though used as a convention hall, was a consecrated house of prayer. Constant introductions, subsequent chattings, mild flirtations with ladies, and the frequent use of opera-glasses, did a great deal towards destroying reverence for God's sanctuary; and I could not but feel the evil habit engendered there found its way into many of the churches in which divine worship was held on the following Sunday."

As for the impression produced upon the world, we can take the spirit of the press, which has amused itself much in studying the science of using words, and saying nothing, which the Protestant Episcopal council possesses in the highest degree. Every one of the other Protestant bodies has a distinctive character, and uses words according to the received interpretation of the dictionaries. The Episcopalians, however, sit upon the fence, and turn their faces now to the north, and now to the south, and speak like the Sibyl, so as to be on the safe side with every one. No one would venture to abridge their liberty, or even laugh at their peculiarities, if they did not pretend to be above their brethren, and ape the exterior of the old church. Their phylacteries are many and large, and so not a few of them carry a sign to prove that they are what they profess to be. In spite of what the world thinks, they are *priests* and *bishops*, and theirs (O tempora, O mores!) is the only pure *branch* of the Catholic church. Their coats and cassocks beat us out-and-out, and they are *Catholics*, the only true Catholics, while we are Romanists.

When we behold such a remarkable body, which claims, through its ardent children, to be the most primitive and only pure church in existence, we naturally are curious to find out what the doctrine of this church is. Then, when it speaks enigmas, and has a language of its own, with no published dictionary, we are somewhat bewildered. Seriously, we think we have not exaggerated the sentiment of the journals of the day. They are amused at the spectacle of three weeks' work which has accomplished nothing, and at definitions of doctrine which can be construed in two contradictory senses. We do not believe there is a living man who can tell what the doctrine of the Episcopal Church is, nor a single member of that communion who has any clear ideas on the subject. Each one may tell us what he believes for himself, but his private opinion is not necessarily the creed of his church. If the Redeemer of men has left his religion in such hands, we can only say that he has not shown human wisdom, and that his Gospel will be of little use to mankind. Our further remarks will justify these conclusions, and show that never since the creation has there been a body with so great pretensions and so little foundation for them. This is not because the authorities do not sometimes speak plainly, but because the members of the church insist on interpreting whatever they say according to their own ideas, and there is no final tribunal.

2. With the exception of a few local canons on matters which have no general interest, the convention, as such, has done nothing. We shall try to give a fair synopsis of its doings, and let them speak for themselves. As the *Christian Witness* tells us, great attention has been paid to points of order, and the rules for the trying of bishops and ministers. This would lead

us to conclude that either these canons had been very imperfect, or that there are many and difficult cases of delinquency. We incline to think, however, that there are not many bad ministers, but that the wish to make laws and to speak on them is the parent of all these emendations of their code. Very few of the resolutions referred to the committee on canons have seen the light, but are consigned to that "tomb of the Capulets" of which the *Church Journal* speaks.

The different dioceses in the State of New York have been desirous of having a "federate council" of their own, and some action was taken on this subject. Not much satisfaction has been derived from this, because the journal most interested is acutely grieved. "It is sad," it says, "to think that what is called the mind of the church is not yet ready for the *Provincial System*, or even a court of appeals. The federate council of New York is granted sufficient power to keep it from dying of atrophy or inanition, but we fear it will prove only a sickly sort of existence after all." The particular benefit of the provincial system in the Episcopalian hierarchy we do not see; but this is none of our business. Our sympathies are with those who want it, and are unable to get it.

A joint committee of bishops and ministers has been appointed or continued on *religious reform* in Italy.

As far as we can learn, the labor of this committee will be very arduous. They are to watch for Catholics and infidels in Italy who turn Episcopalians. There are not many of these converts, but for this very reason they will be all the more difficult to find and provide for.

We would humbly suggest that a *branch* of their *branch* of the *one* church be established there, with a bishop whose travelling expenses should be prepaid, no matter what the cost may be. A committee in the United States can hardly be adequate to this critical work, for if there is no Episcopalian minister at hand when a man or woman is at the point of converting, he or she may be gathered in by a sect of Protestants who have no bishops. We should also have recommended that this committee have power to act in Bavaria, especially as there is no time to lose. Still, as our advice may not be understood, we do not press the subject. Old Dr. Döllinger has valid orders, and so has poor Father Hyacinthe, and might possibly be saved for the cause of Episcopacy.

Another thing which moves us very much is the magnitude of the work again thrown on the committee who are to seek for union with the Eastern heretical churches. So little has been accomplished beyond an exchange of courtesies that we fear the means are not adequate to the end.

Anglicans have already signified their willingness to throw the "Filioque" out of the creed, and to give up thus the doctrine of the Trinity, but this does not seem to bring the two or four bodies any nearer together. The Eastern churches still call the Anglicans heretical, and say they have no orders, while in all humility they prostrate themselves before the walls of Constantinople or St. Petersburg, and ask for the smallest smile of recognition. We do not think the committee have done their duty, and, as the prophet urged the priests of Baal, we beg them to persevere. These venerable patriarchs may possibly be asleep, or absent on a journey. If they would ordain one of the Episcopal ministers, he would certainly be a priest, and perhaps the American Branch might be ordered to adopt the Russian Pontifical. It is very like the Roman, but then it could be translated into English. The same doctrines are more palatable in Russian or in Greek than they are in Latin, and the Eastern is a "Holy Orthodox Church," while the Roman Catholic Church is *schismatical* and in great error. The Holy Orthodox Church, having anathematized the Thirty-nine Articles, has touched rather severely the Anglican pretensions, but our good friends here are able to bear more than this without being discouraged. Before these words reach the public, we trust the Episcopal Committee will have had the opportunity to wait upon the Grand Duke Alexis and offer him Trinity Church for his cathedral during his stay in New York. A *branch* that has been cut off from the parent trunk can be carried even some distance to shade a sprout that comes out of the ground of its own responsibility and from its own little root. "How good and pleasant a thing it is to see brethren dwelling together in unity!"

At the next convention, we hope to hear something of the effect of the regular resolutions which have been passed the last fifty years, and to hear if the old *branch* will at last recognize the new branch planted by Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth, and watered by Luther and Calvin and their friends. A small casket containing the ashes of Cyril Lucar might be carried in procession on this grand occasion, still in the future, with a tablet bearing in bold relief the canons of the Synod of Bethlehem.

We pass to another of the doings of the convention, which has our unqualified approbation, accompanied only with the fear that the project may not be successful.

We refer to "the revival of the *Scriptural diaconate* of women," as the bishops call it in their pastoral.

The Scripture here alluded to is probably the ninth to thirteenth verses of the fifth chapter of the First Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy:

> "Let a *widow* be chosen, not under threescore years of age, who hath been the wife of *one* husband; having a testimony of her good works, if she have educated children, if she have exercised hospitality, *if she have washed the saints' feet*, if she have ministered to

> them that suffer tribulation, if she have diligently followed every good work. But the younger widows shun, for when they have grown wanton in Christ, they will marry, having damnation because they have made void their first faith. And withal being idle, they learn to go about from house to house, not only idle, but tattlers also, and inquisitive, speaking things which they ought not.”

The bishops do not say whether they propose to carry out these rules of St. Paul literally, but they seem to “feel an earnest desire that prudence and good sense may preside over every *effort*.” The committee, whose report was substantially accepted, do not fix any rules as to the age of the postulants, nor do they utter one word about widows. They use the term “sisterhoods” in connection with remarks upon “the Phœbes and Priscillas of apostolic times,” while without explanation they condemn “the false and pernicious system of the Church of Rome.” (A rose under any other name will *not* smell so sweet.) These sisterhoods are to be established everywhere in hospitals and benevolent homes, and a central house or training school is recommended to fit the candidate for the various works of mercy. These sisters are to be without vows, and so free to come and go, leave their various convents, and marry whenever they please.

The rule of obedience depends upon their own consent, and so they are their own masters, even when they live in community. We confess a great anxiety to see this system thoroughly tried, and to know, in the course of a few years, how many will remain and die in their conventual habit. Even if it fail, it is a step in the right direction, and we are glad the committee did not rigidly adopt the rules of St. Paul. For if they were restricted to widows over sixty years of age, they might not find many subjects, and in this climate the deaconesses might be incapable of much work.

The action of the convention in regard to *ritualism* is so remarkable that we hardly know how to describe it.

The bishops in their pastoral have something to say on it, which we shall notice afterward. They, however, are only one-third of the convention, and cannot of themselves pass any laws which shall have binding force. It seems that, three years ago, when the matter was discussed, a committee was appointed to examine the subject, and report a canon or canons to be enacted which might produce uniformity. This committee reported very plainly, and gave an opinion which can be understood. They recommended a canon which should forbid all the peculiar actions of the ritualists, such as “the use of incense, the placing or retaining a crucifix in any part of the church, the use of lights about the holy table, the elevation of the *elements* in holy communion for the purpose of adoration, the mixing of water with the wine, the washing of the priest’s hands, the ablution of the vessels, the celebration of holy communion when there is no one to receive, and using any prayers or services not contained in the *Book of Common Prayer*.” This recommendation was referred to a joint committee, who, not being able to agree perfectly, brought forth as the result of their labors the draft of a law which makes the rule of ritual the *Prayer-Book* and “the canons of the Church of England in use in the American Provinces before 1789, and not subsequently superseded, altered, or repealed.” Then, as few seemed to know about these canons, it was determined to appoint a new committee to find out about them, and inform the next General Convention. In the meantime, all mixed questions were to be settled by the bishops in their various dioceses, should it please them to interfere, or should any brother be offended by excess or defect of ritual. The evident result of all this legislation was to leave the whole matter just where it was before. This canon did not, however, seem to please. Some of the members wished to know what these “customs before 1789” were, before they could intelligently act, and on a division of the house the project was lost. Substitutes a little more decisive were offered, and they did not meet with favor. The bishops, anxious as it would seem to have some action taken on the subject, sent down to the deputies the following resolution, which they had passed, and for which they asked the concurrence of their brethren:

> “*Resolved* (the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies concurring), That the following canon be adopted and enacted, to be entitled Canon ——:
>
> “The elevation of the elements in the holy communion in such manner as to expose them to the view of the people as objects toward which adoration is to be made, in or after the prayer of consecration, or in the act of administering them, or in carrying them to or from the communicants, and any gesture, posture, or act implying such adoration, and any ceremony not prescribed as part of the order of the administration of the Lord’s Supper or holy communion in the *Book of Common Prayer*, and the celebration or reception of the holy communion by any bishop or priest when no person receives with him; likewise, the use, at any administration of the holy communion, of any hymns, prayers, collects, epistles, or gospels other than those appointed in the authorized formularies of the church or under § 14 of canon 13, title 1, of the Digest, are hereby forbidden.”

This resolution was put to vote, and lost by a small majority on the clerical vote. The following proposition was then offered and adopted unanimously, which, so far as we know, was the end of the matter in the convention:

> “*Resolved*, That this convention hereby expresses its decided condemnation of all ceremonies, observances, and practices which are fitted to express a doctrine foreign to that set forth in the authorized standards of this church.”

A slight review of this remarkable action on the subject of ritual will show that the bishops were anxious to pass a law against the practices peculiar to the few good people who are called ritualists, but that they were outvoted by the clerical deputies, and that nothing has been done which will have any weight. For who knows what the doctrine set forth in the authorized standards of the Episcopal Church is? And who will determine when ceremonies contravene the doctrine about which no one is certain? The Thirty-nine Articles speak plainly enough when they tell us that "the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped," and that "the sacrifices of Masses were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." Yet we are told that these words do not mean anything which could forbid the elevation and adoration of the Holy Eucharist, or the private celebration of the sacrifice of the Mass.

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We are moreover informed that these articles are of no authority, although confessedly they are the only creed which the Protestant Episcopal Church possesses. So, when men can thus seriously argue, and quietly look each other in the face, we despair of finding any words which cannot be misinterpreted. So, as they say, with thanks to God for his great mercy, our ritual friends will go on, and do as they have done, interpreting the standards to suit themselves, and, above all, taking advantage of that blessed *Use of Sarum* which has been to them a source of so great consolation.

Appropriately of all this, we give an extract from the *Church Weekly*, regulating the order of service for the third week of November.

[Column Header Key:
A = Day of Month.
B = Day of Week.
C = Concordance.
D = Observance.]

KALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

A	B	NOVEMBER.	C	D	Altar Color.	
					Sarum.	Rom.
19	S.	24th after Trinity,	..	Feast.	R.	G.
20	M.	[S. Edmund, K. M.,	A[113]	..	R.	R.
22	W.	[S. Cecilia, V. M.,	C[113]	..	R.	R.
23	Th.	[S. Clement, Bp. Rome, M.,	..	..	R.	R.
25	S.	[S. Katharine, V. M.,	C[113]	..	R.	R.
26	S.	Sunday next before Advent,[114]	..	Feast.	..	G.

It must be observed that "Calendar" is spelt with a K, which is more ancient, and that the "authorized standards" of the Episcopal Rite have nothing about S. Edmund, S. Cecilia, S. Clement, nor S. Catharine (spelt with a K). The "altar color" is also very useful, especially as they give at the last column the Roman Rite. A friend of ours told us of a very solemn marriage which he witnessed in Trinity Church the other day. The Rev. Dr. Dix was the celebrant (as he thought), with a deacon and subdeacon, all beautifully vested, and the candidates were a young priest and a young lady, who in this most impressive manner was to become his wife. Oh! what will the Greeks say to this? We fear they will be scandalized, and that even the giving up of the "Filioque" will not prevent them from staring with eyes wide open. The priest said the nuptial mass, and the other priest and his wife received the holy communion and the sacrament of matrimony. How does this compare with the services before 1789?

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We cannot, however, pass over the action and language of the bishops in this matter. We suppose our Anglican friends will admit that neither priests nor laymen are by any rule of ecclesiastical antiquity allowed to judge in council on points of faith. This has generally been left to the episcopate, to which, in union with its head, Christ committed the government of his church. Now, for the advanced High Churchmen it is a sad fact that the bishops of their church have unqualifiedly condemned them. They have done this, first in the canon which they passed and sent down to the House of Deputies, and, secondly, in the language of their pastoral, which is the accurate expression of their doctrine. We know that their words can be explained away, but we respectfully submit that this time the attempt to do so will be dishonesty. If these reverend fathers in God can speak at all, then they have spoken. We give their words, and pray they may fall upon the open ears of their children who bow down before them as "apostles": "The doctrine which chiefly attempts to express itself by ritual, in questionable and dangerous ways, is connected with the Holy Eucharist. That doctrine is emphatically *a novelty in theology*. What is known as eucharistical adoration is undoubtedly inculcated and encouraged by that ritual of posture *lately* introduced among us, which finds no warrant in our 'Office for the Administration of Holy Communion.'" They then go on to say that whatever presence of Christ there may be is such as does not allow him to be there worshipped, and that to adore the elements is "an awful error." We give an extract from a writer in one of our New York journals, who seems, up to this time, to be honest in his understanding of his spiritual fathers:

> "3. There are bishops and—bishops; there are doctors and—doctors. Here is the Bishop of Arizona, for instance, who says that 'that doctrine (eucharistic adoration) is a *novelty*

> *in theology*.' But there is St. Ambrose, whilom Bishop of Milan, who says, 'We adore the flesh of Christ in the mysteries.' Here is the Bishop of Central New York, who declares that 'the doctrine and the practice which it implies are most certainly unauthorized by Holy Scripture, and entirely aside from the purposes for which the holy sacrament was instituted.' But there is St. Gregory of Nazianzum, not recently, indeed, but most truly Bishop of Constantinople, who used this expression, 'Calling upon him who is worshipped upon the altar.' Here is the Bishop of Delaware, who unites with the Bishop of Connecticut in saying that 'the doctrine and the practice which it implies are most dangerous in their tendencies.' But there is the poor Bishop of Hippo, Augustine by name, who, unfortunately for his reputation, committed himself to the declaration that 'no one eateth that flesh till he have first adored.' And how many other bishops, great and small, there are who have acted upon that dictum of the misguided African, God only knows!"

His appeal is from bishop to bishop, and from doctor to doctor, according to his own private judgment. We are pained more than we can express at the malicious quibbles which distort words so emphatically plain. We submit that, if Jesus Christ *is* present in the Eucharist, he *must* be adored by all but infidels; and, secondly, that, if the bread is his body, as he said it was, it cannot at the same time be bread, since two substances cannot coexist in the same space. All changes of words upon the terms "spiritual and corporal" are only the unfortunate sophistries of a deceiver or of the deceived. If our ritualistic brethren have any doubt as to the meaning of the bishops, let them go and ask Dr. Smith, or Drs. Lee and Coxe, Potter and McIlvaine. They will give a clear reply, we do believe.

We approach another and most important act of the Council of Episcopal bishops which will certainly render this convention memorable for all time. They have, in the most solemn manner, given their definition of the term "regeneration" which is used in the offices of their church. The Twenty-seventh of the Thirty-nine Articles was probably framed to suit different opinions among the followers of the Reformation of Luther. There baptism is called "a sign of regeneration," though it is not declared to be the instrument of regeneration, and may be only a mere sign without the substance. But the Office for Baptism in the *Prayer-Book* is in no way equivocal. There it is distinctly taught that the child baptized is regenerated by the Holy Spirit. According to all the received acceptation of words and the doctrine of formularies from which this office was derived, regeneration means the new birth by which through divine mercy the child, naturally born of Adam, is supernaturally born again of water and the Holy Ghost, receives the new life of grace, and becomes really the child of God. Such are our Lord's words to Nicodemus, wherein he instructs him concerning baptism: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

Ever since the formation of the Episcopal Church the great majority of her members have found the words retained in the baptismal service onerous and out of place. For they do not believe in any such doctrine, since they have adopted the heretical notions of Calvin and Luther concerning the new birth. Only a few High Churchmen have ever held to baptismal regeneration, yet they have had the language of the *Prayer-Book* to sustain them in controversy. One of the best and most learned of the Episcopalian ministers, for many years professor in the General Theological Seminary, taught that "regeneration" in the baptismal service, by a special use of terms, meant only a "*change of state*," and that the doctrine that baptism was the new birth was utterly untenable in the Episcopal Church, and contrary to the whole spirit of its creed. The united voice of the bishops now comes to declare the same opinion, and to make of the regeneration taught in their offices only such an external change by which the child is promised unto God, and, without any interior operation, is adopted into the visible fold of Christ. We give the language of this most remarkable definition:

DECLARATION OF THE BISHOPS IN COUNCIL, OCTOBER 11, 1871.

> "We, the subscribers, Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, being asked, in order to the quieting of the consciences of sundry members, of the said church, to declare our convictions as to the meaning of the word 'regenerate' in the 'Offices for the Ministration of Baptism for Infants,' do declare that in our opinion the word 'regenerate' is not there so used as to determine that a moral change in the subject of baptism is wrought in the sacrament."

To this declaration are appended the signatures of forty-eight bishops, all but two, we believe, of the whole of their hierarchy. Now we were somewhat prepared for attempts to wrest the meaning of these very plain words, but not for the flagrant dishonesty of some of the High Church journals. Let us call things by their right names, and speak the truth, if need be, in all sadness. We were not prepared to hear that "the bishops were not asked nor did they profess to say what regeneration means"; that in saying what it was not, they aimed to give no explanation whatever of the word. We give two short extracts, one from the *Churchman*, and the other from the *Church Weekly*, which for candor and sincerity certainly deserve the first premium:

> "The object aimed at was 'the quieting of the consciences of sundry members of the church.' It was not to give an exhaustive definition of the word. Certain persons claimed that the term might be interpreted to signify a moral change in the subject of baptism. They knew that many would so understand it. And so the bishops, being asked, stated what no sound churchman ever denied, and no well-read theologian and respectable student of the meaning of language ever denied, namely, 'that the word is not so used' in

> that connection. The thing asked for was granted. The object aimed at was accomplished, and those who represented the unquiet consciences have acknowledged their grateful appreciation.
>
> “We can illustrate this point by a single example. Some readers of the Bible may think that, whenever the word ‘day’ occurs in the first chapters of Genesis, it must mean a period of twenty-four hours. Common people have come to understand it in that sense. Now, suppose that the question has been raised in some Baptist or Congregational ‘Sabbath-school.’ The teachers think a declaration from their pastor or bishop—if they please to call him so—to the effect that the word does not of necessity imply a period of time limited to twice twelve hours, would quiet the consciences of some of their pupils who have studied geology. Suppose the thing asked for is granted: are we, therefore, to conclude that the pastor has pretended to give a definition of the word ‘day,’ and to state exactly ‘what it does mean’? Shall we speak of him as having ‘grappled with’ the creation question, and yet ‘failed to tell a waiting’ Sabbath-school what the exact time indicated by that word ‘day’ was—whether ten thousand years, as some believe, or, as others think, ten million?”
>
> “Alas! the House of Bishops have put forth a definition which is *no* definition! They pretend to define, and yet they do *not* define! There is not a churchman, however ignorant of theology, who does not laugh in his sleeve at this pseudo-definition, which will have the effect, however, of making manifest either the ignorance or the insincerity of ‘Evangelicals,’ provided that they remain in the church. For, if the latter remain therein after this, it must be either because they cannot tell a definition from an evasion of a question, or because they are in search of some excuse for not carrying out those boisterous threats with which they have been for some time past making both day and night hideous to all peaceful churchmen.”

The respect here shown to these right reverend fathers in God is nearly as great as their honesty. Now, we insist that the new birth of water and the Holy Ghost implies a *moral change* of the most important kind, and that even the forgiveness of original sin cannot take place without such a change. We will take the words of the Episcopal Catechism, and leave it to any just mind if regeneration determines a *moral change*. There we are taught that the inward grace, inseparable from baptism, else it is no sacrament, is “a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness; for, being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace.” To be made the child of grace surely requires a moral change, which the bishops deny. They will, therefore, have to put out a new catechism or a new dictionary. As for the quibbles upon the sense of the word “determine,” as if the venerable prelates meant to sport with the common sense of their constituents, they are too paltry to deserve the notice of any respectable man. The plain fact is beyond dispute, that the supreme authority of the Protestant Episcopal Church has formally denied the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, which is contained in the Catechism and Office for Baptism. In this they have only spoken the real feeling and belief of the great majority of their religious communion since the time of its formation. Of this wonderful declaration, they say in their pastoral that “they have, with an extraordinary unanimity, set forth a definition touching their offices for the baptism of infants.” The declaration, they inform us, “was made in the loving hope that many consciences might thus be for ever freed from false impressions concerning the teaching of the church, as respects spiritual religion and personal piety.”

We have no right to expect any accurate use of terms in the language of those who, according to the testimony of many of their children, know nothing of canon law or theology; yet here we have a plain statement which admits of but one interpretation. The bishops at the next convention may retract it or deny it, and individuals among them may gravely say that they do not receive a doctrinal definition which they signed. Stranger things have happened. The two who did not sign it are, we are told, High Churchmen of the old, dry school, while the hopeful abettors of ritualism have gone down under this cloud, from whose darkness they can never clear themselves before an honest public.

We pass on to notice the further action of the reverend prelates in council, since to us ecclesiastics they are the only part of the convention who are properly judges in doctrine or discipline. Having denied regeneration in holy baptism, and the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, they have, with like unanimity, attacked and forbidden, as far as they may, *private confession*. Sometimes, they inform us, a soul is so burdened with its sinfulness as to desire “an authoritative assurance of forgiveness.” This, however, in their view, is by no means necessary, nor is it “the duty of Christians, or essential to any high attainments in the religious life.” “Pardon,” according to them, “is granted to any child of God, on his repentance, accompanied by prayer, and reliance upon the promises of Christ, as well as on the use of the means of grace.” What means of grace are here intended does not appear. To make confession, therefore, “a thing customary, not exceptional, enforced, not free, is to rob Christ’s provision (what provision?) of its mercy, and to change it into an engine of oppression and a source of corruption. History demonstrates this, and the experience of families, and even of nations, shows that the worst practical evils are inseparable from this great abuse. To pervert the godly counsel and advice which may quiet a disturbed conscience into the *arbitrary direction* which *supplants* the conscience, is to do away with that sense of moral responsibility under which every man shall give account of himself to God.”

This is not the place to point out the gross ignorance and prejudice of the Episcopal bishops.

They speak of what they know nothing, having never confessed their own sins, nor felt the need of any "authoritative assurance of pardon." To assert a wholesale slander of one of the most sacred institutions of Christ, hallowed by the practice of three-fourths of all who call themselves Christians, which is really the great source of the little purity left in the world, is a fearful crime before heaven. We acquit them, therefore, in charity, of the intention to slander, and hold them culpably ignorant. All this is, however, beyond the scope of our present purpose. We have only to say that they have forbidden, as far as their words go, the *ordinary* practice of confession, and that they deprecate it as "an engine of oppression and a source of corruption." It remains now to be seen whether these counsels of the chief pastors of the Protestant Episcopal Church are to be followed by their children who think them to be successors of the apostles and fathers in God. Will the Right Rev. Dr. Potter, who once published, as we have been informed, a manual for the examination of conscience, to whom a prayer-book, with directions for confession, has been publicly dedicated, now interfere and put a stop to this great abuse? Will the handful of *ritual priests* in this city cease to sit in their pews or their libraries to hear and absolve penitents? To speak our honest opinion, the words of the bishops will have no influence whatever, and things will go on precisely as they did before. We only venture to wish, for the sake of propriety, that confessionals might be erected in all these churches, where at least the female penitents might be heard. We assure our friends that this advice comes from a good heart. If they cannot hear confessions in public, they would do well for themselves not to hear them at all.

The most reverend prelates go on to condemn "the tendency towards saint-worship, and especially its culmination in the worship of the Blessed Virgin." "The bare suggestion that the intercession of the Virgin Mary, or of any other saint, is in any way to be sought in our approaches to the throne of grace, is an *indignity* to the one only Mediator and Intercessor which we, his *apostolic* witnesses, cannot too strongly nor distinctly forbid in his holy and all-sufficient name." Is this language plain enough for our ritualistic friends? Do they think these words equivocal? They as *apostles* have forbidden any one to seek the prayers of the Mother of God or of any other saint. To do so is to offer indignity to Christ, according to their theology. On the same principle, Episcopalians must not ask the prayers of each other, unless they wish to insult the one Intercessor. The reason why the saints cannot intercede for us is that Jesus Christ alone may do it. We cannot, therefore, suppose that living men or women are in a different position in this respect from their departed brethren, especially from the great heroes of Christianity. We really blush at the stupidity of men who call themselves teachers and wear episcopal robes, but it is not our business to criticise their directions to their flock. We simply put before the world what they have so plainly said. All invocation of any one but Christ is to be stopped within their communion by their solemn decree, if, indeed, it was ever practised.

From this restriction of prayer, they pass on to condemn the devotional books which "have been insidiously multiplied of late years in England and America, and are alien in their character to the whole spirit of the Liturgy." We presume they here refer to the translations of Catholic books of devotion which have become for some time past the pious nourishment of all the advanced Episcopalians. We have seen many of these works ourselves, and have even seen the *Book of Common Prayer* bound up with parts of the Missal, and preparations for communion and confession taken from well-known Catholic authors. This, to say the least, is an acknowledgment that their own church does not feed their souls, and that they seek a life it can neither give nor support. This alone ought to be sufficient to send them where they can find a religious system according with their wants. Certainly they can do as they like in the matter. They can put on all our vestments, and their bishops may wear rings and crosses, and bear mitres and crosiers, and they may cross themselves with the left hand, and bow down before an altar which is only wood or stone. They may call themselves the only Catholics in the world, and out-herod Herod himself, and quietly put us Romanists in the shade. But we think the bishops are right to tell them that all this is inconsistent with Episcopalianism, and that they ought to be either one thing or the other. A man has a right *before the law* to play the Harlequin; but has he a *moral* right to do so? Is it an honest or fair thing to remain in a church and use devotions and teach doctrines which it condemns? Much is said of "that liberty wherewith Christ has made us free." But can that be a liberty to contradict ourselves, to profess to be what we are not, and to carry private judgment to absurdity? We are forced in reason to commend the advice of the bishops, and to say with them to our good friends, "Gentlemen and ladies, if you wish to use Catholic books, be kind enough to go where they belong. Please do not attempt to foist upon our people a spirituality which is foreign to our Protestant communion." From our past knowledge, however, we do not believe that the counsel of the reverend fathers will produce much effect. We shall still as ever have Catholic books of devotion luxuriously bound (the binding goes a great ways), "and adapted to the use of the *American Church*." For our own part, we hope that this will be the case, since the recitation of our prayers, and the reading of the masters of the spiritual life, may do much to lead souls to the one true faith.

3. A few remarks will now suffice to show the position in which the Protestant Episcopal Church has placed herself by the action of this convention. If we regard the whole body, including the laymen as well as the clerical deputies, we can see how true to its birthmarks has been the legislation of a communion which glories in the non-committal character of its creed and profession. Two or three parties, with views diametrically opposite, are thus kept together, and in the diversity of opinions is the safety of the whole. When the Episcopal Church begins to have anything like a faith, then will it fall to pieces, and new sects will

arise of its component parts. How long it will go on holding together High Church and Low Church, Broad Church and no church at all, we do not know. But this we think, its Protestant character is now well established to all mankind. Not one single link which could bind it to the doctrine or practice of the past has been left. If it will not baptize itself with the names of Luther, Calvin, or Zwingle, it can boast of no father or mother. In the words of its Bishop Lee, if it is not a *Protestant* church, it disowns its birth, and has no right to be called a church. Through the most solemn action of its supreme authority it has denied the real presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist, the regeneration of children in baptism, the intercession of the saints, and the practice of confession. As for the ritualists, they have been handled without mercy, and their whole system of faith and worship summarily condemned. It will be of little avail to them to say that the bishops only have pronounced a decision, and that the division of the clerical and *lay vote* in four or five dioceses saved them from a prohibitory canon of the whole convention. Are the presbyters and lay deputies the successors of the apostles, whom the Lord instituted to govern the church of God? Who made the sheep of the flock the judges in ecclesiastical causes?

We have no heart to believe that the condemnation of the bishops will do any good with the majority of them. A few earnest souls will come, one by one, into the true fold of the Good Shepherd, where a man has to *receive* and obey Christ, and not *make* a religion for himself. Yet we fear, and with sadness we say it, that no power whatever could open the eyes of many. If their church should deny the Holy Trinity or the incarnation of God the Son, they would explain away the denial. Blow after blow with a rough hand has been given to these so-called Catholics within the past few years. Many are not shaken, but in spite of all the decisions of their councils and the admonition of their pastors, they go on insisting on vanity, erecting an idol which their own hands have made, and blindly falling down to worship it. Who shall reason with men who have histories and even grammars and dictionaries of their own? Who but God in his infinite mercy can roll away the darkness of hearts which walk in a vain shadow and disquiet themselves for naught, calling evil good and good evil? Here logic is wasted, and the past, with its lessons, ignored, as if the Word made flesh had never been on earth, nor quickened with divine grace our fallen humanity. Fellow-Catholics, let us to prayer, that such souls may not die eternally out of their Father's house, strangers to the Bread of Life. In their great need, the pitying heart of Jesus crucified will hear, and scales shall fall from many eyes. Oh! how sad to travel long and far in this weary life, and then only to see from a distance the promised land, but never to rest in the tabernacles of the God of Jacob.

[113] Except in American Church.

[114] Give notice of S. Andrew's Day.

CHATEAU REGNIER.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

I.

A proud man was the Baron Regnier. In the old days of Charlemagne, the Chateau Regnier had risen, a modest mansion on the pleasant banks of the Garonne. That great monarch died; his empire fell to pieces; the lords became each one an independent sovereign in his own castle, making perpetual war on each other, and electing kings who could enforce neither respect nor obedience. Then the Chateau Regnier was enlarged and fortified, its retainers and vassals became numerous, and, as was the method of growing rich in those times, large parties of horsemen would sally from its gates, as suited their pleasure or necessities, to plunder neighboring lords or defenceless travellers.

The Barons Regnier were brave men; never was there a brilliant or dangerous expedition wherein some scion of the house did not distinguish himself. When the first preaching of the Crusades stirred the soul of Europe, there was bustle of preparation and burnishing of weapons at the château; even in the motley company of Peter the Hermit went one of the younger sons of the family, who did his part of plundering in Hungary and Dalmatia, and perished on the shores of the Bosphorus; and in the more orderly expedition that followed, the reigning baron himself led a brave array under the banner of Raymond of Toulouse.

The return of the crusaders brought more refined tastes into France, though not more peaceable manners. The Château Regnier was enriched and beautified; troubadours gathered there; feasts were continually spread; still plunder and anarchy were the order of the day till the reign of Louis le Gros. That energetic king devoted his life to establishing law and order in France. Then the house of Regnier, having plundered all that it conveniently could, took part with the king to prevent all further plundering, so it grew strong in its possessions.

With such a line of ancestry to look back on, no wonder that the Baron Regnier was proud. He himself in his youth had shared in the disasters of a crusade. After his return home, he had married a beautiful wife, whom he tenderly loved; but his happiness had been of short duration; in three years after their union she died, leaving him an image of herself—a frail and lovely little being, the last flower on the rugged stem of that great house.

A lovely land is the south of France. Two thousand years ago the old geographer of Pontus[115] called it the Beautiful, and its soft *langue d'or* is the very language of love. It was on the shores of the Garonne, in the twelfth century, that the troubadours sang their sweetest songs. Among them was found Pierre Rogiers, who wearied once of the cloister, and so wandered out into the world—to the court of the beautiful Ermengarde of Narbonne, to the palaces of Aragon, at last to the shores of the Garonne, and, finding everywhere only vanity of vanities, once more entered the gates of the monastery and lay down to die.

Here, too, lived Bernard de Ventadour, who loved and celebrated in his songs more than one royal princess. Here he dwelt in courtly splendor, till he too grew weary of all things earthly, and yearned for the quiet of the cloister, and, wrapping the monk's robe around him, he too died in peace.

No wonder if Clemence Regnier, growing up a beautiful girl in the midst of these influences, should yield her soul to the soft promptings of affection. She was the favorite companion of her father; no wish of hers was ungratified; her sweetness of temper endeared her to all around her. She was sought in marriage by many rich nobles of Toulouse; she refused them all, and gave her preference to the younger son of a neighboring baron—a penniless and landless knight.

When the old baron first discovered their mutual attachment, he was at first incredulous, then amazed, then angry. He persistently and peremptorily refused his consent. The De Regniers had for so long married, as they had done everything else, only to augment their power and wealth, that a marriage where love and happiness only were considered, was an absurd idea to the baron.

"This comes of all these *jongleurs* and their trashy songs!" he exclaimed; "they have got nothing to do but wander about the world and turn girls' and boys' heads with their songs. I'll have no more of them here!"

So the baron turned all poets and musicians out of his château, but he could not turn love and romance out; the young heart of Clemence was their impregnable citadel, and there they held their ground against all the baron's assaults.

Four years went by; Clemence was pining away with grief, for she loved her father and she loved her lover; at last, her love for the latter prevailed, and, trusting to win the old baron's forgiveness afterwards, Clemence fled from the château with the young Count de Regnault.

Baron de Regnier was a man who, when moderately irritated, gave vent to his wrath in angry words, but when deeply wounded he was silent; and here both his pride and his affection had been wounded most deeply.

He signified to the guests at the castle that they might depart; he closed the grand halls, keeping near him a few old servants; dismissed his chaplain, whom he suspected, though falsely, of having married the runaway couple, and who had been their messenger to him, begging for his forgiveness and permission to come to him; closed his chapel doors; and shut himself up, gloomy and alone, in a suite of rooms in a wing of the château.

Many loving and penitent messages came to him from Clemence. At first he took no notice of them: at last, to one he returned an answer—“He would never see her again.”

II.

The summer came and the winter, and many a summer and winter passed, and the dreariest domain in all France was the once merry Château Regnier. Year after year the old man brooded alone. If friendship or chance brought guests to the château, they were received with stately formality, which forbade their stay; rarely did a stranger pass a night within its walls. The retainers kept their Christmas holidays as best they might; no great hall was opened and lighted, no feast was spread. They wondered how long the baron would live such a life, and what would become of the château should he die, for he had no heir to take it.

Ten years passed: the old man began to grow tired at last of his solitude; he listened to the voice of conscience—it reproached him with ten long years of neglected duties. The first thing he did was to open the doors of his chapel. He sent for artisans and ordered it to be repaired and refitted, then he sent a messenger to the Bishop of Toulouse, asking him to send a chaplain to the Château Regnier.

The church was in those days what she is now—the great republic of the world; but at that time she was the *only* republic, the one impregnable citadel where, through all the centuries that we call the middle ages, the liberties and the equality of men held their ground against hereditary right and feudal despotism. In the monastery the prior was often of lowly birth, while among the humbler brethren whom he ruled might be found men of patrician, even of royal lineage. Virtue and talent were the only rank acknowledged; the noble knelt and confessed his sins, and received absolution from the hand of the serf. Thus, beside the princely-born Bernard we see the name of Fulbert, the illustrious Bishop of Chartres, raised to the episcopal throne from poverty and obscurity—as he himself says, “*sicut de stercore pauper*”; and the life-long friend and minister of Louis the Sixth, Suger, the abbot of St. Denis, and regent of France, was the son of a bourgeois of St. Omer.

So it happened that when the baron sent to the Bishop of Toulouse for a chaplain, a young priest, who was the son of a vassal of Château Regnier, threw himself at the prelate’s feet, and begged that he might be sent. The bishop looked on him with surprise and displeasure.

“Monseigneur,” said the priest, “you reproach me in your heart for what appears to you my presumption and boldness in making this request. I have a most earnest reason, for the love of God, in asking this; for a very brief time do I ask to remain chaplain at the Château Regnier, but I do most earnestly ask it.” So he was sent.

The young Père Rudal had been in his childhood a favorite with the baron. It was the baron who had first taken notice of the bright boy, and who had sent him away to the great schools of Lyons to be educated; and now, when he saw his former favorite return to him, the old man’s heart warmed again, and opened to the young priest.

It was with strange emotions that the Père Rudal stood once more in the home of his childhood. When a careless boy there, with no very practical plans for life, he had loved, with a boy’s romantic love, the beautiful Clemence. He was something of a dreamer and poet; she had been the queen of his reveries. He was the child of a vassal, and she of noble birth. This thought saddened him, and many were the ditties wherein he bewailed, in true troubadour fashion, this mournful fact; but that he was a boy of twelve when she was a girl of seventeen did not at the time occur to him.

After he had gone to the university he heard of her departure from her father’s castle, and the old man’s unforgiving anger against her. The thought of her grief kept the remembrance of her in his heart, and now—though he could laugh at those old dreams of romance—he could love her with a nobler love. He knew the baron’s former predilection for himself, and he prayed daily to heaven that he might once more see her restored to her father’s halls.

At the château now he was the baron’s constant companion. He led the old man little by little to interest himself once more in the duties of life—in plans for ameliorating the condition of some of the poor vassals—in some improvements in the château. Before two years had passed the old man seemed to love him like a son. Yet often a cloud passing over the weary face, a deep sigh, a sudden indifference to all earthly things, betrayed the lifelong grief of the baron’s heart, and the thought still kept of her whom that heart so truly loved but would not pardon.

It was drawing near to the Christmas season, when one day Père Rudal said to the Baron:

“My lord, more than a year have I been with you, and although you have heaped many favors upon me, I have never yet solicited one; now I am going to ask one.”

“My dear friend and companion,” replied the baron, “whatever is in my power, you know you

have only to ask."

"In the old days," continued the priest, "this château of yours saw many a gay feast, especially at the Christmas-tide; then there were nobles and ladies here; now it has grown gloomy and silent. What I ask is, that this Christmas you will give an entertainment, but one of a novel kind; let the halls be opened and a banquet spread, and invite all your poor neighbors, your vassals, your retainers, their wives and children; let none be omitted: do this for the love of that little Child who was so poor and outcast for love of us. I myself will superintend the whole, and pledge myself for the good conduct and happiness of all; and moreover, you yourself will accompany and remain among your guests, at least for a little while. I know I am making a bold request in asking this, but I am sure you will not refuse it, and I promise you will not repent of it."

The baron acceded to the request. Had he been asked to entertain grand company at his castle, in his present mood he would have refused at once and haughtily; but he was too generous to refuse anything asked in the name of the poor; besides, he felt in his heart the truth of what the young priest had said to him: "There is no solace for grief like that of solacing the sorrows of others; and no happiness like that of adding to their happiness."

III.

Christmas Day came; and, after the Grand Mass was over, the great hall of the château was opened, and tables were spread with abundance of good cheer; there were presents for the little children too; and there were *jongleurs* who, instead of the customary love ditties, sang old Christmas carols in the soft Provençal dialect. Amidst the hilarity there was, what by no means was common in those days, order and decorum. This was due in part to the restraint and awe inspired by the old château—opened for the first time in so many years; but more to the presence in their midst of the baron and the priest, who passed from one group to another with a kind word to each.

After a while the priest laid his hand on the baron's arm:

"Let us retire to yonder oriel window—there we may sit in quiet and contemplate this merry scene."

The baron gladly escaped from the crowd, but, as he seated himself, a sigh of weariness escaped him, and a cloud gathered on his brow.

"How happy you have made all these good people," said the priest. "The merriment of children has something contagious in it, has it not?"

"What have I to do with the merriment of other people's children—I, a poor childless old man?"

The baron spoke bitterly; for the first time in his life had he made an allusion to his griefs.

"But see these three pretty little children coming towards us," the priest continued; "we did not see them as we passed through the hall." And he beckoned them nearer—a little girl about eight years old, a little boy some two or three years younger, and the smallest just able to walk: beautiful children they were, but dressed in the ordinary dress of peasant children.

"Do not refuse to kiss these pretty little ones for the love of the little Child who was born to-day," pleaded the priest, as he raised one on his own knee. "Now, my lord, if it were the poorest vassal in your domains, would he not be a happy man whom these pretty ones should call grandpapa?"

The baron's face assumed a look of displeasure. "I want no more of this; entertain your guests as you please, but spare me my presence here any further. I am glad if I can do anything towards making others happy, but happiness for myself is gone in this world."

"O my lord!" said the Père Rudal, "why is your happiness gone? Because you have cast it away. When your daughter, your Clemence, threw herself and her little ones at your feet, and prayed you, for the love of the little Child born in Bethlehem, to take *her* little ones to your heart, why did you coldly turn away and refuse her?"

The baron turned to him with unfeigned surprise. "What do you mean?" said he. "I have never seen her since, and her children never."

"But you see them now."

"O father!" said a well-known voice, and his own daughter Clemence was kneeling in the midst of her little ones at his feet.

The old man sank back in his seat—his daughter's arm was thrown around his neck—her head was resting on his heart—and after an instant's struggle between love, the divine instinct, and pride, the human fault, his arm was clasped closely about her. Père Rudal lifted up the youngest child, and placed it on the baron's knee, and then quietly stole away.

A merry place was the Château Regnier after that night; the rooms and halls were opened to the daylight—there was romping and laughing of children from one end of it to the other.

The Count de Regnault was sent for on the very next day after that happy Christmas, and was embraced by the baron as a son—and evermore thereafter, with great splendor and merriment, was that feast held at the château; so that the Christmas festivals of Château Regnier became famous throughout France.

As for the young priest—that night, after he had seen Clemence once more in her father's arms, he left the château and never returned to it. He went away to Toulouse, and wrote from thence to the baron, telling him that his love for him and his was unalterable, but his mission at the château was accomplished; the voice of duty called him elsewhere; and he begged the baron's consent to depart. The baron gave his acquiescence reluctantly. Père Rudal soon after entered the order of the Trinitarians, for the redemption of captives, which had been recently established, and perished on a voyage to Tunis.

[115] Καλὴ δὲ καὶ ἡ τῶν Αὐσκίων—*Strabo.*

THE "BROAD SCHOOL."

What is your "Broad School" now, Professor, say,
But the booking-office of the old "Broad Way"?

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

NO. V.

The direct and positive arguments which we have presented in our last article, bearing on the miraculous character of the liquefaction, cover the ground so entirely that we might, indeed, rest our case on their presentation. We need, however, make no apology for going further, and examining also, and somewhat in detail, the difficulties and counter-statements which have been made, from time to time, by those who deny its miraculous character. Truth shrinks from no examination or proper test.

We are confident that, the more closely those objections are examined, the weaker they will be found to be; and their weakness is an additional argument for the truth of our conclusion.

The general charge is that this liquefaction is effected by some trick or other on the part of the priests. A vague charge by itself means nothing, and is of no value. To be worth anything, there must follow a "specification," some indication or explanation of the precise mode or trick by which the liquefaction is effected. How is it done? This is the first question to which a reply must be given, before the objectors can come into court.

The replies to it have been numerous, very numerous—in fact, so numerous as to lose all real value: they are so wonderfully discordant and so contradictory.

The liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius has occurred, during the last two hundred and fifty years—to go no further back just now—at least four thousand times; in public, without any attempt at concealment, under the eyes of believers and unbelievers alike, standing on every side and within a few feet, it may be, in immediate contact with the officiating clergyman, and, therefore, possessing ample opportunity for the closest and most critical inspection of everything concerning it. Under such circumstances, it is inconceivable that the precise trick, or fraud, or secret, if there were any, should remain undiscovered. Yet, that no such discovery has been made is perfectly clear from this striking disagreement among those who charge that there is fraud, as soon as they undertake to state distinctly in what the fraud or trick consists. What one proposes is scouted by another as so weak and so contrary to the facts of the case, that it is virtually a surrender of the cause. One declares it to be "one of the most bungling tricks he ever saw"; but he is entirely silent as to the nature of the trick so obvious to him. Another states it to be a trick "of great ingenuity," as well as of "long standing"; but, with equal prudence, he also is mute as to its character. A third will explain the manner in which A. thought it was done; and the very different manner in which B. held that it was performed; while C. with equal shrewdness proposed a third mode. The reader is considerately left free to select which he pleases. Which of them or whether any one of them be actually true is apparently a question of minor importance. The grand purpose aimed at—and for that, any one of them, even if a mistake, will, it is thought, be sufficient—is to find some passable or colorable pretext to relieve the reader from the exceedingly disagreeable necessity of admitting a popish miracle.

When two and a half centuries of keen and critical examinations, covering so many thousand instances of the liquefaction, have resulted only in such utter confusion and disagreement among those who profess to have discovered the fraud, we may legitimately conclude that in reality there has been no discovery of any trickery or fraud whatsoever.

Not to tax the reader's patience too much, we will endeavor to classify the various modes in which we are assured by these discordant voices that the fraud is perpetrated.

The first class attributes the liquefaction, or seeming liquefaction, to some kind of jugglery or *legerdemain* practised by the officiating clergymen during the exposition of the relics.

But *when*, or *how*, it would puzzle Houdin himself, or the Fakir of Ava, to say.

Is it, as some have suggested, the adroit substitution of a second reliquary which contains a liquid, and which, at a suitable moment, is presented to the bystanders, instead of the original reliquary containing a hard substance?

Most certainly not. The officiating priest stands in front of an altar built of marble and bronze, without drawers or hiding-places. The reliquary in his hands is of considerable bulk—twelve inches high, five inches broad, and two and a half or three inches thick—entirely too large to elude the keen eyesight of the hundreds close around, who intently watch it and scan every motion of the clergyman. Where could the second reliquary lie hidden until needed? Could he lay down the first one and hide it away, and draw forth the second one and exhibit it to the people, without some such movement of his hands and arms as must inevitably be seen? Can it be that never once in these four thousand times did any eye detect the act of substitution? Many of the chaplains and canons who officiate are aged men. Can their feeble or half-paralyzed arms do frequently, regularly, and always with perfect success, what the most expert and practised prestigitator would shrink from attempting? The thing is utterly impossible.

If it were possible and actually done, it would not answer the requirements of the case. In such a substitution, the liquefaction would *always* appear to be instantaneous—as instantaneous as the adroit substitution. But the real process of liquefaction is seldom so instantaneous. It is often gradual, occupying an appreciable, sometimes a long time. It may

often be followed by the eye in the various stages from solidity to perfect fluidity.

Moreover, no substitution can account for the subsequent hardenings, or the alternations of hardenings and liquefactions, especially when these occur, as they sometimes do, while the reliquary remains untouched, mounted on its stand on the altar, in the sight of all, or during a procession in the streets when it is borne aloft, equally untouched, in its open frame, and is equally visible to all.

The idea of a substitution of reliquaries can only be entertained by one who is utterly ignorant of the circumstances of the liquefaction. We set it aside. If nothing else can be said, the miracle must stand.

The publicity of all the movements of the officiating clergyman who holds the reliquary, and the unceasing inspection of the reliquary by so many observers on every side, are equally peremptory in excluding the supposition that the liquefaction may possibly be produced by inserting, during the exposition, some new ingredient into the ampulla, which, uniting with the hard substance already there, will give a third substance of a liquid character. How could this be done so many thousand times; and always under the eyes of a crowd of most attentive and watchful observers, without a single one of them ever, in a single instance, detecting this new substance while held in reserve for the proper moment, or noticing the act of inserting it, as this precedes the liquefaction? And what shall we say of those numerous cases in which the blood, having liquefied, becomes hard again, and, after a time, liquefies again? Is there an adroit withdrawal of this new ingredient from the ampulla in order that the liquid may harden again, and is there a fresh application of it, each time, for every renewal of the liquefaction, during the day? And what if these changes occur while the reliquary is not in the hands of the clergyman at all, but has been placed and remains all the while on its stand on the altar, or is borne aloft in its open frame during a procession? Does this wondrous ingredient of wondrous power wondrously manage, of itself, and without the aid of human hands, to find its way to and into the ampulla, or to withdraw from it, as often as needed?

The drollest attempt at a solution, in this line, which we remember to have met, was one put forward, with the usual air of positive assertion, in a bitter anti-Catholic magazine, published years ago in the United States, which undertook to impugn this miracle. Hot water, the writer maintained, was stealthily introduced into the hollow metal stem or handle below the reliquary; the heat from which might pass, by conduction, through the intervening substances, and at last reach the substance itself within the ampulla and cause it to melt.

The stem aforesaid is just three inches and one-eighth in length, and seven-eighths of an inch in external diameter. Allowing the metal of which it is formed to be one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness—less it can scarcely be—and that the hollow extends the entire length—on which point we avow our ignorance—the cavity of the stem would hold about one-fifth of a gill—rather too small a quantity for the purpose in view.

Moreover, the opening or mouth of the hollow stem is at its lower extremity. Now, inasmuch as even hot water is subject to the laws of gravity and will fall downwards, we submit that for the hot water to remain in the stem or cylinder with its lower extremity quite open, for even ten minutes, would be as truly a miracle as the liquefaction itself is claimed to be. Even allowing some invisible plug to be used to close that opening and to prevent the water from falling down, would not the first and most powerful effect of the heat of the water be manifested in the thin metallic sides of the stem itself, scorching and blistering the hands of the priest that held it?

And again, when the liquefaction is delayed—which, on this supposition, would occur because the heat in the small quantity of water first introduced is not sufficient for the purpose, and has been absorbed by the metal reliquary before producing the desired liquefaction—it would obviously become necessary to empty the stem and to take in a fresh supply of hot water. The same thing would, at least on a cold day, have to be repeated over and over again until the liquefaction finally does occur; and would have to be repeated still over again as often as the substance in the vial grows hard during the day, and a fresh liquefaction is required. Where is the vase into which they pour out the water that has lost its heat? Did any one ever see the kettle brought in with the fresh supply of water, steaming hot, as needed?

Perhaps the author of this explanation was a wag, making game of the gullible readers of the anti-Catholic magazine. If he was in earnest, we regret that he did not turn his brilliant talents to the task of discovering perpetual motion.

Lest the reader may think that we are not doing justice to the opponents of the liquefaction, we will quote the words of one who is or should be held as a high authority in their ranks. Bishop Douglas (of Salisbury, England) published A Criterion *for distinguishing the Miracles of the New Testament from the Tricks of Pagan and Papal Priests*. Speaking of the liquefaction, he says:

> “The particular natural cause is not indeed absolutely agreed upon. Some have imagined that the heat of the hands of the priests who have been tampering with the vial of blood during the celebration of Mass will be sufficient to make it melt. Others, again, have been inclined to believe that the liquefaction is affected by the heat of vast numbers of wax tapers of enormous size with which the altar is decked out, and many of which are

placed so conveniently that the priest can, without any appearance of design, hold the glass so near to them as to make it hot, and consequently dispose the enclosed substance to melt. I should be inclined to subscribe to this opinion, had I not met with a more probable solution.

"I am informed (for I have never tried the experiment myself) that a composition of *crocus martis* and *cochineal* will perfectly resemble congealed blood, and, by dropping the smallest quantity of *aqua fortis* amongst this composition, its dry particles will be put into a ferment, till at last an ebullition is excited and the substance becomes liquid.

"That a glass may be so contrived as to keep the *aqua fortis* from the dry substance till the critical moment when the liquefaction is to be effected may be easily conceived. And indeed the vial containing the pretended blood is so constituted. It is something like an hourglass, and the dry substance is lodged in the upper division. Now, in the lower division of the glass, a few drops of *aqua fortis* may be lodged without furnishing any suspicion, as the color will prevent its being distinguished. All the attendant circumstances of this bungling trick are perfectly well accounted for by admitting this solution. Whenever the priest would have the miracle take effect, he need only invert the glass, and then the *aqua fortis*, being uppermost, will drop down on the dry substance and excite an ebullition, which resembles the melting. And upon restoring the glass to its former position, the spectators will see the substance, the particles of which have been separated by the *aqua fortis*, drop down to the bottom of the glass, in the same manner that the sands run through an hour-glass.

"Now, upon the supposition that I have assigned the real cause, the priests can prevent the success of this miracle whenever they please; and accordingly we know that they do actually do so, when they have any prospect of advancing their own interest, by infusing a notion into the minds of the Neapolitans that heaven is angry with their nation."

Bishop Douglas with his reliquary "something like an hour-glass" deserves to stand next to him who filled the stem with boiling water. They both seem to value the dreamy supposition which they evolve out of their own inner consciousness as fully equal to undoubted and actual facts demonstrated by experience or fully established by testimony.

We leave aside the chemistry involved in his supposition, since he candidly avowed that he never tried the experiment. It is a pity he did not make a similar candid avowal when speaking of the shape of the vial containing the blood. He should, for the sake of good faith, have warned his readers that he had never seen the vial itself, nor even an engraving of it; and should have let them understand that his whole explanation was based on his assumed ability to describe accurately and minutely the shape of a vial which, he must have been aware, and should have informed them, he was entirely ignorant of.

Any one who has seen the reliquary and the ampulla within it, or has even looked at the figure of it which we have given, or at engravings of it which are easily obtained in Naples and elsewhere, will see at a glance that the shape of the ampulla is just the reverse of an hourglass. In fact, in form it much more closely approaches a sphere. Not a single point set forth in the explanation is correct. There is no upper division in which the dry substance, compounded of *crocus martis* and *cochineal*, and perfectly resembling congealed blood, is or can be lodged; there is no lower division, unoccupied save by the few drops of *aqua fortis*, the color of which prevents its being discovered, even by keen, curious, prying eyes. There is in the liquefaction no sandlike fall, from an upper into a lower division, of a stream of particles of the dry substance, now separated or liquefied by the *aqua fortis*. The bishop has not only failed to hit the bull's eye, he has entirely missed the target, every shot.

And yet, with what delicious complacency he considers, and expects his readers to admit, that he, above all others, has correctly exposed the bungling trick, and has unmasked the fraudulent dealings of the priests, who can effect or prevent the miracle as they please! It is a genuine sample of the way in which a certain class of writers think they demolish anything Catholic. And how many, after reading this passage of the *Criterion*, may have closed the book in perfect confidence that, after such an exposure, so clear and detailed, by so learned and so respectable an authority, it would be waste of time to read another word on the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius!

Need we go back to the two previous explanations he mentions, but which he will not adopt, until he is forced by the failure of his pet explanation? So many others have urged them that we may not pass them entirely unnoticed.

The ordinary form of the first one is this: The officiating priest, who holds in his hands the vial containing the blood, rubs it with his handkerchief, and clasps it in his palms. The animal heat of his hands, and such heat as the friction may produce, suffices to bring about the liquefaction.

Let the reader cast an eye on the very correct figure of the reliquary which we give. The priest holds it by the stem below; sometimes, in turning it, he may put one hand on the crown above. He does not, for he cannot, touch the interior vials containing the blood. They are inside the case, held in position by the soldering above and below, and are enclosed and protected by the thick metal rim, and the plates of glass in front and rear. The heat of his hands, as he holds it, and the utmost heat that can be produced by the friction—as occasionally, every five or ten minutes, he may, if he thinks it necessary, rub the plates of glass with his white handkerchief, in order to see better through them into the interior—

cannot possibly affect the contents of the ampulla in any appreciable degree. As for causing them to melt or liquefy, one might as well expect the same animal heat of one's hand to light a wax candle by simply grasping and holding the candlestick in which it stands, or that lightly rubbing the candlestick with a handkerchief, every five or ten minutes, to keep it bright and dry, would produce the same physical effect on the candle placed in it as ordinary mortals obtain nowadays by igniting a lucifer match and applying it to the wick.

No one who has ever witnessed the liquefaction can listen to this attempt at explanation without a smile of pity or of contempt. Even in those cases in which the liquefactions take place while the reliquary is in the hands of the priest, it is equally insufficient and absurd. It has no application whatever to the other many cases in which the liquefaction occurs while the reliquary stands on the altar or is borne in procession. Like the other solutions we have examined, it makes no attempt to account for the reiterated hardenings and liquefactions which may occur during the day, nor for the variations of volume and for the other phases which are presented. Yet we must bear in mind that all these are striking and characteristic points, which are to be strictly accounted for, equally with the simple fact of a solid substance becoming fluid.

As for the second mode of solution mentioned by Bishop Douglas, that which attributes the liquefaction to the general heat around the altar due to the "vast number of wax tapers of enormous size" burning on the altar, and also, not to omit what others have said, to the crowd closely packed around the officiating clergyman—that attempted solution has already been disposed of. Thermometrical investigations by scientific professors, and the many times that the liquefaction takes place at the altar when there is little or no crowd, and also away from the altar and its "wax tapers of enormous size" during a procession in the streets, and while the reliquary is freely exposed to the open air of December—all alike combine to exclude this solution. As for the convenient position in which the bishop places some of those wax tapers, and the practice of the priests to make use of this position and, "without any appearance of design," to "hold the glass so near to them as to make it hot, and consequently dispose the enclosed substance to melt," we may ask, if he did not believe this to be true, why has he repeated the statement, and expressed his inclination "to subscribe to this opinion" even as a *pis aller*? If he did believe that the priest really so manipulated the vial in order to produce the liquefaction, ought not that to be sufficient? Why postpone the truth in favor of a pet theory about *crocus martis*, *cochineal*, *aqua fortis*, and the *hour-glass*? Evidently, his mind was rather cloudy on the subject. Seriously, the priest could not hold the reliquary so near to a lighted wax taper of enormous size, long enough to make it hot, without attracting the attention of hundreds each time he did it. Not to overlook the smallest point, we may remark that, on the six occasions when we were present at the liquefaction, on all of which it invariably occurred at the main altar of the *Tesoro* chapel, the lighted tapers on the altar were few. If our memory serves us right, they were just *six*, three on each side of the crucifix over the centre of the altar, and all of them placed on tall and elevated altar candlesticks. The nearest blaze must have been, at least, seven feet away from and above the reliquary, as the chaplain held it in front of the altar. To achieve the feat which Bishop Douglas mentions, it would have been necessary to move back a portion of the crowd, near the altar, in order to get room, and then to bring in and make use of a good-sized step-ladder! The only burning light ever held in proximity to the reliquary is the single small taper, sometimes held by an assistant chaplain, and used on cloudy or hazy days, when the general light in the *Tesoro* chapel is not sufficiently strong to show through the glass plates of the reliquary and the sides of the ampulla, as distinctly as desired, the state of the blood in the interior of the ampulla. In such cases, this taper is now and then brought for half a minute or a minute within eight or ten inches of the reliquary, and is held a little downward, and behind it, in such position that its light may shine obliquely onward through the glasses, on the surface of the blood, and show, as we saw it show, the state of the interior with perfect distinctness. It is not applied to the reliquary in any way that can appreciably heat it. When the atmosphere is perfectly clear, the general light of the chapel is amply sufficient, and this taper is not needed nor brought forward.

What we have said of the modes thus examined is true of all attempted explanations based on some supposed feat of jugglery or legerdemain during the exposition. To one who has witnessed the liquefaction at Naples, and knows what is really done, they are simply ridiculous. We repeat: if nothing else can be urged, the miracle must stand.

This has been felt, and in consequence we have another class of proposed solutions, of a seemingly higher character. Chemistry is brought into service. Some compound is skilfully prepared, we are told, and inserted by the priests into the ampulla beforehand. It is of such a character that it appears more or less hard and solid at the beginning of the exposition, and, during the exposition, is made to melt or to appear to melt. Chemists, we are assured, can easily prepare such substances, and can thus reproduce the liquefactions at will. These experiments, it is claimed, settle the question. What the chemists do and acknowledge, the priests do, and pass off as a miracle.

Let us analyze these experiments, and see whether in reality they repeat and renew the liquefaction with its characteristic and essential phenomena, or in what respects and how far they fail to do so.

The first of these of which we have any account dates from Berlin, in 1734. On the 26th of January in that year—so we are told in a letter dated a few days after, and published in Paris

—Gaspar Neumann, councillor of his majesty's court, doctor in medicine, and professor of chemistry, entertained a party consisting of fourteen learned friends, assembled to dine at his festive board, with an imitation of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. The letter was written by one of the party to his friends at home. We carefully reproduce the facts which the letter states, omitting the badinage and sneering remarks with which it accompanies them—remarks quite characteristic of the school of Voltaire whenever religion or anything connected with it was in question. In default of the original French, we quote from a translation published in England.

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The professor, we are told, placed before his friends "a human skull." He also produced from his laboratory "three vials of crystal or very clear and transparent glass, in each of which was contained a matter in a very small bulk, dry, black, and so hard as to produce a noise on the sides of the vial when shaken." The first vial being brought near to the head, the matter in it "became of a deep-red color, liquefied, bubbled, increased its bulk, and filled the vial." The second vial was also brought near to the head, and the portion of matter in it "bubbled but little." But when the third vial was similarly brought near the head, the whole of its contents "remained dry, hard, and black."

The writer evidently wished to convey the impression—perhaps he himself believed—that these vials, which the professor had carefully prepared in his laboratory and showed to his friends after dinner, correctly exhibited the liquefaction in all its chief phases. If the liquid in the first vial had also several times changed its color; if it had filled the vial, not by adding bubbles to bubbles, but by an actual increase of the volume of the liquid within, independently of that frothing or bubbling; if it had then similarly decreased in bulk; if the liquid had solidified without any diminution of temperature, and become fluid again without increase of it, he would have presented a far stronger case than he has done.

But those points are absent. Perhaps the writer did not know that they were necessary. The letter itself is written in a jocular and mocking tone, and evidently in a spirit that relished sharp epigrammatic points, calculated to excite a laugh, far more than the humdrum reality of sober truth.

We find another account of this same experiment in a French work before us: *La Liquefaction du Sang de S. Janvier*, by Postel. This account is more calm and sober in style, and is based upon the *Bibliothèque Germanique*, a work to which we have not access. It varies considerably from the sportive account given in the letter. According to Postel, the contents of the first vial *liquefied entirely*; the contents of the second vial *liquefied only partially*; in the third vial there was *no change whatever*. The statement is distinctly made that neither in the first vial nor in the second was there any sign of ebullition. The variation is important.

As between the two accounts, we could scarcely hesitate a moment which to hold most worthy of credit on any point on which they differed. In neither account do we find any indication of the nature of the chemical compounds which Dr. Neumann had prepared in his laboratory and placed in the vials. But as the experiment was made known and repeated, especially in France, we may take it for granted that the material used in those repetitions is the same that he devised.

This material is a mixture of suet, or other similar fatty matter, and ether, the compound being brought to any desired tint—in this case, a deep or dark red—by a further admixture of any suitable pigment. The mixture or compound so prepared is solid at ordinary temperatures; but at about 92° F. it will melt. If a quantity of such a mixture be inserted in a small glass vial, and the vial be clasped in the palm of one's hand, it will soon receive from the hand sufficient heat to bring about a total or a partial liquefaction, according to the greater or smaller proportion of the ether used in originally compounding it.

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Neither would it be beyond the art of chemistry, in preparing this mixture, to introduce other ingredients, the particles of which would be brought into contact with each other when the liquefaction has been effected and the chemical combinations of which would then give rise to a greater or less amount of frothing or bubbles.

All this, however, is very far from being a reproduction of the liquefaction which is seen at Naples. The differences, or rather the failures to imitate and reproduce it, are essential and evident. We point out the chief ones:

I. This liquefaction of the laboratory *always and entirely* depends on the application of the proper degree of heat. So long as its temperature is below the melting point, the substance in the vial remains hard and unliquefied. When the temperature, from whatsoever cause, is raised above that degree, liquefaction ensues. If the temperature again sinks below it, the substance, if not meanwhile decomposed, returns to its previous solid condition. The operators themselves inform us frankly how the required degree of heat is usually communicated to it; by holding the vial, if small enough, in the palm of one hand, or tightly pressing it, if somewhat larger, between the palms of both hands. If the general heat of the room be raised high enough to reach the melting point of the substance in the vial, this circumstance alone would suffice to bring the compound to a fluid condition.

On the other hand, being from Naples and not from Brobdignag, the chaplain or canon has a hand only of the ordinary size, and is altogether unable to clasp in the palm of one hand, or

even with both palms, an object so large as the reliquary. He is forced to hold it by the stem; in which position, the heat of his hand can have no appreciable effect on the contents of the vial within the reliquary.

Moreover, the liquefaction often takes place when the reliquary is not held in his hands at all.

II. We repeat it again. The real liquefaction does not depend on heat It takes place at various temperatures. There is no fixed melting point for the substance in the ampulla. It will often solidify at a higher temperature than that at which it stood liquid; and will liquefy at a temperature notably below that at which it became or stood solid. This is an essential difference, going to the root of the question.

III. The attempted imitation may, at the utmost, present a bubbling or frothing, produced in the way we have indicated. This may even go to such an extent as to fill the vial with froth or bubbles. But it can never cause the bulk or body of the liquid itself, free from those bubbles, and independently of them, to swell and increase in actual visible amount so as to completely fill the vial. The amount of the liquid obtained, when at rest and in its tranquil state, and at the same temperature, will always be the same. Precisely the reverse happens in the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. The liquid blood may bubble and froth without increasing its bulk, or it may increase its volume with or without this frothing, or it may decrease its volume, again, with or without the frothing. And these changes of the bulk of the actual liquid in the ampulla do not depend on the temperature. Neither are they points on which a mistake is possible; for they reach, as we have stated, to the extent of twenty per cent.

On those two cardinal points, the imitation entirely fails. We need scarcely note the facts that the preparation, when solid, does not resemble coagulated or hardened blood, and, when liquid, could never be mistaken for liquid blood, whether arterial or venous, nor does it present the changes of color so often seen in the real liquefaction.

IV. Ether is an essential ingredient of this artificial compound. Suet, or whatever other fatty substance is used instead, will dissolve in ether; while it will not dissolve in water or in alcohol. Now, ether is comparatively a modern discovery. Whether Paracelsus hit upon the discovery of it or not is a point mooted among those who have studied his life and achievements in chemistry. But, if he did, the knowledge of it was lost with him, and it remained unknown to the world until Künkel discovered or rediscovered it in 1681—early enough for Neumann, but entirely too late to be of any service in getting up a compound for the liquefaction at Naples, which, for the matter of that, runs back far beyond the days of Paracelsus himself.

This explanation, therefore, that the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is in reality the liquefaction of a compound of ether and suet or other fatty substance, must be set aside, because entirely insufficient to meet the case, and because it involves a glaring anachronism.

It fails, too, in another point. The ether will, in course of time, gradually escape though the pores of the glass. When it is gone, the liquefactions are at an end. The fatty matters, too, will decompose in time. In fact, the whole preparation would have to be frequently renewed. On the other hand, as we shall see further on, there is ample evidence that the ampulla remains unopened, and that the substance within it remains untouched and identically the same, from year to year, and from century to century.

These reasons were too patent to allow Dr. Neumann's attempted imitation to hold its own in the estimation of those who seriously examined the question. It was thrown aside for others. We find an account of one of them, written by La Condamine, and presented to no less a body than the Academy of Sciences in Paris, in 1757. His article may be found among the various articles published in the *Memoirs* for 1763.

La Condamine explains, with no little glee, and some detail, an experiment which he had lately witnessed in company with others, and which he was allowed afterward to repeat and study out in private and at his leisure, and with the assistance and explanations of the inventor himself. He does not give the inventor's name, but we know, from other sources, that it was San Severo.

There was a circular case of bronze or silver gilt. In front and rear, there were circular plates of glass. The whole stood on a richly ornamented foot, and was surmounted by a winged mercury. Within the case, between the plates of glass, was seen a vial. So far, the workman had prepared a vague imitation of the actual reliquary.

> "The vial appeared half full of a stiff grayish paste, which, judging by its surface, seemed to be powdery or granulated. By inclining the case, alternately, from side to side, and shaking it for half a minute, more or less, the paste became liquid and flowing, sometimes only partially so; at other times, it grew hard again, and by shaking it anew it became liquid again.... I remarked beneath the vial two small cones, I do not know of what material, meeting by their points. I was told (by the inventor) that there was a little passage through these points. He said, also, that the cones were hollow, and that, as the lower one was movable, it sometimes happened that its orifice exactly met the orifice of the upper cone, and sometimes did not; this was altogether a matter of chance.... As for

> the powder which I saw in the vial, I was told that it was an amalgam of mercury, lead, tin, and bismuth; that the bismuth, which amalgamated only imperfectly, hindered the mixture from becoming a pasty lump, and gave it rather the character of a powder too coarse to pass through the little opening which communicated with the cones. Finally, there was hidden, within the case, a circular tube communicating with the lower movable cone, and containing liquid mercury. In shaking the whole irregularly, whenever the openings of the two cones came together, more or less of this mercury made its way into the vial and liquefied the amalgam. It happened sometimes, in these various movements, that the mercury which had entered got out again, and then the amalgam returned to its previous condition and was fluid no longer."

This is the account which La Condamine has given, after a long and careful private examination, aided by the explanations of the inventor, and which, he tells us, he wrote down the same day. The inventor promised to give him in writing a fuller account, with minute drawings of all the parts; but up to the date of publication (five years later) he had, for some unknown reason, failed to keep the promise.

La Condamine acknowledges that he had never seen the real reliquary, and had never witnessed the true liquefaction at Naples. He thought this substitute just as good.

Had he witnessed the reality, and had he examined it with one-half the care he bestowed on the substitute, he never would have written his report.

I. He would have instantly seen the difference between a true liquefaction—where a substance previously hard is unmistakably seen to become gradually soft and then perfectly liquid, as is often the case at Naples—and this seeming liquefaction of the experiment, which consists only in making the loosened grains or particles of the amalgam swim in and on the fluid mercury which has been introduced, they themselves remaining hard and not at all liquefied, but ready to be heaped together again in a hard mass of grains or powder, whenever the liquid mercury is withdrawn. The difference between the two processes is as clear as light, and as great as the difference between the melting of icebergs and a movement of a fleet of ships on the ocean. A child could not mistake it. Fortunately, the icebergs melt and disappear as they are changed into water: with equal good fortune, the ships do not melt, but float on, until they reach their port.

II. He would see that this grayish amalgam, in its dry, powdery state, is totally unlike the hard, dark mass of blood in the ampulla, and, in its pretended liquid state, it is equally unlike the liquid blood. In fact, as the mercury enters below and permeates the mass, its silvery gleam may somewhat enliven the dull-grayish hue of the amalgam, but it can present nothing akin to the *rubicund*, the *bright vermilion*, or the *dark hue* of the liquid blood. Nor is there anything like the film which the liquid blood sometimes leaves on the sides of the glass, nor like the frothing, or the ebullition. On all these points, the experiment failed.

III. After sufficient mercury has been introduced to occupy the interstices in the granular mass, any additional supply will lift the particles, separate them, and allow that motion which the inventor passed off for fluidity; and this seeming fluidity becomes greater as the quantity of fluid mercury so introduced for the grains to float in is increased in amount. But the mercury occupies space, and so increase of bulk and increased fluidity must go together. A hardening requires, on the contrary, a withdrawal of the mercury, and is consequently always connected with a decrease of bulk. This is directly contrary to one of the most striking features of the real liquefaction, on which we have already commented at length.

IV. It fails to account for the hardenings and the liquefactions which occur when the reliquary is not in the hands of a chaplain or canon to incline it never so coaxingly, but stands and has been standing for hours, untouched and immovable, on its pedestal on the altar. In this point the imitation again signally fails.

V. What we said of ether, we may almost repeat here concerning the bismuth. This is the important ingredient of the amalgam, the intractableness of which keeps the material in a state of powder or grains. When that is overcome, the whole mass coheres and becomes a hard lump; and the liquefactions, such as they were, are over. Now, bismuth was discoved by Agricola in 1529, centuries after the date when the liquefactions are known to have regularly occurred.

VI. The prying eyes of thousands have never discovered in the reliquary any trace of a circular tube containing mercury, nor of the all-important little hollow cones, meeting by their points. More than once, as we shall see, the reliquary has been in the hands of goldsmiths and skilled workmen. They found nothing of this nor of any other contrivance.

These two of Neumann and San Severo are the chief attempts made to imitate the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, and they have signally failed. We need not examine, one by one, the various substances which have been proposed as the chemical substance craftily used no this occasion; from the "deep-red sublimate of gold," which, one tells us, "being easily fusible by the heat of one's hand, is exhibited by the Neapolitan priests for St. Januarius's blood," down to the theory that "the dark-red mass which melts in the ampulla is only a preparation of ice; for everybody knows that in Naples they are more skilful in preparing ices than even in Archangel." By the way, we suspect that Aulic Councillor Rehfues, a German Protestant traveller, to whom we owe this last explanation, was only making fun of his brother Aulic Councillor Neumann, and of the other theorists, who were

proposing, each one, his own guess as to the substance.

Anyway, the fact that the real liquefaction is not caused by the application of heat rules out all these suppositions. The fuller and more accurate our knowledge of chemistry, the more clearly do we realize the truth that all experimental liquefactions are governed by the laws of nature. The more conversant we are with the *facts* of the real liquefaction, the more clearly do we see that here those laws are set aside. We cannot shut our eyes to the opposition.

Sir Humphry Davy, who witnessed the liquefaction when he visited Naples, and who carefully examined it, made no secret afterwards among his friends of the deep impression it produced on his mind, and of his decided judgment that chemistry, so far as he knew it, could not account for the liquefaction. This may have been one of the causes of that inclination toward the Catholic Church which, from the period of that visit, was manifested by that eminent scholar, and which led him to think seriously, at least, of entering her fold, even if he did not—as some thought he did—carry his purpose into effect before death.

And yet we are asked to believe that, “away back in the dark ages,” those “ignorant monks and priests in Naples” possessed a knowledge of chemistry which enabled them to do this! And, more wonderful still, that they have secretly handed down that knowledge and power, within their own body, and that they continue to this day to effect the liquefaction in some strange way entirely unknown to the scientific world!

We pass on to other views of the question.

This charge of fraud implies that the ampulla is tampered with from time to time; and that those who have charge of it—clergy and laity alike—and especially those who hold it at the time of the liquefaction, are all playing a trick.

Is the ampulla or vial really tampered with? Is it regularly opened for the insertion of some duly prepared material?

The ampulla stands within a case or reliquary, as our figure shows it. The case or reliquary, of silver and of glass, is kept in an *Armoire*, or closet, wrought in the solid stone wall of the *Tesoro* chapel, as strong and secure as a bank-vault. This *Armoire* is closed by metal doors, each secured by two strong locks, with different keys, one set of which is always in the possession of the municipal authorities of the city, the other in that of the archbishop and clergy. They have been so kept for just two hundred and twenty-four years; for we need not take account just now of the previous centuries, when the relics were in the exclusive custody of the archbishop and clergy, and were kept in the old *Tesoro*, or strong room, still to be seen in the second story of the cathedral tower. During all these two hundred and twenty-four years, the locks have not been tampered with. The clergy have not charged any one with doing it. The municipal authorities have never suspected it.

Moreover, the reliquary, when brought out, remains exposed to public scrutiny for ten or twelve hours at a time, on eighteen days of each year; and there is no man, woman, or child in Naples, and no stranger in the city, who may not, if so minded, scrutinize it a score of times a day, at less than twelve inches’ distance. Any opening or closing of the case, any taking out or putting in of the vial, would leave some trace of the fact, either in the silver rim, or in the position of the vials within, or at least in the soldering at bottom and at top, which would have to be disturbed, if not broken, each time, and then restored. Among the special industries of Naples are working in jewelry and coral, retouching and repairing paintings, and—we are sorry to say it—fabricating *Old Masters*. The Neapolitans have eyes for signs and traces like these in question as quick, sharp, and unerring as an Indian on a trail. No change or trace of any tampering has ever been seen by them. The vials are in identically the same inclined position from year to year—the same as represented in engravings a century or two centuries old. The soldering, in which the bottoms and tops are immersed, is hard, old, black, through age, and evidently untouched. The outer case shows no sign of any opening by which a side can be unscrewed or lifted out, so as to allow the vials themselves to be touched. Probably, when originally made, five hundred and fifty or seven hundred years ago, this could have been done. But the screw or the joint has long since rusted, and the whole thing is now one mass of dingy and rusted silver, holding two glass plates.

In the year 1649, Cardinal Ascanio Filomarini was Archbishop of Naples, a man of great culture and taste and of ample private fortune, and much given to the adornment of the churches of his diocese.

The new *Tesoro* had just been completed, and was shining in all the brilliant splendor of newness. The cardinal thought that the reliquary to contain the vials of the blood, for which the *Tesoro* had been built, ought to correspond, as the bust did, with the grandeur of the chapel itself. This the dingy old silver reliquary, in which they had been kept for so many centuries, did not do. He determined to replace it by another of gold, of excellent workmanship, and adorned with rich jewels. He had one made “regardless of expense,” and, when all was ready, on September 1, 1649, he came into the *Tesoro* with some of his clergy and the delegates from the city, and with public notaries, that proper legal record might be made of everything, and with chosen goldsmiths. Are not the names of them all duly recorded? The *Armoire* was opened, the reliquary was taken to the adjoining sacristy; and

there, for several hours, in presence of his eminence and his clergy, and the honorable delegates, “and of us, the undersigned notaries,” the goldsmiths tried and essayed to open the reliquary. They failed and gave it up. They could break the reliquary, if so directed; but they could not open it. Accordingly, the reliquary was locked up again as it had been taken out. The cardinal was a persevering man. He got other goldsmiths, and came a second time, on the 8th of September, with clergy, delegates, and notaries. For two hours again these goldsmiths tried to open the reliquary, and failed, as the first had done. They could break it, if required; but how could they open a case where all their trying could find neither joint nor screw? Again the reliquary was replaced in the *Armoire*. The cardinal’s heart was set on using his new grand reliquary on the festival near at hand, the 19th of September. He thought over the matter, again summoned the delegates and the notaries, and on the 16th came, a third time, with his clergy and yet other goldsmiths. A third prolonged trial was made with the same ill-success. The reliquary might be broken, if they wished; it could not be opened. To break it was not to be thought of; that might endanger the precious vials within. So, the old silver reliquary was put up again, that evening, and his eminence was forced to use it on the festival of the 19th for the exposition that year. It has been used ever since. And now, two hundred and twenty-two years later, it was again brought out on the 19th of September in this present year, 1871. The cardinal, it is to be presumed, devoted his rich reliquary to some other pious purpose.

But if his eminence had lived to the age of the olden patriarchs, and had retained it in his possession, he might have at last found a more favorable opportunity for again trying to change that reliquary. On the afternoon of Tuesday, May 5, 1762, one of the glass plates, by dint, of course, of being rubbed for so many hundred years by white handkerchiefs, became somewhat loose in its groove or socket, and threatened to fall inward, endangering the precious vials. Accordingly, early next morning, an hour and a half before the time for the regular exposition (for it was in the May octave), the archbishop of that day, Cardinal Sersale, came with clergy, city delegates, notaries-public, and goldsmiths. The reliquary was taken out of the *Armoire*, and the glass was fixed again firmly in its place, and the reliquary was returned to its *Armoire*, before the hour for the public exposition. It does not appear, from the very succinct account we have of the occurrence, whether or not, during the work, the vials or ampullæ were taken out of the reliquary, within which they are held in their places by the old soldering. Nothing is said of this having been done, nor of the soldering being touched and then repaired when they were put back in their places. On the whole, considering the nature of the repair to be done, and that it was done in a few moments at the door of the *Armoire*, back of the altar, we are inclined to think that they did not find it necessary to move them, and that they were accordingly left untouched in their places.

These are the only occasions on which the diaries say anything bearing on the feasibility of opening this reliquary, or of its being repaired. In the archives of the cathedral, another incident is mentioned, of an ancient date. In the year 1507, nearly a century and a half before the building of the new *Tesoro*, the relics were kept in the old *Tesoro* or strong room of the cathedral, a strong vaulted chamber of stone, in the second story of the tower, which rises at the northeast corner of the church. That *Tesoro* was then approached by a winding stairway. A very aged canon was bringing down the reliquary from the *Tesoro* to the church for an exposition. At the very first step, he tripped and fell; and the reliquary rolled down, from step to step, to the very bottom. All present feared it was broken, and gave thanks when it was taken up and found to be perfectly uninjured. Yet the alarm had been great; and Maria Toleta, “the pious wife of the viceroy,” who was present at the time and shared in the alarm, had the winding stairway taken down at her own expense, and replaced by another one, straight, broad, and easy, which is in use to this day.

We may take these facts as fair evidence that the reliquary is strong, and not very easily opened, and that they who know all about it do not believe that it is or can be regularly opened.

The same conclusion is also forced on us by considerations of an entirely different character. We have already drawn attention to the fact that, whatever the level at which the blood stands when the reliquary is locked up at night, at the close of one exposition—whether *at its ordinary level*, or *somewhat increased*, or *very much increased*, or *full*—it is invariably found at the same level when taken out the next time for the ensuing exposition, whether that time be next morning or after the lapse of months. The level is one of the points specially noticed and recorded. A variation would necessarily be detected. Yet, if on each one or on very many of the four thousand occasions we have spoken of, the old contents had been privately taken out between the expositions, and a fresh supply put in, would there not have been, not unfrequently, some appreciable inequality of level?

Again, sometimes the blood was *hard* when put up. How could a hard substance be extracted from a narrow-necked vial of glass without breaking it? According to our tables, on three different occasions the blood, after its usual liquefactions and changes in September, *filled* the ampulla, and was so locked up at the end of the novena. It was found *full* and *hard* in December following, and, not liquefying at all, was again locked up in the same condition. It was found in precisely the same state when the reliquary was again taken out in the May following. Here, on three occasions, the contents of the vial, solid and completely filling it, must have remained unextracted from September to May, seven months. Yet in the May octaves that followed, the liquefactions went on as usual. No freshly

inserted compound was necessary for the liquefaction. The same reasoning applies in a measure to the numerous cases in which such a fulness went over, four months and a half, from May to September, or nearly three months, from September to December.

Again, in quite a number of instances, as the same tables show, the condition of the blood, when locked up, is noted as *liquid with a floating hard lump*, as was the case on the 16th of December, 1870. When it was taken out, the next day, or after several months, though often found entirely hardened, yet not unfrequently—as on the 6th of May, 1871—it was found in precisely the same state in which it had been put up: *liquid with a floating hard lump*. In all these cases, the condition of the contents of the ampulla is a new and insuperable objection to the supposition that a newly prepared amount of matter had been inserted for the subsequent liquefactions. Did other circumstances allow it, we might conceive a liquid to be poured out of the ampulla, and a fresh liquid to be poured in. But how is the solid hard lump, that would not liquefy, to be got out? And if got out, how is another hard lump to be put in to replace it? Are the constituents of this new hard lump poured into the ampulla separately, as liquids or powders that can pass through the neck? Then their character must be such that, instead of uniting with the liquid already there, or the constituents of the liquid portion, they will, on the contrary, combine apart to form the hard mass. But if so antagonistic to the liquid portion, how is it that, when the lump does liquefy during the ensuing exposition, these constituents at once intimately unite with the liquid, the whole forming a homogeneous mass, which without the least indication of any antagonism between its component parts will henceforth solidify and liquefy as a single mass?

The more carefully the facts of the case are studied, the more imperatively do they exclude every hypothesis save the simple one which so many other facts corroborate, that no attempt has been made to change the contents of the ampulla. Every- thing about the ampulla excludes the idea that it is regularly tampered with privately between the expositions.

There is still another light in which we must view this charge of fraud. Ever since the opening of the new *Tesoro*, in 1646, there have been attached to that chapel twelve chaplains and a *custos*, with inferior attendants as needed. In the cathedral itself, at least from 1496, there have been twenty canons and beneficiaries, besides minor attendants. When the liquefaction takes place in the *Tesoro*, the reliquary is in the hands of the chaplains, who act in turn, or relieve each other as convenient. When it occurs in the procession or in the cathedral, or in some other church, the reliquary is in the charge of the canons, who similarly relieve each other. Hence, canons and chaplains, all alike, must be cognizant of the fraud, if any there be, and must participate in it. Add to these the archbishops and their vicars-general in Naples since 1496. Add also those clergymen who, having been canons or chaplains, have passed to other dignities, or have retired from their office, but must of course still retain the knowledge of this fraud, if they once possessed it. We may say that there have been on an average, at all times, forty ecclesiastics, if not more, who had cognizance of the fraud, if there were any. The dignity of canon of the cathedral or chaplain of the *Tesoro* is ordinarily reached only after years of meritorious service in the lower grades of the ministry. Hence the canons and chaplains are usually men of mature and advanced age. We can scarcely give them more than fifteen years of average life. We have thus about a thousand clergymen since A.D. 1500, all charged with being cognizant of and participators in the fraud.

Now, what was the character of those men? Those among whom they lived, and who knew them, respected them as a body of men devoted to the service of God, pure and exemplary ecclesiastics, proved by years spent in the zealous works of the ministry. Some were men of honorable and noble families; others were men distinguished in the walks of literature and science; some had sacrificed all the world promised them, in order to spend their lives in the sanctuary. Some were revered in life, and remembered after death, as pre-eminently true servants of God, men of prayer, of strong faith, and of singularly pure and saintly lives. Of course, individuals here or there may indeed have been wicked or hypocritical. But this testimony of the people to their character must have been true of the great body.

Now, could such men have all united in this fraud? On their own principles and convictions, and according to the doctrines they taught and should themselves practise, there could scarcely be a more heinous sin against God and his holy religion, than to palm off a trick of crafty men as a miracle of God’s working. Could they bring themselves to it?

Is it possible that no one of them ever repented, even in the presence of death, and sought to save his soul, and to make reparation, by disclosing the fraud and arresting the evil? Could all have chosen to die impenitent, with the certainty of everlasting damnation before them, rather than reveal the blasphemous and, to them, henceforth useless trick? The thing is impossible.

Again, men, even though good and pious, may be garrulous. All men have their unguarded moments. How came it that the secret never leaked out from any one of them during all these years?

Again, among so many there must have been men wicked, avaricious, passionate, revengeful. How comes it that no one sought to make money by revealing the secret; that no one declared it through anger; that no one did so in retaliation when he was punished by his ecclesiastical superiors?

Nay, more, we fear that instances might be found in which, toward the close of the last century, some of them were carried away by the irreligious mania then prevailing, and became the companions of infidels, if not themselves infidels. And unless our memory is at fault, one or two yielded to the blandishments and the privileges of Protestantism. How comes it that, through such, the world has not learned how this antiquated trick is actually done? Obviously, they had no disclosure to make. This is the only possible answer. [Pg 543]

There is still more to be said on this point. The civil authorities of Naples are, and have been for two hundred and twenty-four years, joint custodians with the archbishop and clergy of the *Tesoro* chapel and of the relics of St. Januarius. They keep one set of the keys of the *Armoire*, or closet, which can never be opened save in the presence of one of their members, whom they send as a delegate, and whose sworn duty it is never to lose sight of the reliquary until it is placed in its closet, and he assists in duly locking it up. During these two hundred and twenty-four years, Naples has again and again changed masters. Austrians, Lombards, Spaniards, and French—Bourbon, Imperial, and Republican—have held, as the Piedmontese now hold, the city, which in fact has oftener been ruled by strangers than by Neapolitans. These rulers have been men of every character, from the best to the worst; often rough, ruthless soldiers, who brooked no opposition, and were ever ready with the sword; often keen, crafty civilians, ready to cajole, to bribe, and to deceive, and thoroughly practised to detect plots and ferret out hidden things; sometimes professed infidels and avowed enemies of all religion; oftener political enemies of the Neapolitan clergy, whose hearts, of course, were with their own oppressed people. How comes it that none of these rulers at any time have ever discovered and made known the fraud?

Can we suppose that those rulers, ill-disposed as they often were toward the clergy, could or would sacrifice their own interests, their policy, their jealousies, and their personal feeling, in order to co-operate in a fraud, the success of which would certainly be less agreeable, perhaps far less profitable, to them, than its failure and exposure?

Would not the French infidels, in 1799, have gladly put this stigma on the odious cause of Christianity?

And, in these present years, would not Ratazzi, Garibaldi, and their party gladly do it if they could? What a triumph it would be for them if they could strike this blow at "clericalism"—a blow far more effective than fining, imprisoning, or exiling bishops and priests and religious! They would glory in doing it if it were possible. What holds them back? There are no limits to their hatred or to their powers of calumny. They are ever denouncing the ignorance and the blind superstition of priests and people. But the very gist and copiousness of their invectives prove that they themselves know and feel that the priests and people are alike sincere. It is the depth and earnestness of that sincerity which excites their rage.

Brought face to face, in Naples, with this manifestation of the supernatural, the civil government, whatever the political circumstances and whatever the private character of individual members of it, have always seemed struck with awe, and have never failed in respect. Nay, more, they have ever claimed and exercised their privilege of sending their delegate to intervene in the exposition.

And so, after all, on the 19th of this last September, as in times past, they did send a delegate, with his scarlet embroidered bag, and the two antique keys chained together; and the doors of the *Armoire* were opened; and the relics were reverently taken out and carried to the altar; and the blood was seen to be *hard*; and the clergy and the crowd prayed and waited for the miracle; "and, after eight minutes of prayer, the hard mass became entirely liquid."

[Pg 544] There is an anecdote current in the world on this subject which we have heard cited as peremptory against much of what we have just said. The anecdote, in passing from mouth to mouth, has become so vague and so full of variations that we would scarcely know how to present it, had we not found a precise and *quasi* authoritative form of it in the columns of the *Coryphæus* of French infidelity, the *Siècle* of Paris of the date of October 11, 1856:

> "The history of Championnet did some damage to the miracle of St. Januarius in the minds of a great many. In 1799, the French army was in Naples, where it had been well received at first.... On the 6th of May, the crowd filled the chapel of the cathedral.... For more than half an hour the priest had been turning backward and foward, on his hands, the round silver lantern with two faces of glass within which is preserved the precious blood in a small vial. The little reddish mass would not quit its state of solidity.... The exasperated populace commenced to attribute the stubbornness of San Gennaro to the presence of the French. There was danger of a tumult, when an aid hastened to notify General Championnet of the suspicious conduct of the saint. In a few moments the aid returned, approached the priest politely, and said a few words in his ear. What he did say is not precisely known, but he had scarcely said it when the blood at once liquefied, to the great joy of the people, who at last had their miracle."

Alexandre Dumas, in one of his novels, narrates the same story much more dramatically. According to him, "General Championnet saw that it was important for his safety and the safety of the army that the miracle should not fail that year; and he made up his mind that, one way or another, it should positively occur." The first Sunday of May was near at hand. On the vigil (May 4, 1799), the procession marched, but between files of French grenadiers.

That night the city was patrolled by French and Italian soldiers jointly. All day Sunday the miracle was patiently waited for; but in vain. Six in the afternoon came—Championnet, with his staff, was in his elevated *loggia* or gallery. The people began at length to lose patience and to vociferate angrily. At 7 P.M. they were brandishing knives and threatening the general, who pretended not to understand or heed them. At 8 P.M. the streets around were filled with other crowds equally threatening. "The grenadiers waited on a signal from the general to charge bayonets. The general continued unmoved." At half-past eight, as the tumult was still increasing, "the general bent over and whispered something to an aid-de-camp." The aid left the stand, and passed up to the altar and knelt in the front rank, and waited. In five minutes the canon, bearing the reliquary, came round to him in his turn. He kissed the reliquary as others did; but, while doing so, grasped the priest's hand in his.

> "'Father, a word with you.'
>
> "'What is it?' asked the priest.
>
> "'I must say to you, on the part of the general commanding, that if in ten minutes the miracle is not accomplished, in fifteen minutes your reverence shall be shot.'
>
> "The canon let the reliquary fall from his hands. Fortunately, the young officer caught it before it reached the ground, and gave it back with every mark of profound respect. Then he arose and returned to his place near the general.
>
> "'Well?' said the general.
>
> "'All right, general,' said the young officer. 'In ten minutes the miracle will take place.'
>
> "The aid-de-camp spoke the truth; nevertheless he made a mistake of five minutes; for at the end of five minutes only, the canon raised the reliquary aloft, exclaiming, *Il miracolo è fatto*. The blood was completely liquefied."

We suppose we may take these as the best versions of the same story. The other French and late English versions we have met of it, however they may vary in minor details, all agree as to the person—General Championnet, and as to the year, 1799. So far as we can judge, the *Siècle* and the other writers got their facts from the novelist. It is their way. When they attack religion, all manner of weapons are acceptable. Where the novelist got it we need scarcely inquire. Certainly, on a pinch, he was capable of inventing it out of the whole cloth. But we can only credit him with twisting and reversing an older story. In a work entitled *Naples and Campagna Felice*, printed in London in 1815, there is an earlier account of "the very recent experiment of General Championnet."

> "When this *Champion* of liberty entered Naples with his unhosed *enfans de la patrie*, his curiosity, or rather his infidelity, prompted him to direct the priests forthwith to perform the ceremony before him and his companions, the philosophic worshippers of the Goddess of Reason.... 'The miracle must be exhibited this instant, or I'll smash your vials and all your nonsense into a thousand pieces.'... Every devout effort of the priests proved vain; even the general's active assistance and repeated trials to give fluidity to the indurated blood, by means of natural and artificial heat, were equally unsuccessful."

This want of success, according to, the teller of the story, was due to the fact that the relatives of St. Januarius were not present. The general sent soldiers to arrest them, and had them brought into the church.

> "A second experiment was now instituted in due form: which, to the utter amazement of the French part of the congregation, and to the inward delight of all the pious Neapolitans, succeeded almost instantaneously."

Were it not for the identity of names and place, we could scarcely recognize this earlier English version, with its characteristic contempt of French philosophers and *enfans de la patrie*, and its result of the experiment so satisfactory to the Neapolitans, as in reality the original form of the story, which Dumas, and after him many others, have dressed up and presented to the world with such different details, and with a result exactly opposite.

But a regard for truth obliges us to reject this earlier form, no less than those which followed, as, all of them, pure fictions. The evidence is clear and to the point.

I. On May 4,1799, General Championnet was not in Naples. He had entered that city with his army on the 28th of January preceding, and had established "The Parthenopean Republic"; but he had been relieved of his command before May; possibly on account of ill health, for he died at Antibes a few months later. His successor in the command at Naples was General, afterwards Marshal Macdonald.

II. The diary of the *Tesoro* chapel, and the archiepiscopal diary, in their accounts of the exposition on Saturday, May 4, 1799, both mention the presence of General Macdonald with his officers.

III. According to the same authorities, the liquefaction, so far from being long delayed, that day took place quite soon—after a lapse of only ten minutes.

IV. They indicate the very respectful demeanor of the French general, and his expressions of reverence; expressions which, by the way, he confirmed afterwards by presenting to the *Tesoro* chapel a beautiful silk mitre, rich in gold work and jewels, which is still shown in the

sacristy.

V. Finally, to clinch the whole matter, we quote the following extract from a contemporary letter, published at the time in the official organ at Paris—the *Moniteur*, No. 259, of date 19 Prairial, Year VII. (June 10, 1799).

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> "Naples, 21 Floréal (May 13).—The festival of St. Januarius has just been celebrated with the customary solemnity. General Macdonald (successor to Championnet), Commissary Abrial, and all the staff, witnessed the renowned miracle. As it took place somewhat sooner than usual, the people think better of us Frenchmen, and do not look on us any more as atheists."

The writer little thought what a dramatic story a novelist's imagination would conjure up, and some credulous people would believe, instead of the simple matter-of-fact statement he gave *en passant* of the solemnity he had just witnessed. A more complete refutation of the whole story could not be desired than that afforded by the words and tone of this letter.

We have been diffuse on the charge of fraud. But when we consider the persistence with which it is made, and the variety of forms in which it is presented; and that, after all, for most minds, the alternative is between a suspicion of fraud, on one side, and the recognition of the miraculous character of the liquefaction, on the other—it was proper to treat this charge at length and in all its aspects.

We have seen that the publicity of everything about the exposition peremptorily forbids every form of legerdemain during the ceremony. Equally inadmissible is the supposition of some chemical compound prepared beforehand. For no chemical compound which man can prepare will liquefy, as this does, independently of heat, and under such diverse circumstances, or will present the many varying phases which are here seen. The most artistic attempts have utterly failed, and must ever fail. For they are all subject to the laws of nature; while, in this liquefaction, the laws of nature are clearly set aside.

Again, all testimony goes to show that the ampulla is not opened from time to time to receive any chemical preparation.

Moreover, if there were any fraud, it would have been known to nearly a thousand clergymen, and no one can say to how many laymen. Yet pious men were never heard to denounce it; repentant men never disclosed it; high-minded and honorable men never repudiated it in scorn, vile and mercenary men were never moved by anger, revenge, desire of pecuniary gain, or other potent motives, to betray it. Even political enmities and fierce party strife, so prone to indulge in charges of fraud, have failed in Naples to stigmatize this as a fraud. Evidently, there was no fraud known or suspected there. In fine, were there a fraud, this universal silence would be a greater miracle than the liquefaction itself.

It has been asked, sometimes jeeringly, perhaps sometimes seriously, if the Neapolitans are in such perfect faith and so sure of the character of the substance which liquefies in the ampulla, why are they unwilling to submit that substance to the test of chemical analysis? Is not their omission, nay, their unwillingness to do this, a confession on their part of the weakness of their cause?

To one who knows them, or who even reflects for a moment on the subject, the answer is obvious. It is their perfect good faith itself, and their consequent veneration for what they look on as sacred and specially blessed of God, and not any fear or doubt, that would make them rise in indignation against what, in their eyes, would be a profane and unwarrantable desecration.

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There are limits, they would protest, to the intrusive and irreverent meddling of men under pretexts of science. Are there not many points in pathology and physiology on which further knowledge is very desirable—a knowledge which some think can be reached best and most surely, if not only, by vivisection, especially of human subjects, whether in normal health or presenting peculiar developments? Shall we, therefore, in the interests of science, pick out such cases in a community, and deliver them over to be cut up alive, and their still living bodies to be explored by these science-seeking experimenters? Knowledge is good and profitable, undoubtedly; but human life is sacred, and must be preserved intact, even though these men remain in the dark on various obscure points.

So, too, holding as they do that the ampulla contains a portion of the veritable blood of St. Januarius, preserved by miracle of divine Providence, and miraculously liquefied on his feasts, the Neapolitans would shrink in horror from the sacrilegious profanity of delivering it over to the retorts and crucibles, and mortars and solutions, of a chemical laboratory.

Chemical experiments, they would say, are very respectable and very admirable in their place; but there are things too precious and too sacred to be submitted to them. In refusing to do so, the Neapolitans do not confess a sense of the weakness of their own cause. They rather manifest their sincere veneration for what they believe God has specially honored.

As for the plea that this test would solve the question, the Neapolitans would reply that for some minds nothing is ever solved. If men wish really to know the truth, let them examine the evidences which were appealed to before modern chemistry was invented. Those evidences still exist, and are ample and irrefragable. "They have Moses and the prophets; if they will not hear them, neither will they believe, though one rose from the dead."

One other objection remains: does God act uselessly? And of what possible use is this miracle? What is the benefit of wonderfully preserving from utter destruction, through so many centuries, a small portion of blood, and of causing it to soften or liquefy fifteen or twenty times a year, when brought, even if reverently, close to the head of the martyr from whose veins it flowed? What good does this do? Is it not so trifling and insignificant a thing as to be almost ridiculous, and entirely unworthy of the majesty of God?

Who shall presume to say that it is unworthy of God—of that God without whose knowledge and permission not a hair can fall from our heads—of that Saviour who mixed clay with the spittle of his mouth, and therewith touched the eyes of the blind man, that sight might be restored to them? It is not for us to decide what is becoming or unbecoming for God to do.

Who shall say that it is useless? Has not the faith of a simple-minded people been confirmed and strengthened by it, to such a degree that the truths of divine revelation and the obligations of man before God are to them verities as strong, as clear, and as real in their daily life as is the sunlight that beams down on their fair land? How many sinners have been led, through it, to repentance and amendment of life? How often have the indifferent been stirred up to avoid evil and to do good, and the good animated to greater fervor and earnestness in deeds of piety and virtue? And, after all, are not these the grand purposes of all God's dealings with men?

Nor is this miracle—for such we call it, although the church has never spoken authoritatively on the point—alien from doctrine. Wrought in honor of a sainted and martyred bishop, it is a perpetual testimony to the truth of the doctrines he preached, and of the church which glories in him as one of her exemplary and venerated ministers; it is a confirmation of the homage and veneration she pays to him because he chose rather to sacrifice his life than to deny the Saviour who had redeemed and illumined him. Wrought within her fold, it is a permanent evidence that she is in fact and in spirit the same now as in the early days of persecution—the ever true and faithful church of Christ.

It is a confirmation, likewise, of the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead—that special doctrine which the apostles put forth so prominently in the beginning of their preaching; which was ever present to the minds of the early Christians, cheering and strengthening them when this world was dark around them; which formed the frequent theme of their pastoral instructions and their mutual exhortations, and became the prevailing subject of their household and their sacred ornamentation in their homes and in their oratories, and over their tombs in the catacombs; which gave a special tone to their faith, their hope, and their charity and love of God, and was, as it were, the very lifeblood of their Christianity.

Nowadays, outside the church, how faint, comparatively, has belief in this doctrine become, or, rather, has it not died out almost completely from the thoughts and the hearts of men? Within the church, the solemn rites of Christian sepulture, burying the dead in consecrated ground, tells us of it. The preservation and the veneration of the relics of saints and martyrs teach it still more strongly. Does not tangible evidence, as it were, come to it anew from heaven by this constant and perpetual miracle, showing that the bodies of the sainted dead are in the custody of him who made them, and who has promised that he will raise them up again in glory?

Finally, this miracle seems to us especially adapted to our own age, when over-much knowledge is making men mad. Men are so lifted up by their progress, especially in natural sciences, that they have come to feel that they can dispense with God and substitute NATURE in his stead, with her multifarious and unchangeable laws. They boast that, under the light of their newly-acquired knowledge, everything is already, or will soon be, susceptible of natural explanation. As for miracles—direct interventions of God in the affairs of the world, reversing or suspending, in special cases, these ordinary laws of nature—they scout the idea. All past accounts of miracles, no matter when or by whom recorded, they hold to be either accounts of natural events warped and distorted by excited and unrestrained imaginations, or else the pure fictions of superstition and credulity. They are sure that, in the first case, had there been present witnesses of sufficient knowledge and caution—such knowledge and caution as they possess—the accounts of those events would have come down to us in a far simpler garb, and unclothed with this miraculous robing. They are equally sure that, in the other case, education, especially in the physical sciences, would have forbidden the creation of those numberless fictions.

Well, here, in the light of this nineteenth century, in one of the most polished, most delightful, and most accessible cities of Italy—centuries ago the largest, and even now the fourth largest, in Europe—there occurs an event to which their attention is invited. It is not an event of which a few only can be witnesses, and which all others must learn on their testimony. It occurs in public. It occurs fifteen or twenty times each year, and year after year. All may scrutinize it again and again, as often and as closely as they please. No mystery is made of anything about it. We admit it has come down to us from the middle ages, dark, ignorant, and superstitious as they are alleged to have been. But then, if it belongs to the past, it occurs still, and belongs equally to this nineteenth century. Moreover, it comes directly in contact with those physical sciences in which they think themselves strongest, and it should, therefore, interest them, and claim their attention.

Will they accept the invitation? We think very few will heed it.

Many would not dare to believe in a miracle nowadays, not even if it happened to themselves. They take their ground beforehand. Since miracles are impossible, any special one must of necessity be false—either a fraud or a delusion. They know from the beginning what the result of inquiring into this one must be—why give themselves unnecessary trouble? Such minds choose their own side, and implicitly choose the consequences that follow.

Others pretend to examine, but do it with a resolute and unshakable predetermination that this must *not* be found out to be a miracle. They foster a prejudice which may blind their eyes to the light; and they, too, make themselves equally responsible for their conclusion and its consequences.

But if any one—Catholic, Protestant, or Rationalist—will examine it seriously and candidly, no matter how closely and patiently—nay, the more closely and patiently, the more surely—he will come to the same inevitable conclusion to which such an examination has heretofore led so many other candid and intelligent inquirers: *Digitus Dei est hic*: The Finger of God is here.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF HISTORY.

If the ghost of Tacitus could return from the Acherontic shades, learn the English language, and spend a few weeks in reading the most popular modern works in that branch of letters of which he was in his day the conspicuous ornament, he would rend his toga in despair, and mourn over the ruin of one of the noblest of the sciences. The "dignity of history" was not an unmeaning phrase when kings, consuls, and military commanders moved with stately pace through the polished pages, and uttered the most heroic of sentiments in the most formal of addresses. Ancient authors would have deemed it the grossest indecency to quote familiar language from the lips of any historical character, or to let the world imagine that men who concerned themselves with the destinies of states, behaved even in moments of relaxation like the men who buy and sell in the shops, and confine their cares to commonplace domestic matters. And yet what could be more absurd than to suppose that generals addressed their armies amid the heat of battle in a speech regularly compounded of exordium, argument, exhortation, and peroration; or that great men wore the grand manner to bed with them, and put on civic crowns before they washed their faces in the morning? It is not so very many years since Cato used to be represented on the English stage in a powdered wig and a dress-sword, which was not more incongruous than the spectacle presented by all the old statesmen and fighting characters of antiquity, mouthing orations, and posing themselves in the best of the classical histories. Perhaps it was something to be thankful for that, in the eclipse of learning during the disturbed middle ages, the art of writing history after the heroic manner was lost. The chroniclers of feudal times devoted infinite pains to the reeord of facts—as well as the record of many things that were not facts—but knew little of the graces of literary composition, and cared nothing for the dignity of history. They stripped off the heavy robes, and showed us the deformed and clumsy figures underneath. Lacking literary culture and the fine art of discrimination, they left us only the bare materials of history instead of the historical structure itself. Industrious but injudicious collectors, they were sometimes amusingly garrulous, sometimes provokingly uninteresting; but their labors were invaluable, and modern scholars owe them a debt which can never be repaid. It is only within a hundred years that English writers have tried to combine the merits of the ancient and the mediæval schools, discarding the cumbrous and delusive garments in which Herodotus and Livy used to wrap up the Muse Clio, and draping the bare skeletons of the annalists with comely mantles. There was a portentous dulness in most of the earlier essays in the reviving art, scarcely interrupted until Hume embodied his sceptical philosophy in a history of England, and the infidel Gibbon threw a lurid splendor over the chronicles of the declining empire. Both these eminent writers brought to their work an elegance of style worthy of the classical period, and a vigor of thought so different from the unreflecting industry of their plodding predecessors, that the falsehood underlying their narrative was not readily perceived, or was too easily pardoned. Boldness of theory, and in Gibbon a sardonic wit, added interest to the charms of the well-told story. But Hume and Gibbon, as well as many of their less distinguished contemporaries, labored under a radically wrong theory. They accommodated historical narrative to the illustration of preconceived principles, instead of deducing the principles from the facts; and left us, consequently, volumes of sophistical argument, rather than chronicles of actual occurrences and pictures of actual society.

It was not until Macaulay arose in England, and Prescott in the United States, that the modern school of historical writing was fairly developed. Macaulay explained his own theory when he said that "a perfect historian must possess an imagination sufficiently powerful to make his narrative affecting and picturesque, yet must control it so absolutely as to content himself with the materials which he finds, and to refrain from supplying deficiencies by additions of his own." William H. Prescott, though he sometimes trusted authorities who did not deserve his confidence, and was swayed by religious prejudice and an inability to comprehend the spirit of Catholic faith, came nearer to the perfection of Macaulay's ideal than any previous writer. His imagination adorned the romantic tales of conquest and adventure in the New World with a splendor till then unknown; yet no one could charge that he had been led away by the temptations of a too luxuriant fancy, or had heightened the effect of his narrative by a single touch unauthorized in the musty chronicles from which he drew his material. Prescott's earlier histories are stories in which the actors stand forth with as much distinctness, and incidents follow one another with as much rapidity and as close connection, as in a well-constructed novel. In his unfinished *Philip II.*, he entered upon a wider field, which required a different treatment. It was no longer sufficient to tell a story well; he had to paint the manners of an age, the life and character of a nation, and to unravel the network of intrigue which constitutes the political history of Europe during a long and stirring period of time. That he did this, so far as his labors extended, with consummate art, no American reader needs to be told. But the system which he pursued was carried to a greater length by Macaulay—the best type, upon the whole, of the new school of historians of whom we purposed speaking in this article. Macaulay assumed that history ought to show us not merely the revolutions of dynasties, the clash of armies, and the intrigues of cabinets, but the daily life and conversation of all ranks of the people, from the prince to the peasant. It ought to teach us their habits of thought and their mode of speech. It ought to open for us their private homes, their workshops, and their churches. It ought to depict national habits and character, or it could not explain national tendencies and aspirations. To do this, it must pick up a multitude of little things which the older writers

thought beneath the dignity of history. It must invade the province of the poet and the novelist. Otherwise, he who would understand the reign of King James must read half of it in Hume and half in *The Fortunes of Nigel*.[116] Macaulay made many mistakes in the execution of this noble plan. He picked up too many things which were not so much undignified as untrustworthy. The sketches of society which he drew with such a masterly hand may have been true in their general effect; but he blundered in details. Besides, he was as hot a partisan as Hume, as inveterate a theorist as even the author of *The Decline and Fall*.

Whatever his mistakes and shortcomings, Macaulay rendered an invaluable service to literature by the impetus which his brilliant example gave to the new principles of historical composition. He may be said to have dealt the finishing blow to the old style, and shown us how a minute, faithful, and vivacious story ought to be set before the world—how the historian must draw his materials, not only from state-paper offices and formal chronicles, but from gossiping diaries, ballads, pamphlets, and all other sources in which are preserved traces of the condition of society and the domestic annals of the people. The period which he undertook to illustrate offered peculiar advantages for the development of his plan. It was a period when a great change was taking place in English customs and ways of thought. The revolution, which not only exchanged one dynasty for another, but metamorphosed the very system of English government, merely followed in the path of a remarkable intellectual and social transformation, without which the political reversal would have been impossible. The events of the reign of James II. could not be explained under the old plan of writing history on stilts. They were incomprehensible except by one who could mingle familiarly with the English people, and learn by what steps they had reached their new departure. Only one period in the history of England showed changes of equal importance. That was the period which witnessed England's apostasy from the Catholic faith; and it is the period which one of the latest and most brilliant of English historians has chosen for the subject of a work planned (if not executed) after Macaulay's model.

Mr. James Anthony Froude attempted to trace the development of the English nation, from the day of Henry's formal separation from the communion of the Holy See to the final establishment of Protestant ascendency at the death of Elizabeth. This is by no means the task he has accomplished, but it is the task he set himself at the beginning of his work. He purposed to show the processes by which a people, devotedly and even heroically faithful to the Roman See, became first schismatic and then heretical; how their character under the change of faith took on a new color; how the foundations of the English supremacy over Ireland and Scotland were laid in blood and crime; and how the maritime ascendency which has lasted three hundred years was established by the daring and enterprise of English sailors during the latter half of Elizabeth's reign. Never had historian a more tempting theme. If Mr. Froude had been a man of philosophical spirit, acute insight, industry, and literary honesty, he might have produced a work that for brilliancy would have rivalled Macaulay's, and for dramatic interest would have been almost unequalled in our language. There was no lack of material. Since Hume and Lingard—one the most misleading, the other the driest of modern English historians—had treated the same period, an immense store of records and official documents had become accessible to scholars. The British State-Paper Office abounded with historic wealth which the earlier writers did not know. The archives of Simancas disclosed secrets long unsuspected, and unravelled mysteries that had long baffled investigators. And from a thousand sources new light had been thrown upon the social condition of England, new illustrations given of the tendency of English thought, new explanations offered of the development of English strength and English character.

In his first volume, Mr. Froude seemed to appreciate the nature of his task, and to go about it with something of the proper spirit. He set before us a lifelike picture of England in the early part of Henry's reign, and displayed admirable art in reproducing the manners, the conversation, and the tendencies of the common people, as well as the superficial characteristics of the chief actors in the historical drama. But even in the first volume he showed the glaring faults which vitiated all his later labors, and, increasing as the work went on, made his history at last one of the worst that the present generation has produced. Fired with the zeal of a blind partisan, he forgot all his earlier purposes and all his earlier pictorial art in the enthusiasm of a fierce religious bigotry. It became his object to describe a conflict for the possession of England between the powers of darkness and the powers of light. On the one hand stood the Pope of Rome and his agents, Catharine of Aragon, Wolsey, Mary Tudor, Philip of Spain, and the Queen of Scots. On the other, arrayed beneath the banner of civil and religious liberty, fought those bright beings, Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn, and Queen Elizabeth. Naturally, when Elizabeth at last triumphed in the defeat of the Spanish Armada, Mr. Froude declared the battle over, and dropped his unfinished, ill-proportioned story. One qualification he certainly had. He shrank from no paradox. He carried his theory boldly over the most serious obstacles, and took even the nastiest fences in the life of Henry without an instant's hesitation. The most fervent Anglicans were amazed at Mr. Froude's admiration for the bluff, carnal-minded king, and wondered how he was to justify the new views of history which he set forth with such alluring boldness. It was not long before he taught them his method. "It often seems to me," says Mr. Froude, in one of his collected essays, "as if history was like a child's box of letters, with which we can spell any word we please." Of course, when the historian takes the liberty of leaving out facts which do not please him, disarranging sequences which conflict with his preconceived theories, and giving his own peculiar coloring to incidents without caring what coloring actually belongs to them, it is indeed easy enough to make history spell whatever he pleases.

At the very outset, Mr. Froude had an opportunity to try his skill in accommodating facts to theories. He began his story with Henry's project for a divorce; and his starting-point was the assumption that the king's scruples were thoroughly conscientious, and no thought was given to Anne while he believed himself legally married to Catharine. To maintain this, the historian resorted to his characteristic vices—suppression and misrepresentation. He concealed the origin of Henry's intercourse with Anne Boleyn, bringing her on the stage some years too late, with the air of one introducing a fresh arrival; and he grossly distorted the contemporary records from which he professed to quote. The king's distaste for Catharine, he says, had risen to its worst dimensions before he ever saw Anne Boleyn. He adds that her first appearance at court was in 1525—which is an error, for she came to the court in 1522; and yet it was not until 1527 that we find Henry agitating the question of a divorce. That Mistress Anne during these five years was otherwise employed than in fascinating his majesty, Mr. Froude apparently wishes us to infer from the story that she was engaged to Lord Percy, the eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland. Lord Percy, to quote our author's words, "was in the household of Cardinal Wolsey; and Cavendish, who was with him there, tells a long romantic story of the affair, which, if his account be true, was ultimately interrupted by Lord Northumberland himself." This, if Cavendish said it, would indeed afford a fair presumption that Anne was not at that time (the date is given by other authorities as 1524 or 1525) the object of the royal attentions. But Cavendish really says something very different. He declared that *the king sent for Lord Northumberland, and ordered him to interrupt the affair*. Mr. Froude could not help seeing this statement if he read Cavendish at all, and we do not understand how he is to be acquitted of gross and intentional misrepresentation in making his authority convey a meaning diametrically opposed to the one intended. After this, Mr. Froude goes on with the story of the divorce as if Anne had no existence, and she does not appear again upon the scene until the stage has been nearly cleared for her.

This is a fair specimen of literary dishonesty or recklessness from the first volume. Later instalments of the work, especially those devoted to the Queen of Scots, have been dissected by an able hand in the pages of this magazine. The series of papers in which Mr. James F. Meline examined in our columns Froude's account of Mary Stuart, have now been incorporated with much additional matter in a volume entitled *Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Latest English Historian*.[117] No more thorough scarification of a literary offender has been published within our recollection. Mr. Meline has traced the historian's authorities with admirable patience, disclosed his falsifications, his misconceptions, his suppressions, and his interpolations, and utterly demolished the case which Elizabeth's advocate made against the unfortunate Mary. It is common to meet with uneducated people who cannot tell a story correctly, or repeat the words of a conversation without grossly distorting their meaning. Partly from defects of memory, partly from an intellectual deficiency which prevents them from apprehending things exactly as they are, such persons invariably misreport what they have seen and heard. What such people are to society, Mr. Froude seems to be to history. The *Saturday Review* says that he has not "fully grasped the nature of inverted commas." If he quotes a state paper, he leaves out essential passages, and inserts statements which rest upon no authority but his own. He gives his conjectures as if they were recorded facts. He disingenuously combines unconnected facts so as to bear out his private conjectures.

These are serious charges to bring against a writer of history; but they are all proved by Mr. Meline's book. We do not purpose reviewing the whole story of the Queen of Scots, or reviving the endless controversy upon her innocence, so soon after the task has been performed in the pages of The Catholic World by the author of the savage little volume now before us. But we shall select and arrange from this record a few specimens of Mr. Froude's sins, that our readers may judge for themselves how little claim this latest English history has to an honorable place on their library shelves.

1. Mr. Froude begins early to prepare our minds for Mary's imputed profligacy. "She was brought up," he says, "amidst the political iniquities of the court of Catharine de Medicis." The fact is that Mary never was at the court of Catharine de Medicis at all. Catharine had no court, no influence, no position in history, until after Mary had left France. And, besides, Mary and Catharine cordially detested each other.

2. On the authority of Knox's *History of the Reformation*, he relates that Knox had labored to save the Earl of Murray from the dangerous fascinations of his sister Mary, "but Murray had only been angry at his interference, and 'they spake not familiarlie for more than a year and a half.'" But Knox gives an entirely different version of the quarrel. He writes that he had urged Murray to legalize by act of the parliament the confession of faith as the doctrine of the Church of Scotland, but Murray was more intent upon his private interests—"the erledom of Murray needed confirmation, and many things were to be ratified that concerned the help of friends and servants—and the matter fell so hote betwixt the Erie of Murray and John Knox, that familiarlie after that time they spack nott together more than a year and a half." There is nothing about Mary's influence over her brother; the influence was all on the other side.

3. Mr. Froude assumes to quote from a dispatch of Randolph's to Cecil a description of Mary's luxurious habits. "Without illness or imagination of it, she would lounge for days in bed, rising only at night for dancing or music; and there she reclined with some light

delicate French robe carelessly draped about her, surrounded by her ladies, her council, and her courtiers, receiving ambassadors and transacting business of state. It was in this condition that Randolph found her.” (*Randolph to Cecil*, Sept. 4, 1563.) There is no such description in the dispatch. On the contrary, Mary is represented at this period, both by Randolph and by other authorities, as industrious, active, energetic, and capable, but at the same time in bad health.

4. Mr. Froude thus travesties Randolph’s account of the return of Bothwell (1565): “Suddenly, unlooked for and uninvited, the evil spirit of the storm, the Earl of Bothwell, reappeared at Mary’s court. She disclaimed all share in his return; he was still attainted; yet there he stood—none daring to lift a hand against him—proud, insolent, and dangerous.” And he adds that “the Earl of Murray, at the expense of forfeiting the last remains of his influence over his sister, summoned Bothwell to answer at Edinburgh a charge of high treason.” What Randolph really says is this: “The Queen misliketh Bothwell’s coming home, and has summoned him to undergo the law or be proclaimed a rebel.” It was the Queen therefore, and not Murray, who “summoned him to answer.” Moreover, Bothwell did not appear at court, but sought refuge among his vassals in Liddesdale.

5. Mr. Froude speaks of Lennox having “gathered about him a knot of wild and desperate youths—Cassilis, Eglinton, Montgomery, and Bothwell.” If he had read his authority (Randolph) with decent care, he would have seen that these were not the friends of Lennox, but, on the contrary, the strongest dependence of Murray and Argyle *against* Lennox. Moreover, Eglinton and Montgomery are one and the same person.

6. A blunder which has already excited some discussion is Mr Froude’s statement, on the authority of a letter from Randolph to Cecil, October 5, 1565, that Mary, “deaf to advice as she had been to menace,” said she would have no peace till she had Murray’s or Chatelherault’s head.” There is no such letter. It appears, however, from a letter of Randolph’s, dated October 4, that Mary was “not only uncertain as to what she should do, but inclined to clement measures, and so undecided as to hope that matters could be arranged.” The document to which Mr. Froude refers is a letter from the Earl of Bedford, who was not at Mary’s court, but at Alnwick, on the English side of the border, and who consequently had no such opportunities as Randolph for knowing the temper of the Scottish Queen. But even Bedford does not say what Mr. Froude reports. The earl merely relates the substance of information brought back from the rebel camp by one of his officers. According to this man, Murray and the other rebel lords are dissatisfied with the little that England is doing to help them, and *they* say, “There is no talk of peace with that Queen, but that she will first have a head of the duke or of the Earl of Murray.”

7. One instance of Mr. Froude’s incorrigible propensity to blunder in that peculiar manner which is vulgarly called “going off at half-cock,” deserves to be mentioned, not for its importance, but because it is amusing. He describes Mary on a furious night-ride of “twenty miles in two hours,” at the end of which she wrote “with her own hand” a letter to Elizabeth, “fierce, dauntless, and haughty,” “the strokes thick, and slightly uneven from excitement, but strong, firm, and without sign of trembling.” It is a pity to spoil such a picturesque passage; but the very letter which Mr. Froude seems to have examined with such care contains the Queen’s apology for *not* writing it with her own hand, because she was “so tired and ill at ease,” and mentions, moreover, that the twenty-miles ride occupied five hours, not two.

8. In his account of the murder of Darnley, Mr. Froude pursues a singularly devious course, through which his reviewer follows him with inimitable pertinacity. The historian accepts without reserve the most notoriously untrustworthy authorities, distorts evidence, throws in a multitude of artful suggestions, and suppresses in a manner that is downright dishonest every circumstance that tells in Mary’s favor. We have no space to recapitulate here the numberless blunders and perversions of which he is convicted by Mr. Meline; but some of them are too ludicrous to be passed over. For instance, Mr. Froude finds it suspicious that Mary should have “preferred to believe” that she herself was the object of the lords’ conspiracy, though a dispatch from Paris had conveyed “a message to her from Catharine de Medicis that *her husband’s life was in danger*.” The message was not from Catharine de Medicis, but from the Spanish ambassador in France, and wanted her to “take heed to herself,” for there was “some notable enterprise in hand against her.” Not a word is said of her husband.

9. It is again mentioned, as confirmation of her guilt, that “she sent for none of the absent noblemen to protect her,” and that “Murray was within reach, but she did not seem to desire his presence.” Now, Mr. Froude’s own authorities show that Mary *did* send for many of the absent noblemen, and in particular that she twice sent for Murray, who would not come.

10. When Elizabeth sent Killigrew to Scotland to inquire into the circumstances of the murder, *Murray* (as Killigrew himself relates) entertained the English ambassador at dinner, and invited to meet him Huntly, Argyle, Bothwell, and Maitland—all of them among the murderers of Darnley. This was strong circumstantial evidence of Murray’s guilt. Mr. Froude accordingly (referring to Killigrew as his authority) suppresses all mention of Murray, who gave the dinner and presided at it, and states that Killigrew “was entertained at dinner by the clique who had attended her [Mary] to Seton”—thus implying that Mary, instead of Murray, was in league with Bothwell and the others to prevent his getting at the truth. The

whole substance of Killigrew’s letter is most outrageously misrepresented. Mr. Meline gives the original and the false version side by side.

But we must pause. We cannot follow Mr. Meline in his admirable discussion of the authenticity of the famous casket letters, or his exposure of the extraordinary misstatements with which Mr. Froude has loaded this portion of his book. With the question of the innocence of the Queen of Scots, we are not now concerned. Our business is rather with the innocence of the Queen of Scots’ most notorious modern accuser. And whatever may be thought of the honesty of Mr. Froude’s motives, whether we decide that he blunders through sheer incapacity, or lies with malice aforethought, we believe candid students will admit that his reputation as a historical writer has been utterly ruined, and that his work will be remembered hereafter as a disastrous literary failure.

[116] See Macaulay’s *Essay on History*.

[117] *Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Latest English Historian.* By James F. Meline. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

VENITE ADOREMUS.

It comes to us, as a messenger of peace and love, a memory of home, a voice of the past, with the echo of unforgotten joys, and the *refrain* of ever-silent sorrows; with the sacred thoughts of that most touching feast, Christmas, of that most tender mystery, the Infant-God; with the human thoughts of friends gone from us and loved ones far away—*Venite adoremus*!

It conjures up pictures before us of a happy, ignorant childhood, peaceful as a meadow-brook—a young life passed amid smiling hills, and fruitful vales, and woods where the honeysuckle twines round the old gnarled hawthorns, and the oak spreads its green, trembling tent over carpets of wild hyacinths. There, before the mind's eye, rises the vision of a house, gray and picturesque, a broad, lovely terrace, and oriel windows looking down and beyond it into a sloping orchard. At the back, leaning on the grassy bank, dotted by firs and elms, lilacs and guelder-rose, and fragrant syringa and gold-blooming laburnum, stands a gaunt old tower, clad in dark purple-berried ivy—a ghost tower, the haunt of mystery, overshadowing the little cloister and the tall, gray roof of the chapel. But it is winter, and I have been forgetting that the *Venite adoremus* is a snow-flower of devotion, a "Christmas rose," not a red June rose, regal in its dusky, velvety mantle of richest, warmest color; for now we hear the chant of the holy Christmas song, and the tapers are lighted on the stone-carved altar, where, on each side of the niched reredos, white angels kneel with their eternal torches, ever still, ever adoring, like some heavenly exile bound to earth's temples by a divine spell, of which art holds the key. Above, the Annunciation is blazoned forth on the pictured window; but you cannot see it now, the night blots out its fairness. Angels, again, on the frescoed wall, bear scrolls, whose silent voices chant a ceaseless *Gloria* to the Babe in the tabernacle—*Laudamus te*, *Benedicimus te*, *Adoramus te*, *Glorificamus te*—and the rest of the narrow chapel is dark and voiceless, save where a taper glimmers on the desk of the little, humble harmonium, round which stand reverentially the few singers, whose only guerdon is the smile of the unseen but not unfelt God. Dark and dusky red are the hangings that tapestry the wall, bearing over their surface thick growths of the white fleur-de-lis; while above the simple benches of stained wood, at the back, rises a long, dark gallery. It was there I heard the first Midnight Mass I ever heard in my life.

Venite adoremus! It brings back visions of a mother's patient, doting love; of a gathering of friends; of pleasant, hushed talk of ghosts and spectres; of long, dark corridors, where the wind moaned like a soul in pain; of oriel windows, many-paned, through which came the distant sound of young owls hooting mournfully in the snow-covered plantations.

How kind a mother the church is! Are not all her feasts as many days of remembrances given to the past joys of home? Are they not a faultless calendar of our hopes and fears for years past? When the children, with earnest, unsuspicious gravity, debated upon the arrangements of the "crib," what excitement! what interest! When the parents and the old retainers closed one room in mysterious silence, and decorated the glittering Christmas-tree, what wonderment! what whisperings!—and on the revelation, what delight! When piles of blankets and warm clothing were distributed among the poor, what curiosity to see which child got the petticoat Eleanor hemmed, or the jacket Frances put together!

All this is in the voice of the *Venite adoremus* as it sounds faintly now through a half-opened door, a Sunday surprise in a house hardly given to much solemnity—a house far away from the old gabled homestead and the snow-veiled chapel-roof.

But it has other scenes to show, other memories to waken. It tells of a Southern church, gaudy and bedizened, full of frivolous worshippers, whose Christmas vigil has been kept in the ball-room they have hurriedly left to listen to the operatic orchestra preparing its musical pyrotechnics for the dread moment of the Elevation. But pass we on to more congenial remembrances. It tells of a simple, white-washed chamber, a prison-ward in the Holy City, where reclaimed and forgiven women are worshipping the divine Babe, who has wrought their salvation and sent them in their hour of need to the arms of his earthly angels, the Sisters of Mercy; it tells of a high dignitary of the Vatican, leaving his purple magnificence to come among the city prisons, and spend with them a more edifying Christmas than the display of the public churches promised his humble devotion. *Venite adoremus!* It swells up in sweet woman-tones from some recess of faithful memory, but the halls through which the hymn was borne that Christmas night echo only to the heavy tramp of the sentinel now, if not to worse, the blasphemies of the ungodly trooper.

It brings the mediæval glories of St. Mark's to the mind of a lover of that unique basilica—that petrified dream of the heavenly Jerusalem, with its curious barbaric wealth, its golden mosaics, its Byzantine spoils of victories that were not merely the victories of civilization over decay, but the triumphs of faith over superstition. The glorious church is full, dark masses of human beings sway about its broad-reaching nave, and here and there, like fire-flies, like heart-stars, shine the little *cerini*—the rope-like coils of wax, the picturesque forerunners of garish gas-jets and dream-dispelling coronas. The Mass in Venice is not a real Midnight Mass, however, since, by special permission, it is celebrated at five o'clock in the afternoon of the vigil. It is sad to hear profane music even in this consecrated spot, whose dim, suggestive beauty seems to inherit the vague and solemn halo of the veiled lamps of the Holy of Holies in the temple of Jerusalem; but corrupted taste certainly does reign in the

Venetian basilica, and a Mass full of modern Italian *fioritura* is annually performed in it at the festival of Christmas. Still, the mind sees beyond the unhappy aberrations of the modern Euterpe out into the long vista of past centuries, when graver and nobler strains rang through the low-vaulted temple, and the stern and silent heads of the state came in procession to grace the triumph of the new-born Saviour. From Venice to Geneva there is a wide gulf, but the *Venite adoremus* bridges over that.

Once again Christmas comes round, and the same world-wide chant rises in the now half-converted stronghold of Calvinism. It leads us towards the older town, far from the noisy port hotels, into a winding labyrinth of steep, ill-paved streets, through rows of old houses, every one of which seems to have a history of its own, and whose old-fashioned windows, and wide portals opening into silent court-yards, remind one of time-worn parchment bindings round poems for ever new. But is this analogy not a little true? for is not the poem of the human heart as old and as changeless as the ancient romances of long-dead bards, and yet do we ever tire of its repetition, any more than we are weary of Chaucer and Shakespeare, of Homer and Virgil?

Venite adoremus! It lures us on to a dark church, dedicated to St. Germain, where there is nothing beautiful to strike the eye, nothing artistic to make the heart beat. Plain and even unsightly, tawdry and faded, as all churches are whose history lies between the dreaded persecution of the sixteenth century and the Gothic revival of the nineteenth, St. Germain yet possesses that untold charm which the Italians so broadly but accurately describe by the word *simpatico*. Sympathy! yes, that is it. It breathes on us from every corner; it is the atmosphere of the little church; it softens every incongruity, and sweetly blinds us to every defect. After all, such churches, inartistic as they may be, are no unfit representatives of the church militant, while our glorious blossoms of stone, born of the Moses-like rod of Pugin, are types of the unfathomable beauty and jubilant repose of the church triumphant.

In this Midnight Mass at Geneva it was touching to see the crowds that flocked to the church through drifting snow and biting wind—real Christmas weather—and, without any attraction in the shape of noted preacher or imposing ceremonial, filled the church as full as the generous heart-blood does the bosom of the Christian martyr. Hundreds of silent worshippers were assembled there, and, when the last Gospel of the Mass had been said, the priests returned, in alb and stole, to give communion to the eager congregation. Hardly one present seemed to have left the church, and gradually the vast body of the faithful broke, like successive waves, at the foot of the altar. For one whole hour was this scene enacting, and no music was heard meanwhile, and, though few rules were enforced and little order reigned, yet the sight was as widely suggestive as any more carefully arranged demonstrations. Somehow these artless, unpremeditated outpourings of the heart of Christendom have a far higher power to interest, a far subtler charm to entrance, and leave a higher impression and a more healthful influence behind, than those wonderful pageants which from year to year draw thousands of curious spectators to Rome. Here is everyday Christianity; here is the inner working of that silent, God-wielded mechanism whose outward robes and draperies only come to us in the shape of those glittering festas; here is the real work, the real core of things, the heart whose pulsation alone gives meaning to all that external magnificence, the sun of which those ceremonies are the radiance, the consuming fire of which that glorious ritual is but the outgoing heat and the coruscant light. And when we think of the darker and varied aspects, the inner complications of the lives of those who were crowding round the altar-rails of St. Germain, what a wonderful, manifold history, what a spiritual landscape of infinite shades of the most delicate pencillings, do we not see! Side by side kneel souls whose life-paths run in opposite channels: here is Martha, the busy household angel, whose faith is inwoven in her every daily movement, her every thought, though it be of toil and anxiety; there is the pensive Magdalen, whose sadness is her soul's beauty, whose memory brings before her even more tokens of merciful forgiveness and unwearied love than of her own little past, her sins and her hard-heartedness; there kneels the widow whose child has just been given back to her from the very portals of death, and whose only altar for many dreary months has been the darkened chamber and the curtained sick-bed. Close to her is a maiden whose life is one long act of pure preparation for the bridal feast, the marriage supper of the Lamb, and who, when next Christmas-chimes sound, will hear in them the glad knell that proclaims her death to the outside world, and her life-long vow of obedience to her Spouse. Here is a Monica, wrestling in prayer for a wayward son whose hopeless lapse from the narrow path of virtue is the heaviest cross her Saviour could have chosen for her burden; there again is the bride, kneeling by the side of the simple, joyous, boyish bridegroom, with whom she is just beginning a new stage on the road to eternal bliss. So rough, so uniform, so commonplace is the aspect of the crowd, that these things are only visible to spiritual sight, to the eye of the soul; and, if visible even to our darkened organs of spiritual understanding, how much more clearly and far more touchingly to the eye of eternal Wisdom and fathomless Love! What a rose-garden is a church full of humble communicants before the sight of God! How fragrant and varied the blossoms to his illumined perception! Men in every stage of conversion—those who have just timidly set their foot on the first round of Jacob's mystic ladder; those who have struggled so far that they can dare to look down one moment, and measure the death from which God's love has raised them, in order to gain additional grace to correspond with his future and more rapid calls heavenward; those who have left all sin and danger so far behind that they look upon them calmly, as one sees the rolling clouds far below from the crisp-breathing atmosphere of the highest mountains; those whose conversation is in heaven, and whose thoughts are

silent angels walking ever with them as the living messengers of God. Such are the miracles of grace that crowd the lowly church; the mysteries that we can only guess at beneath the crust of materiality which we see; the wonders that jostle us in the swaying throng, and of which we have so little knowledge that we hardly even suspect what angel's robe has swept past our own garments a moment ago.

And as this scene fades away, while the silence is again broken by the sweet song of home, *Venite adoremus!* we see another and a last picture dawning from the gray mist of memory.

Not far from the old home where the first Midnight Mass of our childhood entranced our imagination is another house—a home, too, in some sense, yet not the home that the mother hallowed in the dear, olden days, for now she is only present in the spirit, and she never even saw the first Christmas snows in this new and stately hall.

But a church, fair and carven, stands above her grave, and her loving heart is the first stone, the foundation-stone of the new shrine. Close above her resting-place is the altar, and close below, the organ. There Christmas is enthroned again, the *Venite adoremus* echoes once more through wreathed arches and festooned pillars; there again a small household and a few newly-converted children of the faith of old England kneel in silent prayer, and mingle thoughts of the foundress of the church with those of the new-born King whose praises, whose *Gloria*, she is now singing in heaven. Thus the soul-stirring Christmas hymn links the past with the present, the memories of foreign lands with the dear thoughts of home, and binds them together as a sheaf of golden straw to lay in the crib of the Babe of Bethlehem.

Venite adoremus! It has been sung to our infancy when the nurse rocked the cradle where slept the first-born; it has cheered our early childhood when the young mother-voice taught it to us at the Christmas fireside; it has thrilled our heart in youth when, far from the old home, we have listened to its solemn, familiar strains; it will stir a chord of memory through each succeeding year as our early associations grow dim and our path waxes more lonely; it will breathe a sweet farewell and echo in our ears on our very deathbed, linking the thought of our first earthly home to that of our expected eternal one in the bosom of our Jesus and the arms of our new-found, glorified Mother.

Those who are dear to us on earth, those who grew up round the same hearth, and knelt peacefully at the same father's knee, and held his hand the day the mother-angel winged her way to her God, can never forget the *Venite adoremus*, the Christmas pledge of undying love and indissoluble union, which they learned and sang together for long, long years of joy, nor can they dream that, however far apart, that hymn does not make the heart beat and the eye grow dim with tears even as in the days of old; while—O happier thought even than that!—they never can forget that as on earth, so will it be hereafter, that the crown of song will lack no jewel, will miss no note, of *all* that once were in it, and that for ever and for ever *one* will be the undiminished chorus of father and mother, brethren and sisters, in the halls of the "Everlasting Christmas." *Venite Adoremus! venite adoremus Dominum!*

MR. CLARKE's LIVES OF THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS.[118]

"Like stars to their appointed heights they climb."—Shelley.

The remark had become trite in the mouths of Europeans, that America has no history. Such was the inertness of our countrymen in the department of American history; such the want of works recounting the thrilling story of early adventure and colonization, the struggles of feeble colonies for existence and permanence, their long and steadfast preservation of free institutions inherited from the mother-country, and their gallantry in defending them against an unnatural mother; the birth and growth of a vast and mighty republic, maintaining at once order and liberty amid the convulsions and revolutions of European dynasties and empires, and eliciting from a European monarch, whose crown was afterwards torn from his head, the remark addressed to an American Catholic bishop, who told him of free and peaceful America, "Truly, that people at least understand liberty; when will it be understood among us?"—all these things remained so long an untold story, that it was believed but too generally that America was without a history to record. The subsequent works of Bancroft, Irving, Prescott, Parkman, and others have pretty effectually dispelled the delusion.

But it seems to have been equally thought, among the historians of the church, that her career in America was also devoid of historical interest, so few and meagre were our published records and histories. In the general histories of the church, such as that by Darras, commencing with the earliest ages, and coming down to our own times, with but slight general allusions to America, no mention whatever is made of the rise and progress of the church in the United States. In the American edition of Darras, there is an Appendix, written for the purpose by an American author, Rev. Charles I. White, D.D., giving a *Sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Catholic Church in the United States of America*, and intended to supply, in some measure, the omission.

In our article on Bishop Timon, in The Catholic World of April, 1871, we remarked: "Sketches of local church history, more or less complete, have occasionally appeared—sketches, for instance, like *The Catholic Church in the United States*, by De Courcy and Shea; and Shea's *History of the Catholic Missions* among the Indian tribes of America, and Bishop Bayley's little volume on the history of the church in New York. But a work of a different kind, broader in its design than some of these excellent and useful publications, more limited in scope than the dry and costly general histories, still awaits the hand of a polished and enthusiastic man of letters."

When we penned these lines, though we knew of Mr. Clarke's long-continued and unwearied labors in that department of American Catholic literature, had cheered at times his earnest and faithful studies, and had, by his kindness, been able to spread before our readers some of his interesting and admirably prepared biographical papers, such as the *Life of Governor Dongan of New York*, in The Catholic World of September, 1869, and the *Memoir of Father Brébeuf, S.J.*, in the July and August numbers, 1871, still we scarcely hoped that we should see our desires so soon realized, or that we should so soon have occasion to hail the appearance of the splendid work now before us, the fruits of his accomplished pen and energetic industry, in the two handsomely printed and elegantly bound volumes, *The Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States*. The production of such a work, prepared during the broken and fleeting moments of leisure snatched from a life devoted to professional duties, and to an active participation in the Catholic and public-spirited enterprises of our busy metropolis, is something for which we, as a Catholic journalist devoted to literature, may be permitted to express our own thanks, and those of the Catholic community, and at the same time to commend it as an instance of successful literary toil in a rich but uncultivated field, and as, what we hope and believe it will be, a reward for long and painstaking researches, careful collation, and fine literary study. There were but few published works, as we have remarked, from which to draw the facts and information necessary for such a book. Hence the author had to seek, in a great measure, his materials from the archives of the various dioceses, the unpublished correspondence and journals of the deceased prelates, their pastoral letters and addresses, from the Catholic serial publications and newspapers of the last half-century (a task of great and protracted labor and fatigue), from the personal recollections of surviving friends, co-laborers, and colleagues of the bishops, from family records, from his own correspondence with numerous witnesses of the growth of the church and of the labors of our apostolic men, and even from the silent but sacred marble records of the tomb. The frequency with which the author cites, among his *authorities*, unpublished documents and original sources of information, which were in many cases the individual narratives of living witnesses, committed to writing at his request, and for this work, is a proof of the industry and labor with which this work has been prepared, and give us the means of appreciating the services thus rendered to our American Catholic literature, in securing and preserving from decay, oblivion, or total loss many valuable but perishable traditions and documentary materials. We will refer to two only, among many instances throughout these richly stored pages, of valuable documents thus given to the public; these are the royal charter of King James II., guaranteeing liberty of conscience to the Catholics of Virginia in 1686, and the beautiful and touching letter addressed by Archbishop Carroll, in 1791, to the Catholic Indians of Maine, the remnants of the pious and faithful flock of the illustrious and martyred Rale—for the publication of both of which we are indebted to Mr. Clarke.

Mr. Clarke has devoted many years to these valuable and excellent studies and compositions, and those who have read our Catholic periodical literature during the last fifteen years, will remember his *Memoirs* of Archbishops Carroll and Neale, of Bishops Cheverus and Flaget, of the Rev. Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, of Fathers Andrew White and Nerinckx, of Governor Leonard Calvert, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Commodore John Barry, the father of the American navy, and Judge Gaston; which were published in 1856 and 1857 in *The Metropolitan* of Baltimore. The favor with which these papers were received at the time, and the earnest recommendations of prelates, priests, and laymen, have, as we have learned, induced the author to enlarge his plans and undertake a series of works, which will give the American Church a complete biography of ecclesiastics and laymen, and, at the same time, literary monuments of classic taste and scholarship. The present book of the prelates will, as we rejoice to learn, be followed by the second work of the course, containing the lives of the missionaries of our country, such as White of Maryland, Marquette, Jogues, and Brébeuf of New York, Rale of Maine, the missionaries of the Mississippi Valley, of distinguished priests in later times, and of the founders of our religious houses, male and female. The remaining work of the series, more interesting probably than even the preceding ones, because not the least attempt has so far been made in that direction, will contain the lives of distinguished Catholic laymen, who have rendered signal services to our country, such as Calvert, Carroll, and Taney of Maryland, Iberville of Louisiana, Dongan of New York, La Salle and Tonty, explorers of the Mississippi River, Barry of Pennsylvania, Vincennes of Indiana, Gaston of North Carolina, and many others. The whole will form a complete series of Catholic biographical works, issued in the appropriate order of bishops first, priests and religious second, and finally of statesmen, captains, explorers, and jurists. We cannot withhold the expression of our pleasure at the prospect of results such as these in a department of literature which it has ever been one of the objects of The Catholic World to encourage, promote, and cherish.

That valuable materials exist in the country for all of these important works, we feel quite sure. We hope care will be taken of them and that they will be freely placed at the service of our Catholic historians and authors. Their publication would be the best means of preserving them, while rendering them useful to the present generation. We will give an incident in the experience of Mr. Clarke, in preparing his *Lives of the Bishops*, related by him to us, as an evidence of the danger to which valuable historical matter is constantly exposed of being lost and destroyed. He applied, in one instance, to the custodians of the papers relating to the Catholic history of an important diocese and state, and was informed that the diocesan papers and documents had been for many years locked up in a strong chest or safe, before and for some time after the death of the first bishop, and, on being opened and examined, they were found to be in a state of complete decay from the damp, fell to pieces when handled, and that scarcely a line of the writing was legible. Other cases are related of valuable materials for American Catholic history lost or sent out of the country. We observe, in the first volume before us, a new and appropriate feature—a distinct and separate return of thanks by the author to a long list of prelates, priests, and laymen who have supplied him with materials or aided him in his labors. The appeal he makes, in his preface, for the assistance of such as possess materials, has our cordial sympathy; and we hope the appeal will not be made in vain.

The book of prelates, whose appearance we now hail with so much pleasure, is the most important and valuable contribution yet made to our American Catholic biographical literature. It covers the ground of our entire church history to the most recent times, possesses the peculiar interest which attaches to personal and individual narrative, and is free, as we have said, from the dryness of the general history. Its pages teem with an ardent love of country and of our American institutions, and with a devotion to true liberty, which well accord with the traditions and education of one of the descendants of the Catholic pilgrims of Maryland, who constitute the theme of an honored chapter in our history, illustrating the magnanimity of a dominant Catholic majority in times when toleration was not the fashion, the harmony between Catholicity and liberty, and an unflinching faith through generations of Protestant persecution. Praise is freely bestowed, where praise was due, to our country and to our countrymen; and reproof is administered in the spirit of true affection, whenever there are errors or abuses to be corrected, or where there is conflict, in the civil or political order, with the sacred rights of religion and of conscience.

The antiquity of the Catholic Church in America, her struggles and triumphs, are well worthy of the study of all. Her struggles have ever been against vice and error, and in favor of liberty and virtue. Her triumphs have been the conquest of souls for heaven. No impartial mind can study the career of the Catholic Church in the United States without being convinced of the purity of her motives, and the sacredness of her aims. Her conservatism, her sacraments, her defence of Christian marriage, her labors for religious education, her chastening influence over the consciences of her children, of which every day’s record affords examples, her maintenance of law and order, have made her in the past, what they will prove in the future, the mainstay of society, of liberty, and of the republic. Her growth in our midst has been the work of Providence, not of man; a growth which, as our author shows, has proportionately far outstripped that of the republic. While the country has increased from thirteen states to thirty-seven states and eleven territories in ninety-five years, the church has increased from one bishopric to sixty-four bishoprics, six vicariates apostolic, and four mitred abbots in eighty-one years. The population of the country has increased from 2,803,000 to about 40,000,000, while the children of the Catholic Church

have increased from 25,000 to 5,500,000. The increase of the general population of the country has been 1,433 per centum in ninety-five years, and that of the church has been 22,000 per centum in eighty-one years. The Catholic clergy have increased from twenty-one priests in 1790 to about four thousand eight hundred priests in 1871; they dispense the blessings of religion in 4,250 churches and 1,700 chapels.

After giving these statistics, the preface proceeds thus:

> “To Rome, the capital of the Christian world, Eternal City, destined in our hopes and prayers and faith to be restored to us again as the free and undesecrated Mistress and Ruler of Churches, and to the Sovereign Pontiffs therein, Vicars of Christ on earth, we turn with love and gratitude for the care, solicitude, and support bestowed upon our churches, and for the exemplary prelates bestowed upon them by the Chief Bishop of the church. To our venerable hierarchy, bishops and priests, and to the religious orders, both male and female, we render thanks for their labors, their sacrifices, their sufferings, and their suffrages.
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> “To our prelates, especially, is due under God the splendid result we have but faintly mentioned. They were the founders of our churches, the pioneers of the faith, and the chief pastors of our flocks. In poverty and suffering they commenced the work, and spent themselves for others. A diocese just erected upon the frontiers, in the midst of a new and swarming population, to anticipate and save the coming faithful, the hope of a future flock, an outpost upon the borders of Christianity and civilization—such was the frequent work and vigilant foresight of the Propaganda and of the Councils of Baltimore—such the charge confided to a newly consecrated bishop. To the religious enterprise and untiring providence of the Catholic Church, in her prompt and vigorous measures for the extension of the faith in this country, may well be applied the striking lines of Milton:
>
> ‘Zeal and duty are not slow;
> But on occasion’s forelock watchful wait.’
> —*Paradise Regained.*
>
> “To assume the task of creating, as it were, building up, and governing the infant churches thus confided to their care, was the work that was faithfully and zealously performed by our bishops. It was no uncommon thing for a bishop to be sent to a diocese where there was scarcely a shrine or a priest; where he not only had no friends or organized flock to receive him, but where he had not even an acquaintance; where he would not meet a face that he had ever seen before. In some instances, he had to enter a diocese rent with disunion or schism among the people; in others, he was compelled to reside out of the episcopal city by reason of disaffection prevailing within. In other cases, such was their poverty that they had not the necessary means to procure an episcopal outfit, to provide a pectoral cross and crosier, or to pay their travelling expenses to their dioceses. In many cases the humble log-cabins of the West were their episcopal palaces and cathedrals; and frequently church, episcopal residence, parish school, and theological seminary were all under the same contracted roof. In the midst of such difficulties, we behold examples of humility, patience, cheerfulness, zeal, charity, love, poverty, and untiring labor. A study of such examples, and of lives so good, so heroic, has led us to undertake the work now presented to the public, in order to repeat and continue their holy influences, to preserve the memory of such deeds, to render a tribute to those honored names, and to rescue, as far as we could, our Catholic traditions from oblivion or total loss. We applied to ourself, and yielded to the spirit of, the poet’s appeal:
>
> ‘Spread out earth’s holiest records here,
> Of days and deeds to reverence dear;
> A zeal like this what pious legends tell?’”

The two volumes contain the lives of fifty-six American bishops, and to the second volume is affixed an appendix containing the lives of three prelates of other countries, who have a special connection with the American Church. The first volume, to which we will confine our present writing, contains the lives of twenty-nine prelates, a list of whom, with the dates of their consecration or appointment, and the religious orders to which they belonged, where such was the case, will in itself prove interesting.

The antiquity of our church in America is strikingly illustrated in this volume—an antiquity equal to that of the church in some of the old countries of Europe, extending back to the ages of faith, when the church was fighting her battles with paganism, and before the time when altar was raised up against altar by the Protestantism of the sixteenth century, and before the more modern phases of infidelity and communism had declared war against all altars and all religion. In the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, the Northmen of Iceland, hardy adventurers on the seas, pushed their exploits beyond the continent of Europe, and landed colonies on the shores of this continent. Coming from their ice-clad homes, our extreme north-eastern regions were to them a country of enchanting verdure, and received the name of Greenland; and, pushing their cruises farther south, they entered our own Narragansett Bay, where, seeing the country festooned with vines teeming with grapes, they called it Vinland. Our poet Longfellow, aptly quoted by Mr. Clarke, has celebrated some of the exploits of Vikings and Northmen on sea and shore. They were the freebooters and highwaymen of the ocean;

> “Joining the corsair’s crew.
> O’er the dark sea I flew

With the marauders;
Wild was the life we led,
Many the souls that sped.
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders."

At the time of which the poet sings, both Iceland and Greenland were pagan. The mother-country owed her conversion to missionaries from Ireland, and she, in turn, sent out devoted priests, who converted her colonists in Greenland and Vinland to the faith. Convents and churches arose and resounded with the praises of God, chanted in Latin hymns three centuries and a half before Columbus discovered America. Pre-eminent among the Catholic missionaries was Eric, who, in the beginning of the twelfth century, commenced his exalted labors at Greenland, and afterwards particularly along the banks of Narragansett Bay. The site of the present city of Newport and its vicinity were the virgin fields of his apostolic labors. So important did these Christian colonies become, that a bishopric was erected at Garda, the episcopal city of Greenland, and Eric was consecrated its first bishop by Lund, a bishop of Scandinavia. He visited again his cherished flock at Vinland, to whom he was devoted, and, rather than leave them, he resigned his mitre and crosier, went into the ranks of the clergy, and gave his life for his flock—the first of American martyrs.

The colonies of the Northmen were swept away, and the record of them, even, faded from the histories and traditions of mankind.

"I was a Viking old:
My deeds, though manifold,
No skald in song has told,
No saga taught thee."

A glowing tribute is paid by the author to the Catholic faith and genius of Columbus, the unrivalled discoverer of America. In the very generation in which Columbus lived, the church established a bishopric within the present limits of our republic. Among the ambitious and hardy captains of that day was Pamphilo de Narvaez, who, in attempting the conquest of Florida, aspired to add to the Spanish crown a realm equal in extent and wealth to Mexico, and to rival the fame of Cortéz by his own exploits. The Franciscans were at his side, seeking a holier conquest, fired by no earthly ambition, but by a heavenly zeal. A bishopric was erected for Florida as the expedition was about to sail from the ports of Spain, and Juan Juarez, who had already won the title of one of the Twelve Apostles of Mexico, was appointed, in 1526, Bishop of Rio de las Palmes. He spent his brief sojourn in Spain in securing ample provision for his future flock, and in obtaining royal guarantees for the liberty and kind treatment of the natives. No time was left for his consecration; he hastened on board the fleet, and rushed to the spiritual relief of his children, whom he knew and "loved only in Christ." After the disastrous termination of the expedition, he and his companions suffered shipwreck, and are believed to have perished of hunger—the second martyr of our church. Well has our author said of him, that he gave up his own life that he might bestow upon others life eternal; and that he who died of hunger for God's sake was greatly rewarded by that same God with celestial feasts, and replenished with seraphic delights; and has aptly applied to him those beautiful words of the Canticle:

"Esurientes implevit Bonis."

We have dwelt briefly, but with particular pleasure, upon these the first two lives of the volume, because of their peculiar interest and beauty, but they must be read at length in the work itself to be duly appreciated. We rejoice that they have now been rendered a classic story in our language—an enduring monument in our literature.

We had marked out several extracts from the interesting and important life of Archbishop Carroll, and from the lives of other eminent prelates, for insertion, but the want of time and space deprives us and our readers of this pleasure. We reserve the remaining space allotted to this article for three extracts, the first of which is the historical sketch given by Mr. Clarke of an event which reflects untold honor and glory upon the American Catholic episcopate. The honor and merit of originating the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which has ever since been and is now spreading the Gospel throughout the world, is due to an American prelate. Bishop Dubourg, of New Orleans, is the recognized founder of that illustrious society. And now we will let the author speak for himself:

> "The most brilliant and fruitful service rendered by Bishop Dubourg to the church, not only in America, but throughout the most remote and unenlightened portions of the world, was the leading part he took in founding the illustrious 'Association for the Propagation of the Faith.' It has been well said that 'the establishment which M. Dubourg, while on his return to Louisiana from Italy, made at Lyons, is of itself enough to immortalize his name. He there formed, in 1815, the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. This single institution, which conveys benedictions unnumbered to millions, and which daily sounds the glad tidings of a Saviour to those who are seated in the silence of death, becomes a monument sufficient to eternize the memory of Dubourg, and to shed a full ray of brightness on any college associated with his name.'"

The following extract, from the *Life of Archbishop Eccleston of Baltimore*, relates to interesting and stirring events in the life of our Holy Father, Pius IX., and the history of our country and church, which are made to reflect upon events transpiring in our own times:

“The adjournment of the Sixth Council was soon followed by the death of Pope Gregory XVI. and the election of Pope Pius IX. The remarkable events that ensued are a part of the history of our age. Loud, long, and enthusiastic were the plaudits that greeted the first acts of the noble and saintly Pius IX. from every portion of the world, and especially from the United States. Popular meetings in the principal cities sent the most respectful and laudatory addresses to the Holy Father, and Congress sent a minister to congratulate him on his course and to reside at his court. It seemed as though the Protestant world were prepared to hail the return of the glorious ages of faith, when the Sovereign Pontiff was the universally recognized Father and arbiter of the Christian world. The loyalty of Catholics was manifested by the obedience of their souls and submission of their hearts to him whom they recognized as the Vicar of Christ on earth. To their Protestant fellow-citizens was left the work of giving utterance to the public voice of congratulation and praise. The address of a public meeting held in New York by six thousand persons, and presided over by the mayor, contained the following remarkable passage:

“‘And more formidable than all these, you must have girded yourself to encounter, and by God’s help to overcome, that fickleness and ingratitude of multitudes just released from benumbing bondage, which could clamor in the wilderness to be led back to the flesh-pots of Egypt; which, among the contemporaries and even the followers of our Saviour, could leave him to bear in solitude the agony of the cross; and which in your case, we apprehend, will yet manifest itself in unreasonable expectations, extravagant hopes, impetuous requirements, and in murmurings that nothing has been earnestly intended, because everything has not been already accomplished.

“The address of the Philadelphia meeting, held January 10, 1848, contained the following earnest words: ‘May the Almighty grant you length of life, strength of heart, and wisdom from on high, in order to bring to a happy conclusion the beneficent reforms which you have begun! May he inspire the princes and people of Italy with the courage and moderation necessary to second your efforts! May he raise up to you successors, who will continue to extend the influence of peace and justice on earth; and the time will come when the meanest of God’s poor will, if oppressed, be able to summon the most powerful of his oppressors to appear at the bar of united Christendom; and the nations will sit in judgment upon him, and the oppressor, blushing with shame, shall be forced by their unanimous and indignant voice to render justice to the oppressed.’

“Similar addresses were sent from nearly every city of any importance in the Union to the Holy Father. But soon the prophetic language of the New York meeting was realized; the clamor of the disappointed populace was raised against their father and best friend; Count Rossi, his secretary, is assassinated, and the Holy Father himself is a fugitive from Rome. It was then that the devotion of Catholics manifested itself towards the Supreme Pontiff, and many and heartfelt were the testimonials of loyalty and affection received by the exile of Gaeta from his children throughout the world. The Catholics of the United States were not behind their brethren in these demonstrations, and the hope was entertained that the Holy Father would accept an asylum in our midst.... How vividly do the present wrongs of that same Holy Father, and of that same holy church, recall the events of his glorious pontificate! When, oh! when, will the Catholic peoples of the world demand of their governments the restoration of the capital of Christendom, and the liberty of the Vicar of Christ?”

As we were about to close our article, our eye fell upon the following fine passages in the *Life of Dr. England, First Bishop of Charleston*, and we yield to the temptation of transferring them to our columns, both as a tribute to that illustrious prelate and as specimens of Mr. Clarke’s style:

“The great struggle of Bishop England’s life in this country seems to have been to present the Catholic Church, her doctrines and practices, in their true light before the American people. In his effort to do this his labors were indefatigable. His means of accomplishing this end were various and well studied. He endeavored, from his arrival in the country, to identify himself thoroughly with its people, its institutions, its hopes, and its future. He was vigilant and spirited in maintaining and defending the honor and integrity of the country, as he was in upholding the doctrines and practices of the church. In his oration on the character of Washington, he so thoroughly enters into the sentiments of our people, and participates so unreservedly in the pride felt by the country in the *Pater Patriæ*, that his language would seem to be that of a native of the country. There was no movement for the public good in which he did not feel an interest, and which he did not, to the extent of his opportunities, endeavor to promote. His admiration for the institutions of the country was sincere and unaffected. Though no one encountered more prejudice and greater difficulties than he did, he, on all occasions, as he did in his address before Congress, endeavored to regard the prejudices and impressions entertained by Protestants against Catholics as errors, which had been impressed upon their minds by education and associations, for which they themselves were not responsible. In his writings and public sermons and addresses, he travelled over the wide range of history, theology, and the arts, in order to vindicate the spotless spouse of Christ against the calumnies of her enemies. If Catholic citizens and voters were attacked on the score of their fidelity to their country and its institutions, Bishop England’s ready pen defended them from the calumny and silenced their accusers. If a Catholic judge or public officer was accused of false swearing or mental reservation in taking the official oath, he found an irresistible and unanswerable champion in the Bishop of Charleston. He found the church in the United States comparatively

> defenceless on his accession to the See of Charleston, but he soon rendered it a dangerous task in her enemies to attack or vilify her; and many who ventured on this mode of warfare were glad to retreat from the field, before the crushing weapons of logic, erudition, and eloquence with which he battled for his church, his creed, and his people....
>
> "Bishop England visited Europe four times during his episcopacy, for the interests and institutions of his diocese, visiting Rome, most of the European countries, and his native Ireland, which he never ceased to love. He was sent twice as apostolic delegate from the Holy See to Hayti. He obtained from Europe vast assistance for his diocese, both in priests, female religious, and funds. It was proposed to translate him to the bishopric of Ossory in Ireland, but he declined. The highest ecclesiastical dignity, with comfort, luxury, friends, and ease, in his native country, could not tempt him to desert his beloved church in America. He had become an American citizen and an American prelate, and he resolved to continue to be both as long as he lived. At Rome he was consulted on all matters relating to the ecclesiastical affairs of this country. The officials of the Eternal City were astounded at the great travels and labors of Bishop England. They heard him appoint from the Chambers of the Propaganda the very day on which he would administer confirmation in the interior of Georgia. The cardinals, in their wonder at all he accomplished, and the rapidity of his movements, used to call him '*il vescovo a vapore*,' or the 'steam bishop.' We have seen with what an insignificant force he commenced his episcopal labors. He increased the churches of his diocese to over sixteen, and lef behind him a well-organized and appointed clergy, and numerous ecclesiastical, religious, educational, and charitable institutions. The Catholic families of his diocese might have been counted, at the time of the erection of the See of Charleston, on one's fingers; at the bishop's death they were counted by thousands. But the good he accomplished was not confined to his own diocese. His elevating and encouraging influence was felt throughout this country, at Rome, and in many parts of the Catholic world."

His dying words to his clergy, and through them to his flock, were as follows:

> "Tell my people that I love them; tell them how much I regret that circumstances have kept us at a distance from each other. My duties and my difficulties have prevented me from cultivating and strengthening those private ties which ought to bind us together; *your* functions require a closer, a more constant intercourse with them. Be with them—be of them—win them to God. Guide, govern, and instruct them. *Watch as having to render an account of their souls, that you may do it with joy, and not with grief.* There are among you several infant institutions which you are called on, in an especial manner, to sustain. It hast cost me a great deal of thought and of labor to introduce them. They are calculated to be eminently serviceable to the cause of order, of education, of charity; they constitute the germ of what, I trust, shall hereafter grow and flourish in extensive usefulness. As yet they are feeble, support them—embarrassed, encourage them—they will be afflicted, console them.
>
> "*I commend my poor church to its patrons—especially to her to whom our Saviour confided his in the person of the beloved disciple: 'Woman, behold thy Son; Son, behold thy mother.'*"

The second volume contains the lives of thirty American bishops, and, in the Appendix, the lives of Right Rev. Charles Augustus de Forbin-Jansen, Bishop of Nancy, France, who visited this country in 1840, and rendered signal services to religion while here; of Right Rev. Edward Barron, who volunteered from this country for the African mission, was made Bishop of Africa in 1845, and died at Savannah, Georgia, in 1854, "a martyr of charity"; and of Cardinal Bedini, whose visit to this country is in the recollection of our readers.

We cannot close our notice without again commending, in the most emphatic manner, this record of the labors of the self-denying prelates who were the means, under God, of planting the church in our beloved country—not only for its historical interest, and as an addition to our permanent Catholic literature, but for the incentive it furnishes to others, both cleric and lay, in their several spheres, to be unremitting in their efforts to extend the faith, thus happily transferred to our soil, to every nook and corner of this favored land.

[118] *Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States, with an Appendix and an Analytical Index.* By Richard H. Clarke, A.M. In two vols. Vol. I. New York: P. O'shea. 1871.

The Vicar of Christ; or, Lectures upon the Office and Prerogatives of our Holy Father the Pope. By Rev. Thomas S. Preston, Pastor of St. Ann's Church, New York, and Chancellor of the Diocese. New York: Robert Coddington, No. 366 Bowery. 1871.

We have here another series of the excellent Advent Lectures of F. Preston, which have done so much good in the instruction of the faithful and the conversion of numbers of persons to the true faith. Carefully prepared and solid discourses on the great Catholic principles, dogmas, doctrines, laws, and rites—in fact, on all the topics of religion universally—are especially necessary and useful in our time and country. Besides the additional good accruing to that which has been done by the preaching of these discourses through their more general dissemination among the laity, their publication is a great benefit to the clergy, as giving examples of the best kind of preaching, and furnishing a stimulus and a help to efforts of the same kind.

The present series of lectures on the Pope is fully equal to the former publications of the author in ability and excellence, if not superior to them. The subject, at any rate, makes it far the most interesting and important of any. F. Preston has merited well of the church by his zealous and efficient devotion to the cause of the Pope and the Holy See, and his continual efforts to instruct the Catholic laity in sound doctrine in this most essential matter. In this volume he has given us a lecture on the supremacy, another on the Papal infallibility, a third on the temporal sovereignty, and a fourth on the Pontificate of Pius IX. At the end, the decrees or constitutions of the Vatican Council and several recent allocutions of the Holy Father are given in Latin and English; and the whole is concluded by a carefully and critically prepared chronological list of the Sovereign Pontiffs, in which we are glad to see the Avignonian and Pisan claimants of the tiara relegated to their proper place on one side, while the succession is continued through the Roman line, which is unquestionably the true one. The lecture on infallibility is especially marked by solid learning and ample citations from the fathers, proving conclusively that this article of the faith was explicitly held and taught from the beginning. The style is grave and serious, copious and flowing, and warmed with a spirit of fervent love to the souls of men. It is the style, not of a mere essayist, but of a preacher. It is, therefore, far more pleasing and popular in its character than that of most books on the same topic. Every Catholic in the United States ought to read it, and we doubt if any book has been published on the Pope equally fitted for general circulation in England and Ireland. Neither is there any so well fitted to do good among non-Catholics. We hope no pains will be spared to give it a wide and universal circulation.

It is most important and necessary that all Catholics should be fully instructed in the sovereign supremacy and doctrinal infallibility of the Pope, and the strict obligation in conscience of supporting his temporal sovereignty.

Mr. Coddington has published this volume in a superior manner, with clear, open type, on very thick and white paper, and adorned it with an engraved portrait of the beloved and venerable Pius IX. Once more we wish success to this timely and valuable series of lectures, and thank the reverend author in the name of the whole Catholic public for his noble championship of the dearest and most sacred of all causes—that of the Vicar of Christ.

Antidote to "The Gates Ajar." By J. S. W. Tenth thousand. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1872.

Mr. Carleton appears to be convinced that "*de gustibus non est disputandum*" by a bookseller, but rather that provision is to be made for all tastes. On the back of this little pious pamphlet we find advertised *The Debatable Land*, by Robert Dale Owen; *The Seventh Vial*, containing, we conjecture, a strong dose, by Rev. John Cumming; *Mother Goose with Music*, by an ancient, anonymous author; *At Last*, a new novel, by Marian Harland, etc. The *Antidote* is a rather weak and quite harmless dose, done up in pretty tinted paper. The writer naively asks, on p. 23: "Who would not like to fly away in the tail of a comet?"—a question which any little boy would answer in the affirmative, but cruelly dashes our hopes to the ground by telling us that "all this is mere conjecture." Again, on p. 26, he gravely reasons thus: "As to families in heaven living in houses together, as if they were on earth, that is simply impossible. When children marry here, they leave their parents, and have homes of their own; their children do likewise, and so on *ad infinitum*. Those who would live together in heaven would be only husbands and wives and the unmarried children. And as to the married who are not all happily united here, are they to be tied together for ever whether they like each other or not?" The little pamphlet is concluded by two pieces of poetry, one of which is pretty good, the other one of those cantering hymns which are such favorites at the week-evening prayer-meeting:

> "We sing of the realms of the blest,
> That country so bright and so fair,
> And oft are its glories confessed;
> But what must it be to be there?"

The doctrine of Miss Phelps's antagonist is more orthodox than hers, without doubt, so far as it goes, but it is presented in such a way as rather to provoke a smile than to convince or attract the mind of any one who is not already a pious Presbyterian. Our Presbyterian and other Evangelical friends contrive to make religion as sad and gloomy as a wet afternoon in

the country. Even heaven itself has but small attractions for those who are not depressed in spirits, when described in the doleful strain which is supposed to be suitable to piety. Miss Phelps, as well as other members of the gifted and cultivated Stuart family, and many of similar character and education, revolted from the dismal system of Puritanism. She yearned after a brighter and more beautiful religion, which has in it something else than the valley of the shadow of death. Her striving to realize this ideal produced *Gates Ajar* and other similar works, whose immense popularity proves both her own power as a writer and also a widely-felt sympathy with the sentiments of her own mind. It is the Catholic theology alone which presents the true and complete doctrine respecting the beatific vision, the glorified humanity of Our Lord, Our Lady, and the saints, the angelic hierarchy, and the relation between the visible and invisible worlds; together with that element of the poetic and the marvellous after which the mind, the imagination, and the heart crave with an insatiable longing. We are tempted to close the present exercise, after the manner of the little book before us, with a few verses from an old hymn, written by one of the persecuted Catholics of Lancashire, at the close of the sixteenth or the beginning of the seventeenth century. The whole hymn may be found in the *Month* for September and October:

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“Hierusalem, my happie home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrowes have an end?
Thy ioyes when shall I see?

“Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearle,
Exceedinge riche and rare.

“Thy turrettes and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles doe shine;
Thy verie streets are paved with gould
Surpassinge cleare and fine.

“Thy houses are of ivorie,
Thy windoes cristale cleare,
Thy tyles are made of beaten gould
O God, that I were there!

“Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes
Continually are greene;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As noewhere else are seene.

“Quyt through the streetes with silver sound
The flood of life doth flowe,
Upon whose bankes on every syde
The wood of lyfe doth grow.

“Hierusalem, my happie home!
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy ioyes that I might see!”

The Prisoners of St. Lazare. Edited by Mrs. Pauline de Grandprè. Translated from the French by Mrs. E. M. McCarthy. New York: Appleton & Co.

In this volume we have a rambling, desultory description of the prison of St. Lazare in Paris, and its inmates. It is a prison for women guilty of every variety of crime, and they are even incarcerated here on suspicion. But the majority of its occupants are women who have fallen from virtue more or less criminally. Two great unsolved questions of the age force themselves upon the attentive reader of this volume, filled with the pitiful tale of woman’s sin and shame: What can be done to succor unfortunates who have been ensnared and drawn away from the paths of virtue, and have a desire to return to an honest life; and what are the legitimate and proper employments of women outside of the family?

We are not competent to answer thoroughly either of these questions, which for many years have exercised the politician as well as the philanthropist; we can only express our opinion. We have no such place in this country as St. Lazare, but we have the abandoned women and their needs. Ah! that word abandoned expresses the state of the public mind toward those who have thus fallen; but the Catholic Christian cannot suffer any soul for whom Christ died to be abandoned, and the Catholic Church answers the first of these questions by opening her arms to the penitent, and offering her the refuge of “Houses of the Good Shepherd,” established in most of our large cities. By the support and multiplication of this order, whose lifework is to receive and help these poor children of sin, is the most effectual way in which Catholic women can reach the class in whose interest this book was written. We do not believe that women discharged from a prison like St. Lazare could be preserved from future danger in an institution like the one proposed in the appendix to this volume. No place but a strictly religious house, in our opinion, could be a house of moral convalescence to these poor creatures. There is one way in which American Catholic women can lessen the number of these miserable outcasts. Watch over your servants, know where they spend their evenings, take them by the hand and give them loving, maternal advice as to their company,

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and endeavor to bring them often to confession and communion. The providence of God has committed these young girls to your care, and who knows but their souls may be required of you, negligent mistresses, in that day when we must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ? With regard to the employments of women, should not women be allowed to do any honest business that they can do well? Many new openings have been made for her of late years in telegraphic and photographic offices and stores. But, after all, to touch the root of this matter, why should not woman be so trained that she could, in any emergency, have a resource and support herself? A great deal would be gained if children were brought up to feel that "it is working, and not having money, that makes people happy." "It is a noteworthy fact," says the author of *The Prisoners of St. Lazare*, "that three-quarters of the inmates are without knowledge of a trade or of any means of making a livelihood for themselves. The support of husband or father failing, then destitution followed, and then vice."

Prophetic Imperialism; or, The Prophetic Entail of Imperial Power. By Joseph L. Lord, of the Boston Bar. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1871.

Mr. Lord writes like a thorough gentleman, a point which we notice in this distinct and emphatic manner because it is a somewhat rare phenomenon in literature of this class. He writes, also, like a well-trained and cultivated scholar and thinker. It is, therefore, a pleasant task to read what he has written, more pleasant from the fact that his essay is a short one, and his thoughts are briefly as well as lucidly and elegantly set forth. Moreover, although a Boston lawyer, Mr. Lord really reverences the Holy Scriptures and believes the prophets. His spirit is pious and fervent, though sober, and he is alike free from cant and from unbelieving flippancy. The peculiar theory of Mr. Lord regarding the fulfilment of what we may call the imperial prophecies is not contrary to orthodox doctrine, and is in fact held by him in common with some Catholic writers, although diverse from the one held by the generality of sound interpreters. So far as all the empires preceding that of Christ are concerned, he agrees with the common interpretation. In respect to this last, he holds to a personal descent and earthly empire of our Lord. This is an hypothesis which, in our eyes, has no probability whatever. It is not wonderful, however, that a person who does not see the earthly empire of Christ in the reign and triumph of his Vicar and the Roman Church, should be driven to look for a personal descent and reign of the Lord in the latter times. In this respect, Mr. Lord agrees with a number of eminent Protestant writers, who, being disgusted with the fruits of the Reformation, and not so happy as to see the glories of the Catholic Church, fly for consolation to this brilliant but, as we think, baseless hypothesis.

Mr. Lord differs from most American Protestants in the very disrespectful esteem in which he holds democracy. It is curious to observe the very enthusiastic and adulatory language in which a number of divines express their conviction of the truth of his theory, imperialistic as it is from top to bottom. They withhold their names, however, from a motive of prudence. Mr. Lord's arguments have not convinced us that his theory is correct, but they prove their author to be worthy of esteem.

East and West Poems. By Bret Harte. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company (late Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood & Co.). 1871.

Many of those who have enjoyed Bret Harte's fugitive pieces have felt a vague suspicion that the word poetry was scarcely adequate to express their character. The sketches from nature have been unquestionably graphic, and, in some cases, not devoid of real humor or pathos—all which has led to their being considered by many as evidences of genius capable by its touch of ennobling humble and insignificant subjects. The volumes, however, which have succeeded one another since Mr. Harte has left California, persuade us that he not only calls his rhymes poetry, but sincerely believes them to be such, and takes for granted that everybody who knows anything at all agrees perfectly with him. We fear that there has been a mistake somewhere. Either the public have been betrayed into an incautious endorsement of the author's opinion of his own work, or the author has mistaken the character of the sensation which he has created.

He seems to be just as eager as ever in his efforts to astonish the world; and we know not how many more volumes of "poems" we may expect before the public and he come to an understanding. For our own part, the present is just one more than we are prepared to welcome. In spite of kindly dispositions, we are painfully impressed with the fact that the mistake we have alluded to lies with the author. We are also unpleasantly relieved from a doubt as to whether the character of his doggerel is, in all cases, due to the subject, and forced to conclude that there is a congeniality between the writer and his themes which is the secret of his success. We wish him well, and none the less in desiring space wherein to administer to the present volume the castigation which it deserves. In so doing, we would not deny him a certain amount of genuine talent, such as is shown in certain places in the "Greyport Legend" (pp. 7-10), or the "Lines on a Pen of Thomas Starr King" (pp. 65,66), or "A Second Review of the Grand Army" (pp. 95-99); nor would we be disposed to carp at a certain slovenliness which mars the beauty of other serious poems, but which did not detract from their merit on the occasions for which they were written—as was the case with the "Address" (pp. 78-81), and the poem of the "Lost Galleon" (pp. 82-93)—the latter, if we mistake not, having been composed for a social reunion of the Alumni of the Pacific Coast. But nothing could induce us to excuse the reckless vulgarity displayed in such pieces as "A

White Pine Ballad" (p. 155); "In the Mission Garden" (p. 21). There is also enough nonsense in such lines as the "California Madrigal" (p. 127), "A Moral Vindicator" (p. 165), *et alibi passim*, to make the deliberate addition of "Songs without Sense" (p. 168), unwarrantably superfluous.

The author is not sufficiently aware of the distinction between coarseness and originality, or else prefers notoriety to fame. We cannot consent to the admission of his book into respectable libraries or drawing-room bookstands, still less to a place in American literature. If he should ever recognize and prune his defects, and cultivate a little more respect for those for whom he writes, as well as love for the purity of the idiom in which he deals, we shall be happy to give him that praise which would be at present most unmerited and inopportune.

Sermons by the Fathers of the Congregation of St. Paul. Vol. VI. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1871.

For obvious reasons, we have taken occasion to speak of this volume without the knowledge of the responsible editor. The great pressure on our columns this month, which has compelled the omission of several valuable articles already in type, will not permit, however, more than a passing notice. We have always considered these annual volumes as models of wise, simple, and earnest instruction, and see no reason to change our opinion in the present instance. Indeed, there is, perhaps, increased reason, during these troublous times, to admire the bravery with which our Paulist Fathers meet the various questions demanding solution, and we therefore take pleasure in commending the work to the attention of all interested in homiletic literature. C.

To and From the Passion Play, in the Summer of 1871. By the Rev. G. H. Doane. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1872.

This elegant volume contains not only an accurate description of the Passion Play—a spectacle to which, of course, none but a Catholic can do justice—but also a great deal of interesting matter about a number of things and places that the author saw on his journeys to and fro. As regards Paris, we have a sketch of some of the deeds of the Commune, and, in particular, the murder of the late archbishop.

It is worthy of remark that, when Father Doane describes whether a place or an incident, he avoids that elaboration and artifice which pall upon the reader in many books of travel, and gives us his thoughts and impressions in an easy and happy style. We congratulate him on his literary efforts; and thank him cordially for affording us so much valuable information in so pleasant a manner.

The "Catholic Publication Society" has in press, and will publish immediately, *The Pastoral Address of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland on the School Question*. It will be got out in a 12mo pamphlet, and will be sold for $3 per 100 copies.

The "Catholic Publication Society" will also publish, early in January, *The Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius*; *Lentent Sermons*, from the Italian of Rev. Paul Segneri, S. J.; and *Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects*, Vol. II., by Archbishop Manning.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

From Charles Scribner & Co., New York: The Holy Bible according to the Authorized Version (A.D. 1611), with an explanatory and critical commentary, and revision of the Translation, by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. Vol. I., Part I. Genesis-Exodus. 8vo, pp. xii.,, 928.

From Hurd & Houghton, New York: The Last Knight: A Romance-Garland, from the German of Anastasius Grün. Translated with Notes by John O. Sargent. 8vo, pp. vi., 200.—The Church Idea: An Essay toward Unity. By Wm. R. Huntington, Rector of All Saints', Worcester. 12mo, pp. 235.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston: Songs of the Sierras. By Joaquin Miller. 12mo, pp. 299.

From Carlton & Lanahan, New York: The Mission of the Spirit; or, The Office and Work of the Comforter in Human Redemption. By Rev. L. R. Dunn. 12mo, pp. 303.

From J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia: The Resurrection of the Redeemed; and Hades. By James Boggs. 12mo, pp. 145, 69.

From Holt & Williams, New York: Art in Greece. By H. Taine. Translated by John Durand. 12mo, pp. 188.

From Patrick Donahoe, Boston: The Four Great Evils of the Day. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. 18mo. pp. 207.—Review of a "Treatise on Infant Baptism" by Thos. H. Pritchard, D.D. Part I. By Rev. J. V. McNamara, Pastor of St. John's Roman Catholic Church, Raleigh, N.C. Paper, pp. 46.

From Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati: Who is the Pope? And Who is Pius IX. among the Popes? By F. X. Weninger, D.D., S.J. Paper, pp. 15.

From The Free Press Association, New York: Appeal to the People of the State of New York, adopted by the Executive Committee of Citizens and Taxpayers for the Financial Reform of the City and County of New York, etc. Paper, pp. 16.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York: Philosophy of Style: An Essay. By Herbert Spencer, author of "First

Principles of Philosophy," etc. Pp. 55.

International Congress on the Prevention and Repression of Crime, including Penal and Reformatory Treatment. By E. C. Wines, LL.D., Commissioner of the United States. Paper, pp. 28.

THE

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THE DUTIES OF THE RICH IN CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

NO. I.

IN REFERENCE TO COMMUNISM.

Under the foregoing title, we propose to present to the careful attention of the wealthy class of American citizens a series of essays on some topics which concern them very nearly. We intend to make each one short, that it may be easily read, and that the reader who is interested in the matters we discuss may have time to think over each topic by itself. We address them principally to Catholics, and shall, therefore, always take for granted and appeal to Catholic principles and doctrines. Yet we are convinced that others not Catholics will find a great deal in them which they must acknowledge to be true, and likely to do them good, if they are at all earnest and conscientious.

Since we expect to say some things to the rich, and to those who are by other advantages besides wealth in an elevated social position, which will be severe, and perhaps to some unpalatable, we may as well begin by placing a guard against a possible misunderstanding of our intent. No careful reader of our magazine can suppose that we would sympathize with or encourage any movement hostile to the just rights or reasonable privileges of the wealthy class. Moreover, we cherish a deep respect for all the hierarchical institutions of the political and social order, as well as for their more sacred and elevated counterparts in the ecclesiastical system. We recognize the necessity, even in our republican commonwealth, of a certain elevated social class, in which men of wealth must unavoidably have an eminent position. Whatever we have which can check our ultra-democratic tendencies, infuse a conservative spirit into our public opinion, give dignity, decorum, and stability to our institutions, elevate and refine our social tone, and add a becoming splendor to our civilization, calls forth our sympathies, and receives our deliberate and reasoned approbation. Whatever censures, therefore, we may pronounce upon the vices, follies, and delinquencies of the rich and the otherwise highly placed in social rank, and whatever admonitions we may address to them respecting the duties and dangers of their position, must be taken as coming from a friend, not only to themselves as individuals, but to their class. With these preliminaries, we address ourselves to our task.

We have placed the title “In Reference to Communism” at the head of our first article for one special reason. Communism threatens the wealthy class with a war of extermination. It is obvious, therefore, that the rich have more need to reflect on the duties and dangers of their position, at the present time, than they have ever had before. So, then, we call their attention at the outset to the war which the fanatics of revolution are preparing for them, in order that our words may have more weight, and that they may give more serious thought to the subjects we intend to discuss with them. And here we will explain that we employ the single terms “rich,” “rich people,” etc., for convenience’ sake, including under this designation other qualifications besides moneyed wealth, and other persons besides those who possess great fortunes; namely, all those who possess any species of privilege or power which gives them social dignity and influence.

We say, then, to the rich: your class, your privileges, your possessions, your lives, are threatened by an enemy whose character is disclosed by the bloody orgies of the Paris Commune. What application do we make of this grave and alarming fact? Simply this. The rich members of society ought to reflect seriously on all the questions which relate to their position in the commonwealth. They ought to think of their duties, to examine their own delinquencies, to consider the line of conduct they ought to adopt, to use their power and influence rightly and rationally, to educate their children carefully, and in every way to prevent and defeat the nefarious plots of the party of revolution. We say, earnestly and emphatically, that there is now a special necessity and obligation to use wealth, education, intellectual power, social influence, political power, moral and religious force, to avert the dangers which threaten society, and to promote its solid and firm establishment on a right basis. Moreover, the self-interest of the rich demands this of them most imperatively. All their private and personal interests depend on the peace and good order of society. Their

own safety demands of them that they should work for the salvation of political and social order, when they are in danger, just as they would bear a hand at the pumps on board a leaking ship, or man the batteries of their own beleaguered city. Hostility between the wealthy and the laborious classes is a great evil in society. When the hostility of the masses against the aristocracy becomes violent, and tends to produce a revolution and an exterminating war of the former against the latter, there is a deadly sickness in the body politic which threatens its dissolution. This state of things exists at present in Christendom. We are not so deeply affected as yet in this country; but we are not altogether sound or safe from the infection, and there is reason enough to be on the alert to protect ourselves from it. The rich have duties toward society in general, and toward its several classes and individuals in particular. And they have, at the present time and in present circumstances, a special obligation to give these duties careful attention.

All this would he strictly true and sufficient to arouse the rich to a greater vigilance in fulfilling the duties of their high position, even if they were free from blame, as a class, for the disorders and evils of modern society; but, if they are chiefly to blame for these evils through their past neglect and delinquency, there is an additional and imperative motive in this fact for a strenuous effort on their part to repair the past in the present and the future by a redoubled fidelity and energy. We think they are to blame. It is our deliberate judgment that communism, and the whole mass of social disorders which have lately come to the surface of the body politic under this loathsome and deadly form, are principally to be traced to the abuse of power and wealth by the governing classes. Kings, nobles, rich men, authors, politicians, have, in part by their gross abuse of the trust committed to them, and in part by their neglect and indifference, generated the moral *petroleum* to which demagogues and leaders of revolution, the Mazzinis, Garibaldis, Karl Marxes, Dombrowskis, and Raoul Rigaults, have applied the torch. There have been many great and good things done by kings, and by the members of the political, social, and intellectual aristocracy. There have been many admirable and excellent persons, many heroes and saints, among these elevated classes in society. Nevertheless, on the whole, they have been, especially for the past three centuries, grievously delinquent, and continually becoming worse; and even more extensively delinquent by neglect than by positive criminality. The greatest part of the miseries and crimes which darken the annals of history may be traced to kings and their associates in government. Their ambition, their selfish policy, their unjust or unnecessary wars, their disregard of the happiness of the common people, their haughtiness of demeanor, their personal vices and corrupting example, have been the fruitful causes of misery and vice among their subjects. They have reacted against themselves by producing hatred and contempt of thrones and kings, of authority and government. The aristocracy have followed closely the royal example set before them. And the men of genius and intellectual culture, the princes and rich men of the realm of arts and letters, since the fatal epoch of the *renaissance* of paganism, have prostituted their heaven-born gifts to the service of every destructive error and every corrupting vice. The greater number of those who have not positively aided the work of ruin have been apathetic and indifferent, and have not positively aided the work of salvation, at least with the zeal and energy which might justly be expected from them.

Moreover, kings, nobles, and the wealthy class have made war on the church. They have revolted against the Holy See, enslaved the hierarchy and the clergy, and despoiled the church.

They have robbed and well-nigh suppressed the monastic orders. In this way, they have sapped and undermined the foundations of their own stability; for it is the principle of religious obedience and reverence, first of all toward God, and then secondarily toward all powers established and sanctioned by the law of God, which is the source of the sentiment of loyalty. The rebellion of the state against the church must, therefore, terminate in the rebellion of the lower against the higher classes in the state. The monastic institution was the strongest of all links between rich and poor, great and humble, by reason of the fact that its members belonged to both classes at the same time. The destruction of monasticism, therefore, resulted necessarily in a hostility of these two classes toward each other. So it has come about that the aristocracy, excited by kings against the church, turned next against the kings, the commercial and middle classes turned against the aristocracy, and now the masses are turning against the men of wealth, or, as their own leaders express it, against “the supremacy of cash.” The condition of the laboring classes is, at best, in many respects a hard one. It is a great and an arduous thing which is required of them; to submit patiently to the supremacy of the higher classes. Religion alone makes their position tolerable; religion, binding together both the superior and the inferior classes in divine love. The hierarchy and the aristocracy must be recognized by the people as holding their high position for the common good of all, and as working with a self-denial equal or superior to their own; that is, as really *laborers* in another sphere of action, but with a common end in view, in order that they may contentedly acquiesce in the inequality of rank, wealth, and social privileges which prevails in society. So soon as the people are convinced, whether wrongly or rightly, that the privileges of their spiritual or temporal superiors are mere privileges of a caste, which despises, rules, and taxes the people for its own selfish aggrandizement and pleasure, they begin to hate them with a deadly hatred. The Catholic people are content that the Pope govern, rebuke, and punish them; that he possess the wealth and splendor of a spiritual and temporal sovereign; that he reign as the vicegerent of God on earth—because they believe that all this is for their own highest good. They are content that bishops and priests possess

all the honors and privileges of their office, and willing to sustain them in these, for the same reason. Take away this belief, and it is not long before they begin not only to withhold their contributions, to withdraw their allegiance, to refuse obedience, to lose respect and love for their spiritual superiors, but to cry out for their overthrow and even clamor for their blood. It is the same in respect to the secular privileged classes. And, at the present moment, since the greatest amount of external and material privilege, splendor, and worldly good in general has passed into the hands of the wealthy class, it is this class which is most immediately exposed to the brunt of the attack which is directed against caste and privilege. We will quote the language of one of the official organs of the International Society, the *Egalité* of Geneva, in order to show with the utmost clearness what is their spirit and aim:

> "When the social revolution shall have dispossessed the *bourgeoisie*, in the interests of public utility, as the *bourgeoisie* dispossessed the nobles and the clergy, what will become of them?
>
> "We cannot answer with positive certainty, but it is probable that the new order of things will give them, to borrow an expression from one of our friends, an infinitely more precious wealth, that of labor, well paid, at their discretion; so that they may be no longer obliged to live by the labor of others, as they have hitherto lived. In case some of them should be incapable of labor, which will happen to a good many, seeing that *hitherto they have never learned the use of their ten fingers, what then*? Well, then they will be given tickets for soup.
>
> "'But that is too little,' the *bourgeois* will howl.
>
> "'Too little!' the workman will reply—'too little to have work, at your discretion, well paid, and soup for the invalids! The deuce! You are hard to please. We could have been well satisfied with such terms formerly.'"[119]

This is the unavoidable conclusion, and the practical as well as unavoidable conclusion, to which the whole mass of the people must come, unless they are convinced that the rich labor more usefully for the common good, and for the good of the poor, by means of their wealth with its attendant privileges, than they would by manual labor. They cannot be convinced of this, unless rich and poor alike recognize the truth of religious and Christian principles, and act on them practically. On the materialistic, anti-theistic ground, you cannot get a foothold against communism. It is all a waste of words to show that civilization, art and science, social and political splendor, national greatness, etc., require the concentration of wealth in a few hands. What does the poor man care for these, if this life is all, material good the *summum bonum*, and he himself miserable? His condition becomes insupportable, and he would rather burn the world with petroleum than bear it. It is very true that his desperate efforts will make his condition far worse. But he will not listen to you when you try to prove this to him, and, if you should even convince him, you would only render him more desperate. He must believe that he is under the government of God, that he has been redeemed by Christ, that heaven is opened to him by faith, that this world is a place for gaining merit by labor and suffering, that the difference in rank, wealth, and privilege is ordered by God for the good of all and every one, if he is to be contented with his lot. For him is the Pope, the bishop, the priest, the splendid church, the glittering vestments and chalices. For him, too, is government, for him is commerce and trade, for him science and art, for him are some men rich. The church and the state are necessary for his good, and both church and state have need of men in whose hands wealth and power are deposited.

If the people are to be convinced of this, they must see that their spiritual and temporal superiors are convinced of it, and act accordingly. The rich as well as the poor must act on Christian principles—act as men who have a trust committed to them for the common good. They must, in a word, be zealous *laborers* in their own sphere. And it is especially incumbent on them, at the present time, to do everything possible to ameliorate and elevate the condition of that class of society who are not merely doomed to a life of manual labor, but to a life of misery and degradation. The people have been taught that they possess political sovereignty, and universal suffrage has given them the right and power to exercise it. Can they be expected, then, to remain content for ever with a sovereignty which is united with a state of social abjectness and misery? Is it safe or prudent to neglect, despise, or insult them; or to swindle them and defraud them of their rights, and at the same time to flaunt before their eyes the gaudy insignia of what they believe to be ill-gotten wealth? Especially when we consider that they read the newspaper every day. We leave it to our rich merchants and our educated men to think over and answer to themselves these questions.

For ourselves, we are convinced that the only safety for the wealthy class, and for society, is to be found in a return to purely Christian and Catholic principles. And we shall proceed to give our views more definitely and in detail upon the part which devolves on the rich in this work of social regeneration, in our future articles.

[119] See the *Dublin Review*, Oct., p. 459.

THE HOUSE OF YORKE.

CHAPTER XXI.

AMONG THE BREAKERS.

When the boat had slipped away from Indian Point, at one side, and Carl Yorke had strode off through the woods, at the other, Captain Cary lifted again the dingy canvas, and entered the wigwam that Edith had just quitted. In doing so, he was obliged to stoop very low, for the opening scarcely reached as high as his shoulders, and, had he stood erect inside, he would have taken the whole structure up by the roots.

Dick still lay with his arms thrown above his head, and his face hidden in them.

His friend bent over him, and spoke with an affectation of hearty cheerfulness which was far from his real mood. “Come! come! don’t give up for a trifle, my boy. You’re more scared than hurt. All you need is a little brandy and courage. Everything will turn out rightly, never fear!”

“Don’t talk to me!” said Dick.

Captain Cary’s heart sank at the sound of that moaning voice. When Dick Rowan’s spirit broke, there was trouble indeed, and trouble which could neither be laughed nor reasoned away.

“Do take the brandy, at least,” he urged; “and then I won’t talk to you any more till the boat comes back. You must take it. You’re in an ague-fit now.”

Dick was, indeed, trembling violently. But, more to relieve himself from importunity, it would seem, than for any other reason, he lifted his head, swallowed the draught that was offered him, and sank back again.

His friend leaned over him one instant, his breast, strongly heaving, and full of pity, against Dick’s shoulder, his rough, tender cheek laid to Dick’s wet hair.

The poor boy turned at that, threw his arms around Captain Cary’s neck, drew him down, and held him close, as a drowning man might hold a plank. “O captain, captain!” he whispered, “I’ve got an awful blow!”

When the sailor went out into the air again, all the Indians had retired into their wigwams, except Malie, and her father and mother. The child, wide awake, and full of excitement, was swinging herself by the bough of a tree, half her motion lost sight of in the dark pine shadow, half floating out into the light. Now and then, she stretched her foot, and struck the earth with it. When the stranger appeared and looked her way, she began to chatter like a squirrel, and, lifting her feet, scrambled into the tree, and disappeared among its branches.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicola crouched by the fire, and sulkily ignored the intruder. When he approached and stood by her side, the woman did not turn her head, but tossed a strip of birch-bark into the coals, and watched it while it writhed, blackened, turned red, shrivelled, and disappeared.

“I wonder if she would like to serve me that way?” he questioned inwardly; and said aloud, “I am going up to meet my man at the ship, and come back with him. It may save a little time, and I don’t like to keep you up any longer than I must.”

The man uttered a low-toned guttural word, the woman nodded her head in reply, but neither took any notice of Captain Cary.

“I am sorry to intrude,” he added stiffly; “but when a man is sick, he must be taken care of. Captain Rowan, in there, doesn’t half know where he is, nor what he is about. I will get him away as soon as I can. You shall be paid for your trouble.” He tossed a silver piece down between the two. “When I come back, you shall have more,” he said, and, turning his back upon them, walked off into the woods.

Neither of the two elders stirred till he was out of sight; but Malie slipped from her tree, darted at the money, and snatched it up. She was escaping with it, when her father seized her, took the money from her hand, and put it into his pocket. She only laughed when he let her go. She had no use for money, except to wear it on a string around her neck, and a string of beads was prettier. Besides, she had her treasure—the book the lady had given her that day. She threw herself on the ground, near the fire, drew this book from the loose folds of her blouse, and turned the leaves, reading here and there. The page looked like all sorts of bird-songs written out. Doubtless the birds and beasts had had a good deal to do with making the language of it. Who would not think that *k’tchitbessùwìnoa* was a verse from a feathered songster? Malie would tell you that it means a “general.” Probably the birds call their generals by that name. One looks with interest on a child who can read this chippering, gurgling, twittering, lisping, growling “to-whit, to-whoo!” of a thought-medium.

While she read, Captain Cary, tramping through the strip of woods between the encampment and South Street, recollected for the first time that his clothes were dripping

wet. “What a queer, topsy-turvy time we are having!” he muttered, wringing the water from his cravat, as he hurried along. “The whole affair reminds me of that fairy play I saw last winter. There must be something unwholesome in this moonshine.”

The play he meant was *Midsummer-Night’s Dream*. But there was now no clamor of rustic clowns in a hawthorn brake, nor sight of Titania sleeping among her pensioners the cowslips. There were but his own steps, muffled in moss, and the lurking shadows, creeping noiselessly away from the pursuing light.

By that short road across the Point, it was less than half a mile to the wharf where the *Halcyon* lay, and in ten minutes Captain Cary had reached his ship. His crew were all on board, and, as he walked down the wharf, he heard the refrain of one of their songs:

“And they sank him in the lowlands, low.”

The verse ended in that mournful cadence that sailors learn from the ocean winds—those long-breathed, full-throated singers!

At sound of the captain’s step, silence fell, and at his call a little imp of a Malay cabin-boy appeared, stood with twinkling eyes to take his orders, then shot away to execute them. When the sailor who had gone up to the bridge with the ladies came back to the ship, the yawl was out, and Captain Cary sat in it waiting for him.

“Major Cleaveland wants to see you when you come up, sir,” the sailor said, as they sped down the river. “He says you’d better bring Captain Rowan right up to his house. He will send the carriage down for you. He is obliged to leave town at four o’clock in the morning, in the Eastern stage, something about a trial of his in a court somewhere, so he can’t see you in the morning.”

“Did anybody else say anything?” the captain asked.

“Mr. Carl Yorke said that, as soon as he had gone home with the ladies, he would come back to see Captain Rowan. He got up to the bridge just as we did.”

Captain Cary bent low over his oars, and muttered a word he did not choose to speak aloud. Plain men are almost always ready to have a jealous dislike of accomplished men, and a simple nature like Captain Cary’s can never do justice to a complex one like Carl Yorke’s. At that moment the sailor was thinking that, had Carl been the one to fall overboard, he would not have cared to wet his skin for the sake of saving him. And yet Carl had treated this man with friendly courtesy, and had admired and appreciated him thoroughly.

“Well, did any one else say anything?” he asked presently.

“Miss Edith felt pretty bad, sir. She leaned over the rail, and looked back to the Point, wringing her hands all the way, as we came up. She told me to say to you that she was sorry she had left Captain Rowan. I guess, sir, she is pretty fond of him, after all,” the sailor said confidentially.

“What business have you guessing or thinking anything about it?” demanded his superior, with a haughty sternness that would have delighted Clara Yorke. “Keep your opinion till I ask for it!”

“All right, sir!” responded the sailor, and shut his mouth. If he was angry, he did not venture to show it.

“Well?” said the captain sharply, after waiting a minute.

“Why, sir, there isn’t much of anything else,” the man answered. “Miss Yorke said that they ought to have taken Mr. Rowan up with them, and that she did not understand how they had allowed themselves to be sent away in such a manner. And Miss Clara she said that you—isn’t there a boat ahead, sir?”

“No. What if there is? Go on.” He could not help being impatient.

“Well, Miss Clara she said that you knew best, and she wasn’t afraid of leaving Mr. Rowan to your care.”

The captain sat with his oar suspended, and stared straight ahead. The seaman hesitated, then returned good for evil. “Miss Clara was mightily taken with the way you went overboard, sir. She thought that you did it in a very splendid fashion. I told her I didn’t know any other way you could have done it, unless you had gone over back’ards, like Captain Rowan. She tossed up her head at that, and marched off, and got into the carriage.”

The captain’s oars flashed down into the water, and he gave a pull that made their boat skim the wave like a bird.

When they reached the Point, the fire was out, and no person was in sight. Captain Cary hastened up the bank to the wigwam where he had left Dick Rowan, but as he laid his hand on the fold of canvas a gruff voice inside challenged him.

“I want Captain Rowan,” he called out.

A brief “He not here!” was the reply.

“Where is he, then?”

“Don’t know.”

“You don’t know?” cried the sailor. “None of your nonsense, sir! If any harm has come to him through you, I will hang you all to the branches of these trees. Come out here, and tell me where he has gone, if you don’t want to be dragged out.”

He tore open the canvas, as he spoke, and in the dim light saw a swift, dark pantomime acted inside. One shadowy figure was springing forward, with the flash of a blade in the uplifted hand, when another caught him round the neck, and a slim arm ran up his arm, that held the weapon. The knife flashed an instant in that silent struggle of the two to possess it, then Mrs. Nicola pushed her husband back, and, leaning forward, caught the canvas from the sailor’s hand.

“The young man took Philip Nicola’s canoe, and went down the bay in it,” she said angrily. “That is all we know about him.”

It was not likely, indeed, that they would do him any harm: whatever their feelings might be, they would not dare to. There was nothing to do but return to the boat, and row down the bay in search of Dick. The light was still radiantly clear, and the whole surface of the bay plain to be seen. The group of islands showed like ashen blotches on that mirror. The sailor pointed out to his captain a black speck that floated away from among these islands.

“It is a boat, sir,” he said; “but there is no one in it.”

“Make for that nearest island,” the captain ordered; and muttered to himself, “Dick wouldn’t do it! he wouldn’t.”

No, Dick would not, in any depth of misery, have thrown his life away. They found him there, lying prone in the sand, where, years before, he had buried his father. What attraction had drawn him to that spot would be hard to tell. Possibly, now that he knew the meaning of failure, there was some blind feeling of compunction toward one whose failures he had reproachfully thought of.

Dick made no resistance when Captain Cary lifted him, and, after a moment, walked to the boat with him. He sat there, with his head bowed forward, while they rowed back to the ship. He was like one who is but half-aroused from sleep, and has a mind to fall back into it. He submitted to all that was required of him, took what they gave him, did what they bade him. It was not much they prescribed—only dry clothes and a bed.

There is a power of instinctive recoil by which some natures are saved from being destroyed by the shock of a great blow. The senses shut their inner doors at the jar of the enemy’s approach, and the soul, in some remote privacy of its being, arms itself before coming forth to see who knocks at its portal and bids it to battle. But for this merciful interposition, it would have fared hard with Dick Rowan, when, struck by the lightning of a glance, the framework on which all his life had been built up gave way without a moment’s warning.

His friend left him after awhile, and went up to the Cleavelands. Hester had expected Dick, but was too much occupied with her husband to be very curious regarding the accident. The young man had been knocked over by the boom, she had been told, and the result was nothing worse than a wetting. A wetting was bad, to be sure; she was so sorry; she hoped that Mr. Rowan had put on dry clothes at once, and taken something hot. He must really take care of himself. But—and here Mrs. Hester evidently considered herself returning to the subject in hand—was there ever anything more provoking than this journey? Why could not that tiresome case have been tried at Seaton instead of Machias? Why did not the judge see about it? Why did not her husband’s lawyer let him know in season, so that he could have driven through in his own carriage by day, and not be obliged to post over the road by night in those horrible coaches? [Pg 586]

“In short,” laughed the husband, “why is not all the machinery of civilization regulated with an eye single to the convenience of Mrs. Hester Cleaveland’s husband?”

When no one else was present, the gentleman could take these absurd cares with an equally absurd complacency, and really seem to believe that he was a pining invalid instead of a stout, rubicund man; but the grave and wondering face of his visitor made him a little ashamed of such coddling.

The business did not take long to settle. All the preliminaries had been fully arranged before, neither gentleman being prone to leave his affairs at loose ends. In a few minutes they shook hands, dissolving all connection, except a friendly one, and wishing each other very heartily success and happiness. The *Halcyon*, which they had owned together, was sold, and, if the sailor went to sea again, he had a mind to go in a new ship of his own, and be quite independent.

Hester also took a kind leave of her guest, hoping to meet him again before long, since, for the present, he was going no further than New York. “You know we all go to Boston soon,” she said, “and it would not be very hard for you to come on purpose to see us.”

Then he went. Everything was quiet as he walked down through the town. It was late, and

only two lights were visible. One, burning red, a cyclopean eye, close to the ground, showed that the incentive to any and every possible sin was to be sold by the bottle or glass, mixed or neat, according to the taste of the person having a soul to lose.

The other light was in three windows, at the top of a building, where the Know-Nothings held their secret meetings. Captain Cary knew what that light meant. He stood awhile on the bridge, and watched it, wondering how a nation was to preserve its honor if governed by such men and such means. A secret conclave, met with closed doors and pass-word, and not one man of proved integrity inside!

“If they are patriots, then Washington was not one,” was the conclusion the sailor came to; and, having reached it, he walked on, and left that nest of slanderers and plotters to do their evil work. “I’d like to clean out that hall!” he mused as he went.

When he reached the ship, he found that Dick Rowan had roused himself sufficiently to have one wish, and that an imperative one. “Take me away from here, Cary!” he begged. “There is nothing to keep you now. Clark says that you have seen Major Cleaveland, and that all is ready to sail. Don’t wait. Sail early in the morning.”

It was true. There was nothing to keep them till noon, except their engagement with the ladies of Mr. Yorke’s family, and it was certainly for Dick to say whether that should be kept. There was some discussion on the subject, but Dick was inexorable, and the captain yielded. He wrote a note of explanation and apology to Mrs. Yorke; and so it happened that, when that lady’s messenger reached the wharf in the morning, the *Halcyon* was miles below, standing out through the Narrows, with a blue, sunny sea stretching in front of her straight to the South Pole. On the deck sat Dick Rowan, leaning on the rail, and watching the foam toss and drop, toss and drop, with a lulling motion, like the to-and-fro of white, mesmerizing hands. And the face that watched that motion looked half-mesmerized, pale and dreamy, with only a groping of thought in it.

The ship went well, and within a few days they saw the rising sun shine on the masts and spires of New York. The evening of that very day, Father Fitspatrick, of Boston—Father John, his friends called him—coming in rather late from a lecture, was told that a gentleman was waiting in his room to see him. He went in, and found Dick Rowan sitting there, but not the Dick Rowan he had baptized the year before, and welcomed home, and talked gayly with within a few short weeks. This man might have been Dick’s elder brother, and a stern, pale man, too.

“Father,” Dick said faintly, “I want you to keep me a little while. I have come here for sanctuary. If there is any help in religion when other help fails, I want to know it now.”

“But what has happened? What is the matter?” the priest exclaimed.

Dick sank back into the seat from which he had risen. “I’ve lost Edith, sir, and my life has all gone to pieces.”

“Is she dead?” the priest asked.

“No, sir; but she loves some one else.”

Father John drew his chair close to the young man’s side, and took his hand. “My dear son,” he said, “are you going to despair because a woman has been false to you?”

Dick looked up as though not sure that he heard aright. What! any one call Edith false?

“No, sir, she was not false,” he said. “It was something that she couldn’t help. She would marry me now, if I would let her.”

“Why, then, do you not marry her?” the father asked. “This is probably a fancy, which will pass away; and if she is good and true, she will do her duty by you.”

Dick stared at the priest in an almost indignant astonishment. “What, sir!” he exclaimed, “do you think me mean enough to marry a woman who loves another man? I always feared this, at the bottom of my heart, though I would not own that I did. And it was always true, I suppose, only she did not know it. I made a great mistake. I thought that, if I tried to be good to God and to her, she would love me. But I have been thinking it all over during the last week, and I have found out that we choose by our hearts, not our heads, and that we do not really love a person when we can tell the reason why. I had no right to *buy* her. She belonged to some one else.” He shivered, looked down a moment, then said huskily, “Yes, Edith was true!” and, dropping his face into his hands, burst into tears.

“My dear son!” Father John said, putting his arm around Dick’s shoulder, “don’t give up so! You have youth, and health, and friends, and a work to do in the world. Don’t let this discourage you. She is only a woman.”

“And I am only a man!” said Dick.

“What about your ship?” the priest asked, after a little while.

Dick raised his face, and controlled himself to speak. “Captain Cary is to take charge of her,” he said. “I couldn’t sail in the *Edith Yorke* again, sir. I would not trust myself off alone in her, with nothing else to think of, and no escape, unless I jumped into the ocean. It is

haunted by her. Every plank, and spar, and rope of that ship is steeped in the thought of her. I have fancied her there, speaking, and laughing, and singing, just as I expected she would some day, and asking me the names of everything. When I used to walk up and down the deck, I'd imagine her beside me. I could see her dress fluttering, and the braid of hair, and two little feet keeping step. Why, sir, it was so real that I would sometimes shorten my steps for her sake. I never neglected my duty for her; but I looked at everything through a little rosy thought of her, and that made hard work pleasant. No, I can never again sail in the *Edith Yorke*. Have patience with me, father. Recollect, I have to overturn all that was my world, and have not a point to rest my lever on."

"You a Christian, and say that!" the priest exclaimed. "Where is your faith? Where is your reason?"

Dick started up fiercely, and began to walk the floor. "I cannot bear it! I will not bear it!" he exclaimed. "You preachers, with your reason, that tramples on all feeling, are as bad as the scientists, whose science tramples on all faith. God made the tide, sir, as well as the rock, and the storm as well as the calm, and it is for him to say whether either is a foolishness. People who are wise, when they sit in their safe homes, and hear the wind howling, pity the sailor, and tremble for him; but, when you see a soul among the breakers, you scorn it. I tell you, I will not bear such scorn! What do you think this loss is to me?" he demanded, stopping before the priest, who sat looking steadfastly at him. "It means that all the brightness and sweetness of life, everything that is dear to human nature, are torn away from me for ever. If I were a dissolute man, I could find a miserable substitute; if I were fickle, I could fill her place; but I am neither. I stand here, twenty-eight years old, and—I call God to witness!—as stainless as when I was an infant in my mother's arms. It was Edith who kept me so. 'Only a woman,' you say; but that may mean more than an angel. She was my guardian angel incarnate. 'Only a woman;' but that woman's shape walked with me through paths that might have led to perdition, and kept me safe. If, in anger, an oath rose in my teeth, I felt her hand on my mouth, and did not utter it. If I was tempted with wine, I remembered her, and pushed the glass away. I can be bloodthirsty, sir, if I am provoked, but many a sailor escaped the lash and irons for her sake. Once I had my hand at a man's throat, with a mind to wring his vile life out of him, but I thought of her, and let him go. The memory of this is not to be reasoned away. Do you remember, sir, the time when you first thought of your vocation, and sat down to count the costs? When you called up the vision of your life before you, and stripped from it, one after another, wife, children, and home, and all that they mean, did you want any one to preach to you, in that hour, of common sense and reason? Didn't you feel that you must let nature have way a little while, and didn't you find it go over you like a wave?"

While Dick Rowan, bold with passionate feeling, poured forth this torrent of words, the priest sat perfectly motionless, and looked at him. There was no sign of anger, no consciousness of insulted dignity, in his face, but only a profound sadness. This was no haughty churchman, as his many lovers know, but a worthy follower of that lowly One who said, "The servant is not above his master." When Father John towered in the pulpit, or spoke from the rostrum, with his "Thus saith the Lord!" and "I am Peter, and James, and John!" there was an authority which could not be defied, and a loftiness which would not have bent before Cæsar; but in things temporal, and when winning and comforting souls, his was a charity most tender, and a humility most imposing.

Something in that face, now sleeping with Abraham and the fathers, arrested the young man's impetuous speech. He faltered, and stopped; and, when the arms were stretched out to him, dropped on his knees, and leaned his face against that kind bosom.

"Forgive me, dear father!" Dick said. "I did not mean to be rude, nor to forget the reverence due to you. I know that all you would say to me is true; but—I die hard!"

CHAPTER XXII.

EXPLANATIONS.

Meantime, what had been going on in the Yorke family at Seaton? Mrs. Yorke had not feared that there was any serious trouble till she learned that Dick Rowan had gone away. She was in bed when her young people returned the night before, and knew only what Clara came to her door to say:

"We have had a delightful sail, mamma, and are all well. I hope that you have not been anxious. Mr. Rowan fell overboard, for a diversion, and, of course, got wet; but Captain Cary got him out, and he is all right now. Good-night, mamma, for me and the girls, and Carl. We are all here."

However late her children might be out, Mrs. Yorke could not close her motherly eyes till she knew that they were safe under the home-roof again. Then she turned upon her pillow, and dropped asleep, giving thanks. She felt a slight uneasiness when Melicent, before breakfast the next morning, asked her to send Patrick down to enquire for Dick.

"Why, was he hurt? Is he not coming up, this morning?" she asked.

“I presume that he is very well, mamma,” the daughter replied. “But it would look pleasant to be attentive.”

This was said with an air of reserve, and the young woman evidently did not wish to say any more. In an equally diplomatic manner, she announced that Edith had a headache, and was not coming down to breakfast. Melicent was one of those persons who, when in possession of a secret, as James Russell Lowell has said, “will not let the cat out of the bag, but they give its tail a pull to let you know that it is there.”

Mrs. Yorke said no more. She found this manner annoying. But she observed at breakfast that Carl ate nothing, and that Clara kept up a constant stream of talk, that seemed designed to cover some embarrassment. She noticed, also, that no mention was made of Dick Rowan or their sail of the day before. When she arose from the table, and went toward the entry-door, her eldest daughter interposed, with an air of being in the charge of affairs. “I would not disturb Edith now, mamma.”

“Melicent!” exclaimed her mother haughtily, and waved the young woman aside.

Edith was lying on her bed, dressed as on the day before, her face hidden in the pillow. She started when her aunt spoke to her, and turned a pale and tear-wet face. It did not need this to tell Mrs. Yorke that her niece’s headache came from the heart.

“My head does ache, Aunt Amy,” Edith said. “But I am distressed about Dick. He is displeased with me. I do not wish to speak of it to any one but him.”

“I have sent Patrick down, my dear,” her aunt said; “and you shall know as soon as he returns.”

Mrs. Yorke and her two daughters sat together, pretending to read and sew, but all watching the avenue gate for the return of their messenger. When he had delivered his news, and gone, the mother spoke with authority.

“Girls, I insist on knowing, at once, the meaning of this!”

“You had better ask Carl, mamma; he is the one to explain,” answered Melicent. “But I must say that Mr. Rowan has behaved ill. A young man whom one of our family has promised to marry should at least act like a gentleman.”

“Send Carl to me,” Mrs. Yorke said, rising. “And, Clara, say to Betsey that I shall see no one to-day, then go up and tell Edith.”

Carl was pacing one of the garden paths, and, for the first time that day, his manner showed agitation. He had already heard Patrick’s news, and his first thought was to echo Melicent’s opinion that one who had been connected with their family should at least act like a gentleman. This sudden withdrawal not only gave occasion for gossip, but it was rude to Edith. That it left him in the position of a culprit, Carl would not allow himself to care.

“I thought the fellow had more spirit!” he muttered. “But it isn’t in him to act like anything but a rustic.”

As he said this, an inner voice made answer; not the voice of conscience, for that acquitted him, but the voice which he expected to hear from without: “Neither is it in him to speak or sing love to another man’s promised wife, though silence should break his heart.”

“And what if it broke hers?” asked Carl, as though he had been spoken to.

He glanced up at the window of Edith’s chamber. The curtain was down, hanging in close, white folds, shutting her in.

Then came Melicent to call him.

Carl found his mother in a tiny room, where she always took her siesta in summer, and where she held all her private conferences. It was a cosy, shady nook, with only a sofa, and table, and chair in it, and seemed intended as a place for confidential communion. In that room, with nothing to save him from her steady eyes, Mr. Griffeth had stammered out his apologies to Mrs. Yorke for misleading her son; there, her daughters came for advice and admonition; and there she herself retired when she wished to be alone. It was a place where a rebel could be brought to submission, or a penitent comforted. It is almost impossible to be confidential in a large, well-lighted room.

“Have you had any quarrel with Mr. Rowan, Carl?” his mother asked, the moment he appeared.

“Not an unpleasant word has passed between us, mother,” he answered.

She had been standing, but sank back into the sofa as he spoke, and he closed the door, and came and stood before her, doubting, at first, what the tone of their interview would be. Her question had been imperative, and that he could not bear. There are times in the life of the most dutiful when they feel that there is for them then no legitimate human authority outside themselves. But he saw that her face was pale, though the red curtain lowered over the one window behind her warmed all the light that entered; and her voice was entreating when she spoke again:

“My son, have you nothing to tell me?”

He sat down on the hassock at her feet, and leaned on her lap; and she knew all before he had uttered a word.

“My child,” she whispered, leaning toward him, “your happiness is my dearest wish; but there is honor!”

He took her trembling hands, and met her look firmly. “Yes, mother, there is honor,” he said. “But listen to me, before you conclude that it should be mentioned here in the subjunctive sense. You know, mother, I could not speak of love to a child. I did not wish to. It was enough for me to see that Edith was surely, though unconsciously, drawing toward me. If you had a rare plant, with a single bud on it, would you thank the one who would pluck that bud open before its time for blooming? And what flower is so delicate and sacred as a young girl’s heart? Besides, such a thought comes to a man also, when it comes first, with a feeling of silence. To my mind, it would have been rude and indelicate to speak hastily. There was time, and, meanwhile, I guarded myself and her. Of course I saw what Rowan wanted and meant, and he also understood me; I am sure of that. I never dreamed, though, that he would succeed. I was not prepared for that passion of pity and gratitude which Edith has shown for him. When I knew, last year, that he had proposed, it was all I could do to control my anger. I knew that he must have seen in her some instinctive recoil at first, and yet have appealed to her pity. He did not leave her free to choose. I do not say that he realized that. He is an honest, noble-souled fellow, and he loves her deeply; but he lacks a certain fineness which should have told him when urging was proper, and when it was coarsely selfish. I am willing to admit that it may have been only a mistake on his part; but people who make mistakes have to suffer by them, and, if they are not to blame, no one else is. I, too, made a mistake then, mother, and I have suffered for it. I had a thought of saying to Edith, ‘Since you are to think of him as a suitor, think of me also, and choose between us.’ Two motives prevented me. One was pride. I would not enter into competition with him; and there I was selfish. But the other was better. I saw that she was incredibly childish, and looked upon his proposal rather as a request that she should go and live with him and his mother, as she had lived with them before, than as a proposal that she should be his wife. I waited till she should perceive the difference, and this summer I thought that she was beginning to. The night before he came, I wanted to speak to her. I could hardly help it. I would have spoken but for him. But no, I thought. Let her answer him fairly first. I supposed I knew what that answer would be; and when she came down-stairs the next morning to meet him, I felt sure that it was to refuse him. I stood in the entry when she passed, and she knew that I was there, but would not look at me. She was very pale, I saw, and I thought it was for his sake. It seems it was for her own sake. No matter what I felt when I heard the words with which they met. I went away, you know; I did not choose to make a scene. When I came back, I had made up my mind to speak to him clearly, and as friendly as I could, and ask that he should give her back her promise, and leave her free to choose again. He would have done it, mother; I am sure he would. Had he been too loverlike, I should have made no delay; but, as it was, I thought best to wait till his visit was over. You could scarcely expect me to be perfectly cool and reasonable always. Under the circumstances, I think that I have shown as much fairness as any one has a right to require of me. I meant to see him last night, after the girls had come home—went to the sail with that intention. But he made me angry at starting. He stood there, and sang that ballad from *Le Misanthrope*,

‘*Si le roi m’avoit donné*’

—sang it before *me*, and with such an air of triumph and certainty as made me feel anything but pitiful toward him for a little while. Edith was offended, too. I saw her color with resentment. ‘*Ma mie!*’ It was too public a claiming. When we came back—you know what a night it was, mother.” Carl stopped, his face growing very red. “There are some things not easy to tell,” he said.

Mrs. Yorke put her arm around him, and drew his head to her bosom.

“Not even to your own mother, dear?” she whispered, with her cheek resting on his hair. “It was my heart that taught yours to beat, Carl.”

In that sweet confessional, he went on with his story. “It was such a scene as gives one that faint swaying of the brain that just shows the points in our prudent resolutions. The moonlight, the music, the air, the water, our very motion, were intoxicating. And Edith was there, and so beautiful!—an Undine, drooping over the boat-side, as though she might any moment slip into the water, and disappear, if I did not stay her. I sang what I would have said. I called her, and she turned to me!”

Carl lifted his head, caught his mother’s hands, and kissed them joyfully, then stood up before her with an air as triumphant as Dick Rowan’s own. “The time had come, and she was mine!” he exclaimed. “Edith belongs to me, mother!”

For the moment, everything else was forgotten; and the mother forgot, too, till she saw his face cloud over.

“Poor fellow!” said Carl, and knelt on the hassock again. “My heart aches for him. When he saw Edith look at me, he fainted. It seems cruel to be so happy at such a cost. I went up to Hester’s, last night, to see him, but he was not there, and it was too late to go to the ship. I

would have borne any reproach from him. I would have been patient, and have explained everything to him. I think, mother, that I could even have made a friend of him. He is generous. But it is too late now.”

“You must go away at once, Carl,” Mrs. Yorke said presently. “It is the only proper thing to do. The family are pledged to Mr. Rowan, and, till all is settled between him and Edith, you must have no intercourse with her here. My position is one of great delicacy. I cannot even advise Edith.” [Pg 593]

While they talked, Edith had risen, and written two letters, one to Dick Rowan, the other to Father Rasle. Both were short, the former only a line.

“You have no right to treat me so,” she wrote. “If you go away without seeing me, never call yourself my friend again!”

It seemed hard; but she had said to herself: “If he leaves me here with Carl, I shall not be able to be true to him.”

She dressed herself to go out and post these letters, and had just come down-stairs, when she met Carl in the entry. She stopped abruptly at sight of him, and a deep crimson mantled her face as she waited for him to let her pass.

It was a new blush for Edith, for she knew why she blushed. But the Spartan spirit he had admired in the child was not dead, and she was herself the next moment. She bade him a quiet “Good-morning, Carl!” and was passing on, when he asked to see her in the parlor.

“Certainly!” she said, too proud to shrink.

Carl smiled as he held the door open for her to pass, and closed it after them. He was pleased with her dignity.

“I have been talking with my mother,” he said, “and she tells me that I must go away immediately. Do you agree with her?”

Possibly she had seen, and misunderstood his smile, for she chose to be very high with him. “I do not know why you should go,” she said coldly.

“Shall I tell you why it seemed to us that I should?” he asked.

Her look changed at the tone of his voice, which seemed reproachful. Why should she assume with him what was not true? When had he ever shown himself unworthy of her confidence?

“No, Carl,” she said, “you need not tell me, and you must say nothing to me that you would not say to a married woman. I trust you, Carl. You have always been honorable. You are very dear to me, and I trust you perfectly. It is best that you should go.”

The last words were spoken rather faintly, and she had turned from him, and opened the door.

“I shall go to Boston,” he said, “and stay there. In a few weeks you will all come up, and I shall see you.”

She stood in the door now, with her face half turned, and her forehead resting against the door-frame, so that he saw only her profile. And, so leaning, as though from faintness, she put her hand back, and held out her letters to him, and he took them.

“Read them both,” she said, “and mail them for me. And, Carl, I shall not see you again before you go. And”—she stopped, as though her voice had failed her.

“I will not ask you to,” he said.

“And, afterward,” she went on, “I shall not see you in Boston. If you are at home, I shall go to stay with Dick’s mother.”

She did not look round again, but went up-stairs quickly, and shut herself into her room. It is not for us to intrude in that privacy wherein a young heart fought its first battle.

No one saw her that day; but the next morning she came out, and went about her usual employments, much in her usual manner. Whether, like that Russian empress, she was “too proud to be unhappy,” or she had been soothed by that trust in God which makes every yoke easy and every burden light, or the elasticity of youth made continued pain seem impossible, we do not pretend to say. Human motives are not always easy to be read by human eyes. [Pg 594]

Everybody tried to act as though nothing were the matter, and there was enough for all to do. Many things had to be planned and arranged in preparation for their leaving Seaton, and Edith had her own business to attend to. There were the Pattens needing double care since they were so soon to lose her; and the Catholic school to visit, that being permitted now; and a great deal of shopping to be done for her little flock of pensioners.

Within a fortnight came a letter from Carl to his mother, taken up chiefly with business details. But he wrote: “I called yesterday on Mrs. Williams to ask for her son. He was not at home, and I have not seen him yet. He has given up his ship, for this voyage, to Captain

Cary."

Carl could have added, but did not, that the call had not been a pleasant one. Mrs. Williams had just seen Captain Cary, and gleaned from him all that he had thought best to tell, which was, merely, that there seemed to be a slight misunderstanding between Dick and Edith. Her suspicions pointed at once to Carl, and she had not scrupled to express them to him when he came to her house.

"I am sorry not to see Mr. Rowan," he had said, when he got a chance, ignoring her accusations and reproaches; and, with that, had taken a ceremonious leave.

"A pretty mother-in-law for Edith!" was his conclusion.

A few days after came a letter from Mrs. Williams to Edith. It was what might have been expected from her. Dick had not been to see his mother; was stopping with a priest, and had refused to see her. What had Edith and those proud Yorkes done to her son, that he gave up everything and everybody, and went to hide himself in a Catholic priest's house, instead of coming to his own home?

Poor Dick! could he have foreseen that such a letter would be written, he would have sacrificed himself a good deal in order to prevent it.

Edith dropped the letter at her feet after reading it, and said, not for the first time since Carl went away, "Oh! that Father Rasle would come!"

As she said it, and for a moment let slip the leash that held her hidden feelings, one could see that, however calm she might have been outwardly, there had been an inward gnawing all the time. A smile and bright words can mask a good deal. When she dropped them, there was visible a whiteness about the mouth, shadows under the eyes, and even a thinning of the cheeks—the work of that short time.

Hearing her aunt's voice at the chamber-door asking admittance, Edith caught the letter up again, and her self-control with it.

Mrs. Yorke came in with an air of quiet decision, and took a seat by her niece. "I saw the outside of your letter, my dear girl, and know whom it was from," she said; "and I have no intention of allowing you to be killed by others, or to kill yourself. I understand and respect a mother's feelings, Edith, and I respect the obligation of a promise. But there are common sense and justice to be taken into account. Feelings, and, especially, the feelings of a young person who has scarcely learned to know herself, are not to be weighed and measured, like iron and lumber, and stored away, and left unchanged, till called for. You know, my dear, that I have a great affection for Mr. Rowan, and would do him no unkindness nor injustice, do you not?"

"You were very kind to him, aunt," Edith replied quietly. "I am not afraid of anything that you will say or do."

"You need not be," Mrs. Yorke said. "I will not ask you if you have learned to think that promise of yours a hasty one; but there are certain points which I wish to insist upon. They are of general application. Honor does not require that one should keep a bad promise. The fault, if fault there be, is in the making, not the breaking. Also, a woman cannot make a worse promise than one to marry a man whom she does not love. Many very good and pious people will tell you that esteem is enough, and that you will grow to love your husband after a time. That is false. You may learn to endure him, but it will be after all the bloom is wiped from your feelings, and love and delicacy both are dead in you. Let no one make you believe that your feelings are romantic folly. Believe, rather, that your adviser is coarse, though honest. One other dictum: there is no favor, nor obligation, nor affection which a man can confer on you, for which your hand is not too high a price to pay. Give gratitude, affection, even service, but not yourself. Do not sell your hand for any price: it should be a free gift. This is all that I can pronounce positively upon. For the rest, do not act hastily and without advice; for, aside from the question of your personal good, you might bitterly wrong some one else. If you have been hasty, it is a pity; but that cannot be helped now, and should not be too deeply mourned. There must have been some doubt in Mr. Rowan's mind that you did not know what you were promising, for his first word to you was, 'Are you willing, Edith?' Your answer was, 'I am more than willing.' If you deceived him then, unconsciously, from a loving and generous feeling, it was pardonable. But do not deceive him nor yourself again. He deserves from you a perfect frankness, and he has too fine a nature to take your hand if it is reluctant."

"But, Aunt Amy," Edith said, after a moment's thought, "if a woman, out of gratitude, and from an utter impossibility of allowing herself to give such pain to a friend, should promise never to marry any one else, would that be right?"

"A man worthy of inspiring such a resolution would not accept the promise," was the reply; "and the woman has no right to make it. But if she should offer to wait till he is reconciled, that might be soothing to both. Is there anything else you wish to say?"

"Nothing now, thank you, aunt. You are very kind."

This conversation soothed Edith; but, still, she returned to her wishing for Father Rasle; not

entirely for his own sake, though that was much, but because her need of confession and communion had become a great longing.

Her wish was destined to be speedily gratified; for the very next day, when Mr. Yorke came home to dinner, he brought his niece a letter from the priest.

She read it immediately, in presence of the family, and her face brightened. “How delightful!” she exclaimed. “He will say Mass here next Sunday. He is to come Saturday, that is, the day after to-morrow He sends his regards to you all. Let no one know that he is coming, he writes, but Miss Churchill, and Mr. and Mrs. Kent, at whose house he will stop. There will be time enough to notify the people when he has arrived. How glad they will be! That was a letter worth bringing, Uncle Charles!”

Looking up with her smile of thanks, she saw his face clouded. “Is there any trouble?” she asked anxiously.

“If he had come while Carl, and Rowan, and Captain Cary were here, I should have been better pleased,” Mr. Yorke replied evasively. “He has, however, the right to come whenever he chooses. Answer his letter to-day, Edith, and invite him to stop with us.”

“Dear Uncle Charles!” murmured Edith, and glanced enquiringly at her aunt.

“Tell him, for me, that we should all be very happy to have him as a guest,” said Mrs. Yorke.

A smiling nod from Melicent and from Clara confirmed this assertion.

“Dear me!” Edith sighed out, wiping her eyes, “I do think that you are the most beautiful people I ever knew.”

They all laughed at her way of saying it, and the little cloud disappeared. Mr. Yorke did not think it best to tell them that the Know-Nothings had called a public meeting for the next evening. There had been no such meeting for several months, and this might not be of any consequence.

The invitation was written, and sent, and on Saturday morning the answer came, only a few hours preceding Father Rasle.

He thanked them for their kindness, but found it necessary to decline their invitation. He must be where all the Catholics could come to him, bringing their infants to be baptized, and going to confession themselves. Besides the distance, he could not think of subjecting their house to such a visitation, which was likely to continue till late in the evening. His flock needed every moment of his time.

But, meanwhile, between the letter and its answer, the public meeting had taken place, and it had been of consequence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEW "OUTSPOKEN STYLE."

We looked for dewy flower, and sunny fruit:—
He serves us up the dirt that feeds the root.

Aubrey De Vere.

POPULAR OBJECTIONS TO PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

I have read carefully, my dear Philo, your very welcome letter, and cordially reciprocate the kind feelings it expresses. It has recalled our early friendship, which, with me, at least, has never been forgotten or diminished. I see, from your observations on the recent definition of the Papal Infallibility by the Council of the Vatican, that you still think as we both thought in our school-boy days, when we wondered what sort of people Catholics must be to believe that a man could be infallible, to take their faith from a man called the Pope, and to obey and even worship him, as we were told, as God. We were then in some measure excusable for supposing that they must be exceedingly stupid and destitute of reason and of every grain of common sense; for neither of us had then ever seen a Catholic, and knew nothing of their faith or worship except what our Protestant masters, who held them to be no better than the heathen, told us; but are you, my dear Philo, equally excusable for thinking now as you did then? Have you had no opportunity of correcting the error into which we were both led?

You say, “The Council, by its decree defining the Pope when teaching the universal church to be infallible or exempt from error in all matters pertaining to faith and morals, makes the Pope God, clothes him with the incommunicable attributes of the Divinity, and consequently requires us to reverence and worship him as God.” Are you not a little hasty in this conclusion? You tell me that you believe in the plenary inspiration and consequent infallible authority of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments; you then, of course, believe in God and the supernatural order, or that Christian faith is supernaturally revealed to man, and recorded in a book called the Bible. But through what medium was the revelation made and recorded? Certainly through men who spoke or wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, or what they were taught by our Lord himself, and enabled by the Spirit to commit truthfully and without error to writing. All this, you tell me, you believe and hold.

Now, were these inspired penmen, prophets, apostles, and evangelists each God, or clothed with the incommunicable attributes of the Divinity? You do not believe it. Why, then, does the declaration of the Pope’s infallibility declare him to be God? The sacred penmen, you believe, were infallible in what they wrote, and yet without becoming God, or ceasing to be men; why may not the Pope, then, be infallible without being God, or ceasing to be a man like you and me? Do you say the sacred writers were infallible by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, not by nature? Well, do Catholics pretend that the Pope is infallible by nature, or otherwise than through the supernatural assistance of the Holy Ghost protecting him from error in teaching the faith taught by the prophets and apostles? I am not aware that they do.

Catholics, I am told, make a distinction between divine inspiration and divine assistance. The prophets and apostles were divinely inspired to reveal truth; the Pope, according to Catholics, is divinely assisted to teach infallibly the truth revealed through the prophets and apostles, or as taught to the apostles by our Lord himself while he was yet with them. Now, if the inspiration which rendered the prophets and apostles infallible in revealing the truth which was hitherto hidden did not clothe them with the incommunicable attributes of God, how can you pretend that the assistance of the Spirit to teach infallibly what God revealed through them, which is far less, makes the Pope God, or clothes his nature with the attributes of God? If more did not do it in their case, how can less do it in his?

You say, “All men are fallible, and no man can teach infallibly.” All men are fallible, it is true, in their own nature; but that no man by supernatural inspiration and assistance can teach infallibly, neither you nor I believe. We both hold, for instance, that St. Peter was a man, and yet that he was an infallible teacher of the word of God. We hold the same of St. Paul, of St. John, of St. Matthew, of St. Mark, and of St. Luke. Say you they were infallible not by their natural endowments, but only through the supernatural external assistance of the Holy Ghost? But Catholics, if I understand them, hold the Pope to be infallible not by nature or by his own natural powers, but only by the supernatural assistance of the Holy Ghost. Grant the supernatural assistance of the Holy Ghost, and there is no more difficulty in believing the Pope is infallible in his teachings than in believing, as you and I do, that St. Peter and St. Paul were infallible in teaching the revelation of God, whether by word or letter.

Do you not, my dear Philo, confound, in the case of the Popes, infallibility with omniscience, and assume that the Vatican Council, in declaring the Pope infallible in matters pertaining to faith and morals, has actually declared him to be omniscient, and therefore God? This is a mistake: first, because the infallibility declared is not universal; and, second, because the infallibility declared is supernatural and by divine assistance and protection. The Pope is declared to be infallible only when he is teaching the universal church faith and morals, and in condemning the errors repugnant thereto, and even then only by supernatural assistance and protection of the Holy Ghost. The Pope, as a man, is no more infallible than other men: he is infallible only in exercising his function of universal doctor, or teacher of the whole church, and, as this is by the Holy Ghost, the infallibility, like omniscience itself, pertains to God, not to him as a man, and is attached to his function, not to his person. If our Lord, who is perfect God as well as perfect man, has appointed him to the office of universal teacher, and promised him the assistance and protection of the Spirit, there is no difficulty in believing him infallible, even if his personal knowledge should turn out to be no greater than yours or mine. The Pope is simply guided by the Spirit to the truth already revealed and deposited with the church, and, for the most part, at least, contained in the Holy Scriptures,

and is simply protected from error in declaring it.

Indeed, my dear Philo, Catholics claim no more for the Pope than our old Presbyterian parson claimed for himself and for each and every individual of the regenerate or true people of God. He taught us, as you well know, that the regenerate soul is guided by the Spirit into all truth, and protected from all error, at least as to essentials. Some, perhaps most Protestants, go farther than this, and claim to have an infallible authority for their faith in the Bible interpreted by private judgment, and therefore claim for private judgment pretty much the same infallibility that the Council of the Vatican claims for the Pope. Either, then, all regenerate souls, nay, all men, if Protestants are right, are each God, or else the declaration of the Council does not, actually or virtually, declare the Pope to be God, or anything more or less than a man supernaturally assisted by the Holy Ghost to perform the duties of the office to which the Council holds he is supernaturally appointed by Him who has all power in heaven and earth, and is King of kings and Lord of lords.

You say, "The supposition of an infallible Pope is repugnant to the rights and activity of the mind." I do not see it. The human mind can hardly be said to have any rights in presence of its Creator. If any right it has, it is the right to be governed by the word of God alone, and not to be held subject to any human authority or opinions of men. My mind is outraged when it is subjected to the fallible opinions of men, and obliged to hold them as truth, when I have no adequate authority for believing that they are not erroneous. How then its rights can be denied by its being furnished with an infallible guide to the truth, to the word of God, its supreme law, instead of the words of man, is what I do not exactly comprehend, and I do not believe you can comprehend any better than I. An infallible authority lessens the activity of the mind in groping after truth, if you will; but truth being the element of the mind, that for which it was created, and without which it can neither live nor operate at all, cannot very well destroy its activity by being possessed. Does the possession of truth leave no scope for mental activity? If so, what is to constitute the beatitude of the blest in heaven? Your objection strikes me as absurd; for the real activity of the mind is in knowing, appropriating, and using the truth to fulfil the purpose of our existence and to gain the end for which God has made us.

You say, again, that "an infallible authority destroys man's free agency and takes away his moral responsibility." The intellect, you are aware, my dear Philo, if prescinded from the will, is not free. I am not free in regard to pure intellections. I cannot, if I would, believe that two concretes are five, or only three; and I am obliged to admit that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. I may refuse to turn my attention to one or another class of subjects, but I see and judge as I must, not as I will or choose. Free agency and moral responsibility, therefore, attach to the will, not to the intellect, and are enhanced in proportion to my knowledge or understanding of the truth. The authority teaching me infallibly the truth, I am bound by the law of God to accept and obey. So far from destroying free agency, it manifestly confirms it, and, instead of taking away moral responsibility, raises it to the highest possible pitch; for it leaves the mind without the shadow of an excuse for not believing. You forget, my dear Philo, that infallible authority presenting infallible truth is not only a command to the will, but the highest possible reason to the understanding. But at any rate, the objection is as valid against the infallibility of the Bible, asserted by Protestants, as against the infallibility of the Pope, asserted by Catholics.

You say, furthermore, "The claim of infallibility for the Pope is incompatible with civil and religious liberty. If the Pope is infallible in all questions touching faith and morals, his authority is supreme, overrides all other powers, and subjects to him our whole life, religious, moral, domestic, social, and political." But if so, what, then, if he is infallible? You forget that this is no more than Protestants themselves claim for the Bible. Do you admit that any state, sovereign prince, head of a family, or individual has the right, in thought, word, or deed, to contradict or go counter to the law of God as contained in the infallible Bible? Do you not hold that every one is subject in all things whatsoever to the infallible authority of the Holy Scriptures? Well, how can the subjection of our whole life—religious, moral, domestic, social, and political—to the authority of an infallible book be less incompatible with civil and religious liberty than its subjection to an infallible Pope? If the Pope is really infallible, he can enjoin nothing in faith or morals not enjoined by the law of God. Do you pretend that subjection to the law of God is incompatible with civil and religious liberty? If so, you must say with Proudhon, "God is a tyrant, and you must either abolish God or give up the defence of liberty. Once admit God, and you must admit the Catholic Church, Pope, and all." Now, I am not in the habit, any more than Catholics are, of regarding God and liberty as antagonistic, the one to the other. I have always been accustomed to regard liberty not as freedom from all restraint, but as simply freedom from all unjust restraint, or restraint not imposed by the law of God, which is the law of right and justice. His law is the basis, and obedience to it and it alone is the necessary condition, of all true liberty in any and every department of life. Why, then, should the assertion of the infallible authority of the Pope to declare the law of God, which you and I both hold binds all men and nations, be incompatible with liberty? The law of God is just, and the measure or standard of justice, and justice is the foundation and guarantee of liberty. Your objection is not well taken.

What you really object to, my dear Philo, is not, it strikes me, an infallible, but a fallible Pope claiming to be infallible. But suppose the Pope to be infallible in the sense defined by the Council, it is absurd to object to him as dangerous to liberty, civil or religious, because the

Holy Ghost prevents him from declaring anything to be the law of God which is not so, and because, being assisted by the same Holy Ghost, he is always able to decide infallibly what that law does or does not require; and as long as the law as he declares it is observed, no one can be subjected to an unjust authority, oppressed, or deprived of any of his rights.

"You concede," you say, "the supremacy of the law of God, and that all laws which contravene it, or are not transcripts of it, are violences, not laws, and are null and void from the beginning; but this is something very different from subjecting all individuals and the whole secular order to the authority of an infallible Pope upheld by the whole hierarchy, and backed by a huge corporation that extends over the whole world." But where is the difference, if the Pope, by divine assistance and protection, is really infallible? The Pope, if infallible, can be so only from the supernatural appointment and assistance of God as his vicar, and, if infallible, he can declare and apply only what is the law of God or authorized by the law of God. You are wrong, then, old friend, in objecting to the infallible authority; for that is what is needed to establish the divine order in human affairs, and to make the church really the kingdom of God on earth. Your objection and your reasoning are misdirected, and should be directed to prove that Catholics assert infallibility for a Pope who, in fact, is not infallible, but fallible.

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You and all Protestants claim infallible authority for the Bible read and interpreted by each individual for himself, or, rather, by each sect for itself. Unless this interpretation is by an infallible authority, which it confessedly is not, you have in the Bible practically only a fallible authority, yet claim to have an infallible authority; and hence you claim and seek to enforce in the name of the Bible your own very fallible and contradictory opinions or theories. You are guilty, then, of precisely the offence you charge against Catholics, that of claiming infallibility for a fallible authority, and of which it is possible Catholics are not guilty, and, if the Pope be infallible, not only are not, but cannot be guilty. You have, as I have said—even conceding, as I do, the Bible in its true meaning to be infallible—practically no infallible authority. You have no infallible authority to determine and declare the law of God contained in the Bible. You have not the law itself, but only your view of it, which is only a human view, and therefore fallible. To subject men to a mere human view or to a mere human authority, I need not say, is intolerable despotism; and hence your Protestantism is incompatible either with civil or religious liberty, for all men are born equal, and no man or body of men has, except by divine appointment or delegation, any dominion over another.

Hence, as you and I both know, there is no solid basis or security for liberty under Protestantism. If Protestants grow indifferent and do not attempt to govern in the name of the Bible, there may be license, anarchy, a moral and political chaos; but if they are in earnest, and attempt to enforce the authority of the Bible as they understand it, they only enforce their own view of it, and, consequently, can establish only a spiritual despotism either in church or state. In Geneva, Scotland, in every state in Europe that became Protestant, in Virginia, in Massachusetts, in Connecticut, the dominant sect, you know, in early times established an odious tyranny, and would tolerate no opinion hostile to its own. Owing to certain reminiscences of principles inculcated in pre-Reformation times, and to the growing indifference of Protestants to their religion at the time our republic was instituted, and still more to the dissensions among Protestants themselves, civil and religious liberty were recognized here in the United States, but it had and has no basis and no guarantee, except in parchment constitutions, not worth the parchment on which they are engrossed, and which the people may alter at will; and even now the Evangelical sects are trying to unite their forces to abolish religious liberty, without which civil liberty is an empty name. The founder of Methodism was no friend to civil liberty, and he proved himself the bitter enemy of religious liberty by creating, or doing more than any other man to create, the shameful Gordon riots in England in 1780. Let the Methodists become, as they bid fair to become, the dominant sect in the country, and able to command a majority of the votes of the American people, and both civil and spiritual despotism will be fastened on the country, for Methodism has only a human authority.

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The sort of security Protestantism gives to religious liberty may be seen in the proceedings of the general government against the Mormons. It does not interfere with their religion: it pretends it only enforces against them the laws of the Union—laws, by the way, made expressly against them. All the government needs to suppress any religion or religious denomination it does not like is to pass laws prohibiting some of its practices on the plea that they are contrary to morality or the public good, and then take care to execute them. Queen Elizabeth held religious liberty sacred, and abhorred the very thought of persecuting Catholics. She only executed the laws against them. She enacted a law enjoining an oath of supremacy, and making it high treason to refuse to take it, and which she knew every Catholic was obliged in conscience to refuse to take; and then she could hang, draw, and quarter them, not as Catholics, but as traitors. Her judges only executed the laws of the realm against them. I have, as you well know, no sympathy with the Mormons, and I detest their peculiar doctrines and practices, but the principle on which the government proceeds against them would justify it, or any sect that could control it, in suppressing the church, and all Protestant sects even but itself.

Laws in favor of liberty amount to nothing, for all laws may be repealed. The Bible is no safeguard. Under it and by its supposed authority, Catholics have suffered the most cruel persecutions; even when not deprived of life, they have been deprived of the common rights

of men by Protestant governments led on by Protestant ministers. Thus the Bible commands the extirpation of idolaters. But Protestants, by their private judgment, declared Catholics to be idolaters, and hence in the name of the Bible took from them their churches, their schools, colleges, and universities, confiscated their goods, and imprisoned them, exiled them, or cut their throats. The pretence of legislating only in regard to morality avails nothing for religious liberty; for morality depends on dogma, and is only the practical application of the great principles of religion to individual, domestic, social, and political life. You cannot touch a moral question without touching a religious question, for religion and morality are inseparable; your only possible security for liberty is in having a divinely instituted authority that is infallible in faith and morals, competent to tell the state as well as individuals how far it may go, and where it must stop.

You object, finally, my dear Philo, that the assertion of the infallibility of the Pope is incompatible with the assertion of the sovereignty of the people and the independence of secular government. The people and all secular governments, you have conceded, are subject to the law of God. Neither the people nor secular governments are independent of the divine law, and have only the authority it gives them, and the freedom and independence it allows them. How can they lose any right or authority they have or can have by having the divine law, under which they hold, infallibly declared and applied? It is singular, my old schoolfellow, that so acute, subtle, and so able a lawyer as I know you to be, should have the misfortune, as a theologian, to object to the very thing you really wish to maintain, and which can alone save you from the evils you seek to avoid. Now, what it is necessary to know in order to determine the rights and powers of government, is to know precisely what in relation to government the law of God—including both the natural law and the revealed law, which are really only two parts of one and the same divine law—ordains, what it prescribes, and what it forbids. This knowledge can only in part be derived through natural reason, because the law is in part supernatural, and can be known only by faith: it cannot be derived with certainty from the Scriptures interpreted by our own fallible judgment or by any human authority: it can be obtained infallibly from the teaching and decisions of an infallible Pope, if really infallible. The infallible Pope will give to the people all the sovereignty they have under the law of God, and maintain for civil government all the rights and powers, all the freedom and independence of action, the law of God gives it. What more do you want? What more dare you assert for civil government or for popular sovereignty? Would you put the people in the place of God, and raise the secular order above the spiritual, man above God? Certainly not, at least not avowedly either to yourself or to others. Then, how can you pretend the Papal infallibility is incompatible with the sovereignty of the people and the independence of civil government? Do you want the line unsettled, and the law of God left undefined, and remitted, as you remit the Bible, to the private judgment of each people or each government, to be interpreted by each for itself, and as it sees proper? But that were to make the divine law practically of no effect, and to leave each people and each government without any law but what it chooses to be to itself. It practically emancipates the secular order from the law of God, and asserts complete civil absolutism.

The fact is, my dear Philo, you and many others in your own minds regard liberty and authority as mutually hostile powers. It is the error of the age, and hence we see the nations alternating between the mob and the despot, each hostile alike to liberty and authority. Both liberty and authority are founded in the divine order, and without recognizing and conforming to that order neither can be maintained. To restrain liberty by an authority that rests on a human basis alone is to destroy it; as to restrain authority by liberty not defined by the law of God, or by popular sovereignty to be defined by popular sovereignty, is to lose all authority, and to rush into anarchy and universal license. There is no true liberty and no legitimate government independent of the divine order; consequently, none without an infallible authority to present and maintain it. The question is, Has God, or has he not, established an infallible authority to declare his law? Yours affectionately,

Damian.

THE FOXVILLES OF FOXVILLE.

A TALE OF THE PERIOD.

I.

At a huge country-house, not many years ago, some few days after the close of the Christmas and New Year's festivities, the usual family circle, with one exception, met at the breakfast-table. A man on horseback had just pulled up at the house-door with the family letter-bag from the nearest town. The letters and papers were handed to the head of the family, who glanced over the addresses with the quick eye of a practised man of business, and placed one of the letters on an empty plate reserved for the absent member of the party.

"Oh! For Susy!" exclaimed a young lady, who seemed put to her wits' end to make herself still younger, for she was the elder daughter of the house, past twenty-six, and disengaged. "I should like to know whom that's from! A gentleman's hand, I declare!" And she eyed the characters with a searching scrutiny, but they would tell no more tales.

"Don't be so curious, Matilda. I shall recommend Susy to keep her letter a secret," said an obnoxious brother, by name Augustus, one year the junior of the first speaker.

"Yes! you would encourage her in every kind of deception, you would! She is quite artful enough," answered Matilda. "If I were papa, I would soon see who sends the letter. What can make Susy late, this morning? She is invariably so regular."

"No, child!" said a white-headed old gentleman, Mr. Foxville, the happy father of Matilda, Augustus, and Susan, his stock of direct descendants, and all told, "I never meddle with other people's business. Susy is a good girl, and she will let me have any news that may interest me."

"You are quite right; but she has a duty to her mamma," said Mrs. Foxville, with a grand matronly air. "Papa allows me to open all his letters, though he never opens mine: and that's as it should be. If Susy does not come down soon, as I am privileged, I will open the letter. It is a genteel hand, I perceive.

"Well, well," observed Mr. Foxville, "patience, patience! We can wait."

"She is my child, Mr. Foxville," replied the matron.

"Shall I fetch Susy down?" asked Matilda, with curiosity fermenting within her.

"Do, my dear," said Mrs. Foxville, laboring under the same complaint, but affecting more indifference.

With much nimbleness the sprightly Matilda dashed out of the room, having first made an attempt to carry off the letter.

"Stop!" cried Augustus, putting his hand on it. "Suppose you bring Susy to the letter, and not the letter to Susy! Fair is fair," he added, with something like distrust in the fair letter-carrier.

In a few seconds Matilda and Susy entered the room, the arm of the elder affectionately wound round the waist of the younger sister.

"Are you not well, Susy?" asked Mr. Foxville kindly.

"Perfectly!" replied Susy, giving her papa his morning kiss.

"There is a letter for you," said the enviable father.

"Thank you," answered Susy, and she slipt the letter unopened into a little dress pocket, coloring and tremulous as she did so.

"I could not wait like you for the news, Susy," said her mother frankly, as she watched her daughter closely.

"I would not be so rude as to read letters before others," answered Susy.

"Not at all rude!" observed Mrs. Foxville, with one of her grand airs. "There is nobody here but the family: that makes all the difference. I would wish to make you sensible of that, my child. Etiquette should not be pushed too far when we are *en famille*."

The last words were delivered with a deal of self-importance, as if she had just solved a new problem of politeness and was vain of her discovery.

"Of course!" cried Matilda. "Do not hesitate, Susy. I should not. I could not take matters so coolly. The letter may be from some dear, dear friend!"

"Take my advice, Susy," said that horrible Augustus. "Breakfast first, and dessert afterwards."

"Dessert indeed! It may be some dreadful intelligence. So none of your interference, Gussy!"

rejoined Matilda.

“Then I would not spoil my appetite; and my recommendation holds good,” pursued that provoking brother.

“Ay! ay,” said Foxville senior; “your breakfast first, girl.” And this put an end to the dispute, for the old gentleman saw that Susy was pained at the discussion.

II.

It was true, as Miss Matilda Foxville had observed, that her sister Susy was the most regular in that exemplary household whenever there was a demand on her energies in domestic affairs, or on her good nature in diffusing happiness and cheerfulness around her. The fact that she had deviated from her usual course into the exceptional irregularity referred to, naturally called for comment such as any strange occurrence would provoke; and the uninitiated as naturally puzzled themselves with unsatisfactory conjectures. But the plain truth was this: Susy’s absence was caused by nothing less than a consciousness that a particular letter would arrive for her that morning. She imagined that she should betray less concern about the letter, and keep her nerves more under control, by an apparently accidental absence of a few minutes from the breakfast-table, than if she ran the risk of being present at the opening of the post-bag, and of manifesting her expectation and her too probable excitement at its realization.

Susy had, as we have seen, only partially succeeded; but, under shelter of the timely command of her father, she managed to conceal a great deal of her uneasiness at the expense of a charge of indifference toward her correspondents—a charge she was disposed to invite rather than disprove.

This little ruse, however, she was unable to carry very much further; for Matilda, more and more perplexed, and proportionably more curious, than ever, became, after the morning meal, more endearing in both manner and speech towards her sister than was customary with one who generally adopted the language of admonition or complaint. It was very clear that these famous time-honored weapons for eliciting obedience and respect would fail in the present instance; and Matilda had not spent twenty-six years of her valuable existence without acquiring an amount of knowledge that led her to that certain conclusion. But wheedling and an implied solicitude for her sister’s welfare were more insidious and keener instruments to open the confidence-chest of the unsuspecting Susy.

“I hope you will have good news,” began Matilda when the sisters were alone. Then she added, as if some sudden idea struck her, “But I forgot! I will leave you and come again presently, Susy dear; you would like to read and answer your letter?”

What it was that Miss Matilda professed to have forgotten would puzzle most men; but it was a phrase habitual to her, and coming from a person of her experience, it probably conveyed all she intended to those of her own sex who enjoyed her familiarity. Susy, whether she understood the form of expression or not, was attracted by her sister’s winning ways and most unusual condescension, and was quite prepared to open her heart to her.

“Don’t go, Till,” she said, blushing. “I have something to say to you.”

“To me!” exclaimed the delighted Matilda with well-feigned surprise. “Pray tell me what it is!”

“It is the letter,” said Susy.

“Oh! that’s quite private,” pursued Matilda, “if I might judge by your putting it aside unopened.”

“But there is confidence between sisters?”

“Most undoubtedly. Would I not unbosom myself to you?”

“You shall, then, be the first to learn the news, but it must soon be family property,” said Susy, opening the letter, and reading it as Matilda looked over her shoulder. “I ought, perhaps, to show it to papa first,” she added, as a glow diffused itself over her face and neck.

“Yes; it is indeed matter for papa’s consideration: it is meant for him. But whom is it from?” said Matilda, in a fever to see the name on the last page, which Susy had not yet turned to.

“Nathaniel Wodehouse!” said Susy, in trembling accents, as she sank down on a chair to support herself in her novel situation.

“That trumpery fellow! faugh!” exclaimed Matilda boldly. “I would soon settle his business. Let me pen you a reply, will you?”

“Matilda! sister Till!” cried Susy in amazement, and recalled to herself. “How often have I heard you say what a charming, handsome man he is!”

“I! I!” said Matilda, ascending the gamut in her ejaculations. “I call him charming and handsome!” Then, with tremendous emphasis inspired by rage, she added, “Never!”

"Well, then," followed up her merciless witness, roused by her sister's vain denial, "he *is* charming and handsome! And you know it."

III.

Mr. Foxville was a retired butcher who had made a fortune, and still did a little business on 'Change to keep his hand in, and preserve his mental faculties from rusting. Besides the newspaper, which many will contend was his "best public instructor," he had not many intellectual resources; and as he allowed himself little recreation, he devoted a great deal of time to journal-reading and the study of stocks and the share-list. Here was a fair amount of work for a busy mind; and very busy was Mr. Foxville in keeping a sharp eye on his investments.

Being fond of a country life, he bought several acres of land when he gave up business; and he had built himself an unwieldy mansion, and was erecting smaller houses and cottages at a respectful distance from his own. This cluster of dwellings he proposed to call Foxville, while his own big, special habitation he called Foxville House. The name was not adopted without reflection, and more than one debate between himself and wife.

Foxville's patronymic was simply Fox. That did very well for business, but it was deemed unsuited for higher exigencies. Foxtown was invented and discussed, but it gave no satisfaction. Was there anything distinguished in Foxtown? Nothing! Husband and wife were one on that point.

At length, Mrs. Fox bethought her of a French tutor to her girls, and that excellent gentleman bore the name of Portville. Monsieur Portville was a very agreeable man, to ladies especially; and that circumstance associated something pleasant with his name to the ear of Mrs. Fox. It was a habit with Mr. Fox, who could not remember names, to put the cart before the horse in endeavoring to call names to his recollection, and he always spoke of the Frenchman as Villeport. In facetious moments he would reduce this again to Vile Port, maintaining that this was the original name. Although it was by no means a complimentary cognomen, Mr. Fox had no intention of showing disrespect, for he had a rough kind of regard for the tutor, and only vented a poor joke at his expense, deriving his inspiration perhaps from the remembrance of a compound beverage familiar to Fox in his younger days in the country which had the honor of his birth. If Portville was euphonious, why not Foxville? Such was the argument of Mrs. Fox, and that settled the question.

Mrs. Foxville was the daughter of a grocer, who had so many daughters that all he could do for them was to make them a home and allow them a limited portion for their wardrobe—totally insufficient, according to their unanimous opinion, for their position! Mrs. Foxville was the oldest, and was the first to enter into wedlock. She would have scorned an alliance with a butcher, so superior did she think her father's calling, though on what grounds she never clearly stated; but the prosperity of young Fox proved a compensation strong enough to convert a woman's uprising negative into a positive affirmative.

The correctness of the lady's judgment could not be questioned in the days that lengthened Fox into Foxville. She continued, however, to regard herself as more than the equal of her husband; and she always spoke of my house, my family, my children Matilda, Augustus, and Susy, as if poor Foxville had no concern or partnership in the property. Sometimes he would slip in 'our' in place of 'my,' and he always spoke in this manner himself, but both the correction or amendment and the example had no effect on the 'singular' appropriation, which seemed, it may be supposed, to convey higher origin and standing than if lowered by a joint ownership.

Miss Matilda Foxville's characteristics have sufficiently developed themselves, and Augustus, beyond being a plague to his elder sister, had no character at all. He was an existence, and little more; still, he was not without importance as the heir of a goodly estate.

Foxville House never failed to throw open its hospitable portals during Christmas week, and, not many days before the receipt of Susy's letter, a large number of guests had found a warm welcome within them. Nathaniel Wodehouse was invariably the life of these social gatherings, and in the estimation of the Misses Foxville evidently he possessed qualifications for the prominent part he took. He stood high in favor with Miss Matilda, there is no denying the fact. For him more than for any other male thing, she chignoned, and painted, and got herself up in the best style of fashion. She nearly succeeded in reducing twenty-six to twenty by other than arithmetical rules. But what, after all, are twenty-six summers? No great span in the life of a really handsome woman; yet, in Miss Matilda, so unpliable was her disposition, and so set was her general deportment, that candor must admit that the six years beyond twenty had produced a perceptible difference. She made the best of them, however, for Nathaniel Wodehouse.

Can it be wondered at, therefore, that she thought he had some appreciative taste? He was charming and good-looking most certainly; and he was very gallant, as he ought to have been, to Miss Foxville. No one invited him with more *empressement* than Matilda did to revisit Foxville House. Susy was shy and reserved; Matilda had outlived all that, and safely pronounced Nathaniel excellent company: so did Mrs. Foxville—so did Mr. Foxville. Augustus had no settled conviction on this head; and Susy was silent.

Even when Matilda spoke to her under sisterly secrecy, and used the epithets which she subsequently wished to revoke, Susy committed herself no further than by an exclamation of "Do you think so?" accompanied by a smile of doubtful acquiescence. When, however, Matilda, repenting of her admission, boldly denied it, Susy, as we have seen; held her to it unflinchingly.

It is sometimes good to come after others, and Scripture, politeness, and good sense forbid our presumptuously taking the best places. Susy enjoyed in this respect an advantage which nature had given her. She had all the benefit of being eight years younger than her sister, for she was at once the youngest, the prettiest, and the most amiable of the Foxvilles. Nathaniel would have been blind indeed if he had not made that discovery; and what that discovery led to, the intimated tenor of his letter has abundantly proved. One result, however, he had not foreseen, and that was the burning jealousy it excited in the bosom of Matilda Foxville, although he *was* prepared to incur her displeasure.

IV.

Foxville House always was in commotion when Matilda had a hand in it. When she was agitated, her agitation vibrated in every part of that spacious dwelling; and now she was stung to madness in such a way by Susy's taunt that she rushed about like a maniac on fire. It was her worst policy, but she had lost the rudder of her discretion, and she cast herself adrift on the surging waves of her own fury.

From one apartment to another she flew in a whirlwind of passion in search of her mother, whom she would have found very near to Susy's room if she had not darted downstairs with headlong precipitation. Up-stairs she flew again, and at length flounced into the room in which Mrs. Foxville was eagerly awaiting the issue of the consultation between her daughters.

"What has happened, Matilda?" asked Mrs. Foxville. "Your look startles me."

"You will be startled!" gasped Matilda.

"Calm yourself, my child, and tell at your leisure what is amiss," replied the mother, her words being at variance with her feverish anxiety for the news.

"What do you think, mamma? Nathaniel Wodehouse has had the audacity to propose to Susy!"

"Nathaniel Wodehouse! Without means! A beggar! I shall put a stop to that. No genteel poverty for me or either of my girls!"

"I was sure that you would save poor Susy! What is the use of his gentility with nothing to support it?"

"You always were sensible, Matilda; and no doubt Susy is wise enough to see the matter in the same light."

"There you mistake, mamma; Susy is such a weak fool! The silly thing is over head and ears in love with him. She idolizes him! It is positively awful—wicked!"

"Oh! that's it, is it? And without asking my opinion? Deliberate disobedience! Let me see her this moment. I must talk to her!"

Forthwith the mother and elder daughter sought out the unfortunate Susy, and joined in giving her one of those 'talkings to,' as they termed them, which only ladies can inflict on one another. Susy let fall a tear or two, made very short replies, for she could scarcely squeeze a word in, and bore her rebukes with exemplary patience, contenting herself with asserting that she would comply with the request of the letter and lay it before her father.

"Let me catch you showing the letter to your father this day!" exclaimed Mrs. Foxville indignantly.

"To-morrow will do," replied Susy. "Papa must see it."

It was then agreed that Susy should reserve the letter for her father's perusal next day, on Mrs. Foxville consenting to take the blame for delay on her own shoulders; and it was finally stipulated that both the elder Foxville and Augustus should be kept in the dark for the next twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Foxville did not, however, consider herself bound by this contract, though not the least important of the high contracting parties. In fact, she intended to turn the interval to what she deemed the best account. Accordingly, she seized the opportunity which Mrs. Caudle, as depicted by Douglas Jerrold, devoted to curtain lectures, and plainly gave Mr. Foxville to understand that "she wouldn't have it," meaning the match in question, for she stated she knew that Wodehouse was as poor as a church mouse. "He was all outside show," she said —"all flimsy, with no backbone." She added that "that wouldn't do for her girls," and, having warned her husband at great length and with great force, she concluded her lecture by observing, "And now you know your duty to my child, and I shall expect you to perform it."

"Our child, my dear—our dear Susy is entitled to the best counsel I can give her."

“I knew you would take her part!” cried Mrs. Foxville. “Dear Susy, indeed! She is a very bad Susy. I would have you, Mr. Foxville, respect a mother’s feelings!”

“Well, well; yes, yes, to be sure I will,” replied the husband, who was as valiant as an ox and nearly as strong in muscle, but was now in dread of a second lecture. “I will, you may depend upon it.”

With this promise on his lips he composed himself to sleep, after having first noticed its soothing effect—for which he took credit to himself—on his partner.

The next day, Mr. Foxville had some conversation alone with Susy. A little kindness soon reassured her, and, like a true-hearted daughter, she did not attempt to conceal her attachment to Nathaniel from her father. She opened her mind to him, and promised to abide by his advice; and on the question of questions—that of fortune—she professed her belief that Nathaniel Wodehouse would not be found in the forlorn condition in which her mamma and sister, in spite of her, had insisted. She acknowledged that she had no proof of this but her lover’s word, which, she said, Matilda had derided. Her lover’s word! that was all—sufficient for Susy! But she approved of her father’s fully satisfying himself on this point, as a duty to his family and to her.

There are several ways of giving advice. It is a favorite plan with some to administer it as they would physic, and the more nauseous it is, the more they seem to like administering it; and they would quarrel with their best friend for not taking it. Even among the more considerate, not every one has the modesty not to have his equanimity disturbed by having his advice asked and then disregarded. Mr. Foxville was not one of either of these classes. He might allowably be a little more positive in counselling his own daughter, but practically he followed in her regard his usual method, heedless of all the admonitions of his better half. That method was to pile up all the pros and cons which occurred to him on both sides of a question, and leave his client very much to his own decision. In effect, this was to offer no advice at all, but the course of proceedings looked grave and offended no one, while it enabled him to remain true to his maxim of never meddling in other people’s business. The only stumbling-block with Mr. Foxville, in the present instance, was a suitable position for his daughter, and that he would look into as a matter of imperative necessity. The rest he would leave to those most vitally interested, after his usual formal statement of all the disadvantages, which always came first, and then the advantages of the case under consideration. Susy was accordingly much comforted by her father’s good sense and feeling, instead of being cowed and heart-broken as Mrs. Foxville and Matilda had expected to see her.

“You are a perfect fool!” said Mrs. Foxville to her husband on observing Susy’s cheerful face after the *tête-à-tête*. “You have not the nerve to manage my child! I must take her in hand, poor noodle that she is. Ha! she is just like you. There’s a nice pair for you!”

Mr. Foxville attached little importance to these disparaging remarks, with the like of which he was familiar; but he invariably did things his own way, and left consequences to take care of themselves. He responded, therefore, good-humoredly:

“Not too hasty, my dear! I shall see Nathaniel Wodehouse, whether you approve of it or not. That is all I have to say.”

And Foxville kept his word, for he resolutely refrained from opening his lips to renew the discussion. Not so Mrs. Foxville. She had a very great deal to say, but eventually wound up by the following menace:

“Beware how you ruin my child! You shall answer for it. I’ll let you know whether I am to be nobody in my own house!”

The tremendous ferment which shook the Foxvilles at length began to act upon Augustus. That young man had his own view of Susy’s conduct.

“I tell you what, Susy,” said he, “Wodehouse is no gentleman. He is a sneak. Didn’t he get the better of me in an examination before old Dr. Playfair, and when I challenged him to fight it out, and prove who was the better man, didn’t he decline? A pretty thing to marry a man like that. Marry him, Susy, and see what I will do!”

Poor Susy was now regarded by all her family, with the exception of her father, who remained silent, as a reprobate and outcast. When she sat down to her meals, she was treated as if she were supported by charity. At other times she was watched like a criminal. Her fortitude and good conscience, nevertheless, sustained her under her unmerited wrongs.

In the meantime, the two gentlemen, Foxville and Wodehouse, conferred together. Mrs. Foxville at first insisted on being present; but it was to no purpose. Mr. Foxville’s hardihood gave him the victory. He was declared to be the most obstinate of men; he bore the imputation and triumphed.

“What good have you done?” sneered Mrs. Foxville, when the meeting was over.

“Our Susy and Nathaniel will be man and wife!” replied the imperturbable Foxville.

“Oh!” was the sole response, in a tone that boded little harmony if the baffled Mrs. Foxville could have her way.

“Ay, ay,” continued Foxville. “Nat’s the richest man within a dozen miles of this place. I tell you, I have proof of it. Look, there’s a *little* present, as he called it, for you!”

Foxville pulled out of his pocket a magnificent set of jewels in the neatest of morocco cases, and handed the gift to his wife.

What a transformation on the countenance and in the manner of Mrs. Foxville! Who could have suggested such a happy idea to Nathaniel as the magical present which turned out to be such a talisman of power? That secret was never known but to Susy and Nathaniel, and it cannot be divulged.

As Mrs. Foxville gazed with rapture on the jewels, her eyes vied in sparkling with the diamonds.

“Well, I cannot help forgiving him!” exclaimed the pacified lady. “Who would have thought this of Nathaniel Wodehouse? Twelve months ago I know he was scarcely worth a penny. But are you quite sure that you have not been taken in?”

“Trust old Foxville for that, eh? I have seen how he came by his money. Old Simpson, his uncle, died last March, and left him sole heir.”

“Simpson his uncle! A good family! My father knew him well.”

Mrs. Foxville’s was not altogether a vain boast: the late Mr. Simpson had been the best customer at her father’s grocery.

Augustus now joined his parents unexpectedly.

“Gussy, my boy,” cried his father, “Nat is the happy man, after all! He could buy up all of Foxville if he chose. He wants you to dine with him at his club to-morrow. Do as you like. I meddle in no man’s business!”

“Of course I will! He is a better fellow than I took him to be,” said the sensible Augustus. “And here comes Susy,” he added, seeing his sister approaching.

“Susy, we congratulate you,” exclaimed the overjoyed father. “The course of true love runs smoothly a little too soon, eh?”

Susy blushed scarlet.

“Kiss me, my darling girl,” said Mrs. Foxville.

“Bravo!” sang out Augustus.

“But Till must hear the news! Let me fetch Matilda!” And he ran off with all speed, and soon returned with his sister.

“I told you I had something to show you,” said he, addressing Matilda. “Look at that picture! We only want Nat to make us thoroughly jolly. You will make a superb bridesmaid, Till, though I say it!”

“Not I indeed!” replied Matilda, with a grand toss of her head.

“You won’t for Susy?” the terrible Augustus went on. “That’s cruel of you; but I’ll give you a chance. So don’t despair; it’s often a first step to matrimony!”

Matilda bit her lip till it nearly bled, but she suffered not a word to escape her.

“For shame, Gussy!” cried Susy, as she flung herself, half-smiling, half-crying, on her sister’s neck.

* * * * *

With great adroitness Nathaniel eventually made his peace with Matilda, though it was rather a truce than a peace; but sufficient harmony was in a little time restored to Foxville House to make Susy’s wedding go off with *éclat*.

THE MARTYRS OF ARCUEIL.

[The following narrative of the imprisonment and execution of certain Dominicans, by the Paris Commune, in May of last year, is translated from an account drawn up in French, under the eyes and, in a measure, at the dictation of witnesses who shared the captivity of the martyrs, and survived their fate only by a providential interposition which seems little less than miraculous. It was written merely to preserve, in the archives of the order, an authentic record of the circumstances which it, commemorates; but it glows with examples of Christian heroism and charity which ought not to be lost to the world at large. The branch of the Dominicans which gives this company of martyrs to the church was founded by Father Lacordaire shortly after the passing of the law of 1850, which, by abridging the exclusive privileges of the university of Paris, conferred upon the religious orders in France the right of opening schools and colleges, a right for which Lacordaire and Montalembert had battled for twenty years. Father Captier was one of the original company of four novices with whom Father Lacordaire founded, in 1852, the new order of Teaching Dominicans.]

In the spring of 1863, eighteen months after the death of Father Lacordaire, certain religious of the Third (Teaching) Order of Dominicans, having as their head the Rev. Father Captier, were sent to establish, in the house formerly belonging to Berthollet, a college under the name of the Blessed Albertus Magnus. It was a difficult task, and from the outset was met by the government with an opposition equally obstinate and hypocritical. In order to prevent the virtual abrogation of the law of 1850, to which France is now indebted for such a gallant multitude of faithful instructors, the contest opened by Father Lacordaire, in 1831, in the matter of the free schools, had to be commenced anew. Deprived of their religious habit, and harassed by incessant and discreditable vexations, Father Captier and his companions nevertheless stood bravely at their post of honor. At last, after two years of labor and experiment, they were permitted to enjoy in peace the protection of the law, and to speak freely to their pupils according to the inspiration of their hearts and their faith.

The establishment at Arcueil, founded in trouble, thenceforward prospered without interruption, and grew apace under the watchful and affectionate care of Father Captier. He seemed to know every member of the community to his inmost heart. He cared for every one with a religious and at the same time manly tenderness. There was not one to whom he failed to do good. With the performance of these duties he combined an active interest in all questions relating to the education of youth, and opposed with all his might the encroachment of the system of godless schools which has since been so audaciously imposed upon Parisian families. Appointed a member of the Commission d'Enseignement Supérieur, as the most thorough representative of the free schools, he brought to the service of that board the experience of twenty years, the devout aspirations of his holy community, and the enthusiasm of a spirit earnest in the cause of enlightenment and holy liberty. When he returned to his cell, he resumed the cares of a soul which aimed to be wholly and profoundly immersed in the religious life. He concerned himself about the progress of all his brethren and pupils in observing the rules of the community, well knowing that the best means of doing good to souls is to draw from God the courage and the light which one needs in order to serve them.

Such was the state of affairs at Arcueil when the war broke out. The school then contained nearly three hundred pupils. In an establishment where religion and patriotism were both so warmly cherished, the first thought of every one was to do his utmost to aid France in her struggle against the foreigner. The pupils raised a large contribution for the relief of the victims of the coming campaigns. The religious gave their persons. Three of them joined the ambulances and passed the winter on the fields of battle, while the others devoted themselves in the college premises to taking care of the wounded victims of the siege of Paris. About fifteen hundred sick and wounded soldiers were thus treated in the college ambulance; and it was a devotion all the more meritorious because Arcueil, situated on the French outposts, was constantly under the fire of the German artillery.

After the siege, the school of Arcueil reopened its doors to pupils, and in March resumed its classes and its regular life. Then came the civil war. Placed between Fort Montrouge, Fort Bicêtre, and the redoubt of Hautes Bruyères, the school found itself within the lines of the Paris Commune. Instead of abandoning their house, the fathers resolved to continue their services to the wounded. They displayed on the front of the building the flag of the Geneva Convention, and, with the aid of the assistant masters whom the peace had collected around them, they began to traverse the battlefields on the south of Paris, gathering up the wounded and burying the dead. Within the college, the poor soldiers, whether regulars or federals, were tended by the charitable hands of the Sisters of St. Martha. At first the communists respected this self-sacrifice. The less violent of them were pleased to be so well cared for by the Dominicans of Arcueil. Many requisitions, nevertheless, were made upon the institution, and the house was ransacked from top to bottom, but nothing was found in it except the evidence of a charity which no rebuffs could discourage. The religious continued with unremitting zeal to relieve the wounded on the field of battle, and awaited patiently the triumph of justice and liberty. A number of battalions of the National Guard were thus brought into contact with the school. Several of them showed gratitude and even a sort of sympathy, but so far as that went everything depended upon the officers. Thus, the 101st Battalion, commanded by one Cerisier, a convict "who had been three times sentenced to death, and believed neither in God nor in man," far from showing any good-will, seemed

hardly willing to forgive the religious for their charitable labors in its behalf.

On the 17th of May, several events happened which greatly excited and alarmed the insurgents. A cartridge factory exploded in the Avenue Rapp, that is to say, within the *enceinte* of Paris, and at least six kilometres from Arcueil. Several posts in the valley of the Bièvre were surprised and overpowered at the point of the bayonet. Finally, a few paces from the school, the château of the Marquis de Laplace, occupied by the federals as a barrack, was burned. It was determined that the communists of Arcueil should be held to an accountability for these wholly unconnected occurrences, and the federals required nothing more to justify them in ordering an arrest.

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On Friday, the 19th of May, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, the school of Arcueil, which then contained twenty wounded brought in the night before from the field of battle, received a visit from Citizens Leo Meillet and Lucy Pyat, envoys from the Commune of Paris, and wearing the red scarf; Thaler, a Prussian, sub-governor of the Fort of Bicêtre; and Cerisier, commander of the 101st Battalion of the Paris National Guard. While these gentlemen were entering at the main door, the 101st and 120th Battalions surrounded the premises, broke down the enclosure, and forced their way in at every entrance, leaving sentinels here and there with orders to shoot anybody who attempted to go out. At the demand of Leo Meillet, Father Captier presented himself. An order from the Commune was shown him, setting forth no complaint or legal excuse, but commanding all the members of the community, from the prior down to the last of the kitchen servants, to submit themselves to the commands of the delegates. Half an hour was granted them for the necessary preparations. The bell was rung to call the household together, and Lucy Pyat, taking this for a suspicious signal, threatened to shoot the child who had committed such a crime. One by one, the religious, the assistant teachers, the sisters, the domestics, and the seven or eight pupils remaining in the house gathered around Father Captier. When the word was given to depart, they all fell down upon their knees, and with tears in their eyes asked his blessing. "My children," he said to them, "you see what has happened. No doubt you are going to be questioned; be frank and sincere, as if you were speaking to your parents. Remember the counsel they gave you when they trusted you to our care; and whatever happens, bear in mind that you must be men who can live and can die like Frenchmen and like Christians. Adieu! May the blessing of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost descend upon you, and remain with you always, always!"

Then the fatal journey was arranged. The horses and wagons of the school were seized, and the vehicles were first filled with the sisters and female domestics. They were forbidden any communication with each other by word or gesture, or any signal of farewell, under penalty of being shot. They were taken first to the Conciergerie and afterwards to Saint Lazare (the prison for abandoned women), whence they were released on the Tuesday following by the arrival of the Versailles troops, before the miscreants of the Commune could execute the horrid threats of which they were the objects during these four days. The pupils were also to have been carried off, but, thanks to a misunderstanding on the part of the federal chiefs, their arrest was suspended. Later it was proposed to convey them to the Hôtel de Ville, and even to the barricades, but nothing was done, and they remained tolerably at ease in a remote part of the house, under the signally intelligent and devoted care of the young Jacques de La Perrière, whose conduct in these trying days was above all praise.

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When all the others were gone, the fathers, the professors, and the male servants were brought down into the first court, and surrounded by the men of the 101st and 120th Battalions. The door opened, and the sad cortège began its march towards the Fort of Bicêtre, situated three kilometres from the school. They first passed through the streets of Arcueil. The inhabitants looked on in silence, though their sympathies were all with the prisoners. "When they passed our door," said a poor woman, "and I saw Father Captier and all these messieurs, who had done us so much good, marching in the midst of the muskets, I imagined it was Jesus Christ with his disciples going to Jerusalem to be crucified." At Gentilly, which they were next obliged to traverse, the popular feeling was very different, and the most outrageous language was used towards the prisoners.

It was seven o'clock in the evening when the column arrived at the fort. The captives were first locked up in a small room where, insulted in the grossest manner, they were forced to wait their turn to appear before the governor of the fort, and go through the formality of registering on the books of the prison. These formalities lasted a long time, the number was so large. Each man was submitted to the pretence of an examination, though there was no question of any crime or misdemeanor, nor any indictment whatever. Then they were searched, and stripped of everything they carried (even the breviaries were taken away), and conducted to Casemate No. 10, which faces the entrance to the fort.[120] It was nearly midnight when Father Captier and the other religious were placed here. Their companions followed in small parties, and about two o'clock the door closed upon the last of them. It was never to open for them again till they went out to their death.

This first night was very severe. The casemate contained only a few remnants of damp straw, already spoiled and broken up by some Bavarian soldiers, and each man had to grope for a clean spot on the bare floor. When morning came, they sought for some alleviation of their wretched condition. By dint of earnest representation, they got some bundles of fresh straw, and after a few days the breviaries were restored to the religious. Father Captier succeeded in obtaining paper and pencil, and addressed a communication to the governor of

the fort. He thus secured the liberation of two lads, Emile Delaitre and Paul Lair, who had been imprisoned with the other servants of the school. He had more difficulty in obtaining the favor of a serious examination, for thus far the twenty-five prisoners were absolutely ignorant of the cause of their arrest. Something, at any rate, was granted: on Sunday afternoon, Fathers Captier and Cotrault were led before Citizen Lucy Pyat, who, after a long conversation, informed them that they were to be considered neither as condemned nor accused, nor even prisoners, but they were merely held as witnesses. He was a prophet, though he did not know it; for God had chosen them to bear witness, with their blood, to the glory of his holy name. [Pg 617]

It was hoped that the examinations would be resumed on the following day (Monday), but this was not done. On the contrary, the officers in command at the fort held no further communication with the prisoners. It is probable that in thus keeping away they yielded to the wishes of their men; for, while the officers preserved an appearance of civility in the presence of the fathers, their subordinates constantly redoubled their outrages, and took all pains to render them more and more gross. Drunken and infamous creatures showed themselves every few minutes before the windows of the casemate, jeering at the prisoners, loading them with unmentionable epithets, or reading aloud, with infinite gusto, the most shameless articles from the Communist newspapers. One day, they saw the sub-governor of the fort, cap in hand, ushering Father Captier into his prison after some sort of an examination. This mark of respect so exasperated the federal soldiers that they raised a great disturbance at the door of the casemate, and thenceforth the provisions for the prisoners were regularly plundered or intercepted on the way; for two days the captives were denied even a cup of water. On Wednesday, the 24th, an execution took place in the courtyard of the fort, directly under their eyes. It was made the occasion of redoubled menaces and heartless allusions. The same day, the Abbé Féron, chaplain of the Hospital of Bicêtre, went in search of the governor of the fort, and asked to be entrusted with the custody of the members of the Arcueil community, offering to answer for them with his life until they could be judged. This generous effort was unavailing. The Commune had already settled everything. The school was to be pillaged and burned.[121] As for the prisoners, they belonged to the 101st Battalion and its commander, who would dispose of them according to circumstances.

What were the thoughts of the victims during this long week of agony? Their companions in captivity tell us that a gentle cheerfulness never ceased to prevail in that wretched dungeon. With the exception of some of the servants, married men and fathers of families, whose attitude and manner were somewhat gloomy and dejected, every one pursued his ordinary way of life—not that they forgot or despised death, but because they had offered to God the sacrifice of their lives for France. The religious redoubled their usual devotion, encouraged each other and exhorted their companions. Every evening they said the rosary together, adding the usual mementos for their absent brethren. From time to time, Father Captier, though completely broken down by fatigue and privation, roused himself to give a pious reading, or to address the words of life and salvation to those who looked up to him as their chief. Outside, the federals gathered around to mock at their prayers. One morning, when the horizon was red with flames in the direction of Paris, Father Captier was pacing to and fro, saying his office, and some one cried to him through the window, "Oh, yes! you had better pray God not to let the torpedoes that the city is full of explode!" "I am doing it," answered the good father sadly and quietly; and then, finishing his breviary, he asked his companions to pray with him. [Pg 618]

On Thursday, the 25th, at daybreak, an extraordinary activity was observed inside the fortress. Guns were removed and spiked, and the bugles blew the assembly. At one time, the prisoners believed that the fort had been wholly evacuated, and they had only to wait the arrival of the Versailles troops to secure' their liberty.

But this hope was of short duration. A body of armed men appeared at the door of the casemate in considerable confusion. As they had not the keys, they forced an entrance with blows from the butt-ends of their muskets, and ordered the captives to start immediately with the column, which was retiring into Paris. "You are free," said they, "only we must not leave you in the hands of the Versaillists. You must follow us to the *mairie* of the Gobelins, and then you will go to Paris, or wherever you like."

The march was long and painful. Every instant the prisoners were threatened with death. The women showed themselves especially furious, and eager to witness the death of these men who wore a sacred garb. They moved down towards the gate of Ivry, and on the road a few rifle-shots from Bicêtre caused a little disturbance, of which Father Rousselin took advantage to slip away and return to Arcueil. The others continued their journey towards Paris. Arriving at the *mairie* of the Gobelins, in the midst of cries of "death!" from the crowd maddened at the approach of the regular army, it was in vain that they reminded their guard of the liberty promised them. They were told, "The streets are not safe; you will be killed by the people; remain here." They were taken into the court of the *mairie*, and made to sit on the ground, exposed to the falling shells. Here the federals brought the corpses of their victims, to show "*ces canailles*" how the Commune served its enemies. At the end of half an hour an officer appeared, and took them to the *prison disciplinaire* of the 9th *secteur*, No. 38 Avenue d'Italie. As soon as they entered, the captives of Arcueil recognized the 101st Battalion and its chief, Citizen Cerisier, that is, the same who had made their arrest. It was

then ten o'clock in the morning. About half-past two, a man in a red shirt threw open the door of the hall, and cried out, "Get up, *soutanes*; they are going to take you to the barricade." The fathers went out, and, with the Abbé Grancolas and the others, were conducted towards the barricade thrown up in front of the *mairie* of the Gobelins. There they were offered muskets to fight with. "We are priests," said they, "and, besides, we are non-combatants in virtue of our service in the ambulance. We shall not take arms. All that we can do is to relieve your wounded and bear away the dead." "Is this your fixed purpose?" asked the officer of the Commune. "It is." Then they were taken back to the prison, with an escort of federals and women armed with muskets. Once locked up, they thought of nothing but preparations for the last journey. They all knelt, made a final offering of the sacrifice of their lives, confessed, and received absolution. They were not to have the dying Christian's last consolation, the divine viaticum. God did not judge this grace necessary for them; and, besides, from the prison to heaven the journey was to be so short!

About half-past four, a new order came from Citizen Cerisier. All the prisoners filed out into the lane which leads up to the prison, while the federals of the 101st Battalion loaded their muskets with significant noise. Already every man was at his place. Platoons were stationed at the corners of all the neighboring streets. It is said that Citizen Cerisier sat in a carriage on the avenue, with a woman by his side. This is the manner in which he presided over executions under the Commune of Paris. Then the word of command was heard: "Go out into the street, one by one!" Father Captier turned half round towards his companions, and said, "Come, my friends; it is for the good God!"

The massacre began at once. Father Cotrault went out first, and fell mortally wounded. Father Captier was hit by a ball which broke his leg, and was struck down by another ball at a distance of more than a hundred metres, near the spot where the insurgents of June, 1848, massacred General Bréa. Father Bourard, also, after receiving one wound, was able to go a few steps in the same direction before he fell under a second discharge. Fathers Delhorme and Chatagneret were shot down instantly. M. Gauquelin fell with them. M. Voland and five of the servants (Aimé Gros, Marce, Cheminal, Dintroz, and Cathala) went out of the lane behind the fathers, and had time to cross the Avenue d'Italie, but were killed before they could find shelter.

The other prisoners managed to escape.[122] The Abbé Grancolas, barely touched by a bullet, got into a house, where a woman disguised him in her husband's clothes. M. Rézillot was only slightly wounded. MM. Edouard Bertrand, Gauvin, Delaitre, Brouho, and Duché found shelter in some of the houses or neighboring caves, and afterwards in the ranks of the national army. How impenetrable are the designs of God! If he had permitted our soldiers to arrive only one hour sooner, all the martyrs of Arcueil would have been saved.

The fury of the assassins was not sated by the massacre. They fell upon the bodies of the dead, tore off their clothing, pierced them with bayonets, and with their axes broke their limbs and crushed their bleeding heads. The soldiers of the 113th Regiment, who passed this spot in triumph after surmounting the barricades, comprehended the glorious fate of the martyrs, and, bending over them, took the rosaries from their girdles, and divided them, bead by bead, as sacred relics. But after they had gone their way, the work of profanation was resumed, and for more than fifteen hours the bodies remained exposed to every imaginable outrage.

The next morning the Abbé Guillemette, a priest of that quarter, came across the corpses, and, noticing that they wore a religious habit, made inquiry into the circumstances of the assassination. He caused the sacred remains to be immediately collected, and taken to the house of the brethren in the Rue du Moulin-des-Prés. There a professor from Arcueil, M. d'Arsac, identified the bodies, indicated the name of each, and claimed for them the respect due to martyrs in a holy cause. At the same time, M. Durand, curé of Arcueil, and M. Eugène Lavenant, the Mayor, were informed of the death of the Dominicans, their friends and their companions in the hour of danger. They both came together to ask for the remains of the victims, and removed them to Arcueil. It was desired to bury them within the enclosure of the school, where Father Rousselin awaited them, with Jacques de La Perrière, and the pupils who had remained faithful to the house. But it would have been necessary to submit to long formalities, and the bodies were so dreadfully bruised that there was no time even to make them coffins. The hearse, followed by a great crowd of people deeply agitated with grief and anger, was driven to the common cemetery. There the martyrs lie side by side in one grave, with no shroud but their blood-stained vestments.

This undistinguished tomb ought not to be the last resting-place of the martyrs of Arcueil. Father Captier and his companions will sleep in the shadow of the school which their labor founded and their blood renders henceforth illustrious. Not only the religious who were the brethren of the victims, and the pupils who were their children, but all who care for religion and country, will come to pray at their sepulchre, and meditate upon the lessons of their death.

[120] The following is a list of the prisoners: *In the Fort of Bicêtre.*—Father Captier, prior of the school of Arcueil; Bourard, chaplain; Delhorme, regent of studies; Cotrault, procurator; Rousselin, censor; Chatagneret, professor—all professed religious of the Third (Teaching) Order of St. Dominic, except F. Bourard, who belonged to the Order of Preaching Friars; MM. Voland, Gauquelin, L'Abbé Grancolas, Edouard Bertrand, Rézillot, Petit, and Gauvin, assistant

masters; MM. Aimé Gros, Marce, Cathala, Joseph Cheminal, Dintroz, Simon Brouho, Duché, Bussi, Schepens, Delaitre (father and son), and Paul Lair, servants of the school. *In the Prison of Saint Lazare.*—Mother Aloysia Ducos, superior of the Sisters of St. Martha; Sisters Elisabeth Poirier, Louise Marie Carriquiry, Louis de Gonzague Dorfin, and Mélanie Gatineaud; Mmes. Angèle Marce, Marguerite Cathala, Clara Delaitre, and the widow Guégon; Miles, Gertrude Faas, Catherine Morvan, and Louise Cathala (aged 8 years).

[121] In point of fact, the school was plundered on the 25th of May. There was no time to burn it.

[122] To this day the fate of M. Petit is not positively known. There is reason to believe that he escaped the first fusillade, but was recaptured by the federals and shot by them at one of the barricades. It is apparently of him that the Abbé Lesmayoux speaks in a letter to the *Univers*.

VEILED.

"Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi."[123] —Cant. ii. 16.

No bridegroom mine of change and death:
My orange-flowers shall never fade:
Immortal dews shall gem the wreath
When crowns of earth have all decayed.

No bride am I that plights her troth
With touch of doubt, or trust too fond;
And risks the present, wisely loath
To search too far the veiled beyond.

To me 'tis but the past is veiled:
The world that mocks with joys that fleet;
The "Egypt" that so long has failed
To make its "troubled waters"[124] sweet:

The world with all its sins and cares,
Its sorrows gained and graces lost;
The garden of a thousand snares,
The barren field of blight and frost.

But shines the future clear as truth:
A few swift years of prayer and peace,
Where hearts may know perennial youth,
And virtues evermore increase:

And then my Lord, my only love,
Shall come, and lift the veil, and say:
"Arise, all fair, my spouse, my dove!
The rain is over—haste, away![125]

"The rain is o'er, the winter gone,
That sun and summer seemed to thee.
If sweet the toilsome journey done,
How sweeter now thy rest shall be!"

[123] "My Beloved is mine, and I am his."

[124] Jer. ii. 18.

[125] Cant. ii. 10, 11.

A VISIT TO MAMMOTH CAVE.

A sleepy and forlorn bachelor, about to set forth on this expedition *solus*, some special providence sent to our relief a party of gay young friends, whom we found already assembled in the Louisville depot of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Upon this pleasant rencontre we did not cease to congratulate ourself, having been previously warned that the cave is seen to greater advantage by a large party; the number of lights carried, extra guides, etc., all tending to enhance picturesque effects, and promote the comfort of the sight-seers.

Leaving Louisville at the early hour of seven A.M., a very enjoyable ride lay before us; at first through the celebrated blue grass region of Kentucky, and afterward skirting the wilder, more picturesque country, famous, or infamous, as the scene of guerilla warfare during the war and after. Here these desperadoes, entrenched in some of nature's impregnable fortresses, sallied forth at will, cutting the railroads, stopping trains at all hours of the day and night, and plundering farms for miles in every direction. But we have changed all that! The road boasts a tunnel of some extent. Here the young men of our party perpetrated the time-honored joke of kissing their hands with a resounding smack, bringing out the roses on the cheeks of our pretty girls; when we emerge from darkness, each one of them being fully conscious that she is suspected as the guilty recipient of that kiss.

At noon we reach a station bearing the imposing name of Cave City; a close corporation, consisting of one establishment, for the refreshment of man and beast destined for the Mammoth Cave. A poor dinner, after the manner of such wayside inns, awaits us, and at two P.M. we hear the welcome sound, "All aboard stage for the cave!" Two vehicles, filled inside with ladies, and outside with the adequate complement of gentlemen and baggage—a nice point, by the way, in these days of woman's rights and Saratoga trunks! But, ladies, we warn you not to undertake the cave without at least one man whom you own or have a lien on—there are points in the explorations before you when one man, and perhaps several others, will be convenient to lean on.

With a mighty creaking, a few preliminary false starts, resulting in some new and jerky experiences to those unaccustomed to the old-fashioned stages, at last we are fairly off, beginning almost immediately a winding and gradual ascent. We are told by our sanguine driver that there had been an attempt to macadamize the road—then certainly it has been an attempt, and nothing more; on several occasions we rode over smooth stones so large that it was quite a relief from the deep ruts which seamed the road on every side.

High hills surround us, luxuriant in the foliage of June; at rare intervals a farm-house is seen in some distant valley, but there are few evidences of cultivating the soil, which is doubtless of too cavernous a nature to repay the farmer his toil.

After riding a distance of three or four miles, the wildness of the scene is increased by huge formations of rocks; many streams murmur in the distance, and near the only house we approach on the route, a little maid, hurrying barefoot from the spring, presents a pail of water for the benefit of the thirsty stagers. There have been sundry flasks of *eau de vie* on top, and the gentlemen evince no desire for the milder fluid, quaffed by the ladies with such avidity.

The half-way point is a platform for shade built across the road, and here those who wish to explore Osceola, or Indian Cave, take a short walk down the hill. Not caring to receive any subterra impressions before the great cavern dawned upon us, we joined the ladies in picking wild flowers, which are of great beauty and variety in this region. The exploring party on their return reported Osceola to be mainly a dugout cave, having some interest, but, like its illustrious namesake, very dirty! Nearly an hour having been devoted to resting the horses, we resume the stages, and, the road improving, proceed with accelerated speed, when a sudden halt causes us to look back—the second stage has broken down! What is to be done? Nothing but to squeeze two more ladies in our coach, while we gentlemen resign our places on top to the rest of the feminines, who really make the alarming ascent with grace; but after a short walk our gallantry oozes out at the very tips of our boots, and, one by one, we jump on the steps to talk, thence clamber to the roof to find seats as best we may.

After a nine miles' drive, we approach a long, low frame-building. An air of quiet and rustic simplicity pervades the spot! This is the "Cave House." The apartments to which we are conducted have lost none of the rusticity of the exterior surroundings, but everything is scrupulously neat, and there are excellent negro servants in attendance—desirable features in a hotel. Not less so is savory broiled chicken, to which we were speedily introduced.

Being all impressed with the idea that about nine extra hours of sleep were requisite to fit us for the labors of the morrow, we denied ourselves the pleasures of the large ball-room, whence issued the strains, evoked by some black musicians, wooing to the giddy mazes of the dance! Loose flannel suits are kept at the hotel for those who come unprepared for the cool climate and rough climbing of the cave; but we found our baseball toggery to be the very thing we wanted, and, arrayed therein, immediately after an early breakfast assembled on the wide veranda, which surrounds the house and makes a pleasant promenade.

The ladies look charming in their picturesque costumes of bright colors. Being a modest man, we merely mention that our stalwart frame does credit to the uniform of the "Yellow Garters," of which glorious nine we boast ourself a member.

All in high spirits, we descend a thickly wooded ravine to the right of the house: beautiful ferns and mosses carpet the sides of the funnel-shaped opening surrounding the mouth of the cave, to the bottom of which our winding path is gradually leading us, a descent of forty or fifty feet. Around and above, tall trees stand sentinel on the only approach to this secret underworld.

Our guide remarks that the present is not the original mouth of the cave, which is distant a quarter of a mile on the south bank of Green River. Many, many years ago, the upper crust must have given way, forming this opening into which we are now descending, and filling with earth and stones that first part of the cavern, now called "Dickson's" and rarely visited. The present entrance was discovered, in 1809, by a hunter running a bear into it. So little was the extent or value of the cave known, that it was soon afterward sold, with two hundred acres of land, for forty dollars. A short, sharp turn in the path brings us facing an archway of rock, over which a silver thread of water is falling. A cold wind rushes from a dark opening, above which the condensed atmosphere floats like a veil. With a sort of awe we descend some rough stone steps, and enter the cave. Already darkness is becoming visible: our party, numbering twenty-five, are furnished with lamps, and all with our "pilgrim staves" set forth on the "short route."

To give some general idea of the outlines of the cave, we cannot do better than quote the simile of a scientific gentleman who, in writing on this subject, asks the reader to "imagine the channel of a large and winndig river, with tributaries at intervals, some of them the size of the main stream, emptying into the chief river, as, for instance, the Missouri and Ohio joining the Mississippi; these tributaries also receiving their support from creeks and rivulets, some of them quite small and extending but a short distance, while others are much longer, larger, and more beautiful. Now, it is easy to imagine these rivers as being under ground, or having a surface covering of earth and rocks, and that their rugged channels and banks have long ceased from some cause to be bathed with the waters which in ages long past flowed so freely along them; in fact, that they are quite dry, except in a few of the avenues."

From this illustration it will be seen that we cannot "cut across country" from one point to another, but must explore each avenue, and then retrace our steps to the point where we left the main cave. Necessarily there are many avenues well known to the guides rarely seen by visitors, because too much time would be consumed in visiting any but the most interesting. To see the cave at all satisfactorily, one day should be devoted to the "Short," another to the "Long Route." And from our own experience, we would suggest that these two tramps should not be made one immediately after the other, but let an intervening day be devoted to some other of the many minor expeditions of this region; then you are rested, and fresh for all the day in the cave of the "Long Route."

While indulging in these practical and retrospective reflections, we have left our party in the narrow archway, about seven feet high, which is just within the mouth, and called the Narrows. Here there was a slight detention caused by the lamps blowing out: Mat, our black guide, explains this by saying, "The cave's breathin' out." To explain which still further means that, the atmosphere of the cave being at 59°, when the exterior air at the mouth is of a higher temperature, a strong current sets outward; in winter, of course, the current sets inward: thus the cave breathes once a year. This action is felt a short distance. Soon we leave behind everything reminding us of the upper world.

Before the eye has become accustomed to the darkness, a great sense of disappointment is felt in groping through scenes of such interest with insufficient light. This feeling, however, gradually wears off, and the guides burn oiled paper, blue-lights, etc., when we stop to inspect some special marvel.

After leaving the Narrows, we soon enter the Rotunda, the ceiling of which is one hundred feet high, and its greatest diameter seventy-five feet. This chamber is said to be immediately under the dining-room of the hotel. The floor is strewn with the remains of vats, water-pipes, etc., used by the saltpetre miners in 1812. From the entrance to this point, wheel-tracks and the impressions made by the feet of oxen used to cart the saltpetre more than fifty years ago may still be seen. At the time these indentations were made by the cleft foot of the ox and the cartwheels, the earth was moist from the recent process of lixiviation in the saltpetre manufacture, and upon drying had attained the stony solidity of petrifaction; and the indentations aforesaid are yet distinct, though they have been walked over by thousands of visitors for many years. Leaving the Rotunda, we pass huge overhanging rocks, called Kentucky River Cliffs, and enter the Methodist Church, where services have been frequently held. The pulpit is formed by a ledge of rock twenty-five feet high: the logs used as benches were placed in the church fifty years ago, and are still in a good state of preservation. In this part of the cave, and in all the avenues near the entrance, millions of bats make their winter quarters. We saw only a few flitting about, but were told they returned in the autumn by hundreds. What wonderful instinct wakens these creatures from a winter's sleep, with tidings that the glorious summer is at hand? Various objects of minor interest are noted, and we pass on to Giant's Coffin, an immense rock, forty feet long, twenty wide, eight in depth—

fit sarcophagus for one of the giants of old; but Kentucky has herself of late years produced an individual who will nearly fill it. In many parts of the cave, and more particularly in this region, some striking effects are produced by the efflorescence of black gypsum upon a surface of white limestone. On the ceiling and walls these black figures thus produced stand out in bold relief. Quite startling is a gigantic family group—man, wife, and infant. Another is a very perfect representation of an ant-eater.

Soon we notice several enclosures, formerly occupied by invalids, who vainly imagined that this pure and unchanging atmosphere would restore them to health.

Up to this point walking has been an easy matter, the way quite level, a path winding among loose stones of some size, and in many places a smooth, broad avenue offering no obstruction; but when, one by one, we climb a steep ladder placed against the wall to the right of Giant's Coffin, there is a realizing sense of "rocks ahead."

The Gothic Arcade, which we have now entered, has a flat ceiling, smooth and white as if it had received a coat of plaster, and leads to Gothic Chapel—a very beautiful room, yet not purely Gothic in its style of architecture, the roof being quite flat, supported by gigantic stalactites, extending so nearly to the floor that they present the effect of fluted columns and graceful arches. Here was once performed a marriage ceremony under romantic circumstances. A young lady, having promised her mother that she would never marry Snooks "on the face of the earth," evaded the letter of her contract by marrying the same in the bowels thereof. Two of the stalactites in this chapel, called the Pillars of Hercules, are said to be thirty feet in circumference. These stalactites being peculiar to caves, it may interest the general reader to note their formation. If water, holding bicarbonate of lime in solution, drop slowly from the ceiling, exposure to the air allows one part of carbonic acid gas to escape, the lime is then deposited in the form of proto-carbonate of lime, and the stalactite, similar to an icicle, is slowly formed; if the deposit accumulate from below upward, it is termed a stalagmite; sometimes, meeting in the centre, they become cemented and form a solid column. An instance of this is given in the illustration of the Devil's Arm-Chair. These forms are made more interesting from their variety of color: if the limestone is pure, the stalactite will be white, or semi-transparent; if it contain oxide of iron, the result will be a red or yellow color; black stalactites containing a large proportion of oxide of iron. Many other things of interest, but too numerous to mention, are pointed out before we reach Lake Purity, a pool of shallow water, so perfectly transparent that stalactites are seen at the bottom. Gothic Arcade terminating a short distance beyond the lake, we retraced our steps to the ladder by which we had reached this upper and older portion of the cave, and found ourselves again in the main cave near the Giant's Coffin, passing behind which we enter a narrow crevice, where, half crawling and stooping, a descent is made to Deserted Chamber. At this point, the water, after it had ceased to flow out of the mouth into Green River, left the main cave to descend to the lower regions and Echo River. Here we again leave the regular route to visit Gorin's Dome, to us far the most beautiful of the many so-called domes.

Passing over a small bridge, and ascending a steep ladder, we are, one by one, assisted by the guide to a point where it is not easy to retain a foothold; but here is nothing to be seen—we seem to be against a black wall. "Why, Mat, what did you bring us here for?" But not so fast. Mat has been preparing blue-lights for an illumination, and now he directs us to grasp the rock, and, one at a time, peer through a small opening. What wondrous vision is this! A hundred feet above is the arched dome, from which depend stalactitic formations and shafts, of varying size and shape; facing us hangs a curtain-like mass, terminating abruptly in mid-air. In it you seem to trace the folds and involutions of drapery veiling this mysterious place from vision. Far below, more than two hundred feet, unfathomable depths are revealed by blue-lights thrown down, while shafts, curtain, and dome are frescoed in colors of pale blue, fawn, rose, and white. This dome is three hundred feet high, and sixty feet across its widest part; but, alas! the "lights departed, the vision fled," and we are forced to descend from our eyrie. Leaving this sublime spectacle, we return to the main cave, and, following it around Great Bend, are soon in the famous Star Chamber. This is an apartment sixty feet in height, seventy in width, and about five hundred in length, the ceiling composed of black gypsum, studded with numberless white points, caused by the efflorescence of Glauber's salts. This is what we learned of this remarkable spot after leaving the cave. We now will tell you what we saw. We were first seated on a narrow ledge of rock forming a bench on one side of the chamber, the guide taking away our lamps to a distant mass of rocks, behind which he leaves them, to shed a "dim, religious light" on the scene. As our eyes become accustomed to the change, we discover ourselves to be in a deep valley with gray, rugged sides, of course outside of the cave, else why is the sky above so deeply, darkly blue? those countless stars shining?—shining, did we say? We vow they twinkled. The Milky Way is there; we will not vouch for the Dipper, but other constellations are visible, even a comet blazes across the heavens. The guide retires with his lamp to some mysterious lower region to produce shadows, and suddenly clouds sweep across the horizon, a storm is brewing, the stars are almost hidden, now they are out, utter darkness prevails, until we hear Mat stumbling about, a faint light is in the east, and a fine artificial sunrise, as he appears with his lamp. All this may read like child's play, yet so complete is the optical delusion that, when the lamps were all returned to us, the mystery dispelled, we drew a long breath of relief that we were not really shut up in that lonely defile, looking up longingly to the stars, but actually several miles underground, and merely under the influence of Glauber's salts! Beyond is Proctor's Arcade, a natural tunnel, nearly a mile long, a hundred feet wide, forty in height; the ceilings

and sides are smooth and shining, chiselled out of the solid rock. This tunnel leads past several points not specially interesting, to Wright's Rotunda, which is four hundred feet in diameter. It is astonishing that the ceiling has strength to sustain itself, being only fifty feet below the surface of the earth; but no change need be anticipated, for at this point the cave is perfectly dry. A short distance beyond, several avenues branch off from the main cave, none worthy of note, except that which leads to Fairy Grotto, a marvellous collection of stalactites, resembling a grove of white coral. Here indeed might the fairies have held high revelry, with glow-worm lamps suspended from each pillar, and fire-flies flitting from branch to branch.

The Chief City or Temple, situated in the main cave beyond the Rocky Pass, is rarely visited by strangers now, yet, before the discovery of the rivers and the wilderness of beauty beyond, it was considered one of the great features. It is an immense chamber, excelling in size the cave of Staffa. The floor at different points is covered with piles of rocks, presenting the appearance of an ancient city in ruins.

Three miles beyond Chief City, the main cave is terminated abruptly by rocks fallen from above, which, if they could be removed, would no doubt open communication with a cavern similar to the one we have been exploring. So many wonders, viewed in a few hours, leave the mind in a chaotic state, and the weary explorer is now ready to return to the creature comforts of the hotel, there to ruminate, and, if he can, arrange in some sort of order, in his "memory's mansion," sights and sensations so new and strange. In returning to the upper world, the appearance of the mouth is very beautiful. To eyes so long accustomed to darkness, the light is a subdued radiance, a fairy land in the distance, until we emerge from the cave into the outer world, which seems, since we left it, to have been dyed in millions of rainbow hues; everything, the leaves, the trees, shone and sparkled in the blessed light! But —the air! the pure atmosphere we have been breathing all the morning, renders the senses painfully conscious of the decomposition of vegetable matter, causing such a feeling of oppression that fainting may be the consequence if issuing from the entrance is not made a matter of easy stages.

As a result of the wise maxim, "Early to bed and early to rise," we find ourselves on the following morning breakfasting in our cave dress, and prepared before nine o'clock for the "Long Route."

We now feel quite at home in the under-world, and, should any stranger join our party, he would doubtless be much impressed by our manner of going over the familiar ground; evidently we know all about this; nothing can impress us now but "fresh fields and pastures new." On this day we are to realize something of the geography of the cave, therefore a word on the subject of its formation.

Green River, only a few hundred yards from the entrance of the cave, has evidently cut out the channel through which it runs. On either side, its rugged banks tower above the water three hundred feet, and this the only valley of the plain, proving conclusively that the river has excavated its bed to the present level by the chemical and mechanical agency of water. The avenues of the cave, no doubt, were cut through in the same manner, the lowest and last formed being Echo and Roaring rivers, which are now on a level with Green River, and with which they have subterraneous communication.[126] As Green River deepens the valley through which it passes, the rivers in the cave will also continue to descend, until the avenues through which they now flow shall become as dry as Marion Avenue, which, in ages past, must have been the most beautiful of subterranean rivers.

Limestone, or carbonate of lime, which constitutes the strata of rocks through which the cave runs, is soluble in water when it combines with an additional proportion of carbonic acid, and is changed into the bicarbonate of lime.

In this way the process of excavation continued until communication with running water was established, and the mechanical agency made to assist the chemical. Another disintegrating power is the crystallization of sulphate of lime, known also under the names of gypsum, plaster-of-Paris, alabaster, etc. The force of gypsum in the act of crystallizing is equal to that of water in freezing, and, when it occurs between ledges of rock, they are fractured in every direction. Many instances of this may be seen.

As to the mechanical agencies in the excavation of the cave, they are instanced in the transportation of gravel, clay, and sand from one part to another. By observing the points at which they are deposited, and the order in which they come, it is possible to tell the direction in which the water formerly ran in many of the avenues, and the rapidity of its motion. But enough of technicalities—the entrance to the "Long Route" is before us in the crevice before mentioned, situated behind Giant's Coffin.

The first new name which strikes upon the ear is that of Wooden Bowl—an apartment deriving its name from the fact of a bowl being found here, such a one as was used by the Indians. Various traditions of this race meet the explorer in other parts of the cave; among others, that of a mummified female and child found in Gothic Avenue, in 1815, said to have been sent to the Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Massachusetts, and to be still there in a dilapidated condition; another still more remarkable mummy is said to have been exhumed in one of the neighboring small caves, and sent to Cincinnati, where it was burnt in the museum many years ago.

If such discoveries were really made, it is a matter of profound regret that these relics of an unknown past should have been removed from their resting-places, where they were secure from the ravages of time, and would, at the present day, greatly enhance the interest of Mammoth Cave.

We descend the Steps of Time, which is an unpleasant reminder to those of us who already feel stiff in the joints, and enter Martha's Palace, not so palatial as its name implies, but near by is a spring of clear water, which all hail with pleasure. Side-Saddle Pit and Minerva's Dome are soon passed, and we reach Bottomless Pit. Do not shudder! there is no necessity of descending, and there is bottom at the distance of one hundred and seventy-five feet. It was not until the year 1838 that it was supposed possible to bridge this fearful chasm; it was then crossed by Stephen, the celebrated black guide, who is identified with most of the discoveries. We now cross on a substantial wooden structure, known as the Bridge of Sighs. This leads to the Revellers' Hall, and, judging from the number of empty and broken bottles on the floor of this wild-looking room, all visitors have done their part to perpetuate the name. A low archway, the Valley of Humility, leads to Scotchman's Trap, a circular opening, through which you descend a flight of stone steps. Directly over the opening hangs a huge flat rock, which would, should it fall, completely close the avenue to the river. The number of slight, slippery ladders we have descended gives a very realizing sense that we are getting down, down, deep into the bowels of the earth.

We now enter a narrow avenue serpentining through the solid rock for fifty yards, varying in width from eighteen inches to three feet, in height from four to eight feet. This passage has evidently been cut through by the mechanical agency of water. Any lady or gentleman weighing three hundred pounds had better not attempt Fat Man's Misery, for he may sigh in vain for "this too solid flesh to melt," and this remarkably solid rock will not yield a hair's-breadth to anything less than water charged with carbonic acid. Such squeezing and groaning, broken backs, etc.! but these are forgotten when we emerge in Great Relief. The avenue which leads thence to River Styx is River Hall, but we leave this for the present, and on our right enter Bacon Chamber, where may be seen a fine collection of limestone *hams* depending from the ceiling. After walking three-fourths of a mile in Sparks' Avenue, we reach Mammoth Dome, the largest in the cave; it is two hundred and fifty feet in height. Climbing over immense shelving rocks, whose jagged sides and yawning crevices offer slight foothold and a very unpleasant prospect in case of a fall, we reach the top of a terrace forty feet from the base, where the view is taken. A grand, solemn spectacle it is! At the left extremity are five large pillars, called Corinthian Columns. A vast, solitary waste stretches out before the eye on every side; gloomy recesses and yawning abysses, illuminated by the weird blue-lights, form a sublime picture. One can only fancy it to be the primal state of chaos. The descent from the terrace of rocks is even more perilous than the ascent, but, once in the avenue, we return quickly to River Hall. Our attention is now drawn to a body of water forty feet below, called Dead Sea, a gloomy spot, deserving its name. Passing on, the distant roar of invisible waterfalls strikes the ear, and at the foot of the slope we are descending lies the River Styx:

> "Where the dark rock o'erhangs the infernal lake,
> And mingling streams eternal murmurs make."

This river is one hundred and fifty yards long, from fifteen to forty in width, and in depth varies from thirty to forty feet. It has a subterranean communication with other rivers of the cave, and, when they rise to a great height, an open communication with all of them. The Natural Bridge spans River Styx about thirty feet above it.

The next body of water we approach is quite peaceful, and, the ceiling being ninety feet above the surface, one loses the cavernous sensation of the gloomy overhanging rocks. Lake Lethe is one hundred and fifty yards long, and, being crossed in boats not large enough to convey all of the party at once, some of our number embark, with Charon himself at the helm. All are hushed by the solemnity of the scene, the lamps shed a dim light upon the rippling water and phantom boat, which silently glides outward and on around a projecting angle of rock, when it is lost to vision. For those who wait upon the shore the return of the boat, this is a solemn moment; we felt ourself a ghost, doomed to wander a hundred years ere Charon would ferry us over Avernus! After a brief interval of this musing, a faint light appears from behind the rock which before intercepted our view. Charon with his solitary lamp in the prow of the boat is returning; soon we also embark, but not before we had drunk of the waters of Lethe, that all experience of the upper world might be forgotten, for now we enter into dream life. Our friends who had preceded us formed a picturesque group waiting as we neared the shore. The bright dresses, the lights throwing fitful gleam and shadow into the darkness beyond, and our own gliding motion, form a picture not soon forgotten. Upon disembarking we enter Great Walk, extending from the Lake to Echo River, the floor of which is covered with yellow sand. Reaching the river, we all embark in a large boat, and soon find ourselves in a very contracted space, the rocks overhead being only three feet above the surface of the water. Stooping under the narrow archway for fifteen or twenty feet, we finally emerge into the open river, with the ceiling about fifteen feet above. At some points the river is two hundred feet wide, in depth it varies from ten to thirty feet. The water is now transparently clear, rocks can be seen twenty feet below, and the boat seems passing through the air. The illusion is heightened by the fact of our guide using no oars here, propelling the boat by a staff applied at intervals to the ceiling or side walls. We avoided looking at him, that we might still fancy ourself wafted over these mysterious waters by

some invisible agency. Here is no feeling of danger, only a dreamy, delicious content to float on thus for ever into the "Silent Land."

An occasional song to wake the far-famed echoes is the only sound to disturb the stillness and the unutterable thoughts which fill the soul. Echo River is an idyl! Alas! that it should be so short—yet three-quarters of a mile of bliss should compensate poor human nature for many ills. Some of the gentlemen, in the adventurous spirit of youth, made their passage through a rugged avenue called Purgatory; from their description of which we prefer journeying to paradise by the river. Landing on the farther banks, we enter Silliman's Avenue, extending a mile and a half to the Pass of El Ghor, the walls and ceilings of which, being of recent formation, are rugged and water-worn. Here is Cascade Hall, a circular chamber with vaulted ceiling, from which falls a stream of sparkling water, disappearing through a pit in the floor. The avenue leading to Roaring River takes its rise in this hall.

The Infernal Region is an irregular down-hill passage, the floor covered with wet clay. Such essentially and persistently sticky mud was probably never known above ground. The scrambling, slipping, miring, ejaculating crowd made an amusing scene. Our black guide, Mat, is a character, rarely relaxing into a smile, but displays a grim humor by saying "Sot her up," when some heavier slush than usual reveals the fact that somebody is down. Now, sotting her up is not nearly as easy as sotting her down. In some places the water is ankle-deep. Here the gentlemen pick up the ladies, and carry the fair creatures to dry ground. Several laughable incidents were the consequence of this manœuvre. One gentleman, feeling the mud slipping under his feet, fancied himself in a quicksand, and hurriedly set his wife down in the water to rescue himself. Another, a bashful young swain, felt a delicacy about the manner of picking up his young lady, so carried her under one arm, her heels on a line with her head. What a funny picture those little dangling boots presented! Alas! for the uncertainty of human events. When we started out fresh in the morning, we had observed the secret pride with which that young woman contemplated her jaunty tasselled boots, the neatest fit in the party, and amply displayed by her short dress.

We are now quite willing to climb the Hill of Fatigue, leading to dry ground. Among many names and objects of interest we shall only mention Ole Bull's Concert-Room, where the great violinist performed, on his first tour through the United States. The Pass of El Ghor, two miles in length, is one of the most picturesque avenues in the cave, its narrow and lofty sides changing into every variety of uncouth, fantastic shapes; again, the hanging rocks overhead suggest the idea of imminent danger, but we are assured by the guide that no rocks have fallen during his time, a period of thirty years.[127]

This pass finally communicates with a large body of water, the "Mystic River," which has not been explored by visitors. Ascending a very high, steep ladder, we enter Martha's Vineyard, twenty feet above the Pass of El Ghor. Here a stalagmite, extending from the floor to the ceiling, forms the stem of a *grapevine*, from which all over the walls and ceiling depend bunches of black *grapes*—nodules of carbonate of lime, colored with the black oxide of iron—and here the vintage never fails, for is there not sulphur at hand?

An avenue directly over Martha's Vineyard, which we did not explore, is said to contain a miniature chapel of stalactites, in a dark room adjoining which, without ornament of any kind, is a grave hewn out of the rock. This was considered so suggestive by a Catholic priest that he named it the Holy Sepulchre.

The next place of great and general interest is Washington Hall, where were unpacked the hampers carried by the extra guide, detailed for that purpose. Keen appetites were brought to bear upon the liberal luncheon supplied by the proprietor of the hotel. Some of the party had added champagne, so we filled generous bumpers to the genii of the cave. After an hour spent in rest and refreshment, we leave Washington Hall, and, passing through Snow-Ball Room, covered with nodules of white gypsum, enter Cleveland Cabinet, an avenue two miles in length, and so beautiful that the sight of it alone would fully repay for the fatigue and time devoted to the cave.

It is a perfect arch of fifty feet span, averaging the height of ten feet in the centre. Thus every part may be viewed with ease. From summit to base is a dazzling expanse of alabaster bloom—a grand conservatory where the Snow Flora moulds her *flowers* ere she transports them to the upper world and endows them with a soul. Here are clusters of pale white roses sprinkled with diamond dew, waiting only the enchantress' wand to convert them into a coronal for some fair bride; again, a perfect cross of flowers, which may yet be the only companion of a rare soul entombed. Stately lilies, nodding tulips, graceful fern shapes, are showered in endless profusion on these fairy walls. Here and there are little niches lined with flowers, a feathery veil of rock bloom hanging over the entrance. We peep in curiously, but no Peri is there. This seems truly the "Enchanted Palace of Sleep," but the princess is too deeply hidden for mortal eyes to discover.

Lingeringly we leave this wondrous scene. At the very end is pointed out the last rose of summer, resting against the ceiling; it is of snowy whiteness, about eight inches in diameter, and is really the last to be seen in the avenue. A short distance beyond is Rocky Mountain, one hundred feet high, composed of large rocks which have evidently fallen from above. On top of the mountain is a stalagmite called Cleopatra's Needle—why a needle, and wherefore Cleopatra's, I am unable to explain. We are now nearing the end of the cave, and to the weary of our band the mountain seems an insurmountable obstacle, therefore only the more

adventurous scale the heights, and, passing Dismal Hollow, a gorge seventy feet deep and one hundred wide, enter Crogan Hall, which constitutes the end of the "Long Route." It is covered with stalactites, very hard and white, fragments of which are worked into ornaments.

This part of the cave is evidently near the surface of the earth, and from the comparative abundance of animal life it is probable there is an open communication at some point not far distant. The rat found here differs from its Norway brother in that it is a size larger; the head and eyes, which are black and lustrous, resemble those of a rabbit, while its soft fur is of a bluish gray and white. Crickets and lizards are numerous; they are sluggish in their movements, and the cricket never chirps. Why should he, indeed, having neither hearth nor tea-kettle to inspire him? All these animals, although provided with large eyes, seem quite blind when first caught. The fish found in the various rivers are of the class known as viviparous; they have rudiments of eyes, but no optic nerve. There are also eyeless crawfish; both these and the eyeless fish are nearly white.

At certain seasons ordinary fish, crawfish, and frogs are washed into the rivers of the cave from Green River, the inference being that they also in due course of time lose the power of vision.

At the end of Crogan Hall we are said to be nine miles from the mouth of the cave, and somewhere under ground near Cave City. Here is the Maelstrom, a frightful pit, one hundred and seventy-five feet deep, and twenty wide. It has been explored by two or three adventurous spirits, the first of whom was a son of the late George D. Prentice.

It is needless to describe our return, which was over the ground already explored; devoting less time, of course, to the examination of wonders, and not at all tired, for exercise in this exhilarating atmosphere is unlike that of the upper world. We finally reach the entrance, and emerge—into darkness again—for it is nine P.M., and only a few twinkling stars remind us that we are not still underground.

I shall not do more than mention Proctor and Diamond Caves, which we explored on the following day, but they excel in stalactitic formation and well repay a visit. They are on the direct route to Glasgow, a station three miles nearer than that of Cave City, and where there has been recently built a comfortable hotel on the site of the ancient "Bell's Tavern," well known to Kentuckians in former days. Those who have never visited Mammoth Cave will scarcely credit the assertion of the guides that two hundred and fifty miles of travel are necessary to see all of the known avenues of the cave. When we add to this the statement that new discoveries are constantly being made which reveal the fact that there is still a wilderness of cave untrodden by the foot of man, speculation passes all bounds.

None but a soul absolutely impervious to the impressions of the sublime and beautiful handiwork of the world's great Architect, can fail to realize the highest expectations in an exploration of this greatest of caves now known.

[126] The cave should be visited in summer and early fall months; at other seasons, the waters of the cave being influenced by all the movements of Green River, a sudden rise in the latter will, in a few hours, cut off communication with the largest and by far the most interesting portion of the cave.

[127] "Old Mat" is now off duty, but may still be seen about the hotel. He thinks he knows more about the cave than any man living, and still better qualified than the younger guides to exhibit its wonders!

OUR EPIPHANY.

What though we cannot, with the star-led kings,
    Adore the swaddled Babe of Bethlehem!
Behold, as sweet a Benediction[128] brings
    A new Epiphany denied to them.
The Mary Mystical ‘tis ours to see
    Still from his crib the little Jesus take,
And show him to us on her altar-knee,
    And sing to him to bless us for her sake.
Shall we the while be kneeling giftless there?
    In loving faith a richer gold shall please,
A costlier incense in the humblest prayer,
    Nor less the myrrh of penitence than these:
And there between us holy Priesthood stands,
    Our own Saint Joseph, with the chosen hands.

[128] Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

THE COSMIC PHILOSOPHY.[129]

Herbert Spencer has often been alluded to in our pages, and one of his works, that on *Biology*, has been specially noticed by us. He is usually classed with the positivists, and we have ourselves so classed him; but he protests against this classification, and, after studying carefully, or as carefully as our patience would permit, the volume before us, we confess the classification appears to be inexact, and even unjust to the positivists. There are considerable differences between his philosophy and the *Philosophie Positive* as we find it set forth by M. E. Littré, its greatest living chief; for, as set forth by its founder, M. Auguste Comte, in his own works, we would rather not speak, for, to confess the truth, we have never had the patience to read them so as to master their doctrines. Yet, as far as we do know the system, it differs on several points, and much to its advantage, from the cosmic philosophy set forth in Mr. Spencer's *First Principles*, especially as to the relativity of knowledge and the theory of evolution. It is the product of a higher order of mind than Mr. Spencer can boast, and of a mind originally trained in a better school.

Mr. Herbert Spencer is a man of considerable native ability, of respectable attainments in what is called modern science, and a fair representative of contemporary English thought and mental tendencies; but he has made a sad mistake in attempting to be a philosopher, for he lacks entirely the *ingegno filosofico*, and we have not discovered a single trace of a philosophic principle, thought, or conception in any or all of his several works. He is or might be a physicist, or what old Ralph Cudworth terms a *physiologer*, perhaps not much inferior to old Leucippus or Democritus, but he has not in him the makings of a philosopher, and his cosmic theories are not even plausible to a philosophic mind.

"In the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed is king." The not inconsiderable reputation Mr. Herbert Spencer seems to have acquired is probably due not to his merits so much as to the low state into which philosophical studies have fallen in the Anglo-Saxon world, and the tendency to anti-Christian and anti-religious theories and speculations which Protestantism, when it begins to examine its own foundation and to account for itself, everywhere encourages. The party we meet here and in England, with "advanced views" as they are called, and which every day grows in numbers and strength, welcomes with enthusiasm any and every writer who helps or promises to help them to explain the problem of the universe on physical principles, without recurring to the supernatural or the fact of creation. The party, profoundly ignorant of Christian theology and philosophy, and devoted to the study of physical facts and phenomena alone, have persuaded themselves that Christianity is unscientific, and that it tends to degrade men, to enfeeble reason, and to prevent the free expansion of thought; and they regard as their benefactor whoever is able to strengthen their cosmic or atheistic tendency. Such a man they esteem Mr. Herbert Spencer. He is apparently just the man to be accepted as the chief of the sect, or the philosopher of negation. Its adherents wish not for their leader an avowed atheist or pantheist, for the world is not just yet advanced enough for that, but they do wish one who is skilful in disguising his atheism or pantheism in the forms and terms of science; and who can do this more successfully than Herbert Spencer?

Mr. Spencer divides his book into two parts. In Part I. he treats of what he calls "The Unknowable"; in Part II. he treats of what he calls "The Knowable." Under the head of "The Unknowable" he seeks the relation of science and religion, to ascertain the ultimate verity or ideas of each, and to show the ground on which they meet and are reconciled. He asserts that all knowledge is relative, is knowledge of phenomena alone, which are nothing outside of their relation to consciousness, itself phenomenal, and to a Something underlying them, and of which they are the appearances or which they manifest. We are compelled to admit, he says, this Something, because the phenomena cannot be thought without it; and as we can assign no limit to these manifestations, we are compelled to assert this Something, Power, Being, or Reality is infinite. But this Infinite Something which is the reality of the cosmos is absolutely unknowable and even unthinkable. How, then, can it be asserted?

Every religion seeks the solution of the problem of the universe, the explanation of the great cosmic mystery that surrounds us on all sides, and all religions agree that the solution is in this infinite Reality or Something, which is absolutely unknowable, absolutely inscrutable. The ultimate religious ideas or highest and most comprehensive generalizations of religious conceptions are, first, the assertion of this incognizable and incogitable Something; and, second, that the solution of the problem exceeds all human powers.

Science deals with the same cosmic problem, and, rising by generalization to generalization of the cosmic phenomena up to the higher and broadest possible, is compelled to admit the same Infinite Something, and to admit that it is not cognizable nor cogitable. Consequently, the ultimate scientific ideas are identical with the ultimate religious ideas. Both religion and science are fused together, and reconciled without any compromise, and the old feud between them extinguished, in the bosom of the Infinite Unknowable.

"He makes a solitude, and calls it peace."

As we have no predisposition to accept the new system of philosophy, we cannot find this conclusion perfectly satisfactory. The cosmists object to the Comteans or positivists that they absorb the cosmos in man and society; the cosmists, on the other hand, seem to us to

absorb man and society in the cosmos, and subject them to the same physical law Mr. Emerson does when he asserts the identity of gratitude and gravitation. By asserting that only phenomena are cognizable, and subjecting man to the common cosmic law, they include him in the cosmic phenomena, and make him simply an appearance or manifestation of the unknowable, without any real or substantive existence of his own. We thus lose in the infinite variety of the cosmic phenomena both the thinking subject and the object thought. The soul is a cosmic appearance.

Furthermore, by declaring the phenomenal cannot be thought in and by itself without the Infinite Something that underlies it as its ground or reality, and then declaring that something to be unknowable, unthinkable even, the new system declares that there is no knowable, and consequently no science or knowledge at all. The new system of philosophy, then, reconciles science and religion only in a universal negation, that is, by really denying both. This can hardly satisfy either a scientist or a Christian.

In the second part, Mr. Spencer defines philosophy to us, as near as we can come at his sense, to be the unification of the several religions and several sciences in their respective or special generalizations in a generalization that comprehends them all. Generalization with him means the elimination of the *differentia*, or abstraction. He therefore, in making philosophy a generalization, makes it an abstraction, and, so to speak, the abstraction of all particular abstractions. But abstractions in themselves are nullities, and consequently philosophy is a nullity, and science and religion are nullities. Mr. Spencer maintains that we have "symbolic conceptions," in which nothing is conceived—symbols which symbolize nothing. Is his "new system of philosophy" anything but a generalization and unification of these "symbolic conceptions"?

Mr. Spencer starts with the assumption that all religions, including atheism, have a verity in common as well as an error. The verity must be that in which they all agree; the error, in their differences, or in the matters in which they do not agree. Eliminate the differences and take what is common to them all, and you will have the universal verity which they all assert. But what verity is common to truth and falsehood, to theism and atheism? The verity common to religion and science, that the solution of the cosmic mystery is unknowable? But that is not a verity; it is a mere negation, and all truth is affirmative.

Atheism is not a religion, but the negation of all religion. Exclude that, take all religions from fetichism to Christianity inclusive; eliminate the *differentia*, and take what they all agree in asserting. Be it so. All religions, without a single exception, however rude or however polished, agree in asserting the supernatural, and that, if the cosmic mystery is inexplicable by human means, it is explicable by supernatural means. A true application of Mr. Spencer's rule, the *consensus hominum*, would assert as the common verity the supernatural, that is, the supercosmic, which is precisely what the cosmic philosophy denies and is invented to deny. Mr. Spencer does not appear to be master of his own tools.

All religions concede that the cosmic mystery is inexplicable by our unassisted powers, by secondary causes, or by physical laws; but none of them admits that it is absolutely inexplicable, for each religion professes to be its explanation. Mr. Spencer is wrong in asserting that all are seeking to solve the cosmic mystery; for each proposes itself as its solution, and it is only as such that it claims to be or can be called a religion. The question for the philosopher is, Do any of these religions give us a solution which reason, in the freest and fullest exercise of its powers, can accept, and, if so, which one is it?

Mr. Spencer tells us, p. 32: "Respecting the origin of the universe, three verbally intelligible suppositions may be made. We may assert that it is self-existent, or that it is self-created, or that it is created by an external agency." The second supposition he rejects as the pantheistic hypothesis, which is a mistake, for no pantheist or anybody else asserts that the universe creates itself. The pantheist denies that it is created at all; and the philosopher denies that it creates itself; for, since to create is to act, self-creation would require the universe to act before it existed. The third supposition, which the author calls "the theistical hypothesis," he denies, because it explains nothing, and is useless. He explains it to mean that the universe is produced by an artificer, after the manner of a human artificer in producing a piece of furniture from materials furnished to his hand. "But whence come the materials?" The question might be pertinent if asked of Plato or Aristotle, neither of whom was a theist; but not when asked of a Christian theologian, who holds that God creates or created all things from nothing, that is, without pre-existing materials, by "the sole word of his power."

The first supposition, the self-existence of the universe, the author denies, not because the universe is manifestly contingent and must have had a beginning, and therefore a cause or creator; but because self-existence is absolutely inconceivable, an impossible idea. He says, p. 35: "The hypothesis of the creation of the universe by an external agency is quite useless; it commits us to an infinite series of such agencies, and then leaves us where it found us." "Those who cannot conceive of the self-existence of the universe, and therefore assume a creator as the source of the universe, take it for granted that they can conceive a self-existent creator. The mystery of the great fact surrounding them on every side they transfer to an alleged source of this great fact, and then suppose they have solved the mystery. But they delude themselves, as was proved in the outset of the argument. *Self-existence* is *rigorously inconceivable*, and this holds true whatever be the nature of the object [subject]

of which it is predicated. Whoever argues that the atheistical hypothesis is untenable because it involves the impossible idea of self-existence, must perforce admit that the theistical hypothesis is untenable if it contains the same impossible idea.” But who ever argued that the atheistical hypothesis is untenable because it involves the idea of self-existence? Atheism is denied because it asserts the self-existence of that which cannot be, and is known not to be, self-existent.

But it is evident that the author rejects alike self-existence and creation; that the cosmos is self-existent, or that it is created by an independent, self-existent, and supercosmic creator. How, then, can he assert the existence of the cosmos, real or phenomenal, at all? The cosmos either exists or it does not. If it does not, that ends the matter. If it does, it must be either created or self-existent; for the author rejects an infinite series as absurd, and self-creation as only an absurd form of expressing self-existence. But as the author denies self-existence, whatever the subject of which it is predicated, and also the fact of creation, it follows rigorously, if he is right, that the cosmos does not exist. The author cannot take refuge in his favorite *nescio*, or say we do not know the origin of the cosmos, for he has positively denied it every possible origin, and therefore has by implication denied it all existence. A moment ago, we showed that he denied by implication all science or knowledge, and now we see that, if held rigorously to his system as he explains it, he denies all existence, and, by implication at least, asserts absolute nihilism. Surely there is no occasion to apply to his new system of philosophy the *reductio ad absurdum*.

The author is necessarily led to the assertion that at least nothing is knowable by his doctrine, that all knowledge is relative. The Comtists restrict, in theory, all knowledge to sensible things, their mutual relations, dependencies, and the conditions and laws of their development and progress; but they at least admit that these may be objects of science and positively known. But our cosmic philosopher denies this, and asserts the relativity of all knowledge. We know and can know only the relative that is, only what is relative to the absolute, and relative to our own consciousness. In this he follows Sir William Hamilton, J. Stuart Mill, and the late Dr. Mansel, Anglican Dean of St. Paul’s. But relative knowledge is simply no knowledge, because in it nothing is known. The relative is not cognizable nor cogitable in and by itself, because it in and by itself, or prescinded from that to which it is relative, does not exist, and is simply nothing. What neither is nor exists is not cognizable nor cogitable. The relativity of all knowledge, then, is simply the denial of all knowledge. It is idle, then, for Mr. Spencer to talk of science. His science is only a laborious ignorance.

Mr. Spencer labors hard to prove the relativity of all knowledge. He either proves it or he does not. If he does not, he has no right to assert it; if he does, he disproves it at the same time. If the proof is not absolute, it does not prove it; if it is absolute, then it is not true that all knowledge is relative; for the proof must be absolutely known, or it cannot be alleged. We either know that all knowledge is relative, or we do not. If we do not, no more need be said; if we do know it, then it is false, because the knowledge of the relativity of knowledge is itself not relative. The assertion of the relativity of all knowledge, therefore, contradicts and refutes itself. No man can doubt that he doubts, or that doubt is doubt, and therefore universal doubt or universal scepticism is impossible, and not even assertable. The same argument applies to the pretence that all knowledge is relative.

The relativists are misled by their dealing with the abstract and not the concrete. They regard all that is or exists either as relative or absolute. But both absolute and relative are abstract conceptions, and formed by abstraction from the concrete intuitively presented or apprehended. They exist, as St. Thomas tells us, only *in mente, cum fundamento in re*. There are no abstractions in nature or the cosmos, and there is and can be neither abstract science nor science of abstractions, for abstractions, prescinded from their concretes, are simply nullities. The absolute is, we grant, unknowable, and so also is the relative, for neither has any existence in nature, or *a parte rei*. They are both generalizations, and nature never generalizes. Whatever exists, exists *in concreto*, not *in genere*. Hence, the *ens in genere* of Rosmini is no *ens reale*, but simply *ens possibile*, like the *reine Seyn* of Hegel, which is the equivalent of *das Nichtseyn*; for the possible is only the ability of the real.

Now, because the abstract absolute is unknowable, unthinkable even, it by no means follows that the concrete, real and necessary being, cannot be both thought and known, or that things cannot be both thought and known in their relations to it, without reducing it to the category of the relative. Sir William Hamilton says the absolute is the unconditioned, and is incogitable, because our thought necessarily conditions it. This would be true if the absolute is an abstraction or mental conception, but is false and absurd if applied to real, necessary, infinite, and self-existent being, which, as independent of us and all relation, is and must be the same whether we think it or not. The thought does not impose its own conditions and limitations on the object; certainly not when the object is real and necessary being, and in every respect independent of it. We cannot, of course, think infinite being infinitely or adequately, but it does not follow that we cannot think it, though finitely and inadequately. The human mind, being finite, cannot comprehend infinite being; but, nevertheless, it may and does apprehend it, or else Mr. Spencer could not assert the Infinite Something, which he says we are compelled to admit underlies the cosmic phenomena and is manifested in them. The human mind can apprehend more than it can comprehend, and nothing that is apprehensible, though incomprehensible, is unthinkable or unknowable, except in Mr. Spencer’s *New System of Philosophy*.

Sir William Hamilton says, in defending the relativity of all knowledge: “Only relations are cogitable. Relation is cogitable only in correlation, and the relation between correlatives is reciprocal, each is relative to the other. Thought is dual, and embraces at once subject and object in their mutual opposition and limitation.” This merely begs the question. Besides, it is not true. Relations are themselves cogitable only in the related; correlatives connote each other, so that the one cannot be thought without thinking the other; but not therefore are all relations reciprocal, as the relation between phenomenon and noumenon, cause and effect, creator and creation. Here are two terms and a relation between them, but no reciprocity. When we think cause and effect, we do not think them as mutually opposing and limiting each other. The effect cannot oppose or limit the cause, or the creature the creator, for the creature depends on the creator and is nothing without his creative act, and the effect is nothing without the cause which produces and sustains it. The creature depends on the creator, but not the creator on the creature; the effect depends on the cause, but not the cause on the effect. There may, then, be relation without reciprocity.

It is true, Mr. Spencer denies creation, and relegates all causative power to the dark region of the unknowable, and calls the origin of the universe in the creative act of being or God “an hypothesis,” and rejects it with ill-concealed scorn; yet creation is not “an hypothesis,” but a scientific fact, and a necessary principle of all science. Without it the cosmos would not be cognizable, for it would have no dialectic constitution. It could not even be thought, for every thought is a judgment, and no judgment is possible where there is no copula that joins the predicate to the subject. Rejecting creation, the author cannot assert the relation of cause and effect; rejecting cause and effect, he cannot assert even the cosmic phenomena. They are not able to stand on their own bottom, and therefore not at all, unless the Something of which they are, as he says, manifestations, is a cause producing and sustaining them. We submit, then, that Mr. Spencer’s doctrine of the unknowable, and the relativity of all knowledge, estops him from asserting anything as knowable, for it really denies all the knowable and all the real—*omne scibile et omne reale*.

The second part of Mr. Spencer’s work on “The Knowable” we might well omit, but as it is that in which he claims to be original, and in which he supposes he has made most valuable contributions to the philosophy of the cosmos, an omission to examine it might seem ungracious. Besides, the inventors of new systems of philosophy must not be held too rigidly to the logical consequences of their own doctrines, *non omnia possumus*. It is impossible for the founder to foresee all that his doctrine involves, and it is but fair, if he really has said anything new that is true, that it should be recognized, and he receive due credit for it, even if it is an anomaly in his general system of philosophy. We proceed, therefore, to consider Part II.

In this second part, the author professes to treat the knowable, not indeed in its several details, but in its first principles, or ultimate generalizations. The generalization of a group of phenomena is science; the generalization of the several groups of phenomena observable in the cosmos constitutes the several special sciences; and the combination of these special sciences into one higher and more comprehensive generalization, which embraces them all, is philosophy. In constructing philosophy, the author, be it observed, like the coral insect, begins below and works upward, and bases the universal on the particular.

The great point, or novelty, in this second part, however, is unquestionably, as the author claims, the doctrine of Evolution. By evolution, the author does not understand evolving or unfolding, as do ordinary mortals; but the aggregation or contraction and diffusion, according to certain laws which he has determined, of matter, motion, and force. Evolution consists, therefore, of two processes, contraction and diffusion, and is either simple or compound. Simple evolution is where concentration and diffusion follow each other alternately; compound evolution is where the two processes go on simultaneously in the same subject, which may be said to be growing and decaying, or living and dying, at one and the same time.

Minerals, plants, and animals, including man, are all formed by the evolution of matter, motion, and force. The elimination or loss of motion, mechanical, chemical, or electrical, is followed by the concentration of matter and force, which may assume the form of a pebble, a diamond, a nettle, a rose, an oak, a jelly-fish, a tadpole, a monkey, a man. Life is simply the product of “the mechanical, chemical, and electrical arrangement of particles of matter.” The concentration of motion is followed by a diffusion or dispersion of matter and force, and the disappearance of the several groups of phenomena we have just named; but as matter is indestructible, and as there is always the same quantity of motion and force, they disappear only to reappear in new groups or transformations. The diffusion of the mineral may be the birth of the plant; of the plant, the birth of the animal; of the ape, may be a new concentration which gives birth to man. Nothing is lost. The cosmos is a ceaseless evolution; is, so to speak, in a state of perpetual flux and reflux, in which diffusion of one group of phenomena is followed by the birth of another, in endless rotation, or life from death, and death from life. Dissolution follows concentration “in eternal alternation,” or both go on together. This is not a new doctrine, but substantially the doctrine of a school of Greek philosophers, warred against both by Plato and Aristotle, that all things are in a state of ceaseless motion, of growth and decay, in which corruption proceeds from generation, and generation from corruption, in which death is born of life, and life is born of death. Our cosmic philosophers only repeat the long since exploded errors of the old cosmists. But pass

over this.

The author is treating of the knowable. We ask him, then, how he contrives to know that there is any such evolution as he asserts? He assumes that matter, motion, and force are the constituent elements of the cosmos; but he can neither know it nor prove it, since he maintains that what matter is, or what motion is, or what force is, is unknown and unknowable. He denies the relation of cause and effect, or at least that it is cognizable; how, then, can he assert the cosmic phenomena are only concentrations and diffusions of matter, motion, and force? A certain elimination of motion and a corresponding concentration of matter and force produces the rose, another produces an ape, another produces a man, says the author of this new system of philosophy. Does he know that he is only a certain concentration of matter and force, resulting from a certain diffusion or loss of motion? Can he not only think, but prove it? But all proof, all demonstration, as all reasoning, nay, sensible intuition itself, depends on the principle of cause and effect; for, unless we can assert that the sensation within is *caused* by some object without that affects the sensible organism, we can assert nothing outside of us, not even a phenomenon or external appearance. How does the author know, or can he know, that he differs from the ape only in the different combination of matter, motion, and force?

Mr. Spencer, in his work on *Biology*, asserts that life results from the mechanical, chemical, and electrical arrangement of the particles of matter. If this were so, it would, on the author's own principles, explain nothing. It would be only saying that a certain group of phenomena is accompanied by another group, which we call life, but not that there is any causal relation between them. That the supposed arrangement of the particles of matter originates the life Mr. Spencer cannot assert without the intuition of cause and causes he either denies or banishes to the unknowable. Analytical chemistry resolves, we are told, the diamond into certain gases; but is synthetic chemistry able to recombine the gases so as to produce a diamond? Professor Huxley finds, he thinks, the physical basis of life in protoplasm. Protoplasm is not itself life, according to him, but its basis. How does he know, since he denies causality, that life is or can be developed from protoplasm? Protoplasm, chemically analyzed, is resolved into certain well-known gases; but it is admitted that synthetic chemistry is unable to recombine them and reproduce protoplasm. Evidently, as in the case of the diamond, there is in the production of protoplasm some element which even analytic chemistry fails to detect. No synthetic chemistry can obtain the protoplasm from protein, and there is no instance in which life, feeling, thought and reason, are known, or can be proved, to result from dead matter, or from any possible combinations of matter, motion, and force. If it could so result, the fact could not be proved, and would remain for ever in the unknowable.

The new philosophy resolves all the cosmic phenomena into the concentration and diffusion of the unknowable elements called matter, motion, and force. The quantities of these elements remain always the same, but they are in a state of constant evolution, and all the cosmic phenomena result from this evolution, and are simply changes or transformations of the same force. Now, the evolution either has had a beginning or it has not. If it has not, we must assume an infinite series of evolutions, or concentrations and diffusions; but an infinite series is absurd, and the author himself denies it. Then it must have had a beginning; but no phenomenon can begin to exist without a cause independent of the phenomenon, or the *causatum*. But the author denies the cause in denying the origin of the cosmos in creation, or its production by a supercosmic creator. We are sadly at loss, then, to conceive how he contrives, consistently with his new system, to assert either the law of evolution, or even evolution itself. Will he tell us how he does it?

We need not follow the author through the alleged facts and illustrations by which he seeks to explain and sustain his system of evolution; because evolution is not assertable on his own principles, nor is it provable *aliunde* by any possible deductions or inductions of science. So far from being science, it is not even an admissible hypothesis; because it contradicts and refutes itself. Mr. Spencer has attempted to construct a system of philosophy or explication of the cosmic phenomena, and the law of their production or transformation, without recurrence to any metaphysical principles, and from physical principles alone, or by the generalization of the physical phenomena as they appear to the human consciousness in space and time, and has necessarily failed; because the physical principles themselves, and consequently the physical phenomena, are inexplicable and inconceivable even, without the principles discarded as metaphysical. The author's whole theory of evolution depends on the assumed fact of the indestructibility of matter, the continuity of motion, and the persistence of force, not one of which can be asserted without the ideal intuition of being, substance, and cause, all three metaphysical principles, and as such relegated by the author to the region of the unknowable. The indestructibility of matter can be deduced or induced from no possible observation of sensible phenomena. The continuity of motion or the persistence of force is no fact of consciousness. Mr. Spencer himself says, to science or the explication of phenomena, the present must be linked with the past and with the future, and hence he argues the indestructibility of matter, the continuity of motion, and the persistence of force; but not one of them is a fact of consciousness. Consciousness is the recognition of one's self as subject in the present act of thought, and looks neither before nor after, takes cognizance neither of the past nor of the future, and consequently of no link connecting them with the present. Indestructibility, continuity, persistence, all of which imply cognitions of the past and future, are not and cannot be facts of consciousness, which is cognition only of the

present. Matter and motion, the author says, are derivative, derived from force, which alone is primitive. The indestructibility of matter and the continuity of motion depend, then, solely on the persistence of force, and are apprehensible, therefore, only in apprehending that persistence; but that persistence is not a fact of consciousness. How, then, can it be asserted, unless force is, and is apprehended as, a persistent substance? But substance is unknowable.

The author adopts the method of the physicists, the so-called inductive method, and proceeds from particular phenomena to induce by generalization their law; but no induction is valid that is not made by virtue of a general principle, which is not itself inferable from the phenomenal, and must be given and held by the mind before any induction is possible. This is the condemnation of the method of the physicists, for, from phenomena alone, only phenomena can be obtained. A method without principles is null, and leads only to nullity. The author does not understand that the reason why the cosmic phenomena are not cogitable without the assumption of the cosmic reality underlying them, is because the mind intuitively apprehends them as dependent on something which they are not, and at the same time, and in the same intellectual act, intuitively apprehends a reality beyond them, which by its causative act produces and sustains them. He is wrong in declaring that the something real is unknowable; it may be incomprehensible, but, as we have seen, it must be cognizable, or nothing is cognizable.

That the men who follow in the physical sciences the physical or, as they say, the inductive method, inducing general conclusions from particular facts or phenomena, have really advanced those sciences, and by their untiring labors and exhaustless patience achieved all but miracles in the application of science to the mechanical and productive arts from which trade and industry have so largely profited, we by no means deny; but they have done so because the mind, in their investigations and inductions, has all along had the intuition of the ideal principle which legitimates their generalizations, that of being or substance, and its creative or causative act, but of which they take no heed, or to which they do not advert; as St. Augustine says, the mind really has cognition of God in the idea of the perfect, but does not ordinarily advert to the fact. They suppose they obtain the law they assert by logical inference from the phenomena, because they do not observe that the mind has intuition of the causative or creative act, which is the ideal principle of the induction. The mind is superior to their philosophy, and they reason far better than they explain their reasoning. We may apply to them the advice Lord Mansfield gave to a man of good sense and sound judgment, but of little legal knowledge, who had been recently appointed a judge in one of the British colonies: “Give your decisions,” said his lordship, “without fear or hesitation; but don’t attempt to give your reasons.” So long as they confine themselves to the proper field of scientific investigation, they are safe enough; but let them come out of that field and attempt to explain the philosophy or the principles of their physical science, and they are pretty sure to make sad work of it. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

Mr. Spencer protests against being regarded as an atheist, for he denies the self-existence of the universe, and neither affirms nor denies the existence of God. But *atheist* means simply *no-theist*, and, if he does not assert that God is, he certainly is an atheist. It is not necessary, in order to be an atheist, to make a positive denial of God. His disciple, Professor John Fiske, who has been lecturing on the cosmic philosophy before Harvard College, contends that the cosmic philosophy is not atheistical, because it asserts in the unknowable an infinite power, being, or reality, that underlies the cosmic phenomena, of which they are the sensible manifestations; yet this does not relieve it, because what is asserted is not God, and is not pretended to be the God of theism, but the reality or substance of the cosmos and indistinguishable from it. It is the real, as the phenomena are the apparent, cosmos.

The author denies that he is a pantheist, for he denies the hypothesis of self-creation; but, if he is not a pantheist, it is only because he does not call the unknowable infinite power or being he asserts as the reality of the cosmos, that is, the real cosmos, by the name of God, Deus, or Theos. But asserting that power as the reality or substance of the cosmic phenomena is precisely what is meant by pantheism. Pantheism, in its modern form, is the assertion of one only substance, which is the reality of the cosmic phenomena, and the denial of the creation of finite substances, which are the real subject of the cosmic manifestations. Pantheism denies the creation of substances or second causes, and asserts that all phenomena are simply the appearances of the one infinite and only substance; and this is precisely what Mr. Spencer undeniably does. The only difference between atheism and pantheism is purely verbal. The atheist calls the reality asserted cosmos or nature, and the pantheist calls it God, but both assert one and the same thing. The power Mr. Spencer asserts is simply the *natura naturans* of Spinoza, and that is nothing the atheist himself does not accept, and, indeed, assert. Neither asserts, nor does Mr. Spencer assert, any supercosmic being, or power on which the cosmos depends, and the power they do assert is as much cosmic as the phenomena themselves. Mr. Spencer’s protest betrays rare theological and philosophical ignorance, or is a mere verbal quibble, unworthy a man who even pretends to be a philosopher.

Mr. Spencer hardly once refers to Christian theology, and, without ever having studied it, evidently would have us think that he considers it beneath his attention. Yet he, as evidently, has constructed his system for the purpose of undermining and disposing of it once for all. This may be seen in the fact that, when he refers to religion at all, it is always to some

heathen superstition, which he assumes to be the type or germ of all religion, carefully ignoring the patriarchal, Hebrew, or Christian religion. He tells us "the earliest traditions represent rulers as gods or demigods." This is not true even of heathenism, which is in fact an apostasy from the patriarchal or primitive religion, or its corruption. The apotheosis of Romulus, according to tradition, took place only after his death, and it is only at a later period that the pagan emperors were held to be gods during their lifetime. Mr. Spencer's real or affected ignorance of the whole order of religious thought is marvellous, and we cannot forbear saying:

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

There is no philosophy or science, if God and his creative act are excluded or ignored, because there is no cosmos left, and neither a subject to know nor an object to be known.

Mr. Spencer misapprehends the relations of religion and science, and consequently the conditions of their reconciliation. He says they are the two opposite poles of one and the same globe. This is a mistake. Religion and science are indeed parts of one whole; but religion, while it includes science, supplements it by the analogical knowledge called faith. The truths of faith and of science are always in dialectic harmony, and between the Christian faith and real science there is no quarrel, and can be none; for religion only supplies the defect of science, and puts the mind in possession of the solution of the problem of man and the universe, not attainable by science.

There is a quarrel only when the scientists, in the name of science, deny or impugn the supplementary truths of revelation, and which are at least as certain as any scientific truths or facts are or can be; or when they reject the great principles of reason itself, which are the basis of all science. Let the scientists confine themselves, as we have said, to the study and classification of facts, or the development and application to them of the undoubted principles of the intuitive reason, and not attempt to go beyond their province or the proper field of scientific investigation, and there will be no quarrel between them and the theologians. The quarrel arises when men like Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and others, profoundly ignorant both of philosophy and of theology, or the teachings of revelation, ignoring them, despising them, or regarding them with sovereign contempt, put forth baseless theories and hypotheses incompatible with the truths alike of reason and faith; and it will continue till they learn that an unproved and unprovable theory or hypothesis is not science, nor a scientific explanation of the facts either of the soul or of the cosmos, and is quite insufficient to warrant a denial of the belief of the great bulk of mankind from the first man down to our own day. Then there may be peace between the theologians and the scientists, but not till then.

We said, or intended to say, that a philosopher is known by his principles. We add that he is also known by his method. The physical method is unscientific and illogical; for it seeks through phenomena to arrive at being, and from particulars to obtain general or universal conclusions. Induction that is not based on a universal principle can never attain to anything but the particular. Generalizations of particulars are only abstractions, and abstractions, prescinded from their concretes, are nullities, as the possible, without the real to actualize it, is nothing. There is no rising from particulars to the universal unless we start with a universal principle intuitively given. It is impossible to conclude, by logical inference, substance or being from phenomena. The reality which Mr. Spencer says we are compelled to assert, though itself unknowable, as underlying the cosmic phenomena, is no deduction nor induction from these, but is given intuitively as the ideal or intelligible in the very act in which the phenomena themselves are apprehended. Mr. Spencer is wrong in asserting it, as we have said, to be unknowable, and still more so in asserting it as the subject of the cosmic phenomena, which is simply pantheism. These phenomena are not the appearances or manifestations of the Infinite Power or Being which Mr. Spencer asserts as unknowable, but of the finite and dependent substances which God, the Infinite Being, creates and upholds as second causes.

The universal is not contained in the particular, the infinite in the finite, the identical in the diverse, the immutable in the mutable, the persistent in the transitory, unity in plurality, or the actual in the possible, and therefore cannot be concluded from it. The two categories are not obtainable, either from the other, by any possible logical inference, and therefore must be given intuitively or neither is cognizable; for, though not reciprocal, they connote, as all correlatives, each the other, since neither is knowable without the other. This is the condemnation of the physical or inductive method, when followed as a method of obtaining the first principles either of the real or of the knowable. We say only what Bacon himself said. He said and proved that the inductive method is inapplicable in philosophy, or out of the sphere of the physical sciences. The great error has been in attempting to follow it in philosophy, or the science of the sciences, where it is inapplicable, for no science can start without first principles.

We feel that some apology is due our readers for soliciting their attention to anything so absurd as Herbert Spencer's *New System of Philosophy*; but they must bear in mind that Mr. Spencer is a representative man, and has only attempted to bring together and combine into a systematic whole the anti-Christian, anti-theistical, and anti-rational theories, hypotheses, and unscientific speculations which, under the name and forms of science,

govern the thought of the modern non-Catholic world. Mr. Spencer's book, which is a laborious effort to give the philosophy or science of nothing, and ends only in a system of "symbolic conceptions," in which nothing, according to the author, is conceived, has, after all, a certain value, as showing that there is no medium or middle ground between Catholicity and atheism, as there is none between atheism and nihilism. Mr. Spencer, we should think, is a man who has read comparatively little, and knows less of Christian theology or philosophy; he seems to us to be profoundly ignorant of his own ignorance, as well as of the knowledge other men have. He is only carrying out the system of Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Mansel, and providing a philosophy for the Darwins, the Huxleys, the Galtons, the Lubbocks, the Tyndalls, *et id omne genus*, and has succeeded in proving that no advance has been made by the non-Catholic world on the system of old Epicurus, which is rapidly becoming the philosophy of the whole world outside of the church, and against which the Bascoms, the Hodges, and the McCoshes, with honorable intentions and a few fragments of Catholic theology and philosophy, protest in vain. This is our apology for devoting so much space to Herbert Spencer's inanities.

[129] *First Principles of a New System of Philosophy.* By Herbert Spencer. Second Edition. New York: Appleton & Co. 1871. 12mo, pp. 559.

ST. CECILIA's DAY IN ROME.

St. Cecilia is one of the few figures among the representative throng of virgin-martyrs that strike us at once as the most familiar, the most lovable, and the most to be exalted. Every one knows the legend of her life, and the conversion of her husband and his brother, brought about by her prayers, as also by the miracles she obtained for their further confirmation in the faith. Her death, in itself a miracle, needs no retelling, neither does the history of her wondrously preserved remains, that are now laid in the shrine beneath the altar of *Santa Cecilia in Trastevere*, a church erected, by her own wish and behest, on the spot where her palace stood. This church is a basilica, and has its altar raised many steps above the level of the mosaic floor of the nave, and the front of the altar turned away from the people so that the celebrant at Mass stands facing the congregation, as in many other ancient Roman churches. Under the altar, on the lower level of the nave, is the shrine of the saint, and there lies her marble image, small and frail, though it is said to be life-sized, and reverently and truly copied from the sleeping body, whose form remained entire and uncorrupted, at least until the last time it was solemnly uncovered. To the right of the church is a dark side-chapel, floored with rare mosaic, once the bath-room of the young and wealthy patrician, and the consecrated spot where heathen cruelty twice endeavored to put an end to the sweet singer's life. The actual bath is said to be within the railings that divide a narrow portion of the chapel from the rest. There was the first miracle performed, of her preservation from the boiling water; there also the second, of the prolongation of her life after the three deadly yet ineffectual strokes of the unskilful executioner's sword. One can fancy the young matron, so childlike in years, so experienced in holiness, lying in meek and chaste expectation of the embraces of her heavenly Bridegroom, and of the purified reunion with her earthly and virgin spouse—while, all the time the wondrous, angel-sustained life lasted, the Christians, her brethren in the faith, her children through charity, would be coming and going, silently as to an altar, rejoicingly as to a saint, and learning, from lips on whom the kiss of peace of the glorified Jesus was already laid, lessons of fortitude and love most precious to their faithful souls. We are told, also, that Urban, the pope, visited her on her glorious death-bed, and, no doubt, he learnt from her entranced soul more than he could teach it in its passing hour; learnt, perhaps, things whose sweetness became strength to him in the hour of his own not far distant martyrdom.

Cecilia, in her short and heavenly life, seems a fitting model for all women, and especially for young maidens and wives. She was of those who know well how to put religion before men in its most beautiful garb and most enthralling form; purity with her was no ice-cold stream and repellent rocky fastness: it was beauty, it was reward, it was glory. Crowns of lilies and roses, heavenly perfume, and angelic companionship were to be its lovely guerdon; and not otherwise should it ever be preached, nor otherwise surrounded, when its precepts are presented to man. Had we more Cecilias among our Christian women of to-day, there would be more Valeriani and Tiburtii among our men, and virtue would be more readily deemed an honor than a yoke; home would be more of a temple, rather than a mere resting-place; home-life more of a prayer, rather than a simple idyl. For blamelessness is not Christian purity; righteousness is not Christian faith. We want the visible blessings of the church on our daily lives, even as Cecilia brought into the circle of home the visible, angelic gifts of flowers; and we know that to those who seek them where Valerian and his brother sought the heavenly apparition—that is, through faith and prayer—these blessings, these gifts, these blossoms, these safeguards, are never denied.

And to pass from these aspirations after a more Christian ideal of home to the impressions made on an eye-witness by the feast of St. Cecilia in Rome, we will merely say that this feast had been eagerly looked forward to, and had always held a special charm over the mind of the writer of these pages.

On this day, the 22d of November, Mass is said from dawn till noon in the catacomb chapel, where the martyr was first buried. This chapel is one of the largest and most interesting in the Catacomb of St. Callixtus. The distance from the Eternal City to this shrine is not long, but the old Appian Way that leads from the one to the other is crowded with memories and monuments, each a history in itself.

The most noticeable of these is very near the catacomb, and is none other than the mausoleum of Cecilia Metella, the mysterious and oft-sung pile that Byron has made strangely familiar to us. One cannot help being struck by the familiarity of the two names, and the proximity of the two shrines, of the Cecilias of Rome. The proud mausoleum, stately as a palace, strong as a fortress, built by some ostentatious patrician, or by some sorrowing husband, for the merely worldly end of perpetuating the memory of an illustrious house, or of the domestic virtues of a spouse a little above the common run of licentious Roman matrons, stands now deserted and unvisited, its real history lost and forgotten, and a fictitious one attached to it through the imaginative efforts of a foreign poet. The lonely sepulchre in an earthen wall, the hidden recess in an underground chapel—dug out by silent, persecuted men for the proscribed body of a so-called criminal—remains to this day the pilgrimage of thousands, the well-remembered and well-loved spot where devout followers of the faith Cecilia followed come to beg her intercession as they kneel before the same sacrament, and assist at the same sacrifice, whose blessings were Cecilia's only strength. Cecilia Metella, the rich Roman lady, is unknown save to antiquaries; Cecilia, the

virgin-martyr, is honored all over the world, by all races and all nations. The wealth of the first has rusted away and is heard of no more, because its last emblem was a palatial tomb; the riches of the second have increased a hundred-fold, and have been sown broadcast over the earth, because their abiding symbol lies in a church built over her former dwelling; and the harvest her prayers have reaped is gathered year after year in the riches untold, of virgins crowned with miraculous flowers, of wives laden with the conversions of those dear to them, of women of all ages, all ranks, all nations, bearing in their hands the charity born of Cecilia's death-bed generosity, and in their hearts the faith of her death-bed professions.

And so, past the stately tomb worthy of Egypt's solemn magnificence, the road leads to a small door in a wall, which opens on to a field. A path fringed with red and purple flowers, the last-born children of a southern autumn, winds through the field, to the head of a steep but wide flight of stairs, at the foot of which is the entrance to St. Callixtus' Catacomb. The pure air, just mist-veiled in the morning coolness, shows the landscape around to its utmost advantage; the omnipresent dome of St. Peter's basilica clears the line of the blue horizon; the wide purple plain is crossed here and there by dust-whitened roads and arched aqueducts, as by the gigantic bones of a decayed and now powerless monster; the distant hills, darkened at their base by chestnut woods, and dotted with white villas, as with the loosened beads of a string of pearls, throw bluer shadows on the dusky, olive-spotted expanse: and we pause, and wonder whether, after all, things looked so very unlike this on the dawning day when the Christians bore the happy Cecilia to her first resting-place. Their hearts surely must have felt as ours do now, full of joy and thanksgiving, and, above all, full of peace. There would have been a silent throng, a quiet gradual gathering of the future martyrs around the narrow grave of their blessed-forerunner; for in those days no one knew how soon he or she might be called from the altar to the stake, and summoned to carry the unconsumed sacrament within his bosom to the tribunal of an unjust and ignorant judge.

The avenues of the perplexing labyrinth of the catacomb are all guarded by the government on this day of St. Cecilia's, so that no one may stray from the one chapel where service is going on. Close to the entrance is the small recess where the saint was laid in her first sleep. It is low and reaches far back into the damp earth-wall; myrtle and bay-leaves are strewn over its floor, and flowers and little oil-lamps are spread about like stars. As each person leaves the chapel, he takes away a leaf or flower as a holy remembrance. Two altars are erected, one close to the martyr's grave, just beneath a Byzantine fresco head of our divine Lord, the other on the opposite side of the chapel. The space, small enough for a modern congregation, though large for a catacomb chapel, is so crowded that it is difficult for the priests to pass in and out from the altars to the temporary sacristy, and the worshippers almost lean upon them when they stand to say the "Judica me, Deus." No noise is heard, save the murmured words of the Mass and the tinkling of the elevation-bell. Foreigners are there with fair-haired boys serving the Mass of some favorite friend and accompanying chaplain; Romans are there with their intense, if not deep, southern devotion; rich and poor, prince and beggar, student and peasant, are alike crowding the virgin-martyr's shrine. A few hundred years ago, this was the church's cradle, and patrician and slave came to be baptized together and wear for one day the white robes that to-morrow twilight would see red with blood on the deserted sand of the gladiator's amphitheatre. The priest who said Mass in those days hardly knew, when he came to the consecration, whether the hand of the pagan soldiery might not be upon him before the communion; the mother who knelt in tears, half of natural sorrow, half of heavenly joy, and thought of the fair young boy she had but yesterday given back to God on the scaffold, did not know whether tomorrow's dawn might not find her herself prostrate and headless on the same place of execution. Partings then were seldom for long, and, even when the Christians parted with our Lord on the hidden altars, they knew they would meet him soon again at the right hand of his Father. Not unfrequently, the Blessed Sacrament was kept in a silver vessel made in the shape of a dove, and one cannot help thinking how sweet a union must have existed between this custom and the idea of the protection and the teaching the Holy Spirit was to afford to his spouse, the church. "When the Spirit of truth cometh," Jesus had said, "he shall teach you all things." And so the Dove of heaven taught the church the hidden beauties of the ineffable sacrament, and protected this greatest treasure of the Bride in its integrity of doctrine and its continuity of love. May we not so interpret, lovingly and reverentially, the olden custom of the dove-shaped tabernacle?

Beautiful as the day was, it was a sore trial to leave the darksome, silent chapel, where generations of older and braver Christians than ourselves had spent their triumphant vigils and been brought back to sleep their peaceful hero-slumbers—it was a trial, I say, to return to the carelessly beautiful earth, the unheeding theatre of such wondrous mysteries. To leave the catacombs in Cecilia's times was to go forth to almost certain death; to leave prayer and solitude, the catacombs of the heart in our day, is to encounter certain sorrow and possible sin. It is hard to leave God's temple and mingle with the chattering throng; it is hard to lift the curtain of silence and mix with the wrangling world. Yet it is our duty. Few are privileged to be hermits, and those few not until the privilege is turned into a trial, and the apparent retreat is no other than a hard-won stronghold. In the battle, we must fight, and fight manfully, in the foremost rank; it is only the generals and the chiefs among us that watch from afar, and feel, like wearied Moses, the weight of victory or defeat hanging on the issue of their prayers. Our part seems the harder, but it is only because our nature is so little that dissatisfaction with our present lot is the very air we breathe. After all, if we could look around us, we should see many beautiful things; if we are bound in fetters of duty, they are

golden fetters, with the word of God carved all over their sunlike sheen; if we are led in one way and forced to wear the harness of unalterable circumstances, the reins are broidered with fair work that tells the story of how the angel led the ass of Balaam, and how palms were strewn on the path of Jesus; the way is emblazoned with rarest flowers and sweetest fruits, the heraldry of grace; if we bear a yoke and a burden, they are but spices and ointments, wine and oil, and milk and honey, all fair and gracious merchandise from the great mart of heaven, to be borne over the world, as the clouds bear the rain, in fertilizing charity and fruit-bearing meekness. So let us leave the dear catacomb, where even Music hushed her sighs, and come forth across the Roman Campagna, with the mist-veils rolled off it, and the noonday sun, with its reminiscences of summer, gilding its fringe of distant mountains, and its strange rifts of sudden, unsuspected valleys. Here and there, an aqueduct or a proud stone pyre, a mound of stones, each of which bears an imperial inscription, a rude shepherd’s fence, or irregular stone wall, that is all you see. Not far from here, in a cornfield whose waves of brown and gold a few months ago kissed the foot of an ilex-crowned hillock, is the fountain of Egeria, a grotto, fern-clothed, with a broken goddess of mouldering stone. The water and the “maiden-hair” fern are there still, as beautiful as when the king of Rome is said to have wandered here in search of wisdom; the sage himself and the problematic nymph of tradition are dead and gone, forgotten by the owner of the corn-field, ignored by the peasant who drinks at the fountain, unknown to the brown, barefooted child who gathers the feathery fern.

Of what use is it to say any more? Facts are more cruel commentaries on the past than any words.

Yet we have just seen children and peasants, women from northern lands, men from eastern climes, bearing away as a relic a leaf of bay or a starry flower from the once filled recess where Cecilia lay in peace-sealed slumber.

Where is the difference, and why?

A little child can tell, but the philosopher will not listen.

The feast of St. Cecilia, though to the writer of these pages it ended on the threshold of the catacomb, is not completed here.

At her church in the *Trastevere*, the church already mentioned, takes place the ceremony of solemn vespers, in which the artists of Rome assist and take part gratuitously, out of homage to the queen of music. The antiphon “Cantantibus Organis” is magnificent in art, but unresponsive in devotion. The phantom of the unhappy *Renaissance* breathes in these strains, religious only in so far as they are a fabric built on sacred words. The simple solemnity of the church’s service dwells not in them, and the touching silence of the catacomb recalls the saint to our mind far more sweetly than these outbursts of paganized minstrelsy within the halls she once called her own. Still, if honor to God be meant by this concourse of the artist fraternity, let us be simple of intention, and see in it, as God does, the first-fruits of what they have offered to the God of all.

Reader, if you ever pray before the early shrine of the virgin-martyr in St. Callixtus’ chapel, remember the writer of these few words, and let our prayers go up to God together, “as a morning sacrifice” and “as incense in his sight.”

FLEURANGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MRS. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF “A SISTER’s STORY.”

PART FIRST.

THE OLD MANSION.

I.

“Young, beautiful, poor, and alone in Paris, what will become of her?”

It was the third time Dr. Leblanc had repeated these words in the presence of his sister, Mademoiselle Josephine, who remained so mute that she might have been thought deaf, had not the irregular click of her knitting-needles, and two or three indistinct exclamations as she paused in her work, testified to a preoccupation quite equal to that of her brother. The latter at first manifested his by swiftly striding up and down the apartment in which they were, but now he resumed his usual place in the chimney-corner opposite his sister, opened and shut his snuff-box noisily, taking a useless profusion of pinches, which he forgot to convey to their destination, and tapping the floor with his foot in a manner that expressed great agitation or extreme perplexity.

Mademoiselle Josephine continued to knit without replying, and seemed no less absorbed than her brother. At length she said:

“At least, if she were not, as you say, so young and so beautiful!”

“And so poor and alone in the world, you should add. A sensible remark, indeed! It is evident if she were old, ugly, rich, and surrounded by friends, her situation would be very different. I am indebted to you, Josephine, for the discovery.”

“Do not be impatient, brother. I am only repeating what you have just said. To continue the subject: if she only had a different air—”

“Well, go on!”

“And another name—”

“Another name! Why so? What has her name to do with the matter?”

“A name which was not ridiculous.”

“Ridiculous! The name of her father? Poor Gerard d’Yves’ name was very respectable, and even noble, I believe. He committed a thousand extravagances and ruined himself. He then became an artist, and displayed talent enough to have repaired his fortunes had he been wise. Besides, he was of a good family, and his name—”

“I am not alluding to his name, but to his daughter’s.”

“Well?”

“Well, brother, do you think this young girl’s name bears any resemblance to a Christian name?”

“Fleurange? I acknowledge it is perhaps an odd name. Her father had a taste for odd things, and hearing the name of Fior Angela in Italy, he translated it.”

“Her mother should have had more sense.”

“Her poor mother died when she was born, so she had nothing to do with it.”

“Did you not say her mother had a brother who was a professor in some city in Germany?”

“Yes, at Leipsic; but who knows where to find him now? Her whole family disapproved of her marriage, which was finally effected without her father’s consent. Poor Margaret lived only a year, and Gerard, who remained a widower, declined all intercourse with his wife’s relatives. He remained many years in Italy, and placed his daughter, as soon as she was five years old, in some convent near Perugia. He took her away only two months before he came here, already ill, to linger and die three days ago in this poor child’s arms, leaving her entirely alone in the world.”

“But was it not very injurious to his daughter’s interests to withhold her thus from all intercourse with her maternal relatives?”

“He began to realize it himself, but only when it was too late. During his illness, finding his case daily growing more serious, he made some efforts to ascertain what had become of Ludwig Dornthal, of whom we have just spoken, who was Margaret’s favorite brother, and never faltered in his affection for her. But he could ascertain nothing respecting him. Ludwig had married, and, long before, left Leipsic to settle in some other part of Germany,

he could not find out what, and this fruitless effort was a source of pain, which was not the least he suffered during his last hours. He reproached himself, and not without reason, for the frightful loneliness in which he was about to leave his daughter. The poor, unhappy man bitterly expiated the imprudent and thoughtless act of alienating himself from those whose pardon he should rather have implored, or at least accepted. But it was the consequence of his disposition, which was affectionate, enthusiastic, and fascinating, I imagine, when he was young, but weak, violent, and thoughtless. He was born neither to be happy himself, nor to make others happy, and his daughter would have been almost as great an object of pity, had he lived, as she is now.”

“Poor child!” said Mademoiselle Josephine, raising her small black eyes, with an expression almost celestial lighting up her pale and wrinkled face. After a moment’s silence, she added: “God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb! You will see, brother, that some good luck will befall her, or we shall have some fortunate inspiration.”

“Well, the sooner the better, for I have none. Your confidence truly excites my admiration.”

“I trust in God,” simply replied Mademoiselle Josephine.

“Parbleu! and I too,” said the doctor. “I truly believe in his goodness; I hope in his mercy; but in this case—”

“You would prefer to have the affair in your own hands?”

“Come, come, Josephine, let us stick to the point this time. It is eight o’clock, and we must positively go for that poor child. She is more lonely than ever to-day, for the sister who nursed her father, and remained with her after his death, left this morning. She must not, after so sad a day, pass this first night all alone up there.”

“Certainly not,” said the other.

The doctor continued: “She has not left that little room in the fourth story for a fortnight, with the exception of this morning, when she followed her father to the grave, and since her return how do you imagine she has been occupied? Here, look at this.”

Mademoiselle Josephine took the paper her brother held out, and glanced over it. It was a list of the poor artist’s debts.

“The whole amounts to five hundred francs, which are here. She asked me to settle the bills and procure the receipts.”

“I see that, according to her calculation, one-fourth of this sum is intended for the physician who attended her father,” said Mademoiselle Josephine slowly.

“Who, in such a case, will not accept it, of course.”

“Of course not,” said his sister. “Out of this sum one hundred and twenty-five francs will be returned to her, then?”

“Yes, sister, and that will be the amount of her fortune.”

“While we are talking, then, she has absolutely nothing?”

“Nothing at all.”

Their conversation at this point was interrupted by a low knock at the door, and almost immediately the girl of whom they had been talking appeared before them. She stopped and leaned against the wall. The doctor sprang toward her.

“Poor child!” he exclaimed. “While we were idly talking, she was faint from exhaustion and fatigue.”

She had, in truth, fallen into a chair against the wall, and seemed losing consciousness. Mademoiselle Josephine hastened to support her head, and bathe her pale brow and colorless cheeks with cold water. Every movement of the doctor’s elderly sister had become prompt and decided. At a sign from her brother, she disappeared an instant, but returned almost immediately with a vial and a glass of water in her hand.

“That is it,” said the doctor. He let fall a few drops into the glass, which he then held to the young girl’s lips. Two or three swallows seemed to revive her.

“Excuse me,” she said, raising her head, and forcing herself to rise. “Excuse me, both of you. I did not think myself so weak, and did not intend to give you so much trouble when I came to see you.”

“Do not talk now, but drink the remainder of this.”

Fleurange put the glass to her lips, but returned it to the doctor without tasting it. “I cannot,” she said, “I feel dizzy. I do not know what ails me—perhaps it is the surprise I have just had. Here, monsieur, read this. It was to show you this letter I came down.”

The doctor took the letter, but, before reading it, led Fleurange to the fire, while the active Josephine, divining her brother’s wishes, placed on the table a bowl of soup and some bread

and wine.

Fleurange took Mademoiselle Josephine's hand between her own: "Thank you," she said in a low tone. "Yes, I think it was that: I am generally strong, but—but—"

"I dare say you have not eaten anything since yesterday?"

"No; and I am hungry."

The doctor briskly rubbed his spectacles, and abruptly opened his snuffbox, while the young girl hastily took the slight repast, which brought a lively and unusual color to her cheeks. Her face was generally very pale. Her large eyes, calm and mild, gray rather than blue, shaded by lashes black as her hair, gave her a peculiar and striking appearance. But notwithstanding this peculiarity, notwithstanding her paleness, the delicacy of her features, and the pliancy of her form, which swayed like a reed at every movement, if obliged to characterize in two words the general impression produced by the appearance of Fleurange d'Yves, those words would be: simplicity and energy. Doctor Leblanc was doubtless right in thinking that one so young, beautiful, and destitute needed protection, and yet it required only a glance to see that she, better than any else, could protect herself.

The doctor still held in his hand the letter she had given him. It was dated at Frankfort.

> "My Dear Niece: It was only yesterday, and by the most unforeseen chance, we at last learned the state of your father's health and where he lives. None of us have seen him since his marriage with my poor sister Margaret twenty years ago. You know there was at that time a profound hatred against France throughout our country, and my father would never consent to receive a Frenchman as his son-in-law. Then my poor sister (God forgive her!) left the paternal roof to marry the man of her choice. My father was exceedingly grieved, very angry, and at first implacable, but before his death he forgave her. She was past knowing it. From that time we lost all trace of your father. We only learned he had left Pisa with his child, and, for a long time, had given up all hope of ever seeing him again, or knowing my poor sister's daughter, when yesterday a stranger, passing through this city, accidentally showed me a picture he had just purchased at Paris—the work, he said, of a dying artist. This painting represented Cordelia kneeling beside her father, and the canvas bore the name of Gerard d'Yves. The painter's address was given us by the owner of the picture, and I hasten to profit by it to tell you, my dear child, that your mother's relatives have not forgotten the tie that binds them to you. If you ever need a shelter, you can find one beneath our roof. My wife and children already regard poor Margaret's daughter with affection. The latter have thought of her from infancy as an absent sister whose return they awaited. If God restores your father's health, bring him among us. If otherwise ordered, come yourself, my dear child. The stranger who put us on your track told us the artist's daughter was the original of his Cordelia. If the resemblance is correct, it does not diminish our desire to see you. Come soon, then, my dear niece. At all events, answer this letter promptly, and be assured of the affectionate regard of your uncle,
>
> "Ludwig Dornthal."

"Josephine! Josephine!" exclaimed the doctor. "Here, read this: but, first, embrace me. Yes, you were right. Your trust was better than my wisdom! Yes, yes, God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Poor child, embrace me also."

Fleurange rose: "Oh! very willingly," said she as she threw herself sobbing into the doctor's arms. Fatigue, grief, and the emotion caused by the unforeseen and unhoped-for offer of a refuge at the very moment of extreme need, all combined to agitate her mind, excite her nerves, and exhaust her strength. Her heart swelled with the emotion she could not repress, and tears unrestrained came to her eyes, rolled down her cheeks, and fell like rain on her clasped and icy hands, while a convulsive movement agitated her breast, and her trembling lips gave utterance to a feeble cry.

The doctor allowed her to weep a long time in silence, not uttering a word to increase her agitation, and yet saying nothing to repress it. At length the paroxysm subsided, and Fleurange rose quite confused.

"Excuse me once more," said she; "I am distressing you, instead of showing my gratitude as I ought. I could not restrain myself, but I think I can safely promise it will not happen again. I seldom give way to tears."

She uttered these words in a firm tone, drying her tears, and throwing back her hair with her two hands as if to cool her brow, then she rose.

"Where are you going, pray?" asked Mademoiselle Josephine in an abrupt tone of authority.

"Why," stammered Fleurange, "I am going up-stairs. I—"

"Perhaps you are thinking to spend the night all alone in the cabinet next the chamber—the chamber—" She stopped. Fleurange turned pale, and her lips trembled as she replied:

"What can I do? It is sad, it is painful, I know well; but it must be done. Besides, I am not afraid: I feel I am under your roof."

"Well, for the present you shall also be under the protection of our lock and key," said the

kind Josephine: and, taking Fleurange by the arm, she led her into a little chamber next her own, where a small bed surrounded by white curtains was in readiness for the young girl. This little chamber, with its walls covered with blue paper, and lit up with a good fire, had a most cheering aspect.

“Here, child, is your chamber and your bed,” said she. “Come, come, no thanks, and, above all, no tears! Go to bed at once without giving yourself the time to think, still less to say a word. You think you are not going to sleep, but you are mistaken. On your knees? Well, I consent to that, but let it be a short prayer. That is right. Now stop till I gather up your thick hair. Is your head easy on that pillow? Well, I am glad. May God, and all good angels, watch over you! Allow me to kiss your forehead. Good-night!”

Mademoiselle Josephine lowered the curtains of the bed, and softly left the chamber, while the poor orphan, in fact, lost all remembrance of the sorrows and joys of the day in a profound and beneficent sleep.

The chamber to which Mademoiselle Josephine had taken Fleurange rightfully belonged to the doctor’s niece, now at school in one of the convents at Paris, but which she occupied during her vacation. However, it was far from being vacant the remainder of the year. Mademoiselle Leblanc was one of those persons who are devoted to the searching out of the unfortunate, and the alleviation of their woes. In such cases, he who seeks finds, and that without difficulty, consequently a week seldom passed without offering a good reason for opening the blue chamber for a few days’ shelter to some poor girl out of work and destitute of a home, or to a poor abandoned child, or some one recovering from illness but too feeble to resume work. The doctor heartily approved of this. He would gladly have added to his dwelling a veritable *succursale* for the accommodation of his poor patients, and if he was not yet rich enough for that, though he reaped the benefit of his skill and celebrity, it was partly because he gave away with one hand what he received in the other, and that with a generosity not always in conformity with prudence. When there was a question of benevolence between the brother and sister, one was not more disposed than the other to count the cost. They had invented a proverb, worthy of the Gospel, which they made use of in reply to the remonstrances of their friends: “He who gives alms, grows rich,” they said; and they continued to enrich themselves in this way by giving themselves up, both of them, to a noble excess of charity. Fortune, in fact, had not been unfavorable to them, and thus far had remained unfulfilled the sinister prophecies of those who take as a *devise* quite a different proverb, respecting charity, too well known and too often acted upon in the world. Doctor Leblanc and his sister knew nothing, it is true, of the luxury of elegant quarters and fine equipages. They still lived in a street of the Latin quarter where they were born; an old servant was the sole assistant of the cook; and Mademoiselle Josephine continued to preserve order and neatness around her with her own hands. But at all times they were magnificent in their own way; and the artists they encouraged, the scholars befriended, and the sick gratuitously attended and generously aided, added to the renown of the distinguished physician and gave to his name a reputation he did not seek. Simple and learned, healing the body and respecting the soul, he loved his profession as a mission from heaven, and practised it as a sacred ministry with respect and with love.

II.

When Fleurange opened her eyes on the following morning, it was late, for it was broad daylight and in the month of December. She must have slept very profoundly, for she had not heard any one kindle the fire already blazing in the chimney. Her slumbers must have been such as in youth succeed great fatigue or prolonged efforts to endure anxiety and grief in silence. The fit of weeping the evening before and the long repose of the night had brought double refreshment to the exhausted strength of the young girl, and her first sensation was one of delicious comfort.

But her remembrances soon became more distinct, and the anguish of the first awakening after a great misfortune made her heart sink within her. She had, it is true, known her father but little. The convent where she had been reared was not even in the town where he dwelt, and she saw him but seldom during her childhood. But the days when he appeared at the convent were to both great festivals. It was difficult to understand how a father so glad to see his child could voluntarily have allowed her to grow up away from him. But the time of reunion came at last, and for several weeks they rambled around Italy together. In unveiling all its wonders to a mind naturally capable of appreciating them, the artist felt all the enthusiasm of his youth revive. But it was a flame only rekindled to be extinguished. Soon came symptoms of illness, the sad return to Paris, the fluctuations of disease, which enfeeble the mind as well as the body, and separated the child from her father while he was yet alive, and she night and day at his bedside. His look that gave back no answering glance, the words she murmured in his ear without making him understand, convinced her of her loss before the separation by death which soon followed.

“O father! father scarcely known and so soon lost!” Such was Fleurange’s cry, and perhaps an involuntary reproach mingled with her accents of grief. She did not suspect it was a sublime and paternal instinct that had influenced the poor artist in separating from his child. He wished her to be self-reliant; he wished her to be pious and pure; he wished her rare mental gifts only to be developed when order, an immutable and divine order, was

established in her soul; finally, he desired her to be all that he himself lacked, and God blessed this desire.

In a beautiful spot near Perugia, he found at the head of a charity school one of those women whom the world itself would honor and venerate if it comprehended them. By the *world*, I mean the mass of light and scoffing people who are hostile to every sentiment in which they have no share, and, above all others, to religious sentiments. Yet this world is, on the whole, suspicious rather than unjust, and incredulous than false: if it sees the semblance of evil, it immediately supposes it real; if it sees the appearance of goodness, it at once imagines this appearance deceitful; but when virtue is unquestionably manifest, irrecusable in its simplicity and truth, and succeeds in being regarded in a true light, the world—even the world of which we have been speaking—generally bows down before it. The thing is rare, it is true, more so than it should be, because the most perfect natures aim not at displaying themselves, but at concealment; and the world to which I refer seeks not to discover, but to deny, their existence.

Madre Maddalena was one of these great hidden souls. No one ever spoke of her, or of her little monastery, intended for the education of poor children, but where a limited number of girls of a more elevated class were also admitted. Like so many other monasteries in Italy, this one was in a poetic and charming situation, but not one of those visible afar off on the lofty summits that command views which ravish the eye and transport the soul—views that kindle a desire in the most indifferent heart to keel before them, and that have inspired Christians to perpetuate prayer amid them in permanent sanctuaries.

The Convent of Santa Maria al Prato was, on the contrary, in a deep valley, and surrounded by a landscape like those in which Perugino and Raphael placed their divine creations or their sacred representations. Afar off were mountains whose outlines were clearly defined on the horizon in soft and harmonious colors; a stream wound through olive groves, now and then encircling rustic dwellings—the evident handiwork of a people with an instinctive taste for the arts; the sombre verdure of a knot of pines or cypresses contrasted here and there with the azure of the morning sky or the purple tints of evening: such were the principal features of the landscape. The beauty of such a scene subdues and reposes, as that of sublime summits transports and exalts, and seems designed for meditation and labor, as the other for contemplation and ecstasy.

It was to this retreat Fleurange's father was providentially led—perhaps guided by the protective inspiration we love to attribute to mothers who are fond of their children. It was in the hands of Madre Maddalena that he left his daughter as soon as she was five years old, and, until the day she was eighteen, he only saw her twice a year. But from year to year he felt more sure of having realized the aim he had proposed respecting her. Fleurange had, nevertheless, no proof to give him of her progress under the form of prizes obtained or crowns conferred. The solemn occasions when such trophies are distributed were unknown at Santa Maria al Prato, as well as the examinations for which the memory is burdened for a day with facts that are often remembered no longer. In fact, they did not aim at giving her varied instruction, but they taught her how to learn, and gave her a taste for study, work, and silence.

She was naturally sincere and courageous; she also became skilful and active. Madre Maddalena seemed to have foreseen that this young person, so sheltered in her early years, would one day be unusually exposed to the rough combat of life. She probably did not foresee that Fleurange would soon be left alone; but what she had read of her father's nature, what she knew of his history, made her comprehend that prudence and a certain premature experience would serve as a safeguard to his daughter. What would have been true had her father lived, was no less so now his death left her entirely to herself.

Fleurange resisted the temptation of remaining in bed absorbed in sad thoughts. She hastily rose, and was quite ready when Mademoiselle Josephine entered her chamber for the third time. A smile enlivened the features of the elderly maiden when she saw the effect of a good night's rest on the countenance of her *protégée*. The latter, affected and grateful, and retaining the Italian habits of her childhood, bent to kiss the hand of her benefactress.

"Do not kiss my old hand," said Mademoiselle Josephine, "but my cheek, if you like; now, let us not keep my brother waiting. It is nine o'clock, our breakfast-hour which never varies."

Fleurange followed her hostess to the breakfast-room, which was next the parlor. The furniture of these two rooms had not been renewed for more than fifty years, but nothing seemed dilapidated, thanks to the exquisite neatness that everywhere reigned.

The doctor was already seated at the table. His sister took her place opposite, giving Fleurange a seat between them.

"You have quite recovered," said the doctor, extending his hand to the young girl. "I am very glad to see it; but, for fear of relapse, you must remain under my eye for some days to come. Everything has been arranged, and from this time till your departure you will return no more to the fourth story."

"What can I say, monsieur? You are both so kind, and I love you so much that I accept alms from your hands without shame and almost without pain."

“I forbid you making use of so shocking a word,” said Mademoiselle Josephine.

“Yet it is really alms,” said Fleurange in a sad but firm tone, “for I have nothing of my own, and if in want of a piece of bread to-day, I should have to extend the hand of a beggar.”

“Come, come! you are not reduced to that yet, thank God! But let us drop this, and speak of something more important. You must answer your uncle’s letter without delay.”

“Yes, indeed,” said Fleurange. And after a short silence, she added: “I am going to ask him to be kind enough to receive me for a month.”

“But from his letter, he seems disposed to offer you a much more extended hospitality than that.”

“Perhaps so, but I am only willing to accept it till I have found the means of living without being a burden on him.”

“What is your intention, then?”

“I do not know,” said Fleurange; “but there are many means of gaining a, livelihood, are there not? Well, I shall endeavor to find one not beyond my strength.”

The doctor looked at her, and then said: “There are certainly many things not beyond your strength, but yet unsuitable for you.”

“Why?” asked Fleurange.

“They would be unsuitable for one of your age and condition.”

“Why so?” repeated she.

“I will explain myself after you tell me what you think of doing.”

“Come!” said Mademoiselle Josephine impatiently. “There is no need of so much circumlocution in telling her that, when one is young and pretty, caution is needful. If the child does not know that, the sooner she is warned, the better it will be for her.”

“Young and pretty,” repeated Fleurange quietly without the slightest embarrassment. “Yes, I know that will be a great obstacle to me in my position. It would be much better to be homely and ten years older. I had already thought of that. It is very unfortunate; but what can be done?”

The doctor smiled. He had never heard any woman admit her own beauty with so little vanity. Fleurange’s simplicity, the childlike candor of her large eyes, the expression of which was yet grave and thoughtful, struck him, and he felt an increase of the interest which up to this moment had been excited by the young girl’s destitute condition, rather than herself. He resumed, still smiling:

“As to this misfortune, you must resign yourself to it, at least for twenty years to come.” But seeing that Fleurange did not smile in return, but, on the contrary, became more and more thoughtful, he continued: “Besides, if you ever come to that, we will find a means for surmounting the difficulty.”

Fleurange’s face expanded. “Oh! thank you, monsieur; if you could realize how much courage I have. And then,” she added, “I assure you there are a great many things I know how to do.”

“For instance?” said the doctor.

“First, the instruction of children, to which I think myself adapted. I love them, and they are generally fond of me also, and readily obey me.”

“What else?”

“I know Italian and German (for I have made it a special point to understand my mother’s native language thoroughly). My father thought me also a good reader, and preferred my voice and accent to those of any of the numerous readers and speakers he had heard. His fondness perhaps blinded him to my defects; yet he might have been right, and I could try.”

“Hem!” said the doctor. “There is much to be said for and against that talent.”

“Finally, monsieur, I can do all kinds of work. I know how to sew well—to wash, iron, and sweep. I could even cook a little.”

The doctor again regarded the noble countenance of the young girl while she thus complacently enumerated the humble and laborious employments she thought herself capable of. She was evidently sincere. Her ability and willingness to do all she said could not be doubted. He was affected, and remained silent.

But Mademoiselle Josephine exclaimed with enthusiasm: “That is what I call an education! And who, my dear child, taught you so many reasonable and useful things?”

Tears of emotion filled Fleurange’s eyes. “It was my dear Madre Maddalena,” she replied.

This answer elicited fresh inquiries, to which Fleurange replied by minutely relating the way

in which her childhood had passed. The doctor's satisfaction increased with every word of her account, which, nevertheless, made a breach in two of his prejudices. [Pg 660]

Without any antipathy to pretty faces, they inspired him with a kind of mistrust, or at least of solicitude, which his long experience had doubtless very often warranted. But in regarding this young girl, so self-reliant and so modest, so courageous and so delicate, and who seemed ready to struggle so bravely against the difficulties of life, how could he be angry with her for being beautiful, and how help overlooking it in one sense?

The doctor had also a singular and, considering his belief as a whole, an inconsistent prejudice against convents. He seemed to have retained this point of agreement with those whom he habitually opposed on every other subject. And here was an education which accorded not only with all his ideas, but with all his whims—a conventual education. He would be obliged to somewhat modify his opinions on this subject, as well as on some others, and he resigned himself to it with a good grace.

They finally resumed the subject of the letter to Frankfort. The doctor and his sister already began to look forward with sorrow to the departure of their young *protégée*, but they felt it was for her interest not to delay joining the relatives who had invited her at so opportune a moment. By their advice, Fleurange immediately began her letter. Short and to the point, it was soon completed, and she gave it to Mademoiselle Josephine. The latter began to read it with an air of satisfaction, but when she came to the signature, a cloud suddenly appeared on her face.

"What is it?" said Fleurange. "I have made some mistake or blunder?"

"No, you have not: the letter is very well, it could not be better, but, but—"

"What, then? Tell me frankly, I beg of you."

"Well, it is—indeed, I dare not tell you."

"Pray tell me," said Fleurange, "what has displeased you? There is nothing in the letter I am not willing to correct according to your advice."

"It is—but you cannot change that."

But what is it, then, dear mademoiselle? You really frighten me," insisted Fleurange with a disturbed air.

"You cannot change your baptismal name," said the other, at length.

"My baptismal name?" exclaimed Fleurange with surprise. "Does my name displease you to such a degree? I am sorry, for Madre Maddalena liked it so much! She said it signified *the flower of the angels*—the fairest of all the angels—the angel Gabriel, whom she considered my patron. And she called me Gabrielle as often as Fleurange."

"Gabrielle!" cried Mademoiselle Josephine eagerly. "Gabrielle! Ah! that is a name everybody can understand. So that is the meaning of Fleurange, according to your Madre Maddalena? Then I beseech, I conjure you, to assume that name and give up the other!"

The doctor had for some minutes been occupied in reperusing Professor Dornthal's letter, which he kept the evening before; he now raised his eyes, and attended to the conversation. While Fleurange was still hesitating what reply to make to Mademoiselle Josephine's singular request, he said:

"I do not understand my sister's persistency on this point. As to my own opinion, it is opposed to hers. But it may be that the simpler of the two names will be more in conformity with the tastes of the good German family that awaits you, and perhaps Gabrielle would have a better reception than Fleurange. Besides," he continued, smiling, "your young cousins beyond the Rhine would doubtless pronounce the name in a way to diminish its charm and deprive it of all meaning according to the pious and poetical interpretation you have just given it." [Pg 661]

"That might be," said Fleurange, smiling in return. "Anyhow, I will do as you advise respecting it."

"We will take it into consideration," said the doctor. Then, glancing once more over the professor's letter, he continued: "Do you know the name of the stranger who, by buying the last picture your father painted, has unwittingly rendered you so great a service?"

"I do not. That picture was sold with the remainder when, at the beginning of his fatal relapse, my father saw his finances diminishing, and lost the hope of ever repairing them. My poor father!" she continued with a trembling voice, "he was very ill the day he made me sit in order to finish that picture—" Fleurange suddenly stopped and blushed. The doctor's look seemed to demand an explanation, and she continued artlessly, but not without confusion: "The owner of the picture is perhaps the stranger who visited the studio that day. At least, I acknowledge the idea has repeatedly occurred to me."

"For what reason?"

"Because he was so delighted with Cordelia, and begged permission to see it after its

completion. But my father, from that day, was obliged to give up the use of the brush, and the picture was sold as he left it, with the others.”

“Was this amateur a German?”

“I do not know. He spoke French very well, but with a slight accent, I know not what.”

“Was he some great lord?”

“I do not know—I have never seen a great lord.”

“But what kind of an air had this visitor—God bless him!” interrupted Mademoiselle Josephine.

“A lofty and noble air, a remarkable physiognomy, and a grave and sonorous voice,” replied Fleurange. “But, in spite of the gratitude I perhaps owe him, the remembrance of his visit always troubles and depresses me.”

“Why so?” said Josephine.

“Because it was the cause of the last and fatal crisis of my father’s malady, who at that time even could not bear the slightest agitation. I do not know the words the stranger murmured as he glanced at me, but they greatly excited my father, who requested me in a tremulous voice to leave the studio. As a general thing, he never allowed me to enter it at the hour for visitors. The evening of that day he spoke to me in an agitated manner of the lone condition in which I should soon be left, and gave me some incoherent counsels, which were his last words. He never recovered his full mind after that.”

“Poor man!” said the doctor; but he did not pursue the subject that led to this account. Fleurange’s fleeting blush disappeared, and she was again pale and calm as before, her pen in hand ready to correct her letter according to the doctor’s advice. After a final deliberation between the young girl and her elderly friends, it was decided that the letter should be sent after it was signed *Gabrielle d’Yves*.

III.

The day Margaret married Gerard d’Yves, the aged Sigismund Dornthal blotted out his daughter’s name from his will, and gave orders that it should never be uttered in his presence. Notwithstanding this, softened by illness, and urged by his second son Ludwig, Margaret’s favorite brother, he soon consented to send her his forgiveness and blessing, but when they reached Pisa poor Margaret had just expired! In the fury of his despair, which increased the impetuosity and thoughtlessness of his character, Gerard tore up the letter containing the long-delayed pardon, and only replied in these two words: “Too late!”

It was thus the aged Dornthal was informed of his daughter’s death. He himself died shortly after, ignorant of the existence of the child to whom she had given birth. His property was divided between his two sons, but Ludwig, devoted to study, and already in possession of a professor’s chair at Leipsic, entirely abandoned to his elder brother the administration of their common fortune, and Heinrich Dornthal became the sole head of the commercial and banking houses founded by Sigismund. He thenceforth made use of his brother’s capital as well as his own, paying him regularly his income, without any interference in his business on Ludwig’s part. The latter was at the same time pursuing so brilliant a career as to attract the attention of all the learned men of Germany to his labors. One of these, a resident of Frankfort, invited him to pass at his house the annual vacations of the numerous students who attended his lectures. The result of these visits was that this professor’s daughter became Ludwig Dornthal’s wife, and, in the course of time, the mother of his five children. The professor, when he married, resigned his position at Leipsic to settle in his wife’s native place. There, free from a professor’s duties, he had leisure to write books that constantly added to his reputation and increased his income, which the flourishing business of the commercial house alone made sufficient.

Such was, in a few words, the condition of the new home that awaited Fleurange. A second letter came promptly in reply to hers. Her uncle expressed the liveliest joy at having found her, and invited her very particularly to arrive at Frankfort in time for Christmas, so dear to the Germans as the time of family reunions. To do this she would have to leave Paris, at the very latest, on the twenty-first of December, for at that time it took three days and nights for the journey to Frankfort. The doctor and his sister, though sorry to part with their young *protégée*, hastened the preparations for her departure. They were touched by the cordial tone of this unknown uncle’s letters, and predicted a happy life for her in his family, which they did not wish to defer. But every day added to their attachment to Fleurange and to her tender gratitude to them.

“If this continued a week longer,” said the doctor, “I could not part with that child.”

“Then she must start soon,” replied Mademoiselle Josephine; “it is for her good, and we should do wrong to keep her with us.”

Fleurange said nothing, but her eyes turned sadly from one of her old friends to the other. At length came the last day she was to pass with them. She made an effort to repress her

tears, that she might not distress them, and quietly put up her modest packages, actively aided by the doctor and his sister.

“An English proverb which I think very reasonable,” said the doctor, “places the hospitality which speeds the parting guest on a level with that which welcomes his coming: it is that which I am now showing you, my dear Fleurange.”

Fleurange had just hastily finished the repast always so sad before a journey. The doctor perceived her courage failing. He was himself greatly affected by her pale and youthful countenance, and in thinking of the long and lonely journey she was about to undertake, at the end of which she would be received by people, perhaps kind, but wholly unknown. Nevertheless, he resumed with an encouraging voice:

“Come, come, child, everything looks favorable yonder; show your courage, and do not allow yourself to be cast down.”

“You are right,” said Fleurange, rising. “I feel I have reason to bless God, and I only desire to be grateful. Be sure, at all events, that I shall be courageous.”

It was eight o’clock in the evening: the fiacre was waiting at the door to take her to the diligence. She went out, accompanied by the doctor and his sister, who entered the carriage with her. The night was dark, and the snow falling in great flakes, which the young girl, reared beneath the sky of Italy, now saw for the first time in her life. The spectacle excited curiosity mingled with fear. The new and the unknown seemed to surround her on every side, and these two things, generally so attractive to those of her age, bore now an aspect more calculated to depress her young heart than to expand it. She involuntarily shivered, and drew around her slender form the thick cloak that felt too thin to protect her from the severity of the weather, to which she was so unaccustomed. They all remained silent for some moments. Fleurange pressed Mademoiselle Josephine’s hand, and carried it from time to time to her lips, in spite of the efforts of the latter to prevent it.

Mademoiselle Josephine, on her side, with a faltering voice renewed a multitude of counsels, which had already been repeated a thousand times—among others, to write to them often and regularly. Then she slipped on her arm a small basket which her provident kindness had filled with everything that could be useful to her on the way, as well as more than one souvenir which, when far distant, would recall her old friends.

They arrived too quickly at their destination. “I have bespoken a place for you in the coupé,” said the doctor, getting out of the carriage. “You will be in company with one of my patients, still very feeble, but who will absolutely go to Germany to rejoin her husband. She has two children with her, and they will be your only travelling companions.”

“Thank you,” said Fleurange. “The prayers of the orphan are said to draw down blessings: may you both experience the effect of mine!” She could not utter another word. She threw her arms for the last time around Mademoiselle Josephine’s neck, and the next instant, leaning on the doctor’s arm, she was crossing with some difficulty the littered court at the end of which they found the diligence. The snow had delayed them on the way, and now rendered every step difficult. The other passengers had taken their places, and they were only waiting for Fleurange. The horses were harnessed, and to the noise of their stamping the driver added his impatient exclamations. “Come, come! We are off!” he repeated in a rough voice. Fleurange, hurried, pushed about, stunned, and frightened, had only time to press the doctor’s hand once more and spring into the coupé. The door was instantly shut. A fearful clashing of irons, mingled with cries, blows of the whip, and vociferations, above which could be heard: “Adieu! à revoir! à bientôt!” with other exclamations much less harmonious, and the heavy diligence was in motion. Fleurange, now free from the necessity of any restraint, allowed herself the solace of giving vent to her feelings and letting her tears flow freely and abundantly.

She continued to weep for a long time without the least attempt at repressing her emotion. Why should she? She was alone, entirely alone now. She had never been so to such a degree before. All the events of the past faded away in the distance, and the future offered nothing to replace them. She was separated from all whom she had loved from her infancy, either by death or indefinite absence. Would it be so always? Was that to be her lot on earth? Would she never be permitted to love with assurance, trust, and a sense of repose? Was she to be always thus torn from places and persons at the very moment her heart began to cling to them?—her heart, so tender and ardent, which she had so often felt beating with tenderness and joy, with admiration and enthusiasm? And while her eyes peered out through the darkness of night at objects that seemed in the obscurity like pale phantoms, her imagination set before her, as in a magic mirror, all the different scenes of her past life: the beautiful cloister of Santa Maria al Prato, with the terrace at the top, where the eye could wander so far, and the sweet and noble features of Madre Maddalena; then came the varied remembrances connected with her father; first, the rapid vision of Italy in all its splendor, then the terrible and dismal days at Paris, and finally, at the darkest hour of all; the beneficent forms of her old friends, whom she never wished to leave, but whom she had just bidden farewell—perhaps farewell for ever!

It was impossible for Fleurange, at this moment, to control her sad thoughts. But, now and then, her reason recalled those who awaited her, the welcome she had a right to expect, and

the goodness of Divine Providence in opening such a refuge; but in vain—consolation seemed unable to find an entrance into her soul, and, in spite of her nature, despondency obtained the mastery.

"If they are kind, and I love them," she said to herself bitterly, "I shall soon have to leave them. If, on the contrary, they —" Here her imagination had free course and depicted the future in the darkest colors. But this new reverie had not the clearness of the first, and before long her anticipations began to mingle in vague confusion with her remembrances. Little by little, fatigue, the motion of the vehicle, and the influence of night lulled the young girl asleep, and transformed into uneasy and indistinct dreams all the thoughts that had successively assailed her.

Fifteen minutes after, she was suddenly awakened. Something quite heavy had fallen against her shoulder and thence into her lap. She sat up, and, groping in the obscurity, her hand came in contact with the long silky hair of a child. From the first, she had rather supposed than seen a pale, sick young woman in the opposite corner of the coupé, with her arm thrown around a child beside her, against whom slept another still smaller. It was the latter who had just suddenly changed his position. Fleurange began to comprehend the case, and bent down to raise him softly to a more comfortable seat in her lap. Then she drew his little sleepy head against her, and kissed the sweet face now near her own. This trifling incident had the sudden and unforeseen effect of putting to flight all the phantoms her imagination had been conjuring up to increase her sorrows. She recalled her interior murmuring with remorse.

"O my God!" she cried, pressing the child in her arms, "if I love this poor little one, whose features I have not yet seen, if I am ready to watch the night long over his slumbers, what wilt not thou, who art *my Father*, do for thy child?" She raised her eyes a moment in prayer, not with her lips, but in her heart. The snow had ceased falling. The clouds passing away, the heavens appeared brilliant with stars. The cloud had also passed away from Fleurange's soul, and a mysterious light from on high was infused therein. She gazed at the starry sky with delight, then closed her eyes, and again slept sweetly, the child in her arms sleeping as profoundly as herself.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SEVERAL CALUMNIES REFUTED; OR, EXECUTIVE DOCUMENT No. 37.[130]

In addition to the secular press, which seldom misses an opportunity of saying something ungracious of the Catholic Church, we have published in the United States over a hundred so-called religious newspapers, the principal stock-in-trade of which seems to be unlimited abuse of everything Catholic, and unqualified misrepresentation of all who profess or teach the doctrines of our faith. No dogma or point of discipline of Catholicity ever finds favor in the eyes of the individuals who fill the columns of those publications, and no man or woman who may see fit to devote his or her life to the dissemination of the Gospel is safe from the malice or scurrility of their pens.

For the honor of the American character we are sorry to say that we have daily evidence of this blind prejudice and reckless disregard of truth on the part of this class of editors, many of whom arrogate to themselves the title of "reverend"; but we have some consolation in knowing that the more intelligent members of the sects are fast growing tired and ashamed of such senseless appeals to their passions and ill-founded traditions and that the time is not far distant when such efforts to sustain a sinking and indefensible cause will be encouraged only by the ignorant and wilfully blind.

These repeated and continuous attacks on the church are not the work of any one sect or confined to any particular locality, but are general with all Protestants, and extended over the whole country. As long as they are confined to newspapers, and afford employment and remuneration to a number of persons who probably could not gain a livelihood in any other manner, we scarcely consider them worthy of serious attention; but we have had recently placed before us an official document, printed at the public expense for the edification of the United States Senate—and no doubt widely circulated throughout the Union under the convenient frank of many pious members of Congress—in which are reproduced calumnies so gross, and falsehoods so glaring, that we consider it our duty not only to call public attention to it, but to demand from our rulers in Washington by what right and authority they print and circulate under official form a tissue of fabrications, misrepresentations, and even forgeries, against the religion, and the ministers of that religion, which is professed by five or six millions of free American citizens.

This document, known as *Executive Document No. 37*, XLI*st Congress*, III*d Session*, was furnished by Mr. Delano, Secretary of the Interior, in compliance with a resolution of the Senate, passed February 2, 1871, and is composed exclusively of information supplied by Rev. H. H. Spaulding to A. B. Meacham, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, who in his letter of transmittal says:

> "I am respectfully requested by the Rev. H. H. Spaulding, the oldest living Protestant missionary in Oregon, to place on file in your department the accompanying documents, giving a history of the early missionary work and labors of Dr. Marcus Whitman, himself, and others; the progress and civilization of the Indians under their charge, without aid from the government; also, a history of the massacre of Dr. Whitman and others; also, resolutions of Christian associations in answer to *Executive Document No. 38, House of Representatives*, and a variety of historical information, which it would seem proper to have on file, or placed in some more permanent form for future history."

It may be remarked that the letter from which the above is an extract is dated on the 28th of January, just five days before the passage of the Senate resolution, and evidently in anticipation of such action on the part of that body. "No one," says a distinguished senator, "except the few in the secret, knew anything of the matter until the document was printed. All the previous proceedings were as of course." The documents that were thus to be "placed in a more permanent form for future history," apart from their uniformly infamous character, are perhaps the strangest in origin and composition that have ever been presented for the information of any deliberative body, much less one of the gravity and importance of the Senate of the republic. They consist mainly of extracts from the religious press, so-called; inflammatory letters from jealous and disappointed preachers, including the Rev. H. H. Spaulding himself; depositions written out by that indefatigable hater with his own hand, and changed in many essential points after having been sworn to and removed from the control of the deponents; false quotations from *The Account of the Murder of Dr. Whitman*, by the Very Rev. J. B. A. Brouillet, V.G., and others' statements of the massacre; an address from the professors of that advanced educational institution called Oberlin College, Ohio; answers to leading queries addressed to Oregon officials, based on a false and supposititious statement of facts; and, lastly, a report adopted and endorsed by eight associations, including the Old School, New School, Cumberland, and United Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, and the "Christian Church of Oregon," and claiming to represent thirty thousand brother members, all of whom, though differing radically in other respects, are suspiciously unanimous in denouncing the "Jesuits," and equally positive in affirming a previous condition of affairs, their knowledge of which must of necessity have depended solely on the statements of the veracious Rev. H. H. Spaulding. In style, the documents are unique, and have a very strong family resemblance. It is a judicious mixture of sanctimonious cant seldom heard outside of a camp-meeting, with a dash here and there of Shakespeare and the modern poets, to give it variety, we suppose.

Now, whence this solemn assembly of presbyteries and conferences, this pile of affidavits and newspaper extracts, and the desire of the Senate to be enlightened as "to the early labors of the missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Oregon, commencing in 1836"? Simply this. On the week commencing on the 29th of November, 1847, more than twenty-four years ago, a certain missionary to the Cayuse Indians, named Dr. Whitman, who had resided among them for several years, was, with his wife and twelve other Americans, brutally murdered by the savages; and it is now attempted by Spaulding, who was his friend, and missionary to the Nez Perces, a neighboring tribe, to fix the guilt of this foul outrage on the missionary priests who in that year accompanied the Rt. Rev. A. M. A. Blanchet, Bishop of Nesqualy, to Oregon, and who, it is alleged, instigated the Indians to commit the deed in order to get rid of the Protestant missions. At the time of the slaughter, there was with others under Dr. Whitman's roof a young woman named Bewley, whom one of the chiefs desired to have for his wife; and it is also asserted that not only did the priests encourage her to yield to the Indian's wishes, but forced her from the shelter of their home and refused her any protection whatever. Other charges growing out of this sad calamity, such as baptizing children with the innocent blood of their victims on their hands, inhumanity to the prisoners left unharmed, attempting the precious life of Spaulding, supplying the Cayuses with guns and ammunition, etc., are likewise alleged, but the first two are the principal counts in this clerical indictment.

The slaughter of so many persons naturally created a great sensation in Oregon at the time, but for months after no one thought of attributing it to the interference of the Catholic missioners. However, Spaulding, whose mind had become disturbed by the contemplation of the dangers he had escaped, and having to abandon his mission among the Nez Perces, and finding himself unemployed, gradually began to give a new version of the affair, and in conversation, preaching, and writing at first hinted, and next broadly asserted, that the "Jesuits" were at the bottom of the whole matter. Considering that the shock to his nervous system was so great that he never entirely recovered from it, and that the repetition of the falsehoods was so persistent, it is charitable to suppose that he eventually came to believe them as truths; for no man in his right senses would persist in forcing on the world such a compilation of improbable statements and downright falsehoods as are contained in *Pub. Doc. No. 37*.

As there are always many persons, made credulous by ignorance or prejudice, willing to credit any anti-Catholic slander, the Rev. Father Brouillet, the only priest near the scene of the crime, wrote and published, in 1853, a full and authentic account of the whole transaction, which was so clear and circumstantial that even the greatest opponents of the Catholic priesthood were silenced. In 1857, a special agent of the Treasury Department, J. Ross Browne, made a tour in the far West, and in reporting on the condition of the aborigines, and the potent causes of war between them and the white settlers, embodied in his statement Father Brouillet's pamphlet, which together formed *Pub. Doc. No. 38*, against which all the powers of the presbyteries and conferences of Oregon, under the fitting leadership of a crazy preacher, are now directed, after a silence of more than ten years. Is it any wonder that it is so often remarked that the only bond of union, the sole vitalizing principles, of the sects are their hatred to Catholicity?

A glance at the history of the early Indian mission in Oregon is necessary to a clear understanding of the subject. It is well known that for many years that portion of our common country was debatable ground, and, while our government claimed the sovereignty and appointed officials to administer its affairs, the Hudson Bay Company held possession and virtually controlled the inhabitants, nearly all of whom were Indians or half-breeds. Under the direction of the company, the natives were honest, peaceable, and well disposed. Captain Bonneville, who visited the Nez Perces in 1832, says of them:

> "Simply to call these people religious would convey but a faint idea of the deep hue of piety and devotion which pervades their whole conduct. Their honesty is immaculate, and their purity of purpose, and the observance of the rites of their religion, are most uniform and remarkable. They are certainly more like a nation of saints than a horde of savages."

"This was a very enthusiastic view to take of the Nez Perces' character," says a Protestant authority, Mrs. Victor, "which appeared all the brighter to the captain by contrast with the savage life which he had witnessed in other places, and even by contrast with the conduct of the white trappers. But the Nez Perces were intellectually and morally an exception to all the Indian tribes west of the Missouri River. Lewis and Clarke found them different from any others; the fur-traders and the missionaries found them the same. To account for this superiority is indeed difficult. The only clue to the cause is the following statement of Bonneville. 'It would appear,' he says, 'that they had imbibed some notions of the Christian faith from Catholic missionaries and traders who have been among them. They even had a rude calendar of the fasts and festivals of the Romish Church, and some traces of its ceremonial. These have become blended with their own wild rites, and present a strange medley, civilized and barbarous.'"[131] It was in this happy and quiet condition that the first Protestant missionaries from the United States found the Indians. They were Methodist, and arrived in 1834, remaining for ten years. "No missionary undertaking," says Rev. Stephen Olin, himself one of the laborers, "has been prosecuted by the Methodist Episcopal Church with higher hopes and more ardent zeal.... This particular mission, involved an expenditure of forty-two thousand dollars in a single year. At the end of six years, there were sixty-eight

persons connected with this mission, men, women, and children, all supported by this society."[132] And the same writer adds: "How such a number of missionaries found employment in such a field it is not easy to conjecture, especially as the great body of the Indians never came under the influence of their labors." Dr. E. White, Sub-Indian Agent, writes, in 1843: "The Rev. Mr. Lee and associates are doing but little for the Indians.... With all that has been expended, without doubting the correctness of the intention, it is most manifest to every observer that the Indians of this lower country, as a whole, have been very little benefited."[133]

The two Methodist stations established, at Clatsop's Plains and Nesqualy were speedily abandoned, and that at the Dalles is described, in *Traits of American Indian Life*, as being in a most fearful condition. "The occurrence," the author says, alluding to a murder by a converted Indian which he had witnessed, "is but the type of a thousand atrocities daily occurring among these supposed converts." And we have the authority of Mr. Gray for saying that "the giving of a few presents of any description to them induces them to make professions corresponding to the wish of the donor." The success of the missionaries at Willamette was, if possible, still more disheartening. Mr. Olin says that of those who held relations with them none remained in 1842; and Alexander Simpson, who visited the valley about the same time, found the mission to consist of but four families, those of a clergyman, surgeon, a schoolmaster, and an agricultural overseer. It is not strange, then, that two years afterwards the missions were entirely abandoned, and have never been attempted to be re-established. "Had they met vice with a spotless life," says Gray, "and an earnest determination to maintain their integrity as representatives of religion and a Christian people, the fruits of their labor would have been greater." We are forced, therefore, to conclude that the author of *The River of the West* is justified in saying on this and other indisputable authority, "so far from benefiting the Indians, the Methodist mission became an actual injury to them"—the Indians.

Thus ended the first chapter in the history of the progress and civilization of the Indians in Oregon, to which we desire to call the respectful attention of the United States Senate. We have the testimony of Captain Bonneville, endorsed by Mrs. Victor, regarding the honesty and piety of the natives in 1832, before the arrival of the Methodists. After nine years of missionary labor, we have the following grave statement from no less an authority than one of their own clergymen:

> "The Indians want pay for being whipped into compliance with Dr. White's laws, the same as they did for praying to please the missionaries during the great Indian revival of 1839" (p. 157).
>
> "As a matter of course, lying has much to do in their system of trade, and he is the best fellow who can tell the biggest lie—make men believe and practise the greatest deception" (p. 158).[134]

The Methodists having selected Lower Oregon as the field of their labors, the Presbyterians chose the upper or eastern portion of the territory. They arrived in 1836, three in number, afterwards increased to twelve, and backed up by the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Dr. Marius Whitman settled at Wailatpu among the Cayuses and Walla Wallas, and Messrs. H. H. Spaulding and W. H. Gray at Lapwai, with the Nez Perces. In 1838, the Spokane mission was established by Messrs. Walker and Ellis. Their prospects of success were at first most brilliant. The savages received them kindly and listened to them attentively. "There was no want of ardor in the Presbyterian missionaries," says *The River of the West*. "They applied themselves in earnest to the work they had undertaken. They were diligent in their efforts to civilize and christianize their Indians." But they made a fatal mistake at the very beginning, which not only reflects on their personal honesty, but shows that they knew nothing of the character of the people they came to instruct. Mr. John Toupin, who was for many years interpreter at Fort Walla Walla, gave, in 1848, the following account of the establishment of those missions:

> "I was there when Mr. Parker, in 1835, came to select places for Presbyterian missions among the Cayuses and Nez Perces, and to ask lands for these missions. He employed me as interpreter in his negotiations with the Indians on that occasion. Mr. Pombrun, the gentleman then in charge of the fort, accompanied him to the Cayuses and the Nez Perces. Mr. Parker, in company with Mr. Pombrun, an American, and myself, went first to the Cayuses upon the lands called Wailatpu, that belonged to the three chiefs—Splitted Lip, or Yomtipi; Red Cloak, or Waptachtakamal; and Tilankaikt. Having met them at that place, he told them that he was coming to select a place to build a preaching-house, to teach them how to live, and to teach school to their children; that he would not come himself to establish the mission, but a doctor or a medicine-man would come in his place; that the doctor would be the chief of the mission, and would come in the following spring. 'I come to select a place for a mission,' said he, 'but I do not intend to take your lands for nothing. After the doctor is come, there will come every year a big ship loaded with goods to be divided among the Indians. These goods will not be sold, but given to you. The missionaries will bring you ploughs and hoes to teach you how to cultivate the land, and they will not sell, but give them to you.'
>
> "From the Cayuses Mr. Parker went to the Nez Perces, about one hundred and twenty-five miles distant, on the lands of Old Button, on a small creek which empties into the Clearwater, seven or eight miles from the actual mission, and there he made the same promises to the Indians as at Wailatpu. 'Next spring there will come a missionary to

> establish himself here and take a piece of land; but he will not take it for nothing; you shall be paid for it every year: this is the American fashion.’ In the following year, 1836, Dr. Whitman arrived among the Cayuses and began to build. The Indians did not stop him, as they expected to be paid as they said.
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> “In the summer of the year 1837, Splitted Lip asked him where the goods which he had promised him were; whether he would pay him, or whether he wanted to steal his lands. He told him that, if he did not want to pay him, he had better go off immediately, for he did not want to give his lands for nothing.”[135]

But the doctor and his co-laborers did not pay for the lands, nor indeed fulfil any of the promises of Mr. Parker, and thus the expected neophytes received their first lesson in duplicity, which eventually destroyed all confidence in the honesty and truthfulness of their teachers, and led directly to the massacre of Whitman and some of his companions, and to the total destruction of the Presbyterian missions. This latter event occurred late in 1847. Let us see what had been done in the eleven previous years by the agents of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. In 1842, they had but three stations. “At each of these,” says *The River of the West*, “there was a small body of land under cultivation, a few cattle and hogs, a flouring and saw mill, and a blacksmith’s shop.” In 1843, Mr. Spaulding writes to Dr. White, the Sub-Indian Agent: “But *two* natives have as yet been admitted into the church. Some ten or twelve others give pleasing evidence of having been born again.”[136] It seems, then, that it took twelve missionaries seven years to convert two savages, at an expense of over forty thousand dollars for one year at least! Can the English Protestant mission for converting the Hebrews in Jerusalem show any return more preposterous than this?

But the years intervening between this time and their entire discontinuance show no converts at all. Business was entirely suspended, as far as spiritual affairs were concerned. Mr. Thomas McKay, an intimate friend of Whitman, under date September 11, 1848, says, “The doctor often told me that for a couple of years he had ceased to teach the Indians, because they would not listen to him”; and John Baptist Gervais about the same time assures us that “Mr. Spaulding told me himself, last fall, that for three or four years back he had ceased entirely to teach the Indians because they refused to hear him”—a fact which that unscrupulous apostle corroborated in a conversation with Dr. Ponjade, in the preceding August. “The Indians,” he said, “are getting worse every day for two or three years back; they are threatening to turn us out of the missions. A few days ago, they tore down my fences, and I do not know what the Missionary Board of New York means to do. It is a fact that we are doing no good: when the emigration passes, the Indians run off to trade, and return worse than when we came among them.”[137] Even as early as 1839, a missionary of the Spokanes, writing to Dr. Whitman, said that the failure of that mission was so strongly impressed on his mind, he felt it necessary “to have cane in hand, and as much as one shoe on, ready for a move.” “I see,” he adds, “nothing but the power of God that can save us.” When we consider this condition of affairs in connection with the brutal massacre at Wailatpu by Dr. Whitman’s immediate neighbors and even some members of his household and congregation, at a time of profound peace, we can form some adequate idea of the benefits of the “progress and civilization of the Indians under their [Presbyterian] charge.” Will the United States Senate, in its laudable search after information, consult some of the authorities, who are with one exception Protestant, which we have quoted?

The Catholic missions may be said to have commenced in 1838. In that year, two Catholic priests passed Walla Walla on their way from Canada to Fort Vancouver. In 1839 and 1840, one of them, Father Demers, occasionally visited Walla Walla, for a short time, to give instruction to the Indians, many of whom were in the habit of visiting him, particularly the Cayuses and Nez Perces at the fort. This presence excited the wrath of Dr. Whitman, and he presumed so far as to reprimand in severe language the gentleman in charge of the post. “From the time the Jesuits arrived,” says Gray, “his own [H. H. Spaulding’s] pet Indians had turned Catholics, and commenced a quarrel with him. These facts seemed to annoy him, and led him to adopt a course opposed by Smith, Gray, and Rodgers.” The visits of the Catholic missionaries were, however, few and far between, till the 5th of September, 1847, when the Rt. Rev. Bishop A. M. A. Blanchet arrived at Fort Walla Walla, accompanied by the Superior of the Oblates and two other clergymen, to establish permanent missions in Eastern Oregon. It was the design of the bishop to locate a mission on the lands of Towatowe (Young Chief), a Catholic Indian, who had offered him his own house for that purpose. The Young Chief, however, being absent hunting, Dr. Blanchet was delayed at the fort, longer than he anticipated, and while there was visited by Protestant missionaries and Indian chiefs alike. The former treated him with great incivility and disrespect. Dr. Whitman, we are told by an eye-witness, “made a furious charge against the Catholics, accusing them of having persecuted Protestants, and even of having shed their blood wherever they had prevailed. He said he did not like Catholics; ... that he should oppose the missionaries to the extent of his power.... He spoke against the *Catholic Ladder* (a picture explaining the principal points of Catholic faith), and said that he would cover it with blood to show the persecution of Protestants by Catholics. He refused to sell provisions to the bishop, and protested that he would not assist the missionaries unless he saw them in starvation.”[138] The temper of the savages was milder than their would-be evangelizers. On the 26th of October, Young Chief came to the fort, and asked for a priest to be sent to teach his young people. He repeated the offer of his house, but suggested as a substitute the lands of his relative Tilokaikt, upon

which Dr. Whitman was settled. On November 4, the four chiefs of the Cayuses assembled at Walla Walla, and after a long “talk” agreed to let the bishop have a site for a mission and as much ground to cultivate as was necessary to support the priests. The bishop “told them,” says Father Brouillet, “that he would not make presents to the Indians; that he would give them nothing for the land he asked; that in case they worked for him he would pay them for their work and no more.” The author just quoted was sent among the Cayuses to select a proper site, but, not finding one suitable, accepted Young Chief’s offer, a camp fully twenty-five miles from Dr. Whitman’s residence, in the midst of another tribe altogether. As one of the many traits of Christian charity which distinguishes the Catholic missionaries in every part of the world, it may be mentioned that, during the conference at the fort, one of the chiefs spoke of Dr. Whitman in very harsh terms, accusing him of dishonesty and mercenary motives. Bishop Blanchet reproved him instantly, sternly telling him that the doctor was a good man, and that he, the chief, had a bad heart to say so; and when Father Brouillet was offered, by Tilokaikt, Whitman’s own mission for Catholic purposes for nothing, he positively and peremptorily declined it. And yet *Pub. Doc. No. 37* would have us believe that the Catholics coveted Whitman’s Station, and were resolved to have it at any cost. On November 27, the bishop, with his secretary and Father Brouillet, proceeded to the new station at Umatilla. On the day following, Sunday, they were visited by Whitman, and on Monday by Spaulding, who remained for supper, both these gentleman, it seems, having modified their views during the previous two months’ intercourse with the missionaries. It was on this latter day, between two and three o’clock in the afternoon, that Whitman and his companions were murdered. The account of that horrible event, as related by Father Brouillet, who was on the ground two days after, is still highly interesting. In a letter to Colonel Gilliam, three months later, when the facts were fresh in his memory, and every resident of the neighborhood was in a position to disprove anything he might say that was false, he writes:

> “Before leaving Fort Walla Walla, it had been decided that, after visiting the sick people of my mission on the Umatilla, I should go and visit those of Tilokaikt’s camp, for the purpose of baptizing the infants, and such dying adults as might desire this favor; and the doctor and Mr. Spaulding having informed me that there were many sick persons at their missions, I was confirmed in the resolution, and made preparations to go as soon as possible.
>
> “After having finished in baptizing the infants and dying adults of my mission, I left on Tuesday, the 30th of November, late in the afternoon, for Tilokaikt’s camp, where I arrived between seven and eight o’clock in the evening. It is impossible to conceive my surprise and consternation when, upon my arrival, I learned that the Indians the day before had massacred the doctor and his wife, with the greater part of the Americans at the mission. I passed the night without scarcely closing my eyes. Early next morning I baptized three sick children, two of whom died soon after, and then hastened to the scene of death to offer to the widows and orphans all the assistance in my power. I found five or six women and over thirty children in a condition deplorable beyond description. Some had lost their husbands, and others their fathers, whom they had seen massacred before their eyes, and were expecting every moment to share the same fate. The sight of those persons caused me to shed tears, which, however, I was obliged to conceal, for I was, the greater part of the day, in the presence of the murderers, and closely watched by them, and, if I had shown too marked an interest in behalf of the sufferers, it would only have endangered their lives and mine; these, therefore, entreated me to be on my guard. After the first few words that could be exchanged under the circumstances, I inquired after the victims, and was told that they were yet unburied. Joseph Stainfield, a Frenchman, who was in the service of Dr. Whitman, and had been spared by the Indians, was engaged in washing the corpses, but, being alone, he was unable to bury them. I resolved to go and assist him, so as to render to those unfortunate victims the last service in my power to offer them.”

The reverend father then goes on to relate how, after comforting the women and children as well as he could, and having been told by the chief “to say to them that they need fear nothing, they shall be taken care of and well treated,” he set out toward his mission, in order to intercept Spaulding and warn him of his danger. He was accompanied by his interpreter, and closely followed by a son of the chief, who, it afterward appeared, was going to his uncle Camastilo to acquaint him of the slaughter. His meeting with Spaulding is graphic, and, if not for the hideous surroundings, would be amusing. He says:

> “In a few minutes after, while they were thus engaged in smoking, I saw Mr. Spaulding coming toward me. In a moment he was at my side, taking me by the hand and asking for news. ‘Have you been to the doctor’s?’ he inquired. ‘Yes,’ I replied. ‘What news?’ ‘Sad news.’ ‘Is any person dead?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Who is dead—is it one of the doctor’s children?’ (He had left two of them very sick.) ‘No,’ I replied. ‘Who, then, is dead?’ I hesitated to tell. ‘Wait a moment,’ I said, ‘I cannot tell you now.’ While Mr. Spaulding was asking me those questions, I had spoken to my interpreter, telling him to entreat the Indian in my name not to kill Mr. Spaulding, which I begged of him as a special favor, and hoped that he would not refuse it to me. I was waiting for his answer, and did not wish to relate the disaster to Mr. Spaulding before getting it, for fear he might by his manner discover to the Indian what I had told him, for the least motion like flight would have cost him his life, and probably exposed mine also. The son of Tilokaikt, after hesitating some moments, replied that he could not take it upon himself to save Mr. Spaulding, but that he would go back and consult the other Indians, and so he started back immediately to

> his camp. I then availed myself of this absence to satisfy the anxiety of Mr. Spaulding. I related to him what had passed. 'The doctor is dead,' said I; 'the Indians have killed him, together with his wife and eight other Americans, on Monday last, the 29th, and I have buried them before leaving to-day.' 'The Indians have killed the doctor—they will kill me also if I go to the camp!' 'I fear it very much,' said I. 'What, then, shall I do?' 'I know not. I have told you what has happened. Decide now for yourself what you had best do. I have no advice to give you in regard to that.' 'Why has that Indian started back?' he inquired. 'I begged him to spare your life,' said I, 'and he answered me that he could not take it upon himself to do so, but that he would go and take the advice of the other Indians about it; that is the reason why he started back.' Mr. Spaulding seemed frightened and discouraged. 'Is it possible! is it possible!' he exclaimed several times. 'They will certainly kill me.' And he was unable to come to any decision. 'But what could have prompted the Indians to this?' he inquired. 'I know not,' said I; 'but be quick and decide, you have no time to lose. If the Indians should resolve not to spare your life, they will be here very soon, as we are only about three miles from their camp. 'But where shall I go?' 'I know not; you know the country better than I. All I know is that the Indians say the order to kill all Americans has been sent in all directions.' Mr. Spaulding then resolved to fly. His asked me if I were willing to take charge of some loose horses he was driving before him. I told him I could not, for fear of becoming suspicious to the Indians. I told him, however, that if the interpreter was willing to take them under his charge at his own risk, he was perfectly at liberty to do so. To this the interpreter agreed. I gave Mr. Spaulding what provisions I had left, and hastened to take leave of him, wishing him with all my heart a happy escape, and promising to pray for him.... The interpreter had not left Mr. Spaulding (after pointing out a byroad) more than twenty minutes, when he saw three armed Cayuses riding hastily toward him in pursuit of Mr. Spaulding. Upon coming up to the interpreter, they seemed much displeased that I had warned Mr. Spaulding of their intentions, and thereby furnished him an opportunity to escape.' The priest ought to have minded his own business, and not to have interfered with ours,' they said in an angry tone, and started immediately in pursuit of him."[139]

This Spaulding escaped to tell the tale, and to traduce the character of the priest that saved his life at the risk of his own. At first, he was inclined to acknowledge the obligation, for in a letter to his "reverend and dear friend," as he styles Bishop Blanchet, eight days after, he writes: "The hand of the merciful God brought me to my family after six days and nights from the time *my dear friend* furnished me with provisions and I escaped from the Indians." This effort of gratitude was, however, too much for him to sustain, and, accordingly, we find published in *The Oregon American* (p. 13) the following choice specimen of bigotry and base ingratitude, "worse than the sin of witchcraft." He says:

> "It has been said by some of my friends in this country that they felt greatly mortified to see me in the dust at the bishop's feet begging for my life.... This is not the first time that Protestants (that is, heretics) have lain prostrate at the feet of the Pope of Rome. I saw my life, under God, in the hands of the bishop and the priests. I had a right to ask it again. I seemed to see the hands of these priests wet with the blood of our associates.... I stopped not to ask whose hands placed the bishop's foot upon my neck, the lives of so many human beings were worth the struggle."

Can the force of prejudice and deception go further than this? Here is a man, who, if not an open enemy of the missionaries, was certainly a violent opponent, whose life was saved by one of them at a most critical moment at imminent danger to his own, who was shown the pathway by which he might escape the fury of the savages whose hatred he had awakened by long years of injustice, and who was even supplied with food from the poor priest's scrip, turning round on his benefactors when he attained a place of safety, and vilifying the church and religion to whose lesson of charity he owed his miserable existence. This is the man, too, upon whose authority the "Christian Associations of Oregon" have undertaken to brand the heroic priests of that section as instigators of murder; and who has undertaken to inform the Senate, and provide Mr. Delano with matters for history "in a more permanent form."

And here it may be well to dispose of some of the minor charges. *Pub. Doc. No. 37*, at page 30, says of the scenes of the Whitman massacre:

> "They [the Indian children] leaped and screamed for joy, throwing handfuls of blood around, drinking down the dying agonies of their victims as a precious draught. These blood-stained little savages were to receive the sacred ordinance of baptism a few hours after, at the hands of the priest of God—the mangled bodies yet lying unburied around, the food of dogs and wolves by night, and of hogs and vultures by day, seeming to pay down to the Indians for what they had done."

We are not aware that in the whole course of Protestant history there is to be found a more deliberate, cool, and atrocious tissue of falsehoods than the above. Two days, not a few hours, after the murder, *three* sick children were baptized, of whom two were so ill that they died the same day. Are those some of the children who leaped and screamed for joy? The baptism took place two miles from Whitman's Station, so that the bodies of the slain could not well have been lying around. The dogs and wolves, hogs and vultures, are purely the creation of the Rev. H. H. Spaulding's imagination, and would, in vulgar parlance, be styled "piling on the agony." Before the arrival of Father Brouillet, Joseph Stainfield had already washed the corpses, and, with the assistance of the good priest, they were buried. The insinuation in the last line is worthy of Spaulding, and shows to what extremes a man will go whose sense of truth and even decency has become completely blunted.

Another charge against the missionaries is that they acted inhumanly with the captives, and that Father Brouillet, who promised to return to them, neglected to do so. It is true he did not do so, and the prisoners may thank Mr. Spaulding for his not returning. Had he not been as solicitous about saving that individual's life, and thereby enable him to go down to the grave at an old age with a load of falsehood and forgeries on his soul, he would never have incurred the ill-feeling of the Indians of Wailatpu, or be himself kept a prisoner in Young Chief's tent for two or three weeks. But his thoughts and those of his fellow-missionaries were with the unfortunates, and his every effort was used, and successfully too, for their liberation. While Spaulding, from his mission with the Nez Perces, was writing lying letters to his "reverend and dear friend," Bishop Blanchet, soliciting his good offices with the Indians with regard to the captives, amongst whom was his own daughter, that ecclesiastic was calling around him the chiefs of the Cayuses, admonishing them to treat their captives kindly, promising to write to the American governor for terms of peace, and attending a council at Fort Walla Walla, at which the Indians consented and actually did liberate the prisoners, the ransom being paid by the agents of the much abused Hudson Bay Company. Spaulding himself was then virtually a prisoner among the Nez Perces, with whom he lived eleven years, and "was very much beloved," if we may believe his own statement.

We now come to what we may be permitted to call the first grand falsehood, as set forth in *Pub. Doc. No. 37*, for the information of the Senate and the benefit of history, namely, that the Whitman murderers were instigated by the "Jesuits." This calumny is repeated in several places and in many forms in this extraordinary public document, and may be supposed to be crystallized in the two following paragraphs:

> "When the Jesuits and English had, by means of Indian runners, excited the surrounding tribes to butcher the Protestant missionaries and American emigrants at Wailatpu, and to exterminate the American settlements on the Pacific, the Nez Perces refused to join them, and rushed at once to the defence of their beloved teacher, Mrs. Spaulding, and rescued her and her infants from a band of forty of the murderers; then, second, fled to the scene of the eight days' carnage, and by their influence stopped the bloody work of the Jesuits." (*Resolutions adopted by the Pleasant Butte Baptist Church of Linn Co., Oregon, Oct. 22, 1869.*)

> "This Brouilette [Brouillet], it is proved in part by his own testimony, was present at the massacre, doing nothing to save the victims, but baptizing the children of the murdering Indians, and otherwise stimulating them to their work of death." (*Report of the Committee of the Presbytery of Steuben, adopted by the Christian Associations of Oregon, 1869.*)

Surely this is history run mad. In fact, so gross are the misstatements that we are inclined to think that Spaulding either forged the signatures or interpolated the resolutions of the associations—a proceeding which, it will appear further on, he was perfectly capable of doing. Now, it is well known, and stated even by Spaulding (*Pub. Doc. No. 37*), that the so-called "Jesuits," namely, Bishop Blanchet and his priests, had only been in that part of the country a short time—Father Brouillet says two months, but Spaulding reduces it to six weeks; that no Catholic mission had been established within hundreds of miles of Whitman's Station till two days previous to the mission, when one was commenced at Umatilla, twenty-five miles distant, among a tribe of the Cayuses, who had no act or part in the crime; that there never was a Catholic missionary, Jesuit or otherwise, in the camps of Tilokaikt, where Whitman resided till two days after the massacre, but once, and that for a short time when Father Brouillet was invited by the chief to go and procure a site for a mission, in which he failed; and, finally, that the Indians who did the bloody deed were near neighbors of the doctor, the worst being a member of his household; and that *every one of them were Protestants*, as Spaulding himself partly admits[140] (*Ex. Doc. No. 37*). Even the Rev. Gustavus Hines, who is named as one of the assistants in the compilation of this document, says in his *History of Oregon*, in describing a council of chiefs in 1843: "Tilokaikt, a Cayuse chief, rose and said, 'What do you read the laws for before we take them? We do not take the laws because Tanitan says so. He is a Catholic, and as a people we do not follow his worship!" The story of Father Brouillet having been on the scene of massacre stimulating the Indians in their work of death is a poor fabrication, for the doctor visited the bishop and his two priests at Umatilla, twenty-five miles distant, late on Sunday, the 28th, and on the 29th, the day of the slaughter, Spaulding himself supped with them at the same place. The ridiculous reference to the Nez Perces, under the supposition that they were Protestants, is simply absurd. The fact is that Spaulding says, in his letter to his "reverend and dear friend" the bishop, the Nez Perces only promised to protect him and the American settlers if troops were not sent against the Cayuses, and that they demanded and received from Mr. Ogden, of Walla Walla, clothing, ammunition, and tobacco before they would release their "beloved teacher," her husband and infants. The only Nez Perces who fled to the scene to stop "the bloody work of the Jesuits" were two messengers of that tribe who bore his treacherous letter to the bishop, begging him to assure the Cayuses that he would use every effort to prevent the troops from being sent against them, and which he afterwards declared was meant to deceive both the bishop and the Indians.[141] No sooner, however, was he out of danger than he used his best efforts to bring on a war. "I recollect distinctly," says Major Magone, "that he was not in favor of killing *all* the Cayuses, for he gave me the names of four or five that he knew to be friendly, and another whom I marked as questionable: the balance, if I am not very much mistaken, *he would have to share one fate*." Truly, this was strange advice from a minister of the Gospel of peace, and from one who wished the bishop

to assure the Indians "that we do not wish Americans to come from below to avenge our wrongs," etc.

But apart from the credibility of the witness Spaulding, and the impossibility of the Catholic missionaries stirring up the Protestant Indians to the work of death, even if they so desired, not to speak of their early, continuous, and indignant denials of every statement and assertion put forth by the Oregon fanatics, we have the evidence of several persons, all Protestants we are inclined to believe, who were either in the neighborhood at the time, or arrived soon after. R. T. Lockwood, an old resident of Oregon and a prominent contributor to the press, relates the following conversation which he had in 1851 with one of the Indians who was a spectator of the murder:

> "Q. Do the Indians generally want the Catholic priests among them, and, if so, why do they prefer them to such men as Dr. Whitman?
>
> "A. No, not generally; yet a considerable number do, and prefer them because they do not try to get our land away from us.
>
> "Q. Did the priests that came among you, a little before the massacre, encourage the killing of Dr. Whitman and the others?
>
> "A. No. The killing of Dr. Whitman was resolved on before the priests came.
>
> "Q. Are you a Catholic Indian?
>
> "A. No, sir."

Some time after, Mr. Lockwood met a Mrs. Foster, one of the survivors. "I asked her," he says, "if she thought the priest had anything to do with the massacre, and she said she did not think he did, as he appeared very much pained, and was very kind and tender towards the survivors. I asked her, also, if she thought that the priest did all he safely could, and she answered, 'I do.'" This impartial and well-informed gentleman winds up his letter thus: "Suffice it to say that, in all I ever heard said in regard to this lamentable massacre (and it has been much) *prior to the last two years*, there was not the slightest intimation of you or any other Catholic priest being implicated, or in any way responsible therefor."[142]

"Why is the Catholic exempt from danger? Why can the Hudson Bay Company employee remain amid these scenes of blood and Indian vengeance against the white race, at peace, undisturbed, and, what is more loathsome, neutral in such a conflict?" asks the Hon. Elwood Evans of Spaulding, in 1868. The answer is simple. Because the Catholic priests treat the Indians with uniform kindness and justice; because they neither deceive them with false promises nor appropriate their lands and labor without payment, and because, being ministers of peace, they are opposed to strife; all of which Whitman, Spaulding, and his missionary companions did not and were not. And this brings us to the real cause of the massacre. For the sake of the Senate which desires information, and for Mr. Delano's future history, we will give a few extracts from authorities which, if at all prejudiced, would be on the side of the Protestant view:

> "'I came to select a place for a mission,' said he, 'but I do not intend to take your lands for nothing. After the doctor is come, there will come every year a big ship, loaded with goods to be divided among the Indians. These goods will not be sold, but given to you. The missionaries will bring you ploughs and hoes, to teach you to cultivate the land, and they will not sell but give them to you.'... And there [among the Nez Perces] he made the same promises to the Indians as at Wailatpu." (*Mr. John Toupin's Statement, in 1848, of the Foundation of the Presbyterian Missions by Mr. Parker, in 1835.*)
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> "Two years ago. 1846, a Cayuse came to my house in the Willamette settlement, and stopped with me over two weeks. During that time he often spoke of Dr. Whitman, complaining that he possessed the lands of the Indians, on which he was raising a great deal of wheat, which he was selling to the Americans, without giving them anything; that he had a mill upon their lands, and that they had to pay him for grinding their wheat, a big horse for twenty sacks. He said they told him to leave, but that he would not listen to them." (*Ib.*)
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> "A man of easy, don't-care habits, that could become all things to all men, and yet a sincere and earnest man, speaking his mind before he thought the second time, giving his views on all subjects without much consideration, correcting them when good reasons were presented, yet, when fixed in the pursuit of an object, adhering to it with unflinching tenacity. A stranger would consider him *fickle* and *stubborn*." (*Character of Dr. Whitman by a brother missionary, Rev. W. H. Gray.*)
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> "The Americans had done them much harm. Years before, had not one of their missionaries suffered several of their people, and the son of their chiefs, to be slain in his company, yet himself escaped? Had not the son of another chief (Elijah), who had gone to California to buy cattle, been killed by Americans for no fault of his own?... So far as regarded the missionaries, Dr. Whitman and his associates, they were divided, yet so many looked on the doctor as an agent in promoting the settlement of the country with whites, it was thought best to drive him from the country, together with all the missionaries, *several years* before. Dr. Whitman had known that the Indians were displeased with his settlement among them. They had told him of it; they had treated him with violence, they had attempted to outrage his wife, had burned his property, and had several times warned him to leave their country, or they should kill him." (*River of*

the West, p. 400.)

> “The fulfilment of the laws which the agent recommended for their adoption, ... occasioned suspicions in the minds of the Indians generally that the whites designed the ultimate subjugation of their tribes. They saw in the laws they had adopted a deep-laid scheme of the whites to destroy them and take possession of their country. The arrival of a large party of emigrants about this time, and the sudden departure of Dr. Whitman to the United States, with the avowed intention of bringing back with him as many as he could enlist for Oregon, served to hasten them to the above conclusions.... The great complaint of the Indians was that the Boston people [Americans] designed to take away their lands, and reduce them to slavery.” (*Rev. Gustavus Hines, D.D., assistant of Spaulding, in Pub. Doc. No. 37, on the Nez Perces in 1843, History of Oregon*, p. 143.)

> “They [the Indians] were demanding unreasonable pay for their lands upon which the stations were erected, and paying but little or no attention to their American teachers.” (*Gray’s History of Oregon*, p. 365.)

> “The fact is also shown that, as far back as 1835, the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains protested against the taking away of their lands by the white races, and this was one of the alleged causes of the murder of Dr. Whitman.” (*J. Ross Browne, Special Agent of the Treasury, Report to the Com. of Indian Affairs*, Dec. 4, 1857.)

Thus we find that, whatever credit may be claimed for Dr. Whitman as a colonist, his course toward the people whom he was sent to evangelize was anything but just or Christian; for he not only did not pay for his own land, but helped others to steal also, and he admits himself that for some years he had utterly neglected the spiritual and mental duties of his mission. But there were other and not less potent causes at work. Of his “esteemed friend Dr. Whitman,” Sir James Douglass, chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, writes on December 9, ten days after the massacre:

> “He hoped that time and instruction would produce a change of mind—a better state of feeling toward the mission, and he might have lived to have seen his hopes realized, had not the measles and dysentery, following in the train of immigrants from the United States, made frightful ravages this year in the upper country. Many Indians have been carried off through the violence of the disease, and others through their own imprudence. The Cayuse Indians of Wailatpu, being sufferers in this general calamity, were incensed against Dr. Whitman for not exerting his supposed supernatural power in saving their lives. They carried this absurdity beyond the point of folly. Their superstitious minds became possessed of the horrible suspicion that he was giving poison to the sick instead of wholesome medicine, with the view of working the destruction of the tribe, his former cruelty probably adding strength to their suspicions. Still, some of the reflecting had confidence in Dr. Whitman’s integrity, and it was agreed to test the effects of the medicine he had furnished on three of their people, one of whom was said to be in perfect health. They unfortunately died, and from that moment it was resolved to destroy the mission. It was immediately after burying the remains of these three persons that they repaired to the mission and murdered every man found there.”

Several other contemporary writers confirm this calm statement of events, which in themselves were enough to drive ignorant and desperate savages (for it must be borne in mind that Dr. Whitman had given up instructing them for some years to attend to his wheat and horses) to commit any act of murder or rapine. To show that the “horrible suspicion” of having been poisoned was not a mere groundless suspicion on the part of the Indians, we present the following testimony:

> “I spent the winter of 1846 in Dr. Whitman’s employment. I generally worked at the saw-mill. During the time I was there, I observed that Dr. Whitman was in the habit of poisoning wolves. I did not see him put the poison in the baits for the wolves; but two of his young men of the house, by his order, were poisoning pieces of meat, and distributing them in the places where the wolves were in the habit of coming, at a short distance around the establishment of the doctor. The doctor once gave me some arsenic to poison the wolves that were around the saw-mill.... Some Indians who happened to pass there took the meat and ate it; three of them were very sick, and were near dying.... Mr. Gray, who was then [1840] living with the doctor, offered us as many melons to eat as we liked, but he warned us at the same time not to eat them indiscriminately, as some of them were poisoned. ‘The Indians,’ said he, ‘are continually stealing our melons. To stop them, we have put a little poison on the bigger ones, *in order that the Indians who will eat them might be a little sick*.’” (*Statement of John Young, corroborated by Augustine Raymond.*)

In addition to these acts of imprudence, the doctor, it seems, had earned for himself an unenviable unpopularity. He was constantly extorting overpay in horses from them, and threatening them with soldiers and emigrants if they refused it. After having a quarrel with them on one occasion, “during which they insulted him, covered him with mud,” and even attempted his life, “he started for the United States, telling the Indians that he was going to see the great chief of the Americans, and that when he would return he would bring with him many people to chastise them; the Indians had been looking to his return with great fear and anxiety.”[143] At another time, in the fall of 1847, he said to the Indians at Walla Walla in the presence of several white men, “Since you are so wicked, such robbers, we shall send for troops to chastise you, and next fall we will see here five hundred dragoons, who will take care of you.” But even Doctor Whitman, “fickle and obstinate” as he was, could not entirely

overlook the dangers that beset him for so many years, and at the solicitation of his friend had been preparing to leave his station long before the arrival of the Catholic missionaries. Mr. Thomas McKay, whom the doctor had invited to stop the winter of 1847-8 with him for protection, says, “He told me repeatedly, during the last two years especially, that he wished to leave, as he knew the Indians were ill-disposed toward him, and that it was dangerous for him to stay there; but that he wished all the chiefs to tell him to go away, in order to *excuse himself to the Board of Foreign Missions*.” Dangerous and fatal mistake, which cost the lives of thirteen innocent people, and closed the unfortunate man’s earthly career!

Now for the affair of the young woman Miss Bewley, who is described in *Pub. Doc. No. 37*, p. 35, indifferently as an “amiable young saint,” a “dear girl,” and “an angel.” It is charged that, when Five Crows demanded her for his wife, and she refusing to go with him, the bishops and priests urged her to go, and even thrust her out-of-doors when she refused. So little credence was given this specific calumny, for many years after the alleged occurrence, that the only mention we find made of it in *The Murder of Dr. Whitman* is the following paragraph:

> “Before taking leave of the chiefs, the bishop said to them all publicly, as he had also done several times privately, that those who had taken American girls should give them up immediately. And then all entreated Five Crows to give up the one he had taken, but to no purpose.”

Now let us hear Father Brouillet’s account of the affair in contradiction to Miss Bewley’s deposition:

> “We did,” says the reverend gentleman, “all that charity could claim, and even more than prudence seemed to permit. We kept her for seventeen days in our house, provided for all her wants, and treated her well, and if she had minded us, and heeded our advice and entreaties, she would never have been subjected to that Indian. When she came first to our house, and told us that Five Crows had sent for her to be his wife, we asked her what she wanted to do. Did she want to go with him, or not? She said she did not want to go with him. ‘Stay with us, then, if you like; we will do for you what we can,’ was our offer. When the evening came, the Indian chief called for her. The writer then requested his interpreter to tell him that she did not want to be his wife, and that, therefore, he did not want her to go with him. The interpreter, who was an Indian, allied by marriage to the Cayuses, and knew the chiefs disposition well, would not provoke his anger, and refused to interpret. The writer, then making use of a few Indian words he had picked up during the few days he had been there, and with the aid of signs, spoke to the Indian himself, and succeeded in making him understand what he meant. The Indian rose furiously and without uttering a word went away. The young woman then got frightened, and wanted to go for fear he might come back and do us all an injury. The writer tried to quiet her, and insisted that she should remain at our house, but to no avail; she must go, and off she went. The Indian, still in his fit of anger, refused to receive her, and sent her back. She remained with us three or four days undisturbed; until one evening, without any violence on the part of the Indian, or without advising with us, she went with him to his lodge. She came back the next morning, went off again in the evening, and continued so, without being forced by the Indian, and part of the time going by herself, until at last she was told to select between the Indian’s lodge and our house, as such a loose way of acting could not be suffered any longer. That was the first and only time that she offered any resistance to the will of the Indian; but, indeed, her resistance was very slight, if we can believe her own statement.”

This is a very different account from that sworn to by Miss Bewley, but written by Spaulding, as he says himself, *Ex. Doc. No. 37*, p. 27: “I would go to an individual, and take down in writing what he or shete knew, and then go before a magistrate, and the individual would make an oath to the statement, the officer certifying.” There is no mention that the parties were permitted to read what their amanuensis took down, and all who are acquainted with such *ex-parte* depositions know how easily it would be to alter their sense and meaning by an unscrupulous person—which we are about to show Spaulding to be. In this very statement there are two interpolations, one of eight lines on page 35 of *Ex. Doc. No. 37*, beginning with the words “I arose,” and one of six on the following page, at “The next day,” which materially alter the whole meaning of the document. This alteration of a sworn statement by any but the affiant is at common law *forgery*, and ought to entitle the person who makes it to the delicate attention of the prosecuting attorney of his county. Whether the saint and angel, Miss Bewley, is now aware of the forgery connected with her name we know not, but we trust that the Senate will make a note of it for the benefit of future historians. But Spaulding, who is described by his co-missionary Gray as “quite impulsive and bitter in his denunciations of a real or supposed enemy,” in endeavoring to make out a case, is not content with altering one affidavit. That of Mr. Osborne (*Ex. Doc. No. 37*, p. 32) is also materially changed in several places from the original, and the official reports of Mr. McLane (*Ex. Doc.* p. 33) and of Dr. White are doctored in a manner that we venture to say would render it difficult for the writers themselves to recognize them. Even the plain statements of *The Murder of Dr. Whitman* are garbled in a most palpable and scandalous manner.

As to the other auxiliary charges against the Catholic missionaries, and the answers of Abernethy and a few others to questions propounded by Spaulding, we do not consider them worthy of serious attention. They are all directly or indirectly the creatures of Spaulding’s

fertile imagination, who, if not crazy as Colonel Gilliam said, has allowed his hatred of Catholicity to carry him down to fearful depths of crime, to calumny, falsehood, and forgery. His motives are apparent, the gratification of his lust for revenge, and his hatred of our faith; that of the associations who have signed his outrageous statements is the present flourishing existence of the Catholic missions in every part of Oregon; and the end proposed is to compass their destruction by appealing to the religious prejudices of the authorities at Washington. We have too much confidence in the wisdom and good sense of the Executive and Congress to suppose that they will be influenced by such inflammatory appeals—bearing on their face the palpable impress of dishonesty and prejudice—and attempts to disturb the good fathers in their labor of love, as well as of hardships and suffering; and we expect soon to hear of those fanatics receiving a fitting rebuke in our Senate for attempting to make that august body the vehicle of perpetuating the vilest sort of falsehoods and slanders against the Catholics of this country.

[130] *Ex. Doc. No.* 37, U. S. Senate, XLIst Cong., IIId Session. 1870-1.

[131] Victor's *The River of the West*, p. 400.

[132] *Works of Stephen Olin*, vol. ii. pp. 427, 428.

[133] Gray's *Hist. of Oregon*, pp. 231, 246.

[134] *History of Oregon.* By G. Hines.

[135] *Murder of Dr. Whitman*, pp. 23, 24.

[136] Gray's *History of Oregon*, p. 235.

[137] *Murder of Dr. Whitman*, p. 89.

[138] *Murder of Dr. Whitman*, p. 46.

[139] *Murder of Dr. Whitman*, pp. 53-55.

[140] The five Cayuses who were hung in Oregon City, June 3, 1850, as accomplices in the massacre, were all Protestants, and remained so till they received their death sentence. All the others who are known as murderers, among whom were Lumsuky, Tamahas, and the two sons of Tilokaikt, were also Protestants. Joseph Stainfield, Jo Davis, and the other half-breed, who, it is said, plundered the dead, if anything, were certainly not Catholics. Three of the condemned on the morning of the execution solemnly declared that the Catholic missionaries had nothing whatever to do with the murder. The following letter to the Bishop of Walla Walla, from the Archbishop of Oregon City, will be found interesting:

Oregon City, June 2, 1850.

The supposed Cayuse murderers will be executed to-morrow. They have abandoned Dr. Whitman's religion and have become Catholics. I am preparing them for baptism and for death.

F. N. Blanchet,
Archbishop of Oregon City.

[141] *Oregon American.*

[142] Letter of R. T. Lockwood to Very Rev. J. B. A. Brouillet, V.G., Sept. 29, 1871.

[143] Toupin's statement.

AFFIRMATIONS.

“Why does man go about organizing systems, when he himself must be reorganized?”

“The thing to be done will not unite the doers.”

“When man forgets what he is, he soon is put into a state of uneasiness, and made to suffer in pain what was designed for him to be pleasure.”

“We are always learning the way that heaven acts, but are very shy to invite it to act upon us, and are very unwilling to submit to the preparatory process.”

“Self-improvement by the selfish spirit is the most deceitful of all deceits.”

“While you persevere in washing a man’s face with dirty water, it will never be clean; you must get pure water to wash with.”

“A child is a religious being prior to its being an intellectual being; and must not be turned away from the divine order.”

AN AFTERNOON AT ST. LAZARE.

We paid a visit yesterday (Sunday) to St. Lazare, and all that we saw and heard there struck us as so interesting, and so entirely different from our preconceived notions concerning that ill-famed centre of crime and punishment, that we cannot but think our readers will likewise be interested in hearing a detailed and accurate account of it.

We had been told that the famous *pétroleuse*, charged with the murder of Monseigneur Surat, was still there, and we could not resist the opportunity offered us by a friend of going to see this extraordinary type of female ferocity—the woman who put a pistol to the prelate's head, and, when he mildly asked her what he had done to her that she should hate him so, replied: "You are a priest!" and shot him on the spot. On arriving, however, we found that she had left for Versailles the night before. There were still fourteen of her terrible compeers remaining out of the four hundred and thirty that had been taken on the barricades and in the general saturnalia of the Commune and locked up in St. Lazare.

We visited the prison from beginning to end. Nothing surprised us so much as the gentleness of the *régime*, and the absence of all mystery or personal restraint in the management of the prisoners. The jail had nothing of the repulsive paraphernalia of a prison about it, and but for its massive walls, its vast proportions, and a certain indescribable gloom in the atmosphere, inseparable, we suppose, from the mere presence of such a population, one might very well have mistaken it for an orphanage or any ordinary asylum conducted by a religious community.

The *salles* are magnificently spacious and lofty, with broad, high windows opening on courts; there are four courts—*préaux* they are called—one after another, within the precincts of the prison; the beds are like hospital beds; and there was nothing in the dress of the women, or the manner of the nuns toward them, to tell an uninitiated visitor that they were not patients rather than prisoners and malefactors of the worst kind. There was the same silence brooding over the place, the same quiet regularity in all the arrangements, the same supernatural sort of cleanliness that one never sees anywhere but in convents. The population of the prison varies from 1,200 to 1,800, and the government of these dangerous and desperate subjects is committed to the sole charge of a community of religious called *Sœurs de Marie-Joseph*. They are fifty in all. Their dress is black serge, with a black veil lined with a light-blue one. They were founded at the close of the last century by a Lyonnese lady, whose name the superioress told us, but we forgot it.

It was just two o'clock when we arrived, and the superioress and another nun gave up assisting at vespers in order to show us over the house, which from its immense size takes two hours to visit in detail. The prisoners are divided into several categories, and are kept distinctly separate from each other. There are first the *Prévenues*, who are put in on an accusation which has not been investigated; then the *Détenues*, against whom proof is forthcoming, and who are awaiting their trial; then there are the *Jugées*, of whom the categories are various, as will be seen. These classes are never allowed to come in contact, even accidentally, with each other; they do not even meet at meals. Those who are condemned to one year's imprisonment remain at St. Lazare, but if the sentence extends to a year and a day, they are sent off to one of the *Succursales*. When their term is expired (those who are sentenced to a year only), they may continue at St. Lazare if they choose. Many of them, touched with grace, and sincerely converted from their evil courses, dread going back to old scenes and temptations that have proved so fatal to them, and beg to be kept as *filles de service* for the work of the house, or in the workshops, etc., and they are never refused. The superioress said they made very active official servants, and it is very seldom they fall away from their good resolves, and have to be expelled or punished. We were passing through one of the passages when a sudden noise of voices from the court made us go to the window and look out. We saw a troop of prisoners pouring out into the yard; they were running about, laughing and chatting, and apparently enjoying their momentary liberty with the zest of school-boys.

"Who are these, *ma mère*?" we inquired.

"*Hélas!*" The exclamation was accompanied by a sufficiently expressive gesture.

"They are generally a very numerous class here," she explained; "but just now there are but some two hundred of them; the *pétroleuses* were largely recruited from their ranks, and great numbers of them have been sent on to Versailles."

Some one asked if these unfortunates were more refractory than the other prisoners, thieves, etc.

"As a rule, they are less so," replied the nun; "we hardly ever are obliged to have recourse to the *gardiens* with them, and we have more frequent conversions amongst them than any other class of prisoners. There comes a time to many of them, especially if they have had any seeds of religious belief sowed in their minds in childhood, when the future both of this world and the next comes on them with a sense of horror, and then grace has an easy task with them. I could tell you of miracles wrought in the souls of these poor sinners that would sound like tales out of the lives of the saints, and we have had deathbeds among them little short of saintly. But, again, we too often see all our efforts fail, and they reject grace with a

sort of demoniacal obduracy, and go back to their old lives without a moment's passing compunction: nothing seems to touch them or frighten them."

We asked if the nuns were not afraid of them, if they never threatened or insulted them.

"Oh! never!" replied the superioress emphatically; "the command we have over them, and the way they yield obedience and respect to us, is almost miraculous. You see these poor outcasts down there; I suppose there is nothing in the world more lost or degraded than they are; they are the lowest specimens of the lowest stratum of vice and every species of depravity. Well, the youngest nun in the community is as safe in the middle of them as if they were all honest *mères de famille*. I have been a religious twenty-two years, and out of that ten years at St. Lazare, and I have never known them use an expression to any of us that called for reprimand."

We may add that she said the great majority of these offenders were girls from the provinces, young and inexperienced for the most part, and who come to Paris expecting to make their fortune, and unprepared for the temptations awaiting them in this great trap for souls.

We saw the words *Oratoire Israelite, Oratoire Protestant*, painted over two doors, and the latter suggested the inquiry whether there were occasionally any English women amongst the inmates of St. Lazare.

"Oh! yes, I am sorry to say we have a good many English," said the mother; and then, shaking her head and smiling, she added: "And I am sorry to tell you that they are the most unmanageable of all, for they are generally given to drink, and when this is the case they are like mad-women and we can do nothing with them. A little while ago we had one who got into such a fearful fit of fury that it was necessary to put her in the lock-up; her shrieks were so loud that they were heard half over the place, and terrified the young *détenues*; toward evening she grew so outrageous that the *gardiens* were sent to put her into the strait-waistcoat—they are powerful men with strong hands and iron nerves, and trained to the work—but she baffled four of them for two hours; they were not able to seize or hold her; at last they gave it up in despair, and said: It is no use, we must go for *les sœurs*! One of them came to fetch me, and beg me to come or send some one to help them. He was trembling in every limb, and the perspiration was pouring from his face as if he had been wrestling with a wild animal. I took one of the nuns with me, and we went down to the prison, where we were obliged to spend the whole night with the prisoner, coaxing and caressing her, before we got her to calm down and cease shrieking."

We asked to what class in life the English culprits generally belonged—if they were exclusively of the lowest? The superioress said, on the contrary, they were often persons very *comme il faut* in their manners, and evidently had had an education far above the class of domestic servants—some of them were in fact quite like ladies; she believed they were mostly governesses, or teachers who come over to Paris in search of situations or lessons, and, not finding either, are driven by hunger and despair to steal, or do worse; but theft is generally the offence of the English prisoners.

"Sometimes, indeed," said the superioress, "it makes us laugh to hear the account of the thefts they commit, there is often something so comical in the way they do it, and the cunning and dexterity they display are beyond belief; the most accomplished French *filou* cannot hold a candle to them."

Sad as this testimony was, it could not be quite a surprise to any one living in Paris who had seen much of the class of English alluded to, but it will come probably as a new and terrible revelation to many in England; and if this paper should fall into the hands of any lone, friendless English girl hesitating about coming to Paris to earn her bread, the writer prays God she may ponder on the foregoing statement, and think twice before embarking on so perilous a venture.

Several *salles* are filled with a class of prisoners called *jeunes insoumises*; they are all very young, some merely children of the day; they are not always actual criminals, sometimes they are only subjects with dangerous propensities beyond the control of parents, and they are sent here to be trained to better ways; especial pains are directed to these juvenile offenders, and the result is often very consoling. The superioress said they had lately had a baby of six years old brought in for stealing. "It was only a cake that tempted the poor little mite," said the mother deprecatingly, "but she was very naughty and unmanageable otherwise, and the parents were glad of a pretext to get rid of her for a time."

It was not only of such innocent culprits as this that the superioress spoke with indulgence, her large-hearted charity took in all the lost inhabitants of the dismal abode in which she dwelt and toiled; and there was something unspeakably touching in the way she every now and then seemed to try as it were to excuse the worst among them, to plead for them indirectly by showing up any remnant of good in them. We met the women we mentioned our seeing out at recreation on their way along a corridor; they walked singly, with their arms crossed; we were quite close to them as they passed us; and anything more ignoble than their features it would be difficult to conceive—the expression of the faces was scarcely human; they resembled vicious animals in human shape rather than women. This struck us all so forcibly that we could not help making the remark to the superioress. She seemed

positively hurt, as if we had said something personally unkind to her, and, on my expressing some pagan surprise at it, she broke out into such a tender pleading for “those dear souls whom our Lord longs for and that cost him so dear” that, though I felt thoroughly rebuked, I could not be sorry for having called out her protest. It was like having laid one’s hand roughly and unawares on a vibrating instrument that sent out a strain of heavenly music.

“Oh!” she continued, with such a look as I shall never forget, “if we only knew what the value of a soul is, how precious it is in the eyes of God, we would never look with disgust at the poor wretched body that holds it; but I assure you when one comes near to those poor sinners the disgust soon wears off, and we think of nothing but their souls, their precious, immortal souls, that were bought at such a price!”

The more we listened to her and observed her, the less surprised we were at the universal respect, worship I might almost call it, that greeted her presence everywhere—it was so spontaneous and so free from anything like fear or servility. As soon as she appeared at the door of a work-room, or a class, or a dormitory, the prisoners rose immediately to salute her; and several times I noticed some of them make signs to others who were not looking, or touch them on the shoulder, to stand up and welcome the mother. She generally said a word to them *en passant*: “Good-morning, my children! Are you behaving well?” etc., and then there was a ripple of curtsies and a perfect clamor of “Yes, mother, thank you!” and the hard, bad faces would brighten for one moment with a smile.

The influence of the nuns with the prisoners is indeed little less than a permanent miracle, Among other instances of it, the superioress told us the following: “A desperate woman, charged with misdemeanors of the worst kind, was brought to the prison. She was the daughter of a butcher, and,” added the superioress, laughing, “I beg you to believe that her manners were just what might have been expected.” A few days after her arrival she broke out into a fit of mad fury, and the *gardiens* had to be sent for to take her to the *cachot*; but as soon as she saw them enter the *salle*, she drew a huge pair of scissors from her pocket—how she came by it we never discovered—and, holding it open and pointed at them with one hand, she beckoned them with the other to come on, yelling all the while like a raging lioness. The men tried to terrify her, to dodge her, but it was all useless, she baffled every attempt to seize her. They gave it up as hopeless, and came for me. She no sooner saw me than she cried out: ‘Send them away, and I will go with you; but I will never move a foot with these men!’ I sent them away, and told her to give me the scissors; she gave it at once, and then I took her by the hand and led her off without a word.

“On another occasion, one section of prisoners got up a scheme for killing the *gardiens*. They were to tie their wooden *sabots* into clusters of eight together, and when the *gardiens* came to convey some refractory subject to the *cachot*, the others were to fling several batches of these formidable missiles at their heads. The effect must have been fatal, but fortunately there was some delay in the appearance of the *gardiens*, and the prisoners, having all ready, grew impatient, and at last, losing all control, they began to yell and call out for them and brandish their *sabots* furiously. The nun who was in waiting ran down to warn the *gardiens* not to come up, and then came to tell me what had happened, and to consult about sending for the soldiers, who are always ready at the *poste* outside the prison; the *gardiens* were frightened, and advised this being done. I thought, however, the storm would subside without having recourse to such an extreme measure. I was not the least afraid of the women personally; I knew they would never lay a finger on one of *us*, whatever their fury might be, so I walked into the midst of them.

“‘What is this row about?’ I said. ‘I am ashamed of you; let me hear no more of it.’ Then taking the ringleader—we always know the one to pitch upon—I told her I must put her in prison; she made no resistance, only stipulating that the *gardiens* were not to touch her.”

“Are the *gardiens* cruel to them that they hate them so much?” I asked.

“No, never,” she answered; “they have no opportunity for it if they felt so inclined; but they represent strength and justice, whereas the nuns represent only weakness and pity; the prisoners resent the one, but not the other.”

Some one asked the superioress if she had ever known a conspiracy attempted to kill or hurt any of the sisters. She replied never, on which we related to her an episode of the Roman prisons, told us recently by the Papal Nuncio. The female prisons in Rome are, like St. Lazare, conducted entirely by nuns, without even the moral support of a *poste* at the gates to enforce their authority. One day a plot was organized for doing away with the nuns and making their own escape from the prison. The prisoners were sixty in number and the nuns twelve, so the scheme offered little serious difficulty. It was agreed that on a certain day when all the community were assembled with the prisoners in the workroom, the latter were to seize the nuns and fling them out of the windows into the yard. The signal agreed upon was the close of the work-hour, when the superioress clapped her hands for them to put aside their work. The secret was so well kept that not a hint transpired, but the superioress felt instinctively there was something abnormal brewing. She had no apprehension at the moment, however, and gave the signal as usual when the clock struck the hour. No one moved. She repeated it. Still no one stirred. She gave it a third time more emphatically, and then the leader of the band walked straight up to her and struck her a blow on the face. The meek disciple of Jesus quietly knelt down, turned the other cheek, and said:

"If I have done you any harm, tell me so, but if not, why do you strike me?"

The woman fell upon her knees, burst into tears, and confessed everything. When the superioress had heard her to the end, she said:

"Now, my daughter, I must take you to the dungeon; you know this is my duty."

"Yes, mother, I know it is," and she gave her hand, and let herself be led away as meekly as a lamb.

How omnipotent is the power of love, and how lovely this world would be if love were allowed to rule over it everywhere!

Before we had finished our inspection of the house, we went to benediction in the prison chapel. There was a short sermon first on the gospel of the day. About eight hundred of the prisoners were present. Some were yawning, and evidently only there because they could not help themselves, others assisted with edifying devotion, but all were respectful in their attitude and demeanor. The organ was played by one of the nuns, and the choir, was formed of prisoners from the class already alluded to. The singing was not very scientific, but it struck us all as peculiarly touching, the more so, no doubt, from the associations connected unconsciously with the choristers. The superioress said it was looked upon as a great privilege to sing in the choir, and it is held out as a reward for sustained efforts and good conduct. As we saw the little altar lighted up, and the golden rays of the monstrance shining down upon the singular congregation, one could not but think what a grand and beautiful manifestation of redeeming love it was, this presence of the God of holiness, a willing prisoner in such a temple. There were the Sisters of Marie-Joseph, women of the purest, most unblemished lives, self-devoted victims to the God who died on Calvary for outcasts and sinners, kneeling side by side in unloathing sisterhood with the vilest offscourings of this great Babylon. A sight wonderful beyond all human understanding if the mystery were not explained to us by the voice from out the little crystal prison-house: "I came to seek sinners, and to dwell with them.... And whatsoever you do to the least of these, you do likewise to me.... And there is more joy in heaven for the return of one sinner than for ninety-nine of the just."

And many are the joys given to him and his saints by the inmates of this great emporium of sinners. Last All Saints' day five hundred of the prisoners approached the sacraments, some in the most admirably penitent spirit, but all of their own free will, and for the moment at least with hearts touched by grace and turned away from evil. They were prepared for the feast by a retreat of eight days, preached by a Marist father.

After benediction we resumed our inspection, and came finally to the *pétroleuses*. There was nothing in the room where they were, or their surroundings, to distinguish them from the other prisoners, and if the superioress had not whispered to us as we were entering the dormitory that these were the women, we should never have suspected the bright, orderly room to be the den of wild beasts it was. An American lady who was of our party amused the nuns by asking repeatedly: "But where are the wicked ones?" She could not persuade herself—and indeed it was difficult—that the hundreds of women we saw so gently ruled, and held as it were with silken cords, were the most dangerous and abandoned characters of the metropolis. The fourteen *pétroleuses* were not dressed in the prison livery, but wore their own clothes: some of them were very spruce and comfortable, but all were tidy and clean—none of them had a poverty-stricken look. They were nearly all of them standing in sullen silence beside their beds; one woman was dandling a baby, a white-faced, shrivelled little object, tricked out in a fine blue frock with little flounces. We think we said there had been four hundred and thirty of these *pétroleuses* in the prison. The superioress said they had behaved very well there, and never once obliged the soldiers to interfere. They were cold-blooded, defiant creatures, but this was not their sphere of action; they bore no ill-will to the sisters; quite the contrary, many shed tears on going away. They fell into the discipline of the prison with great docility as to hours and rules, and seldom broke silence. On one point only they were intractable—they would not work.

"It's bad enough to be conquered and butchered by Versailles," they would answer, "but we are not going to work for them." And neither threats nor entreaties could induce them to take a needle in their hand, or to sit down to a sewing-machine. It was no use explaining to them that they would not be working for Versailles, that they would work for themselves, and might buy extra food at the *cantine* with their day's earnings; no, they got it into their heads that Versailles would in some way or other be the better for their working, and nothing could get it out of them. The very name of Versailles used to rouse them to fury; it was like a red rag to a bull. They boasted of their exploits during the Commune as things to glory in. One swore she had set fire to five buildings, and her only regret was that she had been too late to set fire to St. Lazare. Many of her companions expressed the same regret with quiet effrontery, that would have been amusing if it had not been so appalling. Every one of them declared that if it were to begin over again, they would do just the same, only better, *because now they had more experience*.

"And what is your opinion, *ma mère*?" we said; "do you think it will begin again, and that the *pétroleuses* are still in existence, or was it a type born with the Commune, and passed away with it?"

She replied unhesitatingly that she believed it would begin again, and that the *pétroleuses* would come out in greater force than ever; that they were neither daunted nor disarmed by the failure of the Commune, but rather infuriated by defeat, and more resolute and reckless than before—reckless to a degree that only bad women can be, and ready to stake body and soul on their revenge. She said that the conduct of Versailles was weak and ill-judged beyond her comprehension; that they had far better have left these women free at once on the plea that they were women, if they did not mean to deal out their deserts to them; but now these desperate creatures were exasperated by incarceration, and by a mockery of a trial that either liberated them or sentenced them to a punishment they knew perfectly well the government did not mean to carry out. It was like letting loose so many bloodhounds on France to set these women at large again.

"We have seen them *de près*," continued the superioress, "and we are one and all convinced that the next attempt will be worse than the first; we have terrible days in store—the *pétroleuses* have not said their last word."

Speaking of the Commune led to our asking about her own experiences under it. It appears that the employees at St. Lazare, the director, inspector-general, and their assistants, were among the first turned out, and agents of the Hôtel de Ville installed in their places. The first thing these guardians of public justice did was to set free one-half of the population, such as were available for the public services; and able servants they proved themselves on the barricades and as incendiaries. To account for and in some measure palliate the superhuman ferocity displayed by the women of the Commune, we may as well mention here a fact not generally known, and which was told to us by a distinguished medical man, who was here all through that terrible saturnalia, and by a Sister of Charity, who could also speak from personal knowledge. It would seem that the snuff dealt out to the people from the government manufactories was mixed in large proportions with gunpowder. The effect of this ingredient, taken in very small quantities, is to excite the brain abnormally, but taken in large ones it brings on a kind of savage delirium tremens. The wine distributed to the *pétroleuses* on the barricades and elsewhere was also heavily charged with some such element of madness. It seems to us that it is rather a consolation to hear this, for though it reveals a diabolical instinct of soul-hatred in the few, it explains, on the other hand, how it was that occasionally we saw young and hitherto mild, inoffensive women suddenly transformed into demons.

The superioress said that for the first three weeks that the nuns did duty for the Commune, nothing could exceed the respect and consideration they received from them.

"They were as docile as little girls to us," she said, "and never did anything without coming to consult us. The *inspecteur-general* named by the Commune happened to have formerly been a clerk at the prison. My surprise when I saw him in his new character, and with such credentials, was great; but he seemed himself very much ashamed, and when I asked him what had induced him to join the Commune, he replied that it was really devotion to the nuns; he had accepted the office because he knew we would want a protector, and he preferred being on the spot to watch over us. It was not laughing matter, or I could have laughed at his audacity. And he actually pleaded this argument on his trial at Versailles, and was acquitted on it! He had always been a well-conducted, honest man, and I am not sure but in the bottom of his heart this good intention toward us may not have been mixed up with a great many other less worthy ones. During all the time he was in constant communication with me, he never had the courage once to raise his eyes to my face. He told us a good deal about what was going on outside, and especially what the women were doing. He spoke in enthusiastic praise of their spirit and courage. He said the fort of Montrouge was lost one day but for a girl of seventeen, who, seeing the soldiers demoralized, and the gunners abandoning their guns and turning to fly, rushed up to one of them, and seized a light and put it to the cannon, and so mocked the cowards, and taunted them all with cowardice and want of mettle, that she rallied every man of them and saved the place. But for this Versailles would have taken it. Ten minutes later, and the defence was abandoned. 'Had it not been for this plucky little *diablesse*, we were lost!' he exclaimed. Such traits as this prepared us for the *pétroleuses* of a few weeks later, but he only saw patriotism and valor in them."

Things went on very amicably between the gentlemen of the Commune and the sisters for three weeks. Then a change came over them. They were not openly rude, but there was what the superioress described as restrained fury in their manner toward the nuns, and the latter felt that the blood-fever was rising in them, and that they would soon break out into open mutiny. The superioress felt this more strongly than the rest, and she was sorely perplexed how to get her flock out of the way of the wolves while it was yet time. It was no easy matter, for, as she quaintly said, "One cannot send off fifty religious like fifty pins, in a box by mail," and in the present state of mind of the Communists, to awake suspicion was to have the whole community seized and locked up forthwith. The first thing to be done was to procure permission from the Hôtel de Ville. She had been obliged to go of late several times to the prefecture on one business or another connected with her functions in the prison, so the authorities there knew her, and had always treated her with marked civility. She said that the first time she went there the faces of the so-called officials struck her as demoniacal, they were all of them half-drunk—men taken from the gutters of Belleville and Villette to fill offices of whose commonest outward forms they had no idea, yet they were as

deferential to herself and the nun who accompanied her as so many priests might have been. This did not prevent her saying to her companion as soon as they were alone: “Well, if we did not believe in hell, the faces we have seen to-day would have revealed it to us.”

She applied for a permission to leave, and got it without any difficulty. She kept it in her pocket all that day, and the next morning she seemed to hear a voice saying to her interiorly: *Now is the moment*; send them off! The exodus was planned well, and carried out so discreetly, the nuns going in threes and fours at a time, that not a shadow of suspicion dawned on the employees—their jailers as they now considered them. All that day the superioress kept constantly with them, never letting them lose sight of her for a quarter of an hour at a time, coming and going perpetually, and making future arrangements for one thing or another, so as to put them more completely off the scent. It was only when evening came and there were but eight nuns in the house besides herself, that the flight was discovered. The rage of the director was undisguised. But if he could not catch the fugitives, he could revenge himself on the devoted ones who had shielded their flight at the peril of their own lives. The superioress was at work in the midst of the little remnant of her flock, when he rushed into the room, pistol in hand. A few words passed between them, angry on his part, calm and resolute on hers, then with an oath he left the room abruptly.

“I knew as well as if he had told me,” she said, “that he was gone to see if there was a vacant cell to put me in. I did not feel terrified—God gives such strong graces in moments like that!—but I felt the same kind of internal voice saying to me: Now is your time; take the others and fly!

“We hurried down the stairs just as we were and went out. We turned to the left, and walked on as fast as we could, without running, toward the *Gare du Nord*. We could hardly have turned the corner of the street when the director was in pursuit of us. *Les Détenues*, who saw us leave the house and take to the left, called out to him: To the right, citoyen! They are not forty yards ahead! He followed the direction, and this saved us. We reached the station just as the train was about to move. The guards saw us coming, and cried out to us to make haste and jump in. ‘But our tickets! We have not taken them!’ I said.

“‘Never mind, jump in! You will pay at the other end,’ and they hustled us into the nearest carriage. We had not seated ourselves when the director appeared on the platform pistol in hand, and crying out frantically to the train to stop. But it moved on, and landed us safely at Argenteuil.”

A few days after the *Sœurs Marie-Joseph* had cleared out from St. Lazare, the nuns of Picpus were taken there. This the superioress thought was one reason why the officials were anxious to get them out of their way; they meant to put the others there, and they did not want any inconvenient witnesses of their own proceedings.

When we had seen all that was to be seen in the vast building, the superioress took us to the private chapel of the community. It was formerly the cell of St. Vincent of Paul, that is to say, the space occupied by the sanctuary; the altar stands where his little bed used to be, and the window step is worn away by the pressure of his feet, when his increasing infirmities obliged him to have recourse to the solace of a footstool. The prison itself was formerly a Lazarist monastery; the refectory is exactly as it was in the time of St. Vincent, unchanged in all except its occupants; and the great, sombre corridors echoed for twenty years to the footsteps of the sweet apostle of charity. His memory is held in great veneration throughout the prison, and the population speak of him with a sort of rough, filial affectionateness that, the nuns told us, is often very touching; they seem to look on him as a friend who ought to stand by them.

I had nearly forgotten one incident in our visit that had a peculiar beauty of its own. We were passing by the open door of what seemed an infirmary; all the beds were occupied, and there were several nuns sitting in the room, when one of them ran out and said:

“Oh! *ma mère*, you will not pass without coming to say *bonjour* to our old women. Ever since they heard you were showing the house, they have been watching for you.”

The superioress said it was late, and she really had not time just now, but the nuns begged harder, and said that the old women knew she was going into retreat that evening, so they would not see her for eight days, and the old women, seeing they were in danger of being refused, began to cry out so piteously that the mother, asking us if we would not mind walking down the ward, yielded, and we went in. These old women are all infirm and incurable, and have been sent as such from one hospital or another to St. Lazare. Their delight when the superioress came in and spoke a word to each was almost rapturous. I stood to speak to one old soul, but instead of detailing her own aches and pains after the usual manner of those dear, blessed, garrulous poor people, she burst out confidentially into ecstatic praises of *notre mère*—how sweet and kind she was, and how she loved them all, and what she did for them, and what an angel she was altogether, “as indeed all the good sisters were,” the good soul made haste to assure us. We found, on comparing notes with our friends, that those to whom they spoke had improved the opportunity in the same way. It seemed quite a treat to them to find an audience for their grateful praises of the *Sœurs*. Indeed, as far as our view of them went, the Sisters of Marie-Joseph fully justify the love they receive so plentifully. The superioress is what the French would call *une maîtresse femme*, a combination of energy and gentleness, with a certain frank brightness of manner

that is very winning to a stranger, and must be a great help, independent of stronger agencies, in enabling her to win the confidence and disarm the rebellious spirit of the women she has to deal with. It was wonderful to watch her as she passed on from *salle* to *salle*, saying just the right little word to all of them, and bringing a smile on all the faces, old and young, good and bad. Her manner, while it was perfectly simple and familiar, never lost its dignity; but there was not the faintest shadow of that spirit which too often hinders the salutary influence of virtue over vice—keep off; for I am holier than you! With these infirm old women she was affectionate and caressing as a mother, petting them like children, and encouraging their fearless familiarity toward herself. They had been here all through the Commune, they told us, and witnessed from their windows—the infirmary is on the ground floor—all the scenes enacted in the court by *ces dames*, as they mockingly styled them, who had come to replace the *Sœurs*. But the worst of that terrible interval to them was the terror they were in of being burnt to death. They saw the flames rising on all sides from the conflagrations in the neighborhood of St. Lazare, and they were in momentary expectation of seeing the prison itself fired. The doors were opened for them to fly, but "*à quoi bon, puisque nous n'avions pas de jambes pour fuir?*" they observed jocosely. This was the last *salle* we saw. Before the superioress took leave of the incurables, she asked them to pray for the nuns during their retreat, which was to begin that evening. They promised in chorus that they would, and one said: "We will offer up all our suffering this week for the good sisters," and all the others pledged themselves to do the same.

So ended our visit to St. Lazare. It was a sad and yet an unutterably consoling one. We hear a great deal about the atheism and immorality and wickedness of Paris—and God knows there is plenty of them—but there is much also that is bright and pure and beautiful mixed up with the bad, if only we looked for it and proclaimed it. We would find the pearls of purity, and the rubies of charity, and the emeralds of hope, and the salt of the Holy Spirit, scattered everywhere amidst the general corruption, healing and redeeming it.

THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION [144]

The Labor Question has become one of the most formidable questions—perhaps the most formidable question—of the day; and the worst feature of the question is that, though it has been looming up in the distance for nearly a century, and constantly coming nearer and nearer, and more and more pressing for a solution, the statesmen, reformers, and philanthropists of no country seem to know what answer to give it, or how to treat it. There is no lack of nostrums, and every petty politician is ready with his “Morrison pill”; but no one gives a satisfactory diagnosis of the case, and the remedies offered or applied have served thus far only to aggravate the symptoms of the disease.

There is a very general conviction among the workingmen themselves that, in the distribution of the joint products of capital and labor, capital gets the lion’s share. Capitalists, or they who can command capital or its substitute, credit, grow rich, become millionaires, from the profits of the labor they employ, while the laborer himself, with the most rigid economy and frugality, can barely keep soul and body together, and not always even that. Yet, if we look at the millions deposited by the laboring classes in our savings-banks, and the large sums collected from them for eleemosynary and other purposes not necessarily included in the expenses of living, this statement seems exaggerated. Then, too, the majority of the millionaires with us, and, perhaps, in England and France, began life as workmen, or, at least, without capital and with very little credit.

It is not easy to say precisely what the special grievances of the workingmen are, at least in our country, since comparatively few of the wealthy or easy classes of to-day inherited their wealth, or had to start with any appreciable advantages, pecuniary, educational, or social, over their compeers who have remained in the proletarian class. The International Association of Workingmen do not tell us very distinctly what their special grievances are, nor can we gather them from the eloquent lecture of their mouthpiece, Mr. Wendell Phillips, the candidate of the labor unions of Massachusetts for governor of that state. The evils he complains of, if evils, grow out of what is called “modern civilization,” and seem to us to be inseparable from it. This is also clearly his opinion, and *The Dublin Review* shows that it is the view taken by the Internationals in England and France. Mr. Phillips says:

> “Modern civilization is grand in seeming large and generous in some of its results, but, at the same time, hidden within are ulcers that confront social science and leave it aghast. The students of social science, in every meeting that gathers itself, in every debate and discussion, confess themselves at their wits’ end in dealing with the great social evils of the day. Nobody that looks into the subject but recognizes the fact that the disease is very grave and deep; the superficial observer does not know the leak in the very body of the ship, but the captain and crew are suffering the anticipation of approaching ruin. Gentlemen, I am not here with the vain dream that we shall ever abolish poverty. My creed of human nature is too bitter for that. There will always be men that drink, and as long as there are such, there will always be poor men—shiftless men. There are always half-made men—nobody knows why they were born.

> “Is civilization a failure? Stretch out your gaze over all the civilized world. There are, perhaps, in Christendom two or three hundred millions of people, and one-half of them never have enough to eat. And even in this country one-half of the people have never had enough of mental food. All over the world one-half of Christendom starves either bodily or mentally. That is no exaggeration. You may go to France or England, and find a million of men that never saw meat once a year. Take your city, and go down into the very slums of existence, where human beings by the thousands live year in and year out in dwellings which no man in Fifth Avenue would trust his horses in for twelve hours. I will take the great social spectre that confronts social science the world over—prostitution, the social ulcer that eats into the nineteenth century. And everybody who studies the subject will confess that the great root from which it grows is that the poverty of one class makes it the victim of the wealth of another. Give woman her fair chance in her own fields of enterprise, and ninety-nine out of a hundred will disdain to buy diamonds and velvets with the wages of shame. Give man his fair chance in the world of labor and enterprise, and ninety-nine out of a hundred men will disdain to steal. The grog-shops of the great cities have always appointed the municipalities as their own standing, committees. And this is at once the cause and effect of the poverty of the masses. I have known men who were intemperate in Boston cured by being sent to Paris. Why? Because in the brighter life, the more generous stimulant, the great variety of interest in the European capital, he found something that called out his nobler nature, starved out his appetites. So it is with the intemperance of a nation; and to cure it, you must supplement their life with the stimulus of the soul. Why is it that three-fourths of the criminals are of the poorer classes? Why do the students of crime tell you that when you have taken out about fifteen per cent. of the criminals, consisting of the enterprising, energetic, and intelligent, the rest are below par bodily and mentally? Because they are the children, grandchildren, or great-grandchildren of persons who were bodily and mentally weak. Out of these weak ones the devil selects his best tools. Feed that class better, and you will empty your prisons.”

This plainly enough attributes the evils the workingmen seek to remedy to modern civilization, which enables the few to become rich and leaves the many poor, destitute, festering in ignorance and vice. M. Desmoulins, in his *Apology for the Internationals*, as quoted by *The Dublin Review*, says: “The Parisian Red, far from being out of the pale of

human nature, is only a spontaneous product of what is pompously styled modern civilization—a civilization that, resting to this hour on war between nation and nation, town and town, farm and farm, men and men, is still in many respects sheer barbarism.” As far as we are able to collect the views of the Association, it attributes the undefined grievances of the proletarian class to no one specific cause, but to modern civilization in general. In this, if the workingmen confine their objection to material civilization—the only civilization the age boasts or recognizes—we are not disposed to quarrel with them. Yet we all remember the outcry raised in all classes of society and from all quarters against the Holy Father, because he refused to form an alliance of the church with modern civilization, and for his supposed condemnation of it in the Syllabus. The International Association of Workingmen, whose members are spread over nearly the whole world, and are numbered by millions, is a vast organized revolt against this boasted civilization of this nineteenth century. And so far it is not wholly without excuse, and even much may be said in its defence, though their proposed substitute for it may be utterly indefensible.

Modern material civilization, dating from the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, and more especially from the accession of the House of Hanover to the English throne, and the accession to power in England of what in the time of Swift and Addison was called the Urban party—money-changers, bankers, traders, merchants, and manufacturers—has been based on capital employed in trade and industry, in opposition to capital invested in land and agriculture. It is a shopkeeping and manufacturing and maritime civilization, essentially and eminently a burgher civilization, and resulting especially in the burgher class, or, as the French say, the *bourgeoisie*. A civilization based on material interests, and proposing the multiplication and amassing of material goods, necessarily produces the state of things which excites the opposition of Mr. Phillips and the Internationals. It creates necessarily an antagonism between the interests of capital and labor, and therefore between the employers, as representatives of capital, and the employed, or workmen. The interest of capital is to get labor at as low a rate of wages as possible; the interest of labor is to get as high a rate of wages as possible. This antagonism is inevitable.

Employers in vain pretend that the interests of capital and labor are the same. They are not so under a civilization based on Mammon, or under a civilization that seeks only the advancement of material interests, and invests capital only for the sake of material profit. In the struggle, the stronger party, under a material system, is always sure to succeed. And this is always the party of capital; for labor seeks employment to live—capital, for profit or gain; and the capitalist can forego profit more easily than labor can forego employment, since to live is more urgent than to gain. This secures the advantage always to the capitalist. The inequality which necessarily results cannot be overcome by equality of suffrage, or the extension of suffrage to the proletarian class, as politicians pretend; for, though numbers may triumph at the polls, the stronger interest, as our American experience proves, is sure to carry the victory in the halls of legislation. “The stronger interest in a country,” said Mr. Calhoun to the writer, “always in the long run wields the power of the country.”

Universal suffrage, which was defended on the ground that it would tend to protect labor against capital, has in fact a contrary tendency, and in practice almost invariably favors capital. The whole of our legislation—which so favors capital or its substitute, credit, or which mortgages the future for the present, and makes debt supply the place of capital, covers the towns with money or business corporations, and builds up huge monopolies—has grown up under a system of universal suffrage. In an age and country where material interests predominate, what the people, capitalists or proletarians, ask of government is, laws that facilitate the acquisition of wealth; but when such laws are enacted, not more than one man in a hundred can avail himself of the facilities they afford.

The great scientific discoveries of which we boast, and which have wrought such marvellous changes in our modern industrial world, were, as to their principles, made in a less material age than the present, before the modern burgher civilization was fairly inaugurated; but their application to the mechanic arts, to production and transportation, whether by sea or land, has been made since, and chiefly within the last one hundred years. The introduction of labor-saving machinery has, to an extent not easily estimated, superseded human labor, broken up the small domestic industries, as carding, spinning, and weaving, carried on in the bosom of the family, and securing it a modest independence, and small farming, carried on chiefly by the father and his sons, and built up in their place large industries and large farming, beyond the reach of people of no means or small means but their labor, and in which human labor is employed only in the form of labor at wages. The introduction of machinery, or the working of mills or farms by machinery driven by steam or by horse-power, requires capital, or an outlay possible only to large capital or combinations of small capital. Take, for instance, the steam carder, spinner, and weaver; the mule, jenny, and power-loom; the patent mower, reaper, and horse-rake; threshing and winnowing machines—hardly any of them heard of or only beginning to be heard of in our own boyhood, at least in this country; take the railway and the locomotive—and you can easily see that modern industry, and in a measure even agriculture, fall necessarily into the hands of large capitalists, individual or corporate, and cannot be prosecuted on a small scale, at least profitably. We have corporations for condensing milk and making butter and cheese, regardless of our youthful friend the dairymaid, and for supplying us with ice. Perhaps nothing has tended so much to enlarge the inequality between capital and labor as the introduction of labor-saving machinery in nearly all branches of industry.

We do not make war on labor-saving machinery, which, we have heard it said, increases the power of capital six hundred million fold, though that seems to us hardly credible. We could not now do well without it. We could not well dispense with our cotton and woollen factories, and go back to the hand-cards, and spinning-wheel, and hand-loom which, in our own boyhood, were in every farmer's house; but we cannot forget that the independence of the laborer—now a laborer at wages, and obliged to make cash payments for what he consumes—has gone with them to the advantage of the capitalist. We could not well dispense with railways, and yet there is no denying that they are monopolies, that labor cannot compete with them, and that they impose a heavy tax on labor. They also tend to convert the independent laborer into a workman at wages, and the freeman into the slave of machinery, to enrich a few railway presidents and directors, and stock-jobbers. Then, those great corporations, without souls, are not only stronger than the laborer, but stronger than the government. No great feudal lords in France or England were ever more formidable to the crown than such corporations as the Pennsylvania Central, the New York Central, the Union Pacific, with our National Bank system, are to the government, state or general. Neither state legislatures nor Congress can control them, and they have already made both simply their factor or agent.

There is a truth which cannot be denied expressed in the following paragraph from Mr. Phillips' lecture:

> "Now, look at it. You say, why do you find fault with civilization? Tonight is a cold night, and you will go home to parlors and chambers warmed with the coal of Pennsylvania. Why don't you have it here for $3 and $4 a ton? Why don't you have it here at an advance of $1 or $2 over what it is sold for at the mouth of the pit? Because of the gigantic corporations and vast organizations of wealth. The capitalists gather three or four millions of tons in your city—sell it when they please, at such rates as they please, and the poor man struggling for his bread is the sufferer. A rich man is careful; he won't put his foot in any further than allows of its being pulled back. If he heard a groan coming from the people at something he did, he would withdraw his investment, for nothing is more timid than wealth. But let that man take $100,000 or so and put it in with nine others, and make a capital of $1,000,000; then he is as bold as Julius Cæsar. He will starve out 13,000 coal miners. The London *Spectator* says that the colossal strength of Britain has reason to dread the jointure of $456,000,000 of railroad capital. How much more should America have reason to dread such combinations, when Britain has more than ten times our wealth!"

Yet is there not some compensation to the proletarian class in the very system which tends so fearfully to increase their numbers and dependence? Grant that coal might be delivered from the mines in Pennsylvania in this city at $3 a ton; but suppose there were no railroads and no railway monopolies, could or would coal from the same mines be delivered in this city as cheap as it now is? Suppose there were no railways between this city and the great West, would wheat, flour, beef, pork, and the other necessaries of life be cheaper for the laboring class in this city than they now are? Railway companies may charge exorbitant rates of freight, and yet the laboring classes get the chief necessaries of life cheaper than they would, other things being equal or unchanged, without them. Those things might be cheaper in the localities where they are produced, but not elsewhere. The evil of these monopolies and corporations is not so much in the enhanced cost of living chargeable to them, as their multiplication of the class dependent on capital for employment; and in their power to shape the action of the government to their special interests. It is far better for the workman to depend on a single wealthy individual who is likely to have a soul than on a soulless corporation. The combination of capital in corporations for industrial or trading purposes founds an aristocracy, or ruling class, far more humiliating and crushing to the class below them than aristocracies founded on land and birth, education and manners.

This is the view taken by the Internationals. They war specially against the rule of the burgher class, which is now supreme in society, as formerly were the church, kings, and nobilities. In this opposition to the rule of the burgher class, supposing the means and methods of their warfare just and honorable, we confess we might sympathize with the Internationals, as we have always sympathized with the working-classes. We never have been able to get up much liking for an aristocracy based on Mammon, who, Milton tells us, was the meanest of all the angels that fell, and who, even in heaven, went about head down, and his eyes fixed on the gold of heaven's pavement. It is well for no country when its ruling class are the moneyed or business class. Yet it would be difficult to say, as to our country at least, what class can be better trusted with the government, or what class has more virtue, more nobility of sentiment, chivalric feeling, nobler aims, or higher purpose. Nothing better from the proletarian class could be expected, and, judging from the Paris Commune, nothing so good. The workingmen have all the love of money, all the sordid passions, low views, and degrading vices that can be charged to the burgher class, and, perhaps, fewer redeeming qualities. Civilization has descended to the burgher. What would it gain by descending to the proletary? But let us listen once more to Mr. Phillips:

> "I think our civilization is better than anywhere in the world. Now, gentlemen, you say to me, What do you intend to do? Every man has a different theory, and I have no panacea. My theory is only this: I know that a wrong system exists, and that the only method in these states of turning the brains of the country on one side is to bring it into conflict, and organize a party. If I should ask one of your editors to-night to let me indite an article on labor and capital, very likely he would refuse me, or if he granted it, it might

> be because a fanatic like me would sell a copy or two. But if you will give me 50,000 votes on one side, and the balance impartially divided between your Fentons and Conklings and Seymours, I will show you every journal in the city of New York discussing the question with me. Labor is too poor to edit a column in a New York journal, but when it comes in the shape of votes, then those same journals cannot afford to disregard it. Now, let us organize it. The ultimate view which we aim at is co-operation, where there is no labor as such, and no capital as such—where every man is interested proportionately in the results. How will you reach it? Only by grappling with the present organizations of power in the nation. It is money that rivets the chains of labor. If I could, I would abolish every moneyed corporation in the thirty states. Yet I am not certain that that would be a wise measure, because it seems probable that the business of the nineteenth century can hardly be carried on without corporations; but if it be true that facility and cheapness of production are solely to be reached by the machinery of corporations, then I say, gentlemen, that the statesmanship of this generation is called upon to devise some method by which wealth may be incorporated and liberty saved. Pennsylvania has got to find out some method by which Harrisburg may exist without being the tail to the kite of the Pennsylvania Central.
>
> "I think, in the first place, we ought to graduate taxes. If a man has a thousand dollars a year and pays a hundred, the man that has five thousand a year ought to pay five hundred. I would have a millionaire with forty millions of dollars taxed so highly that he would only have enough to live comfortably upon."

That our civilization is the best in the world, it is patriotic to believe, and under several aspects it no doubt is so, or at least was so, a few years ago; but the burgher influence, which decides the action of government, is fast preventing this from continuing to be so. We were intended by nature to be a great agricultural people, and we have labored with all the force of the government and artificial contrivances to become, spite of nature, a great manufacturing and commercial people, like the people of Great Britain, as if our territory were as limited as that of the British Isles. Whatever advantages we possessed over the nations of the Old World in the beginning, we owed to the extent, cheapness, and fertility of our vast tracts of unoccupied lands, which enabled the working-man, after a few years of labor at wages, to become a land-owner, and to become the cultivator of his own Sabine farm. But the influence of the ruling classes, with its chief seats in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, has been steadily exerted since 1824 to deprive the country of these advantages, and to create as large a proletarian class as possible, so that no doubt, if, aside from the vast public works, or rather, the so-called internal improvements undertaken by private corporations, and which give for the time employment to large numbers of workmen, skilled and unskilled, we now offer any advantages to the laborer over those he has abroad—at any rate, if we do, those advantages are fast disappearing.

We are no more favorable to the system of corporations than is Mr. Phillips; and the writer of this for years opposed with whatever abilities he had their creation and multiplication. He did so till he saw opposition could avail nothing to check their growth. No opposition can avail anything now, since the abolition of slavery has, in a great measure, identified the great planting interests of the South with the burgher interests of the North, as it was intended to do. For this Mr. Phillips is himself in no small degree responsible, and as an International, or a leader in the labor movement, he is only trying to undo what he hoped to do as an abolitionist. Philanthropy is an excellent sentiment when directed by practical wisdom and knowledge; but, when blindly followed, it creates a hundredfold more evil than it can cure, even if successful in its special aims. Even Mr. Phillips doubts if the corporation system can be safely abolished. We tell him there is no power in the country that can abolish it, because it governs the general government and nearly all the state governments. Give Mr. Phillips the fifty thousand votes he asks for, and the party he wishes to organize, he would, no doubt, become a power in elections, and could command an important place in the government for himself, and places also for his friends; but, however important the place to which he might be elected or appointed, he would find himself impotent to effect anything against the system he opposes, or in favor of the system he approves.

Mr. Phillips tells us that his main reliance is on the "education of the masses." So do we, only we protest against calling the people who have rational souls "the masses," as if they were piles or heaps of brute matter. But education given by the burgher civilization as educator, or suffered to be freely given by it, will tend to perpetuate that civilization, or the very system, social and industrial, which Mr. Phillips and the Internationals war against, not to displace or reform it. Let the education of all the children of the land be entrusted to a society whose principles were so admirably summed up and approved by a former governor of Massachusetts, namely, "Let the government take care of the rich, and the rich will take care of the poor," how much would the education given do to elevate or meliorate that society? No order of civilization or society ever does or ever can educate in reference to a higher ideal than its own. Hence the reason why the state or secular society cannot be a fit educator of children and youth, and why all education can be safely entrusted only to the spiritual society whose ideal is the God-man, perfect, and the highest conceivable.

Purely secular education proceeds on the assumption that men and nations always act as well as they know, or that all individuals and nations will act uniformly in reference to their own interests so far as they know them—an assumption disproved by every one's daily experience, as well as by the universal experience of mankind. Mr. Phillips ought to know that men who ought to know better are often carried away by their lusts, their passions, the

force of events, and social and other influences, to act in direct opposition to their better judgment. There are comparatively few of us who cannot say with the heathen poet:

"Video meliora, proboque,
Deteriora sequor."

Men do wrong or fail to follow the right less from ignorance than from passion and infirmity of will. Society could not subsist if founded on what the philosophers in the last century called enlightened self-interest, or what Jeremy Bentham called "utility," or "the greatest happiness" principle. What is wanted is something stronger than interest, something stronger than passion, which, while it enlightens the intellect, gives invincible firmness to the will.

The only power that can control this system, the evils of which Mr. Phillips points out, while its social and industrial tendencies he deplores, and adjust the various conflicting interests of society on the principles of justice and equity, is and must be supernatural. The English system of checks and balances, of restraining or balancing one interest by another, is a delusion, as the failure of the experiment fully proves. It restrains the weaker interests, but strengthens the stronger, makes the rich richer, and the poor poorer, and hence in no country do you find larger accumulations of wealth, and side by side with them a deeper or more widespread poverty or more squalid wretchedness. There are no resources in the order of nature for a people that adopts the burgher system, and makes material interests the great aim of life, from which power can be drawn adequate to overcome the evils of the system against which the Internationals wage their relentless war. We can find no deliverance in the natural order, and must seek it, if anywhere, in the supernatural, that is, in religion—and in a religion that speak with a supernatural authority, infuses into the soul a supernatural energy, and lifts it above the world and its systems or civilizations, above all earthly goods, and fixes its affections on the Unseen and the Eternal—a religion that gives light to the intellect and firmness to the will. It is only education in and by this religion that can avail anything.

But religion is precisely what the Internationals reject, hate, or despise—what the great body of the workmen in our towns, cities, and manufacturing villages have ceased to believe, and even with those of the so-called proletarian class generally who do not formally reject religion, it has ceased to be a power, to have any hold on the conscience, and has become a vague tradition or a lifeless form. It is pretty much the same with the burgher class, and was so with them before it was so with the proletarian class. Modern civilization itself is based on atheism, or the purely material order. Hence the evils the Internationals seek to remedy are the natural and inevitable result of the new order of civilization, not yet two centuries old. The Internationals see it, and make war on the existing civilization for that very reason. But on what principles, and in what interest? On the principles and in the interests of that very civilization itself. Their success would simply oust the burgher and put the proletary in his place. They introduce or propose not a higher and a nobler civilization, but, so far as there is any difference, a still lower and more degrading civilization.

The revolution that has been going on in society since the close of the fourteenth century has had several phases. The first phase was the union of the burghers and the sovereigns against the Pope and the feudal nobility, and resulted in the triumph of absolute monarchy in the sixteenth century and the seventeenth. The second phase was the union of the burghers, or the *tiers état*, and the people or a portion of them against monarchy and the church, which issued in establishing the supremacy of the burghers. The third phase is that in the midst of which we now are, and is—monarchy and the church gone or assumed to be gone—that of the proletaries against burghers. Neither of the preceding phases of the revolution effected the good hoped for, or satisfied the revolutionary appetite, but really aggravated the social evils it was sought to remedy. The friends of the revolution said it did not go far enough, and stopped short of the mark. It has now descended to the bottom, to the lowest stratum, or to the lowest deep, and proposes to wrest the power from the burgher class and rest it in the proletarian class. It is some consolation to know that we at length have reached the last phase of the revolution, and that after its failure, as fail it will, nothing worse is to be feared. "When things are at worst, they sometimes mend."

The principal objection to the Internationals is not that they oppose what is called modern civilization, or that they seek to remedy undeniable social evils; but that they seek to do it on false principles, by inadequate means, and unlawful and even horrible methods, and can only lose even by success.

The International has absorbed all the other labor unions, and may be said to represent the whole proletarian class in Europe and America, and its leaders are avowed atheists; they reject the entire supernatural order, disdain or contemn all forms of religion, and seek to redress the material by the material. This alone is sufficient in itself to condemn them. They reject not only religion, but also government, or the entire political and civil order. They will have no God, no king, no aristocracy, no democracy, no law, no court, no judges, but simply —we can hardly say what. Practically, they will fall under the authority of irresponsible and despotic leaders, governing in the name of nobody, and by their own passions or interests alone. They may aim at positive results, but at present their means are only adequate to the work of destruction. Thus an organized and secret, and, when practicable, open war on all religion, on God, on all authority, all law, and especially on capital or individual property.

What positive result is to follow, Mr. Phillips confesses his inability to tell.

From Mr. Phillips we learn that they aim at the destruction of the whole modern industrial system, and propose that the workmen shall take possession of the establishments created by capitalists, incorporated or not, and run them on their own account, and share the profits among themselves, without any indemnification to the owners. As to land, no individual is to own it or any portion of it—it is to be made common, and open, as to the usufruct, to any one who chooses to occupy it. Mr. Phillips says:

> "I have another proposition. I think when a man has passed five years in the service of a corporation, though he may not have bought a dollar of its stock, he is in a certain sense a stockholder. He has put his labor and persistency there, and I think every man who has been employed in a corporation for a year or two should have a voice in its financial management. In Japan, when a man dies, his land is left to the state. Do you not think that is a wiser plan than ours? The land becomes more valuable through the labor of the whole country, and not by that of the man who eats off of it. Our great hope in the future is in the education of the masses, for they will yet be our rulers. New York stood aghast at the defalcation of millions of dollars, but will you submit to be robbed of hundreds of millions by monopolists? Fifth Avenue cannot afford to let the Five Points exist. You cannot get wealth enough to fortify you against discontented ignorance within your reach. The lesson taught by Chicago is that wealth cannot afford to neglect poverty."

How the matter would be adjusted if two or more men should happen to insist on occupying the same house and lot we do not know. They would all have an equal right, or one would have as good a right to it as another, and, there being no authority, no law, and none of them having any moral or religious principle, they would most likely, all having the pride and obstinacy natural to the human heart, be obliged to settle the question by fighting it out, and leaving the house and lot as the prize to the victor. Might or craft would then settle the right. Society and mankind would fall back into a state of war, in which might is the only rule of right, and which Hobbes contends was their natural state, out of which they were happy to get by the surrender of all their natural rights or natural liberty to any one who would consent to be their king, and in return would maintain them in a state of peace.

The Paris Commune, endorsed by Mr. Phillips, and which was led on and approved by the Internationals, tells us not only the principles of the Association, but its method of carrying them out and reducing them to practice. We cite here a passage from *The Dublin Review* on the principles and spirit of the Commune:

> "M. Auguste Desmoulins is one of those fanatical believers in the infallibility of the unknown, to whom the past is all superstition, the present all corruption, and the future the one reality of life. He is inaccessible to conviction either in the way of holy water or the way of petroleum; and with him, as with all those of his school, the mind has become so far softened that the terminology which has hitherto served not merely among Christians and Jews, but among such heathens as the Greeks and Romans, the Turks, the Indians, the Red Indians, to distinguish between right and wrong, has ceased to convey a meaning. The world is not a mere Babel of tongues nowadays: it is, outside the church, a far worse Babel of thought. In the following passage, which really sums up the argument of his paper in a sufficiently trenchant and complete form, M. Desmoulins does not hesitate to convey his opinion that the coveting of one's neighbor's goods is suggested by, or at least connected with, a sentiment of justice; that the daily bread earned by labor is much more keenly enjoyed by a man who does not believe in God, or heaven, or hell; and that as neither the French workman nor his master believes in a future state, it is only natural and quite right that the workman should heal the difference between them here by robbery:
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> "'The Parisian workman is often obliged to visit the handsome quarters of the town, while new buildings are ever thrusting him further away beyond the old barriers into vile habitations. In this condition, which is made for him. anything helps to irritate him. How can he find content in a home that is narrow, ill-lighted, foul, nearly without air, when he compares this wretched hole, for which he pays so dear, with the sumptuous chambers that he has either built or decorated in the rich quarters? It is easy to denounce in eloquent homilies the spirit of envy that devours the lower classes. We should recognize that a true notion of justice mixes with the feeling.
>
> "'The desire to enjoy the fruits of his labor is especially likely to spring up in the mind of the French workman, who does not believe, any more than his master, in the reparations of a future life; who does not perceive for the right of the master any other sanction than the material fact of possession; and whom, besides, universal suffrage invests with a share of sovereignty equal to that of the capitalist. Whatever may be said by those who have been justly called mammonite writers, we can easily understand that the proletary who has just given his vote finds it hard to resign himself to social serfage at the very moment when he feels himself politically sovereign. This striking contrast between his rights as citizen and his condition of pariah in society, accompanies him everywhere, reproduces itself in every act of his life, and adds a perpetual gloom to exhausting labor and never-abating privations.'
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> "This passage contains the essence of M. Desmoulins' apology for the Commune; and it supplies, we submit, matter for reflection in its every line. The statesmen and the classes in society who delight in seeing the influence of religion weakened or destroyed, never seem to realize until it is too late that they are sure to be the especial victims of their own success. The great truths of life hang together and sustain each other:
>
> 'All is contained in each:
> Dodona's forest in an acorn's cup.'
>
> The man who scorns to love God, how shall he continue to love his neighbor? The man who has said, 'There is no God,' is he not on the point of also saying, 'Lust is lawful,'

‘Property is robbery’?”

We copy also from the same *Review* a letter from General Cluseret from this city to a member of the Society:

“New York, 17th February.

“My Dear Varlin: I have just received your welcome letter of the 2d. It explains the delay in replying to my application. Need I say that I accept, and will set to work at once in endeavoring to be useful to my brethren in poverty and toil? The newspaper which I told you of is not yet established. I think it better not to renew my attempts in that direction, considering the late events in France, and the numerous letters I have received from my friends, who are unanimous in recalling me to Europe.

“In all probability, I shall be there next summer, but, in the interval, I shall have arranged international relations between the different French and American groups, and selected one person or several persons (at the discretion of the French committee) of proved zeal and capability, to replace me. As you say, we shall surely, infallibly triumph if we persist in demanding success from our organization. But we must remember that the aim of our Association is to associate (*solidariser*) the greatest number for action. Let us, then, be liberal; let us round off our angles; let us be really brethren, not in words, but in deeds; let not such mere terms as doctrine and individuality separate those whom common suffering, which means a common interest, has united: we are all and all, we must acknowledge that; if we are beaten, it is our own fault. I have not been able to picture our people to myself during the late troubles. What has been the attitude of the workmen’s societies, and what are their present dispositions? Certainly, we must not sacrifice our ideas to politics, but we must not detach ourselves from them, even momentarily. In my mind, the meaning of all that is going on is simply this, that the Orleans are slipping little by little close to power, and paring his nails for L. N., so that one fine morning they will merely have to substitute themselves for him.

“Now, we ought to be ready, physically and morally, for that day. *On that day, we, or nothing*. Until then I shall probably remain quiet, *but on that day, I affirm*—and you know my ‘Nay’ never means ‘Yea’—*Paris shall be ours, or Paris shall exist no longer*. This will be the decisive moment for the accession of the people.—Yours ever, Cluseret.

“You are mistaken in believing, for a moment, that I am neglecting the socialist in favor of the political movement. No; it is only from a purely socialistic point of view I am pursuing the revolutionary work; but you must thoroughly know we can do nothing in the direction of social reform if the old political system be not annihilated. Let us not forget that at this moment the Empire exists merely in name, and that government consists in party abuse. If, under these grave circumstances, the socialist party permits itself to be lulled to sleep by the abstract theory of sociological science, *we may wake up one fine morning to find ourselves under new masters, more dangerous for us than those we have at present, because they would be younger, and consequently more vigorous and more powerful*.”

We have personally known General (?) Cluseret, and we know him to be a man who acts from deliberation, not impulse, who means what he says, and who can be restrained from going straight to his end by no religious principle, moral scruple, or sentiment of mercy, pity, or compassion. His disposition is as stern and inexorable as a physical law of nature. When he threatened to burn Paris rather than surrender it, he meant it, and he was the man to do it or to see that it was done if within the limits of the possible. Mr. Phillips seems also to appear, at least, to threaten incendiarism as a means of accomplishing his purpose. What means this, the closing sentence of his lecture: “The lesson taught by Chicago is that wealth cannot afford to neglect poverty”? Does this mean that the Internationals burnt Chicago? or does it simply mean that other cities may be burnt as well as Chicago, and will be, if wealth continues to neglect poverty or refuses to yield to the demands of the International Association of Workingmen? This gives the question a startling aspect. Certain it is that the Association holds itself free to introduce its socialism or communism by murder, assassination, robbery, plunder, and conflagration at the pleasure or dictation of its chiefs. Take the following letter, read and endorsed by Mr. Phillips before a New York audience:

“Before proceeding to speak of it, you will allow me to read a notice which has been placed in my hand, and in the object of which I sympathize cordially, because the great foreign movement can be commemorated by it. The French Commune has always seemed to me to deserve the cordial respect of every lover of the progress of the masses throughout the world. I have no doubt that in due time its good name will be vindicated, and its leaders lifted to the unqualified respect of the civilized world. The notice I hold in my hand is as follows:

“‘*To the Workingmen of New York, friends of humanity, enemies of bloodshed, and lovers of justice*: Citizens! The recent barbarous executions in France, in cold blood, six months after all struggles are over, and the ferocity with which the conquerors pursue their victims, are a disgrace and shame to humanity. We must not allow the human race to be stained by the shedding of its own blood without a protest. You, workingmen, would you let your friends the workingmen be murdered because they have defended our rights in any part of the world? No! certainly not without raising your voice and making it heard across the ocean. To give effect to these purposes, a grand funeral procession will take place in New York on Sunday, the 10th of December, at 1 o’clock, forming opposite the Cooper Institute. All men, without distinction of party, of race, of nationality, friends of justice and freedom, are invited to join. By order of the Committee of Arrangements of the Federal Council.’

“I hope every man who loves his fellow will show himself there. There was never nobler

> blood shed, never more high-minded and disinterested effort made in the long history of Freedom’s struggle, than in Paris, when, in defiance of all the oligarchies of Europe, that city stood up for the individual and for liberty in the nineteenth century.”

The impudence of the writers of this letter is sublime, and only surpassed by that of the lecturer in endorsing it. Why, these fellows would persuade us that they are “enemies of bloodshed and lovers of justice,” meek as lambs, timid as sheep, and harmless as doves—they who, without a shadow of justice or excuse, made the streets of Paris run with the blood of the innocent, the noble, and the saintly. “Enemies of bloodshed”!—they whose hands are reeking with blood! Yes, to having their own blood shed, but not to the shedding of the blood of others. “Enemies of bloodshed and lovers of justice”! Good God! can hypocrisy or self-delusion go so far? Let the assassination of Generals Le Comte and Clement Thomas, the horrible murders, when it was known that the cause of the Commune was lost, of the holy and unoffending Archbishop of Paris, of Jesuit fathers, and a dozen Dominican friars and lay brothers, to say nothing of other murders hardly less horrible, reply to that false pretence. It would seem that these miscreants count for nothing the blood they shed without authority, in violation of law, religion, morality, and every principle of justice, and every sentiment of humanity; it is only when justice overtakes them, and, after trial and conviction by legitimate authority, orders them and their fellow-criminals to be shot or sends them to the guillotine in punishment for their crimes, that they have a horror of bloodshed! Then, and only then, they ring out their dastard cry against injustice and for the sympathy of that humanity they have so greatly outraged! The men who have been executed by the government at Versailles deserved their fate—men without a single virtue or noble quality except personal bravery in face of death. Deluded were they? Yes, as every great criminal, murderer, or assassin is deluded.

What most excites our indignation is to find an educated and refined American gentleman, of no mean ability and rare eloquence, and past middle age, coming forward before an American audience to express in a written lecture deep and unreserved sympathy with, and approval of, these horrors and abominations, equal to those of ‘93, and applauded by his auditors for such an outrage on common morality and decency. Yet it is no more than we might have been prepared for, since Mr. Phillips only gave a logical expression to the principles he had always defended as an abolitionist; and while there are fools enough among us who imagine that the issues of the war have endorsed them and they have been sanctioned by the God of battles. We love our country, and have been proud of our countrymen; but, if they have fallen so low as to applaud the Paris Commune and its horrid butcheries and profanations, we can only say, Alas for them!

It may have become unsafe to oppose the Internationals, since the police has taken them under its protection, and granted them their impudent demands. We are surrounded by Internationals—our city is at the mercy of men who are restrained by no law, by no religion, by no morality, by no sentiment of humanity, from using any means or methods they judge likely to serve their ends, and New York is hardly less wealthy and more combustible than Paris. Herein is there a grave danger. At its head are men who are in dead earnest, desperate men, who shrink from nothing likely to further their ends. We are not surprised that Prussia and Austria have taken the alarm—consulted together as to the means of protecting themselves and society against their machinations. France keeps them in check only by her army, and knows not how soon even the army may fraternize with them—and fraternize with them it certainly will if it loses all hope of restoring the Empire or the monarchy. Great Britain is now using them, but will soon find herself obliged to suppress them, as she did or as she attempted to suppress the Thugs in India, if she means to preserve her institutions. Here they will make trouble, for each party will bid for their votes, and fear to offend them for fear of losing an election; but they can acquire less power out of our cities here than elsewhere, unless they enroll in their ranks the recently emancipated negroes, and rouse their savage instincts to dispossess the planters and to take possession of their plantations; for the passion for individual property is too strong in our agricultural laborers, and the facilities for individuals to rise from proletaries to capitalists, or to the ownership of land, are too great to afford them, when it comes to the test, any appropriate support. Yet they will confuse our politics, corrupt still more the morals of our community, and defeat any wise and salutary action of the government. They will strengthen the burgher class and corporations in towns by compelling many who are not favorable to these classes and interests to support them, as the only means left of saving society from lapsing into complete barbarism.

We shall probably return at an early day to this subject, for it is really the great question of the hour.

[144] 1. *The Dublin Review.* Article IX.: The International Society. London. October, 1871.

2. *The Labor Movement.* Lecture of Wendell Phillips. Steinway Hall. *New York Tribune*, Dec. 7, 1871.

ON CATHOLIC LIBRARIES.

It must be confessed that the Catholics of this country, in proportion to their numerical strength and untiring zeal for the interests of religion, do not present that proportionately large class of readers which we find among the Protestant sects. Their exertions in building churches, schools, and charitable institutions have been beyond all praise, and have constantly elicited the admiration and astonishment of their opponents; but as yet very little organized effort has been made by the influential portion of the laity to place within easy reach of their humbler co-religionists the means of cheap and instructive reading. The more intelligent and wealthy are too often content to purchase a few standard Catholic works, and after perusing them with more or less attention place them with their other books on the shelves of their libraries, there to remain secluded from public view, and of comparatively little value to any person but their owners. The less favored class, who for obvious reasons are unable to indulge in this luxury, are still practically cut off from one of the chief sources of knowledge and amusement—good books—and are necessarily compelled from uncontrollable circumstances to go through life with their minds and tastes undeveloped, and their time dissipated in idleness, or wasted over the trashy and deleterious contents of the many cheap story newspapers and novels which the American press is constantly scattering broadcast over the land.

This melancholy fact is most observable in the ranks of our adult immigrant population, who, coming from countries where education was almost unattainable, money scarce, and books dear, have not generally acquired either ability or taste for reading, though it has been remarked that even among them, when an opportunity is at all presented, the desire for information is excited in a remarkable degree, and only requires a reasonable impetus to develop it still more. Still, from the fact of their usually limited means and comparatively unsettled modes of life, they are as yet unable to purchase or retain any appreciable collection of desirable publications.

The remedy for this defect in our growing Catholic society lies, in our opinion, in the formation of local libraries, suitable in variety and extent to the wants and capacity of particular localities. There are at least twenty-five hundred centres of Catholic population in America where very respectable collections of books could be purchased and placed in some safe and accessible place, say in the school-rooms or church basements, and half as many more, particularly in our Western settlements, where at least a few good books would be of great advantage to the hardy tillers of the soil, and where, even if there be no public place to deposit them, there is always some prominent settler who would willingly assume the honorary office of librarian. Experiments of both plans have been tried in many of our large city parishes, and in a few isolated instances in the country, with marked success.

The advantages of libraries conducted on this system are numerous, and ought to be apparent to every one, not the least of which would be *cheapness*. Let us suppose, for instance, that, in any given locality, fifty persons would each subscribe two dollars. This would create a capital of one hundred dollars, or sufficient to purchase, on an average, one hundred and fifty volumes, great and small, of readable books, from any of our large publishing-houses in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore. Thus, for two dollars, a subscriber would have, for reading or reference, the practical ownership of works at least fifty times the value of his contribution, and, by charging new members a small fee for the use of each volume, a fund might be created to purchase new books as they appeared from time to time. In this manner, and with proper attention, a library of dimension commensurate with the growing wants of the neighborhood would be brought into existence without much expense to any particular class of the community.

But the moral effect of the establishment of such small centres of intelligence would be incomparably greater. For the adults, it would at once be an attraction and a source of occupation, tending powerfully to withdraw them from those pursuits, not always edifying, in which unoccupied minds too often indulge, to the detriment of their health and morals. It would be the means of generating a taste for mental improvement, and of making them more confident among their companions, and more proficient and reflective in their various pursuits; for it is a well-recognized truth, that as a man, be he artisan, trader, or farmer, acquires those habits of thought which can only be derived from study, he becomes more skilful and methodical in his peculiar calling. The youth of both sexes, however, would reap the greatest advantages. There are hundreds of thousands of children of Catholic parents among us who can read, and, what is more, *will* read. The young American mind, no matter of what parentage, is a hungry and an investigating mind, and must have some sort of food, do or say what we will. If it cannot have good literary food, it will have what is poisonous, and in this lies the secret of the success of the sensational story papers, and the no less deleterious tales that, in a few years, have made fortunes for their publishers. It is well known that one of the former class, published in this city, boasts of a weekly circulation of three hundred thousand copies, and another of nearly as great a number. If we go into the large workshops of the principal cities, or the factories of New England, where so many young persons are engaged, at the hour allotted for dinner we will see every second boy and girl devouring with more eagerness than their food the contents of some flashy journal or specimen of what is generally known as “yellow-covered literature,” in which vice is hidden under a thin veil of romance only to make it the more seductive. Now, the way to check this

insidious and widespread evil is not by complaining of or railing at it, but by placing within easy reach, and in accessible places sound and attractive Catholic works. The impetuous mind of youth may be compared to a rapid stream, which, dammed up or checked in its career, is sure sooner or later to overflow its boundaries to the destruction of its surroundings, but which, if its course is directed by skilful and experienced hands, not only ceases to be dangerous, but becomes a source of usefulness and power. To give this direction to the expanding intellect of the rising generation, and to turn to good use what might by neglect or repression become an evil and a curse, is one of the first and plainest duties of parents, for the proper performance of which they will be held to a strict accountability. It is not enough for them to see that their offspring attend church on Sundays and holy-days, that they go to Sunday-school regularly, and say their prayers night and morning, if they allow them afterwards to ponder from hour to hour over sickly romances; nor will it serve to send their children to school to learn to spell and read, if the knowledge thus gained be turned to the enervation of their minds and the corruption of their morals. Education is not in itself an end, it is only the means to an end, and that end is the knowledge of God's law, and the best way of conforming one's conduct to its requirements so as to secure our eternal salvation. There is no excuse for a Catholic parent for not putting into the hands of his children entertaining and moral books, nor is there any palliation for any one professing our holy faith, and who has arrived at the years of discretion, for encouraging or reading the thousand-and-one works of fiction which we see every day exposed on news-stands and in cheap book-stores, and which are not only immoral in tone and spirit, but in effect positively anti-Christian. Besides books of a serious and practical character, we have numerous works of fiction, published in this country and easily obtained, of the highest order of talent united to rare dramatic force and interest, which are detrimental neither to morals nor religion. The writings of Griffin, Banim, Huntington, Julia Kavanagh, Mrs. Sadlier, Mrs. Anna Dorsey, Lady Fullerton, Lady Herbert, and many others that we could name, are of this character, and are worthy to be read by the highest as well as the lowest in society. Of works treating on history, science in its various departments, biography, travels, etc., Catholic in tone, and elaborate or elementary in arrangement, we have a large and varied supply; and new productions under these heads are constantly appearing, more fascinating to the cultivated taste than even the productions of our best novelists. But it has been objected that these publications are too dear; that poor people cannot afford to spend ten or fifteen dollars on a few books. Granted; but, if they can have the use of four or five score for a couple of dollars by subscribing to a parochial library, is not the objection removed? This is what local libraries, and they alone, can do.

Now, what would be the effect of this system of libraries on the general tone of public opinion? Decidedly most salutary. In addition to driving from circulation many of the demoralizing newspapers, periodicals, and books which even non-Catholics denounce as immoral, and for the suppression of some of which the aid of legislative action has been invoked, it would create and foster a pure literary taste among no inconsiderable portion of our diverse population, and, apart from its direct moral effect, would render it more valuable and more reproductive in a material point of view. Many of the most important political, social, and commercial problems of the day, on the true solution of which depends the future welfare of our republic, can only be properly comprehended by reference to the history of the past, and to the biographies of the great statesmen who succeeded or failed in founding or destroying nations and empires. And even in the discussion of minor questions affecting our interests or liberties, some acquaintance with the antecedents of our country is absolutely necessary to enable us to form proper opinions of their merits. In individual cases, one of the compensations for declining years and one of the highest claims to respect is experience; but to the reader of history, no matter what his age, the accumulated experience of at least thirty centuries is accessible, and not only controls his judgment and enlarges his knowledge, but vastly enhances his social and political status. But this experience, to be of any value, must be based on truth and undoubted facts. It must arise from the just appreciation of unbiassed statements and philosophical deductions, stripped of all that false assertion and unlimited prejudice which have characterized so many European and American writers for the last three centuries. Hence the need of Catholic books and Catholic readers—for, in this as in commercial matters, the demand regulates the supply—and the creation of new facilities for the spread of reliable information.

Take the case of the *History of England* by Lingard. Before the appearance of that excellent work, we venture to say that seven-eighths of the reading population in every part of the world believed more or less in the falsehoods and forgeries with which the pages of the English historians of the post-Reformation period were crowded. Many more such instances of recent successful vindication of the truth of history might be cited, not the least valuable and complete being the production of our own countrymen, such as that very able and learned refutation of D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*[145] and the *Life of Mary, Queen of Scots*,[146] which has lately appeared, and in which the slanders and aspersions so repeatedly heaped on the memory and character of that beautiful but ill-starred sovereign are condemned, exposed, and, it is to be hoped, finally disposed of. The first of these works is the most elaborate and reliable book we have on that important epoch, when every throne in Europe was shaken to its base, and when men's passions, let loose by the preaching of the heresiarchs of England and the Continent, threatened to destroy every vestige of temporal and spiritual authority. There is no period in the history of Christendom about which so many falsehoods and such mendacious calumnies have been invented and circulated by

prejudiced writers; and it was only on the appearance of the book in question that we have had, at least in English, any comprehensive and truthful account of the origin and progress of that rebellion against God's church and laws. This country, from its settlement to the present, the origin and growth of its institutions from their inception in the early part of the seventeenth century till their fruition in our present constitution, though full of incident and fraught with lessons of the highest political wisdom, is yet imperfectly known and but little understood. Is it not, then, worth a little sacrifice on the part of parents to place before their children, who ere long are to become the rulers of the state, a correct and impartial account of the birth of religious liberty on this continent, of the dangers, trials, and struggles our forefathers endured in order to build up and transmit to posterity the blessings of a free government? Yet such knowledge can only be obtained through books, and books, so far as the majority of Catholics are concerned, are almost unattainable, except through co-operation. Then, again, we are often taunted by such hackneyed phrases as the darkness of the middle ages, the ignorance of the monks, the corruption of the Papacy, the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, and such other fabrications of Protestant authors. Are we to allow our children to go forth in the midst of a reading and, in a religious sense at least, a hostile people, unprepared to intelligently refute such calumnies, and unable to account for the various agencies by which the Catholic Church at all times sought to eliminate civilization from barbarism, light from darkness, and Christianity from paganism at first, and from heresy and infidelity subsequently? They must have great—too great, perhaps—confidence in the faith of their children thus to submit them to so severe a test; and yet how few reliable books dealing with those subjects do we find provided for young Catholics by those whose duty it is to direct their conduct and shield them from the temptations and snares of the world! How many parents, intent on rewarding their children by presents, ever think of presenting them with good books, which would not only gratify their tastes and improve their minds, but would be, at least to them, a perpetual source of consolation?

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Far different are the tactics of our opponents, who are never tired of devising measures to instil into the minds of the youth of their own faith all the errors of Protestantism under the most attractive guise possible, and at the same time to weaken the faith and pervert the judgment of our children. It is perhaps not generally known that every school district in this state, outside the large cities, is supplied with a library of select works, under the charge of the school trustees, and every child in the district is allowed free access to it, with the privilege of borrowing one volume at a time. These libraries were originally supplied at the expense of the public, and are annually increased by new purchases, the funds being derived from the state library fund. When we state that those libraries were furnished by a publishing-house in this city the first success of which in business was due to the production of Maria Monk, the works of Eugene Sue, and others of a kindred character, and that the compilers and abridgers, who claim the authorship of them, have been remarkable for bigotry even in this age of Protestant intolerance, it is scarcely necessary to point out the danger to our young Catholics of the free circulation of such books among them. In country places, the absence of the noise, excitement, and attractions of city life naturally leads to a desire for reading and a remarkable tendency to discussion, and it is there that good Catholic books are most required. Our children must mix with those of the sects, and will be compelled to listen to a repetition of the fabrications and falsehoods against their religion which are weekly dealt out in the Protestant churches, daily commented on in the household, and which fill the pages of the books of the district libraries and local newspapers. This is the poison that is carrying off so many of our juvenile co-religionists, more dangerous to their souls than the deadly upas would be to their bodies, and against which we must provide some antidote. If one of our boys is confronted with quotations from Hume or Macaulay, he must be prepared to answer them on the undoubted authority of Lingard; if he be taunted with the poverty or ignorance of the Catholics of Ireland, he can show whence came this penury and destitution by reference to McGee's, Cusack's, or any of the numerous histories of that country; he ought to be prepared to oppose Archbishop Spalding to D'Aubigné, Meline to Froude, the history of the Maryland settlers (the founders of religious liberty on this continent) to the eulogiums on the intolerant Puritans, the "Irish Settlers" to the Know-Nothing organs—in fact, truth and light wherever falsehood and darkness are to be found. The truth has nothing to lose, but everything to gain, by full and free discussion. It is only error that shrinks from thorough investigation. But we must take care that our sons and daughters are well supplied with plain and useful facts regarding their faith and religion before they are subjected to the ordeal through which all young Catholics must pass who mingle freely in Protestant society, lest through their ignorance the cause they espouse should be weakened by their imperfect advocacy.

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Neither ought we to hesitate in learning lessons from our adversaries when it is possible to do so. If the children of darkness are wiser than the children of light in their generation, it is no reason why we should be guilty of folly. Apart from the falsity of their teachings, we have often had occasion to admire the systematic perseverance with which the Protestant sects have endeavored to disseminate their peculiar views throught the medium of cheap and attractive publications. All that art and skill can do has been done to render them pleasing to the eye and agreeable to the mind. The highest literary talent is employed and well rewarded, because the result of their labors is extensively circulated, and, even when persons are unable or unwilling to purchase, the purse of the wealthy is always open to enable them to obtain books free of cost, while our children are too often allowed to begin life but half-instructed, and to continue in it illiterate and untaught. Were our schools as

efficient and as numerous as we wish and as we hope one day to see them, we might assure ourselves that all this might be taught in them; but they are not, nor can they be for some years, and we cannot ignore the fact or wait for the slow operation of time to perfect and extend their influence. We must endeavor by some means or other to supply the deficiency, so far, at least, as this generation is concerned. Besides, there will always be a large number of children of the working-classes who cannot remain long at any school, but must go into the world to earn their bread. With these the most critical period of their lives is from the time they pass from the control of the teacher till they reach manhood or womanhood, for then their characters for good or evil are formed. For this class of toilers, good books are not only a recreation and a solace, but an absolute necessity; but, being limited in means, we hold that it is only through the means of local libraries that they can gratify their wishes and find opportunities for mental improvement.

Literature itself would also gain much by the establishment of these libraries. How often has it been remarked that, out of the large number of Catholic young men of brains and education which our colleges and academies turn out annually, there are so few writers. The explanation is that for them authorship is neither a remunerative nor an appreciated employment. The professions of law and medicine and the attractions of commerce and trade are constantly drawing into their vortices the best energies and talent of our young graduates, many of whom with proper encouragement and patronage might, as authors, render incalculable service to the cause of truth and morality. What is required to utilize this large amount of natural gifts and acquired knowledge is simply the more extensive circulation of works already published; the increase in the number of new books on subjects of general interest, in style and treatment more in accordance with modern forms than those published years ago; but, above all, the cultivation of a correct standard of literary excellence among the people, and the creation of a widespread class of readers and thinkers.

The objection to the dearness of Catholic publications would also be removed by this means. It is well known to those conversant with the publishing business that, in proportion to the increase of the circulation of a given book, the expense of its production per copy is diminished in an inverse ratio. A book of which three thousand copies are sold at two dollars each would be more remunerative to both publisher and author at even one dollar if twenty thousand copies were disposed of. The publisher, also, in his contract with the author and in view of the uncertainty of his sales, naturally adds to the cost of production and to his fair percentage of profit a certain amount for probable losses by having a portion of his edition left on his shelves unsold. The establishment of local libraries would obviate the necessity of this additional cost. With, say, twenty-five hundred of these institutions, each ready and willing to subscribe for one or more copies of any really meritorious book that might appear, its success would be assured beyond doubt, the outlay of the publisher would be nearly reimbursed, and his risk, for which all book-buyers have now to pay, would be sensibly and materially diminished if not altogether done away with. Thus even individual purchasers as well as subscribers to libraries would be benefited in the reduction of price; and, while the bookseller would not suffer in the profits of his sales, the general public as well as the author would be sensibly the gainers.

As to what ought to constitute the necleus of a small library, some difficulty may be experienced in diverse tastes and opinions. In view of the multiplicity of good books constantly being imported or published in this country, it is nearly impossible to make a list of such as would be most desirable and useful without leaving out others perhaps as equally deserving of attention. Of works of fiction we have enough and more than enough in the productions of the authors above named and others of a less pretentious order, but, as this sort of reading is simply a matter of choice, each one must judge for himself in the selection.

Devotional and controversial works are numerous, and a few at least, such as the writings of St. Liguori, Father Faber, Dr. Manning, and Cardinal Wiseman, the *Guide for Catholic Young Women*, *Following of Christ*, *Catholic Christian Instructed*, *Lenten Monitor*, as well as several others, should be always found in Catholic libraries. In history, as far as the English language is concerned, we are not so rich. We have, it is true, four or five histories of Ireland, possessing peculiar merits, and exhibiting more or less defects, but all full of useful information. Lingard's *England*, entire or abridged, is decidedly the best of that country. Shea's *History of the Catholic Missions in the United States*, McSherry's *Maryland*, Bishop Bayley's *Church in New York*, McGee's *Irish Letters* and *Catholic History*, De Courcey's and Shea's *Catholic Church in America*, go far to supply the defect, at least in part. Then there are the *Works of Archbishop Hughes*, one of the great prelates of the church in America, and the writings of Dr. O. A. Brownson, particularly his *Essays* and *American Republic*, than whom no man of our day, it is safe to say, writes with more vigor or with a clearer understanding of his subject. The works of Bishop England are, we regret to say, too little known, and, being for some time out of print, are now almost unattainable. Darras's *Church History*, the only complete history of the church yet published in our language, should, if possible, be read by every Catholic, and find a conspicuous place in all our libraries. *The Lives of Deceased Prelates of the United States*, by Clarke, which has just been published, is a very valuable book, containing a great deal of remote and contemporary history; and if Mr. Shea could be induced by proper encouragement to further develop the subjects he has selected for his books, as we feel certain of his ability to do so, a great deal of additional matter connected with the struggles and sufferings of the early pioneers of religion, now

almost forgotten or unknown, would be placed before the public. In biography, which maybe called history in detail, our resources are abundant. We have, besides numerous lives of Christ, a complete *Lives of the Popes*, Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, several of St. Patrick, *St. Vincent de Paul, Curé of Ars*, and some two hundred separate lives of the holy men and women who in every age of the church were conspicuous for their sanctity, wisdom, and devotion to the faith, a list of which may be chosen from the catalogue of any of our principal publishers; and last, though not least, is Montalembert's great work, *The Monks of the West*, an American edition of which is just published.

So far as materials are concerned, we have a plenitude of them of every variety and in all departments of literature, and we have endeavored to show that very little money is required to purchase them. What is wanted is organization and action. For these we must depend to a great extent on the local pastors, and on the half a dozen leading laymen who are most generally to be found in every congregation. There is a homely proverb, but nevertheless true, that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business." Let one or two influential men in each parish think seriously over the matter, call their associates together, and explain to them the advantages to be derived by themselves and their children from cheap and good reading, collect the subscriptions, put themselves in communication with any of our Catholic booksellers, and the work is done. The first and most important step thus taken, the future welfare of the library is assured. It is unnecessary to say that such a movement ought to and would receive the warmest encouragement from their spiritual superiors. Apart from the benefits arising from the reading of moral books to the cause of religion, the spirit of mutual intercourse, interchange of thought, and friendly co-operation engendered by reading the same book, and meeting at stated times for a common object, would lead insensibly to the formation of a compact and efficient organization, exceedingly useful when the interests of charity, education, or the church are to be subserved. Not only this, but, knowing how overtaxed are the attention and time of so many of our missionary priests in providing the means of building churches and schools, as well as attending to the spiritual wants of their scattered flocks, we consider that an intelligent body of young people, such as we would naturally expect to see connected with a library society, would form a valuable lay staff of workers whose pleasure it would be to aid their pastor in all his material transactions. The more intelligent Catholics become, the less trouble, in two ways, they entail on their spiritual guide. They become aware easily of his wants, or rather the wants of the church of which he is to them the representative, and need little inducement to contribute their means freely for the benefit of charity or religion, while, at the same time, they make the most efficient agents in influencing the actions of others with whom they are daily brought in contact.

Firmly believing that the spread of these societies throughout this country would have a most marked and beneficent effect, morally and mentally, on our rapidly growing Catholic population, we submit these remarks to the serious consideration of the reverend clergy, and of those laymen who have been favored with more wealth and a better education than the majority of their fellow-Catholics. We must not forget that we live in an age of great mental activity and progress, so-called. Let us keep pace with our neighbors in everything that leads to the acquisition of true knowledge, but let our progress be in the right direction, and worthy of the name we bear, and of the religion we profess.

[145] *History of the Protestant Reformation.* By the Most Rev. M. J. Spalding, D.D. Baltimore.

[146] *Mary, Queen of Scots.* By James F. Meline. New York. 1871.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Life of Philip Thomas Howard, O.P., Cardinal of Norfolk, etc. By Father C. F. Raymond Palmer, O.P. London: Thomas Richardson & Son. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

It affords us sincere pleasure to be able to speak of this book in terms of unqualified praise, without in the least being subjected to the charge of flattery. The subject chosen by Father Palmer is the career of an ecclesiastic who not only filled a prominent part in the history of his times in his native country, England, but of the church throughout Europe; and whose private virtues were even more edifying than his mental capacity was remarkable. The scion of one of the noblest houses in Great Britain, and living at a time when every lure was held out to genius and rank to join the so-called Reformers, he not only remained true to the Catholic traditions of his family, but, forsaking the world altogether, he became, in spite of all opposition, an humble friar and a follower of the illustrious St. Dominic. His labors for the good of his order on the Continent as well as in England were incessant, and so successful that in a few years he was raised to the dignity of a prince of the church. Several times he was entrusted with important diplomatic missions by his sovereign, Charles II., and for many years occupied the position of grand almoner to Catharine of Braganza, the queen-consort. In addition to the biography of Cardinal Howard, we have a very full and interesting sketch of the history of the Dominican order, that glorious corporation of friar-preachers, whose labors extended to every part of the known world, and whose blood may be said to have been shed in the cause of Christ wherever the foot of man has trod. Father Palmer's treatment of the subject is in every way worthy of so great a theme. He does not, as too many biographers are apt to do, fall in love with his hero, and lose himself in senseless rhapsody and panegyric, but lets deeds and their results speak for themselves. Neither does he assume for the order, of which he himself is a worthy member, too much credit for its long-continued and extensive propagandism of the faith; but, keeping his praise within just bounds, makes the amplest acknowledgment to other missionaries when an opportunity offers. The author's style, also, is admirable. It is plain, bold, and exceedingly clear, and reminds us a good deal of the old days of classic English, which, we are sometimes tempted to fear, have departed for ever.

Sermons by the Fathers of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1872. 12mo, pp. 331.

This, the sixth volume of sermons, twenty-two in number, delivered by the Paulist Fathers of this city, has just been published, and in point of variety, ability, and adaptability to the everyday wants of Catholic congregations, may fairly be said to be equal, at least, to any of the preceding volumes from the same source. On first reading this valuable collection of sermons, the impression most likely to be produced on a layman is surprise at the remarkable simplicity of style, earnestness of argument, and, above all, the practical application to the present condition of society, of the inspired texts upon which the sermons are based. Men of the most ordinary comprehension can understand them, and we can imagine few minds so contracted or hearts so callous as to be proof against their unadorned logic and impressive appeals. It has sometimes been our good fortune to have heard, as we have often read, exhortations of more brilliancy, pathos, and even intellectual power, but we are not aware that, compressed within the limits of an ordinary-sized book, there is to be found in the English language a greater amount of wholesome truths, well and clearly stated, or better calculated to go directly to the heart and conscience of the reader. Of this character pre-eminently are the sermons on “How to Pass a Good Lent,” “Humility in Prayer,” and “The Sins and Miseries of the Dram-Seller.” In some respects the latter differs from all others in the collection—in its forcibleness of rhetoric, and vividness, almost painful, of description. Reading it in the silence of our library, we almost shudder at the, alas! too truthful picture drawn therein of the drunkard's fate in this world, and the not less certain retribution which awaits his mercenary tempter, here or hereafter. It is one of the most powerful arguments against the use and sale of intoxicating liquors we have read since the days of Father Mathew, and ought to be in the hands of every advocate of temperance, clerical and lay, in the land. The three sermons treating of the temporal and spiritual authority of the Sovereign Pontiff are clear, distinct, and well-timed, and, besides being historically accurate, are replete with logical deductions, one following and hinging on the other so harmoniously that conviction, even to a biassed mind, seems to follow as a matter of course.

But on a second and more critical perusal of this book, we are certain to discover new and equally commendable features. We feel as if we were in the presence of Catholic priests speaking to their spiritual children. There is an absence of all harshness or terrorism, and of that bitterness which too often accompanies the discussion of controversial subjects. While our errors are reproved and our sins denounced, hope and mercy are not denied us; the path of duty is plainly pointed out, but we are encouraged to tread its thorny ways, and we rise from the study of the *Sermons* conscious of our faults and weaknesses, without despairing, and with a renewed purpose of amendment. No one can read attentively the first and last of this series, on “Remembrance of Mercies” and “Fraternal Charity,” without feeling softened and chastened in spirit. It is not, however, the mere contents of the sermons that we most admire. It is their suggestiveness. To a reflective mind there is matter enough in them to form the groundwork of a hundred discourses, and still the subjects would not be exhausted.

This feature alone will extend their good influence far beyond the limits of one book or one pulpit. As we have come to a grand truth boldly stated, or a deduction logically and lucidly drawn, we have frequently found ourselves closing the book, and, following the drift of the reverend preacher's argument, preaching sermons to ourselves. If such be its effects on ordinary minds, how much more valuable will be the uses of this book to the younger members of the priesthood in the performance of the duties of their holy calling? And it is for them especially, we presume, it is intended.

Besides, as we are all aware, there are many persons with the best dispositions who, from family or other reasons, are frequently unable to hear a sermon on every Sunday and holyday of obligation, not only in country parishes, but even in our crowded cities. To this class the present volume ought to be of great value, affording them, as it does, an opportunity of reading in the seclusion of their homes, what they are debarred from hearing delivered orally. It is one of the rules of the faithful to consecrate a portion of each Sunday to hearing sermons, but, when this cannot be done, the reading of pious books is substituted, and we know of none recently published better calculated to edify and instruct a devout Catholic, or one so practical in its application to the wants and necessities of the present generation, as this collection of sermons; and it is for this reason that we heartily commend it to the laity of the United States.

Macaronic Poetry. Collected, with an Introduction, by James Appleton Morgan, A.M. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1872.

Of the many excellent specimens of the typography of the Riverside Press, the above-named work is one of the handsomest; and this merit is enhanced by the fact that the great variety of languages and characters, ancient and modern, used in its pages called for the best efforts of typographical skill and resources.

The title of the work gives but a modest idea of the wealth and diversity of its contents, which are creditable to the taste and industry of the author. We find in it not only all the most celebrated macaronic masterpieces, from the "Pugna Porcorum," of about three hundred lines, every word of which begins with the letter P, thus:

"Plaudite, Porcelli, Porcorum pigra propago
Progreditur, plures Porci pinguedine pleni.
Pugnantes pergunt, pecudum pars prodigiosa," etc., etc.,

down to Dr. Maginn's "Second Ode to Horace," commencing,

"Blest man, who far from busy hum,
Ut prisca gens mortalium."

Then there are the literary trifles of the dipogrammatists and the pangrammatists, and curiosities in acrostics, telestics, anagrams, palindromes, sidonians, rhymed bagatelles, cento verses, chain verses, alliterative verses, and epitaphs. There are also some specimens of queer prescriptions, the whole family of which are but imitations of the celebrated recipe pasted on the door of the pharmacy in the Convent of the Capuchin Friars at Messina:

"Pro presenti corporis et æterna animæ salute.

RECIPE.

"Radicum fidei
Florum spei
Rosarum charitatis
Liliorum puritatis
Absynthé contritionis
Violarum humilitatis
Agarici satisfactionis
Ano quantum potes:
Misceatur omnia cum syrupe confessionis;
Terentur in mortario conscientiæ;
Solvantur in aqua lacrymarum;
Coquantur in igne tribulationis, et fiat potus.
Recipe de hoc mane et sera."

Any one may find much literary amusement in the volume, and to the Latin scholar in particular it affords material for many an hour of pleasant relaxation.

The Taking of Rome by the Italian Army, considered in its Causes and Effects. By C. M. Curci, S.J. Translated from the Italian by the Duke Della Torre. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

It is a matter of congratulation that we have among us at least one Italian gentleman of high rank, character, and education, who is a thoroughly loyal and devoted adherent of the Holy See. We are greatly indebted to the Duke Della Torre for translating F. Curci's *brochure*, prefixing to it a most sensible and excellent preface, and getting it published by our most eminent New York firm. The pamphlet itself is an able production of an able and celebrated writer. The only great fault in it is the discouraging tone it takes regarding the prospects of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope in the future—a point which has been strongly animadverted upon already in Europe. In so far as past facts are concerned, it is a thorough and unanswerable exposure of the fraud, violence, and perfidy of the Sub-Alpine

government, and of the treachery and timidity of the policy of other European cabinets in their relations with the Pontifical States.

Florence O'Neil; or, The Siege of Limerick. By Agnes M. Stewart. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

The eventful life and troublous times of James II. of England must always be a period of history mournfully interesting to every Catholic heart—those days of persecution, when throughout England a price was set upon the head of any priest who dared labor for the salvation of souls, all the penal laws against Catholics (some of them but lately repealed) being in full force.

The touching story of Florence O'Neil, who is represented as living in very constant intimacy with the royal exiles, carries us through those dark days, and gives us pictures of the court of the reprobate, hard-hearted daughter of James, where Florence was kept an unwilling captive for many months. Her journal during that time is written with charming simplicity, and the whole story has sufficient mingling of truth with the narrative to fill us with pity even for those crowned heads who lived harassed with anxious fears lest the sceptre so hastily and unjustly assumed should be as hastily snatched from their grasp; trusting nobody, never at rest from plottings and replottings even in their own household. In contrast with this, we have the devoted domestic life at the Château St. Germaine, sketched with a delicate and refined touch, giving us a lovely picture of wedded bliss in the union of James with his beautiful and tenderly attached wife—more perfect than usually falls to the lot of common mortals, not to speak of royalty. It is cheering to know that these good hearts, to whom life brought so much disappointment and trouble, found rest and peace and hope in the bosom of the church, which offers to her faithful children the kingdom of heaven and an imperishable crown. *Florence O'Neil* appears in a beautiful dress, and is well worthy of careful perusal.

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The Rise and Fall of the Irish Franciscan Monasteries, and Memoirs of the Irish Hierarchy in the Seventeenth Century. By the Rev. C. P. Meehan, M.R.I.A.

A Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon. By Daniel O'Connell, M.P. Dublin: James Duffy. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

The second edition of these two small works, which have attained a well-deserved popularity in Ireland and England, will doubtless be equally appreciated in this country, particularly by our adopted citizens, who, claiming the former nation as their birthplace, love to look back on her past glories and her continuous struggles for civil and religious freedom. Father Meehan's book, though ostensibly confined to the history of the Franciscan establishments and the Irish hierarchy, contains also a brief but lucid and well-arranged account of the principal events of the seventeenth century in Ireland, embracing the wars of the Parliamentarians and Cromwell against the Nationalists, and the inception of the contest between the partisans of William and James. On such subjects Mr. Meehan is a reliable and judicious authority, for he has made them the study of a life-time. We remember him fully a quarter of a century ago, when curate of SS. Michael and John's Church, Dublin, and when every moment that he could spare legitimately from the duties of his calling was devoted to his loved studies—the history and archæology of his native land; and we are happy to find that time has neither quenched the fire of his patriotism nor weakened that mental activity which characterized his earlier works.

O'Connell's memoir, like everything that fell from the pen or lips of that great agitator, is full of vigor and sound logic. A portion of the book is devoted to a general summary of the wrongs and struggles of the Irish race from the invasion in 1172 down to our day, but the greater part is occupied by historical quotations and running commentaries, illustrating that long, dreary period of war, desolation, and persecution. Though in fact contained in a comparatively small compass, it is a masterly indictment against England, prepared with all the system and acumen of an able jurist, and is invaluable as a historical document from the number of references it contains. It was only issued towards the close of the great author's career, and may be supposed to be an epitome of his varied readings and long personal experience.

The Pearl of Antioch: A Picture of the East at the End of the Fourth Century. By the Abbé Bayle. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1871.

In the preface to this interesting story of the early times, we have a bright and truthful comment on the different claims of works of fiction that have been written to make religion attractive: giving to Cardinal Wiseman (what rightfully belongs to him) the glory of having been the author of the truly Christian romance in the fascinating narrative of *Fabiola*. The writer of *The Pearl of Antioch* professes to follow at a modest distance that illustrious dignitary of the church. He gives us in the story of Pelagia a graphic description of life in Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople at the close of the fourth century, when the church, resting from the fierce persecutions that had marked her earlier years, was surrounded with master-minds who committed themselves to no religion, condemning none formally, endeavoring to possess at the same time the esteem of both Christians and pagans. The delineation of the vacillating spirit of many of the finest intellects among the Greeks, their proud, patronizing ways towards God's church, cannot but remind the careful reader of the

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position of many of the so-called *intellectual giants* of to-day.

The multiplicity of characters introduced, and the demand for mythological research which is necessary to make the story clear in all its parts, are rather detrimental to the unity of the tale; nevertheless, the story of Pelagia herself, and Nicephorus her lover, with their remarkable conversion and subsequent abandonment of the world, is very touching, and wrought out with simplicity and earnestness—the wonderful faith of Pelagia contrasting with the criticisms and doubts, and the ingenious hypotheses of Hypatia, whose strange life and fearful death have been the comment of historian and novelist.

The book contains many pages full of interest concerning Simon Stylites and the wonders of his life, besides several chapters devoted to charming descriptions of the monks who flocked in those times to monasteries in the deserts of Nitria and Tabenna, along the borders of the Nile, and even to Mount Sinai. One of the most attractive features of the volume will be found in the delightful conversations of these monks, enlivened with legends of those olden times, and pervaded throughout with a lovely, Christ-like spirit, which makes their religion an object of admiration even to the wise pagans around them.

Japan in Our Day. Compiled and arranged by Bayard Taylor. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1872. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is the first volume of the *Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure*, now in course of publication by Messrs. Scribner, & Co. and edited by Bayard Taylor. To those who take an interest in Japanese affairs the volume will prove interesting, as containing the latest information with regard to that country so long almost unknown.

Sadliers' Catholic Directory, Almanac, and Ordo for the Year of our Lord 1872. With full Report of the various Dioceses in the United States and British North America, and a List of the Archbishops, Bishops, and Priests in Ireland. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street.

The *Almanac* for this year has appeared. The sewing, type, and paper are much better than in former years. There are not so many mistakes in this as we noticed in the previous volume. We are aware there are many difficulties connected with the publication of a statistical work which nothing but the utmost patience and perseverance will overcome, and are therefore pleased to notice even slight improvements.

The American Home Book of In-door Games, Amusements, and Occupations. By Mrs. Caroline L. Smith (Aunt Carrie). Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1872.

This book is one of the best of its kind. The selection of games, amusements, etc., is very good, and the directions given in regard to them are short, simple, and clear. It cannot fail to add to the happiness of any home it may enter.

The Wonders of Water. From the French of Gaston Tissandier. Edited, with numerous Additions, by Schele De Vere, D.D., LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1872. 1 vol. 12mo.

A most interesting and useful little volume, containing valuable information in regard to the uses of water, the history of artesian wells, ancient and modern water-works, etc., etc. The book is elegantly got up and well illustrated.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XIV., No. 84.—MARCH, 1872.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Rev. I. T. Hecker, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

AN UNCIVIL JOURNAL.

The activity and universality of the American press are proverbial. Leaving out of sight the innumerable political organs which dabble in everything, there is not a department of human knowledge, not a recognized theological creed, not a leading foreign nationality, not a prominent *ism* of the day, that has not its daily or weekly to represent it. And they all speak and investigate with unlimited freedom. The race of Robert Burns's "chiel" who was "takin' notes" has been multiplied until they here outnumber the sands on the sea-shore. Nothing escapes them. All shortcomings of whatever origin are certain of detection by some of them, and they are not restrained by any false modesty from instant proclamation thereof. Everybody is held accountable to everybody else. Republicans and Democrats keep up permanent mutual inquisition, Protection and Free-trade spy out each other's defects, and rival sects seem firmly to believe in the chastening influence of announcement of their neighbors' faults.

More than any of these, more than all put together, is Catholicity in the United States subjected to the most ceaseless and penetrating surveillance. The curiosity prompting this surveillance is sometimes friendly, but generally the reverse. English literature, essentially anti-Catholic and bigoted, has made its mark upon American education, and with many people the intolerant falsehood of much English history still passes for truth. So-called religious (Protestant) papers are never at a loss for a leader topic—"Abuse the Catholics." Protestant ministers find heads of discourse always ready in anti-Popery admonitions. We personally know many excellent men among them who conscientiously strive to do their duty as they understand it, and are above such wrong; but there are large numbers of Poundtexts and Brandlighters, obscure in position, of uncertain education and wretchedly paid, who make of "Popery" a stalking-horse, and seek to fill their empty pews and depleted pockets with the fruits of anti-Popery excitement. Added to such editors and such preachers as we describe, there is a small army of literary and theological stragglers, bummers, and disgraced deserters hovering on the rear of these regular forces, always in the field with lectures, pamphlets, keys to Popery, horrible disclosures, and all the pestilent riff-raff of anti-Catholic literature. One would think the Protestant army of observation on such a footing sufficiently well-organized, active, and effective to guard the walls of the American Zion and sound a timely alarm.

But the publishing firm of Messrs. Harper & Brothers is not of that opinion, and they appear to have discovered that it is their duty to take under their special protection and keeping the public schools, the Bible, the Protestant religion, and the liberties of America;—thus demonstrating the wretched incapacity and utter failure of our civil authorities, our religious press, and the Protestant ministry to do their plainest duty. The gentlemen in question publish, here in New York, *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, and a hebdomadal called *Harper's Weekly: A Journal of Civilization*. These periodicals contain a variety of light literature, papers on current topics, poetry, anecdotes, and highly-flavored anti-Popery articles. Besides these last, the *Weekly* generally has one or more caricatures calculated to disseminate the worst falsehoods, and to excite hatred towards Catholics and contempt for their religion.

For years past, a constantly recurring subject of its most offensive form of caricature has been the person of the venerable Pontiff Pius IX. It is difficult to conceive how any man of even ordinary instincts of propriety—we care not what his religious prejudices might be—could have for this revered personage any feeling but one of profound respect. An aged bishop, fourscore years of age, whose purity of character is without speck or stain, whose long life has been one of labor and usefulness, piety and virtue, beginning his sacerdotal career as a missionary in a foreign land, then serving faithfully as the director of charitable institutions and hospitals, whose first acts of power were those of benevolence and universal amnesty, toward whom, on the part of the tens of thousands of Protestants who have seen and spoken with him, no sentiments but those of profound admiration and veneration are ever expressed—such a character as this is selected by the *Journal of Civilization* as the favorite butt of its indecent ribaldry.

We here leave entirely out of sight all consideration of the question of outrage upon the

religious sensibilities of millions of Catholics in the United States, and place the judgment of the offence upon the broad ground of civilized propriety. The men who perpetrate this outrage seek to justify themselves on the plea that it is as king or temporal sovereign of Rome they caricature him. Their offence is aggravated by so flimsy and paltry a pretext. The merits of the disputes among the monarchs of Europe do not concern us here in America to that extent, and if they did, as a question of monarchical right and precedence of seniority, the kings and emperors of Europe are all new-comers and upstarts by the side of the Roman Pontiff.

While these caricatures are essentially addressed to a sentiment of religious bigotry, their authors seek, by the false association of some political idea, not only to excuse them on that ground, but to reinforce that bigotry with all the strength of political hatred. Take, for instance, the filthy crocodile picture. There is an appeal whose falsity is only exceeded by its beastliness. Then the "Roman Catholic mission from England to the heathens of America" (*Weekly*, Dec. 30, 1871), in which the pure Christian, the devoted philanthropist, the perfect gentleman—Most Rev. Archbishop Manning—is portrayed with iron shackles in his hand, which he holds concealed behind him, striving to entice the negroes to come to him; to whom a negro replies (so naturally!): "No, thank you. We have just been emancipated, and, if England is responsible for slavery in the United States, I don't care to jump from the English frying-pan into the English fire."

The favorite device of the *Weekly* gentlemen is to represent the perpetrators of offences against law and order, and the participators in municipal robbery and corruption, as Catholics, and, in their persons, to hold the Catholic Church responsible for such offences. It is not necessary to dwell on the absurdity of such a charge, nor on the hardship and injustice of such a responsibility.

There are thousands of men in this city, supposed to be Catholics—nay, who, if asked the question, will say that they are—who have not been inside of a Catholic Church nor spoken to a priest for long years, men whose lives are scandalous in their irregularities and crimes. Such as these bring disgrace upon the church whose precepts they trample under foot. If arrested for violation of the laws of the land, we sincerely trust they may have legally meted out to them the fullest measure of punishment. The properly constituted authorities will have our thanks for so doing. The *Weekly* writers are ignorant of much that touches Catholic faith and practice, but they are not ignorant of the fact that the custom among Protestant churches of considering as members those only who make avowed profession, and live up to the requirements of strict church membership, does not prevail in the Catholic Church. The difference with us is between *practical* Catholics and those who, neglecting their religious duties, live in sin; and we state with profound regret that the number of this latter class is very much larger than any one who loves his church cares to see.

But it is all the same thing to the Harper scribes, and the indifferent Catholic, the bad Catholic, the Catholic who is a scandal to his church, is a "good enough Morgan" for our *Weekly*, which constantly represents him as an active and devout member of the church, in direct communication with the Holy See. How if a similar rule were to be applied generally, and we should in every case of moral dereliction seek out the sect with which the sinner has some real or supposed affiliation, and charge the crime upon the religious teachings of that sect?

Is the Presbyterian Church to be made responsible for New York municipal defalcations because connection with them is charged on the Presbyterian, Mayor Hall? Is the Methodist Church answerable for Tammany frauds because Tweed is a Methodist? Let us suppose for a moment a man so devoid of all sense and decency as to compile a narrative of crimes and outrages perpetrated by people known to be Methodists, beginning years back with the well-known (Avery-Cornell) seduction and murder case in which a Methodist minister was the criminal, and coming down past the scandalous publication by Methodist printers of the infamous book of Maria Monk, to the late horrible story, in a Western city, of torture through long years of an unoffending child by its unnatural Methodist parents, to the shameful malversations of a religious Book Concern, to the gigantic thefts in our city administration, to the Drew complication of the Erie abomination, which shines by its absence in all the late *Harper* chronicles; and, having completed his catalogue, to present and denounce these crimes as the legitimate result of the teachings of the Methodist Church. It would be waste of words to point out the false reasoning, the injustice, the malice of such a performance. For, however Christian sects may differ on doctrinal points, and whatever may be alleged as to the extent of their theological errors, none of them deliberately teach immorality, and all inculcate the precepts of the decalogue.

What, then, shall be thought of a journal which, week after week, loudly and persistently, not only accuses the Catholic Church in the persons of her ministers of teaching the most flagrant immorality, but seeks—coupling with this grave charge the imputation of striving to create civil discord—by every artifice of rhetoric, by every device of exaggeration, by every appeal of gross caricature, to arouse the wildest passions and the fiercest bigotry? The journal in question labors to stir up, and it does stir up, bad blood and hot strife among hitherto peaceful neighbors.

The charge is a serious one, and we make it knowingly. Instances and illustrations in its support may be found in nearly all the numbers of the *Weekly* for years past.

For its anti-Catholic operations, the *Journal* is used as a sort of tender to the heavy transport, the *Monthly*, which frequently gives its readers long, elaborate, and malicious articles, made up mainly of exploded calumnies, threadbare anti-Popery rhetoric of the school of Brownlee and the early Know-Nothings, and the extraordinary lucubrations of a contributor whom we can only describe as Harper's comic historian. This singular writer undertakes to demonstrate, for instance, that the Apostle of Ireland was not a Catholic missionary at all, but in religious faith a sort of Old-School Presbyterian, who went about distributing Bibles among the "savage Irish," making strong "anti-Popery" speeches, and delivering lectures on popular education to the serfs of his day!

Absurd as these articles are from a literary point of view, they are yet full of inflammable material, and play as recklessly with fire as the more brutal incentives of the *Weekly*. For it must be borne in mind that most of these direct appeals to religious bigotry are intended not so much for home consumption as for their effect upon the general rural mind, and that their evident purpose is to arouse another Know-Nothing revival throughout the country.

There are, unfortunately, too many people thoughtless enough, or, perhaps, wicked enough, to respond to these incentives—people so far forgetting themselves as to imagine that their own religion, or something which they imagine stands for it, must be the state church in America, and that it is free to them to persecute and outlaw the professors of a faith which, in their ignorance, they despise and hate.

But we are satisfied that, on the other hand, there is too much intelligence, moderation, forbearance, and patriotism among American citizens to permit the success of schemes aimed at once against liberty of conscience, the peace of society, and the true freedom of our institutions.

And among these citizens we rank—by no means the last—the

CATHOLICS OF THE UNITED STATES.

We can only qualify as impertinent the coolness with which these scribes of the Messrs. Harper talk about "receiving" Catholics "hospitably into this free Protestant land." When and how were these gentlemen constituted the dispensers of the hospitalities of this free country? When and how did this country become a "Protestant land"? At what period of the history of America were Catholics strangers here?

Under somewhat similar provocation, the great Montalembert, from the tribune in the Chamber of Peers, told certain Frenchmen: "We are the sons of the Crusaders, and we fear not the progeny of Voltaire." And we, Catholics of the United States, say to these gentlemen who seek to inaugurate another Know-Nothing campaign, that here in America we are neither strangers nor new-comers of yesterday.

We came in the caravels of Columbus, we came with the Cartiers and the La Salles, the Brébœufs and the Jogues, the Joliets and the Marquettes, with the men whose blood of martyrdom moistened the soil of New York, with the men whose bones had mingled with the savannas of the South and the prairies of the West long before Plymouth Rock was heard of. We came—not with the Hessians of George—but with the army of Rochambeau and the fleet of De Grasse, with the arms of Catholic France and the gold of Catholic Spain, to aid our American struggle for liberty. The largest fortune risked in signing our Declaration of Independence was a Catholic fortune. As Catholics, we have proved our devotion to our country in three wars. The ranks of our army and the ships of our navy are full of our people, and if, at this moment, you undertake to blot the names of Catholic officers from naval and army registers, you will be compelled to deface entire pages. We are of all the walks of life, from the humblest to the highest, pursuing our legitimate business, and fulfilling our duties as citizens, fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers. We have schools, seminaries, and colleges successfully active, increasing in number and usefulness, and only not entirely filled with Catholic pupils because of the great number of youths sent to them by non-Catholic parents. We are merchants, bankers, editors, clerks, mechanics, artists, farmers, lawyers, physicians, legislators, and laborers. We fill professors' chairs and seats on the judicial bench. We have among us thousands of cultivated men and refined and elegant women, the peers of any in the land. We are, as a body, good and law-abiding citizens. We respect ourselves. We mean to be respected. And we protest against the bigoted and senseless denunciation and caricature of our faith in the pretended exposure of fictitious plots against the institutions and liberties of our country.

There exists evidently, among the Know-Nothing writers referred to, some faint appreciation of these facts, and, with labored display of politeness, they seek to turn the difficulty by reference to "respectable citizens," appeals to "intelligent Romanists" (thus designating us, in their clumsy courtesy, by a nickname), and such declarations as "we do not in any just sense accuse all adherents of that church of hostility to our institutions" ("*our* institutions!") We distinctly decline to accept any such qualification or apology. So far as our religion is concerned, we are all, lettered and unlettered, rich and poor, on a footing of perfect equality. The lady in the parlor and the servant in her kitchen abide by the same religious observances, the rich banker and his poorest clerk hold precisely the same faith, and the wealthy merchant and his drayman out there in the street, kneel at the same altar. We are aware that all this is "horridly ungenteel," but it is an old habit of our people. Eighteen hundred years ago and more, we were assured that the poor we have always. And we have

them. They never leave us, and are not likely to. Poor-houses came in with the Reformation, and then poverty first became disgraceful. For poverty, and, yet more, for the shame of poverty, the needy and wretched cannot enter elegant Protestant conventicles.

And now that we have seen the nature and complexion of the attempted revival of Know-Nothing violence, it may be asked, Who are the men who promote it, creating prejudice, fostering bigotry, inflaming religious rancor, arraying neighbor against neighbor, and endangering the peace of the community? Have they a special mission from on high? Are their scribes inspired writers? Or, perchance, are the antecedents of those publishers and proprietors such as to have established a character for pure patriotism and disinterested virtue so pre-eminently superior as to authorize them to set themselves up the self-constituted guardians of American liberty and evangelical Christianity?

We propose to examine these questions in the light of the printed record of the responsible proprietors of the *Journal of Civilization*. To that printed record we shall strictly confine ourselves. And in taking the first step toward the fulfilment of our duty, we regret that circumstances will compel the revelation of some

AWFUL DISCLOSURES.

The excitement and violent denunciation of Catholicity produced many years ago by the publication of an infamous book said to have been written by one Maria Monk are still remembered among us, as well as the thorough exposure of its utter falsehood, made by Colonel Stone of New York, and other Protestant gentlemen.

The book was entitled *The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*, and from its title-page purported to be published by *Howe and Bates*. Howe and Bates! Who were Howe and Bates? There was none to make reply. For neither to the book trade nor in the flesh were "Howe and Bates" ever known of mortal man.

As to the character of the book in question, we are further enlightened by the author of a work entitled "*Protestant Jesuitism*, by a Protestant," published by the Harpers in 1838. At page 34 of the book, Maria Monk's work is described as "one of the most arrant fictions that was ever palmed upon the community," and the author adds: "The people of this land—and it is the common attribute of human nature—love excitement, and unfortunately there are those who know how to produce it, and profit by it." Unfortunate, indeed, it is that there are those who stand ready to profit by foul slander and malignant falsehood concerning their neighbor. Unfortunate, indeed, that men can be found who, for the sake of a few dollars, could consent to spread, broadcast upon the world, printed vilification and outrage of noble, pure-minded women, who, solely for the love of God and out of their own abundant charity, devote their lives to alleviating the sufferings of the needy, the afflicted, and the sick. Who are they who profited by it? If we can obtain a satisfactory answer to that question, we may probably be far on the way toward solving the mystery which hovers over the existence of "Howe and Bates."

Maria Monk's disclosures were not all made in the book published by that somewhat nebulous firm. The most "awful" of all her "awful disclosures" were made in the dignified form of a bill in equity which she filed against her publishers, who, by their own admissions and declarations, turn out to be not "Howe and Bates," who from this moment for ever disappear from view, but Messrs. James, John, Joseph W., and Fletcher Harper.

The bill filed for discovery and account against the defendants as booksellers and publishers by Maria Monk, a minor, through her next friend, shows that complainant was authoress of a work which she had copyrighted and stereotyped, and that said stereotype plates were paid for by her with money belonging to her, and that she was liable for any balance unpaid; that after the copyright had been so taken out, the said plates got into the possession of the defendants, and that they had published the work under the title of "*Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*, as exhibited in a narrative of her sufferings during a residence of five years as a novice, and two years as a black nun, in the Hôtel Dieu at Montreal." Further, that she was a minor, was entirely unacquainted with the modes of doing business, that she believed that persons professing to be her friends had made some bargains for her in relation to said work, that this was known to the defendants, and yet they pretended to take out another copyright of the same work in the District of Massachusetts, and published a large number of impressions from the plates, and issued the book; and that they had large profits in their hands which belonged to the complainant.

Prayer that the said James, John, Joseph W., and Fletcher Harper make full statement, etc., and deliver over all sums of money and property, with account of sales and amount received for same.

We have had occasion to see that the proprietors of the *Journal of Civilization* are fiercely patriotic. And they were so, long before that civilizing journal was founded. Their first impulse on receiving a copy of this latest "awful disclosure" by Maria Monk was an impulse of patriotism, of indignation that a foreigner should presume to expect copyright protection in the United States. Thrice is he armed who has statutory law, patriotism, and an act of Congress upon which to fall back, and the defendants, in such panoply as that, straightway filed a demurrer.[147] Maria Monk's copyright was first issued and had precedence of seniority, but respondents demurred, first and principally, on the ground that "the

complainant did not show herself to be a citizen entitled to take out a copyright." The demurrer also set up other matters in avoidance.

In deciding the case, the Vice-Chancellor closed the delivery of his opinion by saying: "It [the bill] does not show any privity of contract or dealing between the parties; no agreement expressed or implied by which the defendants can be held to account to the complainant for the profits of the work. It rather shows that, by fraud or wrong, the defendants obtained possession of the stereotype plates, and, altering the title of the book to that of *Awful Disclosures*, etc., published it in defiance of her rights. If she has sustained loss by such conduct of the defendants, she must persuade a jury to give her compensation in a verdict of damages against them, when, perhaps, the merits of her *Awful Disclosures* and *Nunnery Unveiled*, and the motives of those who have promoted and prompted the publication, will duly be considered."

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Demurrer sustained, and bill dismissed at costs of complainant.

All of which, and more, may be found in *Edwards's Chancery Reports*, vol. iii., p. 109.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Within the past twelve years, a new generation of readers has grown up in the United States—a generation far outnumbering its predecessor, and the circulation of the journal published by the Harper Brothers has increased immensely. The great body of its readers of to-day are profoundly impressed with a sense of its unvarying and undying patriotism, and it probably never occurs to the soldier who, when a mere boy, shouldered his musket in defence of the Union, that his now furiously patriotic *Harper's Weekly* was originally, and as long as it was found to pay, the advocate of secession and the apologist of slavery. How sadly true this is, we propose to show by presenting the results of our examination into

THE JOURNAL IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

On opening the volume of the *Weekly* for the year 1861, we felt quite confident of finding an admirably executed full-length picture of the then President-elect of the United States, and confess to some disappointment when, instead thereof, occupying the entire first page, we discover portraits of "The Georgia Delegation in Congress," followed by sketches highly laudatory of the seven gentlemen composing the delegation. The same number makes calm and commentless record of "The South Carolina Proclamation of Independence," and the spread of secession through the South.

January 12, 1861.—Under the heading "The Great Southern Movement," the publishers "beg to draw attention to the following list of illustrations of the *Pending Revolution*," such unseemly words as rebellion and treachery being left to the unprincipled Abolition papers of that day. In the same number we have "The Revolution at Charleston" in cuts of "Anderson at Sumter" and "The Charleston Militia taking Fort Pickens"—thus making a nice balance. Doubtless the Lincoln portrait will come in our next number.

Why, what are these? Portraits and laudatory notices of Governor Pickens, Honorable Judge McGrath, and "Rev. Dr. Bachman, who asked a blessing on the Secession Ordinance," the signing of which, according to the fervid account cited from a Charleston paper, was a scene "profoundly grand and impressive"; there were "patriarchs in age—the dignitaries of the land—the high-priests of the church of Christ—reverend statesmen—and wise judges of the law"—in the midst of whom "the President advanced with the consecrated parchment"—which holy document was the ordinance of secession. We continue turning leaf after leaf with but slight edification—Skating Park—Old Fashions—Humors of the Day—Rarey the Horse Tamer—Love Story—etc. Pleasant reading for people sitting over a volcano.

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January 26 gives us "The Prayer at Sumter," a drop of mournful comfort. Then an editorial, "Wanted, a Capital." It opens impressively: "*Some practical people, viewing the dissolution of the Union as a fixed fact*,[148] and assuming that all or nearly all the Border States will go with their Southern slave sisters, are already casting about in search of a new capital." The vigorous patriotism of this idea is strengthened by a sweet allegory, in a column of small type, entitled "John Ardens and James Placens." You see the delicate joke in the mild Latin? Ardens is a fiery fellow, who absurdly insists on having what he is entitled to. Placens is a gentleman, a practical philosopher, who very sensibly submits to any imposition on pocket or principle for the sake of peace. The placid moral is, "In things indifferent yield rather than quarrel." Logically enough, two pages further on we have "The Firing on the Star of the West," as a mere passing incident of the day. Meantime Fort Sumter does heavy duty on the illustrated pages, and is served up without intermission, from sea, from land, by day, by night, *en barbette*, *en côtelette*, and in every other conceivable way.

February 2, 1861.—Another grand page of portraits—not of Lincoln and Seward, but of "The Seceding Mississippi Delegation in Congress," followed by a page in small type of fulsome praise of the seven members—Jefferson Davis, Brown, Barksdale, Lamar, R. Davis, Singleton, and McRae. With the praise we also have copious and labored arguments for slavery and secession, thus: "Personally, Senator Davis is the Bayard of Congress, *sans peur et sans reproche*; a finished scholar; a high-minded gentleman; a devoted father; a true friend. He is emphatically one of those 'born to command,' and is doubtless *destined to occupy a high position either in the Southern Confederacy or in the United States*." On which we would merely remark that as to the non-fulfilment of this prophecy there has been

some disappointment in the first-named country, and great dissatisfaction in the second. This Mississippi article closes with the assurance from one of the seven that slavery is not only national, but "a universal institution of God and man, nature and Christianity, earth and heaven—having its origin in the law of God, sustained by the Bible, sustained by Christianity," etc., etc.

We continue turning the leaves. And now that we have had quite enough of "the Seceding Delegations," we naturally hope that room may be found for a portrait of the President-elect. At page 76 we come to "Portrait of the South Carolina Minister of War," which is not the object of our search.

February 9.—What, again? "The Seceding Alabama Delegation in Congress." A full-page of portraits of nine gentlemen who do not look at all amiable. Following this comes the regulation two and a half columns of praise in small type, interspersed with extracts from their speeches. Of one of these delegates—a party by the name of Curry—we are assured that

> "Nature has endowed him with a mind so active that he can apparently discover, by a glance so rapid as to seem intuition, those truths which common capacities struggle hard to comprehend, while his genius enables him to enforce by argument, and his accomplishments to illustrate, those topics upon which he addresses the House."

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Naturally enough follows, on page 88, a View of the City of Montgomery, showing the state-house where "The Congress of the Southern Confederacy Meets."

February 16, 1861.—Concerning so-called stay-laws passed in the South, which were at the time generally understood to mean practical repudiation of mercantile debts due to the North, hark how sweetly sings the Northern secession siren with elaborate Harp accompaniment: "We trust that our Southern friends will believe that we have no partisan purpose in view if we direct their attention to the fatal consequences of the stay-laws, etc., etc. For many years our Southern States have enjoyed first-rate credit, both at the North and abroad. Southern obligations have always been preferred in New York to obligations from the East or West.... Southern men have been considered here as good under all circumstances. Their honor has been relied on to any extent. *Houses which would not trust Western or Eastern dealers a hundred dollars have been delighted to give credits of thousands to Southerners.* The simple reason was that people have had an undying faith in the honor of the Southern people—a firm conviction that under no circumstances would they seek to evade payment of their debts." And here the siren's song is broken by a gush of tears—"Is this faith, is this conviction to be demolished now by the passage of stay-laws?" Then follow the perennial "View of Sumter," double-page Paris fashions, etc., until we reach (p. 109) Views of the "Mint and the New Custom House," New Orleans, "of which the United States have had only a brief occupancy"—"both of which have been seized by the state authorities." There is no comment on this "seizure" by the state authorities, but more than three months afterward we shall find "civilization" waking up in wrath and fulminating thus: "All that the rebels of New Orleans wanted when they stole the mint was to be let alone." In this same number (p. 112) we have the sneering caricature of the calamity of the country which at the time afforded the enemies of the American Union exquisite delight and "prolonged shouts of laughter." It is entitled "*The Crippled American Eagle, the Cock, and the Lion*." To the eagle, dilapidated, lame, and on crutches: "Lion.—Why, Brother Jonathan, you don't look so fierce as you used. How about the Monroe Doctrine now? Cock.—Yes, my good Jonathan, what you tink of Privateering under de present circumstance?"

At last, in the number of February 23, we reach portraits of "President and Vice-President"—what? surely we must be mistaken! No—the print is very clear in its large capitals—"Of the Southern Confederacy." And very good portraits they are, too, but not of the President and Vice-President we were expecting to see. The number of March 2 gives us a full-page woodcut of "The President-elect Addressing the People." The "people" are represented by twenty-six hats and the scanty outlines of eleven men, but in compensation we have a thrilling view of two gigantic lamp-posts, and, in exaggerated disproportion, the pillars of the balcony over the centre of whose summit appears the upper half of a small, lean figure supposed to be that of A. Lincoln. This is somewhat disappointing, but, by way of consolation, the next page enlightens us on the subject of patriotism: "This subject of patriotism is in a fair way of being more thoroughly ventilated than it ever was before. Everybody appears to admit that patriotism is a virtue, and that a man should love his country. But the question arises at every corner, What is our country?" The topic is illustrated by watery hypotheses from Smith, Jones, and Thomson, and the editor adds some strong milk to the water with—"Can he claim the title of patriot if he loves his state only, and confesses no obligation to the rest of the confederacy?"

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For men who have progressed far enough in constitutional law and patriotism to call the Union a confederacy we have strong hopes. Further on, under heading, "The Southern Confederacy," we are advised that "the President has nominated"—so and so—"to his cabinet." Then follows "President Davis's Inaugural"—not the President we are looking for. Then come "Snake Stories," "Aunt Maria," "The Mazed Fiddler," "Romance by Lever"—pleasant reading for perilous times—until, at last, our search is ended, our patience rewarded, and at page 144, in the number of March 2, 1861, we have a full-length portrait of Abraham Lincoln, President-elect of the United States. It is

A REMARKABLE PICTURE.

It is indeed a picture so remarkable that we would advise every American who voted for Mr. Lincoln, every American who, whether he voted for or against him, yet credited him with the reputation of being at least a decent person, and every man, of whatever nationality, who considered him not positively a degraded loafer—we would advise all such, if they can find a copy of *Harper's Weekly: A Journal of Civilization*, of March 2, 1861, to contemplate and study that picture, and then form their opinion of the Christianity and the patriotism of the men who, at that crisis of the country's fate, and in that dangerous hour of feverish excitement and political passion, could, in cold blood, spread such a firebrand sketch broadcast through the land. We further commend this counsel more especially to those present readers and approvers of the *Journal of Civilization* who cherish the memory of a murdered President whom they remember as at least blameless in life, pure in character, kind of heart, charitable in impulse, and noble in patriotism.

We will endeavor to describe the drawing. Mr. Lincoln is represented, in a room at the Astor House, standing, or rather staggering, under the influence of liquor, with a just emptied glass in his hand. He is surrounded by four boon companions, two of them with drunken leer and Bardolphian noses; a third in the background looks vacantly on with expression of maudlin stupidity; while the fourth, like the rest, glass in hand, stands at the open window, and—partially sobered by the shock—gazes at a passing funeral procession. On the moving hearse, accompanied by mourners and decked with solemn black plumes, are inscribed the words:

UNION,
CONSTITUTION.

Under this work of art—a wretched, scratchy woodcut—we read:

OUR PRESIDENTIAL MERRYMAN.

> "The Presidential party was engaged in a lively exchange of wit and humor. The President-elect was the merriest among the merry and kept those around him in a continual roar."—*Daily Paper.*

Now, let it be borne in mind that this very suggestive piece of malice was published just on the eve of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration at Washington, whose atmosphere was black with lowering clouds of rebellion, where threats were rife that he would never take his seat in the Presidential chair, and where men's minds were already warped and inflamed by misrepresentations and falsehoods concerning him, the belief in which by a large portion of the community would seriously blunt any sharp opprobrium of murder, and soften down assassination to the meritorious taking off of an unworthy drunken demagogue. If the conductors of this organ of "civilization" are capable of giving the greatest publicity to a horrible caricature on such a subject, and at a moment fraught with such dreadful contingencies, need there be any room for surprise that they do not stickle at far worse when the subjects of their defamation are "only Catholics"?

ANOTHER PICTURE.

But we have not yet done with this number of March 2. It was the strongest bid of the journal for Southern favor and patronage. On the same page with the cut we have described is another, a more elaborate, more artistic, and better executed picture. Scene: Interior of a church—pews full of worshippers—minister officiating—administration of the sacrament. At the chancel railing kneels George Washington. With one hand, the clergyman standing in the sanctuary holds away the cup from the would-be communicant, and with the other contemptuously waves him off. The Father of his Country makes a gesture of indignant remonstrance, while the minister's assistant with a long stick points to a tablet in the wall, on which are engraved the words:

THE HIGHER LAW.

NO COMMUNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

Is the reader edified? There is more to come. The officiating minister is Henry Ward Beecher—an unmistakable portrait. His assistant is John Brown—an excellent likeness—and the pointer he uses is one of the well-known "Harper's Ferry Pikes." Under the engraving we read:

NO COMMUNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

> "Stand aside, you Old Sinner! We are holier than thou."

Will the members of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, who now see the efforts of the journal to misrepresent Catholics in doctrine and in morals, please read these efforts by the light of this George Washington picture?

We also commend careful examination, of this picture to the friends and admirers of Mr. Beecher. Let them ask themselves this question: Would the men who, for the sake of a little larger circulation, do not hesitate to caricature their own Protestant co-religionists—would these men, we say, be reasonably expected to be very scrupulous in the vilification of those whose Catholic faith they detest?

And for similar reasons, we commend consideration of both these pictures to all readers of a *Journal of Civilization* which, week after week, by innuendo, assertion, falsehood, and caricature, strives to awaken the lowest prejudices of religious intolerance, the vilest passions of religious bigotry, and the sweeping persecution of American citizens who choose to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience.

We see that, in 1861, the proprietors of the *Journal of Civilization* held sentiments looked upon in this latitude as rebel and pro-slavery. We freely admit that they had a perfect right so to do, accepting, of course, the legal and social consequences flowing from such holding. Open to them to assume the social and moral superiority of Southern gentlemen over Northern traders. Free to them to vaunt Southern honor at the expense of Northern honesty. But surely they might advocate, as they did, with all the eloquence of their editorials and all the influence of their wide circulation, the dissolution of the Union and the strong reprobation of anti-slavery sentiment, without insinuating that Eastern and Western merchants are swindlers, without calumniating Mr. Lincoln, and without vilifying Mr. Beecher?

The journal's proprietors were perfectly well aware how grossly Mr. Lincoln was misrepresented, and how utterly he was misunderstood in the South. To what extent sectional bitterness was intensified against him was shown by the free application of the epithet "gorilla." Under these circumstances, was it—we will not say considerate—but was it honest, was it fair, to picture him as a drunken clown to men who did not know him, and were all too ready to believe it? Was it respectful, was it decent, to caricature the President-elect to those who did know him, as celebrating in drunken orgies the death of the Constitution and the funeral of the Union?

Henry Ward Beecher was looked upon in the South as the ardent apostle of an Abolition evangel which taught servile insurrection and midnight murder—not an enviable reputation surely. But was it fair, was it honest, to give shape, body, and unnatural proportions to this belief by picturing him as insulting the Father of his Country, aided by John Brown as his henchman, armed with a Harper's Ferry spear?

And so we reach the journal's issue of March 9, 1861, but have thus far found no portrait of President either elect or *de facto*, except as a drunken clown (Mr. Merryman). We learn, however, by way of explanation, that he is a sectional President! A long editorial of this number is headed Reconstruction, and contains such vigorous Union sentiment as this:

> "Granted—if you will, for the sake of argument—that the Southern rebellion against the election of a sectional President is treason, and liable to punishment—is it wise, is it prudent, is it possible to punish it?"

Again:

> "It would undoubtedly be a very mischievous undertaking to keep half a dozen states in the Union against the deliberate wishes of their people. Whatever popular feeling—roused to frenzy by the seizure of forts, arsenals, revenue cutters, and mints—might prompt on the spur of the moment, *there can be no question but the enterprise of holding the Union together by force would ultimately prove futile*. It would be in violation of the principle of our institutions!"

An interesting number, this of March 9, with a fine portrait of "General David E. Twiggs, late of the United States Army," a whole-page view of "Inauguration of President Jefferson Davis of the Southern Confederacy," and an article explanatory of the same.

No "sectional President here," and the inauguration is described as "solemn and impressive."

At page 160 (March 9) we have a cartoon of four vulgar caricatures, entitled collectively "The Flight of Abraham" (as reported by a Modern Daily Paper), and separately: (1.) The Alarm.—A gaunt figure sits upright in bed with nightcap on. A lantern is held in at the open door, from which come the words: "Run, Abe, for your life, the Blood Tubs are after you!!!" (2.) The Council.—General Sumner, with a pair of large cavalry boots in one hand, and in the other a handkerchief which he holds to his eyes, weeping vociferously—boo-o-o, stands near "Abe"; on the other side is Mrs. Lincoln in dowdy dishabille, crying bitterly, "Do go!" (3.) The Special Train.—" He wore a Scotch plaid cap and a very long military cloak, so that he was entirely unrecognizable"—an ignoble picture. (4.) The Old Complaint.—Lincoln presents himself to the astonished Buchanan dissolved with fright, while Seward whispers to Buchanan, "Only a little attack of ager, your excellency."

Editorial correspondence at page 162 gives us the valuable information that "Senator Wigfall is a finished orator—probably the most charming in the senate," and that he is "the exact opposite of Chandler and Wilkinson"—"very unpleasant speakers to listen to." Senator Mason, we are told, "with all his faults is perhaps the nearest approach in the present senate to the beau ideal of a senator." At page 168 (March 16) we have a large cut representing "The Inauguration of Abraham Lincoln *as* President of the United States," and we cannot help contrasting the phraseology of this announcement with a previous one: "Inauguration of President Jefferson Davis of the Southern Confederacy."

And so we progress to April 27, 1861, page 258, where we find President Lincoln's

Proclamation of April 15 thus announced: “War is declared. President Lincoln’s proclamation, which we publish above, is an absolute proclamation of war against the Gulf States.” Better late than never, we at last, after long, weary waiting, find in this number, page 268, the long-looked-for “Portrait of the President,” accompanied by a biographical sketch of Mr. Lincoln. It was really high time that the readers of the *Civilization* should be told something of their President nearly two months after he had assumed the reins of government. To make everything pleasant and impartial, however, the opposite page gives us the copy of a full-length photograph of General Beauregard. Having paid your money, choice is optional.

We have thus seen with what persistence and industry the *Journal*, during the long, critical months of the beginning of that eventful year 1861, was the ardent panegyrist of everything Southern, the stern rebuker and enemy of anti-slavery, the mocker and caricaturist of Northern Union sentiment, and the contemptuous sneerer at Abraham Lincoln. But all this fine talk about principle and lofty assumption of stern virtue was a mere question of circulation, and the sympathy of the *Journal* went with its pecuniary benefit, so far and no farther.

The immutability of its principles was subject to be disturbed by just such considerations as those which carried conviction to the understanding of Hans Breitman, and which he so admirably explained in his great political speech:

“Dese ish de brinciples I holts,
And dose in vitch I run:
Dey ish fixed firm and immutaple
Ash te course of de ‘ternal sun:

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Boot if you ton’t abbrove of dem—
Blease nodice vot I say—
I shall only be too happy
To alder dem right afay.”[149]

From an editorial leader of May 25, we hear that the *Weekly* is in receipt of abusive and threatening letters from various persons in the Southern States, the cause assigned for which rude conduct is “the statement in *our editorial of March 4*, to the effect that civil war between the *Free States on one side and the Slave States on the other* will inevitably, sooner or later, become a war of emancipation,” etc., etc. The reader may notice here that the expression, “Free States on one side and the Slave States on the other,” just as clearly and forcibly puts forth the doctrine of state sovereignty and the right of secession, as does the title of Alexander Stephens’s late work, which, in the smallest of nut-shells, gives the same doctrine in the few words, *The War between the States*. But what is of as great importance is that the contingent danger of emancipation was not presented by the journal at so early a date as *March 4*. There is no such editorial of March 4, there is no editorial of any kind of March 4, and, moreover, there was no number of *Harper’s Weekly* published on that date. The editorial referred to appeared *May 4*. And here we would frankly say that we are quite willing to accept this March 4 for May 4 as the result of mistake, oversight, or careless proof-reading.

With the abusive and threatening letters came advices that “In Tennessee vigilance committees forbid its (*Harper’s*) being sold.” “In Louisiana, the governor prohibits its distribution through the post-office.” And now, the Harpers, like Macbeth, have heard enough, and, seized with the frenzy of patriotism, thunder after this fashion:

“As for *Harper’s Weekly*, it will continue, *as heretofore*, to support the government of the United States,[150] the stars and stripes,[151] and the indivisible union[152] of thirty-four states.

“We know no other course[153] consistent with the duty of citizens, Christians, and honest men. If any subscriber to this journal expects us to give our aid or countenance to rebellion[154] against the government, he will be disappointed. If any man buys this journal expecting to find us apologize for treason,[155] robbery, rebellion, piracy, or murder, he will be disappointed. That is not our line of business. The proprietors of *Harper’s Weekly* would rather stop this journal to-morrow than publish a line in it which would hereafter cause their children to blush for the patriotism or the manhood of their parents.”

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This sharp change of sentiment, this sudden right-about face, may be best illustrated by the notes we have appended and by the utterances of the *Journal* before and after certain occurrences.

BEFORE.	**AFTER.**
Editorial (leader) March 30, 1861, entitled “The Two Constitutions.”	*Editorial (leader) May 18, 1861.*
“The Constitution of the Southern Confederacy has been published. It is a copy of the original Constitution of the United States, with some variations. The principal variations are”—nineteen of these are then described, and the article	“Mr. Jefferson Davis, Ex-Senator from Mississippi, has transmitted to the select council of rebels at Montgomery a document which he calls ‘A Message.’ It is a most ingenious and plausible statement of their case. Mr. Jefferson Davis is

concludes: “We have thus enumerated the principal alterations in the Constitution effected by the Congress at Montgomery. *Most of them would receive the hearty support of the people of the North. But comment is superfluous.*”

renowned for having made the most specious argument on record in justification of Mississippi repudiation. He has not forgotten his cunning. His ‘Message’ would almost persuade us—if we would forget facts and law—that rebellion is right, and the maintenance of government and the enforcement of law a barefaced usurpation.”

Editorial (leader) April 20, 1861.

It begins by stating that Virginia affirms “the right of a state to secede from the Union at will,” and that Missouri and Kentucky “declare that, in the event of forcible measures by the general government to resist the dismemberment of the Union, they will take sides with the seceded states.”

“It seems questionable,” continues the *Weekly*, “whether the continued alliance of these states, on these conditions, is an unmixed gain. If this Union of ours is a confederacy of states which is liable to be dissolved at the will of any of the states, and if no power rests with the general government to enforce its laws, it would seem that we have been laboring under a delusion these eighty years in supposing that we were a nation, and the fact would appear to be that,” etc., etc., etc.

Editorial (leader) June 8, 1861.

“The rebellion in this country has not half the excuse that the Sepoys had. The Indian soldiers were at least standing upon their own soil and opposing a foreign race which had vanquished them by arms. It was a blind stroke for the independence of their nationality. But the Davis rebellion is the resistance of a faction of citizens against the government of all; and the liberty for which they claim that they are fighting means baldly and only the liberty of holding other people in slavery.”[156]

Editorial “Better than Dollars,” April 20, 1861.

Portrait of the typical Northern man in contrast with the typical Southern man, in which the first is described as mean, avaricious, and unprincipled. “Cotton Pork is a Northern man, mostly from New England, though often transplanted to New York, and doing well in our climate. Some varieties of his genius have been tried at the South, but they don’t thrive there. They can’t stand so much sun.”

“At the South—an odd region—dollars are well thought of, to be sure, but still they don’t govern.... It seems ridiculous, but people talk and think much more about honor at the South than about dollars.”

Cotton Pork, we are told, “is *for his country if dollars are on his country’s side, otherwise he crawls on his belly to lick the feet of the enemy who offers him dollars*.”

“Strange how differently they talk down South! They spend no energy in denouncing civil war. They do not want to fight. *They seek peace.* But if it comes, they will make no wry faces. It will cost them much, but they utter no such philanthropic shrieks as proceed from the mouth of Cotton Pork. They seem to think that there are things worse than fighting in this world, and better than dollars. An odd people, surely.”

Editorial May 18, 1861, headed “In Memoriam.”

“They have led us by the nose, and kicked us, and laughed at us, and scorned us in their very souls as cravens and tuppeny tinkers. They have swelled, and swaggered, and sworn, and lorded it in Washington and at the North, as if they were peculiarly *gentlemen*[157] because they have lived by the labor of wretched men and women whom they did not pay—whom they sell to pay their debts, and whipped and maimed savagely at their pleasure. They have snorted superciliously about their rights, while they deprived four millions of human beings of all rights whatsoever, and have sought to gain such control of the general government that they might override altogether the state laws which protect the equal rights of men. They have aimed to destroy the beneficent, popular system which peacefully and patiently and lawfully was working out the great problem of civilization; and while they have been digging about the foundations of the temple to make sure of its downfall, they have loftily replied to our inquiries, ‘We only want to be let alone.’”

We trust that the Southern gentleman and Cotton Pork, Esq., “a Northern man,” are pleased with their respective portraits.

We have long and patiently borne with the insults and aspersions upon our faith and conduct as Catholics persisted in for years by *Harper’s Weekly*. Trusting that better counsels would prevail, and unwilling to add by controversy a single spark to the fire already kindled, we have deferred from day to day, and from month to month, saying what we might at any time have said.

Fully aware of the by no means reputable “anti-Popery” antecedents of its proprietors, of their palpably governing motive, and of the speculation they saw at the bottom of the movement, we might, so far as we were personally concerned, have looked upon the malicious movement as not meriting serious attention.

But we are also aware to how great an extent the prestige of the wealth and commercial standing of a large publishing-house, the widespread circulation of their periodicals, and most especially their noisy and incessant proclamation of a patriotism claimed as at once unvarying, inflexible, unselfish, and devoted, had misled or blinded the general public, ignorant of their real precedents, and we have, therefore, found it our duty to enlighten as well our own readers as those of the *Weekly* as to the real state of the case.

In so doing, we wish to call attention to the fact that we have here confined ourselves to the information furnished by public judicial decisions, and to their own record as published by themselves.

Finally, we most earnestly, and in the spirit of charity, urge these gentlemen to devote themselves to their plain, and what they may make their noble, duty as journalists. Let them be advised for their own good to cease fanning the flame of a hateful bigotry, and to pursue in the future such a course as may induce right-minded men to look upon their title-page illustration as indeed the flambeau of civilization, and not the torch of the incendiary.

[147] Demurrer is thus defined: “A stop or pause by a party to an action for the judgment of the court on the question, whether, assuming the truth of the matter alleged by the opposite party, it is sufficient in law to sustain the action, and hence whether the party resting is bound to answer or proceed further.”

[148] In passages here quoted from *Harper’s Weekly*, the italics are ours.

[149] We give this passage not only because we think it apt, but also to vindicate the witty Hans from the inept aspersions of the *Harper’s* critic, who deliberately reaches the solemn opinion that “in Hans Breitman there is nothing funny but the grotesque dress. Translate his poetry into English, and it is, with here and there a solitary exception, the baldest of all commonplaces.”

[150] “Wanted, a Capital.”

[151] “The Crippled American Eagle.”

[152] “There can be no question but the enterprise of holding the Union together by force would ultimately prove futile. *It would be in violation of the principle of our institutions.*”—*Harper’s Weekly, editorial leader of March 9, 1861.*

“If the Union is really injurious to them (our Southern friends), heaven forbid that we should insist on preserving it.”—*Harper’s Weekly*, 1861, p. 146.

[153] “Most of them” (“alterations in the Constitution *effected by the Congress at Montgomery*”) “would receive the hearty support of the people of the North.”—*Harper’s Weekly, March 30, 1861.*

“Some practical people, viewing the dissolution of the Union as a fixed fact.”—*Weekly, Jan. 26, 1861.*

[154] “Is it wise, is it prudent, is it possible to punish it?”—*Harper’s Weekly*, p. 146, 1861.

[155] “He [Jeff. Davis] is emphatically one of those ‘born to command,’ and is doubtless destined to occupy a high position, either in the Southern Confederacy or in the United States.”—*Weekly, Feb. 2, 1861.*

[156] “Stand aside, you Old Sinner! We are holier than thou!”—Our Comment.

[157] So italicized in the article.

THE HOUSE OF YORKE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TOWN-MEETING.

Before allowing her husband to go to the town-meeting, Mrs. Yorke had given him a word of admonition, not the usual wifely charge to keep himself out of danger, but an exhortation to justice and reason.

“Justice and reason!” he exclaimed. “Why, for what else have I been contending, Mrs. Yorke?”

“True!” she answered gently. “But may it not be possible that there is more cause than you will allow for this upheaval, and that it is not a superficial excitement which can be easily soothed or beaten down? These sailor friends of ours have told me that, when the water is dimpled and green, it has a sand bottom, and, when it is black and easily fretted into foam, there are rocks underneath. Now, this anti-Catholic excitement is dark and bitter enough to show that there is some fixed obstacle, which breath, though it be ever so wisely syllabled, will not remove.”

“So there is,” Mr. Yorke replied promptly. “The devil is there.”

“Charles, the devil, or human weakness, lurks under the surface of every side of every question,” his wife said with earnestness. “Good men are not entirely good, nor bad men utterly bad. There are men, and not ignorant ones, either, who have engaged in this movement from an honest conviction that there is need of it. They may be prejudiced and short-sighted, but they are” worthy of a patient, if not a respectful, hearing. My wish is that to-night you would be in no haste to speak, and that, when you do speak, you would address the real meaning of the trouble, and not the miserable froth on the surface.”

What man likes to be told that he is not reason personified, especially by his wife? Not Mr. Charles Yorke, certainly. But the little lady was not one to be scouted, even by her liege lord, and he heard her respectfully to the end. Manhood must be asserted, however, and he compensated himself for the mortification after a manner that is often adopted by both men and women: he first absurdly exaggerated the charge made against him, and then answered to that exaggeration.

“I am much obliged to you, my dear, for explaining the matter to me,” he said with an air of meekness. “I am afraid that I cannot stop to hear more, for it is time to go. But I will remember your warning, and try not to make a fool of myself.”

Nine women out of ten would have made the reply which such a pretence is calculated to call forth—a shocked and distressed denial of having had any such meaning, a senseless begging pardon for having been so misunderstood, and a final giving up of the point, and temporary utter humiliation and grief, followed later, on thinking the matter over, by a mental recurrence to their abandoned position, and a disenchanting conviction that men are sometimes artful creatures, after all, and only to be pleased by flattery.

Mrs. Yorke was not to be so entrapped. She accepted her husband’s submission with perfect tranquillity, as though she believed it both proper and sincere, and laughed a little as he went away. “My poor Charles!” she said, looking after him with tender indulgence.

Those little faults are so endearing!

The hall where the meeting was held was filled in every part; a dense mass of people struggled up or down the two flights of stairs leading to it, and a throng of men obstructed the street outside. Edith Yorke had been in the lane to see a sick woman, and, hearing that Miss Churchill also was in the neighborhood, had lingered longer than was prudent, hoping for her company home. Starting off alone, at last, she soon found herself in the midst of this crowd. They surged about her, muttering insults and maledictions on “that Catholic Rowan girl,” and seemed every moment on the point of stopping her. Not far in advance was Miss Churchill. An enthusiastic boy threw a stone at her, and the teacher wiped from her cheek a stain of blood where it struck. Edith held her head up, and walked straight on, looking neither to the right nor left, and, whatever ruffianly intention any one may have had, those who looked in her face stood aside, and kept silence while she passed. If the spirit that hardened her brow to the likeness of marble, shone in her eyes, and curved her red lips with a still scorn, was less Christian humility than natural loftiness, it was at least no petty pride, and it needed but the sense of actual personal danger to change it to supernatural lowliness. Her conviction, “They dare not touch me!” prevented the advent of that martyr-spirit which brings with it every virtue.

Humility is a flower that grows on the mountain-tops of the soul, and is reached only by striving and endeavor. That is not true humility which the mean heart plucks in the lowlands, calling on God ‘twixt swamp and slough; nor does the child’s hand bear it, nor yet does it shadow the untried maiden’s brow, over her lowered eyelids. We must come out above the belt of pines and the gentian meadows, we must scale the dizzy track where to

look down is destruction, and face the bitter cold of the glacier, and, over all, we shall find that exquisite blossom, its pure blue drooped earthward under the infinite blue of heaven.

Therefore we claim not humility for Edith, for she was not wise enough for that, and she was too true and brave for its counterfeit; but she had that scorn for meanness and tyranny which is one of the first milestones on the road to humility.

While his niece was walking unprotected through the crowd without, Mr. Yorke was in the hall, seated near the platform, on which were all the ministers, and the prominent Know-Nothings, several of the latter town-officers. One after another spoke, and was loudly applauded. The excitement and enthusiasm were immense. Mindful of his wife's charge, Mr. Yorke restrained his indignation, and listened attentively, sifting out what was essential in this commotion and common to all its participants. As he listened, the vision of a possible future of his country appeared before him, and made the hair rise on his head. He saw the anarchy and bloodshed of a religious war more terrible than any war the world had seen—a massacre of innocents, a war of extermination. This was possible, was probable, was inevitable, unless men would listen to reason. And why would they not? He weighed all that was said, carefully attending to the most revolting and worthless arguments, and under all that foam and roar saw the one rock. However different might be the principles and feelings of those anti-Catholic speakers, they all converged, consolidated, and struck fire on that one point.

It was not that they were fanatic, for fanaticism cannot exist without some strong religious conviction, and by far the largest number of them had no religious belief; while many interpreted religious freedom to mean freedom from religion. It was not that they were intolerant of any man's simple belief. The majority were more likely to laugh at faith than to be angry with it. Indeed, their scepticism made them incapable of practising real religious toleration, for that is to bear, without any manifestation of resentment, that your neighbor shall tacitly scorn what you hold sacred; a virtue most difficult to the faithful, but comparatively easy to the sceptic. It was not that they cared for its own sake whether the Bible was read in school or not, for the larger number of them never read it at home, many quoted it only in mockery, and every one denied the truth of some of its most plainly uttered tests. In short, the rock on which this tempest rose and dashed was a deadly fear and hatred, not of the Catholic Church, but of the Catholic clergy. The only question which interested these men in connection with any Catholic dogma was, How much temporal influence will it give to the priest? The supernatural side they cared not a fig for. To their minds it was impossible that a Catholic priest should be a truthful, plain-dealing, straightforward man. He shuffled, evaded, intrigued. His aim was less to christianize the world than to govern it, less to enlighten than to direct.

Let us give the Know-Nothings and their sympathizers their due. Bad as they were, slanderers and law-breakers, and absolutely irreligious for the most part, the worst fault of many of them was that they knowingly used bad means to what they believed to be a good end. There was some sincerity in the movement, though it was, at its best, irrational, inconsistent, and un-American, as alien, indeed, to our republic as it charged the church with being. They believed that the Catholic clergy acquire power by insidious means, and that, once in power, they will destroy all that makes our dear country the abode of freedom and equal rights, and the bountiful home where all the starving, shivering exiles of other lands may feed and warm themselves. Once prove that the church is friendly to the republic, and the vertebra of their opposition is broken.

Mr. Griffeth was the only one of these speakers who cleared the question from the *débris* of personal slander and misrepresentation of doctrine.

"You mistake, gentlemen," he said, "if you think that the doctrines of the Catholic Church are either ridiculous or bad. Such an opinion would show you ill-informed or incapable of comprehension. On the contrary, they are glorious. But they are such as can be safely preached and enforced only by saints and angels, or by men of such exalted holiness as the world seldom sees. In the hands of weak men, they may be, and have been, perverted to base uses. The dogma of the Infallibility of the church is a crown of living gold on the head of the mystical Spouse, and a mantle of cloth of gold about her form; but the priest has drawn the shining folds about his own human shoulders, and made it a sin to criticise *him*. Confession, which I proclaim to be, in its essence, one of the most comforting and saving institutions that ever existed, they can and do use to learn the secret workings of society and obtain power over individuals. I need not detain you to go over the list, for all are the same. It is St. Michael's sword in the hands of Satan.

"No, gentlemen, it is not because their theology is bad that I say, Down with the church! It is because its fair niches and shrines harbor thieves, and robbers, and tyrants—because, though the pope can sit there enthroned, with his lofty tiara, and the bishops stand with mitres, and the priests lift their haughty foreheads, the people cannot walk erect as God made them to walk, but must crawl on the pavement like worms. And therefore, though the walls of the temple were of jasper, its pillars of malachite, its ceiling of sapphires, its pavements of beaten gold, and its gates like the gates of the New Jerusalem, I still would cry, Down with the temple!

"From the time when peoples first began to crystallize upon the face of the earth, God has looked out from heaven, and asked each in turn, 'Where shall my children find peace, and

freedom, and room to grow?' and each in turn has answered, 'Here, Lord!' lying to his face. And in his own time, after patient waiting, the Almighty has stretched forth his hand, and has effaced the boundaries of that perjured nation, and touched her people with blight. The kingdoms of old lied to the Lord, and they have perished; and in our own day there is a wavering and tottering in the battlements that wall the nations in.

"One hundred years ago, America rose up and made the covenant: Here, Lord, shall thy children find peace and freedom, and here shall they grow to the stature of the perfect man and woman! It is for us, brethren, to see that the pact is kept. It is for us to watch that the oppressor gains no foothold here, lest we perish for ever. For there is no Phœnix among the kingdoms of earth, from whatever cause they die. When a nation lies in the dust, it rises no more, save to walk, a ghost, in the dreams of its orphaned children. Ireland, Poland, Hungary,—they sleep the sleep that knows no waking. They are in the past, with Greece and Rome, with Babylon and Nineveh:

'Youthful nation of the West,
  Rise, with truer greatness blest!
Sainted bands from realms of rest,
  Watch thy bright'ning fame!'

"Brethren, when we in turn shall join that company of silent watchers, God forbid that we should hear rising from our beloved land such a lamentation as went up for that ruined city of the East: 'Nineveh is laid waste! who will bemoan her? She is empty, and void, and waste; her nobles dwell in the dust; her people are scattered upon the mountains, and no man gathereth them.' For the sake of humanity, may God forbid!

"There is now but one name written in living characters on the future, and that name is America. It was writ in blood by our fathers, and accepted in fire by the God of nations. Palsied be the hand that would quench one letter of that sacred legend!"

During the loud applause that followed, Mr. Yorke mounted the platform.

Had they not known that he was soon to leave them, and had not his manner been quite unlike what he had shown on former occasions of this sort, they might have refused to hear him. As it was, a reluctant and impatient silence was accorded. Some listened, doubtless because they wished to be exasperated, and hoped for another pretext for outbreak. But he looked like one who fully appreciates the strength of his opponent, and does not hope for a speedy victory.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a certain grim emphasis on the word, "after Mr. Griffeth's pyrotechnic display of eloquence, I cannot hope that my words will not fall with a dull sound on your ears. He has gone up like the rocket, and I must come down like the stick. I promise, however, to be brief, and to speak to the point. First, I thank him for having spoken like a gentleman, and left the subject clear enough for a gentleman to touch. On all that preceded him, I have but two comments to make. Concerning the attacks on the personal character of the Catholic clergy, I will only say, 'Set a thief to catch a thief!' To the misrepresentations of their creed, I would say, theologians should be better educated than to make them sincerely, and honest men should not fear to tell the truth, even of a foe.

"I come, then, to Mr. Griffeth's argument: that these men, simply from human weakness, not from personal depravity, have always abused their power, and, being men, always will abuse it, and that, therefore, we must, in self-defence, either banish them from the country, or deny them the rights of citizenship; their doctrines all the time being perfect, or, at least, tolerable.

"I am not here to defend the character of the Catholic clergy. I know well that your deep-rooted prejudice will not yield to any word of mine or theirs. They must live down your enmity with what patience they may; and the day will come, believe me! when the still, small voice of those lives that have been consecrated to God will silence and put to shame the blatant accusation and pseudo-patriotism which now overwhelm it. Whatever may have been proved against some, the whole world knows that that clergy has given for its admiration many a model of Christian behavior, and that among its missionaries have been, and are, men worthy to stand beside Peter, and Paul, and John—men enamored of the things of God, and dead to the attractions of earth. If it be true that you can find Judases in their company, it is equally true that apostolical laborers are not found outside of their fold. It may still be the apostolical church, though one in twelve were a Judas.

"This part of the question is, however, irrelevant. We stand here, if we are worthy to speak, for principle, and not for men. If the faults of partisans are to be used as an argument against an institution, no institution on earth can stand, and Protestantism and freedom must shake to their foundations.

"Assuming, though, that his assertion is true, and that the clergy have always been the enemies of freedom and enlightenment, though that would be strong circumstantial evidence against their future trustworthiness, still the conviction which he invokes is too grave and arbitrary for so just and enlightened a judge as our country promises to be. But I deny the truth of his premises, and, since proof is out of the question in this place, set my bare denial against his bare assertion.

“But if his assumption and conclusion were both true, if these men were untrustworthy, and if we had therefore the right to refuse them equality, we are still bound to give that refusal, not with the howling of wild beasts, not with mobs and threatenings, but decently, and according to law, or we are ourselves unfit to be trusted with that freedom which we deny to them.

“No, I am not here to prove that the clergy of the Catholic Church are all saints, or even all good men; but I am here to say that, hate them as you may, you cannot, in these United States, under the constitution, you cannot with impunity persecute them, nor deprive them of any of the privileges which that constitution guarantees to them as rights. ‘Work in secret,’ do they? ‘Undermine,’ do they? And from whom does this accusation come? What of that society in which this movement takes its rise?—that society which now dominates the land, stirring up riots from Maine to Louisiana, making laws and changing laws, and setting the off-scouring of the earth in our high places? What of those lodges where men assemble to concert measures for governing the country, yet where no citizen can enter without the pass-word and oath of secrecy? Josiah Quincy, Senior, of Boston, a man whose name carries as much weight as any name here in this hall, has said of these same societies, ‘*The liberties of a people are never more certain in the path of destruction than when they trust themselves to the guidance of secret societies. Birds of the night are never birds of wisdom.... They are for the most part birds of prey. The fate of a republic is sealed when the bats take the lead of the eagles.*’ Our atmosphere is black with these same bats!

“To Mr. Griffeth’s parting anathema, I respond, ay and amen! Palsied be the hand that would quench one letter of that sacred legend! But whose is the hand that threatens it in this town? Is it Father Rasle, who asked a right of you, and, when you refused it, asked it of the law—in a neighboring town, mark, there being no law here!—and when the law refused it, submitted in silence? Is it the few hundreds of harmless Catholics among you, not one of whom has raised a hand in violence? Or is it your brutal mobs, who have insulted both priest and people, destroyed their property, and threatened their lives? Think of this, citizens! If the laws are dear to you, keep them! If you love freedom, do not practise tyranny! If you claim to be an intelligent people, think for yourselves, and do not let demagogues do it for you! Who is he who truly loves and honors his country? Not that man who holds its constitution to be a pretty myth, fine to quote, but impossible to act upon; but he who demands that its most generous promise shall be fulfilled, and is not afraid that in sincerity will be its destruction.

“Mr. Griffeth has uttered his war-cry, ‘Down with the church!’ and you have applauded it with enthusiasm. While I have listened to-night, there has risen before my vision the possible demolition of another edifice—a demolition which is inevitable, if such counsels are to prevail. Our fathers raised in this land a temple to civil and religious liberty, and pledged to its support their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. That was no empty pledge, for the structure was cemented with their blood from corner-stone to pinnacle. And the genius whom they enthroned in the centre was no idol of wood and stone, to be used as a puppet by the designing, but a living creature. She was strong, and pure, and generous, and she had eagle’s eyes. She opened her arms to the world. She feared no alien foe, for her strength could be shorn and her limbs manacled only by her own renegade children. It is you are her foes. These narrow and violent counsels which pretend to protect, do contradict her; the manacles which you forge for others, will fetter her; with the violence which you do to others, will her strength be shorn; and the spirit which you obey under her name will dethrone her. But do not fancy that you can blind and make sport of her with impunity. The time may come when that insulted spirit will take in her mighty arms the pillars of the nation, and pull it down in ruin on your heads. No, the foe is not the orphan she has cherished, nor the stranger within her gates, but the children she has nourished at her bosom.

“Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended.”

When Mr. Yorke went home that night, though it was late, he found his wife and Betsey waiting for him at a turn of the road. He expressed no surprise nor disapprobation, but walked slowly homeward with them.

“What have they done?” Mrs. Yorke asked. She perceived that her husband’s arm trembled.

“Nothing can stop their running but themselves,” he answered. “They must fall by their own speed.”

“They listened to you?” she asked.

“Yes, they were civil, and even applauded a little. But what of that? In spite of all that I could do, they have passed a resolve, passed it unanimously, that, if Father Rasle comes here again, they will give him a suit that is not to be bought at the tailor’s.”

“What does that mean?” was Mrs. Yorke’s wondering question.

“You little goose! it means tar and feathers! Well, don’t let us talk any more about it. I am done with words.”

“Edith got into the crowd to-night,” Mrs. Yorke said, “and they were impudent. She took it very quietly then, I think, but after she got home she was quite hysterical. I thought the

child would sob herself to death.”

“She had no business to be out,” her uncle exclaimed. “Neither had you and Betsey. How do you know what they may do?”

“You are right, dear,” she said soothingly. “In future, we will stay in the house, and you will stay with us.”

CHAPTER XXIV

“CELUI-LA FAIT LE CRIME A QUI LE CRIME SERT.”

Mr. Yorke was at the Seaton House when the Western mail-coach came in Saturday morning, but Father Rasle was not a passenger. The mail brought a letter from him to Edith, however, and her uncle took it home to her immediately. She read aloud to the family his thanks for their invitation, and his reasons for declining it. He would drive over in his own buggy, he wrote, and would probably reach Seaton before ten o’clock in the forenoon. Edith had better come to see him in the morning, as he would then be more at leisure.

“Why, he must be here now!” Edith exclaimed, and ran up-stairs to prepare herself for the visit.

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If Mrs. Yorke and her daughters felt any sense of relief on learning that they had escaped the danger which would have threatened them had the priest been their guest, they did not express that feeling. They were quite ready, in spite of the danger, to repeat the invitation. Mr. Yorke alone sincerely regretted Father Rasle’s decision. Even Edith, who knew nothing of the action of the town-meeting, perceived that the priest’s place was with his own people.

“I have seen the sheriff and Dr. Willis, this morning,” Mr. Yorke said, after his niece had left the room, “and they both agree in thinking that Father Rasle will not be molested for coming here to stay over one Sunday. They are probably right. The great objection is to his settling here. Besides, he comes so quietly, his being here will not be widely known. Half of his own people do not know that he is coming.”

The two gentlemen named by Mr. Yorke were among the few who secretly condemned the conduct of the town, but did not publicly avow their sentiments, possibly because they knew that such a proclamation would harm themselves without doing any good to Catholics. Aside from the risk of violence to person or property, the physician would be accused of bartering his principles for an increase of practice, the politician of intriguing for the Irish vote. That any one could speak a good word for the church or the Irish from a disinterested motive, was not for a moment admitted.

The day was overcast, threatening rain; but to Edith Yorke it was as though spring and sunshine were at the door; for Mother Church, long exiled, bent once more toward her bereaved children.

“What I do not tell him voluntarily, he will ask,” she said to herself, thinking of Father Rasle. “He will point out what has been wrong in me, and reprove me once for all, and have done with it; and the fault that is not mine, he will lift off my shoulders. It is very heavy!” she whispered tremulously, and for a little while could say no more.

Edith was not breaking under her burden, but she was bending wearily, and the constant weight of it had taken away all her elasticity, not of spirits alone, but of body. While making her last examen of conscience, she felt too weak to kneel, and sank into an arm-chair instead, dropping her head back against the cushion, and closing her eyes. So seen, the change in her face was startlingly evident. Her manner was always so fresh, and her eyes and teeth lighted up her smile so brilliantly, whether she spoke or listened, or only looked, that one could not see that she was pale and thin. But the face that lay against the chair-back was very pallid, and even the hands stretched out on the arms of the chair looked sick.

“There are six sins that I am sure of, besides all the doubtful ones,” she said presently, sitting up. “That takes all my right hand, and the forefinger of my left hand. And now it is time to go.”

The shortest way to the house where Father Rasle was to stop led through the wood-path that Edith and Dick had taken when he left her after his first visit to Seaton. She recollected that walk as she passed again through the forest, and murmured a tearful “Poor Dick! where are you now?”

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The trees were not, as then, bright with a prodigal splendor of color, and steeped in mellow sunshine. The gold was tarnished, the reds looked dark and angry, and the lowering sky seemed to press on the branches. That silence which, in the glory of autumn, expresses contentment with finished work and wishes fulfilled, seemed now to mean only suspense or endurance. No leaf came floating trustfully down to give its earth to earth, and free the imprisoned gold into its native air; no gray squirrel was discovered gathering its store of beech-nuts for the coming winter; no bird flitted about to take one more look at its summer haunts. All was silent and deserted.

“You poor old woods! I know just how to pity you,” Edith said, looking about. “But cheer up! These are the days in which Nature tells over the sorrowful mysteries in her long rosary.

Your garments are rent away, and the thorns are on your head; but after all is ended, then comes the glorious mystery of the spring resurrection. There! now I have exhorted you, you may exhort me. If you have anything to say, please to say it!”

And then the woods answered: “Child, I know my rosary all by heart, for I have said it six thousand times—six thousand times, child, and yet man will not listen. I tell of resignation and hope, and still his ears are dull. I tell him that in obedience is wisdom, and in wisdom contentment, and he does not cease to rebel. That is a sorrowful mystery over which I grew sad many a time before the cross became the sign of salvation. My very birds are wiser than the children of men; my beasts less cruel. Do not blush, little one! It was your ignorance that spoke, and not presumption. No fairer flower has bloomed in my shadow than your loving thought. Cheer up! Hearts will find the way when heads cannot; for when true love is blind, then an angel leads it.”

“I thank you!” Edith said after having listened. “It is very true, our teachers have a hard time with us. There is you, Mother Nature, with your book full of pictures, to catch our eyes; and the church, speaking our own language, to catch our ears; and conscience, with its two words only, yes and no, to catch our thoughts, and we fight against you all. I am very, very blind! Will some good angel lead me?”

She came out into East Street, and stood a moment on the spot where she and Dick had stood to look at that exquisite bit of meadow. The violet mist that had hung over it, like a parting soul over its body, had long since dissolved, and the little incarnate song that had floated there, yellow-winged and feathered, had been loosed into the heavenly orchestra. Half-way down the hill, a footpath led off to the left of the street, passed a few back-doors of houses on High Street, and ended at the door of the house where Father Rasle was. She knew by the buggy standing in the yard that he had come. If it had not been there, the smiling face of the woman who stood in the door would have told the story.

The woman stepped out to make way, and Edith ran in through the narrow entry to the square room that was both kitchen and parlor.

“O father, father! A hundred thousand welcomes!” And then, between grief and gladness, her voice was stopped.

“Dear child!” he said affectionately. “So you needed me very much?”

Several women were in the room. Some of them had arrived before the priest came, nearly all of them had made their confession, but not one could persuade herself to go away while she was allowed to remain. They meant to stay till he should bid them go, and even then wait for a second telling. To see their beloved pastor, to hear him speak, to repeat over and over their demonstrative welcome, was a happiness which they would fain prolong. [Pg 747]

The host and hostess were in their best attire. They had given up all other occupation to the supreme one of entertaining their priest. Their faces shone with a proud delight, their poor house was scrupulously clean, and, though Father Rasle was known to be abstemious, they had gone to the extent of their means for his entertainment.

The priest talked jestingly to the women to cheer them. “What is it that you cry about? But you need not tell me, for I know. It is because you have had nothing but hard words and the absence of your priest to bear. You cry because you were not blown up in the schoolhouse, or did not have your heads broken in the church. Or perhaps you were in hopes that I should come, and find you all strung up to the branches of trees. That is the finest fruit that a tree can bear—a martyr. The Bread of Life grew on the tree of the cross. Courage! They have not done with you yet. Make a good communion to-morrow, and afterward keep yourselves free from sin, and then, when I come again. I may have the happiness of finding all your bodies hung to trees, and all your souls in Paradise.

“Now, you two who have not been to confession will confess at once. Then I want every one of you to go home. I have to talk to that little girl.”

“That little girl” seated herself in the midst of these poor women, who smilingly made room for her—they were not jealous of her—and all turned their faces away from Father Rasle, and sat silently looking into the fire while the confessions were finished. And at last Edith found herself free to tell all her story to the priest.

The Catholics of Seaton could not, if they would, have concealed from their enemies that Father Rasle had come. Their joyful faces would have betrayed the secret if their lips had remained silent. All who could do so laid their work aside, and gathered in knots in the lane, or visited each other’s houses, to talk the matter over. They smiled and nodded to each other in the street with a significance which every one understood. Poor souls! to the cruel eyes that watched them their pathetic and sacred delight was a crime; their silence, treachery.

Toward evening the scattering visitors who had taken their way during the day to the house under the hill became a steady stream. It looked as though every Catholic in Seaton was going to confession. It looked, too, as though every Protestant in Seaton was willing that they should, for no one molested them, and the town was perfectly quiet. Those who had been anxious ascribed this quietude to the weather, and congratulated themselves that the threatening rain prevented any gathering of their persecutors.

At nine o'clock the crowd around the house where the priest was began to thin off. The road by which they sought their homes that night was a *via sacra*; for, newly shriven, and moved to the depths of their hearts, they carried with them, every one, the memory of an earnest exhortation to humility and forgiveness, and resignation to the will of God. At half-past ten only three or four women were left in the house, and the rain was beginning to fall outside. The confessions were over, Mrs. Kent had set out a late supper for Father Rasle, since he would have to fast till noon of the next day, and he was standing to say good-night to the last of his visitors, who even now seemed unwilling to leave him. While he spoke to them, some one was heard running toward the house, and the next minute a man burst into the room, breathless, and bespattered with mud. [Pg 748]

"They are coming!" he gasped out. "Run for your life, father!"

In the midst of the outcry that rose from those present, Father Rasle stood fixed and silent. Perhaps he was startled at the sudden and unexpected announcement; perhaps his color had changed; but there was no other sign of excitement. He calmly questioned the man, and learned that a mob of fifty or more masked men were rapidly approaching the house.

"And they will kill you, father," the messenger concluded. "They don't put on masks and come at night to break windows. They can do that in broad daylight. For God's sake, save yourself!"

"They shall take me where I am," the priest said firmly. "It is the will of God. I will not resist, and I have nowhere to fly to."

"Here is hot water. Put on more!" cried one of the women. We'll scald them!" And instantly they took the boiling tea-kettle from the fire, and put cold water to heat.

"Run over to the lane, and rouse the people!" cried another. "They'll kill everybody in the town in your defence, father, if you say the word."

"My children, I command you to use no violence, and make no resistance," the priest said with authority. "If the people rise, it will be to their own destruction. Pray! It is all that you can do."

They fell on their knees, weeping loudly as they heard the muffled tramp of many feet outside. But one said, "The cellar! the cellar!" and Mr. Kent, catching the priest's arm, almost forced him toward the cellar-door. It was a pitiful hiding-place; but Father Rasle had no time for any thought except that, if there were a chance of escape, it was his duty to take advantage of it.

Scarcely had he disappeared, before the outer door was thrust open, and the room was filled with men wearing crape masks. They came in silently and swiftly, and as swiftly their companions outside surrounded the house, and stationed themselves at each window to bar all egress.

It was not in the hearts of these poor people to utter no word of reproach to the perpetrators of such an outrage, even though the priest had commanded their silence. Mrs. Kent pointed to one man after another, calling him by name. "I know you under your mask!" she cried. "And the Almighty would find you if I didn't."

No one replied to her. The only one of the mob who spoke was he who seemed to be their leader. "Where is the priest?" he asked.

Of course no one told him.

The lower rooms and the attic were searched, and there remained but one place. The hearts of the Christians died within them as the leader of the mob took a candle from the table, and went toward the cellar-door. A girl who was near the door caught up a chair to defend the passage, but another took it from her, and pulled her down to her knees. The next moment Father Rasle was led out amid the sobs and prayers of his children. He was very pale, but perfectly calm, and, like his divine Master, he uttered not a word. But as the mob surrounded and led him away, he cast one glance on those who knelt and stretched their clasped hands toward him, and raised his hand in silent benediction. That he was being led to death, neither he nor they doubted. And they had no reason to doubt it. What violence, short of murder, had these men any reason to fear to do in open daylight? And might they not well believe that even the murderer could escape if he had only the law against him? This was not true only of Seaton. Many a Catholic priest in the United States, at that time, owed the preservation of his life, not to a fear of the law, but to a fear of Catholic vengeance. [Pg 749]

They did not take their victim through the lane which Edith had followed, but through a shorter one leading to High Street. The family living in the house at the corner of this street were well-bred people, and, though Protestants, friends to Father Rasle. He had been received in that house as a guest; and now, seeing a light in one of the rooms, the instinct of preservation rose, and forced a cry from him. "Save me!" he cried out, calling the man by name.

Those nearest immediately silenced him with threats. If he spoke again, they said, they would kill him on the spot.

His voice had not been heard, and the faint hope faded as quickly as it had risen.

They avoided the thickly-settled part of the town, and took their way down one of the back streets leading to the river. Half-way down they met a man on horseback, carrying a lantern. He held the light up, and asked whom they had there.

“No one,” they replied, making haste to conceal their prisoner. “We have no one with us.”

Not till too late did Father Rasle know that he had missed another chance of escape, and that it was the sheriff who had met them.

The mob, feeling now secure of their prey, could indulge in revilings. “So they persecuted Jesus of old,” said one, with a laugh.

“Will the Virgin save you?” asked another.

But enough. One does not repeat the talk of those through whose lips the arch-fiend speaks without disguise. They reviling, and he praying, disappeared in the darkness and the storm.

Edith Yorke had passed that evening in her own room. It had been her custom to keep the eve of her communions in retirement, and to-night she had more than ordinary food for reflection. It was almost eleven o’clock when she began to prepare herself for bed, but she still heard her aunt and Clara up downstairs. Mrs. Yorke had not been well, and, unwilling that her husband should lose his rest, had sent him upstairs to sleep, and kept Clara with her. Edith was just thinking that she had a mind to go down and see how her aunt was, when she heard the small gate of the avenue open, and shut again instantly, as if some one had run through.

Her window was partly raised. She threw it up, and stepped out on to the top of the portico. Her heart divined the danger at once. Already the messenger was half-way up the avenue, and, before she could see that it was a woman, she heard her panting breath and half-exhausted voice: “Help! They are killing Father Rasle!”

A faintness as of death swept over Edith. She would have spoken, but could only sink on her knees and lean over the railing. Mrs. Yorke, too, had heard the click of the gate, and had opened the sitting-room window, and Edith heard her voice and Clara’s. To them the woman told her story.

“Do not speak loudly,” Mrs. Yorke said. “Mr. Yorke and Edith must not know. They can do no good, and would only make trouble. Clara, go and wake Patrick, and do it quietly. I tell you, my poor woman, my husband could do nothing, and I shall not allow him to be called.”

Edith grew strong the moment she knew the truth. The woman had left the house before Father Rasle did, and a rescue might still be possible. She opened her door noiselessly, stepped out, and closed it after her; then fled down the back-stairs, out through the back-door, and down the avenue to the upper gate. Reaching the road, she flew over it with winged feet. At North Street, instead of going down toward the centre of the town, she crossed to a lumber-road leading to the river. The bridge was far below, but one who dared could go over here on the boom that kept the logs. Edith dared, considering the peril not worth a thought. When some bugle-toned reveille of the soul wakes up our slumbering faith, then miracles become possible.

The bank was high on the eastern side, and the descent was by two immense timbers, or masts, chained together and chained to the shore at the upper end, and to the boom at the lower. The inclination was steep, and those who walked through the air on that slippery bridge stepped warily even by day, timing their steps to the heavy vibrations of the timber. But Edith ran fleetly down, and sprang on to the swaying boom ankle-deep in water. Lumber-mills above and below sent out their long lines of red light through the misty darkness, and the noise of their saws was like the grinding of teeth. The logs knocked against each other with a dull thump as the river flowed, and here and there little spaces of water glistened. To slip into one of those black holes was death. You miss the boom, and step on a log instead, and, unless you are a practised log-walker—possibly, too, if you are—the log rolls, you go under, and there is an end of you. You cannot scream when you are under water; you cannot rise to the surface, for the logs keep you down, or close together and crush you, and no one can see you.

The boom did not reach straight but zigzagged across the river, the lengths chained together, but not closely, and hidden under water. In those spaces, the logs, trying to get through, pushed their bobbing ends up, and tempted the foot. More than once Edith’s foot was in that trap, but she did not sink till just as she reached the western bank. Then, as she went down, she caught an overhanging sapling, and drew herself to land, wet to the waist.

Irish Lane did not reach so far up, by about a quarter of a mile, and there was no road, the way being pasture and ledge. As Edith reached the upper end of the lane, some one else came into it from the lower end, next the bridge, and she heard a woman’s voice lamenting. She did not stop for lamentation, but ran from house to house, bidding them come out and save Father Rasle.

They gathered immediately, asking questions all in confusion, knowing not which way to go, but ready to follow her lead. Had they no rifles nor pistols? No; why should they have them?

An Irishman's weapon was his fist and a cudgel, and whatever he could catch by the way.

An Irishman, indeed, usually goes into battle first, and arms himself afterward.

But the enthusiasm which Edith's words had kindled the other messenger soon quenched. It was too late to save him, she said. He had been carried away, they knew not whither. Of course he must be dead long before that time. And he had bid them farewell, and commanded them to use no violence—to do nothing but pray. [Pg 751]

Edith heard no more. The hand that, in her earnestness, she had laid on some one's arm, slipped off, and she dropped to the ground without a word.

It was more than half-past eleven o'clock, and raining quite hard, and the wind had begun to rise. Broken and dispirited, the Catholics went into their houses again, but not to sleep. In one of these houses Edith opened her eyes, and saw about twenty persons gathered, some bending over her, others praying, others walking about and wringing their hands. She got up. "I wish that you would all kneel down, and say the litany of our Lord Jesus," she said. "I am going to find Father Rasle."

It needed only that something should be proposed for them to do. The man of the house took his prayer-book, and they all knelt. Others came in and filled the room, frightened children cowering close to their elders, and watching the door, as if they expected to see a foe enter.

Edith went slowly out. One of the women had kindly put a shawl over her shoulders, but she was quite unconscious of the storm. The town clock was striking twelve, and as she stopped to count its strokes, the chorus of praying voices reached her through the open door:

"Jesus, King of Glory, have mercy on us!
Jesus, the Sun of Justice, have mercy on us!"

"O Sun of Justice!" she repeated, and lifted her clasped hands.

She went on, but heard again, in a pause of the storm:

"Jesus, most patient, have mercy on us!
Jesus, most obedient, have mercy on us!"

"Ah! yes, patience! It is not for us to invoke justice," she thought.

"'Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord! for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.'"

The road was heavy with mud, and in the darkness she scarcely could find her way. Only the occasional twinkle of a lighted window told where it did not lie. She went wearily, for the spirit that had sustained her while there was hope failed now, and the storm grew every minute worse. In another lull there came again, more faintly:

"Jesus, the good Shepherd, have mercy on us!
Jesus, the true Light, have mercy on us!"

At that tender petition the tears started forth, and she walked on weeping. They were indeed as sheep among wolves. The blast almost swept her off her feet, and in some sudden current snatched the sound of prayer, and brought it to her once more, clearly as if it had been cried in her very ears:

"Jesus, the Strength of martyrs, have mercy on us!"

The wind went sighing off to right and left, and opened a pathway of calm before her, in which she walked firmly, wiping her tears away, and taking courage again.

At the entrance to the lane, near the bridge, she paused and looked back. All was darkness there, but out of the dakness came faintly, "Lamb of God—" It was all she heard, and it was all! It meant patience, humility, immolation, and final triumph.

The cottage where Father Rasle had been was all alight when Edith came in sight of it, and as she approached the door a man came out and almost ran against her.

"Where is he?" she asked. [Pg 752]

"Why, Miss Edith!" exclaimed Patrick Chester.

She only repeated her question.

"He has come back," Patrick answered, "and Dr. Willis is with him."

"Will he die?" she whispered.

"No, Miss Edith; but he has been vilely used. He was out two hours in this storm. He found his way back more dead than alive. He has been tarred and feathered."

She cried out in disgust: "The brutes! They were, then, too base for murder!"

"You may say that," Patrick answered. "But now come home. You can't see him, you know."

But she would not go till she had heard his voice, and Patrick was obliged to go back to the entry with her. The entry was filled with men and women, all listening for any news that

might reach them. The door was ajar into the kitchen, where two or three men were admitted. The priest was with the doctor in an inner room.

“You had better drink this,” they heard Dr. Willis say; and Father Rasle’s voice replied: “No, doctor. It is after twelve o’clock, and I must say Mass to-morrow.”

“But, if you do not take it, you may be very sick,” the doctor persisted.

“I cannot take it,” Father Rasle said again. “My people must not be disappointed.”

“Thank God, it is really he!” Edith exclaimed. “Come, Patrick, we will go home now.”

Mrs. Yorke, fearing to alarm her husband, had put out the lights, and Edith, seeing the house all dark, took no precaution to conceal herself in approaching it. The first notice she had, therefore, that any of the family were awake, was her aunt’s frightened voice calling from the open window of the sitting-room, “Is it Edith? Has Edith been out?”

“Yes, but I am safe back, auntie,” she made haste to say; “and everything is right.”

Clara, Melicent, and Betsey were there. No one in the house slept but Mr. Yorke and the two Pattens, and, since the worst was probably over, it was not so much matter now if they waked. So a large fire was kindled, and Edith’s dripping garments taken off, while Patrick told his story. Then she also told where she had been, and smiled at their terror.

“But to cross the river on the logs and boom!” her aunt cried. “Why, child, your escape is a miracle! If you had fallen in, you would surely have been drowned.”

“I could not have drowned tonight,” Edith answered. “If I had fallen in, I should have set the river on fire.”

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DUTIES OF THE RICH IN CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

NO. II.

POLITICAL DUTIES.

In order to discuss clearly and profitably the various duties of the rich in Christian society, it is necessary to distinguish and divide them into distinct classes, and under the classes to separate particular duties from each other. We shall make our division on the principle of proceeding from the most general, or those which relate to society in its most extensive sense, to those which are less general, relating to society in its more specific and determinate sense, and finally to those which are the most particular, relating to separate portions and members of society, to the family and to the individual.

Society, in the most extensive sense with which we are concerned in these essays, is political society as organized in our own republic by federal, state, and municipal constitutions and laws. We venture to assume that it may be called a Christian society. It is so, however, in a wider, more general, and less determinate sense than the church, or than a purely Catholic state. We call it a Christian society, in this sense, that its fundamental moral principles have been derived from the Christian law; that its organic life is an outcome from Christian civilization. It does not, however, exclude from itself those who are not Christians, provided they conform to its moral principles and to the laws founded upon them. A Catholic citizen has duties to a state which is pagan. He has duties to a state which professes to be Christian, but adopts a schismatical or heretical perversion of Christianity as the religion of the state. But he has many more duties, because he stands in a much closer and more honorable relation to a state which is based on the moral principles of Christianity, and not identified with any ecclesiastical form which is hostile to his conscience. All Catholic citizens of our republic have political duties, modified, multiplied, and intensified by the extent and quality of the rights which they possess, and the greatness of the interests which they have at stake in the welfare of the commonwealth. The wealthy class have in common with their fellow-citizens all these duties, and additional ones peculiar to themselves.

The general reasons which prove this last proposition apply with equal force to all who belong to the wealthy class, even though they do not profess to be, in any sense of the term, Christians. The first of these reasons is, that the rich have succeeded in great measure to the advantages formerly possessed by the class of nobles. Even in those countries where the noble class still subsists, it is chiefly as a wealthy and educated class, and by the personal superiority of individuals belonging to it in the professions of arms and statesmanship, that it wields actual power. Moreover, the wealthy *bourgeoisie* has gained ground upon it and invaded its formerly exclusive sphere, winning for itself, as in England, for instance, a place in the real aristocracy. In our own country, where hereditary rank does not exist, it has a clear field. It has no special rights in the political order, and is not, therefore, strictly and completely the successor of the noble class in our ancestral British constitution. Yet, by the very fact of being a wealthy class, it does possess, and ought to possess, a certain pre-eminence, influence, and real though indirect power in public affairs. Men of superior intellectual ability, men of learning and letters, those who fill the higher professional positions, and office-holders, belong to the same class; partly because their position in many instances gives them at least a moderate share of wealth, but chiefly because they have power by their very position, and are able to influence and direct the disposition of wealth even when they do not personally possess it. By this very fact, they have duties to the commonwealth—they are not mere private persons, but public persons. They are important and distinguished members of the community, and, as such, have a greater responsibility to society and the state than others. This will not be disputed as a general statement. We do not intend to go into a minute and detailed exposition of all the particulars which it includes and comprehends. We confine ourselves, for the present, to certain specific duties of those who are rich in the literal and technical sense. And what we have to say of them is, that they ought to fulfil the duties which were annexed to the privileges of the class to which they succeeded, in so far as they have inherited those privileges.

However grossly feudal barons may have in a multitude of instances abused their privileges and their powers, the Christian idea of their state was always that their privileges and powers were entrusted to them for the common good. Sound political philosophy and common sense accord with the higher teaching of Christianity. It would be, therefore, a great change for the worse, a miserable regression in civilization, if a mere moneyed aristocracy, possessing privileges without corresponding duties, took the place of an aristocracy of birth, obliged by its nobility to render the most important services to the state. A mere *caste* existing for itself, having no end but the selfish exaltation and enjoyment of its members, with no purpose except to live in fine houses, wear fine clothes, drink choice wines, drive about in sumptuous equipages, and finally get buried in great pomp under stately monuments, would be the most anti-Christian, the most despicable, the most odious of constitutions—and would be *succeeded by Communism*.

The rich have political duties: they are bound to be a bulwark and a tower of strength to the state, an ornament to the commonwealth not only bright, but useful; as a quaint epitaph of the seventeenth century designates a certain eminent citizen, “*of Hartford Town the Silver*

Ornament." We presuppose in those men of wealth of whom we speak, as a matter of course, honesty and probity. Swindlers, gamblers, dishonest speculators, bribe-takers, and the whole set of vampires swollen with the blood of the state and of individuals, are excluded. It is those who have inherited or acquired their wealth honestly who are able to serve the state. It is not necessary to go more into detail regarding the ways and methods in which they can do so. We are content merely to indicate their ability and obligation to do it in general terms, and pass on to other topics.

One of these other topics relates to a duty of Catholic citizens which is properly classed under the head of political duties, but which we do not consider precisely as a duty to the state as such, but as one which Catholics owe to themselves, to their own personal rights of conscience, and to religion. We call it, nevertheless, a political duty, because it has to be performed by them as citizens, and in the exercise of their political rights. This is the duty of guarding and defending their liberty of conscience against any encroachment which may be attempted by any political party, or any legislation contrary to the letter or spirit of our fundamental law. This duty, which is one of all Catholic citizens indiscriminately, devolves especially on those whose wealth, education, intellectual power, or social and political position gives them a special opportunity and ability to fulfil it. Such persons are the natural chiefs and leaders of the Catholic laity; they are in the front rank; and they are bound to give the example, encouragement, and direction to the great body which they need and justly look for.

What can be more base and cowardly than for those who have a higher place in society than their fellows, and who have ordinarily risen from the ranks of the poor, laboring class of our Catholic people, to desert or regard with apathy that sacred cause for which their ancestors suffered and died, and for the sake of which they have sought an asylum in this free country, where they have found success and prosperity? Here they have found that inestimable boon, liberty of conscience, freedom to profess and practise their religion, and to provide for their posterity the means of doing the same. They are bound to use all the power and influence which God has given them to preserve and perpetuate these rights, and to protect the more helpless classes of their fellow-Catholics, the poor, the orphans, the sick, the outcasts of society, in the enjoyment of their religious rights. This includes a great deal. First and foremost at the present moment is liberty of education. Besides this, there are the rights of religious instruction and sacraments for those who are in the army and navy, in hospitals, asylums, and prisons, and in those institutions where children are justly or unjustly placed by the civil authority as vagrants. In short, everywhere, where the state takes hold of the individual, or exercises a right of control over any lesser corporation which takes hold of him, in such a way that there is a chance for tyranny over his conscience, and the violation or abridgment of his religious rights and liberty in the interest of sectarianism or secularism, it is the duty of the most eminent Catholic laymen to become, together with their bishops and priests, the champions of the oppressed.

Does any one say that there is no need of vigilance or action, because there is no danger that our rights will be disregarded or infringed? We think he is in error. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." And as one proof that Catholics in this republic have need to exercise this vigilance, we will cite an example of the disastrous consequences which have followed from the neglect of it in another republic.

The Confederation of the Swiss Cantons established and guaranteed in the most solemn and explicit manner the liberty of religion for Catholics and Protestants alike. Nevertheless, the liberty of the Catholic Church has been taken away in the most flagrant manner, even in the Catholic Cantons, by tyrannical federal and cantonal legislation. Fifty religious establishments were suppressed at one blow. Since that time,—that is, since 1848—religious houses and schools have been forcibly suppressed at Ascona, Lugano, Mendrisio, and Bellinzona, and the diocesan seminaries at Pollegio and Aargau. Nearly all the Catholic schools in most of the mixed cantons have been changed into mixed schools, and in Thurgau they have been all suppressed. No priest can be admitted to the exercise of his functions who has studied at any Jesuit college. The catechism of the bishop in whose diocese Aargau is situated, the Bible History of Schuster, and the Moral Theologies of Gury and Kenrick, have been interdicted by the civil authority. Prohibitions have been issued against missions, retreats, the publication of the Jubilee, and the devotions of the Month of Mary. In Aargau, no youth can embrace the ecclesiastical state without the leave of the cantonal assembly, before which august and holy tribunal he must pass two examinations. In the Catholic canton of Ticino, the cantonal assembly arrogates to itself the right of changing the destination of religious foundations, fixing and regulating the election, installation in benefices, and official functions of beneficiaries, erecting new parishes and abolishing existing ones. The *placet* of the civil authority is requisite for all ecclesiastical decrees of the bishops and the Pope under penalty of fines varying from five to five thousand francs. In several cantons civil marriage is obligatory. In short, the Catholics of Switzerland are in an enslaved and insupportable condition, as is proved by a memorial of the whole body of the Swiss Episcopate, in which these and many other particulars are given.[158]

The profession of liberalism affords no guarantee to Catholics against the most flagrant and cruel oppression. Neither is there any security in the mere fact that the form of government is democratic or republican. Everywhere, as well in countries called Catholic as in those which are not, under republican as well as under monarchical constitutions, the price of

liberty is unceasing vigilance and activity. Catholics must rely entirely on themselves, and not delegate the office of protecting them to any party or ruling power. This is necessary in the United States as well as in Switzerland. We do not ascribe to the majority of the non-Catholic citizens of our federal republic or of any state a disposition to abridge our liberty. But it is not the majority which really governs. Principles, maxims, arguments, watch-words, measures, are initiated by a few persons. Majorities are carried along by leaders, orators, writers for the press, they know not why, how, or toward what end. There is danger, therefore, though not from the American people, from the masters of state-craft, but from restless, revolutionary spirits, from violent sectarian leaders, from ambitious demagogues, from parties which may start up and be violently impelled by sudden excitements.

The conclusion of all this is, that the *élite* of the Catholic laity are bound to understand the sound Catholic principles of public law and right which are involved in the relation of liberty of conscience and religion to the sovereignty of the state, under our American republican institutions. They are bound to instruct those who are uneducated in their rights and obligations as citizens. They are bound to set before the public the grounds and reasons of Catholic rights, as based on the natural and divine law, and the American constitution. And they are bound to exclude unprincipled, ignorant demagogues from the leadership of the Catholic people by taking it themselves, and in that position opposing with all their might every political scheme for giving the state a usurped power over conscience and religion. Those who are incapable of doing anything else in this direction can at least aid by their wealth the Catholic press in diffusing true and just ideas, and advocating Catholic rights.

[158] See *Dublin Review* for October, 1871.

TRAVELS IN THE AIR.

About ninety years ago, on the memorable 21st of November, 1783, the Parisian world had a sensation which can never be repeated. On that day, men for the first time dared to trust themselves in a balloon, which was to be freed entirely from the earth, and take, as we may say, its chance as to the time and manner in which it was to return to it. One can easily imagine the intense excitement and admiration which must have filled the hearts of the spectators, and the feelings of triumph, though mingled, it must needs have been, with some apprehension, on the part of the occupants of the car, the Marquis d'Arlandes and M. Pilâtre de Rozier, when they for the first time, trusting themselves to the care of their new machine, invented only a few months previously, were carried by it into the unknown region of the clouds. Fortunately, this first free ascent was a success; if it had not been, who knows how long further experiments in aeronautics might have been postponed by prohibitory laws or by the fears of men, both of which would certainly have been quite justifiable? As it was, this first excursion served as a stimulus to other attempts, and the number which have been made since then is beyond all estimate. It is certain, however, that the immense majority of them have been every way as successful as this first one was, and many, of course, very much more so. The danger of balloon ascents is really very trifling; accidents occur hardly once in a hundred times, and very seldom, when they do occur, involve the loss of life. It is hardly more dangerous to travel by balloon than by railway or steamer, and certainly very much more agreeable.

If our reader desires a most convincing proof of this last statement, we cannot do better than to refer him to a book bearing the title which stands at the head of this article, and imported by Lippincott & Co. We must confess to having become somewhat enthusiastic on the subject of balloons since reading this book, and hardly think any one else who even looks at it can fail to have something of the same feeling. By a mere glance at it one is introduced to quite a new world, and to read it is the next best thing to going up above the clouds one's self. It is illustrated by six beautiful chromo-lithographs, and has a hundred and twenty other illustrations.

Mr. Glaisher, the editor, is a thoroughly scientific man, possessed of remarkable steadiness and coolness, as his name would imply, and as the accounts of his voyages sufficiently demonstrate. He is one of the best meteorologists in the world, and it is in the interests of science that his ascents have been made. But, together with the accounts of his own excursions, he gives others by three French gentlemen, also accomplished aeronauts, and whose enthusiasm on the subject almost equals our own, and practically perhaps surpasses it, for we find that M. Tissandier seems to have had no objection to starting from Calais when the wind was blowing straight out toward the German Ocean. These gentlemen, MM. Flammarion, De Fonvielle, and Tissandier, just named, often made long journeys, landing at a point quite remote from that of starting—a thing almost out of the question for Mr. Glaisher, for, as he pathetically remarks, "whatever part of England we start from, in one hour we may be over the sea." His endeavor rather was, in the short time allotted him, to rush for the upper regions of the atmosphere, in order that he might there, as well as on the way up and down, make observations on temperature, electricity, magnetism, sound, solar radiation, the spectrum, ozone, direction of wind (for this, as before remarked, his opportunity was limited), actinic effects of the sun, density of the clouds, etc., and he consequently went up quite beleaguered with instruments, as the illustration "Mr. Glaisher in the car" clearly shows. The effects of great elevation on the human constitution naturally did not escape his attention, nor that of his companion and aeronaut, Mr. Coxwell; he says that, on one occasion, "at the height of three miles and a half, Mr. Coxwell said my face was of a glowing purple, and higher still, both our faces were blue. Truly a pleasing state of things!"

But three miles and a half was a small elevation for Mr. Glaisher. In several of his ascents, he rose to the height of about five miles, on one occasion meeting with dense clouds all the way up. Certainly such clouds are not common, except in "our old home"; but such a day as that must have been even an Englishman could hardly have called "fine." His third ascent, on September 5, 1862, was the most interesting of all; in this he rose to the astonishing height of *seven miles*, or 37,000 feet. Probably our readers have generally been accustomed to see in their atlases, by the side of the enormous congeries of mountains which usually forms the frontispiece, a small picture of a balloon, with "highest point ever reached by man," or words to that effect, appended to it, at the elevation of 23,000 feet; with a reference to the name of Gay-Lussac. But this ascent, made on September 15, 1804, is entirely insignificant now, compared with this stupendous one, to a point a mile and a half above the summit of the Himalaya Mountains, into regions where only one-quarter of the atmosphere lay above the aeronauts, and where it was rarefied about in the same proportion. If their faces were blue at four miles, what were they now?

The account of this ascent is very exciting, and at the same time places Mr. Glaisher's qualities as an observer in the most favorable light. In company with Mr. Coxwell, who was his pilot as usual, he left Wolverhampton at about one o'clock, and attained the height of five miles in about fifty minutes. Think of that, compared with the trouble of ascending an Alpine peak, where, after many hours of most exhausting labor, one can only get three miles above the sea! And Mr. Glaisher, instead of having to strain every muscle in his body, was able to

sit quiet, and calmly observe the barometer, thermometer, etc. The balloon was, however, revolving so rapidly that he failed in taking photographic views. Mr. Coxwell had more exhausting work in the management of the balloon, and was panting for breath when they were three miles high. For two miles more, however, Mr. Glaisher "took observations with comfort." But, "about 1h. 52m., or later," he made his last reading; after this he could not see the divisions of the instruments, and asked Mr. Coxwell to help read them. They probably were beginning to think it was time to see about coming down; but in order to do so, the valve-rope had to be pulled, and it was caught in the rigging above, owing to the rotatory motion of the balloon. The thermometer was about ten degrees below zero; Mr. Glaisher was fast becoming insensible, and Mr. Coxwell's hands were almost useless from numbness. Still, something had to be done, for they were rising a thousand feet every minute; and accordingly, Mr. Coxwell climbed into the ring of the balloon, and pulled the rope with his teeth. He has the proud distinction of having been five or six feet higher above the earth than any other man, for of course they immediately began to descend. On coming back to the car, he found his companion quite insensible; after a few minutes, Mr. Glaisher came to himself, as they sank from that terrible elevation, to which it is probably impossible for man safely to ascend. But, like a thoroughly scientific man, as he is, he had observed his sensations to the last. First, his arms and legs gave out; and his neck became weak, so that his head fell over to one side; he shook himself, and noticed that he "had power over the muscles of his back, and considerably so over those of the neck." This suddenly left him, however, and the sense of sight immediately afterward; as for hearing, he could not tell, as there was probably nothing to hear at that height. He fell back helpless, resting his shoulder on the edge of the car. The next words he heard were "temperature" and "observation"; it can hardly be supposed that these were the first words Mr. Coxwell employed to rouse him, though they were probably the best. Then "the instruments became dimly visible." Immediately on recovering, he says: "I drew up my legs, which had been extended, and *took a pencil in my hand to begin observations*." Is not this characteristic?

Perhaps it may not be clear how it can be proved that the height of seven miles was attained on this occasion. It is, of course, well known that the elevation of a balloon is determined, as that of a mountain-peak usually is, by the barometer; and this method is very accurate, though, if there be a rapid motion upward or downward, the barometer may lag a little. Still, it gives the absolute height, and also the rate of ascent or descent, with sufficient accuracy for all practical purposes. By this instrument Mr. Glaisher had found that, just before he became insensible, they were 29,000 feet high, and ascending at the rate of 1,000 feet a minute; when he recovered after the lapse of thirteen minutes, they were 26,000 feet high, and descending 2,000 feet a minute. These data are sufficient to determine the greatest height attained; but Mr. Coxwell also, on coming down from the ring, happened to glance at the aneroid barometer, and afterward remembered pretty nearly the direction of its hand; its reading confirms the conclusion got by the other method. A minimum thermometer agreed in the same result. They landed safely at about twenty minutes to three, the whole excursion having taken only a little over an hour and a half. The illustration called "Mr. Glaisher insensible at the height of seven miles" is one of the most remarkable in the book, and most readers will probable turn to it repeatedly. It represents the supreme and critical moment; Mr. Coxwell is in the ring, and is just loosening the valve-rope. His hands, his companion tells us, were black when he came down; and Mr. Glaisher generally means what he says.

It is not every one who will care to compete with these gentlemen in making lofty ascents; and it is not probable that they had any merely ambitious motives in undertaking to soar so high. Mr. Glaisher's enthusiasm for and interest in science are perfectly genuine; and his results, which are of course only hinted at in these popular accounts which he gives of his excursions, are very valuable. It is not likely that any one else could have accomplished so much as he did. Still, though they were not led on by ambition, their achievement on the occasion just mentioned is one which must discourage others who may be; for it would be very difficult and dangerous to attempt to do purposely what they did only as it were accidentally, and which they would not have done had they known its peril. There are, it is true, some remarkable effects, such as the blackening of the sky (as well as of the hands of the aeronauts), which cannot be so well attained at lower altitudes; but still, substantially the same can be enjoyed at heights of four or five miles, and really the most beautiful ones are presented as soon as we rise above the clouds. The effect seems to us, judging from the illustrations, to be especially magical when the canopy (or carpet, as it may more properly be called from our new point of view) is complete, so as to reach to the horizon, and shut out all view or idea of the earth completely. Many of the pictures illustrate this well. One would seem to lose all sense of height or of being in a dangerous position; the quiet sea of clouds beneath can never seem very distant, owing to the impossibility of judging of the real dimensions of its rolling waves; and these waves seem, by their apparent solidity yet softness, almost to invite a fall. And one seems to be entirely in a new state of existence; the change is more complete than could be obtained by travelling to the other side of the globe; and yet it can be realized in the space of five or ten minutes on any ordinary cloudy day. There above, with the dark-blue sky overhead, with the glorious bright sun in it lighting up the masses of white vapor below, far from all the dust, noise, and confusion of the lower sphere, what an exhilaration must the aeronaut feel, if indeed his eye is not entirely employed on the divisions of his barometer and the pages of his note-book! The idea of such a vision is almost enough to make one's enthusiasm for ballooning equal that of M. de

Fonvielle, who, however, was willing to put up even with lower elevations; for he says that in his younger days he "was ready to be shut up in a sky-rocket, provided that its projectile power were carefully calculated, and that it were provided with a parachute"! If the sky-rocket could only be sent above the clouds—but, on the whole, one would probably be calmer, enjoy the view more thoroughly, and take in its various features better, in the car of our present beautiful and majestic, though somewhat unmanageable, vehicle.

And yet in all respects the balloon is not unmanageable. Its rise and fall can be regulated with great exactness; and by means of the pretty invention of the guide-rope, due to the celebrated English aeronaut, Mr. Green, its final fall to the earth, if a violent wind is not blowing, can be made very easy. This rope hangs down three or four hundred feet below the car, and as it touches the ground, and then coils up upon it, the weight and the descending power of the balloon are continually and gradually lessened. And by parting with gas or ballast, the ascent and descent can always be most carefully adjusted; so much so, indeed, that one has to be somewhat careful. Once M. Tissandier, on making a second ascent with no more ascending power at his disposal, was obliged to regret that he had not gone without his breakfast; the least little alteration of weight affects the equilibrium so much that the loss of a chicken-bone which he thoughtlessly once threw out, he says, "certainly caused us to rise from twenty to thirty yards." One can certainly rise or fall without much difficulty; the only danger is that too much gas may escape after the ballast is exhausted, or when there is only a small supply on hand, and that the descent may be too rapid. Mr. Glaisher twice at least came down so hard as to break nearly all his instruments; but once this was in a manner intentional, for the wind had been drifting him out toward the sea, and on discovering through an opening in the clouds that it was almost directly under him, he had only the alternative of coming down with a rush or being drowned. On another occasion, M. de Fonvielle descended with a party in the *Giant* balloon in a rapid and inevitable manner, owing to the escape of gas; but records, besides the breaking of the instruments, only that "one of the travellers had his face covered with blood, another was wounded by a thermometer, and a third complained of a pain in his leg." One curious danger there is, however, about even a quiet descent which is worth noticing. The last-named gentleman had just made a very successful excursion without an aeronaut; and, on coming down, his grapnel had caught in a tree near the edge of a forest. The sequel shall be in his own words:

> "At this moment, I was deceived by an optical illusion which might have had dangerous results, and I call the attention of my readers to it in case they may ever be tempted to undertake the management of an aerostat. Let them never get out of the car till it is fairly landed upon the soil. Let them be perfectly sure that no solution of continuity exists between the car and the earth before they think of stepping out of it, for their eyes, accustomed to the immense proportions of things above the clouds, have lost their power of appreciating dimensions. Objects appear so small on the earth's surface during a descent that great trees look like mere blades of grass. At this moment I believed we had descended upon heath bushes, and we were at the top of the high trees. I had actually got one leg out of the car, and was preparing to leap down!"

If a strong wind is blowing, it is not so easy to descend. The horizontal motion of the balloon is beyond the control of gas or ballast. MM. de Fonvielle and Tissandier set out once in a high wind; they came down on a plain, were dragged across it, and over the tops of some trees, which broke and crashed as they passed; again they rushed over some ploughed ground, where they were finally rescued by some peasants. What was their velocity during this remarkable trip? On consulting maps and watches, they found they had come forty-eight miles from Paris in thirty-five minutes, or the rate of eighty miles an hour; in the air, however, they probably travelled faster, and in the last five minutes of "dragging" not so fast.

But "dragging" is not the worst thing that can happen when there is a high wind. Let aeronauts beware how they attempt to anchor in such circumstances before coming tolerably near to the ground. The grapnel was once let out at the height of about sixty yards when they were skimming along with great velocity, and at first took no hold, but finally caught in the edge of a small pond. The wind, however, took revenge on the balloon, which now suddenly refused to obey its impulse:

> "I was busily engaged," says M. Tissandier, "in stowing away the loose bottles, that might have injured us seriously in case of bumping, when I heard a sharp cracking sound, and Duruof [their pilot] immediately cried out, '*The balloon has burst!*' It was too true; the *Neptune's* side was torn open, and transformed suddenly into a bundle of shreds, flattening down upon the opposite half. Its appearance was now that of a disc surrounded with a fringe. We came to the ground immediately. The shock was awful. Duruof disappeared, I leaped into the hoop, which at that instant fell upon me, together with the remains of the balloon and all the contents of the car. All was darkness; I felt myself rolled along the ground, and wondered if I had lost my sight, or if we were buried in some hole or cavern. An instant of quiet ensued, and then the loud voice of Duruof was heard exclaiming: 'Now come from under there, you fellows!' We hastened to obey the voice of the commander, and found that the car had turned over upon us, and shut us up like mice in a trap!"

What next? They had fallen from a height of about two hundred feet, and yet were not much bruised: but the very wind that had caused their disaster helped them out of it; in fact, their balloon was transformed into a kind of gigantic kite, and let them down pretty easily.

But let us get up above the clouds again. That is the place really to enjoy life. Once there, one hardly thinks about coming down or its difficulties; the earth is out of sight, and almost out of mind. We are sailing along, perhaps at a quicker rate than that of an express train; but the motion is as imperceptible as that immensely more rapid one of the magnificent planetary projectile on which we are whirling through space. For the clouds are moving with us, and, though they are breaking up and changing their forms, we cannot see that they move as a mass. Occasionally, through a break, we may see the earth, or be saluted from it, as M. Flammarion once was to his great surprise, by cries of “A balloon! a balloon!” when he was quite unaware of there being any hole through which the balloon could be seen. Sounds, by the way, will go up much better than they will come down; the reason of this is the lesser density of the air above. Of course we feel no wind, for the wind is taking us with it: so that even the cold at any ordinary height and at any season usual for ballooning is not troublesome. Sometimes, indeed, it is warmer aloft than below; on the occasion of the eighty-mile-per-hour voyage, just mentioned, the thermometer was actually at eighty-two degrees at the height of a little over half a mile, while below it stood at fifty-five. The balloon is as steady as the Rock of Gibraltar; M. Flammarion assures us that he once filled a tumbler with water till it was brimming over, so that not another drop could be added; but not a drop was spilled by the movement of their vehicle, though it was travelling with the speed of a locomotive, and alternately rising and falling to the extent of several hundred yards.

His account of a journey from Paris into Prussia, made in a beautiful moonlight summer night, gives a most delightful idea of this most agreeable of all modes of travelling. They left Paris about two hours before sunset, and had a fine afternoon sail. The weather was cloudy, and rain came on at half-past nine; but what of that? One is quite superior to rain in a balloon, or, if not, may easily become so. They throw out a little ballast, and rise above the rain-cloud. The cloud soon breaks away, finding that it cannot embarrass their movements, and the country beneath becomes visible. They see a bright light in a house, and hear the sound of dance music played by an orchestra. It is a ball. They cross the frontier at Rocroi. The lines of its fortifications are dimly seen in the moonlight. No examination of passports or luggage for them. (On another excursion, however, we are told, when they were sailing along near the ground, two gendarmes rode up in hot haste, calling out, “*Vos passe-ports, messieurs!*” but were dismissed with a polite request to step up and verify them, accompanied by a shower of ballast.) The moon comes out brightly as they enter Belgium. They sail over the Meuse, and M. Flammarion greets enthusiastically the home of his youth:

> “Beautiful river, I welcome thee! Near thy banks, on the old mountain which overlooks thy fertile plain, I was born. Little did I think, whilst playing some childish game within sound of the murmur of thy ripple, that I should some day cross over thy stream suspended to this light, aerial globe! Thy peaceful waters flow towards the Rhine and the North Sea, into which they fall, and are lost for ever. Thus is it with our own brief existence, flowing towards the regions of cold and mystery, to vanish some day in that unknown ocean into which we must all descend.”

Certainly, it is a pity that he takes such a gloomy view of life.

The pilot, M. Godard, rouses him from his reverie.

> “See, *mon ami*, how beautiful this is! Do not dream of days gone by. Are not those the lights of Namur, some six or eight leagues distant? And see, there is Huy, and beyond it again Liège! Here we are right over Belgium, and we may cross a corner of Holland, perhaps, before we enter Prussia!”

The Belgian blast-furnaces soon light up the landscape beneath them, and the noises of the workshops, mingled with the deep sound of the river, rise to their ears.

The dawn begins to break. In fact, through the whole night a faint gleam of twilight has been seen in the north; but now it begins to take effect on the clouds and air around them. The light increases.

> “Although the air above is more or less veiled by light mists, we can distinguish the country before three o’clock as clearly as at mid-day. Our course follows the edge of some considerable forests situated on our right hand. These plains (are they plains?) have a very different aspect from those on French territory. In place of the regular patches of fields which lie upon the surface in parallel lines, the country here is composed of fields of every size and form, like the various provinces on a colored map; most of which are surrounded by hedges as they are in England.”

They are wafted along into Prussia. On the right, Luxemburg and Trèves are visible; on the left, Holland, even to the shore of the North Sea.

> “The Rhine flows along with its silver ripple in the distance.... All nature is silent, save from time to time the timid chirping of some little bird; when, suddenly, a vast golden streak of light breaks forth from the east, and caresses the highest clouds of the atmosphere, clothing them in rosy and golden tints.”

The illustration representing this sunrise is magnificent, as the sight must have been in the highest degree. What could be more inspiring than to be borne along amid the glorious clouds of morning toward the rising sun—the cheering influence of whose beams the balloon itself seems to feel, as, dried and expanded by their heat, it rises proudly into the sky—with the Rhine glistening before us, and the green plains and forests of Germany inviting us to

continue our voyage?

They hear the sound of church-bells, and, soon after, that of cannon.

> "From minute to minute the voice of this gracious apparatus of civilization and progress growled among the clouds. It was the artillery of Mülheim preparing itself for the next war.
>
> "The ancient city of Cologne forms beneath us a regular semicircle soldered to the left bank of the Rhine. Unless one examined it attentively, it might be taken for a moderate-sized snail sticking to the thin branch of a tree."

Poor M. Flammarion thought he was going to enjoy his sail some time longer, perhaps all day. But his inexorable aeronaut thought differently. There was very little ballast and no breakfast; it was probable that the wind would rise, and that they would come to grief. His word was law; so the valve-rope was pulled, the French flag run up, and down they came at Solingen, near Düsseldorf, 330 miles from Paris, which distance had been accomplished in twelve hours and a half. The good-natured Germans rushed up to help them; the greatest difficulty was to prevent them from smoking near the balloon.

This journey is a fair example of what balloon travelling may be in skilful hands. Of course it has its disadvantages. The principal one is obvious; that you can only go just where the wind will take you; but there is an advantage corresponding to this in the quietness and steadiness of the motion, and it is not at all improbable that, with the rapid advances which are being made continually in the science of meteorology, the laws of winds will be ascertained sufficiently to enable the aeronaut to find one which will carry him in the general direction in which he wants to go, on most occasions, by choosing a proper elevation. Certainly this can often be done, as in the case of M. Tissandier's trip from Calais over the German Ocean. A lower breeze brought them back to land. The difficulty remaining is that of changing our elevation. On the present system, this requires a loss of gas or ballast, which cannot be kept up indefinitely. An ingenious plan has been proposed by Gen. Meusnier—to have a double balloon, one outside the other: the inner one is filled with gas, the space between the two with air; into the outer one more air is forced by an air-pump when we wish to descend, and allowed to escape when we wish to rise. The compressed air is itself heavier than the air surrounding, and the compressed gas in the inner balloon is also less buoyant than before. This is applying the principle of the bladder of the fish to aerostatics. The *Giant* was constructed on this plan, but it does not appear that the practicability of using it in this way was ever tested.

"Still, notwithstanding the great utility and advantages of the balloon pure and simple, we certainly shall never be able to lay out our course with it with all the accuracy that could be desired, and it is probable that we shall never be able to bring it down precisely at the point we wish to reach. To accomplish this, we must have something that will go against the wind; we must have something which takes hold on the air; we must, in short, be able to fly. It should be noticed, however, that a flying machine, when invented, will not necessarily supersede the balloon; it will have its advantages, and the balloon will have its own; probably, for mere pleasure travelling, the latter will always be preferable, or certainly would be except for the inconveniences attending its landing, especially when the wind is high.

It may be said, perhaps, as above, "a flying machine, when invented"; for it really seems as if some practical invention of this kind must before long be realized. It can hardly be doubted that the bird must be the model, to some extent, of its construction; and it would seem to be worth while to take instantaneous photographs of birds in flight, in order to discover what really are the positions which the wing successively assumes. The photographs of this kind, of men walking, which have been taken, told us a great deal which we did not know before about a movement which seems so very familiar and easy. It seems probable, with regard to flying, as M. Flammarion intimates, that the impulse is a very sudden one, at least during a part of the stroke; so that the thin resisting medium has, as it were, a certain kind of solidity and firmness.

Various machines for flying have been made, and a tolerable success attained. One is lately reported in Philadelphia. There seems to be no impossibility in taking up enough force, at least by the aid of balloon power, to give a considerable velocity in a calm to our air-ship; but it may as yet be doubted whether it would be able to contend against the ordinary velocity which winds have even a short distance above the surface of the earth. In Mr. Glaisher's ascents, the wind was blowing, on the average, four times as fast above as below. This could generally be avoided by keeping near the ground.

But after all, what aspiring man really longs for is not to have a flying machine to carry him, but to have his own wings, and some power strong enough to move them. With the motive powers known at present, this seems to be beyond our reach; but who knows? Heat and motion are now understood to be convertible, and perhaps the sun's rays may yet be found powerful enough to raise us into the air. But then—look out for clouds. The sun melted the wings of Icarus; the shade would melt ours.

Flying may yet be realized; and it is well enough to look forward to what may be in store in the future; but let us also not undervalue what we already have. The beauty of the form of the balloon necessarily implies a certain perfection in it, as the majesty of a full-rigged line-

of-battle ship clearly shows a perfection which no actual results gained by cheese-box Monitors can ever gainsay. Our present air-ship is a noble product of human genius, and its resources are by no means yet exhausted.

Even a captive balloon is not a bad affair, and may be used for travelling purposes, though it may seem a contradiction to say so. A “captive” is simply one which is fastened by a rope so that it cannot ascend above a certain height. If fastened to a fixed object, it serves only as a means to take people up for a view or to make scientific observations: but if attached to a moving body, it is a very pleasant vehicle to ride in, or could easily be made so. Our French aeronauts were once pulled in this way through the streets of a town, and at another time were towed for some distance at the height of five hundred feet by a number of their excitable countrymen. But it must be acknowledged that on the whole a captive is not so pleasant to ride in as a free balloon. Besides the feeling of exultation accompanying a free ascent, it also has the advantage of being really a great deal more comfortable. The captive, being restrained by the rope, feels the full force of whatever wind there is, and is moreover apt to be tipped over considerably when the breeze is strong. Nevertheless, going up in one is a tolerably popular amusement when the opportunity is offered, though hardly enough so to make it profitable for the proprietors. This is one of the miserable difficulties about the pursuit of science, that experiments cost something, and often it is very troublesome to raise the necessary funds. Free ascensions have, however, been common enough for a good deal more to have been accomplished in the way of experiment and observation than has usually been the case, and Mr. Glaisher’s example deserves to be generally followed. The balloon itself may do a good deal towards the investigation of the laws of the atmospheric currents, the knowledge of which would be so useful for its own guidance, as well as in answering questions concerning storms and climate. Mr. Glaisher, on January 12, 1864, met with a warm current of air from the southwest, more than half a mile in depth; and he considers that this may, perhaps, be an aerial Gulf Stream, and increase the warming effect which that celebrated current no doubt produces on the western and northern coasts of Europe.

But we must not dwell longer on his scientific results, or those of his friends on the other side of the Channel. In fact, it is time that we should come down from the clouds, and occupy ourselves with the affairs of this base and grovelling lower world. We should like to do it gradually, but, as is the case with the balloon itself, our descent must needs be accompanied by something of a shock. It is with difficulty that we can persuade ourselves to quit, even in imagination, those magnificent regions so near to us and yet practically so far away; which all of us could see even now in ten minutes if our balloon was ready—would that it were!—and which, if the art of flying progresses with due rapidity, we may yet see some time before we die.

THE LEPER OF THE CITY OF AOSTA.

BY THE COUNT XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

"*Le Lépreux de la cité d'Aosta* est une larme, mais une larme qui coule toujours!"—Lamartine.

"Ah! little think the gay, licentious proud
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround:—
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many pine!—how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief!—how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind!"—Thomson.

The southern part of the city of Aosta is now nearly deserted, and appears to have been never very thickly peopled. Cultivated fields and meadows may be seen, hedged in on one side by the ancient bulwarks which the Romans raised as a wall, and on the other by garden fences. This solitary spot, however, affords wherewithal to interest the traveller. Near the gate of the city are the ruins of an old castle, in which, if popular tradition is to be relied on, Count René de Chalans, infuriated by jealousy, left his wife, the Princess Marie de Braganza, to die of hunger, in the fifteenth century. Hence the name of *Bramafan*, which signifies the *cry of hunger*, given to this castle by the people around. This tradition, which may be disputed, gives an interest to the ruins in the eyes of people of sensibility.

A hundred steps further on is a square tower, built of the marble that once covered the antique walls beside it. It is called the Hold of Terror, because it is commonly believed to be haunted. The ancient dames of Aosta can still remember seeing a tall woman robed in white, with a lamp in her hand, issue from the tower on dark nights.

About fifteen years ago, this tower was repaired by the order of the government, and surrounded by an enclosure, for the purpose of lodging a leper, through fear of contagion if left at large, and at the same time affording him every comfort his sad condition allowed. The Hospital of St. Maurice was ordered to supply his wants. It furnished him with some articles of furniture and the implements for cultivating a garden. Here he lived for a long time, left completely to himself, and never seeing any one, except the priest who came from time to time to administer the consolations of religion, and the man who, every week, brought him his provisions from the hospital.

During the war in the Alps in the year 1797, a soldier, who was in the city of Aosta, happened to pass by the leper's garden. The gate was ajar, and he had the curiosity to enter. He saw a man in a simple garb, leaning against a tree, as if lost in profound meditation. At the sound of the officer's steps, the recluse, without turning around or looking up, cried in a sad tone: "Who is there? and what do you wish?"

"Excuse a stranger," replied the soldier, "whom the attractive appearance of your garden has induced to commit an indiscretion, but who by no means wishes to disturb you."

"Do not come any nearer," replied the inmate of the tower, motioning him back with his hand. "Come no nearer: you are in the presence of an unfortunate being afflicted with leprosy."

"Whatever may be your misfortune," replied the traveller, "I shall not go away. I have never shunned the unfortunate. But, if my presence annoys you, I am ready to withdraw."

"You are welcome," replied the leper, suddenly turning around. "Remain, if you have the courage after looking at me."

The officer remained for some time motionless with astonishment at the frightful aspect of the unfortunate man so completely disfigured by leprosy.

"I willingly remain," said he, "if you will accept the visit of a man led here by chance, but detained by a lively interest."

"Interest!—I have never excited anything but pity."

"I should be happy to offer you any consolation."

"It is a great one to behold a human face and hear the sound of a human voice, for every one flies from me."

"Allow me, then, to converse with you awhile and to visit your house."

"Very willingly, if it can afford you any pleasure." Saying which, the leper put on a large felt hat, the flattened brim of which covered his face. "Go to the south," added he. "The few flowers I cultivate may please you. There are some rather rare. I have procured the seeds of every kind that grow among the Alps, and try to make them grow double and more beautiful by cultivation."

"You have flowers which are indeed entirely new to me."

"Look at this little rose-bush. It is a rose without thorns, which only grows on the higher Alps, but it is already losing its peculiarity, and putting forth thorns in proportion to its

cultivation and growth.”

“It should be considered the emblem of ingratitude.”

“If any of these flowers please you, you can take them without any fear: you will incur no danger by gathering them. I sowed the seed. I take pleasure in watering them and looking at them, but I never touch them.”

“Why not?”

“I fear I might infect them, and should no longer dare give them to any one.”

“For whom do you raise them?”

“The people who bring me food from the hospital are not afraid to gather them. And sometimes children from the city stop before my garden-gate. I immediately ascend the tower, for fear of frightening or infecting them. They look up as they go away, and say with a smile: ‘Good-by, Leper,’ and that gives me a little pleasure.”

“You have succeeded in collecting quite a variety of plants; and you have vines yonder, and several kinds of fruit-trees.”

“The trees are still young. I set them out myself, as well as that grape-vine, which I have trained to the top of the old wall, you see: it is thick enough for me to walk on, and is my favorite resort.—Go up on these stones. I am the architect of this staircase. Hold on to the wall.”

“A charming nook! the very place for a hermit to meditate in!”

“It suits me, too. I can see the country around, the laborers in the fields, and all that is going on in the meadow, and no one can see me.”

“It is a delightfully quiet and secluded place. You are in the city, and yet might fancy yourself in a desert.”

“Forests and cliffs are not the only resorts of the solitary. The unfortunate are alone everywhere.”

“What succession of events brought you to this retreat? Are you a native of this country?”

“I was born on the sea-coast in the principality of Oneglia, and have only lived here fifteen years. As to my history, it is only one long succession of calamities.”

“Have you always lived alone?”

“I lost my parents in my infancy, and do not remember them. I had one sister who died two years ago. I never had a friend.”

“Poor man!”

“It was the will of God.”

“What is your name, pray?”

“Ah! my name is a terrible one! I call myself *The Leper*! No one in the wide world knows the name I derived from my family, or that which I received on the day of my baptism. I am *The Leper*, and this is the only title I have to human kindness. May it remain for ever unknown who I am!”

“Did the sister you lost live with you?”

“She remained five years with me in my present habitation. As unfortunate as I, she participated in my sorrows, and I endeavored to alleviate hers.”

“How do you employ yourself in such utter solitude?”

“The details of my lonely life would only be very monotonous to a man of the world who seeks happiness in the activity of social life.”

“Ah! you little know the world—it has never made me happy. I am often solitary from choice, and there may be more similarity in our ideas than you suppose. And yet, I acknowledge, perpetual solitude frightens me. I can hardly conceive it endurable.”

“‘The cell continually dwelt in groweth sweet,’ says *The Following of Christ*. I am beginning to realize the truth of these consoling words. Loneliness is also relieved by labor. A laborious man is never absolutely unhappy, as I know by experience. During the pleasant season, the cultivation of my flowers and vegetables is a sufficient occupation. In the winter I make baskets and mats. I try to make my clothes. I daily prepare my own food from the supplies brought me from the hospital, and prayer fills up the vacant hours. Thus the year passes, and, when gone, it seems short.”

“I should think it would seem a century.”

“Affliction and sorrow make the hours appear long, but the years always fly with the same rapidity. Besides, there is one enjoyment left in the lowest depths of misfortune which but

few can understand, and may seem strange to you—that of living and breathing. In warm weather, I pass whole days motionless on the ramparts, enjoying the air and the beauties of nature: my thoughts are vague and fluctuating; sadness dwells in my heart without oppressing it; my eyes wander around the country, and linger on the rocks that surround us; all these objects are so imprinted on my memory that they form, as it were, a part of myself: each site is a friend I greet with pleasure every day.”

“I have often experienced something of this kind. When trouble depresses me, and I do not find in the hearts of others what my own craves, the aspect of nature and inanimate objects consoles me. I become attached to the very rocks and trees, and it seems to me that all created things are friends whom God has given me.”

“You encourage me to explain, in my turn, what passes within me. I have a genuine affection for the objects that are, so to speak, my daily companions, and every night, before going to my tower, I come here to take leave of the glaciers of Ruitorts, the dense woods of Mont St. Bernard, and the fantastic peaks that overlook the valley of the Rhine. Though the power of God is as evident in the creation of an ant as in that of the whole universe, the grand spectacle of yonder mountains fills me with greater awe. I cannot look at those lofty elevations, covered with eternal glaciers, without being filled with solemn wonder. But in the vast landscape spread out before me, I have favorite views to which I turn with special pleasure. Among these is the hermitage you see yonder on the top of Mount Charvensod. Alone in the woods, near a deserted pasture, it catches the last rays of the setting sun. Though I have never been there, I feel a peculiar pleasure in looking at it. When the daylight is fading away, seated in my garden, I turn my eyes toward that lonely hermitage, to seek rest for my imagination. I have learned to look upon it as a kind of property. It seems as if I had some confused reminiscence of once living there in happier days which I cannot fully recall. I love especially to gaze at the distant mountains, which look like a cloud on the horizon. Distance, like the future, inspires me with hope. My overburdened heart imagines there may be a far-off land where, at some future time, I may at length taste the happiness for which I sigh, and which a secret instinct is constantly assuring me is possible.”

“With such an ardent soul as yours, you must have passed through many struggles in resigning yourself to your lot, instead of yielding to despair.”

“I should deceive you in allowing you to think I have always been resigned to my lot. I have not attained that self-abnegation to which some anchorites have arrived. The entire sacrifice of all human affection has not yet been accomplished. My life has been one continual combat, and the powerful influences of religion itself are not always able to repress the flights of my imagination. It often draws me, in spite of myself, into a whirlpool of vain desires, which tend toward a world I have no knowledge of, but strange visions of which are ever present to torment me.”

“If you could read my soul and learn my opinion of the world, all your desires and your regrets would instantly vanish.”

“Books have vainly taught me the perversity of mankind, and the misfortunes inseparable from humanity: my heart refuses to believe them. I am continually representing to myself circles of sincere and virtuous friends; suitable marriages full of the happiness resulting from health, youth, and fortune. I imagine them wandering together through groves greener and fresher than the trees above me, with a sun more dazzling than that which brightens my world, and their lot seems worthy of envy in proportion to the misery of mine. At the beginning of spring, when the wind from Piedmont blows through our valley, I feel its vivifying warmth penetrating me, and a thrill passes over me in spite of myself. I have an inexplicable desire, and a confused notion of a boundless happiness that I am capable of enjoying, but which is denied me. Then I fly from my cell, and wander in the fields, that I may breathe more freely. I avoid the very sight of the men whom my heart longs to embrace, and from the top of the hill, concealed among the bushes like a wild beast, I gaze towards the city of Aosta. With envious eyes I see afar off its happy inhabitants, to whom I am scarcely known. I stretch forth my hands towards them, and, with groans, ask for my share of happiness. In my agony—shall I acknowledge it?—I have sometimes thrown my arms around the trees of the forest, imploring Almighty God to infuse life into them that I may have a friend! But the trees make no response, their coldness repels me, they have nothing in common with my throbbing heart, which is aflame. Overcome by fatigue, weary of life, I drag myself back again to my asylum, I lay my torments before God, and prayer restores somewhat of calmness to my soul.”

“So, poor, unfortunate man, you suffer at once all the ills of soul and body?”

“The latter are not the most severe!”

“Then you are sometimes freed from them?”

“Every month they increase and diminish with the moon. I generally suffer most at its first appearance. My disease then abates and seems to change its symptoms: my skin grows dry and white, and I feel nearly well. But my malady would be endurable but for the terrible wakefulness it produces.”

“What! does even sleep abandon you?”

“Ah! sir, the sleepless, sleepless nights! You have no idea how long and sad they are when I cannot get a moment’s sleep, and my mind dwells on my frightful situation—with no hope for the future. No! no one could realize it. My restlessness increases as the night advances, and, when nearly at an end, my nervousness is almost unendurable: my mind is confused. I experience an extraordinary sensation that never comes over me but at such sad moments. Sometimes it seems as if an irresistible power was drawing me down into a bottomless gulf: sometimes I see black clouds before my eyes, but while I am examining them they cross each other with the quickness of lightning, they grow larger as they approach, and then look like mountains ready to overwhelm me with their weight. At other times, I behold clouds issuing from the earth beneath me like swelling waves, which rise one above the other and threaten to engulf me; and, when I wish to rise in order to throw off these sensations, I feel chained down by some invisible force that renders me powerless. You will perhaps think these are dreams; but you are mistaken. I am really awake. I see all this again and again, and with a sensation of horror that surpasses all my other sufferings.”

“It is possible you are feverish during these long, sleepless nights, and this, perhaps, causes a kind of delirium.”

“You think this may be the result of fever? Ah! I wish it might be true. Until now I have feared these visions were symptoms of madness, and I acknowledge this greatly worried me. Would to God they were the effects of fever!”

“Your case inspires me with a lively interest. I acknowledge that I had never imagined anything like your situation. I suppose, however, it was less sad when your sister was living.”

“God alone knows what a loss her death was to me. But are you not afraid to come so near me? Sit down there on that rock, and I will conceal myself beneath the vines, so we can talk without seeing each other.”

“Why so? No, you shall not leave me. Come nearer.” In saying these words the traveller involuntarily put out his hand to take the Leper’s, but the latter hastily withdrew his.

“Imprudent man! You were going to take hold of my hand!”

“Well, I would have pressed it heartily.”

“It would have been the first time such a happiness was granted me: my hand was never pressed by any one.”

“What! Have you never formed any ties, except the sister of whom you have spoken—never been loved by any of your own condition?”

“Happily for the human race, there is not another in my condition on the earth.”

“You make me shudder.”

“Pardon me, compassionate stranger! You know the unhappy love to speak of their misfortunes.”

“Go on, go on: you interest me. You said your sister lived with you, and aided you in bearing your sufferings.”

“She was the only tie that bound me to the rest of mankind! It pleased God to break it, and thus leave me isolated and alone in the midst of the world. Her soul was ripe for the heaven where she now is, and her example sustained me under the discouragement which has often overwhelmed me since her death. But we did not live in that delightful intimacy which I so often imagine, and which should bind together the unfortunate. The nature of our disease deprived us of this consolation. When we came together to pray, we avoided looking at one another, for fear the sad spectacle might disturb our meditations: our souls alone were united before God. After prayer, my sister generally retired to her cell or beneath the nut-trees at the end of the garden, and we lived almost constantly apart.”

“But why did you impose so cruel a restraint upon yourselves?”

“When my sister was attacked with the contagious disease to which all our family were victims, and came to share my asylum, we had never seen one another. Her fright was extreme when she beheld me for the first time. The fear of afflicting her, and still more of increasing her malady by approaching her, made me resolve on this sad kind of a life. The leprosy had only attacked her breast, and I had still some hopes of her being cured. You see the remains of a neglected trellis: it was then covered with a hop-vine that I trained with care, and divided the garden into two parts. On each side of this, I made a little path where we could walk and converse together without seeing or coming too near each other.”

“It would almost seem as if heaven wished to embitter the sad pleasures it still left you.”

“But at least I was not then alone. My sister’s presence gave some cheerfulness to my asylum. I could hear the sounds of her steps. When I returned, at dawn, to pray beneath these trees, the door of the tower would softly open, and my sister’s voice would imperceptibly mingle with mine. In the evening, when I watered my garden, she sometimes walked here at sunset, in the same place where we now are, and I could see her shadow

pass and repass over my flowers. Even when I did not see her, there were everywhere traces of her presence. Sometimes it was only a withered flower in the path, or some branch of a shrub she had dropped, but now I am alone, there is neither movement nor life around me, and the path that led to her favorite grove is already overgrown with grass. Without appearing to observe me, she was constantly studying what could afford me pleasure. When I returned to my chamber, I was sometimes surprised to find vases of fresh flowers, or some fine fruit she had taken care of herself. I did not dare render her similar services, and had even begged her never to enter my chamber, but who can place a limit to a sister's affection? One incident alone will give you an idea of her love for me. I was walking rapidly up and down my cell one night, tormented with fearful sufferings. In the middle of the night, as I was sitting down a moment to rest, I heard a slight noise at the door. I approached—listened—imagine my astonishment! it was my sister who was praying on the outside of my door. She had heard my groans. She was afraid of annoying me, but wished to be at hand if I needed any assistance. I heard her repeating the *Miserere* in a low tone. I knelt down by the door, and, without interrupting her, mentally followed her words. My eyes were full of tears: who would not have been touched by so much affection? When her prayer was ended, I said in a low tone: 'Good-night, sister, good-night: go to bed, I feel a little better. May God bless and reward you for your piety!' She retired in silence, and her prayer was surely answered, for I at last enjoyed several hours of quiet sleep."

"How sad must have been the first days after your beloved sister's death!"

"I remained for a long time in a kind of stupor that deprived me of the faculty of realizing the extent of my misfortune. When at length I came to myself, and was able to comprehend my situation, my reason almost left me. It was a season doubly sad for me, for it recalls the greatest of my misfortunes, and the crime that came near resulting from it."

"Crime! I cannot believe you capable of one."

"It is only too true, and, in giving you an account of that period of my life, I feel too sensibly I shall fall in your estimation; but I do not wish to appear better than I am, and perhaps you will pity while condemning me. The idea of voluntarily leaving this world had already occurred to me in several fits of melancholy, but the fear of God had hitherto made me repel the thought. The simplest circumstance, and apparently the least calculated to trouble me, came near causing my eternal loss. I had just experienced a new affliction. A little dog had been given us some years previous. My sister was fond of him, and after her death the poor animal was, I acknowledge, a real comfort to me. We were, I suppose, indebted to his ugliness for his making our house his refuge. He had been rejected by everybody else, but was a treasure in the asylum of a leper. In gratitude to God for the favor of such a friend, my sister called him *Miracle*, and his name—such a contrast to his ugliness—and his constant friskiness often dispelled our sorrows. In spite of my care, he sometimes got out, and it never occurred to me it might injure any one. But some of the inhabitants of the town became alarmed, thinking he might bring among them the germ of my disease. They sent a complaint to the commander, who ordered the dog to be killed immediately. Some soldiers followed by several civilians came here at once to execute this cruel order. They put a cord around his neck in my presence, and dragged him away. I could not help looking at him once more as he was going out of the gate; his eyes were turned towards me, as if to beg the assistance which it was not in my power to give. They wished to drown him in the Doire, but the crowd waiting on the outside stoned him to death. I heard his cries, and took refuge in my tower more dead than alive; my trembling knees refused to support me; I threw myself on my bed in a state impossible to describe. My grief made me regard the just though severe order only as a cruelty as atrocious as it was needless, and, though I am now ashamed of the feeling that then excited me, I cannot yet think of it with coolness. I passed the whole day in the greatest agitation. I had been deprived of the only living thing I had, and this new blow reopened all the wounds of my heart.

"Such was my condition when, that same day, towards sunset, I came here, and seated myself on the very rock where you are now sitting. I had been meditating awhile on my sad lot, when I saw a newly-married couple appear yonder, near the two birches at the end of the hedge. They came along the foot-path through the meadow, and passed by me. The sweet peace that an assured happiness confers was imprinted on their handsome faces. They were walking slowly arm-in-arm. All at once they stopped; the young woman leaned her head upon her husband's breast, who clasped her in his arms with joy. Shall I confess it? Envy for the first time penetrated my heart. Such a picture of happiness had never struck me before. I followed them with my eyes to the end of the meadow. They were nearly hidden by the trees when I heard a joyful cry. It came from the united families who were coming to meet them. Old men, women, and children surrounded them. I heard a confused murmur of joy. I saw among the trees the bright colors of their dresses, and the whole group seemed enveloped in a cloud of happiness. I could not endure the sight: the torments of hell seized hold of my heart. I turned away my eyes, and fled to my cell. O God! how frightfully lonely and gloomy it seemed. 'It is here, then,' I said to myself—'I am to live for ever here. After dragging out a wretched existence, I must await the long-delayed end of my life! The Almighty has diffused happiness, and in torrents, among all living creatures, and I—I alone! —am without support, without friends, without a companion.—What a terrible destiny!'

"Full of these sad thoughts, I forgot there is one Being who is the Comforter. I was beside myself. 'Why,' I said to myself, 'was I permitted to behold the light? Why has Nature been so

cruel a step-mother to me?' Like a disinherited child, I saw before me the rich patrimony of the human race, of my share of which heaven had defrauded me. 'No, no,' I cried in my fury, 'there is no happiness for thee on earth. Cease, then, to live, poor wretch! Thou hast disgraced the earth long enough with thy presence: would it might swallow thee up and leave no trace of thy miserable existence!' My fury continuing to increase, a mad desire to destroy myself took possession of my mind. I resolved at last to set fire to my dwelling, and allow myself to be burned up in it with everything else that might recall my memory. Excited and enraged, I went forth into the fields. I wandered for some time in the darkness around my dwelling. I gave vent to my overburdened heart in involuntary shrieks, and frightened myself in the silence of the night. I reentered full of rage, crying: 'Woe to thee, Leper! Woe to thee!' And, as if everything conspired for my destruction, I heard the echo from the ruins of the Château de Bramafan repeating distinctly: 'Woe to thee!' I stopped, seized with horror, at the door of the tower, and a faint echo from the mountains repeated a long time after, 'Woe to thee!'

"I took a lamp, and, resolved to set fire to my dwelling, went into the lowest room, carrying with me some twigs and dry branches. It was the room my sister occupied, and I had not entered it since her death. Her arm-chair was in the same spot where I moved it for the last time. I shivered with fear at the sight of her veil and some of her clothing scattered around. The last words she uttered before her departure came back to my mind: 'I shall not forsake you when I die: remember, I shall always be with you in your sufferings.' Placing the lamp on the table, I perceived the cord which held the cross she wore on her neck. She had placed it herself within her Bible. I drew back, filled with awe at the sight. The depths of the abyss into which I was about to plunge were at once revealed to my unsealed eyes. Trembling, I approached the sacred volume. 'Here, here,' I cried, 'is the aid she promised me!' Drawing the cross from the book, I found a sealed note which my dear sister had left for me. My tears, which grief had not hitherto allowed me to shed, now escaped in torrents: all my detestable projects vanished at once. I pressed the precious letter to my heart a long time before I could read it: then, falling on my knees to implore the divine mercy, I sobbingly read the words that will be for ever graven on my heart: 'Brother, I shall soon leave you, but not forsake you. From heaven, which I hope to enter, I will watch over you, praying God to give you the courage to endure life with resignation till it pleases him to reunite us in another world. Then I shall be able to show you how much I loved you. Nothing will prevent me any longer from approaching you: nothing can separate us. I leave you the little cross I have worn all my life. It has often consoled me in my sorrows and been the only witness of my tears. Remember, when you look upon it, that my last prayer was that you might live and die a good Christian.'

"Cherished letter! it shall never leave me. I will carry it with me to the grave. It will open to me the gates of heaven which my crime would have closed for ever. When I had finished reading it, I felt faint, exhausted by all I had undergone. My sight grew dim, and, for some time, I lost both the remembrance of my misfortunes and the consciousness of existence. When I came to myself, the night was far advanced. In proportion to the clearness of my mind, I experienced a feeling of profound peace. All that had taken place the evening before seemed like a dream. My first impulse was to raise my eyes heavenward in thanksgiving for having been preserved from the greatest of misfortunes. The heavens had never appeared so serene and glorious: one star before my window outshone the rest. I gazed at it a long time with inexpressible delight, thanking God for granting me the pleasure of beholding it, and felt interiorly consoled at the thought that some of its rays were permitted to cheer the gloomy home of the Leper.

"I went up to my cell in a calmer frame. I spent the remainder of the night in reading the Book of Job, and the sublimity of his thoughts at length entirely dispelled the gloomy ideas that had beset me. I never experienced such fearful moments during my sister's life. To feel her near me made me at once calmer, and the very thought of the affection she had for me afforded me consolation, and inspired me with courage.

"Compassionate stranger! may God preserve you from ever being obliged to live alone! My sister and my companion is no more. But heaven will grant me the strength to endure life courageously; it will grant it, I trust, for I pray for it with all the earnestness of my heart."

"How old was your sister when she died?"

"She was barely twenty-five, but her sufferings made her look much older. In spite of her fatal disease, which changed her features, she would have been handsome, had it not been for her frightful pallor, the result of a living death which made me groan whenever I looked at her."

"She died quite young?"

"Her delicate and feeble constitution could not resist so many sufferings combined: for some time I had perceived her loss inevitable. Her lot was so sad that I could not desire her to live. Seeing her daily languishing and wasting away, I felt, with a fearful kind of joy, that the end of her sufferings was approaching. For a month she had been growing weaker; frequent swoons were constantly threatening her life. One evening (it was about the first of August) I saw her so weak that I was unwilling to leave her. She was in her arm-chair, not having been able to lie down for several days. I seated myself near her, and in the profound darkness we held our last conversation. I could not restrain my tears. A sad presentiment agitated me.

‘Why do you weep?’ she said. ‘Why distress yourself? I shall not forsake you when I die. I shall always be with you in your sufferings.’

“A few moments after, she expressed a desire to be carried out of the tower, that she might offer her prayers in the grove of nut-trees where she passed the greater part of the pleasant season. ‘I wish,’ she said, ‘to die looking at the heavens.’ But I did not imagine her end so near. I was about to take her in my arms, when she said, ‘Only support me. I am, perhaps, strong enough to walk.’ I led her slowly to the nut-trees. I made a cushion of the dry leaves she herself had gathered together, and, covering her head with a veil to screen her from the dampness of the night, I seated myself near her. But she desired to be left alone during her last meditation, and I went to a distance, but without losing sight of her. From time to time, I could see the flutter of her veil and her white hands raised to heaven. When I drew near the grove, she asked for some water. I carried her some in a cup. She wet her lips, but could not swallow. ‘I feel the end has come,’ said she, turning her head. ‘My thirst will soon be assuaged for ever. Support me, brother: aid me in crossing this gulf—so long desired, but so terrible. Support me, and say the prayers for the dying.’ These were her last words. I drew her head against my breast, and said the prayer for the departing soul: ‘Go forth from this world, my beloved sister, and leave thy mortal remains in my arms!’ I held her in this way for three hours, during the last throes of nature. At length, she quietly passed away, and her soul left the earth without a struggle.”

At the end of this account, the Leper covered his face with his hands. Sympathy deprived the traveller of the power of speaking. After a moment’s silence, the Leper rose. “Stranger,” said he, “when grief or dejection comes over you, think of the Leper of the city of Aosta, and your visit will not have been a useless one.”

They walked towards the garden-gate. As the officer was about to go out, he put his glove on his right hand. “You have never pressed any one’s hand,” said he. “Do me the favor to press mine. It is the hand of a friend who is deeply interested in your lot.”

The Leper drew back some steps with a kind of terror, and, raising his eyes and hands towards heaven, he cried: “O God of goodness! pour down thy blessings on this compassionate man!”

“Grant me another favor, then,” resumed the traveller. “I am going away. We may not see each other again for a long time. Can we not write one another sometimes, with the necessary precautions? Such a correspondence might divert you, and it would afford me great pleasure.”

The Leper reflected for some time. At length he said, “Why should I cherish any delusion? I ought to have no other society but myself, no friend but God. We shall meet in his presence. Farewell, kind stranger, may you be happy! Farewell for ever!” The traveller went out—the Leper closed the door and drew the bolts.

ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE HOLY FATHER.

FROM LA CIVILTA CATTOLICA.

Some fourteen months ago, a breach was made in the *Porta Pia*, and an entry effected into Rome in the name of Italy.

The machinations of those who effected that entry in order to subvert the authority of the Pope are still at work, and most assiduously, in endeavoring to convey the impression that this act of theirs now stands before the world simply as *an accomplished fact*, and as such is, if not approved, at least tolerated by those most interested in contesting it. Thus they endeavor to delude the world and lull to sleep the misgivings of Catholics; for in order to confirm and strengthen this impression there is scarcely a stratagem or subterfuge to which the government (itself the author of the fact) does not resort, through the journalism notoriously in its pay, not only throughout the Peninsula, but elsewhere.

This government, which sprang from *accomplished facts* and *falsehoods*, hopes by means of these same *accomplished facts* and *falsehoods* to place on a firm foundation its sway in the *Campidoglio*, which now rests on a very insecure footing; therefore it endeavors to persuade the world, and especially Catholics, that the Supreme Pontiff, while in its hands and under the law of its Guarantees, is actually more at liberty, more independent in action, and more useful to the church, than he was when he reigned as a sovereign prince and was *bona-fide* ruler in his own state.

The absurdity of this claim is manifest; but what absurdity is there of which the government of the Subalpinists in Italy does not avail itself, in order to attach credit to itself, by means of the arts learned in the school of its great father and master, Bonaparte?

It is important, therefore, or rather we should say it is absolutely necessary, that an honest and Christian journalism should perseveringly oppose manifest truths to this interminable repetition of falsehoods, paid for by the Subalpine rulers, respecting the present condition of the Holy Father; and thus, by ventilating fraud, undeceive simple and credulous minds.

With this intention, we shall in few but veracious strokes of the pen describe the undisguised reality of the state in which the head of the church, the Supreme Pontiff, Pius IX., finds himself at the present moment in Rome, six months after the solemn publication of the laws of the *Guarantees*.

II.

We assert, then, that the Pope endures imprisonment in Rome at the hands of the Subalpinists, and that his captivity, instead of being mitigated, is every day aggravated. This is proved by the following facts:

1. He is in the hands of an *inimical power*, or, as he himself has defined it, he is *sub hostili dominatione constitutus*. Now, he who is in the hands of an enemy, however much that enemy may affect humanity and regard towards him, is beyond all contradiction his prisoner.

2. The Holy Father fell into the hands of this inimical power through sheer force. This is rendered evident by the formal declaration made by the Subalpine ministers before taking up arms against him, in which they affirmed that to invade or take Rome with bomb-shells and cannons would be an act contrary to the rights of nations, an act so iniquitous that it would be unworthy even of a barbarian government: yet in the very face of these declarations they did take Rome with the argument of bomb-shells and cannons, and with the same argument they continue to occupy it.

3. The Holy Father, being in the hands of an inimical power, which has dispossessed him by violence of all sovereignty, and substituted its own in lieu of his, is now by this same power subjected to every kind of ridicule in his double majesty as pontiff and as king: burlesque honors are proposed to him, which would by preference be offered to him publicly, in order to induce the idea that the Holy Father, by accepting them, is reconciled to the government, and has basely ceded to it the inalienable rights of God, of the church, and of the Catholic world. Moreover, the obligation resting on the Sovereign Pontiff of preserving his own dignity keeps him shut up in the Vatican: the outer doors of which are guarded *by a guard of honor* formed of the self-same wretched soldiery who, led on by Subalpine leaders, made the breach in the *Porta Pia*, and struck to the earth his own sovereign banner in Rome.

4. Finally: The inimical power in whose hands the Holy Father now finds himself is, either from weakness or malice, incapable of protecting his august person from any kind of insult. So that, supposing it to be *morally* possible for him without compromising his dignity to leave the cloisters of the Vatican, yet would a *material* obstacle present itself in the outrages and dangers, threatening life itself, to which he would be exposed amid the crowds of cut-throats, atheists, and the lowest rabble of every country, which this power has congregated together and maintains in Rome, to represent in that city the people of the plébiscite; that is, a people hostile to the Papacy and rebellious to its throne.

These are the principal facts which most clearly demonstrate the state of imprisonment into which the Sovereign Pontiff was thrown, by the events of the 20th September, 1870, in his own city of Rome: and we defy all the sophistry of all the journalists, politicians, and diplomatists of the government, seated as it is in the metropolis of the Catholic world, to deny it, without denying the light of the sun at mid-day.

Besides this, that the captivity of the Holy Father has been aggravated during these fourteen months is seen and felt by every one who is not under the influence of the Subalpinists, those men who have carried their effrontery to the length of placing the centre of their government in the city of Rome itself, and with one of their laws of *guaranty* for the independence of the Pope have arrogated to themselves the right of imposing the future conditions of his existence in the Vatican, as if they were the rulers of the Holy See. Whoever considers the forces of moral and material hostility that these Subalpinists have accumulated in Rome against his prerogatives, cannot fail to perceive that the rights which in this city are most readily trodden under foot, are, after those of God, those of the Pope: and the person who is the most insulted therein is, after that of Christ, precisely the person of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., *decreed sovereign and inviolable*, by the law, as the person of the king himself.

From this it follows that the Holy Father is at the present moment the legal prisoner, in Rome, of the Subalpine government, since by the aforenamed laws, termed those of the Guarantees, not only has that government confirmed the violent spoliation of himself, but, in spite of the opinion of the world, has dared to justify the act by defining in those laws the limits of the liberty it intends to concede to him. This is neither more nor less than the usage commonly observed towards a prisoner of state or of war.

By this means, the present condition of the Pontiff in his own Rome is in truth that of the strictest imprisonment by the anti-Christian sect, headed by the government of the Subalpinists now lording it over Italy.

III.

Neither is the Holy Father, Pius IX., the prisoner of an inimical power solely on account of his civil prerogatives: it is his ecclesiastical jurisdiction that is aimed at more than anything else: while usurping the regal crown, it seeks equally to abolish the Papal tiara; and, if, after having barbarously dispossessed him of his kingdom, it does not also make a barbarous assault on the majesty of his Pontificate, this reserve arises only from the hindrance occasioned by very strong and extrinsic causes, and not from good-will or any other than a reprobate sentiment.

This profound enmity of the Subalpine rulers to the Pope as the supreme pastor of the Catholic Church is so well-known as to need no demonstration. Yet for superabundance of proof, we will say that it is shown:

1. By all that has been previously done against Catholicity for twenty-two years past in Piedmont, and for half that time throughout the rest of Italy, by the faction to which these rulers belong—a faction whose politics are expressed by an obstinate war, sometimes of a Julianistic character, sometimes of that of a Nero—a war which attacks directly or indirectly the church itself, and all connected with it, and this in such a manner as to render it palpable that not even the Unity of Italy is desired for its own sake, but rather as a means by which to work the destruction of Catholicity and the overthrow of the Papacy.

2. It is shown by the special mandate which the Subalpine faction superintending the Masonic government of the Peninsula have received from the General Masonic Order—a mandate bidding them become the immediate (because proximate) instruments of the downfall of Papal Rome, the centre of the Catholic Church; and which then bids them proceed to the utter spoliation of the Sovereign Pontiff himself—two events which it hopes will lead (if that were possible) to the annihilation of Catholicity, that being the ultimate end of all the conspiracies of the order.

3. It is shown by the open confessions made in Rome, throughout Italy, and in all Europe, by journalists united by the bonds of faction to our Subalpine patrons; and even more by the discovery, lately made, that persecution is already well established in Rome against everything ecclesiastical or Catholic—whether in things or persons.

From these facts, it is demonstrated that the Holy Father is now the prisoner in Rome of a government which in his person hates above everything, and as far as it dare makes war against, his prerogatives as Pontiff, and as Head of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman religion. Pius IX. is in the hands of Turks embittered to the last degree. Against him and his tiara every tool is made use of, and with equal skill—whether it be cannons or sophistry, buffoonery or the judgment-hall, the pick-axe or calumny.

IV.

The war of Nero carried on against the Holy Father and the church is at the present moment tempered by the war of Julian. It was for this purpose that our Subalpinists devised the law of the Guarantees, behind which they know how to mask the ugliness of their rascalities, at

least for a time. “Do you see?” they exclaim in every tone, and have had written in every language: “We have surrounded the Pope with so many *privileges* that the like was never seen. Of what do you complain, O you insatiable Catholics? Have we not constituted the Pope *inviolable* as is the king? What more would you have?”

We would have—simply that the Pope should be inviolable, because he is a king in earnest truth, and not a mere semblance of one. But to this question of to-day concerning the sovereign and personal inviolability of the Pope, facts are the best reply. These show that *practically* he is as inviolable as the first article of the statute, and has been inviolable throughout the kingdom.

This privilege of inviolability implies that the person sovereignly inviolable can, in no manner whatsoever, be publicly insulted without the offenders being repressed by force and punished according to law.

Meantime, first, it is a notorious fact that every day the sheets belonging to this faction, not excepting those of the government throughout the kingdom, and particularly in Rome, insult, hold up to derision, and vilify the inviolable person of the Pope: and that he is exposed to ridicule by means of most infamous caricatures; and all this with impunity. For it is notorious that newspapers are very rarely sequestrated on account of this continuous and general contravention of the laws of the Guarantees; and up to this period not a single sentence has been issued from the tribunals against the insulters of his Pontifical Majesty. On the other hand, the exchequer is most rigorous against any one suspected of insulting the royal majesty through the press; chiefly, however, against the Catholic journalists who defend the inviolable Pontiff. Thus (a fitting commentary), of ten law-suits against offenders by means of the press, eight are commonly to the prejudice of Catholics accused of offences against the king or of illicit voting. The inviolability of the Holy Father, therefore, practically resolves itself into the fact that every miscreant may insult him with impunity, while it is dangerous for an honest Catholic to defend him through the press.

It is a notorious fact, and of very frequent occurrence, that groups of ribald men, escaped from every Italian galley, stroll along the avenues, singing shameful verses, nay, even menacing ones, in regard to the Supreme Pontiff, and it is no rare thing for a rabble to provoke and utter cries of a character most outraging to his name and honor. And yet the police, ever ready to hinder similar outrages in regard to the king, become deaf or soften down the words when they hear the Holy Father vituperated in this fashion. No one has ever been arrested for such a crime, and no one has ever been cited before the tribunals. The inviolability of the Holy Father, we repeat it, consists practically in the freedom with which every vagabond is permitted publicly to insult him.

3. It is a notorious fact that large bands of these miscreants have often gathered together beneath the walls of the Papal palace to load the guard stationed inside with foul language, that guard being placed there by the consent of the laws of the Guarantees to the Pope. Yet here they hurl their blasphemies and imprecations against the sanctity of the Pope, in the very hearing of the *guard of honor* placed there by the government, and these have never been known to discompose themselves on this account even to the extent of a gesture of disapprobation toward the rogues thus possessed by the devil. Yet woe to the wretch who should commit any such atrocity at the portals of the Quirinal, when inhabited by certain other inviolable persons in the kingdom of the Subalpinists! Therefore, once more: the inviolability of the Pontiff is practically converted into a tacit license for the lowest rabble to insult his person beneath the very portals and under the windows of the Vatican.

We might enumerate many other facts, equally well known, to demonstrate how little is the practical value of the sovereign inviolability decreed to the captive Pope; but let those already brought forward suffice. These being admitted, it will be understood that his Holiness, thanks to the distinguished privilege conferred on him by our Subalpine gentlemen, not only could not make his appearance in the streets of his own Rome without manifest risk of life, but he could not even descend to the basilica of the Vatican to perform a sacred function, without exposing himself to contumely and insult by the very side of St. Peter’s tomb, and even on the altar itself. The occurrences of the 8th December, 1870, in the vestibule of the Pontifical residence; of the 10th March, 1871, within the Gesù; and of the 23rd, 24th, 25th August, close to the Lateran and the Church of Maria soprà Minerva, confirm what we assert.

This, then, in its veritable reality, is the present condition of Pope Pius IX. in Rome, after the oft-repeated promulgation of the law declaring him an inviolable sovereign like to the king.

Nor may the salaried apologists of our patrons treat these matters as a jest in order to exculpate themselves from so horrible an abomination. Facts are facts, while words are but breath. The most irrefutable facts prove that if our Holy Father were to show himself publicly in the Rome of to-day, uncivilized as it is by these Subalpine rulers, the treatment he would receive would be no other than such as is given alike to the clergy as to the most holy things, nay, to Christ himself, in the blessed sacrament of the altar.

Now, it cannot be denied, for the Roman journals attest it, citing days, time, places, names and surnames, that every day priests or religious, bishops or prelates, are attacked or ill-used in the most populous districts of Rome; that almost every day sacred images are stoned or profaned at the corners of the streets; and not unfrequently the adorable eucharist, when

borne as a viaticum to the sick, is exposed to mockery in the public square, even by those who wear military badges; and all this occurs with the tacit consent of the officers charged with keeping order in the city, no one of whom has ever imprisoned a single person guilty of such misdeeds. And after that they would have us believe that Pope Pius IX. would be safe either in the city or in the Vatican from the outrages or even from the blow of these most civilized gentlemen who form the new Roman people!

Be silent, as long as we live, O whited sepulchres!—race fit only to patronize assassins!

V.

Moreover, the Holy Father, by the noble munificence of his jailers, is reduced to that degree of poverty that, were it not for the oblations of the faithful, he must either pine in misery or suffer the degradation of his majesty. The glorious conquerors of Rome have taken everything from him, excepting the Vatican. And if, up to this time, they have refrained from sacking this edifice, it is owing to that *veto* of potentates which, as yet, has forbidden them access to it. Jugglers are in possession of the Quirinal; and they drew near to the public treasury of the Pontificate with the sword of guardianship. In one flash of lightning, the Pope saw himself deprived of everything. With a simple substitution of voters, the Pontifical estate is become the Subalpine estate—a magnificent example! since then magnificently imitated by the Commune of Paris!

Is is true that, in their law of the Guarantees, they have deigned to assign to him a species of civil list amounting to several millions of lire. But this was done for the sake of appearance alone; for well they knew that, in practice, this article would have precisely the same effect as that other article prescribing the famous inviolability. How in fact could these persons, who for five-and-twenty years have known the magnanimous firmness of character of Pius IX., persuade themselves that he would lower his dignity to accept an obolus from their criminal and sacrilegious hands, in compensation for the kingdom they have taken from him? They understood beforehand that this would be impossible, because, even admitting that the Holy Father had been willing to admit their civil list, under the title of restitution, a thing not unlawful in itself if done without prejudice to his rights, they perceived only too clearly that he could not have done so in view of the malignant interpretations which would have followed the act, occasioning an immense scandal and clamor; as if the Pope by receiving a modicum of that property the whole of which belongs to him by right had conceded the rest, over which he has immemorial claims.

The matter, however, took such a shape that these brave gentlemen had an ample field in which to display large figures, and even to acquire the name of prodigality in offering round numbers to their victim. Yes, indeed, they were prodigals, like unto those who offered vinegar to the crucified Saviour.

God, ever adorable in his providence, has so disposed events that the hearts of Catholics throughout the world have been moved to compassionate their father in chains, and the gold of their filial charity has abounded so wonderfully in his hands, that he has been able to succor most plentifully those of his faithful servants who have fallen into straits for conscience’ sake, together with many indigent persons who have no other resource for a livelihood than the heart of the imprisoned Pontiff.

The glory of this munificence is due to God alone, and the merit of it is to be ascribed to the faith of good Christians. On the other hand, the infamy of having embittered the captivity of the Holy Father, by reducing him, with the Sacred College and his whole court, to a state of absolute want, if he would not wear the appearance of dishonor, this belongs exclusively to the Subalpine rulers, who at the foot of the Campidoglio are enjoying the spoils of the Pontificate, as the crucifiers on Mount Calvary enjoyed the spoils obtained by rending the garments of Christ.

VI.

The jailers, and the friends and servants of the jailers of the Holy Father, boast very much of the ample liberty he enjoys, which he can use during his imprisonment for the regulation of the church and for performing his office as Pope.

Let us examine a little in what this charming liberty consists. This at the very first glance resolves itself into the following very clear formula: The Pope is at liberty to do that—and that alone—which the inimical power whose prisoner he is permits him to do.

And, in point of fact, the Holy Father is under this power, which holds him in its hands, being *sub hostilem potestatem redactus*, as he himself lately expressed it again in the Encyclical of May 15, 1871, in which he formally repudiates the *Guarantees* offered him in exchange for his principality. He who is under is *dependent*, and can do only that to which he who is above consents. Thus the liberty of the Pope is subject to the limits which the inimical power, his oppressor, pleases to impose on him. And this same law of the Guarantees is the proof of the fact, inasmuch as it contains only a concession of hypothetical privileges. But he who concedes accounts himself superior to him to whom the concession is granted. Whence the true measure of the liberty of Pius IX. as Pope, is now simply the arbitrary will of Italian Masonry, governed by the Subalpinists. This is a certain fact as to

matters in general.

With regard to particulars, the Holy Father uses such liberty as he owes to his own courage and diligence, and the inimical power, his jailer, cannot hinder him, though it would willingly do so, because a power stronger than itself, or certain human respects, forbid such opposition. As, for example, the Subalpine patrons would gladly hinder his Holiness from publishing bulls or encyclicals, in condemnation of their lofty enterprises against God, religion, and the Apostolic See. His Holiness, not being at liberty to publish them in Rome under their very nose, sends them out of Italy to be printed, and in this way publishes them.

Now, what can these very liberal gentlemen do in a case like this? Drag the Pope before the courts, and imprison him in the Castle of St. Angelo? Most willingly would they do this; but the rulers of Europe would oppose it. There is, then, no course left to them except to interdict the publication of them within the state by sequestrating the papers which reprint these acts of the Pope; and this they did with the Encyclical of November 1, 1870. If for others of later appearance they have shut their eyes and left them to their course, it has been because they have at last been obliged to pay some regard to public opinion, and have found their account in putting on a semblance of toleration.

In a similar manner, the Holy Father, finding that the Subalpine masters trumpeted forth loudly to the world that he was left at liberty in the creation of bishops throughout Italy, embraced the opportunity to exercise his right and to fulfil his duty. With prudence certainly, but yet with boldness, he addressed himself to the work. The matter was very displeasing to our gentlemen. But how were they to hinder it? They wanted to give the Christian world to understand that they are honorable men, not only in the modern sense of the word, but also somewhat in the ancient sense: they wanted to prove that they knew how to keep their word without being compelled by cannons so to do. So *for this time* it does not appear that they will refuse entrance into their dioceses to the new pastors.

But thieves and loyalists as they are, they have taken advantage of this act of the Holy Father, turning it to their own interest by cowardly proclaiming in every direction that the Holy Father, by thus using the privileges comprised in the law of the Guarantees respecting the induction of bishops into their sees, has, *ipso facto*, *accepted* their law, and thus retracted his refusal of the 15th of May, 1871, and thus (according to them) the conciliation between themselves and the Holy See is in good progress; and it will not be long before the august Pontiff will give up his kingly crown into the hands of John Lanza: and in this manner the Italy of the Subalpinists will enjoy the distinguished honor of having the supreme head of the church for the court-chaplain, and most humble servant of his ministers: an honor certainly due to their merits as against faith, morality, and Catholic worship.

This attempt at imposition is the more senseless in that it supposes that the Holy Father had no other right to nominate the bishops than as a state privilege; while the contrary is the case: the insertion of the state in these nominations is merely a privilege granted by the Pope: and the fact that the Pope has not thus recognized the Subalpine gentlemen outside of their own territory proves that he, far from accepting their *Guarantees*, does not even recognize them as juridically masters of the district in which they compiled the documents.

But the senselessness of the attempted imposition serves to prove how determined they are to prevent the Holy Father from exercising any true liberty.

VII.

Excepting the above-named use of his liberty, which the Holy Father courageously exercises in spite of the useless repugnance of his jailers, he in everything else remains in all the bonds and perplexities with which they think fit to surround him. And thus:

1. Pius IX. is not at liberty to have a journal in Rome, in which he may contradict the infinite number of falsities which the inimical power, through its officious and official oracles, utters against his person, against his acts, those of his court, or those of the ministers of the Holy See.

Should he do so, the executive would subject him to all those rigorous measures and sequestrations to which all the Catholics sheets of Rome have been subjected which have endeavored to defend his honor or his cause.

2. Pius IX., as we have already pointed out, is no longer at liberty to publish his bulls, encyclicals, or allocutions in Rome: the fact being that the inimical power, in this same law of the Guarantees, has reserved to itself the faculty of judging them; and hence, either by way of legal or illegal confiscations, has full and absolute power to suppress their publication by main force. This obliges the head of the church to make public his acts regarding the universal government of Catholicism, by despatching them to be divulged outside the dominion of his jailers; as he has done up to this date, and will continue to do *donec transeat iniquitas*.

3. Pius IX. in Rome is not at liberty to contradict publicly by telegraph the inventions concerning himself and his Pontifical acts which the inimical power, his jailer, diffuses through the world by this said telegraph; because the telegraph is under the express authority of said power, and the use of it can be denied or rendered difficult at its pleasure.

Thus, last March the world received through the telegraph fabulous accounts of a consistory held by the Pope, of an allocution and other particular acts, all invented on the spur of the moment; and before the world can detect the disgraceful imposture, it may expect that for many days the falsehoods will be printed even in Catholic journals, because our Subalpine gentlemen have it in their power to mislead by means of the telegraph the Catholic community with any kind of misrepresentation concerning the words and deeds of the Pope, without the possibility of the Pope's being able immediately to undeceive them. Whence the necessity that *no reliance at all* should be placed on any telegram that the agency of the Subalpine government transmits from Rome respecting the words or affairs of the Supreme Pontiff.

4. Pius IX. in Rome is not at liberty to carry on a private correspondence securely with the bishops and faithful of the world by means of letters or telegrams; because both mails and telegraphs belong to the inimical power which holds him captive. As an inimical power, precisely because it is inimical, believes itself licensed to take every precaution regarding its imprisoned *enemy*, so no one can ever feel certain that the secrecy of the letters interchanged has not been violated, or that the telegrams have not been altered or refused. All this is *a question of trust*. But meanwhile, setting aside the case of telegrams directed to the Pope, and refused by the telegraph officials, it is a fact that the Holy Father is obliged to keep his missives away from the mail-bags of Italy when he has any important correspondence to carry on, as also other persons are obliged to do when they wish to communicate with the Holy See. We repeat it: *it is a question of trust*: and how much those who now command in Rome may be trusted is attested by the honesty they have thus far exhibited.

5. Pius IX. in Rome and in the Vatican is not at liberty to receive every one who wishes to visit him, or whom it may be necessary he should see. All the approaches to the Pontifical palace are guarded by bailiffs of the inimical power. And these men, though they may often allow the goers and comers to be insulted by the rabble, never, however, omit to play the spy. This office they perform so well that certain journals written by those who are doubly linked with the police of the Subalpine gentry would be able to furnish, if needed, the daily list of all those admitted to the vestibule of the apostolic residence. It is clear from these circumstances that it depends solely on the arbitrary will of the inimical power to forbid any one the power of ingress, or, if it prefer, to expel the individual from the city, and thus save him the trouble of the journey to the Vatican.

In addition to these facts, the stonings, menaces, hootings, and similar acts of urbanity practised in the streets of Rome and in the neighborhood of St. Peter's toward the numerous Catholic deputations which came this year to pay their homage to the august prisoner, by the rabble introduced through the breach of the *Porta Pia*—these attest how great is that beautiful liberty enjoyed by the Pope in receiving visitors, whether they come of their own accord or that he sends for them.

6. Pius IX. in Rome will not long be at liberty to regulate the religious institutions, and to employ them in the service of the churches, as is right and proper he should do; because the inimical power is already on the alert to deprive the Holy See of this strong spiritual garrison: it is abolishing the orders, and depriving them of their property. The superiors-general of these orders, which are immediately subject to the Pontiff, will in a short time have no bread to eat, no room to shelter them; they will wander homeless over the earth, and lose their subjects on all sides. In this way, one of the instruments of the Pontiff, most useful to him in the administration of the church, will be, as it were, broken in his hand, and in the city in which the Head of the Catholic Church has his seat the profession of the evangelical state will be prohibited; and the Pope will not be even able to give shelter to the various missionaries who are toiling in the cause of Christianity among the heathen of Asia and America, when they come to render an account of their newly founded missions; for in all Rome he will no longer have a religious house of hospitality at his disposal.

We will not lengthen details in order to enumerate the various other particular modes of liberty which the Holy Father can no longer exercise in the fulfilment of his supreme office. The exposition we have already given suffices to prove that he has no liberty, save such as the author of his affliction permits, either from his own authority or from other causes; the permission being compulsory on the part of the enemy, and most unwillingly given. And this is the marvellous liberty now enjoyed by the Sovereign Pontiff, thanks to the Subalpinists, who have dethroned him and uncrowned him in Rome itself, out of love, as they say, for the holy church!

VIII.

Let us be just. Our Holy Father might be in a much worse condition than the present one. His jailers as yet do not do him all the wrong they would wish, but are not able to do him. This is true enough. They have not as yet assailed the Vatican, and dragged Pius IX. to the Fortress of Ancona, as they have done to the illustrious Cardinal Morichini, Bishop of Jesi; or to a convent of Turin, as they have done to the imperturbable Cardinal de Angelis. We repeat it: they would like to do this, but are not able; they would like to do this and worse, but the governments of Europe have absolutely forbidden them to set foot in the Vatican, or to lay hands on the Sovereign Pontiff. This and nothing else restrains them in the frenzy of

their hatred from beheading him at once. This and nothing else constrains them to moderate the impetuosity of their hatred in carrying on their persecutions against the Papacy. Fear compels these little Neros to don the mantle of Julian; for, while under the eyes of two diplomatic bodies in Rome, they dare not carry their outrages on the Pope and his dignity beyond a certain limit.

From this we may infer that the only and *ultimate* safeguard remaining at the present moment to the Holy Father in the Vatican is not the law called the law of the Guarantees, nor is it trust in the governors, but the corps of diplomatists who have received from their various governments instructions to maintain inviolate the asylum of the octogenarian Pontiff, and to protect his august person.

Were it not for this only and ultimate safeguard, Catholics throughout the world would now be weeping over their Father exiled from Rome, and perhaps as having already expired from the bullets or sword of the enemy.

IX.

But how long will this only and ultimate safeguard endure?—this protection which renders the life and person of the Holy Father secure in Rome?

As long as the Subalpinists hold the reins of government in Italy, there seems no reason to fear that the security will become less. These men know too well that, were they to lose Rome, they would lose everything; and the only mode of keeping possession of Rome a little longer is not to violate the Vatican. But on that day on which the Italian faction shall get tired of being led by these ten or twelve Piedmontese who form the perpetual Zodiac of the ministry; on that day when this faction is weary of seeing all the master-machinery of the state, the army, finance, bureaucracy, and diplomacy regulated by Piedmontese; on that day when it takes it into its head to render the government of this factious Italy *Italian* in its manner of rebellion, rather than provincial—on that day the danger will arise that even this said only and ultimate safeguard may lose its force. For in such a case, the mobocracy would come to the surface, and a scene of destruction would be inaugurated varying little from that carried out by the Commune of Paris.

The dilemma is this: either the Subalpinists or the Socialists must prove fatal to our poor Italy, prepared as it is for revolution. God alone knows what is to happen in the proximate future. But it is certain that the present condition of the Holy Father in Rome cannot endure much longer: it is certain that any agreement between him and his spoilers is utterly out of the question. It is also certain that Europe could not tolerate for a series of years that the Head of the Catholic Church should be held as a prisoner by the men who at the present day hold dominion throughout the Peninsula; and, finally, it is certain that in his own time God will interfere, and his intervention will not be to reward the persecutors of his Vicar on earth. These four certainties keep the world in suspense, and the authors and approvers of the transitory triumph of the *Porta Pia* in uneasiness.

But in this extremity of affairs and in this intense trepidation of mind, what is the duty of Catholics?

Is it to wish for an agreement between the Pope and the inimical power which oppresses him?

This is but to assume the office of members of the faction, under the disguise of zealous Catholics. He only who hath his part in the leaven of the Pharisees can believe it possible for the successor of St. Peter to sacrifice the eternal rights of Christ to the interests of Belial.

Is it to recommend the Holy Father to abandon his own state and seek compensation in some Catholic country outside of Italy? This is the advice of the imprudent. The Holy Father has received from God the grace of office to determine what is the best for the Apostolic See and for the church. No one need trouble himself to give advice unasked. He has his natural counsellors, and above all he has the Spirit of the Lord, with whom he is in daily and fervent communion. If Pius IX. remains in Rome, notwithstanding the satanic tempest which howls so wildly and so furiously against him, it is a sign that he knows such to be the will of God, and therefore makes it his duty to remain. In the course of events, we shall see that, if the Pope has remained in Rome, it is because it was best that he should remain there.

The real duty of Catholics is, on the other hand (besides assiduous prayer, conformably to the example of the primitive Christians when St. Peter was *in vinculis*), to unite and so work as to hasten the liberation of our common Father.

The Italian factionists reproach us Catholics of Italy with being parricides because we implore from God and men this sighed-for liberation. But it seems to us that it is they who commit parricide who, having imprisoned the Pope after officially declaring such an act to be contrary to the laws of nations and more than barbarous, have brought injury and evil upon the country which we are ever praying God to diminish. As for the rest, we Italian Catholics do not understand how the independence, glory, and prosperity of our country can be made properly to consist in the spoliation and captivity of the Supreme Pontiff, and in being trod under foot by the Subalpinists.

We, imploring the liberation of our Holy Father, have not the remotest idea that that liberation will cost any part of Italy its independence. The honor of calling foreigners into Italy, to subject it to personal advantage, and to pay for such power by presenting these foreigners with Italian provinces, nay, with the keys of Italy itself—we Catholics leave this to the idol of the Subalpinists, to their Cavour, and to their sheep of every color.

We Italian Catholics, we say it again, do not desire that the domination of our Father should bring with it any foreign domination, not even over a hand's-breadth of Italian territory. The shameful traffic in people and in Italian territory could not be for us a means of liberating the Pope, as for the Subalpinists it has been a means of the so-called liberation of Italy. In this we are all agreed; we wish for the independence of justice, because justice alone ensures the happiness of nations.

But we Italian Catholics can of ourselves do little, because the dominant inimical power, being the enemy of the Pope, is naturally our enemy also, although we are the immense national majority. We are the deplorable victims of modern liberty, which wholly consists in the oppression of the many, who are honest but weak, beneath the feet of the few, who are crafty and strong. Besides this, very serious and insuperable difficulties of conscience oblige us to abstain from using the most powerful of legal arms which liberalism says it has left in the hands of that majority which is trodden under foot by the minority. So that, if we may from this take occasion to cherish more solid hopes that God will at length assist us in effecting means of safety, yet in actual combat we now find ourselves unequal to the contest.

This is not the case with the Catholics of the other countries of Europe. It is their peculiar privilege so to address themselves to the work that their governments may not only preserve and strengthen the only and ultimate safeguard of the life and person of the Holy Father in Rome; but that they may use their power for his liberation; that thus with his full liberty the true liberty of the people may again flourish—that liberty which is now enchained with Pius IX. in the Vatican.

ELINOR’S TRIAL.

“I do think John Lloyd is very weak in giving in to his wife so much! To think now of his letting her send Elinor to a convent school! Such a risk for a Protestant! Ten chances to one that Elinor comes back a Papist. And then her *reasons* are so absurd, that Protestant boarding-schools cultivate too much of folly and fashion, etc.! I have no patience with Elizabeth. If she were a Catholic herself, there might be some excuse for her wanting her daughter educated among them, but as she is a Protestant, I think Protestant schools might serve her purpose.”

Thus speaks Mrs. Robert Lennox of her husband’s sister. She is talking to her husband while they are going home from a fashionable church in New York. She is a stately, handsome lady, to whom her rich attire seems well adapted. Just now she appears displeased and somewhat more haughty than usual, but the face is refined and the bearing polished.

More gentle than his wife in the treatment of the question in hand is Mr. Lennox.

“Well, I cannot say Elizabeth is so very far out of the way. You know John’s means are very limited, and these convent schools are cheaper than ours. Besides, Elizabeth knows Elly cannot compete in dress and all the furbelows, as our Lizzie does. So she prefers not to have her exposed to the uncomfortableness of being the subject of derogatory comparisons. You know young folks are keenly sensitive on such points.”

“But, Robert, must such reasons weigh against the risk of perverting the girl’s faith, the undermining of her religion? Would you trust those sly, insinuating sisters with our daughter?”

Mr. Lennox smiles significantly as he replies: “I would not object to Lizzie’s receiving some of that peculiar, modest, quiet air which those sisters have and so often impart to their pupils. There is some nameless charm, I cannot describe it better than by saying it is the opposite of that which the young ladies of the present day cultivate for their deportment, and which seems to belong almost exclusively to this training.”

“Pshaw! Mere affectation of meekness. The girls are all the same at heart. Why should not they be? I tell you it isn’t worth the risk! Mark my words, you’ll see the effect on Elly’s religion.”

“Well, you know Elizabeth said that even that change of religion was better than the irreligion or isms of the day.”

“Now, Robert, it is just to oppose me that you so persistently uphold Elizabeth in this. Is it to be supposed that girls of sixteen are going to take to isms in Protestant schools or irreligion either? Why, they don’t know enough for that, at their age!”

“I do not dispute you. I only think that Elizabeth has preferred for Elly this risk rather than have her of John’s state of mind. And that is why John is so easy in the matter. Being of no faith himself, he prides himself on being also of no prejudice. ‘The greater the faith, the greater the bigotry,’ he says.”

“And I think you are just about as bad as John,” says the lady. “I don’t believe you listened to the sermon at all to-day.”

This last charge passes unanswered, because they have arrived at their own door, where we leave them.

II.

Two years after this, the cousins, Lizzie Lennox and Elinor Lloyd, have returned from their respective schools: Lizzie from her fashionable seminary, where she has received every advantage that money could purchase, and where she has associated with the daughters of the wealthiest, if not the most refined, families in the land. And if wealth will not purchase the means and open the way for refinement, pray what will? Does it not free the path from the thorns of toil, give time and means for culture and for travel, and to surround ourselves with the ennobling influences of art? And, above all, does it not grant us the free indulgence of generous impulses? Do not all the mortal ills of flesh which bear upon the rich bear also on the poor, with more added to stand in the way of their refinement? It would seem so.

Lizzie Lennox has all these advantages of wealth in her case, but her cousin Elinor Lloyd is the daughter of a poor man. Poorer now than he was two years ago, when he let his prudent wife have her way in the choice of a convent school for her daughter. Elinor has been very happy with the sisters, to whom she has become sincerely attached. Their good example has not been lost upon her, but she denies indignantly that any under-handed means have been used to warp her religious feelings. They have simply and honestly acted out the dictates of their own faith, exacting from her only such general compliance as would be required in the schools of any denomination among Protestants. If her affections have been won, and her young heart drawn toward the religion of these gentle teachers, that was the risk her mother took when she sent her willingly among the Sisters of Charity.

The cousins are nearly of an age. Lizzie is named after her father’s sister, Mrs. Lloyd, and Elinor after her aunt, Mrs. Lennox.

These cousins are strikingly alike, and yet singularly unlike in their appearance. Their faces seem to have been cast in almost the same mould, so exactly does every feature correspond, but the coloring is so different that they present opposite types of beauty. For they are very beautiful. Lizzie is exceedingly fair, with light auburn hair and hazel eyes; the same reddish tint seeming to lurk in the eyes and lashes as in the hair, which peculiarity any close observer of faces may often see in this type. But Elinor’s eyes are a dark brown, and her hair is very dark. She is too fair and pale for a brunette, and her eyes are not black enough. Despite this difference in color, they are very like her cousin Lizzie’s light orbs in expression. It is as if a painter should take two sketches of the same face, and simply change his colors for the touching of them. Indeed, a cast of each might pass for the same person, so like are they, even to the carriage of the head, the turn of the throat, the curve of the shoulders. I am thus exact in my description, because out of this wonderful likeness and difference of face and form came Elinor’s trial. But now, at eighteen, Elinor’s face is softer and sweeter than that of her blonde cousin. This difference is seen as they are listening or talking, more than while their faces are in repose. Shall we say that it is the result of training and education that Elinor seems the more refined and modest? Or is it only a matter of inheritance, or a trick of manner betokening nothing? I present them thus to the reader, who may guess somewhat of their respective characters, as they sit chatting their cousinly talk in Lizzie’s room. Lizzie is dressing to go out with Elinor, and talking while she proceeds with her toilet.

“But, Elly, where is the harm of flirting a little, so long as you do nothing serious, and never commit yourself?”

“I think you do commit yourself, Lizzie, when you put pen to paper to answer a stranger’s letter, and when you cannot tell whether he is true or false. More likely he is the latter, from the very fact of his trying to draw you on. How do you know how he may use your letter?”

“But I haven’t signed my name, only my own initials. I use E. L., not L. L. And you know I am known rather as Lizzie Lennox than Elizabeth Lennox. No one ever thinks of me as Elizabeth —I don’t seem to be that to myself. Now, you are either Elinor or Elly, but I am just Lizzie. So you see I can hide under my own honest initials.”

“Ah Lizzie! why hide at all? Give it up. I don’t like this kind of thing. I don’t believe the men who write to girls in this way care one bit for them, except to make them contribute to their own amusement, and feed their conceit. What good does it do when you don’t even see each other?”

“But we may, after, if we want to, you know.”

“I shouldn’t want to see him, Lizzie; I hope you will never meet.”

“Now, Elly, it is just being with those sisters that makes you talk so. Why, all the girls do so. It is only for fun, and the young men know we don’t mean wrong. I could say ‘Evil he who evil thinks,’ only I know you are not evil, only sisterified in this matter.”

“But, Lizzie, sisterified or not, you know I like fun as much as other girls, only I don’t think this *is* fun: I think it isn’t just right. It is making yourself too cheap. I don’t like men well enough to do so much for their amusement. I may be peculiar, but I certainly hate a covert thing, and personals in the newspapers are very covert and very cowardly. Mamma says a respectable paper will not publish them. Besides, you dare not let your father and mother know this, dare you?”

“Oh! of course they would get a great scare, and think I was going to do something much worse than I mean. But that doesn’t prove I would do wrong.”

“No; but, Lizzie, don’t you hate to deceive them when they trust you so freely? Is this stranger to be trusted and they not?”

“Well, I don’t want to give pain to either papa or mamma; and so if they don’t know it, they will be spared all pain and fuss in the matter, and nobody hurt. Now I’m ready. Let’s go.” And the two leaving the house, the subject is dropped for the time.

* * * * *

Only one month has passed since the cousins have had this morning’s talk together, but it has brought a great change in their feelings and relations to each other.

First, Elinor has quietly but courageously avowed herself a Catholic. Alone and unsupported she has made the great step—alone she goes to Mass and Vespers—and without sympathy from her family she practises faithfully all the observances of her church. In all this, she has shown her aunt Lennox a wise prophet, but that lady is no less indignant on that account. She enlarges upon her favorite text, and congratulates herself that she has taken no such risk for her own daughter’s falling into Popish pitfalls, and traps set for the young and innocent. Lizzie chooses to consider herself called upon to give up the intimacy and nearly all intercourse with her cousin. In this she is secretly governed by a sense of annoyance at Elinor’s persistent discountenancing of her clandestine correspondences, but she makes a

show of setting herself against “Popish influences.”

The parents of Elinor have taken the matter with seeming indifference. She loses none of their love in consequence of the change in her faith, and they are sure she is quite as good a daughter as ever. But a greater trouble, if this is a trouble, now absorbs their minds. John Lloyd has failed in business and failed in health. He is a broken-down man. In this emergency, Elinor has determined to accept a situation as musical governess in a wealthy family. She has felt the tug at her heartstrings, no less from her wounded pride in the matter of her changed social position, than in the hard necessity to leave her home and parents. She is no saint, only a good, pure-minded girl, who is scrupulously conscientious in all things. She battles against a bitter feeling of almost envy toward the better luck and easier life of her cousin. She does not really wish Lizzie to be as poor as herself, and she is sure she would rather be herself than Lizzie, but she does wish her father and mother were in the same comfortable ease that her uncle and aunt enjoy. Her uncle is disposed to be very kind to her, but he is hampered by his wife and daughter in their bitter opposition to her. He has sent her a check to defray all necessary expenses in her wardrobe. So she goes to her new home so nicely clad that at least no air of shabbiness clings to her. Brave as she may be, this feminine sensitiveness to her appearance is very acute in her. Foolish vanity concerning dress she may not have, but, being young, she is only natural in liking to look well, to pass criticism which she cannot ignore at least creditably. If a young woman has not this much of feeling concerning her toilet, she is probably slovenly, or else she affects an eccentricity which is more disagreeable than a love for finery. Elinor is refined in her nature, and she is not strong-minded, so she likes the good opinion of others.

Elinor soon settles into the new and changed relations of her life, the more easily because her employer proves exceedingly kind. As her forte is music, she is of course, in the exercise of that accomplishment, brought into more constant contact and intercourse with the guests at the house than the mere instruction and supervision of her pupils would demand. Her seat at the piano calls to her the attention and brings upon her the criticism of many who otherwise might never notice her. And so it has happened that young Mr. Schuyler, the brother of her hostess, has more frequently than any other turned the leaves of her music, sang to her accompaniment, and gazed admiringly upon the pretty hands moving over the keys and upon the charming face turned to the pages before it. Mr. Schuyler is an agreeable young gentleman, good-looking enough, graceful enough, and flattering enough in his address to ladies to win their pleased recognition of his attentions. But buzzing in his admiration around each sweet flower like the veriest male coquette of a bee, he is just unstable enough also to tantalize the fair recipients of his attentions. Elinor likes him, but with a little reserve. She is not of a distrustful nature, but she does not quite like Mr. Schuyler’s manner to her. He has been very unreserved in his admiration. He has attempted some sentimental love-making, but there has always been a sort of holding back—a non-committal manner, which has not seemed to her straightforward and manly. It has appeared to her that he has been attempting to gain her regard without making any actual avowal himself, and that he is trying to amuse himself or feed his own vanity at her expense. Yet she is so afraid of being unjust to him, knowing that her position in the family may make her unduly sensitive, that she strives against this feeling. He really is very kind in a great many little ways which she would be ashamed not to acknowledge, and she thinks, if she were not a governess for his sister, she might receive his attentions in a less cavilling spirit.

In the meantime, Mr. Schuyler studies Elinor from quite a different point of view from any she imagines. He has found by repeated experiment that he cannot make her understand or respond to various little devices which he has been in the habit of using to flirt with certain school-girls whom he has met often in his daily walks and rides. All these signals pass unnoticed upon the convent girl. But in fluttering thus around this innocent, cold light, the gay moth has got his wings singed. He does really love Elinor as much as such a nature is capable of loving. Just because she has *not* responded to any of his advances, he has become more seriously interested in her. But just when an honorable feeling of choosing her from all others is dawning as a possibility on his mind, a wonderful discovery bursts upon him.

He has been amusing himself by conducting a correspondence with some unknown lady who has signed herself “E. L.” This incognita has at last yielded to an oft-urged request to send her picture, and a fine photograph of a beautiful girl has come to him. Whose face does he see? “By all that is astounding,” he says, “Miss Lloyd!” He cannot be mistaken. The very same. It is a Rembrandt shadow picture, by which he studies every line of the profile, while it shows also the contour of the full face. There is the dark hair waving from the same fair forehead. The eyes are the same dark orbs with the long lashes, only he has never seen just this bright, coquettish, laughing look in them before. It is wonderfully charming in the picture, but he really does not like it as well as the other thoughtful, intent gaze he has lately come to love so well.

“The demure little cheat!” he says. “Well, she is very versatile, it must be confessed. Who would have thought it? But stop. This may be a cheat. The whole thing is so unlike her. I do believe the writer has sent Miss Lloyd’s picture instead of her own. ‘E. L.’ L for Lloyd certainly, and I saw Elinor Lloyd written on her music, and, by Jove! I think it was the very writing. I’ll look again”—which he does, and finds it to be just the very same E and L; and no wonder, for Lizzie Lennox wrote it in other days, when she gave that music to her cousin.

Then he observes, what careless Lizzie has never once thought of, the name of the

photographer, to whom he goes at once, and by no very adroit means discovers the name of the fair original. And here he is again astonished. He finds he has the photograph of Miss Lizzie Lennox. “L. L.,” he says to himself, “and not E. L., after all,” and in his bewilderment it is actually some days before it occurs to him that Lizzie is the pet name for Elizabeth.

Now, having arrived thus far in his pursuit of information under difficulties, he is unable to decide whether she is Miss Lennox or Miss Lloyd. In this dilemma he questions his sister, Mrs. Wood, and determines that she can scarcely be any other than the Miss Lloyd she professes herself. So the false name has been given the photographer, he thinks; and he makes up his mind that Miss Lloyd, though unquestionably very charming, is about as profound a coquette as he is ever likely to meet.

And so believing, his manner toward Elinor takes on a new phase, which pleases her so little that it has the effect of making her more reserved than heretofore. She now avoids him as much as possible, and yet she is conscious of a sharp pain in thus being driven to an attitude of defence. She is young and frank, and would be light-hearted if in her true position. She has really liked Frederick Schuyler because she found him companionable in a house where all are either older or younger than herself except him. Their tastes are similar in many things, and of late he had seemed to her more honest. But now he treats her with a certain familiarity of look and tone which offends her nice sense of propriety. She cannot guess at the false position in which she is placed. She has been very reticent concerning herself and her relatives. True pride and dignity have made her forbear to allude to her wealthy relations, the Lennoxes, now that she is supporting herself. She does not wish to seem to make any claim for consideration outside of her own individual merits. This is not vanity, but proper self-respect; and this feeling is increased by the utter silence which Lizzie has preserved toward her. But as she withdraws from even the slight friendship which she had allowed to spring up between herself and Mr. Schuyler, she feels more lonely. Her religion separates her also from a closer confidence with Mrs. Wood, who goes to a fashionable Unitarian church.

But Frederick Schuyler does not give up his interest in this baffling coquette, for so he firmly believes Elinor to be. Does he not hold the proof? He has sent his own picture to E. L. at the usual address, and he firmly believes that Elinor Lloyd has that picture in her possession. He waits until he receives an acknowledgment from E. L.; and then he watches Elinor. He is prepared to see her betray her overwhelming confusion at discovering who her unknown correspondent is. What, then, is his amazement, his disappointment, at seeing no ripple of disturbance in her composed demeanor! He is exasperated at this assurance. He determines to shake her composure by direct means. The opportunity offers only too soon.

As the last music lesson for the day is finished and the pupil bounds from the room, Mr. Frederick Schuyler presents himself with a peculiar and, to Elinor, an offensive smile on his face.

“Miss Lloyd,” he says blandly, “do you not think it is time to drop this masking?”

Elinor looks at him with wondering and offended eyes. They are not the eyes of either the picture, or the soft brown ones he has known hitherto as hers. They flash up to him in angry brilliancy as she replies:

“I do not understand you, sir!” So sure is he, and so amazed at this stubbornness, that he almost as indignantly replies:

“And I am sure I cannot understand you!”

“I do not desire that you should,” she retorts: “but I think it due to myself to demand why you presume to thus address me, Mr. Schuyler.”

The offended tone remains, but blended with it is a little faint touch of grieved feeling, which his nice ear detects.

“Can you pretend to still treat me as if you did not recognize me? Is my picture so unlike me that you do not know the original?”

“Your picture!” and such a world of wonderment is expressed in her voice that he thinks she ought to be on the stage for consummate acting.

“Perhaps you do not recognize this,” and he holds before her a picture so like herself that she is confounded. For the moment, she really does not see her cousin Lizzie as plainly as herself. The photograph, like one of those libellous stories which are true in detail, but false in implication, has given the reddish tint in Lizzie’s hair, brows, and lashes dark as her own, and there is the blonde cousin presented, the very counterpart of the brunette, one. The light hazel eyes are in the photograph, dark as Elinor’s own.

Elinor gazes speechless for a moment. Then she recognizes the dress of her cousin, and the expression *not* her own which she knows so well. It all rushes upon her perception at once—the cruel mistake—Lizzie’s clandestine correspondence, of which she disapproved so much—the well-known resemblance between them—the picture more like herself than Lizzie—she sees it all, and she sees Mr. Schuyler’s triumph in her discomfiture. Guilty Lizzie would not look so guilty as innocent Elinor looks now.

“Checkmate!” says Mr. Schuyler. His tone stings her.

“Mr. Schuyler, this is not my picture. I never sat for it.”

“Miss Lloyd!”

“I repeat, sir! This is not my picture, and I wear no mask.”

“But you are ‘E. L.,’” he says, showing her his last missive with that signature, “and you acknowledge receiving one like this,” and he confronts her with a duplicate of his own picture.

“My name is Elinor Lloyd, and I have never written to you, and this is the first time I have seen either of these pictures,” she replies, glancing disdainfully at each of them.

“Do you know whose this is?” he asks.

At this point-blank question, Elinor bursts into tears. The cruelty of the position in which she finds herself is too much for her. She will not betray her cousin, and she knows that on her own denial alone, against overwhelming evidence, rests her defence of herself. And in tears, distressed beyond measure, she rushes from the room. Mr. Schuyler gives a long, low whistle. He is inclined to believe she has told him the truth, in spite of all he knows and has seen. For why does she wish to deny it? What girl who could do this thing would so spurn the accusation? Her proud assertion, “My name is Elinor Lloyd, and I have never written to you,” rings in his ears. He believes it, as we will all of us sometimes believe, apparently against reason. He knows that he wishes to believe in her truth, despite his vanity.

A little book lies near a roll of music on the piano, with her gloves and hat. He takes up this book and examines it, for no reason except that it appears to belong to her. A copy of Dickens’ *Barnaby Rudge*, with a mark at the description of the Lord George Gordon Riots, and pencil marks on the margin. He turns idly to the fly-leaf, and sees written, “Elizabeth Lennox, from her brother Robert.” O cruel evidence! “Circumstance, that unspiritual god and miscreator,” again shows Elinor as a liar. What can he do now but doubt her word? Elinor meanwhile is pacing her room in a tumult of agitation. Her first impulse is to abandon her engagement with Mrs. Wood at once, and go to her parents. But poverty among other hard impositions forbids us acting on the dictates of pride, be it ever so honorable. Elinor shrinks from staying, but also shrinks from giving her reasons for leaving to her parents or to Mrs. Wood. To give false ones, covering her real one, never for one moment occurs to her. She feels keenly the cruelty, the injustice of the false position in which Lizzie’s folly has placed her. Yet she is too generous at heart to betray Lizzie even to her mother. She knows that when Lizzie told her of this “bit of fun” it was in confidence, and troublesome as the trust has proved, she will keep it until she is released. But she feels how hard it is to know how to act rightly, unaided, uncounselled. One refuge, however, she has—one counsellor who never betrays his trust, and who does not require her cousin’s name or identity. O blessed privilege of a Catholic! The safe, sure refuge of the confessional is Elinor’s. What better human guide and comforter than her pastor can she seek? No fears of a betrayed trust is here. So to him she goes, and from him she receives the needed strength to bear her heavy trial—for heavy trial it is on such a young heart, all the more so because she cannot suppose her silence has put a stop to this disgraceful affair. She has written to Lizzie explaining what has happened, and begging her to lift this weight from her, and at least free her from this blame. And Lizzie has indignantly replied that she will not interfere, and that she believes Elinor to be the betrayer of her name to Fred Schuyler, and moreover hints that it has been done to win him to herself.

This rouses Elinor to such a degree that she nearly forgets her counsel to “return good for evil.” Prayer and meditation, however, those best of medicines for disturbed souls, work their good effect for her, and she is able still to bear in silence, trusting that time will lift the stigma off her. So she shuns as best she can all intercourse with Mr. Schuyler.

And thus about three unhappy weeks pass. Mr. Schuyler gives up trying to enlist Elinor’s attention, and he leaves the last communication of E. L. unanswered. He receives no more of those interesting missives. Lizzie, thoroughly frightened, stops this amusement for herself.

But at last the Nemesis, circumstance, overtakes her—the circumstance of meeting Mr. Frederick Schuyler at a party. A very small circumstance apparently, but pregnant with much for three individuals. He sees her standing not far off from him, in all the blaze of gas-light and full dress. He has never seen Elinor at this advantage, but the perfect profile and the proud carriage of the head impress him at once. Yet those blonde locks and the light laughing eyes—these are neither like Elinor’s nor the picture. Lovely this face certainly is, but he remembers the darker one as pleasing him more. The remarkable resemblance, however, has so startled him, that he actually trembles as he asks a friend who has been talking with her to tell him her name.

“Miss Lennox.”

“Do you know her first name?” he says, with forced composure.

“Oh! yes. Lizzie Lennox and I are old friends; let me introduce you.” And in the brief interval before he is presented, he only remembers that it is L. L. and not E. L., the lady of the photograph but not of the correspondence.

Lizzie passes this ordeal with a frightened, throbbing heart, but a polite, calm exterior, thankful to be very soon claimed for the next dance, and to leave Mr. Schuyler for the present at least. She is a foolish coquette, but not an evil-minded girl. Weak, vain, selfish, but not bad-hearted—she has really felt troubled by the mean way in which she has refused to clear her cousin of the suspicion which she has brought upon her, but her selfishness has prevailed in the matter. To protect herself has seemed to her of more consequence than to clear Elinor. And the possible consequence of her parents knowing all about this little escapade has not seemed to her at all pleasant to contemplate. And so she has been vacillating between the desire to do right and the fear of exposure ever since she has received Elinor's letter. She is equally ignorant of how much she may be known to Mr. Schuyler, or how far she may be protected by her cousin's magnanimity. She moreover finds Mr. Schuyler better than his photograph on inspection, as a handsome face generally is better than a photograph of it. Meanwhile, that gentleman has recollected that Elizabeth and Lizzie are the same name. He has been watching this airy, graceful dancer, and he has seen that she has been observing him. Elinor is absolved from all blame in his mind. The only shred of mystery left is the name in that book of hers. Lizzie, resting after her last round dance, sees him approach with both dread and pleasure. He wastes no time in prefatory remarks, but says, "Miss Lennox, are you related to a Miss Elinor Lloyd?"

Lizzie has the command of this situation better than Mr. Schuyler. She knows the full purport of the question, but being asked by Elinor in a letter to speak the truth while she can yet hide it, and by handsome Fred Schuyler looking into her eyes, and knowing her for the girl he has been flirting with, are two very different matters. Here she may make a virtue of necessity, and perhaps a conquest at the same time. Ah! if our good deeds are viewed by the light of our motives, how very much the virtue in them seems to pale.

Lizzie says with charming candor, "Oh! yes, she is my cousin; do you know her?"

"Yes, Miss Lennox, and I saw your name in a book she had—*Barnaby Rudge*—and it appeared to have been quite attentively read, from the marginal notes I saw."

Lizzie shows a momentary astonishment. "Why, Mr. Schuyler, the only copy of Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge* I have is at home in the New Riverside set papa gave me only lately—since"—she pauses a little confused—"since I have seen Elly last. Besides, I don't make notes on the margins of my books, and I am quite sure Elly would not in mine. I think it could not have been my name you saw."

"Indeed, I saw it, 'Elizabeth Lennox,' and from your 'brother Robert.'"

Lizzie laughs merrily, and she looks the very image of innocent fun as she responds to this triumphant assertion.

"Oh! that's a good joke! My *brother* Robert! Why, that's papa! And the name is his sister's. She is Elinor's mother. Why didn't she tell you! I hate such mysteries." And she shoots such a glance as would once have been a challenge irresistible. He keeps up the badinage, but he is answering that question, "Why did she not tell you?" in a manner not flattering to Miss Lennox, but very much so to Miss Lloyd. The former young lady is not quite pleased with his abstracted manner. True, he dances with her, chats with her, compliments her, but she is not satisfied. She is wishing that this was the first intercourse she has had with Mr. Schuyler, and that he had nothing to remember of Lizzie Lennox, and no previous knowledge of her—she has an intuitive sense that she does not stand as well as her cousin in his estimation, and that her chance would have been better if she had never written to him. He, however, generously makes no allusion to that correspondence. He is ashamed of it for her, and heartily wishes it had never been. He is thinking how he can make his peace with her cousin, of whom he feels glad to think so well, when he is startled by the words.

"Elinor and I are not friends now as we were once—before she became a Catholic."

"Miss Lloyd a Catholic!"

"Yes, Mr. Schuyler, did you not know that? All of the family are Protestants except her. Her mother was so very liberal as to allow her to be educated at a convent of those Sisters of Charity, and this is the result. I have never been intimate with her since."

Mr. Schuyler is very uncomfortably astonished by this information. He has had pleasant thoughts of the possible consequence of his reconciliation with Elinor. She has so much risen in his estimation by this solution of the picture mystery and her generous, honorable forbearance toward Lizzie, that he is thinking how very pleasant it would be to pass his life with such a companion. She certainly has proved herself very trustworthy. But a Catholic! That changes the aspect of affairs. Does he want a wife of that faith? Would not the coquettish blonde beauty be more desirable? And yet he cannot say that the ways of Miss Lennox altogether please him. He has been willing to amuse himself by a clandestine correspondence with the unknown beauty, but the known writer of those entertaining epistles does not seem to him just the one to trust with his life's chance of domestic bliss. The trust is not for just such as she. He really believes no harm of Lizzie, but he knows a worse man might think worse of her than she deserves. He wishes she were the Catholic and Elinor the Protestant. Why now, for the upholding of all his cherished beliefs and prejudices, could not the result of the two different systems of education have been reversed? Surely, he thinks, "Popery would, as a rule, have made such a girl as Lizzie rather than one like Elinor.

After all," he concludes, "the difference is in their own natures, and would have shown itself had they both had the same training," and in this we cannot dispute him. But possibly, although Elinor might never have condescended to such a course, Lizzie might with better teaching have been saved from it also. The girl is not evil, only young, weak, vain, and she has needed just that which Elinor has had to sustain and strengthen her. Lizzie relies on herself, on her own crude knowledge of the world, and on just as much advice as she chooses to accept. She never bares her conscience and her soul, as Elinor does, to any one. Therefore, she not only robs herself of the counsel of wiser heads, but she never brings upon herself that searching self-examination necessary to the seeing of herself rightly. Had she done that, had she been forced to look with this introverted gaze upon herself, she would have shrunk from placing herself in this doubtful position. She will remember this in after years with a sense of annoyance, if not of any deeper sentiment. And yet her present feeling toward Elinor is one of irritation. She knows that Elinor was right in her advice to her, and that she can look down upon her from a more exalted height. The fact that she has not taken airs of superiority on herself has not lessened Lizzie's resentment. The feeling that she is on a lower moral plane than that of her Catholic, convent-educated cousin, is a sufficient grievance of itself, and admits to her unregulated mind of no extenuation in Elinor's behalf.

It is not very easy for Mr. Schuyler to find an opportunity to explain to Elinor his enlightenment and change of views. She shuns him so sedulously that he begins to think he will have to tell her at the table, in the presence of the family, that he has met her cousin. True, he could do this without any indelicacy, but he has planned a little programme of a *tête-à-tête*, which he thinks more pleasant, to himself at least, than leaving her to draw her own conclusions from such meagre information as he can give her in the presence of others. Moreover, he does not wish to startle her before others by mentioning Lizzie's name—a sore subject to her, he suspects. So he bides his time, although impatiently. If Elinor were like her cousin, he thinks he would not wait so long for opportunity to speak. His man's nature is aroused by the necessity of pursuing.

But Mr. Schuyler has not made up his mind that he is willing to take a Catholic wife. He is at present only desirous of establishing the old pleasant, friendly footing between Elinor and himself—possibly a more tender one; but he will not yet commit himself. Not until he has seen how deeply rooted is her Catholicism—only an ism, it seems to him. He is getting impatient, however, at her continued indifference toward him. He sees that he must make his opportunity; and, being a young gentleman fertile in expedients, he resorts to waylaying her at the hour when her last music lesson is ended for the day.

Elinor's face flushes and her brow contracts—a little indignant flash is in her brown eyes as he confronts her. She remembers the last scene between them at that hour by the piano, and it does not tend to soften her manner. Evidently he has got all the work to do, unhelped by her. So he starts off, as is his usual manner, with an abrupt introduction of the subject.

"Miss Lloyd, I owe you an apology for declaring that I had your picture in my possession. I know now whose picture it is."

"You should have known it was not mine, sir, when I told you so," and she blushes again at the thought of Lizzie's being known. Even when the blame is lifted from herself, she does not rejoice in her cousin's exposure.

"I did know it, Miss Lloyd; I did believe you, on my soul, against all the wonderful evidence of the remarkable likeness to you. I did believe that picture was not yours, or that at least you did not send me it, or know of my having it. But how could I know that it was your mother's name in your book?"

He stops confused. Elinor has never yet known of that added testimony against her. Had she known it, she would at once have told him it was her mother's name. There was no reason for any mystery concerning that, it being no part of Lizzie's confidences to her. If he had had that clue, perhaps he might have come to some imperfect glimpse of the truth. In answer to her wondering inquiry, "What book?" he says now humbly:

"You left a book you appeared to own on the piano. I took the liberty of looking at it, and read a name in it which I knew belonged to her whose picture I mistook for yours. Your cousin, Miss Lloyd, is very like and very unlike yourself. I met her a short time since at a party; and even seeing her before me, the original of that picture, I could scarcely believe it was those fair locks which the sun made so dark in her picture. I may certainly be excused for not remembering this trick of photography, especially when you two are in features so very similar." He says this last pleadingly, because the displeased look is not gone from her face.

"Mr. Schuyler," she says, "your mistake concerning that picture was more natural and more excusable than your supposing me the writer of that letter, or the giver of that picture. I think, whatever the evidence you may have supposed yourself to possess, my uniform bearing and manner toward you should have freed me from any such supposition on your part. I could not tell you whose picture you had, but I was free to tell you whose name was in my book."

"But, Miss Lloyd, even if you had given me the chance to ask you, I could scarcely take upon myself the liberty of seeming to make you accountable to myself for any name written in

your book. The very asking of that would have seemed an accusation.”

Elinor’s quick sense of justice sees this readily, and her brow clears. Hard as it has been against herself, she admits that it was an entanglement for him. So she says more graciously: “We will let it pass, Mr. Schuyler. I wish the whole matter for all parties could be disposed of as easily as I can pass out of it.” And she endeavors to leave him, with a provoking air of taking no further interest in him or his changed footing toward herself. He gently makes a motion of barring her way. She stands waiting to hear what he has further to say to her, but there is no evidence of any desire to remain.

“It is so long since we have spoken together in this friendly fashion, that I think you need not be in such haste to shorten our conversation.”

He says this in such a flattering way, implying that to talk with her is the one great delight for him, that her girl’s sense of pleasing and being pleased is quickened, but she only toys with the tassel of the curtain near which she is standing, and says nothing.

Again Mr. Frederick finds he has all the advances to make toward conversation, unaided by her.

“Miss Lennox tells me you were educated at a convent. Is that the reason you are so shy of me, or is it because I am a Protestant, Miss Lloyd?”

“My parents are Protestants, and all my relatives. It would be strange for me to be afraid of a Protestant.”

“And yet you can be of so very different a faith. May I ask, is it a matter of conscience with you, or only one of taste?”

“I do not understand religion being a matter of only taste, Mr. Schuyler,” she says simply.

“Why, don’t you think it is taste, preference only for the gorgeous and ceremonial, which makes the Ritualists of St. Alban’s and St. Mary’s do as they do?”

“I cannot decide upon their motives, Mr. Schuyler. I only know that if my conscience were not in this, I should not separate myself in my faith from that of my family.” She says this with a firm bearing and a lofty look at him which abashes him. He begins to suspect that this young convert *will not* swerve from her path from any regard for him. He has a full share of conceit, fed by his success with the girls of his acquaintance. He has won their smiles so readily heretofore, and he has pleased and flattered them so easily, that he is piqued at making no better impression now when he really tries.

Again Elinor moves to the door. He lets her pass with the words, “We are friends now, are we not?”

“Friends, oh! certainly,” she says, but her tone does not seem so delighted at this change in their relations as he thinks it should be.

The truth is, Elinor has thought much over Mr. Schuyler’s little flirtation with her cousin, and he has not come out from that inspection of his conduct with any great credit, in her way of looking at it. She thinks that although he may pass unscathed by such indulgence, it is not honorable in him to tempt one younger and weaker than himself into such practices. She thinks if Lizzie could find no one like him to entice her into this folly, she must perforce amuse herself in some other way. It seems to her that his motives were bad. And she suspects that if she would have lent herself to this sort of thing, he would have been just as ready to conduct an affair of the kind with herself. Her native good sense shows her this, and she is thankful for the different example and teaching which has hedged her in from ever giving a chance for such a thing. The amount of all this is, that the little inclination to like Mr. Fred Schuyler which she had once is now gone, she has no trust in him, and without, trust there can be no abiding love.

Therefore, when, some days after that gentleman overcomes his dislike of her religion so far as to absolutely offer his heart, hand, and fortune to her, this disdainful Catholic astonishes him with these words:

“I think, Mr. Schuyler, that these protestations are more due to my cousin Lizzie than to me. If you speak truth to me, you have spoken false to her. If it is truth to her, what am I to believe? Mr. Schuyler, ‘I must trust all in all,’ or not at all.”

OWEN ON SPIRITISM.[159]

Mr. Owen, though he has since been a member of Congress, and an American minister at Naples, was formerly well known in this city as associated with Frances Wright in editing the *Free Enquirer*, as the author of an infamous work on moral physiology, and as an avowed atheist. He now claims to be a believer in the existence of God, and in the truth of the Christian religion; but his God has no freedom of action, being hedged in and bound hand and foot by the laws of nature, and his Christianity is a Christianity without Christ, and indistinguishable from unmitigated heathenism. How much he has gained by his conversion, through the intervention of the spirits, from atheism to demonism and gross superstition, it is not easy to say, though it is better to believe in the devil, if one does not mistake him for God, than it is to believe in nothing.

Mr. Owen makes, as do hundreds of others, a mistake in using the word *spiritualism* for *spiritism*, and spiritual for spirital or spiritalistic. Spiritualism is appropriated to designate a system of philosophy opposed to sensism or materialism, and spiritual stands opposed to sensual or carnal, and is too holy a term to be applied to spirit-rapping, table-tipping, and other antics of the spirits. Mr. Owen is unhappy in naming his books. He holds that the universe is governed by inflexible, immutable, and imperishable physical laws; that all events or manifestations take place by the agency of these laws; that the future is only the continuation and development of the present; and that death is only the throwing off of one's overcoat, and the life after death is the identical life, without any interruption, that we now live. We see not well how he can assert another world, or a debatable land between this world and the next. If all things and all events are produced by the agency of natural laws, and those laws are universal and unchangeable, we are unable to conceive any world above or beyond nature, or any world in any sense distinguishable from the present natural world. His books are therefore decidedly misnamed, and so named as to imply the existence of another world and a world after this, which cannot on his principles be true.

Mr. Owen's first book was mainly intended to establish the fact and to show the character of the spirit-manifestations; in his last work, his design is to show that these manifestations take place by virtue of the physical law of the universe, that they are of the same nature and origin with the Christian miracles, inspiration, and revelation, and are simply supplementary to them, or designed to continue, augment, and develop them; and to show, especially to Protestants, that, if they mean to make theology a progressive science, and win the victory over their enemy the Catholic Church, they must call in the spirits to their aid, and accept and profit by their inspirations and revelations.

This shows that the author leans to Protestantism, and seeks its triumph over Catholicity; or that he regards Protestantism as offering a more congenial soil for the seed he would sow than the old church with her hierarchy and infallibility. Certainly, he holds that, as it is, Protestantism is losing ground. In 1580 it held the vast majority of the people of Europe, but is now only a feeble minority. Even in this country, he says, if Catholics continue to increase for a third of a century to come in the same ratio that they have for the last three-fourths of a century, they will have a decided majority. As things now go, the whole world will become Catholic, and the only way to prevent it, he thinks, is to accept the aid of the spirits. We are not so sure that this aid would suffice, for Satan, their chief, has been the fast friend of Protestants ever since he persuaded Luther to give up private Masses, and has done his best for them, and it is difficult to see what more he can do for them than he has hitherto done.

Mr. Owen, since he holds the spirit-manifestations take place by a natural law, always operative, and always producing the same effects in the same or like favorable circumstances, of course cannot recognize in them anything miraculous or supernatural; and, as he holds the alleged Christian miracles, the wonderful things recorded in the Old and New Testaments, are of the same order, and produced by the same agency, he, while freely admitting them as facts, denies their miraculous or supernatural character. He thinks that the circumstances when these extraordinary events occurred were favorable to spirit-manifestations; the age was exceedingly ignorant, superstitious, and semi-barbarous, and needed new accessions of light and truth, and the spirits, through our Lord and his apostles as medium—God forgive us for repeating the blasphemy—made such revelations as that age most needed or could bear or assimilate. This age also needs further revelations of truth, especially to enable it to throw off the incubus of a fixed, permanent, non-progressive, infallible church, and secure an open field, and a final victory for the rational religion and progressive theology implied in the Protestant Reformation. So the spirits once more kindly come to our assistance, and reveal to us such further portions of truth as man is prepared for and especially needs. Very generous in them.

This is the doctrine, briefly and faithfully stated, of Mr. Owen's *Debatable Land*, which he sets forth with a charming *naïveté*, and a self-complacency little short of the sublime. There is this to be said in his favor—the devil speaks better English through him than through the majority of the mediums he seems compelled to use; yet not much better sense. But what new light have the spirits shed over the great problems of life and death, time and eternity, good and evil, or what new revelations of truth have they made? Here is the author's summary of their teaching:

> "1. This is a world governed by a God of love and mercy, in which all things work

together for good to those who reverently conform to his eternal laws.

“2. In strictness there is no death. Life continues from the life which now is into that which is to come, even as it continues from one day to another; the sleep which goes by the name of death being but a brief transition-slumber, from which, for the good, the awakening is immeasurably more glorious than is the dawn of earthly morning, the brightest that ever shone. In all cases in which life is well-spent, the change which men are wont to call death is God’s last and best gift to his creatures here.

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“3. The earth-phase of life is an essential preparation for the life which is to come. Its appropriate duties and callings cannot be neglected without injury to human welfare and development, both in this world and in the next. Even its enjoyments, temperately accepted, are fit preludes to the happiness of a higher state.

“4. The phase of life which follows the death-change is, in strictest sense, the supplement of that which precedes it. It has the same variety of avocations, duties, enjoyments, corresponding, in a measure, to those of earth, but far more elevated; and its denizens have the same variety of character and of intelligence; existing, too, as men do here, in a state of progress. Released from bodily earth-clog, their periscope is wider, their perceptions more acute, their spiritual knowledge much greater, their judgment clearer, their progress more rapid, than ours. Vastly wiser and more dispassionate than we, they are still, however, fallible; and they are governed by the same general laws of being, modified only by corporal *disenthralment*, to which they were *subjected* here.

“5. Our state here determines our initial state there. The habitual promptings, the pervading impulses, the lifelong yearnings, in a word the moving spirit, or what Swedenborg calls the ‘ruling loves’ of man—these decide his condition on entering the next world: not the written articles of his creed, nor yet the incidental errors of his life.

“6. We do not, either by faith or works, *earn* heaven, nor are we sentenced, on any day of wrath, to hell. In the next world we simply gravitate to the position for which, by life on earth, we have fitted ourselves; and we occupy that position *because* we are fitted for it.

“7. There is no instantaneous change of character when we pass from the present phase of life. Our virtues, our vices; our intelligence, our ignorance; our aspirations, our grovellings; our habits, propensities, prejudices even—all pass over with us: modified, doubtless (*but to what extent we know not*), when the spiritual body emerges, divested of its fleshly encumbrance; yet essentially the same as when the death slumber came over us.

“8. The sufferings there, natural sequents of evil-doing and evil-thinking here, are as various in character and in degree as the enjoyments; but they are mental, not bodily. There is no escape from them, except only, as on earth, by the door of repentance. There as here, sorrow for sin committed and desire for an amended life are the in dispensable conditions-precedent of advancement to a better state of being.

“9. In the next world love ranks higher than what we call wisdom; being itself the highest wisdom. There deeds of benevolence far outweigh professions of faith. There simple goodness rates above intellectual power. There the humble are exalted. There the meek find their heritage. There the merciful obtain mercy. The better denizens of that world are charitable to frailty, and compassionate to sin far beyond the dwellers in this: they forgive the erring brethren they have left behind them, even to seventy times seven. There, is no respect of persons. There, too, self-righteousness is rebuked and pride brought low.

“10. A trustful, childlike spirit is the state of mind in which men are most receptive of beneficent spiritual impressions; and such a spirit is the best preparation for entrance into the next world.

“11. There have always existed intermundane laws, according to which men may occasionally obtain, under certain conditions, revealings from those who have passed to the next world before them. A certain proportion of human beings are more sensitive to spiritual perceptions and influences than their fellows; and it is usually in the presence, or through the medium, of one or more of these, that ultramundane intercourse occurs.

“12. When the conditions are favorable, and the sensitive through whom the manifestations come is highly gifted, these may supply important materials for thought and valuable rules of conduct. But spiritual phenomena sometimes do much more than this. In their highest phases they furnish proof, strong as that which Christ’s disciples enjoyed—proof addressed to the reason and tangible to the senses—of the reality of another life, better and happier than this, and of which our earthly pilgrimage is but the novitiate. They bring immortality to light under a blaze of evidence which outshines, as the sun the stars, all traditional or historical testimonies. For surmise they give us conviction, and assured knowledge for wavering belief.

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“13. The chief motives which induce spirits to communicate with men appear to be—a benevolent desire to convince us, past doubt or denial, that there *is* a world to come; now and then, the attraction of unpleasant memories, such as murder or suicide; sometimes (in the worldly-minded) the earth-binding influence of cumber and trouble: but, far more frequently, the divine impulse of human affections, seeking the good of the loved ones it has left behind, and, at times, drawn down, perhaps, by their yearning cries.

> "14. Under unfavorable or imperfect conditions, spiritual communications, how honestly reported soever, often prove vapid and valueless; and this chiefly happens when communications are too assiduously sought or continuously persisted in: brief volunteered messages being the most trustworthy. Imprudence, inexperience, supineness, or the idiosyncrasy of the recipient may occasionally result in arbitrary control by spirits of a low order; as men here sometimes yield to the infatuation exerted by evil associates. Or, again, there may be exerted by the inquirer, especially if dogmatic and self-willed, a dominating influence over the medium, so strong as to produce effects that might be readily mistaken for what has been called possession. As a general rule, however, any person of common intelligence and ordinary will can, in either case, cast off such mischievous control: or, if the weak or incautious give way, one who may not improperly be called an exorcist—if possessed of strong magnetic will, moved by benevolence, and it may be aided by prayer, can usually rid, or at least assist to rid, the sensitive from such abnormal influence."—(*Debatable Land*, pp. 171-176.)

We have no intention of criticising this creed of the spirits as set forth by their learned medium. It is heathen, not Christian, and we have discovered in it nothing new, true or false. It denies the essential points of the Christian faith, and what few things it affirms that Christianity denies are affirmed on no trustworthy or sufficient authority. A man must have little knowledge of human nature, and have felt little of the needs, desires, and aspirations of the human soul, who can be satisfied with this spirits-creed. In it all is vague, indefinite, and as empty as the shades the heathen imagined to be wandering up and down on this side the Styx. But in it we find a statement that dispenses us from the necessity of examining and refuting it. In Article 4 we find it said: "Vastly wiser and more dispassionate than we, they [the spirits] are still, however, *fallible*."

Whether the spirits are wiser and more dispassionate than we or not may be questioned; they do not seem to be so in the author's illustrative narrations, and the fact that they have undergone no essential change by throwing off their overcoat of flesh, and living the same life they lived here, and are in the sphere for which they were fitted before entering the spirit-land, renders the matter somewhat doubtful, to say the least. But it is conceded that they are *fallible*. Who or what, then, vouches for the fact that they are not themselves deceived, or that they do not seek to deceive us? By acknowledging the fallibility of the spirits, Mr. Owen acknowledges that their testimony, in all cases, when we can have nothing else on which to rely, is perfectly worthless. We can bring it to no crucial test, and we have no vouchers either for their knowledge or their honesty. Even supposing them to be what they profess to be, which we by no means concede, it were sheer credulity to take their word for anything not otherwise verifiable.

Mr. Owen and all the spiritists tell us that the spirit-manifestations prove undeniably the immortality of the soul; but they prove nothing of the sort. We need, in the first place, no ghost from hell to assure us that the immortality of the soul follows necessarily from the immateriality of the soul; for that is demonstrable from reason, and was generally believed by the heathen. What was not believed by the heathen, and is not provable by reason, is the Christian doctrine of the resurrection; and this, and supernatural life and immortality, the spirits do not even pretend to teach. Look through Mr. Owen's statement of their teaching, and you will find no hint of the "resurrectionem carnis" or "vitam æternam" of the apostolic symbol. Are we to reject the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, and the life and immortality brought to light through the Gospel—which is something far different from a simple continuation of the soul's physical existence—a doctrine so necessary to virtue, and so dear and consoling to the afflicted, on the authority of fallible spirits, whose knowledge or veracity nothing vouches for, and who prove themselves not seldom to be lying spirits?

In the second place, what proof have we that those rapping or table-tipping spirits are the spirits of men and women once in the flesh? Mr. Owen undertakes to establish their identity, but he does not do it and cannot do it; for no proof in the case is possible except by a miracle, and miracles the author rejects, and declares the argument from them in all cases a *non-sequitur*. The spirit-manifestations of which the spiritists make so much, and in which they fancy they have a new inspiration and revelation, are nothing new in history, and are not more frequent now than they have been at various other epochs. They were more common amongst the polished pagan Greeks and Romans than they are in any real or nominally Christian nation now. They are nothing new or peculiar to our times. Tertullian speaks of them, the author of the *Clementine Recognitions* was acquainted with them, and so was St. Augustine. The trance was one of the five faculties or states of the soul recognized by the Neo-Platonists, and was the principle of the Alexandrine theurgy. The church has in every age encountered them, been obliged to deal with them, and she has uniformly ascribed them to Satan and his angels. She has had from the first, and still has, her forms of exorcism against them, to cast them out, and relieve those who are troubled by them. Every day she in some locality even now exorcises them, compels them to acknowledge the power of the name of Jesus, and sends them back discomfited to hell.

The spiritists cannot say the doctrine of the church is impossible or prove that it is not true. It certainly is a possible hypothesis, if nothing more. Then spiritists cannot say that Satan does not personify the spirits of the departed, or that it is not Satan or some one of his angels that speaks in those pretending to be the spirit of Washington, of Jefferson, of Franklin, of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Byron, or of some near and dear deceased relative? You must prove that it is not so, before you can affirm the identity claimed. The great

Tichborne case now before the English courts proves that it is no easy matter to establish one's own identity even while in the flesh, and it must be much more difficult for a ghost, which is not even visible.

The spiritists admit that the spirits are fallible; that there are among them lying, malevolent spirits. A gentleman with whom we were well acquainted, a firm believer in the spirits, and himself a medium, holding frequent communications with them, assured us that he held them to be evil spirits, and knew them to be lying spirits. "I asked them," he said, "at an interview with them, if they could tell me where my sister then was. 'Your sister,' I was answered, 'has some time since entered the spirit-world, and is now in the third circle.' It was false: my sister was alive and well, and I knew it. I told them so, and that they lied; and they laughed at me: and then I asked whose spirit was speaking with me. I was answered, 'Voltaire.' 'That is a lie, too, is it not?' Another laugh, or chuckle rather. "I assure you," said our friend, "one can place no confidence in what they say. In my intercourse with them, I have found them a pack of liars."

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This pretension of the spiritists that the spirits that manifest themselves through nervous, sickly, half-crazy mediums, or mediums confessedly in an abnormal or exceptional state, are really spirits who once lived in the flesh, is not sustainable; for they cannot be relied on, and nothing hinders us from holding them to be devils or evil demons, personating the spirits of deceased persons, as the church has always taught us. This, certainly, is very possible, and the character of the manifestations themselves favors such an interpretation; for only devils, and very silly devils too, dealing with very ignorant, superstitious, and credulous people, would mingle so much of the ludicrous and ridiculous in their manifestations, as the thumping, knocking, rollicking spirits, tipping over chairs and tables, and creating a sort of universal hubbub wherever they come. The spirits of the dead, if permitted at all to communicate with the living for any good purpose, we may well believe, would be permitted to do it more quietly, more gravely, and in a more open and direct way; it is only the devil or his subjects that would turn all their grave communications into ridicule by their antics or comic accompaniments. These considerations, added to the fact that the spirits communicate nothing not otherwise known or knowable, that is not demonstrably false, and that they tell us nothing very clear or definite about the condition of departed souls, nothing but what their consultors are predisposed to believe, convince us that, if they prove the existence of powers in some sense superhuman, they prove nothing for or against the reality of a life after this life. They leave the question of life and immortality, of good and evil, rewards and punishments, heaven and hell, where they were.

Mr. Owen places the spirit manifestations, and the Biblical miracles, and Christian inspiration and revelation, in the same category, attributes them all alike to the agency of the spirits, and thinks he has discovered a way in which one may accept the extraordinary events and doings recorded in the Old and New Testaments as historical facts, without being obliged to recognize them as miracles. This is absurd. The resemblance between the two classes of facts is far less than honest Fluellen's resemblance of Harry of Monmouth to Alexander of Macedon, "There is a river in Macedon, so is there a river also in Wales." The man who can detect any relation between the two classes of facts, but that of dissimilarity and contrast, is the very man to believe in the spirit-revelations, to mistake evil for good, darkness for light, and the devil for God. We find both classes of facts in the New Testament. The Christian miracles are all marked by an air of quiet power. There is no bluster, no rage, no foaming at the mouth, no fierceness of look or gesture, no falling, or rending, as in the case of the demoniacs; and no rapping, no table-tipping, no antics, no stammering, no half-utterances, no convulsions, no disturbance, as in the case of the spirit-manifestations described by Mr. Owen in his books. In the one case, all is calm and serene, pure and holy; there is no effort, no straining, but a simple, normal exercise of power. Our Lord rebukes the winds and the waves, and there comes a great calm; he speaks, the leper is cleansed, the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk, the dead live. What like this is there in Mr. Owen's ghostly or ghastly narratives of trances, thundering noises, and haunted houses? Every one of his narratives shows, so far as it shows anything not explicable by simple psychical states and powers, the marks which the church has always regarded as signs of the presence of the devil. Some of the cases he describes are clearly cases of possession, and others are as clearly cases of obsession. Unhappily, Mr. Owen, who formerly believed in no God, now takes, knowingly or not, the devil to be God.

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Mr. Owen has hardly improved on the heathen Celsus, who was refuted by Origen. Celsus charged the miracles of our Lord to magic. Mr. Owen ascribes them to necromancy, and regards the apostles and saints each as a person with a familiar spirit, or, in the language of the spiritists, a medium. The Jews also ascribed the miracles of our Lord to the agency of the devil, and charged that it was by Beelzebub, the prince of devils, that he did his wonderful works. But there is a striking difference between the Jews and Celsus and our late minister to Naples. They sought to prove the satanic origin of the miracles of our Lord as a reason for rejecting him and his teaching; he attempts to do it as a reason for believing him and reverencing his doctrine and character. But they lived in an age of darkness, superstition, and semi-barbarism, and he in an age of light, reason, and civilization, and the distance between him and them is the measure of the progress the world has made since their time—a mighty progress indeed, but a progress backward. The Bible tells us all the gods of the heathen were devils, and Mr. Owen agrees and takes the devil for God, and demon worship as true divine worship. What the Jews and Celsus falsely alleged against our Lord as an

objection, he reasserts as a recommendation. He has discovered that evil is good.

The class of facts which the spiritists call spirit-manifestations are recognized in the Bible from beginning to end, but always as the works of the devil or evil spirits, always as works to be condemned and to be avoided; and any communication with those who do them is forbidden. Necromancers, or those who consult the spirits of the dead, are mentioned and condemned in the Book of Genesis. The Mosaic law ordained that a witch or a woman with a familiar spirit—that is, a medium, whether a rapping or a clear-seeing, a talking or a writing medium—should not be suffered to live. The church has always condemned everything of the sort, and requires a candidate for baptism to renounce the devil and his works, and expels the devil from him by her exorcisms, before receiving the postulant to her communion. And yet Mr. Owen would have us believe that the Bible and the church sanction his doctrine, that the Christian miracles and the spirit-manifestations are produced by one and the same agency! Verily, Mr. Owen throws a strong light on the origin of the great Gentile apostasy, and shows us how easily men who break from the unity of divine tradition, and set up for themselves, can lose sight of God, and come step by step to worship the devil in his place. The thing seemed incredible, and we had some difficulty in taking the assertion of the Holy Scriptures literally, “All the gods of the gentiles are devils”; but since we see apostasy from the church running the same career, and actually inaugurating the worship of demons, actually exalting the devil above our Lord, the Mystery of Iniquity is explained, and the matter becomes plain and credible.

It is curious to see what has been the course of thought in the Protestant apostasy in regard to the class of facts in question. Having lost the power of exorcism with their loss of the true faith, the Protestant nations had no resource against the invasions of the spirits but to carry out the injunction of the Mosaic law, “Thou shalt not suffer a witch”—that is, a medium—“to live.” Hence we find their annals in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries blackened with accounts of the trials and cruel punishments of persons suspected of witchcraft, sorcery, or dealings with the devil, especially in England, Scotland, and the Anglo-American colonies. Having no well-defined and certain criteria, as the church has, by which to determine the presence of Satan, many persons, no doubt, were put to death who were innocent of the offences of which they were accused. This produced a reaction in the public mind against the laws and against the execution of persons for witchcraft or dealing with the devil. This reaction was followed by a denial of witchcraft, or that the devil had anything to do with matters and things on earth, and a shower of ridicule fell on all who believed in anything of the sort. Then came the general doubt, and then the denial of the existence of the devil and all infernal spirits, save in human nature itself. Finally came the spirit-manifestations, in which Satan is no longer regarded as Satan, but is held to be divine, and worshipped as God, by thousands and millions.

We must be excused from entering into any elaborate refutation of Mr. Owen’s blasphemous attempt to bring the Christian miracles under the general law, as he regards it, of spirit-manifestations. He has proved the reality of no such law, and if he had, the spirit-manifestations themselves would prove nothing more than a gale of wind, a shower of rain, a flash of lightning, or the growth of a spire of grass. Could we prove the Christian miracles to be facts in the order of nature, or show them as taking place by a general law, and not by the immediate act of God, and therefore no miracles at all, we should deprive them of all their importance. The value of the facts is not in their being facts, but in their being miraculous facts, which none but God can work. The author does not understand this, but supposes that he has won a victory for Christianity when he has proved the miracles as facts, but at the same time that they are no miracles.

It is clear from his pages that the author does not know what Christians understand by a miracle. He cites St. Augustine to prove that a miracle is something that may take place by some law of nature to us unknown, but St. Augustine, in the passage he cites, is not speaking of miracles at all; he is speaking of portents, prodigies, or extraordinary events, which the ignorant, and the superstitious ascribe to a supernatural agency; but which may, after all, however wonderful, be produced by a natural cause, as in our days not a few believe to be the case with the spirit-manifestations themselves, and no doubt is the case with most of the wonders the spiritists relate. The devil may work portents or prodigies, but not miracles, because he has no creative power, and can work only with materials created to his hand.

It is necessary also to distinguish between what is simply superhuman and what is supernatural. Whatever is creature is in the order of nature. Nature embraces the entire creation—whatever exists that is not God or distinguishable from him. Whether the created powers are above man or below him in the scale of existence, they are equally natural, and so is whatever they are capable, as second causes, of doing. The angels in heaven, the very highest as the lowest, are God’s creatures, distinguishable from him, and therefore included in nature. The same must be said of the devils in hell, or the ghosts, if the spirits of the departed, and hence whatever they do is within the natural order. The devil is superior, if you will, by nature to man—for man is made little lower than the angels, and the devil is an angel fallen; he may know many things beyond human intelligence, and do many things beyond the power of man; but what the devil does, is, if superhuman, not in any sense supernatural, but as natural as what man himself does. We agree with Mr. Owen, though not for the same reason, that there is nothing miraculous in the spirit-manifestations, even

supposing them to be facts, and therefore are of no value in relation to the truth or falsehood of Christianity as a revelation of and by the supernatural.

God alone, and what he does immediately by his direct act and immediate act, is supernatural. God alone can work a miracle, which is a supernatural effect wrought without any natural medium, law, or agency, in or on nature, and is, as far as it goes, a manifestation of creative power.

Miracles do what portents, prodigies, spirit-rappings, etc., do not—they manifest the supernatural, or the existence of a real order above nature. They do not indeed directly prove the truth of the Christian mysteries, but they do accredit our Lord as a teacher sent from God. As Nicodemus said when he came by night to Jesus, “Rabbi, we know that thou art come a teacher from God, for no man can do the miracles thou doest, unless God were with him,” God in the miracles accredits the teacher, and vouches for the truth of what he in whose favor they are wrought teaches. What our Lord teaches, then, is true. If he teaches that he is perfect God and perfect man in hypostatic union, then he is so, and then is to be believed, on his own word, whatever he teaches, for “it is impossible for God to lie.” The facts, then, are of no importance if not miracles. Hence the “natural-supernaturalism” of the *Sartor Resartus* is not only a contradiction in terms, but utterly worthless, as are most of the admired utterances of its author, and aid us not in solving a single problem for which revelation is needed.

Deprive us of the prophecies under the Old Law and the miracles under the New, and we should be deprived of all means of proving Christianity as a supernatural religion, as supernaturally inspired and revealed, and should be reduced, as Mr. Owen is, to naked rationalism, or downright demonism. The prodigies of the devil do not carry us above nature. They are indeed Satan’s efforts to counterfeit genuine miracles, but at best they only give us the superhuman for the supernatural. If the author could prove the Christian miracles are not miracles, though credible as facts, or if he could bring them into the category of the spirit-manifestations, he would in effect divest Christianity of its supernatural character, and render it all as worthless as any man-constructed system of ethics or philosophy. His Christianity, as set forth in his pages, has not a trace of the Christianity of Christ, and is as little worthy of being called Christian as the bald Unitarianism of Channing, or the Deism of Rousseau, Tom Paine, or Voltaire, or the Free Religion of Emerson, Higginson, and Julia Ward Howe.

What Mr. Owen regards as a highly important fact, and which he urges Protestants to accept as the means of triumphing over the Catholic Church, namely, that the Christian miracles and the spirit-manifestations are worthy of precisely the same respect and confidence in a Christian point of view, is far less important than he in his profound ignorance of Christianity imagines. How far he will be successful with Protestants we know not; but his success, we imagine, will be greatest among people of his own class, who, having no settled belief in any religion, who know little of the principles of Christianity, are, as all such people are, exceedingly credulous and superstitious. These people hover on the borders of Protestantism, have certain sympathies with the Reformation, but it would be hardly just to call them in the ordinary sense of the term Protestants. Yet Protestantism, being substantially a revival in principle of the ancient Gentile apostasy which led to the worship of the devil in the place of God before our Lord’s advent, there can be no doubt that Protestants are peculiarly exposed to Satanic invasions, and there is no certainty that they may not follow Mr. Owen back to the devil-worship from which Christianity rescued the nations that embraced it. But we have said enough for the present. Perhaps we may say more hereafter.

[159] 1. *The Debatable Land between this World and the Next.* With Illustrative Narratives. By Robert Dale Owen. New York: Carleton & Co. 1872. 16mo, pp. 542.

2. *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.* With Narrative Illustrations. By Robert Dale Owen. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1860. 16mo, pp. 528.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

MARCH 27TH.

She kneels in prayer—a childlike, virgin form;
What purity is mirrored in her eyes!
Her dove-like glances, with devotion warm,
Are raised in worship, to the midnight skies—
But look! a heavenly radiance bright has shone
Around the virgin chosen of the Lord;
In her rapt prayer she hears the angel's tone,
"Hail! full of grace! for lo! upon the word
Of thy consent waits now the heavenly dove,
Whose wings o'ershadowing thee shall lightly rest
One moment on thy pure and humble breast,
And make thee by that awful seal of love
The mother of thy God!" She bows her head,
While *fiat mihi* in meek tones is said.

FLEURANGE.

BY MRS. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF “A SISTER’s STORY.”

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, WITH PERMISSION.

PART FIRST.

THE OLD MANSION.

IV.

When daylight appeared, Fleurange awoke first, but in a few minutes, while she was admiring the child still sleeping in her arms, his large eyes opened in their turn. Their first expression was one of extreme surprise, somewhat mingled with fear, but Fleurange’s look and voice soon had a reassuring effect. His eyes grew smiling, his mouth half opened, his little arms stretched towards her and were soon clasped around her neck, and the acquaintance was made. During this time the pale and languid young mother was endeavoring to shake off a heaviness more difficult to overcome than sleep. She slightly blushed and murmured some words of excuse when she perceived her child in the arms of the beautiful stranger. But Fleurange protested with an accent of indubitable truth that the child did not trouble her in the least. She soon perceived she could be of some service to the poor convalescent. The children, aroused from a long night’s sleep, were now wholly awake. Every one knows that children awake, and, confined within a narrow space, soon arrive at a degree of turbulence whose only advantage is to produce lassitude and then sleep. During the first of these two phases, the poor mother made a vain and feeble effort to restrain them. After a few minutes she fell back, not only exhausted, but faint. Fleurange drew near, and began to improvise a pillow for her head out of the shawls scattered around. Then she opened the small basket Mademoiselle Josephine had given her, and took out a flask, the contents of which, poured on a handkerchief and applied to the sick woman’s pale face and temples, soon revived her.

“Thank you,” she said; “you have done me a great deal of good. I am feeble, that is all, but I did not suppose myself so much so.”

“Do not exert yourself,” replied Fleurange. “I will take care of the children.”

The mother smiled, and touched her head, showing by this gesture how fatiguing she found the noise she had not succeeded in quieting. At that very moment, the younger of the two children was standing on the seat, trying to reach the net, of painful memory, suspended like the sword of Damocles over the travellers’ heads, and which served as a receptacle for everything that could not be stowed away elsewhere. The child was not climbing without a motive. His brother had already successfully preceded him, and found means of seizing, through the meshes of the net, a small hunting-horn, on which he was now executing a flourish. Why could not he also get his drum, almost within reach? If he could only stretch a little farther—and he looked at Fleurange with a supplicating air; but the latter, instead of heeding his mute appeal, laughingly laid hold of him and drew him on her lap; then skilfully bearing off the hunting-horn from the other, she promised to relate them the most charming of stories if they would be quiet. In an instant they were both leaning beside her, and then, in a low tone, she related one story after another, keeping them silent and attentive till the hour of sleep returned.

By the end of the second day the travellers had made great progress in their acquaintance. “How can I thank you sufficiently?” said the young mother. “How fortunate I was to meet you!”

“Do not thank me: your children have done me more good than I can return.”

This reply, of course, did not at all diminish the gratitude mingled with admiration with which she had inspired her companion, and as there is only a step from attraction to confidence, the latter soon related the whole story of her uneventful life to Fleurange. She had met with a severe fall three months before, and her life was despaired of; then her husband took her to Paris to consult Dr. Leblanc, who effected a cure. Fleurange’s eyes brightened. It was such a gratification to be able to talk about her dear old friends!

“He is so skilful and kind,” she said.

“Oh! yes, indeed! he is more than a physician: he is a benefactor, and yet I disobeyed him in starting so soon! He said I was still too feeble, which I denied; but I see he was right.”

“Why did you do so?”

“Because my poor Wilhelm is alone and impatiently awaiting me.”

“Your husband?”

“Yes.”

“Could he not have come for you?”

“No; he is M. Dornthal’s head clerk, and it is very difficult for him to leave his post.”

Fleurange’s heart gave a leap at this name. “Are you alluding to M. Ludwig Dornthal?” said she.

“No; to his brother, the rich banker.”

“And the other—the professor—do you know him?”

“I have never seen him, but Wilhelm is well acquainted with him, and is sometimes invited to the soirées he gives. They are not balls—they are not fond of dancing there—but réunions for conversation, reading, music, and looking at engravings. Wilhelm says they are all learned, the girls as well as the boys, and madame as much so as her husband.”

Fleurange slightly shuddered at this brief communication respecting her uncle’s family. She was very fond of study, still more so of the arts; she had a taste for reading she was often obliged to repress, but this word “learned” she did not find attractive.

“Learned!” she said to herself. “That means pedantic, grave, and tiresome. Well, I must make the best of it. Perhaps that does not prevent them from being good, which is the essential point, and I certainly should not aim at amusement in this short life.”

Another night—another long day now drawing to a close—when lights more frequent and bright, and more numerous dwellings, announced the vicinity of a large city. As each moment brought them nearer their destination, the joy of the mother and her children became more expansive.

“He will be waiting for us, will he not?” said the elder of the children.

“Yes, yes, we shall see him as soon as the carriage stops, but that will not be for an hour.” Soon the cry was: “In half an hour, now!” and at last: “Here we are!”

Poor Fleurange listened to her travelling companions, and envied them the certainty of being greeted at their journey’s end by a dear and well-known face. Sadness and a fearful timidity came over her. At last, the carriage stopped. As at their departure, there was a great uproar, a variety of cries, and vacillating lights, which illuminated everything, but nothing distinctly. Fleurange sought in vain among all the persons who crowded around the carriage, for a face that might be her uncle’s. The door opened. A tall man with flowing hair and a long blonde beard presented himself. “Was it he?” No, the joyful cries of the children at once informed Fleurange it was their father.

“Bertha, Bertha!” he exclaimed, and, even before embracing his children, he pressed both her hands and looked anxiously in her face.

“You are very pale, dear Bertha.”

“It is only with joy, Wilhelm,” replied she, weeping. “I am cured, and I behold you once more!”

He then stretched out his arms to his children, but before leaving the carriage they both cried “Adieu! adieu!” in childlike tones and threw their arms around Fleurange’s neck.

“Wilhelm,” said his wife in a low tone, “thank this kind young lady, who has been an angel of goodness to them and to me on the way.”

He turned with a soft and grateful look toward Fleurange: “May God reward you, fair and gentle maiden,” said he, taking off his hat. Then he added hesitatingly:

“Doubtless some one is waiting for you here, and I cannot have the pleasure of rendering you any service?”

“I thank you,” said Fleurange quickly. “I am, indeed, expected by my relatives.” While speaking she anxiously cast her eyes around. No one seemed to be seeking her in the crowd of unknown faces that surrounded her. Was there any mistake? Had they forgotten her? What should she do?

Meanwhile her travelling companions left the carriage, and the happy group was already at a distance. She followed them with her eyes, her heart sinking within her. At that instant a small open carriage, drawn by a fine horse, drove swiftly up. In it was a youth of eighteen or nineteen years. He threw the reins to some one standing near and sprang out. Seeing him, Bertha’s husband took off his hat, and a cap is hastily raised in return, displaying an abundance of light hair of rather a warm shade. But the new-comer did not stop. He was in a great hurry and out of breath. He ran up to the diligence and said inquiringly:

“Mademoiselle Gabrielle!”

“That is my name,” said Fleurange, at first struck dumb at hearing herself so-called, and especially at the sight of him who had come to meet her.

“Very well,” said he, “let me help you descend.”

Fleurange silently prepared to obey, but after another glance at him as he held out a firm hand, she said: “There is no mistake, is there? It is my uncle, M. Ludwig Dornthal, who has sent for me?”

The only reply she received was an affirmative nod of the head; a moment after, a concise order, promptly obeyed, brought down from the heights of the imperial the modest luggage belonging to Fleurange. In an instant it was fastened behind the light carriage which he afterward assisted her in entering, then, carefully and silently wrapping around her a large fur cloak which he had brought, he took his seat, and the horse set off, as he came, at a fast trot.

Fleurange at first felt giddy with the rapid motion of the carriage, but it soon became agreeable, contrasted with the heavy movements and violent jolting of the diligence. The weather was sharp, but the warm cloak that covered her prevented her from feeling it, and, thus protected, the keen air, so far from being unpleasant, gave her, on the contrary, an unaccustomed animation which was like a fresh infusion of youth and life. The sky above was sparkling with stars. It was one of those brilliant winter nights which we love to imagine like that which witnessed the coming of Christ, and saw angels hovering over the heights that surround Bethlehem, to convey the glad tidings to the shepherds, and sing on earth their divine hymn.

In about twenty minutes the horse slackened his pace a little, and the young coachman turned around and seemed to make some attempt at an explanation which Fleurange tried her best to comprehend, but the rattling over the pavements rendered this nearly impossible, and she only seized the words “My father” and “*Christ Kindchen!*” after which his head, turned around for an instant, resumed its former position, and the horse his usual pace.

But Fleurange gathered from this that the youth was one of M. Dornthal’s sons, and her uncle had not been able to meet her for some reason connected with the festival of the following day. Her first impression was that her cousin’s manners were rather abrupt, and his face somewhat peculiar, but on the whole he had shown himself very efficient and attentive. As for his skill in driving it was unrivalled, the reins could not have been in better hands.

After this short interruption, they kept on their way without slackening an instant, notwithstanding more than one turn through the winding streets, and at length arrived at a place planted with trees, where the carriage stopped before a flight of steps leading to an oaken door adorned with a massive brass knocker.

Some one was evidently watching for them, for the door instantly flew open. Fleurange caught the glimpse of a bright light and many forms! Her cousin hastened to aid her in alighting. Confused voices were audible, all having a cordial accent of welcome. A strong hand supported Fleurange as she ascended the six stone steps and entered the passage. A tall woman dressed in gray, and wearing a cap trimmed with flowers, approached and embraced her. “It is my turn now!” said a deep and sonorous voice, “for I am her uncle.” Fleurange raised her eyes toward a noble countenance which had too young a look to be crowned with such white hair, and her uncle embraced her, murmuring in a softened tone the name of Margaret. Beside him stood a lovely young girl, grave and blonde, while another, fair as her sister but younger, divested Fleurange of the heavy fur cloak and untied her bonnet. A boy of seven years ran out into the street to aid his brother, and a little girl of four or five clung to her mother’s skirts, looking curiously, but with delight, at the strange visitor.

Fleurange, dazzled by the lights, and confused by the very cordiality of her reception, was incapable of uttering a word, but her large eyes, full of tears, were more expressive than any words, and the unusual brilliancy of her complexion, owing to the keen night air, and her long tresses falling over her shoulders when her bonnet was removed, gave her an unusually striking appearance which would have conciliated the most malevolent. How, then, must she have been regarded by those so ready to welcome her heartily?

They led her, triumphantly, as it were, into a spacious drawing-room which was still more dazzling. In the centre of the apartment stood a tree brilliantly illuminated and hung with toys, flowers, jewels, and fruit of all kinds. Two chandeliers added their light to that of the illuminated tree, under one of which half a dozen children were gathered around a table loaded with cakes. Several young ladies, as well as others who were older, were grouped here and there.

In short, Fleurange suddenly found herself, and for the first time in her life, in the midst of what seemed to her a very brilliant reunion, in which all the faces, even those of her hosts, were strange. The least timid would have been disconcerted, and Fleurange was completely abashed. The lady in gray with a cap trimmed with flowers, whom she supposed to be her aunt, took her by the hand, and hastily led her back into the passage, and thence into a small parlor lighted by a single lamp. In crossing the hall, they met Fleurange’s young guide.

“Is she ill? Does she need anything?” he asked in a kind and eager tone.

“Yes, she needs rest,” and with this reply Madame Dornthal shut the door in her son’s face.

Fleurange sat down and breathed more freely. Hitherto she had been unable not only to utter a word, but even to collect her thoughts. Now, thanks to the quiet room, she at once grew calm, and in a few minutes felt quite recovered. She was young and vigorous. She had scarcely felt the fatigue of the journey, and it was not in her nature to yield long to emotion and embarrassment, especially when in the depths of her heart she felt so happy! Had not a single glance, quick as a flash, sufficed to dissipate the burden which weighed on her heart, and to light it up with a transport of joy and hope? Her uncle's voice, the words he murmured as he embraced her, "O Margaret, is it you?" gave her a thrill; then the soft glances of those fair young girls, the sight of the children gathered under the Christmas-tree, even the abrupt attentions of her young cousin—all gave her a delicious sensation of safety, an assurance of protection which in her moments of desolation she had desired more than joy or happiness.

She raised her head, and looked at her aunt, who stood silently regarding her. The latter was decidedly ugly—astonishingly so, yet even before she spoke or smiled there was an expression more desirable than beauty visibly imprinted on her face, otherwise devoid of all charm—an expression of intelligence and kindness.

"Remain here perfectly quiet, will you?" said Madame Dornthal, *tutoyant* Fleurange as if she had known her from childhood.[160]

"There, look at the clock; a quarter of an hour will be sufficient. Do not try to talk, only listen to me. You are at home, you must understand: remember that. No thanks are necessary. You are one of our children. We had five: now we have six. It was Clement, my oldest son, who went to meet you, because his father could not leave the children this evening. You saw Hilda and Clara at your arrival, as well as the two little ones, Fritz and Frida, who were also there to receive you. There is Gabrielle besides: that is all. Your uncle has mourned so much for his poor sister Margaret! Now he has found her again, it is a happy day for us all!"

Fleurange quietly wiped away her tears without replying. Just then some one knocked at the door.

"Who is there?"

"It is I."

It was Clement with a cup of coffee, which, at her aunt's injunction, Fleurange drank with docility.

"Will you now go up to your room for the night, or will you return to the drawing-room among the others?"

Fleurange replied without any hesitation: "I prefer to go back to the drawing-room and see them all, at once."

A pleasant smile lighted up Madame Dornthal's face. "I like you very much, Gabrielle, not because you are handsome, that has nothing to do with it; I should love you quite as much were it otherwise; but because there is so much simplicity about you—which is quite to my taste. Now, let me see: it is eleven o'clock, our friends are going to take their children home, and our youngest are going to bed. As to the rest of us, we shall presently go to the Midnight Mass, and not sup till our return. Make your own choice—to follow the children's example, or go with us."

"Oh! with you, with you!" cried Fleurange. "Pray, take me to church; I am neither feeble nor fatigued."

"And yet you are fatigued," replied Madame Dornthal, "only you do not yet feel it. But as it will do you no harm, you shall do as you wish. So save your strength, and do not return now to the drawing-room. You can remain here and wait for me."

She left the room, and Fleurange remained where she was, happy to obey such kind orders without any resistance. Five minutes after, the door opened. It was Clement again, holding his little brother by the hand, and carrying his young sister in his arms.

"Fritz and Frida wish to bid you good-night," he said. The little boy timidly approached. Fleurange immediately spoke to him in that language which all children understand, and which can only be learned and spoken by those who love them: he was speedily reassured. She then took Frida, and kissed her blue eyes, which, while looking at her with surprise, began to close. When she gave the child back to her brother, she was asleep, and he bore her away without awakening her, holding her with an ease that showed how accustomed he was to the care. His little brother followed him out of the room.

Half an hour of silent repose succeeded this interruption. It was more beneficial to Fleurange than sleep, which strong excitement kept her from feeling the need of. At the end of that time, Madame Dornthal reappeared with her two daughters. Clement and his father were waiting for them in the passage. They set off by starlight on foot, for the church was near. They were all silent and thoughtful, for the children's festival had not made them forgetful of the solemnity of this great night.

In church, once more in church, Fleurange felt, as she knelt down, that her overburdened

heart could now find relief, and when solemn, harmonious, and accordant voices made the magnificent arches resound with unearthly chants, which seemed to be the spontaneous expression of universal prayer, the young girl bowed her head still lower: all the joy and gratitude of her heart overflowed in sweet tears and fervent prayers of thanksgiving. When Mass was over, one voice, which surpassed the rest—a voice sweet and manly—intoned beside her the Psalm *Laudate Dominum*. She involuntarily joined in the strain, and the two voices seemed for an instant to form but one.

When she turned around, she saw that this singer was her cousin, Clement Dornthal.

V.

When a friendly hand aids a shipwrecked traveller in reaching the shore, his first impulse is to express his boundless gratitude. Rest is sweet, even on the sand, to him who has just escaped the perils of the ocean; but if he finds no place of refuge on the shore, if his only hope of an asylum is the vague glimmer of some distant beacon, he is tempted to doubt his strength to reach the half-seen light, and if it will really prove a haven. Such had been the mixture of gratitude and apprehension the poor orphan felt the day she accepted from Mademoiselle Josephine the hospitality of the blue chamber, and it did not leave her the whole time of her stay in that first harbor of safety. But to-day, roused from her slumbers by the merry Christmas chimes, her first thought was: “Thank God, I have arrived at port”; and she rose from her spacious couch eager to begin her new life. She began the day by writing to Mademoiselle Josephine. Her old friend must be informed of her happiness before she could enter upon its enjoyment. It seemed only a debt of gratitude to share with her all her new and pleasing impressions. She also wrote to Madre Maddalena: she must without any delay link all the friends and joys of the past with her present happiness and truly transformed life.

Her aunt, in assuring her the previous evening she was among her own—that is, at home—seemed to have constituted her, as by magic, a child of the house. Everything around her was new and somewhat strange, but everything pleased her as if naturally conformed to her tastes; and yet the walls of her room, hung with sombre colors, the old press of carved wood, which easily contained her limited wardrobe, the high-backed chairs ranged around, the antique bureau in one corner, and in the other a great monumental stove, the spectral aspect of which alone was surprising—all this might easily have offended an eye accustomed to the smiling magnificence of Italy, but not an object in the house seemed capable of imparting any sad impressions. The word welcome appeared inscribed on every side, as on all faces, and in this sweet atmosphere she instinctively felt that the material comfort was only a type of the mental freedom much more necessary than the other to the happiness of life.

“You must not dress in black today, Gabrielle,” said her two fair cousins, as they entered her chamber for the third time since she rose an hour before, bearing a basket which contained garments similar to their own.

“Why not?” said Fleurange, somewhat astonished.

“Do you not know that, in Germany, mourning is laid aside on great festivals?” replied Clara, the younger of the two. “You must dress like us to-day, as you will always do when the time for this sad mourning is over.”

The elder of the two sisters noticed that her cousin made no reply: she approached her and said affectionately:

“Excuse Clara if she has distressed you. She is so gay and happy herself, that she cannot comprehend misfortune and sadness.”

“I do not wish to remind her of them to-day,” said Fleurange, “and will do as she requests. But you, dear Hilda,” continued she—looking with admiration at her cousin’s golden locks and grave brow, which a queen’s diadem would have suited, or the aureola of a saint—“are you not as gay and happy as your sister?”

“Yes, as happy,” said Hilda, “but not as gay.”

After some explanations, Fleurange conformed to her cousins’ wishes. But when, before dinner, the beautiful Hilda, clothed in white, brought a garland like that she wore herself and wished to place it on her head, she objected: “As to this garland, Hilda, you must excuse me from wearing it.”

“Why so?”

“Because I have never worn any ornament of the kind: because, after all, I cannot and do not wish to forget I am a poor orphan, who should not dream of adorning herself, or mingling in the world.”

“But, Gabrielle, you must know we only adorn ourselves to celebrate at home the great annual festivals, and we never mingle in the world.”

“Never? But then, why wear flowers without any reason?”

“It is not without a reason. My father likes us to wear the flowers of the season at every feast. This poor wreath you have refused, Gabrielle, look at it: it is, like mine, of holly, reflecting the brightness of Christmas, with its shining leaves and berries red as coral. There, see if it is not becoming in your raven hair?” As she spoke, Hilda held the wreath over her cousin’s head: at that instant Clara appeared, and hesitation was no longer possible. She instantly took her sister’s place: the bright leaves and red berries were placed like a crown on Fleurange’s brow, who laughed and only made a feeble resistance, while the mirror reflected the forms of the three young girls—as graceful a picture as ever haunted an artist’s dreams.

“There,” cried Clara, “you are both beautiful—one fair as the day and the other brilliant as night. And I,” continued she, arranging her long curls, among which holly leaves were also twined—“let me see what I resemble myself.”

“A flower, a star, dear Clara: everything that is best worth gazing at by day or night,” said Fleurange affectionately.

She preferred the elder of the two sisters, but there was an irresistible grace about the other, whom she could not help caressing with her eyes and tones, as if she were a child.

“Ah! that is charming, poetic, and very applicable! Thank you, Cousin Gabrielle. I will presently ask our poet to divine my emblems. We shall see if he agrees with you.”

“If our poet is in a fit of abstraction, you must ask some one else who certainly will not be,” said Hilda.

Clara blushed. “Come, come!” said she, “let us talk no longer about me, but go down. There is Frida coming for us. They have doubtless all arrived.” And taking her little sister by the hand, she ran off, scarcely touching the massive balustrade as she flew down the stairs.

“You did not tell me you were expecting visitors,” said Fleurange.

“Only some friends and relatives. Since my Uncle Heinrich lost his wife, he and his son have taken their Christmas dinner with us. The family formerly assembled at his house. You are going to make his acquaintance, and that of our fine cousin Felix. The rest are our friends, and will soon be yours.” Hilda paused. “You doubtless know that Hansfelt is my father’s friend, and was the companion of his youth?” she continued at length.

“Hansfelt!” exclaimed Fleurange. “What! Karl Hansfelt, the great poet?”

We have already remarked that Fleurange perfectly understood her mother’s native tongue. The poems of the person just mentioned were sufficiently celebrated at that time for her to be familiar with them, and even know some of them by heart.

“And he is your friend? And shall I see him?”

“Yes,” replied Hilda, “you will see him often. And you will also see,” she added, as if eager to change the subject, “a young artist who is beginnings be quite popular. His name is Julian Steinberg, and he is a friend of Overbeck’s. I will leave Clara to introduce him to you.” A significant smile accompanied the last words, and Fleurange, comprehending, or nearly so, the state of affairs, descended with her cousin into the large drawing-room, which, as well as the dining-room, was on the ground floor.

The house M. Ludwig Dornthal inhabited is probably no longer standing. Modern improvements have swept away, one by one, those old houses in all our cities to which time had given an aspect too much at variance with the tastes and requirements of a new generation. Even at the period in which our story opens—that is, in 1824—the house of which we are speaking already began to be pointed out as the *Old Mansion*—the name, *par excellence*, by which it was known in the city. But, as it was spacious and commodious, its situation quiet and retired, and it had a large garden which all the windows on one side overlooked, it was admirably adapted to the professor’s studious habits. The picturesque color it had acquired with age was also quite to his taste, and, above all, as it was here Ludwig Dornthal passed the first years of his married life, and where his children were born, nothing in the world would have induced him to leave it, and on this point they were all agreed. The Old Mansion was dear to those who inhabited it, as well as to all who frequented it, and every one, like Fleurange, uttered more or less fervently these words, which are always vainly repeated in this world when our faculties are all for an instant in a state of happy equilibrium: “It is good for us to be here: let us set up our tabernacle, and here remain.” This impression, it may be supposed, was not wholly owing to the exterior aspect of the Old Mansion. There was a harmony between it and its occupants; and, with various results, this effect is produced almost everywhere. Inanimate objects seem to imbibe and communicate something of the life that passes around them, and this language, though silent, is, to those who heed it, a source of genuine revelation.

When Fleurange entered the drawing-room, she perceived her Uncle Ludwig was rather impatiently awaiting her, for the moment she appeared he advanced, and, taking her by the hand, led her to the other end of the apartment, where stood a gentleman whose features bore some resemblance to his own; but with so different an expression, that the likeness, which at first was apparent, grew less and less as the two brothers were better known.

“This is our sister Margaret’s daughter,” said Ludwig to the banker. “She is doubly your niece now, for I have adopted her as my child.”

M. Heinrich Dornthal bowed and cordially embraced the young girl, but he could not resist saying: “Another daughter, when you have three already, is a great addition.”

This cool and unpleasant remark disconcerted Fleurange, and she had not recovered from her painful sensation of embarrassment when a young man of rather a fine figure approached and offered her his arm. Fleurange looked at him with an air of astonishment. She had never been to a large dinner-party, and knew nothing of the usages common to all countries on such an occasion. She slightly retreated, and, opening her large eyes, said: “Who are you, monsieur, and where do you wish to conduct me?”

This question and movement caused a general smile around her, in which she saw her Uncle Ludwig join, and with that simplicity which was her greatest charm she began to laugh herself, and so innocently, that he who had involuntarily caused this little scene exclaimed half aloud: “This is truly the most charming piece of rusticity I ever met with;” and then, bowing to her with mock gravity, and an air at once gallant and bantering, he said:

“Mademoiselle, my name is Felix Dornthal: I have the honor of being your cousin, and I offer you my arm to conduct you to the dining-room; but I acknowledge there would have been more propriety in first making us acquainted with each other.”

Fleurange, blushing and smiling, accepted the arm offered her, and, once seated at table beside this new cousin, and freed from the embarrassment of this little incident, she looked around and began to enjoy her novel position.

Was it really her own self, who recently felt so isolated? She who had stood face to face with want and abandonment? Could she be the same person now, surrounded by numerous relatives, a member of a large family, feeling herself beloved by all, and loving all in return—yes, all, excepting the cousin seated beside her, who caused her involuntary confusion; and yet he had just said some words to her in Italian, pronounced with so pure an accent that she experienced a lively sensation of surprise and joy, for Italy was her native land—her own country almost, left only a few months previous for the first time. But her cousin’s words embodied a compliment to which she did not know how to reply, and when she raised her eyes toward him she met a look that disconcerted her still more. She therefore only uttered a few words in return, and then silently resumed her examination of the company, beginning with her Uncle Ludwig. As to him, she thought she had never seen a nobler and sweeter face. It was impossible not to be struck by the contrast in this respect between him and his wife, which must have been even more striking in their youth than now. While she was dwelling on this thought, she met her aunt’s eye resting on her for a moment, and saw her smile. That look and smile seemed to answer her, and give a clue to the mystery, for they revealed the traits that constitute the indestructible bond of genuine sympathy. Beauty adds nothing to such characteristics, or at least only a charm the heart disregards, and which even the eye soon ceases to dwell on, for they who are capable of loving a soul soon love the form, whatever it may be, in which it is clothed.

The only one of the children who had not inherited the beauty of the Dornthals was Clement, who looked more like his mother than the rest. He had the same ugliness and the same smile, and yet, as he was tall, slender, active, and robust, his form, without being elegant, was not devoid of grace, and when his thick hair was thrown back, the shape of his forehead gave a marked character to his face, and his look was, in flashes, expressive, decided, and intelligent. It was astonishing, therefore, to find young Dornthal so apparently incapable of self-assertion: the more so because he possessed great aptitude for the arts and sciences, and as a student he stood in the highest rank. But it seemed to be an effort for him to converse, and he was so absolutely silent in the drawing-room that his friends habitually avoided speaking to him. Elsewhere it was different. His father found it difficult to conceal the secret preference he felt for his eldest son, and the affectionate pride with which he regarded him was manifest in his looks on all occasions, in spite of himself. And Clement’s mother showed a confidence in him almost strange, considering his youth, and often seemed more disposed to consult than direct him. As to his brothers and sisters, they idolized him and were constantly recurring to him; he had a remedy for every difficulty, a means for every end, and nothing exhausted his patience. In spite of this, as we have said, he scarcely attracted any attention in company. We can therefore understand why Fleurange, in continuing her inspection, did not stop long to consider her cousin, but, on the contrary, directed all her attention to a person at his side whose face was singularly remarkable. He was a man about fifty years old, perhaps older, for his bald head, gray beard, and pale face, marked by sickness, showed he was no longer young. But a something indefinable attracted attention, and induced people to inquire his name, and the name seemed so much in harmony with his countenance that, when known, it was not unusual to hear the exclamation: “So had I pictured him to myself.” Such, in fact, was that of Fleurange when, in reply to her question, her cousin Felix told her his name was Hansfelt.

“Karl Hansfelt!” she repeated for the second time; “is it he?—what! is that he?”

“Yes, my fair cousin, he himself,” replied Felix in a mocking tone. “In truth, I ought to consider myself fortunate in having at length found a subject of conversation that can interest you, but I did not think of being under obligations to old Hansfelt!”

“But is it not natural to regard a celebrated man with interest, and one so justly celebrated as he?” said she, turning her eyes once more toward her cousin. But she lowered them immediately, for the look fastened on her was more displeasing than any she had yet met—a look expressing at once impertinent admiration and entire want of kindness. She wished, nevertheless, to continue the conversation, and timidly said: “No one can deny that he is a poet whose name is familiar to every one, and whose songs are in every memory.”

“As for me,” replied Felix Dornthal, “I am not fond of rhymsters; this one is particularly disagreeable to me; and his approaching departure does not at all afflict me.”

“Is he going away?” said Fleurange.

“Yes, it seems he has been offered a place at the court of ——, I hardly know what position, but one that will allow him to fully gratify his taste for old books, and at the same time—a thing by no means to be disdained, even by a poet—give him ample means of livelihood. He has suffered sweet violence, and in a short time we shall be deprived of the honor of receiving him within our walls—for ever deprived, it seems, for the kind prince, who is taking him away, insists on his not quitting his post.”

Fleurange made no reply: her glance had just fallen on her cousin Hilda, who was sufficiently near to hear the conversation, but not enough so to be able to take any part in it. She saw her suddenly stoop down to pick up a flower just fallen from her hand, and when she rose up there was a lively color in her face. This was a natural consequence of the movement she had just made, but what was less so was the paleness which gradually succeeded, and the trembling of her hand when she endeavored to raise a glass of water to her lips. Fleurange was observing this with a vague uneasiness, when her attention was suddenly called away by a question her Uncle Ludwig addressed to a young man seated at Clara’s side.

This question led to a reply which momentarily deprived Fleurange of the power of thinking of anything else.

“Steinberg,” the professor said, “look at my niece, and tell me if you can see the resemblance spoken of.”

The young artist turned toward Fleurange, and looked at her with an attention that, till now, had been exclusively absorbed by his fair neighbor. All at once he exclaimed: “Yes, certainly; I remember, and I see Count George was right. That is truly *Cordelia* herself before us!”

Every eye was turned toward Fleurange, and it was her turn to blush. But why did she thus tremble from head to foot? What were the mingled remembrances, sweet and poignant, that were suddenly recalled by the name of *Cordelia*? Of course it was natural that she should be affected by hearing her father’s last work mentioned—that picture connected with so many painful associations. On the other hand, it was that same picture which enabled her uncle to find her, and now, appreciating more than ever the extent of this happiness, it was perhaps natural that the name of her unknown benefactor, suddenly pronounced in her presence, should inspire this lively and inexpressible emotion—but was this all?

However that might be, she remained the rest of the evening troubled and absorbed in the same thought. She had not, then, been deceived. It was really the stranger she had seen in the studio who now owned the picture, for he not only knew she served her father as a model, but said the likeness was perfect. And his name was Count George! Count? Then he was a man of high rank? What was his other name? Where did he reside? And was he still in this city?

 Fleurange wished to give utterance to these questions, but an invincible embarrassment restrained her, and the evening passed without being able to bring the conversation back to this subject. This curiosity aroused, but only imperfectly satisfied, left a kind of uneasiness which she reproached herself for as a fault and a want of gratitude, when, before falling asleep that night, she recalled all that had signalized the day when for the first time she celebrated in the midst of her own relatives the great and memorable festival of Christmas.

VI.

Four months had passed away, and spring had returned. It was now the eve of Clara’s marriage and Hansfelt’s departure, and these two events diversely preoccupied all who lived in the Old Mansion. Fleurange was leaning over her balcony, allowing her thoughts to wander at will, but this reverie was by no means melancholy. She felt very happy in spite of the ideas which vaguely crossed her mind at times, like phantoms she could not grasp. The vernal air caressed her cheeks, and the sun gaily lighted up the old furniture in her chamber. She looked complacently around, and gave herself Up to a sweet and overpowering sensation of comfort. All at once, without any apparent cause, without any particular reason for this new impression, a piercing and bitter thought replaced all these delicious reveries: “If I had to leave this place for ever, as I have left all the others!” she said to herself with sudden anguish, and for some moments she could not repress the fearful thought. She covered her eyes with her hand, and endeavored to shake off the kind of nightmare which had seized her. She was still in this attitude when she heard a voice under her balcony, the sound of which was more disagreeable to her than any other.

“If I were a poet,” said the voice, “or if I only knew some of their effusions, it would be a suitable time to quote Shakespeare:

‘Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand!’

and so forth. Prompt me, Clement: I know Italian well, but very little English.”

These words were addressed to her by her cousin Felix Dornthal, who was in the garden with Clement, and had stopped beneath her balcony. The latter had his head cast down, but Felix, as usual, gazed at her with the admiration he had displayed from the very, first day—which was the only disagreeable and annoying thing she had known beneath her uncle’s roof. But then, she seldom saw Felix. The company that assembled two or three times a month in the professor’s drawing-room was not much to the taste of his nephew, and if he had come oftener since Fleurange’s arrival, he seldom had an opportunity of conversing with her, for she avoided him with a care in proportion to the increasing aversion she felt for him. Felix had, nevertheless, all the advantage a fine figure and the manners of the world confer, with sufficient knowledge on various subjects to appear well-informed, and coolness and assurance enough to direct a conversation so as to shine in it. It might, therefore, seem surprising that he inspired such a degree of antipathy, especially when, for the first time in his life, he seriously endeavored to produce the contrary impression.

Sympathy and antipathy are in part instinctive and uncontrollable, and sometimes they are wholly inexplicable. They are both experienced without always knowing the cause, and sometimes, later, they are transformed and modified to such a degree as to efface the first impulse they inspired. Perhaps it would not be impossible to prove that upright souls are less rarely deceived in this respect than others. However it may be, and independent of this instinctive repulsion, the antipathy Fleurange felt was owing, among other good reasons, to the constant irony which was so strong an ingredient in Felix’s nature, as to wither every feeling of kindly impulse or flow of reason around him. Goodness found no attraction in his nature, and those who conversed with him almost ceased to believe in it themselves. He had not discernment enough to see that Fleurange was one of those persons who may be wounded by a compliment as well as by an insult, and more than one flash of her large eyes was necessary to make him comprehend it. And when he suddenly stopped, his silence excited anxiety to know the cause of his sudden preoccupation and what sombre cloud enwrapped him. Some insinuated with a nod of the head that M. Heinrich Dornthal’s only son should yield with more reserve to his love for play, and his father had repeatedly remonstrated with him on this point. But as, apart from his whims and irregularities, Felix had a remarkable capacity for commercial affairs, the banker was blindly indulgent to him, and often remarked that being “perfectly satisfied, and sure of his son in matters of *serious* import (meaning thereby his aptitude for business), he did not trouble himself much about the rest, and only patiently awaited the epoch when the marriage of his choice would lead him back to a more regular life.”

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It should be added that, for several months, the health of the head of the Dornthal family had, without his acknowledging it, been seriously declining. The greater part of the business formerly done by himself was now transacted by his son, and his confidence, or his weakness, in this respect, increased to a degree unsuspected by any but him who was its object. The banker occasionally felt, with a return of his former cautiousness, some anxiety on this point, but Felix knew how to reassure him by a few words, and he now felt only one desire, which grew stronger and stronger—to see his son married, and settled down to a life of greater conformity with the importance of the affairs he could transact so skilfully, and to which he had only to give his undivided attention. He could have wished him to choose one of his two cousins, but Felix did not find them to his taste, and often declared that it would not be within the walls of the Old Mansion he should find her to whom he would sacrifice his independence. But after Fleurange entered them he suddenly changed his tone, and his ill-concealed admiration now directed toward her all the banker’s matrimonial hopes respecting his son.

We left Felix beneath his cousin’s balcony, his riding-whip in hand: “Away with poetry, which is not in my line,” he soon said, “and deign to listen, fair cousin, to the petition I am about to address you in humble prose.”

Fleurange, still leaning on the balcony, replied: “I am listening.”

“See what a lovely spring day! My horse stands yonder: will you not have yours saddled, and allow me to ride in your company?”

Fleurange drew herself up with an air of surprise, and shook her head without otherwise answering.

“No?” said Felix.

“No, certainly not. How could you think of such a thing? And what claim have you to become my mentor?”

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“Your mentor!” repeated Felix with a frown. “I am your cousin, that is all. Clement often has the honor of accompanying you in this way, and I should have a share in his privileges.”

“You are mistaken,” said Fleurange tranquilly: “Clement is my brother, and you are not.”

The smile habitual to Felix—a smile at once impertinent and satirical, hovered on his lips:

“Assuredly not,” he said; “that is a title I am by no means ambitious of, and am far from claiming of you.”

Fleurange blushed, and made no reply, but, at a sign from her cousins who were in the room, she almost immediately left the balcony and went down into the garden.

Clement remained motionless during the preceding dialogue, with his head bent down, making flourishes on the sand with the stick in his hand.

“Her brother!” repeated Felix in a mocking tone, as soon as Fleurange disappeared. “Well, I have no reason to be offended. She looks upon you as a boy, that is quite clear. It is for you to complain, if this does not suit you.”

“It does suit me, on the contrary;” said Clement in a decided tone. “I accept the title she gives me, and I know, when occasion requires it, how to fulfil the obligations it imposes, and when to claim my rights.”

“Rights! What rights?”

“The right, certainly, of protecting her! You see, boy as I am, she has conferred it on me. It is one which I will never surrender, and would quite willingly maintain against you, Felix, if necessary.”

“What source of inspiration have you drawn from to-day, my fine scholar? You are not generally so fluent. Indeed, if you were only a few years older, I should imagine the large gray eyes of our fair, disdainful cousin had fascinated you in your turn.”

Clement did not look up; he neither blushed nor was vexed.

“Felix,” said he, “I am only nineteen years old, it is true, and you are ten years older; but I have one advantage which the younger does not generally possess: you do not know me. But I,” continued he, looking him full in the face, “as you are aware, I know you well.”

At these words a black look came over Felix’s face, he bit his lips, and would perhaps have made some angry reply had not the three girls appeared at the end of the alley. At the sight of them Felix abruptly turned around, and, leaping on his horse, galloped off, slightly waving his hand to Julian Steinberg, whom he met at the garden gate.

Fleurange and her two cousins approached to meet Clara’s betrothed. “I am late,” said he to Clara, “but you must not think it is my fault. I have been detained by an unexpected meeting. Count George is here.”

“Count George de Walden?” said Clement, “the same one who visited the gallery about a year ago?”

“The very one,” replied Julian; “and it was he who showed us the beautiful Cordelia that resembles you so much, mademoiselle,” he added, turning to Fleurange.

“And the source of our good luck in finding her,” said Hilda.

“But, since he has seen you, Gabrielle,” said Clara, “you must know him.”

Fleurange, strangely surprised, moved, and confused, nevertheless replied in a tolerably calm tone: “I did not know who purchased the picture until I came here.”

“But,” persisted Clara, “you saw him, however?”

“Yes, once, but without speaking to him.”

“In that case, you must remember him, for Julian pretends his face is the most remarkable one he ever saw.”

“Yes, his features are not only fine,” said Julian, “but there is in his physiognomy and his whole appearance something—something—”

“Striking and noble,” said Clement.

“Yes, that is true.”

“Assuredly,” replied Julian; “but that is not all. There is something extraordinary about him —how shall I express it? heroic—yes, that is the word, he looks like a hero.”

“Of romance?” said Clara.

“No, of history: if I had to paint a celebrated soldier, or the leader of some famous exploit, I should choose him for the original.”

“And then, he is a great lover of art,” said Clement.

“Yes,” responded Julian, “he seems, indeed, gifted in every way.”

“And is he going to remain here?” said Clara.

“Unfortunately he will not, for in that case he would be at our wedding, but he is obliged to

go to St. Petersburg without any delay.”

“What! is he a Russian?” said Clara.

“No, not wholly.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“I mean he is a Livonian or a native of Courland, I do not know exactly which. But he is one of the emperor’s subjects, and cannot trifle with his orders, which obliged him to leave Florence suddenly, where he was, and now forces him to keep swiftly on his way.”

The conversation took another turn, of which Fleurange did not hear a word. As soon as she had an excuse for leaving her cousins, she returned to her chamber, where she took a small note-book from her pocket, and carefully inscribed therein the name of Count George de Walden.

[160] The use of the second person singular, indicative of familiarity in most European languages, has not been retained in this translation.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. AGNES.

“Sancta Agnes! ora pro nobis.”

Calm she stood,
An ivory statue, yet instinct with life,
So stately was that gently breathing form
Of grace and dignity so perfect, yet
With all youth’s pliant softness.
On her brow,
White as the ocean pearl when first the waves
Complaining cast their treasure on the shore,
Was stamped the seal of that creating hand
Whose spirit dwelt within that temple rare,
Her holy virgin heart; and from her eyes,
Soul-lit, beamed forth the splendor and the depth
Of that informing mind whose lights they were,
Until you heeded not their violet hues,
Their lashes long, or nobly arching brows.

Her flossy hair was colored like the sun,
Her cheeks were opal-tinted, like the hues
Of rosy sunset mingled with the pure
Soft paly whiteness of the maiden moon.
Her mouth was a pomegranate-flower, with all
Its crimson sweetness, and her rounded chin,
Love’s finger touching, had impressed therein
A lovely dimple, thus completing well
The virgin beauty of that angel face.

A young and princely Roman knight drew near,
And bent upon the noble maid his glance,
Wherein the fire of earthly passion blazed,
Yet tempered by a tear of pity born.
“Agnes! my Agnes!” in a suppliant voice
He spake; “Oh! dost thou shun my clasping arms,
And rather choose this grim and ghastly death,
To dower with all thy charms? Oh! let me place
Upon that fairest hand this spousal ring,
Pledge of our future nuptials; then shall all
This dark and bloody pageantry of death,
The axe, the block, the gloomy lictors, all
Pass from thy sight for ever. Agnes! speak!”

The virgin answered not nor seemed to hear,
Her eyes in raptured trance raised to the skies,
Till from her parted lips in angel tones
Low murmuring music broke: “O thou my Lord!
Jesus! my Spouse! my All! my only Love!
Am I not thine alone? upon my brow
Hast thou not left thy signet? on this hand
Hast thou not placed thy ring, the golden ring,
Of our divine espousals heavenly pledge?
Come, O my Love! I long to view thy face,
Come, take thine Agnes to thine own embrace;
For ever with the Lord!” The thrilling tones
Lapsed into silence. On the lictors all,
She smiled—a heavenly smile; and then she knelt,
Bowing her gentle head upon the block,
Her golden tresses, parted for the blow,
Swept the dry sand so soon to drink her blood.

An instant, and the dazzling gleam of steel
Flashed through the air; it fell, and rose again—
All—all was o’er; e’en then the virgin bride
Stood on the sea of glass before her Lord.
The martyred virgin bride, crowned by his hand
With palms of triumph, and the lilies white,
Meet emblems of her purity and faith.

CATHOLICITY AND PANTHEISM.

NO. XIII.

THE COSMOS IN TIME AND SPACE—CONTINUED.

In the preceding article, we have seen that, in consequence of the sacramental extension of the Theanthropos in time and space, substantial creation in its highest and noblest element, which is personality, has received its last initial and inchoative perfection of being, by the union of human persons with the Theanthropos by means of his substantial and sacramental presence, and through that union the elevation to a higher similitude of and communication with the three persons of the infinite. Now, this last complement of the cosmos, this union of the Theanthropos, with human persons, through his sacramental extension in time and space, constitutes the Catholic Church, which may be defined to be:

The Theanthropos present in the cosmos through the sacraments, and through them incorporating into himself human persons in time and space, raising them to a higher similitude of and communication with the three personalities of the infinite, and thus not only realizing the highest initial perfection of the cosmos, but also unfolding and developing that initial perfection, and bringing it to its ultimate completion in palingenesia.

The Theanthropos, therefore, has placed himself in the very centre of the cosmos by his sacramental and substantial presence, as became his great office and prerogative of mediator. By those moments of his sacramental presence to which he has only attached his infinite energy and power, he disposes and fits human persons for the real incorporation into himself in the following manner: By the sacramental moment of order, through the moral instrument in whom this moment is realized, he propounds and explains his doctrine, the *gnosis* respecting God, and the cosmos which he came to reveal to men. By the sacramental moment of regeneration, he infuses into human persons the term of the supernatural order in its essence and faculties, and thus raises them to a higher state of being, and to a closer communication with the Trinity, but all this in an initial and inchoative state. By the sacramental moment, called confirmation, he brings that essence and its faculties to a definite and determinate growth. When human persons are thus fitted and prepared, he by his substantial presence incorporates them into himself, and enables their supernatural being to live and develop itself by being put in real, actual communication with all the proper objects of its faculties. Thus, the cosmos of personalities, perfected in its initial supernatural state, can act and develop itself—the Theanthropos himself, through his moral agents, organically constituted, governing and directing its action to the safest and speediest acquirement of its last perfection.

From this metaphysical idea of the church, derived and resulting from its very essence, it follows:

First, That, next to the Theanthropos, the Catholic Church is the end of all the exterior works of the infinite. The supreme end of the exterior works was the highest possible communication of the infinite to the finite. This was primarily realized in the hypostatic union which bound all created natures to the infinite, and is realized next in the union of all personalities with the Theanthropos, and through him with the Trinity. Now, the very essence of the Catholic Church consists in this union. Consequently, as such it is the *last supreme imperative* law of the cosmos. The last, because with it closes the cycle of the creative act, and begins the cycle of the return of the terms to their principle and cause. Supreme, because no higher initial perfection of the cosmos can be realized after supposing its existence. Imperative, because it is a necessary complement of the plan of the cosmos.

Hence, without the Catholic Church the cosmos of personalities would have no aim or object. It would stand alone, and unconnected with the other parts of the cosmos, the particular end of each personality could never be attained, and the whole would present a confused mass of elements, without order, harmony, or completion.

It follows, in the second place, that the Catholic Church is fashioned after the hypostatic moment, and is its most lively representation. For as that moment implies the bringing together of a human and divine element, finite and infinite, absolute and relative, necessary and contingent, independent and subject, visible and invisible, in the unity of one divine personality, so the Catholic Church is the result of a double element, one human, the other divine; one visible, the other invisible; one finite, the other infinite; one necessary, the other contingent; one immutable, the other variable; the one independent and authoritative, the other subject and dependent, in the union of the Theanthropos with the sacramental element. This union of the Theanthropos with the sacramental element, both moral and physical, is, as we have said, the very essence of the Catholic Church, and which endows it with that double series of attributes and perfections, one belonging to God, the other essentially belonging to the finite, but which are brought together in one being in force of that union; and all the difficulties brought against the church hinge upon that very thing—the sacramental union of all the divine attributes of the Theanthropos with the finite attributes of the sacramental element. All those who object to all or some of the Theanthropic attributes of the church object to the possibility and existence of that union.

But that union, as the last supreme imperative law of the cosmos, is such a strict consequence of the plan, is so connected and linked with all the other moments of God's action *ad extra*, depends so entirely upon the identical principle which originates the others, that once we deny it we are obliged to yield up all the other truths, and take refuge in nihilism, and proclaim the death of our intelligence. For once we admit the impossibility of the union of the attributes or substance of the Theanthropos with the sacramental element, on the plea that the attributes of each are opposite and contradictory, for the self-same reason we must admit the impossibility of the union of the Word of God with the human nature, and sweep the hypostatic moment clean away; because, if it is impossible to bring together opposite attributes in one sacramental being, it is much more impossible, so to speak, to bring not only attributes but two natures quite opposite together, into one subsistence and personality, and entirely exchange attribution and names, and call man God, and God man, and attribute exclusively divine acts to human nature, and *vice versa*. But, having denied the hypostatic moment in consequence of that pretended impossibility, we cannot logically stop here. We must generalize the question, and deny all possible union between the finite and the infinite. For what can there be more opposite and more contradictory than these terms, absolute and relative, necessary and contingent, immense and limited, eternal and successive, immutable and changeable, universal and particular, self-existing and made, infinite and finite? And could they possibly be brought together into any kind of union? Nay, we must go further, and deny the very coexistence of both terms, because one certainly seems to exclude the other—the universal being, for instance, including all possible being, must necessarily imply the impossibility of the coexistence of any particular, circumscribed, limited being. Arrived at this, we must conclude that all finite things which come under our observation, not being able to coexist with the universal being, must be only modifications and developments of that same, and throw ourselves into pantheism. But once pantheism is admitted, we must, to be logical, suppose the existence of a universal something impelled by an interior instinct of nature to unfold and develop itself by a succession of efforts, one more distinct, marked, and perfect than the other. Now, taking this substance at one determinate stage of development, and going backward, from a more perfect development to one less perfect, and from this to one still less perfect, we must necessarily arrive at the most indeterminate, indefinite, abstract *something*, at the idea-being of Hegel—that is, at nihilism.

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Nihilism is consequently the logical product of the denial of the union of the infinite attributes of the Theanthropos with the sacramental element, the very essence of the Catholic Church. *The Catholic Church, therefore—or nihilism.*

And we beg the reader to observe that this logical conclusion which we have drawn is simply the history of the errors of the last three hundred years, and consequently our conclusions receive all the support which the gradual unfolding of error for three hundred years is able to afford.

The impossibility of the union of the infinite attributes and substantial presence of the Theanthropos in the sacramental element was proclaimed in the sixteenth century by Protestantism, when on one side it denied the authority and infallibility of the church, and consequently denied the union of these Theanthropic attributes with the moral instrument, the hierarchy, and on the other side denied the real presence, and thus refused to allow a union of the substance of the Theanthropos with the sacramental elements of bread and wine. It did not then see the full meaning of its denial, but yet established the principle of the impossibility of the union of the Theanthropos in action or substance with the sacramental elements. Deism followed, and, making the Protestant principle its own, added a logical application to it, and asked: How can the uncreated, infinite, and absolute being be united to a nature created, finite, and relative? or, in other words: How could the finite and the infinite be united so as to form the God-man? And then, like Protestantism, in reference to sacramental union, not being able to conceive that possibility, deism denied the hypostatic moment. But the question did not stop here. Pantheism followed, and, being gifted with as much logical acumen as deism, generalized the question, and asked: How can the finite coexist with the infinite, which comprehends all? And not being able to see the possibility of such coexistence, it refused all existence to the finite, and admitted the identity of all things and the unity of substance, allowing the finite no other existence but one ephemeral and phenomenal. This was the pantheism of Spinoza and others. But Hegel, with more acumen than all the rest, saw clearly that it was impossible to admit an *infinite* substance subject to modification and development, unless it was supposed to be, previously to any development, altogether abstract, and shorn of all determination and concreteness, among which determinations must be ranked existence also; because development implies limit, definiteness, determination, circumscription; hence, that primitive something could not be supposed infinite, except it was shorn of everything, even existence. Consequently, he proclaimed nihilism as the principle of all things. And nihilism, and along with it the death of the intelligence, we repeat, must be admitted, or the Catholic Church—all truth or no truth.

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We conclude: Deny the Catholic Church, or the union of the attributes and substance of the Theanthropos with the sacramental elements, because those opposite things cannot be brought together, and you must deny the union between human nature and the eternal Word for the same reason. Deny the hypostatic moment, and you must deny every kind of union between the finite and the infinite for the same identical reason, and you must deny the very coexistence of the finite and the infinite, and throw yourself into pantheism.

We defy any one to find a flaw in the logical connection of these conclusions, or to prove that we have misstated the genesis and development of error for the last three hundred years.

From the essence of the Catholic Church, it follows that she is necessarily divided into two moments—the active moment, and the passive moment.

The first is the Theanthropos acting through his moral instruments, proposing and expounding to all human persons, in time and space, the *gnosis* of the whole cosmos, in its cause, term, effect, and destiny, actualizing through the same moral instruments all the other sacramental moments in human persons, and through the same moral instruments governing and directing the whole elevated cosmos. This moment is called in theological language *ecclesia docens*, or teaching church. The second are all human persons to whom the doctrine is taught, and who are the recipients of all the sacraments and the subjects of the government of the church. This moment is called *ecclesia audiens*, or hearing church.

The first is essentially active, the other passive; the one communicates, the other receives—though some members, in different relations, belong to the one or the other.

Though in demonstrating the essence of the Catholic Church, as we flatter ourselves, quite in a novel aspect, we have at the same time demonstrated all the Theanthropic attributes belonging to and resulting from that essence, yet, for the sake of those who cannot see all the consequences included in a general principle, we shall dilate at some length upon all the essential attributes of the church, and those characteristic marks which constitute her what she is, and point her out from any other body pretending to the same name.

The first attribute, which evidently emanates from the essence of the church, is its externation, and capacity of coming under the observation of men. For, if the essence of the church consists in being the Theanthropos, incorporating his power, as well as his substantial presence, in physical as well as personal instruments, and through them incorporating all human persons unto himself, who can fail to perceive that church must be visible, outward, able to come under the observation of men, in that double relation of sacramental extension of Christ and of having men as objects of incorporation with him?

An invisible church would imply a denial of any sacramental agency, and would be absolutely unfit for men, who are *incarnate* spirits. Hence, those sects which hold that the saints alone belong to the church have not the least idea of its essence. Holiness being altogether a spiritual and invisible quality, the saints could not know each other, nor, consequently, hold any communication with each other; the sinners could not find out where the saints are to be heard of; and therefore there could not be any possibility of discovering the church or any moral obligation of joining it.

The next attribute essentially belonging to the church is its *permanence*, in theological language called indefectibility, which implies not only duration in time and space, but also *immutability* in all its essential elements, attributes, and rights. The church must continue to be, as long as the cosmos lasts, whole and entire in all time and space, in the perfect enjoyment of all its attributes, characteristic marks, and rights.

The reason of this attribute is so evident and palpable that we are at a loss to understand how it could enter men’s minds that the church could and did fail or change in its essential elements. When Protestantism, to cloak over its rebellion in breaking loose from allegiance to the church of the living God, alleged as reason that it had failed and changed in its essential elements—when Protestantism repeats daily the same assertion, it exposed and exposes itself to an absurdity at which the merest tyro in logic would laugh. It is one of the first axioms of ontology that the essences of things are immutable and eternal: immutable, inasmuch as they can never change; eternal, inasmuch as they must be conceived as possible from eternity, whether they have any subjective existence or not. Essences are like number. Add to it, or subtract from it, and you can never have the same number; likewise add to the essence of a thing, or subtract from it, and you may have another thing, but never the same essence.

Now, what is the essence of the church? It consists in the Theanthropos incorporating his infinite power and his substantial presence in physical and personal instruments, and through them uniting to himself human persons, elevating them to a supernatural state, and enabling them to develop and unfold their supernatural faculties until they arrive at their ultimate perfection, and all this in time and space.

Now, how can we suppose the church to fail when its very essence is founded on the union of the Theanthropos with the sacraments? The only possible failure we can suppose is if the presence of the Theanthropos were to be withdrawn from the sacraments; and this could happen either because the Theanthropos may be supposed powerless to continue that presence or unwilling; in both cases, the divinity of the Theanthropos is denied; because the first would argue want of power, the second a senseless change. Protestantism would do much better to deny at once the divinity of its founder, instead of admitting the failure of the church he founded. It would be by far more honest and logical. We can respect error when it is logical and consistent, but we must despise obstinate nonsense and absurdity. The same attribute is claimed by the end of the church—which is, to communicate to human persons in time and space the term of the supernatural moment. As long, then, as there are men on earth, so long must the church continue to possess invariable and unchangeable those

elements with which it was endowed by its divine founder. Should it fail or change, how could men after the failure be incorporated into the Theanthropos? Should it fail or change, how could men believe in the possibility of their attaining their end? Should it fail once and at one period only, men would no longer possess any means of knowing when, and how, and where it might not fail again, and therefore they could not but look upon the whole thing with utter contempt.

The next attribute is infallibility.

Certainty objectively considered is the impossibility of error in a given case. Infallibility also, considered in itself, is the impossibility of error in every case within the sphere to which that infallibility extends. This attribute is essentially necessary to the church, but before we enter upon its vindication we will say a word about its nature, the subject in whom it resides, the object it embraces, and the mode of exercising it. The nature of the infallibility claimed by the church does not consist in a new inspiration: because inspiration implies an interior revelation of an idea not previously revealed or known. Now, this does not occur, and is not necessary, in order that the church may fulfil its office. The revelation of the whole *gnosis* respecting God, the cosmos, and their mutual relations in time and in eternity, was made by the Theanthropos in the beginning. The church carries it in her mind, heart, and life, as she traverses centuries and generations. But as all the particular principles constituting that *gnosis* are not all distinctly and explicitly formulated and set in human language, so it becomes the office of the church from time to time to formulate one of those principles. In this she is assisted by the Theanthropos in such a manner that she may infallibly express her mind in the new formula she utters. Again, an error may arise against the revealed gnosis she carries in her mind. Then it is her office to proclaim what her mind is upon the subject, and condemn whatever may be contrary to it. Again, she is assisted by the Theanthropos in such a manner as to effect both these things infallibly. Infallibility in the present case, therefore, may be defined a permanent assistance of the Theanthropos preserving the church from falling into error in the exercise of her office.

The object of this attribute is limited to these three:

1. She is infallible in teaching and defining all theoretical doctrines contained in the revelation, be it written or not, but handed down socially from the beginning.

2. In all doctrines having reference to morality.

3. In the choice and determination of the external means of embodying that doctrine, theoretical or practical; whether the external means which embodies the doctrine be used by the church, or, used by others, must be judged by the church.

This last object of infallibility is so absolutely necessary that without it the other two would become nugatory and fictitious. If, in propounding a doctrine, the church could err in fixing upon such objective expressions of language as would infallibly exhibit her mind, men could never be assured whether the church had expressed herself correctly or not, and could never, consequently, be certain of her meaning. Likewise, if the church could err in teaching whether such and such expression of language, intended to embody a doctrine, contains an error or a truth, men would be left in doubt whether to embrace or reject it, and could never, in embracing it, be absolutely certain whether they were holding a revealed doctrine or a falsehood.

From this it follows that: First, the church is not infallible in things belonging exclusively to natural sciences, and in no way connected with revelation; second, she is not infallible in reference to historical facts, and much less in reference to personal facts, unless these are connected with dogma. The subjects in whom this attribute resides are the following:

1. The Supreme Pontiff, the head of the hierarchy, who, independent of the rest, enjoys this attribute, in reference to all the objects above explained. Because, by the interior organism of the church, as we shall see, he is made the source of all authority in teaching and governing.

2. The hierarchy, together with the Supreme Pontiff, either assembled in council or agreeing through other means of communication.

We almost blush to have to remark that this, infallibility, centred in the Pope or bishops, does not render them personally impeccable. The two things are as distant as the poles, and can only be brought together and confounded in minds who, according to the expression of Dante, have lost the light of the intellect, and live in a darkness which is little short of death.

The modes of exercising this attribute are three:

She is infallible as teacher, as witness, and as judge.

As teacher: when she proclaims and expounds to the faithful the revelation of the Theanthropos.

As witness: when she affirms what belongs or does not belong to that revelation.

As judge: when she pronounces final judgment on controversies and disputes which arise in relation to revealed doctrines.

Having thus given a brief idea of all that belongs to the subject of infallibility, it seems to us that no one who has understood the nature and essence of the church, and the object for which it was established, can fail to perceive not only the entire reasonableness, but also the absolute necessity of such a doctrine.

We have said that the church in its active element is nothing less than the Theanthropos himself, communicating the term of the supernatural moment, which includes teaching, through the agency of secondary agents, both physical and personal. The church, therefore, under the aspect from which we are now regarding her, is the Theanthropos teaching his revelation, expounding his revelation, affirming and witnessing to his revelation, declaring what agrees with it, and what is contradictory to it, through the agency of the Supreme Pontiff, or of the Pontiff and the rest of the hierarchy. And can anything be more reasonable than the assertion that she is infallible? Protestantism has boasted, and boasts yet, of having emancipated reason, of having brought it to the highest possible degree of culture and development. But when will Protestantism begin to exercise its vaunted reason?

Is it reasonable to suppose that the Theanthropos, the God made man, the infallible wisdom of God, the very intelligibility of the Father, who established the church, that is, united himself, either as to action or substance, with a sacramental element, be it material or personal, in order, among other things, to teach all men in time and space what was absolutely necessary for them to know to attain their ultimate perfection—is it reasonable to suppose, we say, that the Theanthropos should, through his personal agents, teach anything but absolute truth?

Deny the divinity of the Theanthropos, deny that the Theanthropos ever did or could unite his activity with personal agents, deny the essence of the church, and then you would be logical, then you would be consistent, then we could understand you. But to admit that the Theanthropos *is* God, to admit that he *did* unite his infinite and divine activity to the sacramental element, to admit that he did so on purpose to teach all men in time and space, and then to affirm that the church is not and cannot be infallible—that is, that the Theanthropos cannot teach infallibly through his personal agents—is such a logic as only the highly cultivated reason of Protestantism can understand. It is above the reach of that reason which is satisfied with a moderate share of culture and refinement, and cannot claim to soar so high.

We beg the reader to reflect for an instant on this single question: Is it the Theanthropos, or is it not, who teaches through the agency of his personal instruments? To this simple question, a simple answer should be given. Say you answer, It is not. Then you deny that the Theanthropos united his infinite energy to a sacramental element. Then you deny the essence of the church, and, in denying that, you must deny every other union between the infinite and the finite, as we have demonstrated. If you say it *is* the Theanthropos who teaches through the agency of his personal instruments, then what can be more logical or more consistent than to say that he teaches infallibly? What is there more reasonable than to say that a God-man should know what is truth, and should express his mind so, should embody it in an external means so, as to represent that mind infallibly?

Then, why so much opposition against this plainest attribute of the church? Why so much obloquy, so much sneering, except that the so boasted Protestant reason is nothing but a vile, unmanly prejudice, except that those who boast so much of exercising their reason resemble those innocent and unconscious animals of which Dante speaks:

> “As *sheep*, that step forth from their fold, by one
> Or pairs, or three, at once; meanwhile, the rest
> Stand fearfully, bending the eye and nose
> To ground, *and what the foremost does that do*
> *The others, gathering round her if she stops,*
> *Simple and quiet, nor the cause discern*”?
> —*Cary’s Translation.*

The next attribute of the church is authority. This, like the rest, flows from her very essence. That essence consists in being the sacramental extension of Christ incorporating unto himself all human persons in time and space, communicating to them the term of the supernatural moment in its essence and faculties, and aiding them to develop those faculties, and to bring them to their ultimate completion. The church, therefore, as sacramental—that is, outward and sensible extension of the Theanthropos intended for men—is a visible, outward society of human persons with the Theanthropos. Now, what does a visible society require? That the external relations of the associates should be determined and governed by the authority legitimately constituted in the society. For, if those relations were not determined and directed by proper authority in a visible society, it is evident that no order could be expected, and that all the members could not form one moral body, by a proper external communication. The church, therefore, as a visible society, must have authority to determine all the external relations of the members, and to govern and direct them.

This authority or power of establishing the external polity in the church is, of course, essentially residing in the Theanthropos, who communicates it whole and entire to the Supreme Pontiff, and through him to the whole hierarchy and the rest of the active church.

Having vindicated the essential attributes of the church, we think it necessary to dilate at

some length upon the interior constitution, the internal organism of the same, in order to exhibit a fuller and more adequate idea of this masterpiece of the infinite. And in order to do it thoroughly, we must give a cursory glance at its eternal type, the supreme exemplar of everything—the Trinity. The reader will remember that the genesis of God's life takes place as follows: There is in the infinite essence and nature a first subsistence, unborn, unbegotten, which terminates in the first person. This is the supreme, active principle of the second, and both are the active principle of the third. In this third termination closes the cycle of infinite life. The production of the second person is brought about by intellectual generation. For the primary unbegotten activity, being infinitely intelligent, can scan with his glance the whole depth, breadth, height, and length of his infinite nature. Now, to intelligence means to produce an intellectual image of the object which is understood. Consequently, the primary unbegotten principle, by intelligencing himself, produces an intellectual image, absolutely equal to himself, the act of intelligencing being infinite, and also distinct from him, inasmuch as they are opposed as principle and term. The first contemplates himself in his substantial image, and is attracted toward himself and his image. The second contemplates himself in his principle, and is attracted toward himself and his principle. This common, mutual attraction or love, being also infinite, is consequently substantial, and results in a third termination of the infinite essence.

From this brief explanation of the genesis of God's life, it follows:

1st. That the infinite, though one in nature, has three distinct terminations or persons.

2d. That, though these three persons are absolutely equal, because possessed of the same identical nature, we find in them a necessary subjection of order founded on the law of origin and production, the second being originated by the first, and being in this respect subject to him; the third being originated by both, and under this respect being subject to both.

3d. The three persons, possessing the same identical nature and substance, possess, consequently, all the perfections and attributes flowing from the substance in the same identical manner. Hence they possess in common all the metaphysical attributes of the substance, such as infinity, eternity, immensity, immutability; all the intellectual attributes, such as truth, wisdom, etc.; all the moral attributes of the substance, such as goodness, etc.

4th. As nature is the radical principle of action and life, it follows that, as the three persons possess the same nature, they possess one identical action and life. But as the termination is the immediate principle of action, and the three persons have a distinct termination, their one identical action receives the impress of the distinct termination of each.

5th. Finally, the essence being identical in all the three persons, and the second and third being originated by an immanent action, and all being essentially relative to each other, it follows that they all live in each other by a common indwelling.

Now, the interior constitution, the internal organism, of the church must be modelled, both in its active and passive moments, after this supreme type of everything; always granting the necessary distance of proportion intervening between the infinite and the finite. For, if the whole cosmos is and must be fashioned after that supreme pattern, how much more must the church, which is the inchoative and initial perfection of the whole cosmos, the cosmos of personalities! Consequently, we must find in its interior organism all the laws of the genesis of God's life—laws which in the whole cosmos are reflected in those of *unity*, *variety*, *hierarchy*, *communion*.

And, first, as to the active moment of the church. As in the infinite we find one nature and essence, the abyss of all perfections, the *Being*, so in the active church we must find one nature and essence, the reflex of the essence of God. And that one nature consists in the fulness of the priesthood of the Theanthropos, communicated to the whole active church in the sacrament of order, and in the fulness of his authority.

As in the infinite the divine nature is possessed in common by a multiplicity of persons, the three terminations constituting the Trinity, so in the active church the priesthood of Christ and his authority must be possessed in common by a multiplicity of persons, some possessing it in its fulness, some partially, because distinction in the finite is by gradation, and cannot be by perfect equality, but all having the same identical priesthood as to its nature.

As in the Trinity, we find the law of hierarchy absolutely necessary in organic and living beings, which hierarchy consists in this, that the three divine persons, though absolutely equal as to nature, are distinct as to personality—a distinction which arises from opposition of origin. Now, this opposition of origin necessarily gives rise to a hierarchical superiority of order; the Father as such being necessarily superior in order to the Son, and the Son as such inferior to him; both as the aspirants of the third person necessarily superior to him, and *vice versa*.

Now, this hierarchical law must be found also in the church, and we must find a superiority of one over the other, not merely of order, but of gradation; the finite, as we have said, not being distinct except by gradation of being. Hence, we find the Theanthropos to have established three distinct elements constituting the hierarchy, and organically brought together. The first, a primary principle of authority from whom all receive, and he receives

from none—the Supreme Pontiff, his own vicar on earth, the visible head of the church. The second, who receive from the first in measure and limit—the episcopate, who receive from the Supreme Pontiff their authority and its extent. The third, also, receive from both in a more limited manner—the priesthood.[161]

As in the Trinity the divine nature, being the radical principle of action and life, and the termination, the proximate principle, there is one common action and life, but the same bearing the impress of the constituent of each person; so in the church the authority being the same as to nature, the Pontiff, the episcopate, and the priesthood have one common life and action radically, but each one displaying it according to the degree resulting from his dignity—the Pontiff in its fulness, the episcopate within the range of their dioceses, the priesthood within the limits appointed by the episcopate—the second as holding it from the first, the third from both.

The reader can see by the theory we have just explained, and which cannot be gainsaid, how the late definition of the infallibility of the Supreme Pontiff is in accordance with and flows from the principles we have laid down. The Pontiff in the church of Christ is the first and primary visible principle of all authority, as in the interior of infinite life the eternal Father is the first primary principle of authority over the Son and the Spirit, as we have explained above.

From the Pontiff all must receive authority, and he can receive from none, as the Father in the internal organism of the infinite communicates and receives from none. Consequently, the Supreme Pontiff being the first, primary, supreme, visible principle of authority in the church of Christ, is the first, primary, supreme, visible teacher—the office of teaching being essentially included in the fulness of authority communicated to him by Christ.

And as the office of teaching in the church of Christ would be of no avail except it were endowed with the attribute of infallibility, it follows that the Supreme Pontiff is the first, primary, supreme, *infallible* teacher in the church of Christ. He must teach all, and can be taught by none. He teaches by himself the whole universal church, and none has and can have any authority for disputing, objecting to, and gainsaying his teaching.

We cannot perceive how any persons holding the supremacy and independence of his authority could ever have reconciled with their logic the dependence of his authority with reference to teaching.

We come to the interior organism of the passive church, to which the active church also belongs in different relation, and we find in it also a reflex of the Trinity.

For as in the infinite there is one nature common to all, communicated by the first person to the second, and by both to the third, so in the passive church we find the same nature, the term of the supernatural moment, consisting in a higher similitude of and communication with the Trinity; this term communicated by the active church; primarily by the episcopate, and secondarily by the priesthood.

As in the Trinity, the nature being the same, the three persons partake of all the attributes flowing from the nature, likewise, and with due proportion in the church, the nature of the supernatural moment being the same, all the members partake of the same attributes and faculties flowing from that nature; hence they have one common supernatural intelligence, one common supernatural will.

As the Trinity, the nature being the radical principle of action, and the personality the proximate, all have the same action, but each acts according to the constituent of his personality; so in the church, the term of the supernatural moment, constituting its nature, being the same, all have the same supernatural action and life; but personally, some members belonging to the active church, and some to the passive, it follows that those who belong to the first display that life in that relation, and those who belong to the second display it in the second relation.

As in the Trinity we find an indwelling of all the persons in each other, and a living perpetual communication founded on the identity of nature and on the relation of personalities; so in the church of Christ we find a perpetual communication of its members with each other, founded on the identity of nature, the term of the supernatural moment, and on the relation of personalities, all members of the passive church communicating with and living, as it were, in the active church, because proceeding from it.

We see, therefore, what is the interior organism of the church. As to the active church, the fulness of the priesthood of the Theanthropos is given to the whole active church. The organism is constituted and established by authority. The fulness of his authority is communicated to one, the Supreme Pontiff, the visible head of the church. From him, and from him alone, all others must receive authority. And hence the unity of the whole active church, unity of authority, of action and life, and the proper hierarchical order. The passive church is established upon the bestowal of the supernatural nature and faculties and acts. The two are brought together by the community of the same supernatural nature, faculties, and acts; and, by the dependence of origin, the second proceeding and being originated by the first. Both have one common life and action, but hierarchically exercised, the passive being governed and directed by the one which originates it, and thus exhibiting a most perfect image of the Trinity.

We have only been commenting upon those words of the Theanthropos: “Holy Father, keep these in thy name whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we also are.” Here we have the necessity of the church being modelled after the Trinity, the archetype of everything.

“As thou hast sent me into the world, I also have sent them into the world.” The common nature of the active church, the mission and authority of the Theanthropos.

“And not for these only do I pray, but for all those who, through their words, shall believe in me.” The continuation of that authority.

“Sanctify them in truth.” The common nature of the passive church, the term of the supernatural moment.

“That they may be one, as thou Father in me and I in thee, that they may be one in us.” The completion of the inchoative society, brought about by the supernatural element of union, and by the incorporation with the Theanthropos.

To complete the theory of the church, we have now to point out the characteristic marks which distinguish it from any counterfeit institution of men. These marks are four: unity, holiness, catholicity, and apostolicity.

Unity. What is the church, viewed in its essence, attributes, and interior organism? It is the Theanthropos annexing his infinite energy and his substantial presence to a sacramental element, both physical and personal, and through them first elevating human persons to a supernatural being, with its essence and faculties of supernatural intelligence and supernatural will in an incipient and inchoative state; secondly, through his sacramental, personal element proposing and expounding his *gnosis* to their supernatural intelligence; by a second sacramental moment elevating this supernatural essence and faculties to a determinate and definite growth: by the sacramental moment of his presence incorporating all elevated persons unto himself, and thus putting them in immediate contact with himself, and through him with the Trinity on one side and with all the cosmos in nature and personality on the other side, and thus affording their supernatural faculties proper objects on which they may feed, expand, be developed, and arrive at their ultimate perfection. Finally, by the personal sacramental element governing and directing all their exterior relations and communication to one social final end; and all this not in any particular spot or period of time, but in all space and in all time. From this it is evident that the church of Christ is *one* in force of the unity of the Theanthropos with the sacramental element; *one* in consequence of the interior unity of organism, both of the active and passive church; *one* in consequence of the unity of the supernatural being and faculties, the end of the church; *one* in force of the unity of the object of the supernatural intelligence; *one* in consequence of the unity of the object of the supernatural will—God and his cosmos, in their relations to each other; *one* in consequence of the real communion and intercourse between the members of the church; *one*, finally, in consequence of the oneness of the visible government of the church, all emanating from one invisible and one visible head.

The second distinctive mark of the church must be holiness. For the end of the church is to impart to human persons in time and space the term of the supernatural moment, together with its faculties, and especially the faculty and habit of supernatural intelligence and supernatural will or charity, in which, as we have demonstrated in the tenth article, the very essence of holiness consists. If the church, therefore, were deprived of this distinctive mark, she would fail in that very object for which she was instituted.

But it is to be remarked that not any degree of holiness would be sufficient to constitute a distinctive mark of the church, but a certain fulness of it is required in some of its members, for a twofold reason.

Like every moment of God’s exterior action, she is subject to the law of variety by hierarchy. This involves the necessity of the church ranging between the lowest degree of sanctity to the very pinnacle of sublimest and loftiest exhibition of it; otherwise, those two laws could not be realized.

Secondly, an ordinary degree of holiness can easily be counterfeited. But none could for any length of time or any extension of space assume a sanctity which soars far above the ordinary and common level, and which exhibits itself as such. *Nemo personam diu fert* could be applied in this case more than in any other.

The next distinctive mark is *catholicity* or *universality*. She is such not only because she contains all truth; not only because she embraces all the moments of God’s action, as the finishing stroke of them all; but because she is intended for all time and all space.

Finally, the last mark is *apostolicity*. The first members of the hierarchy chosen by the Theanthropos to communicate as moral instruments the term of the sublimative moment, with the power and authority to transmit to others that very same dignity of being moral instruments, were the *apostles*. Therefore, that church alone can be the church of the Theanthropos which to this day and for ever can show that her own hierarchy are the legitimate successors of the apostles, by an uninterrupted communication. For we have said that the essence of the church is to be the Theanthropos acting in time and space, through the agency of the hierarchy and other sacraments. Now, suppose a hierarchy who cannot

claim or make good their claim to be the legitimate successors of the first ones who composed it, who could not claim any communication or union with them, how could we suppose them to be those very instruments in whom and through whom the Theanthropos lives and acts?

Before we draw the consequence which follows from all we have said concerning the church, it is necessary to recapitulate in a few words all we have written in these articles.

We set out with the question of the infinite, and after refuting the pantheistic idea of the infinite, and showing that pantheism in its solution of the problem destroys it, we gave the Catholic idea of the infinite. Here another problem sprang up—multiplicity in the infinite. No being can be conceived endowed with pure, unalloyed unity. It must be multiple, under pain of being inconceivable. What is the multiplicity which can be admitted in the infinite? We demonstrated that the pantheistic solution which says that infinite becomes multiple by a necessary interior development, destroys both terms, the unity and the multiplicity. We proceeded to lay down the Catholic answer to the problem, and explained, as far as lay in our power, the mystery of the ever-blessed Trinity. The question next in order was the finite. And we showed the finite to be the effect of an absolutely free act of infinite power, free both to its creation at all and also with regard to the amount of perfection to be created; though we admitted and proved that it was befitting on the part of the Creator to effect the best possible manifestation of himself. Here we found ourselves in face of a duality which claimed reconciliation. How could the finite and the infinite be united together, so as to preserve whole and entire the two respective natures, and at the same time to effect the best possible manifestation of the infinite? We answered by laying down the Catholic dogma of the hypostatic union, which raised the finite to a hypostatic or personal union with the infinite, and elevated finite natures to the highest possible dignity. But as the hypostatic moment raised to a personal union only nature, and left out personality, another duality arose: how to unite human persons with the Theanthropos, and through him with God, and make them partakers as far as possible of the dignity and elevation of the nature hypostatically united to the *Word*. The sublimative moment answered the question. This moment, medium between the Theanthropos and substantial creation, by bestowing upon human persons a higher nature and faculties, enabled them to unite in close contact with the Theanthropos and through him with the Trinity. But what was the medium chosen to transmit the term of the sublimative moment to human persons in time and space? The Theanthropos himself, the essential mediator between God and the cosmos; and to that effect he united his infinite energy and his substantial presence to personal and physical instruments, and through them imparted to human persons in time and space the term of the sublimative moment; and thus the cycle of the procession of the cosmos from the infinite was perfected in its being and faculties, to begin a movement of return to the same infinite as its supreme end. The sacramental extension of the Theanthropos in time and space we have demonstrated to be the Catholic Church, and from its essence we have drawn her essential attributes of visibility, indefectibility, infallibility, and authority, and also its intrinsic marks of unity, holiness, catholicity, and apostolicity.

After this necessarily imperfect sketch of all our articles, we submit to the reader this necessary consequence—*the Roman Catholic Church is the only true church of God*.

First, because it is in the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church alone that the life of the intelligence is possible. We have shown throughout our articles that in every question which the human mind raises, there is no possible alternative—either embrace the Catholic solution, so coherent with reason; or the pantheistic solution, and the death of the intelligence. Now, when we speak of the Catholic solution, we mean of the solution which is given by the church whose head is the Bishop of Rome, for no other pretended Catholic Church gives all the true solutions.

Second, because it is the Roman Catholic Church alone which knows her own essence and attributes. All others are more or less ignorant of the essence and attributes necessary to the church of the Theanthropos.

Thirdly, it is to the Roman Catholic Church alone to which the essence, attributes, and marks which we have shown *à priori* to belong necessarily to the Church of Christ apply. Consequently, the Roman Catholic Church is the real cosmos of God in its perfection of being and faculties, and men have no possible alternative but to join it, to submit to its authority, under pain of the death of the intelligence, of being a creature out of joint with the whole system of God's works, of being in the impossibility of attaining their last end in palingenesia. The Roman Catholic Church or pantheism—all truth or no truth—death or life here and hereafter.

[161] We have said *authority* and not sacerdotal character, because as to that there is no difference between the Supreme Pontiff and the episcopate, but only between the episcopate and the priesthood.

THE LAST DAYS OF OISIN, THE BARD.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

III.

OISIN'S YOUTH.

"Patrick! thy priests do ill to jeer,
Not me, but Oscar's self, and Fionn:
Wise are they; but the dead are dear:
This deed is not well done.

"Who dares to say the King lies bound
By angel hosts in bonds abhorred?
Had these lain bound, great Fionn had found
And freed them with his sword!

"Had Fionn but heard thine Eve lament
The apple stol'n—the curse on men—
For *eric* apples he had sent,
Shiploads threescore and ten!

"Likewise that serpent slain had he!
Fionn ever said this way was best,
To kill the bad that killed should be,
And be loving to the rest.

"Patrick, a pact with thee I make:
Because my warriors they deride,
With thee to heaven my father take,
And leave they priests outside!

"Patrick, this other boon I crave,
That I to thee in heaven may sing
Full loud the glories of the brave,
And Fionn, my sire and king!"—

"Oisin, in heaven the praises swell
To God alone from Soul and Saint:—"
"Then, Patrick, I their deeds will tell
In a little whisper faint!

"Who says that Fionn his sentence waits
In some dark realm, the thrall of sin?
Fionn would have burst that kingdom's gates,
Or ruled himself therein!"

"Old man, for once thy chiefs forget"
(Thus oft the Saint his rage beguiled):
"Sing us thine own bright youth, while yet
A stripling, or a child."

"O Patrick, glad that time and dear!
It wrought no greatness, gained no gain,
Not less those things that thou wouldst hear
Thou shalt not seek in vain.

"My mother was a princess, turned
By magic to a milk-white doe:—
Such tale, a wondering child, I learned:
True was it? Who can know?'

"I know but this, that, yet a boy,
I raced beside her like the wind:
We heard the hunter's horn with joy
And left the pack behind.

"A strength was mine that knew no bound,
A witless strength that nothing planned:
When came the destined hour, I found
Some great deed in my hand.

"Forth from a cave I stept at Beigh:
O'er ivied cliffs the loose clouds rushed:—
With them I raced, and reached ere they

The loud seas sandhill-hushed.

“By Brandon’s cliff an eagle brown
O’erhung our wave-borne coracle:
I hurled at him my lance, and down
Like falling stars he fell.

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“On that green shore of Ardrakese
An untamed horse I made my slave,
And forced him far o’er heaving seas,
And reinless rode the wave.

“Methinks my brow I might have laid
Against a bull’s, and there and then
Backward have pushed him up the glade,
And down the rocky glen!

“So ran my youth through dark and bright,
In deeds half jest. Their time is gone:
The glorious works of thoughtful might
For Oscar were, and Fionn.

“When met the hosts in mirth I fought:
My war-fields still with revel rang:
My sword with such a god was fraught
That, while it smote, it sang.

“My spear, unbidden, to my hand
Leaped, hawk-wise, for the battle’s sake:
Forth launched, it flashed along the land
With music in its wake.

“A shield I bore so charged and stored
With rage and yearnings for the fight,
When foes drew near it shook, and roared
Like breakers in the night:

“Then only when the iron feast
Of war its hungry heart had stilled,
It murmured, like a whispering priest
Or frothing pail new-filled.”

“Say, knew’st thou never fear or awe?”
Thus Patrick, and the Bard replied:
“Yea, once: for once a man I saw
Who—not in battle—died.

“I sang the things I loved—the fight—
The chance inspired that all decides—
That pause of death, when Fate and Flight
Drag back the battle tides:

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The swords that blent their lightnings blue—
The midnight march—the city’s sack—
The advancing ridge of spears that threw
The levelled sunrise back.

“And yet my harp could still the storm,
Redeem the babe from magic blight,
Restore to human heart and form
The unhappy spell-bound knight.

“And some could hear a sobbing hind
Among my chords; and some would swear
They heard that kiss of branch and wind
That lulled the wild-deer’s lair!

“I sang not lies: where base men thronged,
I sat not, neither harped for gold:
My song no generous foeman wronged,
No woman’s secret told.

“I sang among the sea-side flocks
When sunset flushed the bowery spray,
Or when the white moon scaled the rocks
And glared upon the bay.

“My stately music I rehearsed
On shadowing cliffs, when, far below,
In rolled the moon-necked wave, and burst,
And changed black shores to snow.

“But now I tread a darker brink:
Far down, unfriendlier waters moan:
And now of vanished times I think;
Now of that bourn unknown.

“I strike my harp; I make good cheer;
Yet scarce myself can catch its sound:
I see but shadows bending near
When feasters press around.

“Say, Patrick of the mystic lore,
Shall I, when this old head lies low,
My Oscar see, and Fionn, once more,
And run beside that Doe?”

LETTER OF MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP, BISHOP OF ORLEANS, TO M. GAMBETTA.

FROM L'UNIVERS.

Sir: After having read the speech which you have recently delivered at St. Quentin, I waited a few days to see if some one would come forward and do justice to the words you uttered. But since they have been allowed to pass without protest from any one, I will, albeit I have not much taste for it, say what I have to say about them.

Your speech treats both of politics and religion, and you deal with these two great matters as if you were bound very shortly to become their lord and master. I shall not say much about your politics, although their threatening character adds to the already grave anxiety with which our poor country is burdened; but, as a bishop, I have a right to call you to account for the war which you declare against the church and against religion.

For war, indeed, it may be called, and accompanied with such accusations and such outrageous insults, that, if your words were true, we should deserve to be driven not only out of the school-house, as you demand, but out of the church itself.

I must admit to have been at first misled by the apparent moderation of your words. Taking interest, as I do, in conversions when they are sincere, I asked myself, while reading your discourse, in which you appeared to me so calm, so insinuating, and so circumspect, though at the same time so devoid of modesty—I asked myself if the time had come when the National Assembly was about to present the spectacle of a reconciliation of parties in the presence of the image of an ideal republic. What abundance of honey flowed from your lips! Even at times, how much toleration in your maxims!

In this statement, this programme, this message, the manifesto, or by whatever name it should be called, which you addressed to your assembled guests at St. Quentin, you proceed in this wise:

You call for "a strong and stable government, that will vigilantly protect the interests of *all*, and be able to *regenerate the morals* of the French family." On this point, sir, we certainly all agree. This government, you go on to say, will pacify souls, bring the social classes closer to one another, and will restore to France her rank in Europe. This is also very fine. But let us see further.

To bring about this end, you appeal even to the disabused voters of the *plébiscite*; even to the legitimists, who, by their wealth and education, are to be the *ornament of the state*; even to the conservative men, who are to be as a bridle of restraint on a policy which your friends are to urge forward.

And what is to be this policy? The *policy of labor*, very different from the policy of conquest, the triumph of the *idea of justice* in the fulfilment of social duties. I cannot forbear remarking here that these expressions, *policy of labor*, *idea of justice*, are in daily use by the *Internationale*, and not in a sense particularly intended to tranquillize society. But let us go on.

But this form of government, this policy, how is its establishment to be brought about? Why, by universal suffrage, that foremost of rights, that sole and sovereign tribunal, that army of peace. And how is universal suffrage to be persuaded and drawn to the desired end? By giving to public opinion, through *democratic intermingling*, proofs of the *morality*, the *political value*, and the *adaptation* for *business* of the republican party; by demonstrating that the *republican government is the most liberal of all forms of government*, etc.

Really, sir, all this must have appeared admirable to your audience, and, if your republic is of that sort, many of our most upright conservatives will tell you: Let us clasp hands, for that is the very republic which the National Assembly, acting with and through M. Thiers, is endeavoring to realize at the cost of so much self-denial, disinterestedness, and honesty.

But let us be frank.

You have no right to claim that your republic answers this description. Your sweetness is purely oratorical and Platonic; for two sentences of your address reveal you and show who you are.

"No one," you say, "must ever give his opinion except as a means of adding to the general good; and each one must convert his mind into, as it were, a memorandum tablet for himself, in which he puts down, with a view of obtaining them, the institutions which the people have a right to expect from the democratic republic."

If a priest had uttered these words, which seem more befitting the lips of an Italian than of a Frenchman, he would be charged with hypocrisy and mental reservation. It would be said that he is playing saint; that he is concealing his game by not revealing his innermost thoughts. But everything is forbidden to the cleric, while to the radical any and everything is allowed. This everybody knows. I confine myself to merely quoting this first sentence, without further dwelling on its merits; and I pass on to a second one, which gives me a right,

not only to suspect you, as in the case of the former one, but to make a direct attack on you; its tenor is as follows:

"What I have done in the past is the true pledge of what I will do in the future, toward definitively establishing the republic."

It is here, sir, that I must challenge you.

In the first place, I have to express my amazement that, having to account to your country, under so grave a responsibility, and for misdeeds for which you might have been rendered far more seriously liable, you can be so ready to accuse others and to glorify yourself, that you go so far as to dare to say: "What I have done in the past is the true pledge of what I will do in the future."

What have you done in the past?

You were a young lawyer, and were turned all of a sudden, and in consequence of a tumultuous lawsuit, into a political character. The audacity of your revolutionary opinions enabled you to become a candidate for the Corps Législatif, and in the next place to take your seat as a deputy by the side of your friends Blanqui, Raspail, and Rochefort.

On the 4th September, you seized upon the governing power, and, without consulting with your colleagues, you assigned to yourself the Ministry of the Interior. Did you, as soon as you got into the ministry, extend to all good citizens those arms which you seem now to be opening so widely? Not at all. In the Hôtel de Ville,[162] you installed such men as Etienne Arago, Ferry, and Rochefort; in the *mairie*, such characters as Delescluze, Mottu, Bonvalet, Clémenceau; in the *préfectures*, such as Duportal, Engelhard, and Jacobins of all sorts. You filled these places with your friends—your friends only, and these of the most excitable kind. Afterward, when your colleagues, in order to get rid of you, were so signally weak as to give you the entire realm to operate upon, when, through a fortunate contingency, you had suddenly entrusted to you that magnificent part which, to a heroic and truly patriotic heart, would have been unsurpassable, what did you do? You sought rather to force the republic—your republic—on the country than to save France. It is well for you to talk about universal suffrage. You have treated it as naught. By a first decree, you broke up the *conseils-généraux*, and did not re-establish them. By a second decree, you adjourned the elections. By a third decree, you abridged the legal qualifications for election. What have you, sole ruler everywhere obeyed, done with the treasure, the men, and the blood of her children which the nation lavished upon you? Was it not a republican who called your fatal rule the *dictatorship of incompetency*?

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Though only three months in power, you had become almost a greater burden upon us than the late Imperial Government; and when you assert that the National Assembly has completed its work, which was to put an end to the war, you forget that the Assembly had received from France not one mandate only, but three. The Assembly had, and has still, given it the charge to rid our country of the Prussians, of demagoguism, and of yourself.

After the dreadful catastrophes in which the Empire sank to ruin, do you know, sir, what proved to be France's greatest misfortune?

It was that just then, in that so terrible a crisis, you stood the absolute master of France. I make no reference to the two aged men who were at Tours with you. It was from you, a lawyer, that our generals received their orders; it was you who dictated plans for campaigns; it was you who scattered our forces, and blindly hurled our armies right and left, multiplying your lying bulletins, and at the same time and to the same extent as our reverses.—But I must turn away my thoughts from those disasters, as also from the remembrance of those poor soldiers, without clothes, without shoes, without food, without ammunition! How great an organizer, my dear sir, you proved yourself to be! How fortunate you turned out to have been in the selection of your contractors for supplies!

Nevertheless, the nation, ever generous, might have measurably accepted, as an offset to this, your personal activity, and your efforts, although unsuccessful; it had given you credit for having withdrawn yourself momentarily; but you reappeared too quickly, only a short time before the day when the Commune of Paris was putting forward your friends, your lieutenants, your teachers, or your disciples, such as Delescluze and Millière, Rigault and Ranc, Cavalier and Mottu, all those fellows who have made themselves as ignominious and ridiculous as possible, some of whom are still around you; in fine, all that party which you have never, even to the extent of a single word, disavowed, and the members of which you called upon to give evidence of their morality, their political worth, and their aptitude for the business of government! That evidence has been given, and really, sir, you rely too much on the frivolity, the folly, or the credulity of the public. You preach to it about a debonair republic, but that public has not forgotten the grotesque, ruinous republic, accompanied with bloodshed, which during six months was fastened on France.

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You have avoided with prudent care to call your republic *social* as well as *democratic*; and why? In order to enjoy the happiness of a fleeting hour of dictatorship, I suppose it is worth your while to run the risk of more calamities. Alas! unfortunate land, fated to be thus perpetually the dupe and the victim of most guilty ambition!

No, in spite of all that you may say or leave unsaid, your promises are contradicted by our

memories. We need, in order to be persuaded, something else than sonorous words. It is true that, in one point only, you depart from the vague style of your programme. You declare that you seek, above all things, to lay the foundation of the future of democracy on a reform, to wit, in education; and with this idea, you proclaim that you and your friends are alone capable, alone worthy, to bring up youth. You seek to turn out *just*, *free*, strong-minded and able men. This is very fine. But how? By means of a national education given after a *truly modern* and *truly democratic* manner.

And here you dare to affirm that the church and preceding governments have done nothing for public instruction, that they view every person who knows how to read as an enemy, and you claim to reform the world with your schools.

Allow me to reply that in this matter you are taking advantage of ignorance instead of combating it. For it argues a singular reliance on the ignorance of an audience to attempt to make it swallow at one and the same time, and in the same sentence, calumny and nonsense.

The governments that have ruled France for the past sixty years have in that period established more than 50,000 schools, and have trebled the appropriations for primary instruction.

As to the church, she is founded on two things: a book, the Gospel, and a divine command, to wit: *Ite et docete*, Go and teach. This sentence, which has become commonplace, "*Ignorance is the source of all evils*," was uttered by a pope, and he added besides, "*particularly among the working-classes*." These were the words of Benedict XIV., uttered more than a century before you were born.

The calumny is consequently shown to be dull-witted, and the nonsense still more so. It would seem that you also, M. Gambetta, hope, by means of schools, to stamp your effigy on future generations, just as if they were coin. But men versed in the subject know, and experience shows, that such a design is absurd, and may become a horrid tyranny. The instruction, whether primary or secondary, even with as much as you can add to it of the higher sciences, such as algebra, chemistry, etc., will not produce morals; and the parties who flatter the teachers expect, after all, much more from their influence on voters than from their action on their scholars.

Would you like to know what above all things, exerts an influence on the family and on society? It is education, whether it be moral or immoral, religious or atheistic. And do you know why I mistrust your reform? Because it will be neither a moral nor a religious one.

In sober truth, what sort of tuition is a *really modern*, a *really democratic*, one? Is there such a thing as modern geometry? a democratic grammar? moral teachings of recent growth, and a geography not yet published? All these big words are but windy oratory, empty and obscure, which affords no meaning to the mind when it attempts to analyze it.

Nevertheless, after having thrown off these sentences to your hearers, you go on and recite the mottoes of the party, the watchword of the day. It is a pity that you left out tithes and forced service under feudal law. You say tuition is to be *free of cost*—that is equivalent to adding thirty millions to our budget of expenditure; but what does that signify? You have managed to spend a large sum besides. The poor will pay for the rich; but the lower classes will delude themselves with the belief that they are not paying at all, and that they are indebted to you for the benefaction. Tuition is besides to be *compulsory*. Well, let it be so, if you can devise some adequate sanction for the contemplated enactments, a reliable protection for the liberty of families, and, in particular, a reliable guarantee for the teachers, so that you can feel sure enough of them to venture, without practising the most abominable of all tyranny, to compel parents to entrust to them, what they prize most in this world, their children. But then, minor details do not stop you. To conclude, the tuition is to be by *laymen* —and now the cat is let out of the bag.

It is an easy matter to attack and calumniate absent priests, religious who make no defence. To do so is neither fair nor generous, but much popularity is to be got in that way in your party, and the hard flings at the church will offset the sweetness displayed toward other persons. So let us strike hard on this spot. The church is henceforward to be separated from the state—that is not enough, the church is besides to be separated from the school, and the school from all religion.

You have said, sir, that your republic would be a liberal one. If you accordingly begin by excluding from the common right to teach an entire class of citizens and of women, solely because their religious belief is not the same as yours, do not call yourself liberal, and do not charge the church with being intolerant, or else be logically consistent, and separate the *state from the school*. For the state, in this connection, means the budget; that is to say, the moneys which are got of all of us by taxation. You cannot, without being tyrannical, compel families to send their children to the school of the state. Lay aside these high-sounding phrases, and call things by their right names. By the church you mean *us*. By the state you mean yourself. To deprive us and our doctrines of our money, in order to bestow it on yourself and your doctrines—that is what is called separating the church from the state. But I feel pretty easy as to the choice families will make when I learn from you what the programme of this teaching is to be.

The programme is this: “It is an extensive and varied one, so that, instead of mutilated learning, man will have dealt out to him *entire truth*, so that *nothing which the human mind can grasp* will be concealed from him.” *De omni re scibili!* Well, that is wonderful indeed! No doubt you will have the power to create minds capable of taking in this encyclopædia! You are equal to so many undertakings! So that which you have in view, gratuitous, compulsory, lay tuition, integral besides for every one and complete to an impossible degree—this is the formula of socialism, and is also the formula of absurdity.

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“In the schools,” you add, “children will be taught scientific *truth* in its rigor and *its majestic simplicity*,” and by this process “you will have reared citizens *whose principles will rest on the same bases on which our entire society is founded*.”

What do you mean by these big words? What are these *principles*? what are these *bases*? Whether it be that *those principles rest on these bases*, or that these bases are fast to those principles, how much of this will you teach to children from the ages of seven to eleven years? I call upon you to give me plainly the text of the *programme of science* which our worthy village teachers, who are to seek to instil into children of from seven to eleven years the sense of duty and sacrifice, will have to substitute for the Ten Commandments of God, and for the sublime and popular Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

What is it, pray, sir, that renders you so ungrateful towards the voters of Paris or of Lyons, who nearly all have been educated by the Brothers, so severe on the priests, who perhaps have done something for your early education, and so unjust towards the church?

It is my duty to insist on this point, and to protest against your calumnies.

What! though the clergy of France have devoted themselves, as they have done, to the service of our soldiers and our prisoners, and though when, only four months ago, our chaplains and our Brothers of the Christian Schools had served and died on the battle-fields, and though all our female religious have devoted themselves to the care of our ambulances, you have the heart to come and tell us that we are no longer French! And it is immediately after the massacre of the hostages that you repeat these calumnies, and represent us as constituting for modern society “the greatest peril.” Such are your very words, and you hold us up anew to the blind fury of our enemies.

And you direct your calumnies not against us alone, but, besides, against the Pope. Ah! I admit, the horrors, treachery, meanness, and falsehood by which he has been surrounded during the past twenty-five years have not brought him to look with favor on the charms of that sham liberty which you promise him, and he may well fail to admire that Garibaldi for whose sake you, perhaps, sacrificed our army of the East. But in the Encyclical which your hearers have never read, the Pope has not condemned the various forms of government as they exist in the laws of various nations. He has condemned liberty unrestrained, rights without countervailing duties, and societies that know not God. As to the family and property, sir, is it becoming *your* friends to style themselves their virtuous defenders?

But what is singular in this pell-mell gathering of confused and incoherent ideas, is your alleged motive for denying to French priests the right to teach which belongs to them in common with all their fellow-countrymen: “When you have appealed to the energies of men reared by such teachers, when you seek to arouse in them ideas of sacrifice, of devotedness, of patriotism, you will find that you have to deal with an emasculated, debilitated class of men.” And the reason you assign for the emasculation and debilitation of this class reared under our care is still more singular: it is because *we teach them to believe in Providence*, and because teachers that believe in Providence *are only fit to emasculate and debilitate the human race*. At this point, sir, you set “the doctrine which accustoms the mind to the idea of a Providence” in opposition to “revolution, which teaches the authority and responsibility of the will of man and free agency.” But, sir, these things are not incompatible with one another. Both are taught by Christian doctrine, and, by setting them in opposition as you do, you show that you neither understand yourself nor the matters of which you are treating.

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But you, who do not believe in Providence, and who are consequently neither emasculated nor debilitated, do you know of any other belief that can better teach mankind to bear with life and brave death? You have this year ordered many men to rush to destruction. Would you have dared to recommend our soldiers to go forth to meet death, mocking God? And do you believe that the souls of the Pontifical Zouaves, and of the Breton *francs-tireurs*, were enervated by their faith in Providence?

But be cautious. In order that your reasoning be consistent, a belief in Providence appertains not to priests alone, but to whoever professes the Christian faith; consequently, if priests are to be banished from the schools because they teach that emasculating dogma, then all Christians must be kept out as well, and henceforward you must exact from every teacher and every professor not to believe in Providence.

Avow, sir, that seldom have calumnies and absurdities been mixed up together with greater facility than you have done in these words of yours.

Nevertheless, you manage to go on still further, and you attempt to create a division between the *higher clergy*, whom you traduce, and those whom you call the lower clergy, whom you flatter, by endeavoring to excite them to envy. You labor in vain, sir; and, besides, I do not recognize any lower clergy as such. The rank of the priesthood is the highest to

which we can attain; no bishop, not even the Pope himself, has a sacerdotal character different from that of the most humble priest. All ecclesiastical dignities are, in one sense, beneath the title of priest, which leads to the highest offices and dignities of the church. So that, in this regard, it may be said that no institution is so democratic as the church. Sprung from the people as we nearly all of us are, educated together and fed together on the words of him who died for the people, we will suffer ourselves to be neither divided nor deceived.

Our fraternity is of the right sort. Our God is the true God, and you are without any. Be sincere, sir: come out of this mere talk, and answer me plainly and without oratorical precaution, whether, yes or no, *the free thought* in which you are a believer, and *human science, which, according to you, has nothing to equal it*, recognize the existence of a personal and living God? Candor leaves you no alternative but to reply. Either dare to declare to your friends that you do believe, or dare to proclaim to our land that you do not believe, in God.

If indeed your sham science denies God, I pity you, sir; but you must admit that it hardly becomes you to talk about religion, and to endeavor to beguile and divide priests who have consecrated their lives to him. You assert that, if they dared to disclose their convictions, they would own themselves democrats. Do you know what our village priests would tell you if they were to make disclosures to you? They would inform you that in every hamlet is to be found a handful of petty rhetoricians, tavern orators, fellows who lead municipal councils, who drive away the Christian Brothers and Sisters of Charity, and do their best to deprive the curate of the small pittance without which he cannot subsist, who forbid teachers to take children to Mass, refuse to have churches repaired that need it most, recommend mutual-guarantee-association marriages and burials, and know no better way of serving a republic than by hating priests and by persevering in a low and silly infidelity. Now, in every village these very rhetoricians are your friends.

It is with their assistance that you contemplate establishing that education, “national and truly modern,” in which, in order to teach children “their duties as citizens, to excite in them ideas of sacrifice, of devotion to country, to make out of them an unemasculated race,” you will have not only to avoid speaking to them of God and of *Providence*, but besides to combat and root out of their minds the idea of *Providence*, and, in fine, to force upon French youth a *teaching without religion*, and a moral instruction without God.

Well, would you have me tell you what such education will turn out for you? Instead of rearing men, it will give us monsters, and a learned barbarism, armed with abundant means of destruction, barbarism in the heart and in manner—in a word, just what we have witnessed during the reign of the Commune; young men and girls from eighteen to twenty-three years old ruling Paris and destroying it by incendiarism; and, lo, it is after having witnessed such scenes of horror and the lessons which they teach, that you have nevertheless ventured to deliver the address to which I am replying, and your audience went so far as to applaud your words!

In my view, this latter fact is an indication of the disorder in which at this very moment we still are. No, the end of France’s afflictions is not yet!

But I have said enough, sir. I have sought, as the only reply to your harangue, to put facts in opposition to words. I have sought, while replying to you, to defend the church; and I think I have at the same time defended public peace. In theory, as against this or that government, neither my faith, my reason, nor my patriotism would raise great objections, were it not that I have seen your party at work, and that my sight is still filled with those sombre scenes, and my memory with the recollection of your deeds. In vain do you try to cover them over with clever words and honeyed insinuations. My knowledge of the preacher spoils the effect of the sermon on me. And my recollection of the whilom dictator puts me on my guard against the impressiveness of the candidate who is aspiring not to establish liberty, as he pretends, but to destroy religion and to get into power. You are not an apostle, you are a pretender. *The republic is I!*—that is your programme and the sole object of your discourse. Well! depend upon it, France has a republican government now, the need of a change to another, even though accompanied with the advantage of having you for its president, is not at all felt.

Please accept, sir, with the expression of my regret to be compelled to thus combat you, that of the sentiments of respect which, as your colleague, I have the honor to offer you.

✠ Felix, Bishop of Orleans,
Deputy at the National Assembly for the Department of Loiret.

[162] The Hôtel de Ville is the seat of head municipal authority for the city of Paris; the *mairies* are the subordinate seats of local authority for the arrondissements into which Paris is divided. —Translator.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Arians of the Fourth Century. By John Henry Newman, formerly Fellow of Oriel College. Third Edition. London: E. Lumley. For sale by The Catholic Publication Society, New York.

This work was written in 1832, and saw the light in the following year. The author had already made his mark in Oxford as a keen and deep thinker, as a scholar of wide and accurate erudition, and as a clear and vigorous writer. He was a prominent leader in the Oxford or Puseyite movement, and was, as we know from his *Apologia*, a stanch Anglican. The work, looked for at the time with interest, was received as fully equal to the high reputation of the author. Its singularly lucid treatment of a subject involving the most abstruse questions of ancient theological controversy, as well as the intricate and shifting phases of a very eventful period of ecclesiastical history, was a valuable addition to English theological literature. The author had evidently thrown his soul into the work. The history he was treating seemed to him to present many points of parallelism to their own living struggle in the Anglican Church. The Anomœans and kindred Arian sects were representatives of the Socinianism which had reached even the highest dignities, and the rationalism and humanitarianism which were beginning to spread among the clergy and the laity of its fold. The Semiarians with their compromises and varying phrases and formulas of faith, which might mean much or little, as each one chose to understand them, were equally good representatives of the modern Broad Church compromisers. The Eusebians, ever seeking to bask in the imperial favor, and to guide or to wield the civil power for their own interests, were the type of the modern Erastians, who look for nothing higher than an act of parliament or an exercise of the royal supremacy. And the continual assumption of ecclesiastical authority by the Arian and Semiarian emperors in the fourth century, and their often tyrannical action towards faithful bishops and clergy, who would not give to Cæsar the things that are God's, made the Puseyites think of the enthralled condition of their "own branch," in which the sovereign claims and exercises the exclusive right of appointing the archbishops and bishops, and of deciding finally all questions of doctrine, discipline, or church law, and without whose sanction convocations cannot meet, nor synods be held or pass decrees. In the fourth century, the church, though long and sorely pressed, ever struggled on, and finally succeeded in vindicating her own liberty, and casting the heresy out of her fold. It was hoped that the example might teach them how their English Church might similarly struggle and eventually triumph.

A few years sufficed to convince Dr. Newman that such hopes were futile, and that his position was false. He and others sought refuge in the fold of the true church. Meanwhile, within the Anglican Church, the successive decisions in the Gorham case and in several other cases that have since come before the Privy Council, show that the evils he lamented and feared have increased in strength, while the power of opposing them has grown gradually weaker.

The present is a third edition of the work under the care of the author; we can scarcely say, revised by him. German professors, in publishing successive editions of their works on any subject to which they devote continuous study, have no scruple in retracting, cancelling, or directly confuting what they had previously published, as often as they may be led to change their opinions on material points, so much so that you must be sure you have the right edition before you can quote it. We turned to this edition to see if Dr. Newman had followed such a course. He has not. With him, *litera scripta manet*. The book is the same now as when it first appeared. In a few instances he changes the structure of a sentence, that his thought may stand out more clearly. He has added a few more references in the foot-notes, scrupulously indicating such additions by enclosing them in brackets. He has enlarged the table of contents at the beginning and the chronological table at the end of the volume. No change has been made affecting the opinions, sentiments, or speculations of the original edition. There are expressions which now, of course, displease him as a Catholic; but he lets them hold their place. He has cast out only two sentences, as needlessly put in originally, and even these he has, in signal humility, pilloried, as it were, in a page by themselves at the end of the appendix. This appendix, at the close of the volume, is mostly made up of extracts from subsequent works of his own, and are intended to throw further light on several points touched on in the original work.

The volume presents an admirable critical, theological, and historical summary of the whole Arian controversy in the fourth century, and was a turning-point in English Protestant literature on the subject. Dr. Newman was the first to establish what has since been generally accepted, that Arianism was connected, historically and intellectually, with the Judaic Aristotelic schools of thought prevailing at Antioch and through Asia Minor, and not, as had been previously held by many, with the Platonic schools of Alexandria.

The work deserves and will amply reward a careful study. The Catholic reader will, of course, find himself in something of a Protestant atmosphere. The authority and action of the Roman Pontiffs is scarcely glanced at. Twice or thrice reference is made to the important support which the Roman See gave to St. Athanasius, and to the determined resistance which honorably distinguishes the primitive Roman Church in its dealing with heresy, and the ground is taken that the acute and sophistical training of the Eastern intellects led them to indulge in abstruse distinctions and discussions which the calmer and more practical minds of the Western Church entered into with difficulty, and could scarcely

express in their Latin tongue, so much less pliable than the Greek. Theologically speaking, as well as historically, the controversy in the fourth century was Eastern, rather than Latin. Still, we are sure that, were Dr. Newman to write afresh this history, now that he is a Catholic, the important part acted by the Roman Pontiffs would be more strongly set forth. Writing as a Protestant, he was sufficiently emphatic on the case of Liberius—so much so that he has added a footnote to say that there is a difference among writers which was the Sirmian formula that Liberius subscribed; and the appendix further shows that there is also a discrepancy as to the number and the chronological order of the various formulas, and that in some cases alterations and additions were subsequently made in the original text. It might also be added that there are grave reasons for doubting the fact of any such subscription by Liberius, inasmuch as the charge seems to have been first put forth by heated controversialists long after his death, and is scarcely reconcilable with the undoubted facts of his life after the date of the alleged subscription.

Here and there the Catholic will meet phrases implying or stating some special Anglican view or Protestant principle. To all these Dr. Newman's present position is a practical and sufficient refutation. In the clear and lucid arrangement of the topics, in accurate and subtile tracing of the various and varying forms of the Arian heresy, and in the vivid portraying of that greatest and most earnest battle in the early life of the church, the work is worthy of Dr. Newman, and claims a place in every theological library.

Memoir of Ulric Dahlgren. By his Father, Rear-Admiral Dahlgren. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

Though war, in whatever light we may view it, cannot but be considered a national calamity, it must be admitted that it has a tendency to generate certain mental and social qualities which are unknown or of slow growth in civil life. Personal courage, disinterested friendship, and patient self-sacrifice, no mean qualities in themselves, are doubly valuable when enlisted in the cause of one's country on the side of law and justice, and hence we consider the soldier, no matter what may be his rank, who bravely and intelligently risks and loses his life in defence of his nation's integrity, deserving of a high meed of praise. Young Dahlgren, the subject of this memoir, was one of this character, and though he had scarcely attained the years of manhood at the time of his death, in his attempt to liberate the Union prisoners in Richmond, in 1864, he had risen from civil life to the rank of colonel, and had repeatedly distinguished himself for his skill, tact, and heroism. The account of his short but eventful career was written by his father, the late Admiral Dahlgren, and is now published under the auspices of his stepmother, the gifted widow of that naval hero. It is very minute in details, and composed with a richness of coloring and a warmth of affection such as might be anticipated of a fond and gallant father in describing the deeds of a son in every way worthy of him. During his short military career, Colonel Dahlgren made many friends, some of whom survive him, who will be glad to be put in possession of the particulars of his brilliant and edifying career.

The Internationale—Communism. A Lecture by Rev. F. P. Garesche, S.J., of St. Louis University. St. Louis: P. Fox. 1872.

This is a lecture both logical and eloquent. The learned Jesuit traces Communism to Protestantism through materialism and false civilization. He shows its horrid and dangerous nature, and administers a well-merited castigation to that arch-agitator and firebrand of mischief, Wendell Phillips, who has made himself its apologist. All persons ought to read this, and especially those who pretend to call themselves Catholics, and yet, by joining Masonic or other condemned societies, have renounced their allegiance to the church and become accomplices in the conspiracy against religion and society. Every good Catholic who reads it will have his horror deepened against this conspiracy in all its forms, and will learn what estimate is to be placed on those who seek to palliate and extenuate doctrines and acts which have been condemned by the Holy See.

Lenten Sermons. By Paul Segneri, of the Society of Jesus. Vol. I. 12mo, pp. 361. New York: The Catholic Publication House, 9 Warren St.

This is a translation of a portion of the celebrated *Quaresimale*, or course of forty sermons for Lent, of Father Paul Segneri, S.J., who was one of the most remarkable missionaries that the church has produced, and also a man of great sanctity and austerity of life. These discourses are models of eloquence, and lose but little of their original force by the translation, which is a very good one. They are fourteen in number; but it is intended that the remaining ones shall be published, should the present volume meet with sufficient encouragement. They are admirable examples of what sermons for Lent, or for a mission, should be, and will be of great assistance to clergymen. They are now for the first time made easily accessible to the American public. The volume is of a convenient size, and well printed, and such as we can in every way commend to the attention of our readers.

The Spouse of Christ: Her Privileges and Her Duties. Vol. I. By the author of *St. Francis and the Franciscans*, etc., etc. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1872.

This is a volume of spiritual conferences or reading, specially intended for female religious.

The piety and talent of its authoress are well known to the Catholic world. The present work has the *imprimatur* of the Bishop of Kerry, accompanied by a handsome tribute to the writer.

THE VESSELS OF THE SANCTUARY: A Tale of Normandy.—THE INHERITANCE. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1872.

Two charming little stories, translated from the French. We can heartily recommend them as affording pleasant and instructive reading for children.

"The Catholic Publication Society" has just published in *Tract* form the *Pastoral Letter* of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland on the School Question. The price of this document is $3 00 per 100 copies. The same Society will also publish in pamphlet form *Several Calumnies Refuted, or Executive Document No. 37*. This will also be sold at $3 00 per 100. No less than 100 copies of either of these pamphlets will be sold at any one time.

"The Catholic Publication Society" has just issued a list of new books to be published by the Society this spring. It comprises fifteen books altogether. These are: *Lenten Lectures*, by Father Segneri; *The Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius*; *Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects*, Vols. II. and III., by Archbishop Manning; *French Eggs, in an English Basket*; *Little Pierre, the Pedlar of Alsace*, illustrated by twenty-seven first class woodcuts; *Maggie's Rosary*; *Constance Sherwood*, by Lady Fullerton, illustrated; *The House of Yorke*, with illustrations; *The Eighth Series of Sunday-School Libraries*, illustrated; *The Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier*, by Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J.; *Madame de Chantal and Her Family*; *St. Jerome and his Correspondents*; *Bibliographia Catholica Americana*, by Rev. J. M. Finotti—this book is published by subscription; and *The Men and Women of the Protestant Reformation in England*. All these books, as soon as ready, will be announced in our *Literary Bulletin*, as well as all other new Catholic books published in this country or in England.

Mr. P. O'shea, New York, announces as in press, *Lectures on the Church*, by Rev. D. W. Merrick, S.J., of St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York.

Received: *Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac*—1872. Published for gratuitious distribution. David Landreth & Son, 21 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Transcriber's Note:

Volume 14 contains six monthly issues of the publication. At the bottom of the first page of each issue is a notice that it was entered into the Library of Congress. This notice was moved to follow the issue number and date.

Page numbers are displayed in the right margin. (This feature may be disabled in some e-readers.) Footnotes and anchors were renumbered sequentially. The footnotes were moved to the end of the article, poem, or item. There are three anchors for Footnote [113].

A column header key was added before the table on page 513 so that the display of the table would fit many e-reader screens.

Unprinted punctuation and accents, missing spaces between words, and missing letters were added where appropriate. Duplicate letters and words, where text continued from one line to the next, were removed. On page 404, 'Pharao' was changed to 'Pharaoh' for consistency with other instances in the article. In the Contents, under the entry of 'Catholicity and Pantheism' the page number was changed from 829 to 830. On page 504, the anchor for Footnote [110] is missing; it was added where it may likely have belonged. On page 530, italic markup was twice added to 'aqua fortis' for consistency with the remaining text. Obsolete, archaic, and other misspelled words were not changed.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE CATHOLIC WORLD, VOL. 14, OCTOBER 1871-MARCH 1872 ***

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