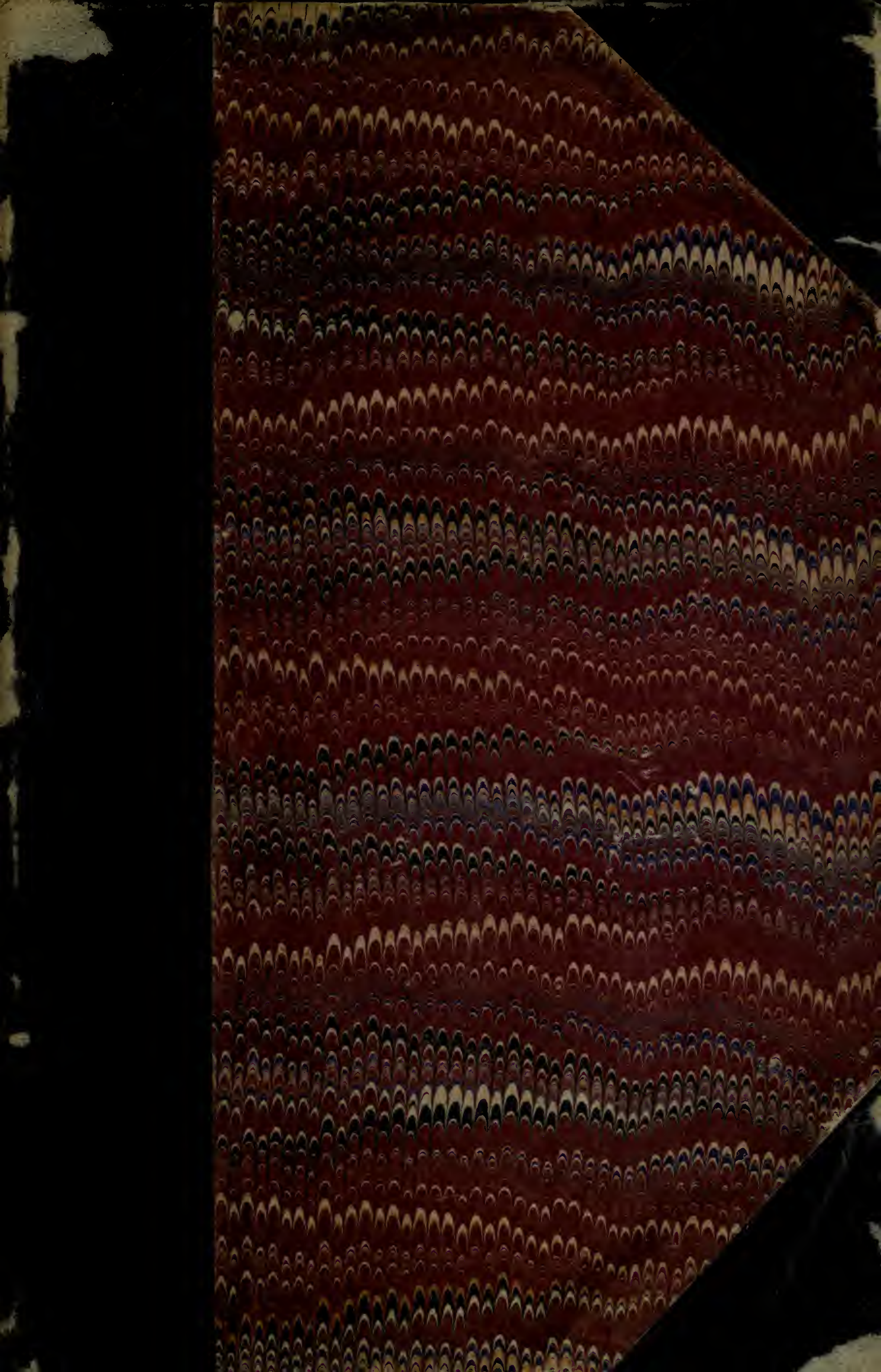

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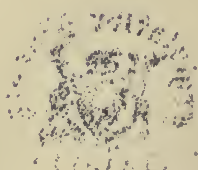

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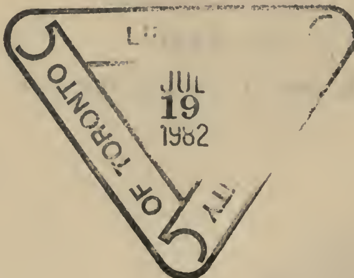

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THE

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DR. TYNG'S SERMON ON "THE MOUNTAIN-MOVERS."

QUITE a sensation has been produced, as our readers probably know, by a sermon recently preached by the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., D.D., on the subject of "Modern Miracles." The principal cause of this sensation was, of course, Dr. Tyng's admission of the genuineness of many at least of the miracles worked in modern times in the communion of the Catholic Church, and notably at the great sanctuary of Lourdes.

This admission was naturally a source of great surprise to Protestants, who generally reject without the least examination all miracles attested by Catholic witnesses. To us, however, their rejection of Catholic miracles is no doubt likely to be quite as surprising as Dr. Tyng's admission of such miracles is to them; for it certainly seems passing strange that facts occurring not in secrecy or in a corner, but in the open light of day, and in places easily accessible, should be uniformly pooh-poohed or ignored by intelligent and educated people. But when we come to think we easily see the causes for this line which they take, unreasonable as it is. One is that many of them have an idea that the church is composed of two classes, the deceivers and the deceived; that the priests, or whoever else may be admitted into the ring, produce certain effects which the uninitiated regard as miraculous, the ring meanwhile laughing in its sleeve; and that, moreover, the credulity of those outside the privileged class, founded in ignorance and developed by these false wonders, goes

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farther than is intended, and sees a miracle even in cases where it is not expected to see one. So Protestants of this sort no more think of examining into the miraculous nature of the cures at Lourdes, for instance, than they would think of examining whether after all there was not something preternatural in the tricks of a conjurer or the experiments of a chemist, because a portion of the audience of either exhibitor believed that his results could not be attained without the help of the devil.

Thus it is, as we all know, that Protestants think and speak of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. They say: "That is easily explained. The priests have in a bottle some chemical substance that boils at a very low temperature; they hold the bottle in their hands, and of course this substance melts and boils, and the stupid people think it is a miracle." And they get quite indignant at the trickery which they think the church resorts to, and quite contemptuous at the ignorance which they think she fosters.

But there is another reason why Protestants unhesitatingly reject Catholic miracles; and this reason has more to do with the present case and with their surprise at Dr. Tyng's course. They say: "The Catholic Church is of course wrong; it is a corruption of Christianity, that is certain. So it is quite impossible that God should work any miracles in her or for her; if he did it would be sanctioning error. If Catholic miracles were true the Catholic Church would have to be true; as for ourselves, we know, thank God, that it is not, so of course we know that it would be only lost time to examine into these pretended wonders; we might as well study seriously an alleged proof that two and two make five."

One of them, for instance, states this as follows in a recent number of the *Guardian:* "If our good Brother Tyng were as logical as he is unquestionably 'sincere and earnest,' he would find it impossible to stand for a moment on the ground that he has taken in his sermon, without a full surrender of his reason and conscience to the authoritative guidance of the Romish Church; and it is in no sense a *non sequitur* when the *Times* shuts him up to this 'lame and impotent conclusion.'"

It is, according to him, you see, a "lame and impotent conclusion," an absurdity, in fact, for an intelligent man to be a Catholic. And you see, by the way, the usual nonsense about surrendering one's reason and conscience, etc.

But these are, for our present purpose, side issues. The question which is uppermost and most important just now, and the

question which we propose to discuss, is whether the conclusion drawn by the writer just quoted is substantially correct: whether Dr. Tyng is really obliged, if he will not recede from the ground taken in his sermon, to go farther and become a Catholic.

Of course Dr. Tyng himself takes the negative side on this question. He admits the miracles, but he has his own explanation of them which permits him to remain a Protestant. What is his explanation? It is that miraculous answers may at any time be expected by any Christian whose faith in God and the efficacy of prayer is strong enough; that a miracle is the reward of lively faith in the power and goodness of God and in his promise to answer prayer; and that it is quite independent of the particular doctrines which the person favored with it may hold on other points, or of the particular church to which he may belong. Miracles, and many of them, too, have been worked at Lourdes and elsewhere in the Catholic Church, he says, because Catholics have strong faith. He claims miracles for Protestants, too; but he is quite willing to yield the palm to us, to grant that our prayers are more frequently answered miraculously, because we have a stronger and more general faith that they will be. Faith comes naturally from the Catholic system, according to him; but excite it among Protestants to the same extent as it prevails among us, and miracles will be as common in one church as in another. So the practical bearing of his sermon is this: it is an encouragement to Protestants to excite in themselves a faith in miracles like that of Catholics, in order that they may be equally favored with them. "How rich," he says, "ye may be if ye will! Can I not provoke you by this story of blessings to godly jealousy?"

It does not plainly appear whether Dr. Tyng means to promise the same miraculous favors to those who do not in any way profess or call themselves Christians. He says nothing, so far as we can see, about the non-Christian world; and it may be that he regards the faith that is answered by miracles as one founded in some way on the promise of our Lord that if we have faith as a grain of mustard-seed we can move mountains, since he takes this promise as his text. If so, it could not well be had by one not adopting the Christian name. Still, he seems to give no special reason why God might not miraculously favor others, as well as Christians, who had arrived, though by a different road, at an equal confidence in divine answers to prayer.

Well, then, why should not Dr. Tyng's Protestant friends accept his explanation? For he evidently does not hold that God

favors Catholics as such, but that he would do as much for Protestants, and perhaps even for the heathen, on the same conditions, capable of being realized by all.

Yet many of them do not accept it. In spite of it they persist in regarding a belief, at least, in the miracles of Lourdes as equivalent to a belief in the doctrines of that church for whose members these miracles have been worked. And no doubt many of our own communion will be of the same opinion. Which is right, Dr. Tyng or his critics? Is his explanation a good and sufficient one? Or, to put the shoe on the other foot, need we be shaken in our faith should Protestant miracles be frequently claimed and well attested?

The question may be put in a more general form, thus: What must one who admits the reality of miracles think of them? Can he regard them, with Dr. Tyng, as having no bearing on the doctrinal differences of churches, or must he consider them to be, as the doctor's opponents maintain, at least in cases like that of Lourdes, a divine sanction to this or that particular church or dogma?

To answer this question we had better first understand exactly what we mean by a miracle.

A miracle is simply a physical phenomenon which we are quite certain is neither the result of any physical laws nor produced by the action of man or of the brute creation. It is, therefore, evidently due to the interposition of some forces which do not ordinarily appear to take part in the course of events. For the forces lodged in nature and belonging to it cannot, we may be quite sure, depart *of themselves* from their regular way of working. They may *seem* to, it is true; but such departures are not miracles. They come under law and will be repeated in similar circumstances. A real miracle, then, as we have said, comes from some power which is not physical or animal; from the evident and extraordinary interference of some such power, some superhuman and supernatural power, as we may call it, in the ordinary action of others. It will be seen that we exclude from the class of miracles those effects which the human spirit may be able to produce in extraordinary ways; for these, it is quite possible, may in time be made matters of science, and become at least quite as comprehensible to us as the movements of our own bodies.

Now, to whom is this superhuman and supernatural power to be ascribed? If it creates or annihilates matter, or if it implants new forces in nature or suspends its laws, we should be right in referring it to the Author of nature himself. But it is very hard

to be sure in most cases that a miracle has such a character. For example, suppose that a stone stops in the midst of its fall; we should be inclined, no doubt, to say, "Here is a suspension of the law of gravity." But it is by no means clear that there is any such suspension. As a man might stop it by catching it in his hand, so an angel might stop it in spite of the continued action of the law of gravity. Or if a tumor suddenly disappears, or a new eye is formed, it is not absolutely clear that matter is annihilated or created. The power of spirit to act on matter, and to put it into new forms, is all that is needed to account for by far the greater part of miraculous phenomena.

All, therefore, that a miracle in general shows is the action of *some spiritual power* interfering with the purely physical course of nature in the same way that we ourselves interfere with it. If such interferences were common they would have the same character as now, but we should cease to be surprised at them. They are the occasional contact of a vast and immensely energetic world with our own; for those who believe in that world they are not puzzling, but, when rare, they are of course startling, if obvious and unmistakable.

A miracle, then, comes from that unseen world, but we are generally left somewhat in the dark as to the quarter of that world from which the miraculous influence proceeds. It may come from God, either directly or by the ministry of angels and saints; or it may come from spirits acting without his command, acting, as we do, by his permission, but often contrary to his will. Miracles are, therefore, divided into two principal classes, divine and diabolical. Of the latter class, for instance, are those predicted for Antichrist in the Apocalypse. And the genuine phenomena of the spiritualism, or more properly spiritism, of the present day are to be referred, no doubt, at least as a rule, to this class.

Very well, then. In the first place, to determine the significance of a miracle we must ascertain to which class it belongs. We must remember that the occurrence of a preternatural event does not necessarily imply the suspension of the laws of nature, or anything else peculiar to Omnipotence; nor does it even imply any command or sanction from God, given to his ministers, the angels and saints. It may be diabolical; the devil has been allowed to work his "lying wonders," as St. Paul calls them, in all ages.

The Jews in the time of our Lord knew this very well, and the explanation given by some of them to his miracles was a

plausible one. "He casteth out devils," they said, "by Beelzebub, the prince of devils." No doubt there was great perversity and wilful blindness in their holding this view, but the perversity and blindness was not in their believing diabolical miracles possible, for the diabolical possession, which our Lord himself recognized, belonged to that class; no, it was in their refusing to believe, in face of the evidence, that the power which he had to cast out devils was not diabolical, but divine.

We need not, then, consider a miracle either as Dr. Tyng considers it, and much less need we consider it as a divine sanction to any doctrine, till we have shown that it is not the work of Satan. Now, this is not always an easy matter. Certain general rules may be given, both concerning the character and the result of the miraculous work, which enable us to trace it to its source; but we cannot go into this subject at length. The "discernment of spirits," as it has been called, is a matter of too great importance and difficulty to be taken up by the way in a magazine article. But we call attention to it to show that there is no immediate cause for alarm to us should miracles even having a doctrinal significance, such as those of spiritism, rise up against us; they must first be shown to come from God, or to be performed by his command, or at least the indications must be decidedly that way. Simon Magus worked miracles; other false teachers may do the same. We may, however, reasonably presume that miracles coming in answer to an earnest and fervent prayer directed to God for a good object are divine. Let us now proceed to consider what significance we shall attach to miracles of this kind.

To do so we shall have to consider first what we mean by an answer to prayer in general. The critic of Dr. Tyng whom we have already quoted, and whose remarks are on the whole much to the point, asks parenthetically: "Can there be any answer to prayer that is not miraculous?" To this question we must reply that there can be. Almighty God, in his infinite knowledge, of course foreknows the entire natural working of the universe; and he may, in his creation and arrangement of it at the beginning, have disposed matters so that foreknown events should follow prayers also foreknown, and thus prior to nature and independently of it have made the event depend on the prayer.

But still prayer is not a *natural* power in the universe, like human labor, for instance; we cannot say that, *naturally* speaking, prayer and its answer have the relation of cause and effect to each other, as labor and its fruit have. A man works, and he gets

a harvest which he would not get without working; and though both these are foreknown, they really have a natural connection with each other. The one follows from the other according to natural laws and *in consequence of them.* But prayer cannot in this way be answered; there must be either an accommodation of the universe beforehand for it, so to speak, or an act of God intermediate between the prayer and its effect, exerting some forces in the world of matter and human or animal life outside of the laws of matter or of life.

In this last case the phenomenon is miraculous in its character. It would not always be, strictly speaking, a miracle as we have defined it above; for it may not be a matter of clear evidence or of *subjective* certainty to us that there is such an interference with the course of natural law.

It is more properly and usually called in such cases, where the action is obscure and hidden, and may be supposed to come from purely natural causes, "a special providence." To this class may also be referred the divine action when confined to the human soul; for though the miracles of grace are in one way the greatest, yet they are hidden, at least to the world at large.

Answers to prayer may, then, be divided into three classes: ordinary or natural, special providences, and miracles; the latter, as we said in defining them, coming from the interposition of some forces which do not ordinarily *appear* to take part in the course of events, but which probably *do* take part in it quite often, as in the way of special providences from God, or in that of temptations by evil spirits.

Now, there seems to be no reason, and people generally, we think, will admit that natural answers to prayer, and even special providences, are given outside the church; indeed, we are sure that grace follows prayer outside the church, though not to the same extent as within it. Why, then, should not real divine miracles be given outside the church?

Here again there seems to be no reason to the contrary, except what would come from their implying falsehood or giving what might be called *scandal.* If miracles, even though not directly asked as a doctrinal test, should be so frequent or so placed in connection with some false doctrine as to be necessarily interpreted as a sanction of it, then also we may believe that God would restrain his mercy, or rather that then it would really cease to be so, by scandalizing the faithful, by casting doubt on the church and impeding the way of salvation. But that there should be, as we may say, sporadic miracles, for the benefit

of pious and faithful souls in invincible ignorance outside the church, seems possible; for these would not only do no harm, but might be the means of bringing these souls and others to the light of faith.

That God should work a miracle when distinctly asked for as a confirmation of false doctrine, or, as we have said, when it would necessarily be understood in that sense, is of course out of the question. If any preternatural phenomenon is claimed to have occurred in such circumstances, it will undoubtedly be found to be either a claim without foundation, or, if genuine, to be diabolical, not divine, when examined according to the usual rules, or at least to give no clear proof of its source.

For other miracles than these Dr. Tyng's explanation is admissible, unless, as we just said, they are too frequently repeated. For it is equally impossible that even those others which occur in circumstances which do not make them a doctrinal test should be as frequent outside the church as in it. The permanent and regular gift of miracles is one of the promises of our Lord to his church, and cannot be given outside without obliterating this mark of his true bride. Hence it is that the Catholic Church has always abounded with them, as compared with even those claimed for others. Lourdes, as all Catholics know, is no new phenomenon; miraculous shrines and sanctuaries are found in many places and times. The lives of the saints also are adorned with innumerable and well-attested miracles, which only the prejudice of Protestants prevents them from examining. As the pillar of cloud and fire went steadily before the Israelites in the desert, so the evident and supernatural light of God's miraculous providence has steadily accompanied the church in her journey through the world, and will continue to do so through all time.

To conclude, then, miracles, individually and simply as such, have, as Dr. Tyng maintains, no bearing on the doctrinal differences of churches; but, as his critics hold, when worked, and especially if repeated continually as at Lourdes, in connection with and evident sanction of a dogma of faith, they have. And also, taken in mass, they furnish, by their very number alone, conclusive evidence of the divine claims of the Catholic Church to those who will but take the pains to examine history in general as Dr. Tyng has examined that of Lourdes.

Dr. Tyng, then, to some extent falls under just suspicion to Protestants, not on account of his present position, but because he seems to have started on a road which, if it be conscientiously and rationally followed, will lead him to see not the mere oc-

currence of miracles at Lourdes, but their constant and frequent repetition in the church of which Lourdes is but a specimen, and their connection with her doctrines, as notably in the canonization of saints; and by these to be led to recognize in her the hand of that one God whose unchanging truth she continually teaches, blessing and honoring her, his faithful witness, as no other is blessed and honored.

We can, of course, wish nothing better for him than this; and we think that, whatever his convictions may be, he will follow them with courage and independence. And if he is the man we think him, he will in time see things as they are. We should cease to believe not only in miracles, but in the ordinary operations of grace, did we not believe that every seeker for truth, such as he appears to be, will find it in the end.

A NORTHERN APRIL'S STRATAGEM.

YOUNG April, slave to Winter-Naaman,
  Spoke to him low: "If healed by Earth's strong streams,
  Thy reign of life would last beyond thy dreams
Of life." By faint hope spurred, the leper ran,
With all his snows, from stream to stream. From van
  With gold-hued curve the sun shot withering beams
  Upon the seeking chief; and throbbing gleams
Of wakened grass stole after him, to span
And whip his heart to death. Keen April, slave,
  Laughing, sowed whitest seeds of bubbling rain,
    That June winds and June dews might roses own
For loveliest toys and nests. And then she gave
  A wide search for her master. But in vain:
    The streams had drowned him, and Earth's death had
        flown.

HEATHENDOM AND REVELATION.*

A MOST interesting study is to trace the similarity between the ancient pagan religions, both in doctrine and in practice, and the doctrines and practices of Christianity. Some English Catholic writers, like Canon Formby, have been recently giving their attention to this work, but no one has done it so elaborately, so far as doctrines are concerned, as Dr. Fischer in the volume that lies before us. Of course it is but natural to suppose that vestiges of primeval revelation would be found in all parts of the world. After the dispersion of the human race, especially after the confusion of tongues at Babel, each emigrating family carried away with it a bit of the original treasure, which, however rusted and discolored, was never totally lost. Besides this traditional preservation of portions of revealed truth, commerce with the Jews or with the Christians diffused it or revived its knowledge, even where there were no missionaries to propagate it. The Queen of Sheba must have brought back many lessons of revelation from Solomon to her Eastern home. St. Paul found at Athens an altar to the unknown God, perhaps erected to the *Logos* after whom Plato longed, and whose coming the Cumæan Sibyl prophesied:

"*Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum.*" †

We find unmistakable evidence of the filtration of Christian thought and principles into pagan literature after the reign of Augustus. Even though they were opposed to the doctrines of Christianity, its ethical spirit influences Tacitus, Juvenal, Persius; and notably the Greeks, Lucian and the Stoic philosophers who lived after Christ. Ovid, Horace, and Catullus, who lived before Christ, have no morals. The Greek theatre before Christ—as witness the comedies of Aristophanes—was simply an infamous place, while Lucian's dialogues, written about A.D. 150, show a high-toned morality for a pagan and are clear regarding the immortality of the soul. It is fair to suspect that Persius caught the spirit of Christian morality which breathes through most of his satires from some of the Christians who perished in the per-

* *Heidenthum und Offenbarung.* Von Dr. Engelbert Lorenz Fischer. Mainz, 1878.
† Virgil, Fourth Eclogue, v. 49.

secution of Nero. The following line paints the remorse of a sinner as well as a Christian could do it:

"*Virtutem videant intabescantque relicta.*" *

Just as in our days the influence of the Catholic Church is felt even by her enemies, to a certain extent controls some of their opinions and influences their morals in spite of themselves, so in ancient times did God's primeval revelation filter through the pagan nations, and Dr. Fischer proves it by giving us a summary of those articles of their religious faith which resemble Christian dogmas or are identical with them.

He first investigates the Vedas of ancient India, perhaps the oldest Bible of pagan mythology. It is divided into four volumes, *Rig*, *Saman*, *Yajus*, and *Atharvan*. This Bible teaches the unity of God, the creator of all things. It teaches also that there is a Messias or Mediator, called *Mitra*, sometimes *Agni*. On him the epithets of "high-priest," "first prophet," "teacher of the holy law," "prince of mankind," and "redeemer of sin" are bestowed. *Kama* is the Holy Ghost; *Vritra* is Satan. There is also mention made of the tree of immortality, the temptation of the first man, and of the deluge.

The doctrines of the immortality of the soul, of the existence of heaven and hell, and the hope of the resurrection of clarified bodies are clearly expressed in the Vedas. It is true that polytheistic theories and some other gross errors are intermingled with these truths; but the clearness in which the principal Christian dogmas are stated is sometimes startling. The Vedas teach that hell is a place of eternal fire and gloom in which the wicked are eternally punished.

The next in point of antiquity is the Persian mythology contained in the *Avesta*. This word means "reform" in Sanscrit, so called because Zarathustra, or Zoroaster, wrote it, and he was rather the reformer than the founder of the Persian religion. The belief in one God, triple in personality—*Ahura Mazda*, *Mithra*, and *Sraosha;* in a mediator *Mithra;* the hope of a redeemer, the belief in angels, Satan, the tree of life in a terrestrial paradise, the serpent, original sin, the deluge and Noe's ark, the advantage of faith and good works, *auricular confession*, the immortality of the soul, purgatory, hell, heaven, and the final resurrection of the dead at the end of the world, is almost identical in expression with the doctrines of the Christian Bible.

* Persius, Third Satire, v. 38.

Following the stream of history, Dr. Fischer passes down to the Babylonians and Assyrians, and, forming his judgment from the investigations of Botta, Layard, Burnouf, and Rawlinson among the inscriptions and monuments of these ancient peoples, he finds many Christian dogmas mingled with the errors of their religion. Thus a vein of monotheism runs through their polytheism. There are vestiges of belief in the Trinity; in a kingdom of angels, some of whom revolted and were defeated by Merodach—Michael; in the creation of the world in six days out of a chaos of water, in Eden, the tree of life, the serpent or dragon, original sin and its consequent punishment; the deluge in detail, the tower of Babel and the confusion of tongues; the immortality of the soul, heaven, purgatory, hell, and the hope of a final resurrection.

These are some of the doctrines which the descendants of Japheth, the Hindoos and Persians, and the descendants of Sem, the Babylonians and Assyrians, preserved amid surrounding error. Nor is the tradition of truth lacking among the sons of Cham, as the hieroglyphs and other monuments of the Egyptians plainly demonstrate. Indeed, the ancient religion of these people has so many points of resemblance with the teaching of Moses that many have said that he drew his doctrines from their sacred writings. The points of identity between the Hebrew and Egyptian theology would only prove, however, that both were originally from the same source, the latter adulterated by error, the former preserved from contamination by the special Providence which watched over the destinies of the Jewish people. The belief in immortality, the existence of angels good and bad, the unity of God, the creation of the world out of nothing, are clear under all the superstitions of the Egyptians. There are even vestiges of the doctrine of the Trinity. Jamblichus, the Neoplatonic philosopher, testifies to this; and so do certain papyri preserved both at Turin and Leyden. Some of these doctrines were not known to the vulgar, but were preserved in the secret mysteries by the priests. It is well known that the *disciplina arcani* * of the early Christian Church was the common practice among the ancient Egyptians, very few being allowed to see beyond the veil of their sacred mysteries.

This extraordinary similarity of the doctrines of these ancient races helps to prove the historical character of our Bible. The facts produced by Dr. Fischer show the unity of primeval revelation, the unity of the human race, the unity of primeval religion.

* The discipline of the secret.

And it is noteworthy that the farther we go up the stream of time, the purer we find the creed of mankind, and the more striking appears its identity with Christianity in all the principal points of faith. Polytheism, pantheism, fetichism, and other corrupt forms of worship are all of a later date than monotheism. Thus, the worship of animals, which at one time disgraced the Egyptians, cannot be found in their early records. The mummies of crocodiles, cats, and snakes are all comparatively recent in Egyptian history ; and Lucian defends the Egyptians from the charge of such degrading superstition by explaining that these animals were honored only as symbols of the constellations or signs of the zodiac. Astronomy was always honored in Egypt—Apis was our Taurus or bull ; the Ram found so frequently in Thebes was our Aries. According to this theory—and it seems probable from the fact that the Egyptians gave religious honor only to certain animals—we might go farther and explain the vegetable worship of the same people,* as well as the fetichism of certain African creeds, by some symbolic meaning attached to the objects of religious reverence. Dr. Fischer stops, however, at the dogmas and does not investigate the practices of ancient religions.

Upon a closer investigation might it not be found that the charge of gross superstition brought against some of these ancient peoples, because of religious reverence shown to certain animals or things—the holy bull or holy geese, leeks, charms, and amulets—was not a *cultus latriæ*, but merely religious respect because of some symbolical or historical meaning ? Might we not be judging those people as rashly as Protestants judge Catholics because of their reverence for holy relics and holy things, beads, scapulars, and medals ? Certainly all religions have shown more or less homage to certain animals, and have used peculiar things in religious worship. Lustral water, incense, bells, vestments, strange prostrations and genuflections, processions and peculiar ceremonies, are not confined to the Christian Church. The holy lambs from whose snowy fleeces palliums are made for archbishops in the Roman Church may have their metaphysical counterpart in the sacred Apis of the Egyptians. The turtle-doves which Our Lady offered in the temple in fulfilment of the Jewish law remind us of the custom in pagan Rome of honoring certain birds. A Christian boy in the British Isles considers it a crime to kill a robin, because he piously believes that its red breast is inherited

* The well-known line of Juvenal, "O sanctas gentes," etc.—"O holy race, whose gods grow in their gardens"—will be remembered.

from the robin which was stained by the blood of Christ on Calvary. When Captain Fluellen carries the national leek in his hat and makes ancient Pistol eat it out of respect to Wales, or when a patriotic Irishman honors the shamrock on his saint's day, is there not an echo of these customs coming down to us from the Egyptian gardens in which the holy leeks grew?

There is a tendency in human nature to use physical things as aids to prayer or to religious observances. Call them praying-machines, or charms, or amulets, as they are when degraded into superstition; or call them the *Urim* and *Thummim* or phylacteries, as the Hebrews did, the metaphysical reason for their use is the same. We cannot here undertake to develop that reason. It is sufficient to note the fact and its universality; and, as Lamennais has well said, "A universal error is the false echo of a universal truth," so the universal custom of using physical objects shows that they may be as efficacious for truth and good as they have been for error and vice. And hence the Catholic Church uses them. Our Lord used spittle and clay to give a blind man sight. The Catholic uses the beads, the best aid to prayer that was ever invented. Millions of "Pater Nosters" have been wafted up to heaven through it; and millions of acts of worship of the Creator have taken place through it which without it would never have been made. How many good thoughts does not the scapular inspire: thoughts of the Immaculate Virgin of Mount Carmel, better for the mind to indulge in than in those evoked by the tress of golden hair that dangles in the locket, or the "little faded flower, but oh! how fondly dear," that lies withered between the pages of the novel, and tells the tale, perhaps, of faith and virtue withered with it.

The aim of religion is to make men good, true worshippers of their Creator. If a thread tied to a man's finger will remind him of some good act that he has promised to do; or if by carrying ten jackstones in his pocket, their rattle as he walks reminds him that he must keep the Ten Commandments—why, let him put on the thread and carry the jackstones. *A fortiori*, why not sanction the use of blessed objects that are by themselves reminders of sweet prayers and sacred practices? Ancient religions attest their use, as well as the similarity of the higher truths which are the doctrines of the Catholic Church. She is not, then, an anomaly in the history of the race; she is rather the law of the race and the law of nature, agreeing with its dogmas and in consonance with its practices. She is not an island of truth in an ocean of error, but she is the ocean itself. Error is the island, but an

island indented with bays, interspersed with lakes and flowing rivers, all deriving their water from the ocean.

Well did St. Augustine say, "*In vetere novum latet, in novo vetus patet.*"*

DIES IRÆ.

I.

DAY of wrath! terrific morning!
Earth in ashes at its dawning!
David, Sibyl, both give warning.

II.

Tremor ev'ry heart is rending
When the Judge is seen descending,
Strict to search our lives' offending.

III.

Driven by the trump resounding
Through the graves, in tones astounding,
Come the dead, the throne surrounding.

IV.

Death in stupor, Nature quaking
When the dead are seen awaking,
Each to summons answer making!

V.

Open lies the Book, containing
Record ample, all arraigning,
Justice, world-wide, ascertaining.

* "The new lies hidden in the old; the old is made manifest in the new."

VI.

None to hide his guilt presumeth
When the Judge his seat assumeth
And to vengeance all sin doometh.

VII.

What shall I, then, wretch! be saying,
Whom, as friend, then seek in praying,
When the just are fear betraying?

VIII.

Mighty King! to each offender
Thou salvation free dost tender;
Source of love! be my defender.

IX.

Jesus! while my burdens bearing,
For my safety e'er be caring,
Me from wrath of that day sparing.

X.

Weary steps for me were hasted,
Bitter death in torture tasted;
Let not pains so great be wasted.

XI.

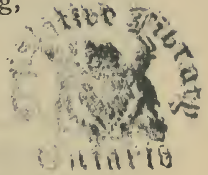
Vengeance just thy hand dispenses;
Pardon me for all offences
Ere the day of recompenses.

XII.

Hear my moaning, self-accusing,
Sin and shame my face suffusing;
Turn not from me, grace refusing.

XIII.

Thou who heard'st the thief, when dying,
Mary's tears wert prompt in drying,
Wilt not crush me, hope denying.



XIV.

All my pray'rs are undeserving;
Yet I trust thy love unswerving,
Me from lasting fires preserving.

XV.

While away the goats commanding,
On thy right hand keep me standing,
Where thy chosen sheep are banding.

XVI.

When the wicked, who have striven
'Gainst thy will, to flames are driven,
Blessèd peace to me be given.

XVII.

Lowly, prostrate, humbly praying,
Contrite heart before thee laying,
Care for me when life's decaying.

XVIII.

Day of terror! sad and tearful!
Day that springs from burning fearful!
Judgment day for dead and living!
Be, O God! that day forgiving.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE most significant sign of the desuetude into which Thomas Carlyle's writings had fallen at the time of his death is the vague and contradictory criticism which that event has occasioned. The fact is, Carlyle has become only a tradition to this generation. The attempts which the journals have made to analyze his philosophy remind one of the conjectures respecting the hieroglyphics of Egypt, or the guessing of metaphysicians regarding the philosophy of Scotus Erigena or Giordano Bruno. Not that Carlyle's philosophy was at all difficult of comprehension, but it has utterly gone out of men's minds and practice. Nor could all the rhetorical dexterity of Taine attract modern readers to the contemplation of Carlyleism. Whatever day it had belongs to the irreclaimable past.

The initial success of Carlyle was due to his perception of the literary awakening in Germany at the beginning of the century. Karl Hillebrand has drawn a picture of the intellectual condition of Germany in the eighteenth century which, had it been done by any but a German hand, would arouse a storm of protest. According to Hillebrand, the darkest age that ever overhung the human intellect was not so devoid of at least gleams of light as the eighteenth century in Germany. There was no philosophy, no art, no religion, no popular education. Any intellectual impetus which the Reformation might be supposed to have given to Germany had long since ceased. In a word, Germany dates her civilization from the nineteenth century. Of course Hillebrand, speaking to Englishmen, refuses to acknowledge that the Reformation, which was the direct cause of the Peasants' War, and even of the Thirty Years' War, was indeed to blame for bringing this intellectual, as it had brought moral, death upon a large portion of Germany. The intellectual advance of Europe, as Hallam reluctantly admits, was checked by the fierce polemics of the Reformation; and if the Renaissance had not continued in Italy and France, we might have lost through Protestant fury the scholastic literary treasures of the middle ages, as Germany and England lost the arts. Germany has had to put aside Protestantism completely, in order to achieve any intellectual results, and though one must regret the complete severance of her special culture

from religion, one cannot forget that Protestantism has no inspiration for poet, artist, or philosopher.

England, aware of the material and intellectual depression of Germany, could with difficulty believe that a mighty intellectual revival was possible there. The Hanoverian sovereigns were utterly indifferent to letters, and, naturally enough, the English nation judged the German people from their ignorant sovereigns. To this day the majority of Englishmen make no distinction in speech or thought between Dutch and German. Theirs was a genuine surprise when Carlyle revealed to them the presence of great poets, painstaking historians, and subtle philosophers among a people comparatively unknown in literature. It may be said of Carlyle that he was the Columbus of the new literary continent. He brought out specimens of German prose, translated *Wilhelm Meister*, eulogized Jean Paul Richter, and wrote an admirable life of Schiller. He corresponded with Goethe, then hardly known outside of Weimar. He gained, what was easily gained in England at that time, a great reputation as a German scholar. Now this is a common accomplishment, and German, with Italian and French, is requisite for an appointment in the British civil service. Coleridge used to tell a story about his having been suspected of designs against the British government because he was once overheard talking of Spinoza's philosophy; for, as he pronounced the first syllable *spy*, he was believed to be in secret communication with the French radicals. When Sir William Hamilton wrote his famous *Edinburgh Review* dissertation on the Philosophy of the Conditioned, he declared that there were not over a half-dozen metaphysicians in the British Isles that had ever heard of Kant. Carlyle popularized Germanism. He opened a new path in literature, and, to say truth, the public were tired of the flippancy of French atheism (the only French literature England read) and the portentous "boring" of uncounted memoirs and anecdotes of Napoleon. Besides, German literature had ranged itself upon the side of Romanticism long before Victor Hugo.

As George Eliot, by a mysterious means vulgarly called by newspaper men "puffing," acquired a vast reputation for erudition, and had the good sense not to put it to the test, so Carlyle in his earlier fame was credited with being a profound philosopher after the German idea. With feminine shrewdness George Eliot gave us glimpses only of the boundless stores of her learning, and these only in the shape of mottoes to her chapters. Sydney Smith says of the motto from Publius Syrus, put upon

the *Edinburgh Review*, that neither he nor any of the other contributors had read six lines of Publius Syrus, but they "knew their public." No shrewd sciolist anxious for a reputation for learning would quote Virgil in preference to Aulus Gellius, Homer before Moschus, or Shakspere before Gower. When George Eliot forgot her caution, and began discussing Judaism in *Deronda*, and literary criticism in *Theophrastus Such*, her fame received a blow from which it never recovered.

Carlyle had not the caution of the authoress. From translating German he passed into writing *à l'Allemande*. This is the peculiar temptation of translators. Certainly Carlyle, with his fervid temperament, would not long confine himself to a species of labor akin to lexicography, which poor Dr. Johnson, after Scaliger, compared to the labors of the anvil and the mine. Why cannot I write like Jean Paul Richter? asked Carlyle.

Now, of all men that ever lived Carlyle was the last that could write like Richter, for the very simple reason that he could not feel like Richter, or indeed like any of the greater German "humanists." There is in the writings of Richter a sweet humanity, a tenderness for all of God's creatures, a profound reverence for Christianity, and an all-embracing sympathy with every form of mental and bodily distress. Such was Richter's own disposition. Carlyle was a bitter, dyspeptic, cynical Scotchman. He might imitate Richter's quaint phraseology, his bursts of queer rhetoric, his stops and exclamations, but he never could reproduce the spirit of the man whom Germany loves to call *der Einzige*. We have the form of Richter in *Sartor Resartus*, but the spirit is the mockery of Goethe.

Had Carlyle confined himself to translation he would have enriched English literature with the best products of the German mind, and indeed of the mind of France, Italy, and Spain; for he possessed the gift of language in the highest degree. But he had not the humility, nor perhaps the patience, for this work, and he was deceived into a belief in his own powers. One cannot read a page of his writings without feeling that here was a great master of human speech. His sentences seem to follow wherever his pen leads. We cannot conceive of Carlyle as a painstaking writer in the general sense. We know, even without the information of biographers, that long and finished essays were written by him at one sitting. There is none of Macaulay's pedagogism in his books, yet we feel that he was a greater master even of grammar than Macaulay. One need not leave Lindley Murray to parse any sentence of Macaulay, but the writings of Carlyle

awaken our almost forgotten memories of German syntax, or the peculiar linguistic grace of the French, or the strange repetition of pronouns before and after the verb which characterizes the Italian tongue.

So supreme was this gift of language that it enabled him to think with the people whom he described; and this is the secret of the vividness of his descriptions in *Frederic* and the *French Revolution.* Few master a language so completely as to be able to think in that language. Whatever view we may hold respecting the relations of speech with thought, there is no question that our thoughts are profoundly modified by even the modes of expression in our native language. Written speech may be to a certain extent formal, but oral language is the spontaneous showing-forth of mind. There is a contradiction in the saying about speech having been given to us to conceal our thoughts; for we cannot conceal the structure of our language, and this powerfully influences our conceptions and ideas. No one can study Latin without realizing that they who used it were the masters of the world. A people will speak their history and their intellect long before they write them. In proportion as a nation advances its power of expression improves, and we read the fate of a people in the decay of its language.

While the majority of scholars content themselves with a working knowledge of a language, or a few of them, of a critical turn, push their studies somewhat further, the ends generally attained are only utility, or accomplishment, or æsthetic pleasure. But given a fierce and fervid imagination like Carlyle's, with a delusion in his philosophical insight, and a knowledge of a language which puts dictionary-makers in the shade, and we have such works as the *French Revolution* and *Frederic the Great.* Carlyle *felt* what the language of Revolutionary France was. He heard the language of the mob at the guillotine. He was versed in the phrasing of the *Moniteur*, and knew the slang of every Parisian *quartier.* He understood the dialects of Germany, and gauged the significance of the coarse tongue of the people. The consequence was that his histories are something more than cold chronicles, although, as we shall see, they are far from being histories in the best sense.

Like most men to whom speech comes easy, he early attached deep importance to language as a revelation of man. His first essays—*Novalis*, *Diderot*, *Characteristics*, and *Burns*—are remarkable for the enunciation of this belief in the evidence furnished of a man by his manner of speech. But when he began the histori-

cal researches for his *Frederic* he soon changed this belief into its opposite, and thenceforth, through thirty volumes, preached the goldenness of silence. He was impressed at first with the apparent wealth of German historical literature, but his heart failed him when he discovered that its chief characteristic was its bulk. Fiery and impatient himself, he could not restrain his wrath at the resolves of German scholars, who think thirty years too short to devote to the difference between the first and the second aorist of the Greek verb. The literature about Frederic II. was without limit, and it is saying much for Carlyle that he grappled with it. But oh! the weariness of spirit that came over him, and which appears in the very first chapter. And the genius of the man who can actually make interesting the petty affairs of the pettiest court in Europe, before Frederic can interest us himself!

The present historical school which is by far the best, because it is philosophical, has placed Carlyle's historical writings in the class of fiction or romance, alongside of Froude and his imitators. It seems plain enough to us that history should not be wholly occupied with kings and great personages; but this theory was unknown to Carlyle, as it was unknown to the great body of historians before his day. The king and his court were the only themes worthy of an historian. The people came in only incidentally, either to hurrah the king or to petition him most humbly for permission to live. Buckle, in his *History of Civilization*, failed to make the slightest impression in England, because he ventured to hint that human affairs, after all, were not wholly dependent upon the British sovereign. He suggested that there were certain great laws of natural and political development; that the people at least lived and died, that they were not wholly unidead, and that the court circular could not possibly contain *all* the news of a nation. But he was scouted at the time, though some of his conclusions have since been granted. Now, Carlyle's histories are only court circulars. All his theories about hero-worship are vitiated by this toadyish spirit, and of all that he has written only his few translations from the German, with an essay or two, will survive.

What does his *Frederic* tell us of the Germany of that day? Nothing outside the palace walls. The whole power of his intellect was given to chronicling the sayings and doings of courtiers. Page after page is devoted to the poor French poetry of Frederic. A book is given to describing his father with his regiment of giants. The episode of Voltaire's friendship fills half a volume, and is the best portion of the history; for Carlyle was

just the man to expose such a sham as Voltaire was, with his sham "study of the Christian Fathers," his sham humanity, philosophy, poetry, history, and sincerity. The discomfiture which Voltaire met with at the hands of Frederic, Carlyle enjoys hugely, but he forgets to tell us how ridiculous Voltaire made Frederic over all Europe. The two, it is known, were consummate scoundrels, and it is some comfort to think that they were the bitterest enemies of Christianity of their age. The blasphemy, *écrasez l'infâme*, was the bond of their union. Carlyle fills page after page with trivial details of obscure German princelings, court-lackeys, and gossip. Scarcely a word does he bestow upon the nation at large. We have no glimpse of the manner of life, the morality, the aspirations of the people. Indeed, Carlyle hated and despised the masses of mankind, whom he advised to herd with their fellow-asses in the fields and seek some instruction from them. We have no statistics of trade; little or nothing about the state of literature, if it existed; a few sneers at Leibnitz and Wolff—who were by no means "crazy philosophers"—and disdainful reference to the poor Protestant preachers whom Frederic despised. All praise is lavished on the hero, who is lauded to the skies chiefly because his hatred and detestation of the human race did not prevent him from kindly keeping men under the lash of a military despotism, as they ought to be kept.

So, too, all Arabian history is summed up in the career of Mohammed. Mirabeau is the French Revolution, and Luther is Protestantism. This species of historical philosophy is in our day completely exploded, and the wonder is that men ever believed in the virtual omnipotence of any historical character. The Germans were the first to disprove it. Yet even now we hear that Gregory VII. founded the Papacy, and that St. Ignatius Loyola revolutionized "modern Catholicism." It is extremely doubtful whether individual force or intellect deeply modifies even savages, not to speak of a complex civilization. Luther is known to have been the victim, not the leader, of Protestantism. The modern historian, following out the careful study of the people and the influences that affect them, soon disposes of the "heroes" before whom Carlyle would have us prostrate. One of the most valuable results of modern historical criticism is the refutation of Strauss' theory that Christianity owes all its success to the ideal of Christ held up by the cunning apostles. No great historical movement can be so explained.

But Carlyle continued building statues to his heroes, unconscious of the indifference of the crowd, who now will soon throw

them down, if they deem it worth their trouble. Day by day men are coming back to the grand old Catholic belief in man, as a child of God, a responsible agent, having greater interests than those which a king can manage. The Erastianism or state religion which Carlyle taught must yield, even if it has to yield to infidelity. The state is not supreme in religious dictatorship. The better thoughts of Carlyle about man are realizable in the Catholic Church, which, by moral teaching and doctrinal decree, insists upon our freedom of will, our higher destiny in another life, our natural excellence, of which original sin did not deprive us, and our personal and individual value in the sight of God. Men cannot be dealt with as herds of asses, as food for powder, or as mere slaves at the car of a hero. The violence of this Carlylean doctrine did much to render it unpopular, but the same teaching is found in all philosophies that ignore the noble human ideal held up by the Catholic faith. It is said that the old Covenanting doctrine about election and the eternal decrees drove Carlyle from Christianity. But such doctrines are alien to the true faith, which *fecit utraque unum*, upholding the dignity and glory of man, whom Carlyle despised as a sham and a failure, at least in the mass, and revealing God as Providence, where Carlyle saw only chaos or blind, irresistible law.

THE TOMB OF THE CONQUISTADOR.

THE echo of the first French Revolution was still sounding in Burgos when a knot of young Spaniards met by stealth to discuss dangerous political subjects. The police and their less legitimate "special" helpers had their eye on these and many more youths of the city, and the regulations of the time made these meetings really hazardous to those who chose the pastime of revolution. As usual, a large proportion of the "conspirators" were harmless and hare-brained, fond of excitement, tired of love-making, and boiling over with unused energies; a very few had some method and object, fewer still any definite political principle or conviction.

Sancho Alvarado was one of the former set, and the impoverished representative of a family once rich and famous in the city. Among Cortez' original followers had been a scapegrace ancestor of Sancho, a young man not unlike his descendant, who, for

pure love of fun and mischief, had joined the great Mexican undertaking after getting rid of his own small inheritance at home. For years the "ne'er-do-weel" disappeared and was supposed to be dead; but when he was verging towards middle age he came home with a Mexican wife and chests full of treasure, settled down in Burgos, bought a house, and lived some years *en grand seigneur*, leaving large possessions to his brother's children, and building himself, before his death, a handsome tomb in the cathedral. This became in after-years one of the curiosities of that splendid church, as it was built, chamber-like, ten feet high and eight square, of great blocks of stone, covered to a height varying from two to five feet with large slabs of Mexican sculptures and inscriptions. An iron door of unusual thickness protected the entrance. On the flat roof of this mausoleum the "Conquistador," as he was familiarly called in Burgos, and his wife were represented, portrait-wise and life-size, lying side by side with their hands crossed on their breasts; he in his military dress, she in court costume, with the addition of a Mexican feather mantle carefully wrought out in alabaster, and one or two folds of it falling over the outer side of the tomb. The coffins, of stone, were inside the chamber, of which the head of the family always kept the key. The son of the Conquistador, born in Spain, returned to his mother's country by his father's desire, and there joined an elder brother who lived with his Aztec grandfather. This branch of the Alvarados then once more disappeared from their kindred's memory, and the family, though enriched by the Conquistador's wealth, squandered it before three generations had passed. Sancho and an old maiden aunt—a phenomenon in Spain, where marriage or the convent are the ordinary social alternatives—were now the only direct representatives of the Conquistador's Spanish kindred, and they lived in a few huge, artistic, but bare and uncomfortable rooms in the palace where the soldier of fortune had held his banquets. The rest of the house was rented to all kinds of people—workmen with home trades, poor priests unattached to any order or parish, a university professor, several poor gentlewomen, and two or three rich Jews, whom the other occupants shunned visibly, and whose money (it was more than two-thirds of the rental of the house) the old lady, Doña Mercedes, never received direct, but required to be sent to her through an orthodox goldsmith and money-lender several streets off.

Sancho, according to the proud tradition of his class, had been brought up to do "nothing," but to do this elegantly and jaun-

tily. An old priest, a friend of his father, had given him all the education he had—some Latin and Spanish literature, chess-playing, and natural history; the latter being the teacher's hobby, his pupil became unusually well grounded in all that was known of the science at that time, so much so that his more fashionably ignorant friends used to joke him about his uncommon specialty. As he had no influential relatives or rich connections, there was no military, court, or official career open to him, and he drifted, with many others, into a useless but harmless life until some whispers of new political theories began to cross the Pyrenees and fire the fancy of his idle young associates. Among these, but not idle, was a young doctor whom Sancho loved and looked up to; a man graver than his years, and one of the few who thought and reasoned before they allowed themselves to feel. Pedro Dorrez was the orphan nephew of a poor country priest, who had brought him up and sent him to Salamanca through much pinching and self-denial; and both intellectually and professionally the young man well repaid the trouble, though his uncle, satisfied with old ways and conditions, shook his head sadly over the startling theories that Pedro so calmly broached. The young doctor had a certain influence over a few men in Burgos, where he had a humble practice among small shop-keepers and others in very moderate circumstances, and among his friends none was dearer to him than Sancho, whose boyishness attracted him and whose honesty he could trust. The usual items of small and fruitless agitation—a kind of social propaganda which the police were glad to magnify into a "plot"—brought the little conclave into trouble with the local authorities. Sancho was enthusiastic about the "persecution," and delighted to become a martyr; somehow he had managed to concentrate upon himself the greater part of the suspicions attached to his coterie, and he had the honor, consequently, of being the chief victim sought. But as these matters often became affairs of life and death, or at least of transportation or perpetual imprisonment, Pedro was seriously alarmed for his friend, and hinted to him pretty plainly that it was no time for melodramatics, but that he must hide himself effectually, for a few days at least. Getting out of the city was impossible, as the gates were watched on purpose. Pedro was ready to run any risks, but could not think of a safe place; could Sancho?

"I have it!" cried the youth, his eyes gleaming with fun which no danger could suppress. "You know the tomb? No one will guess I'm there. My aunt has the key; I can get hold of it

easily enough. And fancy what a chance for the old gentleman to prophesy some wonderful fortune for his descendant! Did I ever tell you the legend?"

"No," said Pedro absently. "But you had better think of business now."

"Oh! it does not take long to tell. The family tradition goes that the old sinner comes down off his bed of state one night in each year, and waits till dawn to communicate some secret to one of his own kindred; but hitherto nothing has ever come of it, though it is said several of our people actually watched through the night. I know an uncle of mine did, and so did I when I was fifteen. A man inside the tomb ought to have a still better chance, and the night will be five nights from now—the 15th of April."

"My dear Sancho, don't fill your mind with childish fancies. The important thing is, how are you to get there, and how shall I manage to bring you food? We have no time to lose. I hope before five days I shall have smuggled you out of the city."

"We will go to the cathedral this evening during Vespers; there is always more or less of a crowd circulating through the building, and you know they don't close it till very late. I can slip into the tomb, and we can take provisions for a day or two. It is a very easy matter."

"I don't know. I think the police are watching for you at this moment; it may not be easy to reach the church."

"We shall have to risk it, at any rate. We need not go till after supper. I have some good wine in my aunt's store-room; let us drink to my safety."

"You deserve to be shot or caught for your foolishness, Sancho. To think that you should waste all this energy and good-humor of yours in this do-nothing life! I wish you were in the New World."

"Like my ancestor of the tomb? Well, if there was any such fun going on as there was in his days, I should echo your wish."

"Well, there's better than fun: there's work, and improvement, and, to a certain extent, freedom. But don't let us moralize. I'll come with you to your aunt's, and I'll see that you get a chance to get the key unperceived. I dare not let her into the secret, fond as she is of you."

They went down stairs (this talk had taken place in a little attic which Sancho had fitted up as a natural-history museum with such specimens of birds, beasts, and plants as his limited means would get) and explained to Doña Mercedes that, as they

were going on a little expedition together for a few days, they had come to bid her good-by, and would be grateful if she would order a little refreshment for them. Some of Sancho's wine soon appeared, and an old wrinkled woman-servant, a nurse formerly of Sancho's mother, brought in bread and fruit on an ancient and beautiful silver tray. After a little talk, which Pedro could not but feel was a dangerous delay, he asked the old lady if another pensioner on her kitchen-scraps would be too much even for her well-known charity. He knew of a poor woman whose husband had died a week ago, and she and her two little girls were dependent upon charity; the man had been dismissed from his employment a few weeks before his death, and the help which his widow would have freely asked from his former master she dared not ask now.

"He was dismissed for helping his young mistress in a love-affair, too, Doña Mercedes," said the artful Pedro, who knew the old lady's weak points. "But I do not want you to help any chance, unknown wretch; I want you to come and see for yourself, and I promised the poor woman I would bring a kind lady to see her to-day before I left. Perhaps I should not have presumed so much on your kindness, but I hope you will not make me break my promise. We should have time now while Sancho puts up a few things for our trip."

Doña Mercedes, who was really kind-hearted, and also liked to play Lady Bountiful, since it almost deluded her into the fancy that she was rich, needed no coaxing, and, well wrapped in her mantilla and a warm, dark shawl besides, she started, basket in hand, taking with her a bottle of Sancho's wine as his special contribution. The two were not gone half an hour, though every minute seemed an eternity to Pedro, who dreaded something happening in his absence to mar his plan for his friend, and yet dared not seem in the slightest hurry, or even preoccupied, while he accompanied the benevolent old lady to a wretched little out-house a few streets off where the widow and her children were temporarily living. He was relieved, when they got back, to see Sancho sitting placidly and idly in the gaunt, marble-floored room; the twilight was falling fast, as it does in the south, and the cathedral bells were ringing. Doña Mercedes asked where were the mules, or were they going on foot? Well, they were to meet the mules at the gates, impatiently said Pedro, who hated the details of any secret plan, and therefore hurried his friend off as quickly as possible. They reached the cathedral by a narrow *calle* leading to a curious side-door many feet above

the level of the church-floor. A double staircase of colored marble, with wrought-iron railings, and numerous statues in niches, and historical *bas-reliefs*, wound down into the body of the church nearly opposite the Conquistador's tomb. Vespers were being chanted in the Canons' Chapel, a small church in itself, but a crowd of people in gay costumes, the women chiefly in black, were crossing from altar to altar; many countrymen who had come into market that day were staring at the gorgeous or unfamiliar surroundings, and there was stir enough to conceal any special incident. The iron door opened inwards from the outer side of the tomb—that facing the aisle—but it was largely concealed by projecting slabs with sculptures of weird aspect, clumsy and intricate combinations of hideous human figures with very beautiful geometrical designs. On the left slab was a dwarf squatting on a large stone, his hands resting on his stomach. The antiquaries of the city considered this a very characteristic curiosity, and one of the canons had written a learned treatise on this Mexican "idol or devil." Sancho little heeded him as he passed in, with some slight food wrapped in a colored silk handkerchief, and whispered good-by to his anxious friend.

And so began his uncanny vigil. Time at first seemed very long to him; he had brought a taper, such as are in use now in Spain and Italy—a coil of wax of the size of a large ball of thread or darning-cotton. This he lit until he felt sleepy, and then, eating a piece of bread, he put it out and went to sleep, stretched on the floor by the stone coffin of his ancestor. Some superstition, or perhaps the incline of the coffin itself, made him choose the floor for a bed, though for a seat he had not scrupled to make the best of the coffin. He could hear sounds when he woke, and guessed it was morning, though the tomb was so well built that not one ray of light came in anywhere. He amused himself by guessing at what was going on in the cathedral, hour by hour; he said his prayers rather more at length than he commonly did when he had less leisure than now, and he ate a sparing breakfast, sitting on the edge of the coffin. By and by he heard mid-day and the Angelus ring from the belfry—at least he thought so—and, getting tired of the dark and his own efforts to kill time, lighted his taper and began closely examining by its tiny light the two coffins in the centre of the tomb. The names of the occupants and the dates of their deaths were carved in plain Roman capitals on the top part of the slightly convex lids. Then he made the tour of the walls, noting each little roughness of the stone, and examining any that looked like an intentional ornament or a half-

sketched letter. Here and there were some triangular bits, rough-edged, looking as if they had been split from a larger block—as was quite possible in days when art-preservation was not in fashion—and on these were fragments corresponding, at least to the eye, to some of the foreign carvings outside. But Sancho's interest in these memorials began to fade as he got hungry and sleepy and lost count of time. He was asleep when the iron door opened and Pedro, looking worried, came in.

"The police are on my track now," said the latter as soon as he had roused the prisoner, "and I could only just get this for you—it is hardly enough." And he set down a bottle of wine and a small loaf of white bread. "I fear I may not be able to come again till the day after to-morrow, as I dare not show myself, even at night. Something may happen even this night. Try to bear up, Sancho. I could not get another taper: be careful of yours."

"I wish I could sleep all the time; I never knew how long time could seem," said the younger man.

"Well, the less you think about it the better. I can't stop now. Good-by."

Sancho seemed more restless and forlorn than ever when left alone again, and tried various experiments of monotonous counting to make himself sleepy once more. The tedium was getting very vexatious for so joyous and social a creature as Sancho was; he hated the dark, and heedlessly kept the taper burning. The same with the food; for, as he got suddenly hungry, he forgot all contingencies and ate all he had. After that he lost count of time still more, and began to pace up and down, straining his ears to catch any sound from outside. Sometimes he thought it was the great bell tolling the hours, sometimes the thunderous organ in the great loft above the chancel, sometimes the murmur of the crowd passing by the tomb. He dozed now and then, and kept dreaming confusedly, chiefly about his home and his aunt, but sometimes of his present abode, which got mixed up, in his half-consciousness, with the natural-history cabinet. Each time he woke he drank a sparing draught of wine, remembering that a man can starve much more comfortably than he can do without drink. At last his taper burnt to its lowest edge and went out in a flickering pool of wax on the floor. Now he knew that there was nothing for it but to wait. Pedro might be kept away, but surely he would find some one trusty enough to send in his place. The noises, seemingly from outside, grew louder and buzzed more in his ears; he began to fancy people made re-

marks as they passed the tomb, and he would echo these remarks aloud to himself. Anything, he thought, to pass time and keep his brain clear. He tried making plans as to his future, and thought of what Pedro had said about the New World. If he only had any influential friends and connections, he thought, with the instinctive southern reliance on any one rather than one's self; but even as it was, if he could scrape a little money together, he might find a rich wife among the Spanish-Americans. They thought a good deal of pure "blue blood" from the mother-country, and his blue blood was about all he had wherewith to buy fortune. As to politics, he had had enough of them, if this is what they bring in their train. Martyrdom was very grand in theory, but not so comfortable in practice. He wondered if the real martyrs felt as he did, and if the dungeons he had read of were as unpleasant as this. He went through in memory details of bodily torture that he had read about with his old tutor, and dwelt on them, especially hunger and thirst. Suppose Pedro was prevented from coming or sending, how long would it take to kill him in this living grave? Walled up alive—that was another ancient torture, and no doubt if he cried or knocked on the walls no one would hear him; the blocks of stone were enormously thick. And suppose even some sound could get through, it would only frighten away any one who heard it, and it would be said that the Conquistador was uneasy in his grave. And then, if the legend were true, and his ancestor *did* move off his tomb— Sancho, brought face to face with the idea, did not welcome it. Perhaps he had not quite believed in the possibility before; at any rate, it was a distant one then, and a romantic notion of watching for the dead man seemed quite a different thing when spoken of at supper among genial companions and when viewed on an empty stomach, in the dark, and under other aggravating circumstances. A sort of buzzing in his head warned Sancho to "pull himself together," if he did not want to lose his wits. A draught of wine would do him good; but he had left the bottle in the farther corner of the tomb, and felt lazy and disinclined to grope for it. He thought he could not do better than let sleep have its way—perhaps it was the best thing under the circumstances; so he dozed off, but woke again with a start, how soon he could not tell, but a raging thirst was upon him now, and he crept on hands and knees in the direction of the wine. The place seemed lighter than before, and something was surely sitting there grinning, he thought, and keeping the bottle from him. It was an indistinct shape, but stunted and squatting on

the stone floor; it flashed upon Sancho that it was the Aztec dwarf come to life to worry him. He made the sign of the cross, but the thing did not move or disappear, only grinned again; and there the bottle was, near its foot, but out of reach. He felt as if he, too, were turning to stone, and would be found, years hence, a statue stretched alongside of the stone coffins, and learned men would write treatises on his appearance and how he got there. Time he no longer measured or thought of; he heard no more sounds; his hunger had given way, not to thirst exactly, but to a blind desire for drink, which increased as the dwarf sat immovably by the bottle, barring access to it with a misshapen, dead-white foot. He tried to speak to the horrid thing, said some prayers with a vague notion of exorcising it, waved his hands and crossed his forefingers at it, but it seemed proof against everything. Even its stony grin began to grow vague, and Sancho thought he felt sleepy again, though he was almost beyond conscious feeling by this time. A long interval seemed to him to have passed before he woke again, and, strangely enough, though he remembered that he had been shut up in a dark place, he felt sure now that he was standing outside the iron door, with a distant lamp flickering, and a sense of miles of free but dark space above his head. He was not alone, either, but his companion was neither Pedro nor the Mexican dwarf, but a large white figure, apparently a man in armor. He looked up, and the space on the mausoleum was partly empty; only one figure lay there. Then, of course, this was the Conquistador. He did not feel afraid, though he distinctly remembered having expected to feel so should he see his ancestor. The figure turned slowly towards him; he could see every hair of his head and beard, every fold of his ruff and lace, every link of his armor, all in white alabaster; but he knew that the stone man was alive and would speak to him presently.

"Sancho Alvarado," said the voice, "in the city of Mexico, in a house by the water, you will find a chest that I left there, and a parchment that will tell you something you do not know. In the city of Mexico lies your future fortune. Go and seek it."

Sancho waited to hear more; but slowly the white figure seemed to melt into the surrounding darkness, and he felt that, though he was sure he had not moved a step himself, he was within the tomb again. He fancied he had had a dream, but where was the dwarf now? Perhaps he could reach the wine. He stretched his hands out, and fell forward; but the bottle seemed to move just beyond his reach of its own accord, and he

was too weak to go any further. Well, he must wait; he could get plenty to drink in the city of Mexico, especially as the house was by the water. Meanwhile, why did not Pedro come? And here came another gap in his remembrance.

"Sancho," whispered a voice anxiously and intently, as, six days after his first entrance into the tomb, his friend came back with food and cordials as well as medicine; but the young man was still unconscious, and perhaps, Pedro for a few moments feared, dead. But no; at least the doctor felt tolerably sure he was not dead, and, in a fever of impatience, administered one remedy after another as quickly as he dared, till Sancho opened his eyes in feeble consciousness. His first words, however, did not sound rational. "In the city of Mexico there is water."

"Are you thirsty, Sancho?" asked his friend. "Drink this, and then you shall tell me all about it. Do you remember where you are?"

It was some little while before the prisoner came perfectly to himself, and then he was so weak that Pedro hardly hoped to be able to get him out. His mind occasionally wandered, but, on the whole, the doctor made him understand that the crisis was almost as serious now as ever; that he himself, Pedro, had been so watched that it had been unsafe for him to come; and that now, desperate as the chance might be, there was but one, and that was to get out of the city. Sancho feebly wondered and acquiesced, and his friend went on to unfold a plan he had thought of —distasteful, certainly, since it involved more lying; but, as things stood, what could one do? Sancho was to be carried out as if dead (a medical friend had got a certificate of death ready), Pedro, and another whom he said he could trust, acting as bearers and servants. As to recognition, he must risk it; but as he was believed to have already escaped, and soldiers had been sent on his supposed track, perhaps there would be a chance of safety for a day or two. Once out of the gates, robbers and desperadoes might be supposed to have attacked them, which would account for their leaving the coffin empty on the road, and they would make the best of their way to some unfrequented inn. To his uncle's he dared not go, as the police had all his antecedents by heart, and were sure to have already vexed the poor old man's soul by search and questions about the "scapegrace Pedro." Everything lay in their own skill and presence of mind; and of course they would have to associate in their plans the trusty comrade whom they would need. Sancho, still mistily, assented to everything. Pedro fed him by small instalments, and hoped to

be able to support him as far as a little back-shed in a courtyard behind the cathedral, where his friend and the coffin were in readiness. Sancho began eagerly to detail the things he had heard and seen, and the doctor listened, half with a professional interest, half with a natural impatience at the necessary precautions and delay. Sancho at last asked how had Pedro found him, asleep or what?

"Stretched face downwards on the floor, with your hand clasping the bottle, which was one-fourth full," said Pedro, with a smile.

"I was sure the dwarf was sitting nearly on it," laughed the other faintly.

With some trouble the invalid was helped out at dusk when a number of people were about, and the two slipped into a little lane leading to the meeting-place, a tumble-down shed, part of an old unused stable, where a third friend met them. He was contentedly sitting on a coffin, at the sight of which Sancho involuntarily started.

"Yes," said Pedro, "it *is* unpleasant, but look upon it as if it were an escapade and a lady was concerned."

"That reminds me," put in the third, "I thought another pretext would be good after we get rid of the coffin, and I brought away some of my sister-in-law's clothes. She'll think one of her maids stole them. I shouldn't make a bad *señorita*, should I? I have some of the things on under my cloak, and the petticoats are wrapped round my waist like wide sashes. I took pains enough to fit them in like a puzzle."

"Good!" said Pedro; "you can personate an eloping couple, you two, and I will do the servant."

Sancho was gradually entering into the fun, and crept into the coffin, which was loosely closed over him; there were a few holes bored in the bottom, but it was not pleasant at the best. A poor-looking black cloth was thrown over the coffin, and as the procession moved on Pedro spoke to the first boy he met, in the usual local *patois* and with the approved ring of a mourner, asking him to get a candle in the sacristy of the cathedral, and, for the love of God and the honor of a poor gentleman (who was always good to the poor while he lived), to carry it before his corpse, that it might not be said he was buried like a dog—or a heretic. The good-natured boy called another of his kind, and the two soon hurried back from the cathedral with two half-burnt torches, which they carried in silence before the coffin. No one noticed the procession, except two young women, who audibly

wondered why the dead was not uncovered, as was most often the case, and Pedro answered the indirect remark by a warning to keep out of the way, as "his excellency had died of a contagious disease." At the city gate he silently handed the guard the medical certificate, and stood stock-still while the man fingered over what he probably could not read; then, on being told to pass on, he turned composedly to the boys and said:

"I can't afford to take you any further. Here is something for your charity, and the torches will fetch you a few coppers."

The small procession went on. The road grew less and less full as it left the city. After half an hour the bearers turned down a sandy lane to the right, where they stopped and released the supposed corpse, and slightly damaging the sides of the coffin, as if a scuffle had taken place, they left it half tilted over. Pedro breathed more freely as this part of the escape was accomplished; as to the next he had less anxiety. The third member of the party was soon rigged out in woman's clothes and closely veiled in the customary mantilla. Pedro, after doctoring Sancho again, started ahead to find horses for the journey. The other two walked on slowly, and about an hour later met the doctor once more, mounted and leading a second horse, upon which his companions, in the character of an eloping couple, were to ride together. They changed horses twice more that night before daring to stop, and then, shy of staying at an inn, they slept in an open shed till early dawn, when they started once more, and finally gave up the horses, paying pretty high for their return. Now the travellers took up the new character of pilgrims, peasants going to a local shrine of some celebrity; the woman disappeared and a sturdy boy replaced her. Sancho was getting stronger, and was able to laugh at his fancies during his hunger-fever in the tomb, and his appetite was getting into its normal state. Notwithstanding his common sense, he kept harping, however, upon "the city of Mexico" and his possible fortune till Pedro good-naturedly turned his fancy to account by suggesting that the New World might afford him a good field, quite irrespective of improbable parchments and such theatrical "*tableaux*."

"But," said Sancho, "where is the money to go with, and such other practical things? I have come away now without even a shirt to my back."

"I think," said his friend, "I have enough here to set you up for the present. I had a sum easily accessible at all times, because I had long foreseen some such hurried emergency as this; and if

you don't mind accepting a loan by way of realizing your future fortune, you are welcome to what I have."

Sancho was silent for a few minutes, then burst into fervent thanks, and the matter was looked upon as settled, if they could find a ship ready in a short time, which, to save the reader further anxiety, it is as well to say they did. Pedro and his companion then took the road to a small provincial town where the latter had relatives, and both settled there for a year or so under assumed names. After that the third member got a small local appointment, in consideration of which he swallowed his political scruples, took a wife, and settled down into a humdrum citizen, while Pedro left the country and travelled for some years, coming back to Burgos when tired of finding most of his Utopias hollow. Doña Mercedes was still living and vegetating on her house-rents in the same gaunt, bleak, but artistic old rooms, and she told him that she occasionally heard from her nephew in Mexico. He always asked after Pedro in his rare letters, which came, generally with a present of money, once a year on her feast-day. He spoke of a villa and large herds of cattle and many slaves. He had married a year after he went out, and said he was happy and well off, but he should not send his sons to be reared in Spain; he meant them to be Mexicans. Pedro smiled as he thought how lucky the advice had been which he had given to his friend. "Then," added the old lady, "he sent word that he had a sum in a Paris bank set aside for you for a debt he owed you; I have the banker's address all safe." Pedro then gave Doña Mercedes the details of the escape, of which till now she had been completely ignorant; indeed, for a time she had thought that the authorities must have imprisoned and made away with Sancho, and many a Mass had she had said for the repose of his soul before she got his first letter from Mexico.

Years went by. The Mexican War of Independence took place, and Alvarado, joining in with his new against his old country, soon got into a prominent position. One day his troops, flushed with victory and wine, pursued a Spanish official from street to street; he was well known and very unpopular, and Sancho feared that, if unrestrained, they would certainly kill him. He was unable to stop the pursuit—discipline was almost unknown—and he thought his best chance lay in heading the hunt. The man took refuge at last in a rambling building stuccoed in white and pretentiously aping European grandeur. It stood in the older portion of the city, and had a courtyard and carriage gateway; but the place was deserted, the plaster was falling off

in large flakes, and the rooms looked vast and ghostly. The hunted wretch fled up the first stairs, Sancho Alvarado keeping his men back under pretence of searching every nook on the ground-floor; and when they could not be kept back any longer, he led them up the first flight, shouting with all his might to let the enemy know his bearings. The second story was the last, and the rooms were large and bare, very destitute of hiding-places. Sancho could not help noticing the decaying furniture left in many: huge wide bedsteads with tall, thin posts, inlaid tables spoiled by the damp; the ceiling in one room was all of stucco laid in painted scales overlapping each other; another immense room was painted pale pink. A stifled cry told him that the hunted man was not far. This last suite of apartments seemed to have no back outlet, and, in fact, ended in a smaller chamber overlooking the lake, but at a dangerous height for a leap. A door in the wall led into a projecting but enclosed balcony, which was more like an overhanging closet, and into this Alvarado felt sure the victim had gone. The door was sculptured in stone, and bore marks that seemed familiar to him; it was partly like a Renaissance cabinet-door enlarged, but some of the carvings were native Mexican. It flashed upon him that they were like some on the tomb in Burgos cathedral, and then he remembered the words of his ancestor: ". . . A chest in a house by the water."

His soldiers were close on his heels; they came trooping and clamoring into the room. He felt his honor would be lost if they touched the unlucky man.

"Now you have gone through the house," he said quickly and sternly, "and satisfied yourselves. There are outlets enough for him to have crept through to the roof of adjacent buildings. At any rate, you have lost time enough—time that belongs to your country, not to hunting for a poor wretch in dread of his life. I can show you better plunder even than this decayed house. March back in order, or I shall know how to have you punished."

They looked sullen but disconcerted; some were rebellious and wanted to argue, but the majority shrugged their shoulders and turned towards the door, falling into ranks. Alvarado marched them out and banged the door behind him, closely watching and occasionally threatening his men. He was not able to go back to see what happened to the Spaniard, and, indeed, did not know for several days. By the fourth night a messenger came to him with a bulky packet, which he delivered very mysteriously, saying nothing as to his employer's name. Sancho,

on opening it, found a letter from the man whose life he had saved:

"I cannot thank you enough: I owe you my life and safety." This was the substance of the letter. "I leave the country as soon as I can. I have neither wife nor child, and am counted rich. Allow me to show my gratitude in the only way left me: half my possessions are henceforward yours. The accompanying papers will give you the details. Much of my money is invested in Europe, as I foresaw lawless times here. My town and country houses, if not already destroyed, I should like you to occupy. But for you I should not be alive. I stayed three hours in mortal dread in that closet in the *cul-de-sac* chamber; what I suffered no one knows. I wish it were safe for me to thank you in person."

With much Spanish politeness this summary was elegantly woven into a long, grave, and formal letter, while the enclosed business papers, representing a fortune by comparison immense, made a thick pile. Alvarado took possession of the real estate, which was not yet much injured—his luck never deserted him in anything, said his half-envious friends—and wrote to Pedro, drudging away at his profession in Burgos:

"You see the Conquistador was right, though it took a long time to realize his prophecy. The old fellow might have told me the date, if he had been considerate. I repeat my old wish: why don't you come and settle here? There is land thirsting to be used and developed, and meanwhile you might help me to manage my new legacies."

"You forget," answered Pedro, "that prophecies should be literal, and you see the *parchment* was all nonsense. Your own brain coined the prophecy, and a queer coincidence—if you can call it such—happened as to a few details. About coming over, you have nearly persuaded me; you may see me some day. Things here do not seem likely to improve."

It was afterwards discovered that the old house through which the Spaniard had been chased had once belonged to the Mexican Alvarados, who, however, had left the city, impoverished, and settled obscurely in a provincial town. Only two orphan girls and their two old widowed aunts remained of this branch, as far as Sancho could make out, whereupon he sought out the children, betrothed one to his eldest son, and portioned the other out of the Spaniard's wealth. Pedro, still a bachelor, came out in due time, and before long married very happily.

"YOUNG IRELAND" AND THE IRELAND OF TO-DAY.*

THE party of "Young Ireland" seems as remote from these days and interests as the Guelphs and the Ghibellines of Dante's time or "the Beggars" of Alva's. It strikes with a sense of strangeness to find one of the leaders and chief organizers of that ardent circle of bright and heroic spirits moving in among us to-day, weighted with years and with honors, to tell us the story of the rise of a party that, though it ended in swift and overwhelming disaster, did much to fill the Irish people with ideas and with a spirit of independence. It is impossible to read Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's history of the movement in which he played so prominent a part, without acknowledging that the Young Ireland party were striking for right principles in a perfectly legitimate and constitutional manner. It would hardly be too much to say that there was no constitution for Ireland in those days. The English constitution itself has undergone many and important changes since the period of which the author writes, and the work of reform still continues.

To readers who have read anything at all of Irish history the Young Ireland party is an old and familiar subject. Most of the men who figured as its chieftains found refuge in this country after their exclusion from their own, and many of them told us the story in various forms. There seemed nothing new to tell about it, and men were inclined to shrug their shoulders on learning that the one man yet to be heard from, the founder of the Dublin *Nation*, was coming back from the scene of his labors and his triumphs to take up a more than twice-told tale.

He has succeeded in making it new. At least it was never before told so fully and circumstantially. The author held in his hands many a thread needed to knit the story together and give the clear connection with other events. He was the centre of the party, which may be likened to the favorite yet rather absurd device of several European powers: a double-headed eagle, of which Duffy and Davis formed the two heads. Duffy was to a great degree the guiding, while Davis may rightly claim to be

* *Young Ireland: A Fragment of Irish History.* 1840–1850. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. London: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

the inspiring, spirit of a movement that had for its object the independence of their country and people.

To use this word independence in connection with Ireland and the Irish people calls up in most persons either a smile of contempt or a sad shake of the head, as at an heretical or a hopeless idea. Why should this be? What is meant by the independence of a people? Put in brief, it means this: the right to manage their own affairs; to look after their own moneys, their own interests and industries, their own educational, religious, and national development; to raise their own taxes, elect their own officials, and frame their own laws. If it be wrong, if it be a crime, if it be a hopeless dream for the Irish people to aspire to such measure of self-government, the same must be true of any other nation or people that ever struck for liberty. Why draw the line at Ireland? England was very instrumental recently in creating new and independent principalities out of the Danubian provinces that were rotting away under the power of the Turk. She helped Greece to achieve independence. She aided Portugal. She intrigued and worked to assist in the formation of the kingdom of Italy. England is plainly and professedly not averse to the independence and autonomy of homogeneous peoples. The one exception is Ireland. There she draws the line on the alleged ground of the disruption of the British Empire. But Austria, in whose policy, at least as regards foreign affairs, Mr. Gladstone about a year ago defied the world to lay its finger on a single spot and say it was sound, has shown how to reconcile the independence of her subject peoples with steadfast union and unfaltering loyalty to the empire. Germany shows the same. This American Republic is a conspicuous example of the union of independent States under one government. For that matter England itself is an equally conspicuous example of the happy results of such an arrangement in the Dominion government and the Australian colonies, where the people have their own parliaments and complete power to manage their own affairs. That is independence. It is for that the Irish people are struggling; and surely to engage in such a struggle is no crime. Not only is it not a crime, but, as will be seen, it has become an absolute necessity to a people whose masses, under existing legislation and circumstances, are constantly threatened with famine and the circle of their lives bounded by despair.

The history of the Young Ireland party can never be more than the history of a picturesque episode. It is overshadowed on the one side by the mighty figure of O'Connell, while on the

other its own undignified collapse and complete failure to achieve what it attempted will always cling to the movement and lessen its character. A revolution that begins mightily only to go out in a fizzle must bear the penalty of failure.

O'Connell had taught the Irish people to lisp the name of liberty. He stood up a man among his people and before the world. That from first almost to the last was his attitude. He faced the British government, all its armies, navies, power, laws, policy, wrong, and claimed his place in this world, and in his own land, as a man. The rights due to man, properly constituted, well ordered, set by Providence in this world for a term of being, he insisted upon, and all the rights. The British government stood aghast at his audacity. No heresy ever broached was so outrageous to human ears as the demand of this Irishman to enjoy natural rights. He was bold enough for anything—bold enough even to attempt to enter the sacred precincts of the British Parliament as the representative of an Irish constituency. The thought was shocking. Why, the man was a Catholic, and how was a Catholic to be admitted to the British Parliament—the Parliament that pointed with pride to the Great Charter of Langton and the Barons?

It will be seen how far Englishmen and Irishmen have travelled in the way of parliamentary reform and in recognition of natural rights since 1829. But there is a long journey, and an arduous one, before them yet ere the British government comes to the full recognition of what is due to humanity, especially under the changing condition of things. It is this fact that lends its chief value to Duffy's work. It is instructive to trace up the steps of the struggle of forty years ago, for that was little more than the beginning of the struggle that is convulsing Ireland and England to-day.

The lispings that O'Connell taught the people grew to be very clear utterances in the generation that grew up around him. Had there been no O'Connell there would hardly have been a Young Ireland party. They were really his children, though he afterwards disowned them, and though they threw off allegiance to him. With the quarrel that led to the estrangement between them men nowadays have little concern. They are more concerned with the circumstances that made O'Connell what he was and led to the formation of a Young Ireland party, and for this reason: notwithstanding what O'Connell accomplished and what Young Ireland aimed at accomplishing, many of the conditions of existence against which both struggled continue even to our own

days. It is against these Ireland is struggling now with a tenacity of purpose and a united organization that it probably never exhibited or knew before.

Duffy considers that if Englishmen fairly studied the period embraced in his narrative it would help them to understand a problem which perplexes them. The problem is this: "Why Irishmen not deficient in public spirit or probity were eager to break away from the Union and from all connection with England?" That problem exists to-day in as vexed a form as it presented half a century ago. Stated in other words, it is: What is the cause of the steady discontent of Irishmen with English rule?

And here it is as well to deal with the current and contrary objections. It is asked: Why is Scotland, why is Wales, why are the colonies content with English rule? The answer, to a mind not blinded by prejudice, suggests itself at once. As for the colonies, they already enjoy what Ireland is striving after—home-rule, which is only another term for the complete management of their own affairs. From this is excepted India; but India is not a colony. It is a vast empire of subject and diverse races, not homogeneous, which it is necessary either to let go altogether or hold fast by military rule. But the English-speaking colonies, peopled by the blood of Great Britain and Ireland, are wholly free. England is averse to learning lessons in government, but when she must she learns them thoroughly and applies them.

What England, in its war against the founders of our republic, fought strenuously to maintain it of its own will granted to other great and distant colonies. It was a wise act, and its wisdom is shown in the loyalty and peace of those colonies. They do not wish to separate from the home government, for the simple reason that they do not feel it a drag on them and a curb in their mouths. They are content because they are masters over their local interests and affairs. Australia and Canada are not ruled by a Parliament sitting in London, which has confessedly more than it can well manage in the way of looking after its own special interests.

As for Scotland and Wales, apart from the fact that they are geographically connected with an overwhelming power to which they have quite succumbed, the conditions of their political and social existence were made such as finally to win them cheerfully over to English ascendency. They became one in religion, one in interest, one in political life. The English law for them be-

came practically and really Welsh or Scotch. They were given what they wanted, and, having got what they wanted, rested satisfied. Why is it otherwise in Ireland?

Sir Charles Duffy's book will help to explain why to those who cannot give a reason for themselves. Catholic Emancipation was won in 1829 after a struggle that was equivalent to a revolution. Previous to that the Catholic people of Ireland had practically few or no rights that the British government and the ascendant Protestant class in Ireland were bound or cared to respect. At the most they were such rights as were hardly worth the having. Is it difficult to understand why, under such circumstances, "Irishmen not deficient in public spirit or probity were eager to break away from the Union and from all connection with England"? They would not be worthy of the name of men did they not desire "the disruption of the empire," as the phrase goes—an empire that held them in bondage and denied them almost every natural and civil right.

This is not the language of exaggeration or imagination. It is the hardest fact, and so well known that it is needless to corroborate the statement by any testimony. The English statutes furnish all the testimony requisite: the English laws against the Irish Catholics, and not only against the Irish Catholics but concerning Irish trade and Irish commerce. On this latter point Mr. Froude is very instructive and within easy reach. No man has better told the story of the wilful destruction of the flourishing trade and commerce of Ireland by the English Parliament in obedience to the demands of English traders and manufacturers. It was this destruction of promising and profitable native industries that drove the great mass of the Irish people to look to the land for subsistence, subject at the same time to the harshest laws in behalf of the landlord as against the tenant. If people can see any special reason why the Irish should feel particularly loyal and patriotic towards England for graciously conceding to them such a mode of existence, they must think very meanly of human nature.

The whole story is easily summed up. What concessions have been made, what improvement has taken place in the condition of the Irish people from the granting of Catholic Emancipation down to to-day, a period of half a century? In half a century, which covers the life of two generations, a great deal may be effected by a great and wise government in the way of amelioration of bad laws or trying conditions of life under which large sections of its people suffer. Sir Charles Duffy's fourth chapter

is devoted to a very comprehensive "Bird's-eye View of Irish History" from its earliest stages down to the period which he depicts. What was the object of Catholic Emancipation? What the Catholics asked, as Duffy says, "was to be admitted to their just share, or at any rate to some share, of the government of their native country, from which they had been excluded for five generations." Did Catholic Emancipation give them this? Not at all. "On the passing of the Emancipation Act a single Catholic was not admitted to any office of authority, great or small. The door was opened, indeed, but not a soul was permitted to pass in." Such is the manner in which English justice is doled out to Ireland.

Though Catholic Emancipation was won in name, the spirit in which it was conceded may be judged by the immediate action of the British government:

> "The Catholic Association, which had won the victory, was rewarded for its public spirit by being dissolved by act of Parliament. Its leader, who had been elected to the House of Commons, had his election declared void by a phrase imported into the Emancipation Act for this very purpose. The forty-shilling free-holders, whose courage and magnanimity had made the cause irresistible, were immediately deprived of the franchise. By means of a high qualification and an ingeniously complicated system of registry, the electors in twelve counties were reduced from upwards of a hundred thousand to less than ten thousand."

Such was, and to a great extent still is, English statesmanship with regard to Ireland; yet well-meaning Englishmen are, and will long continue to be, astonished that Irishmen of probity and public spirit are anxious to break away from England and from all connection with the Union.

Twelve years later the Dublin *Nation* was projected. "In the interval a few Catholics were elected to Parliament, two Catholic lawyers were raised to the bench by the Melbourne government, and smaller appointments distributed among a few laymen, each appointment being followed by a groan from the Tory press, as if the Emancipation Act were an instrument intended only for show." We have now reached 1840, and it will be seen what share the Catholics of Ireland—that is to say, the great bulk of the Irish people—had in the control of themselves and their own affairs. And what were their own affairs? It is necessary to ascertain, because the conditions of existence are practically the same in 1881 as they were in 1840, which fact, duly weighed, throws a strong light on the agitation prevailing in Ireland today, its cause and its justification.

"The whole population were dependent on agriculture. There were minerals, but none found in what miners call 'paying quantities.' There was no manufacture except linen and the remnant of a woollen trade, slowly dying out before the pitiless competition of Yorkshire. What the island chiefly produced was food, which was exported to richer countries to enable the cultivator to pay an inordinate rent. Foreign travellers saw with amazement an island possessing all the natural conditions of a great commerce as bare of commerce as if it lay in some byway of the world which enterprise had not reached. . . . There was no foreign trade. . . . Decay was nearly universal. The provincial towns in general had an unprosperous or bankrupt look. There was scarcely a county which could not show some public work begun before the Union and now a ruin."

That was a spectacle calculated to warm the heart of an Irishman in gratitude towards the governing country. Not all were poor, however. One class at least reaped a rich harvest from the everlasting and hopeless toil of these serfs—for such they were:

"The conditions of the two classes who lived by agriculture furnished a singular contrast. The great proprietors were two or three hundred—the heirs of the undertakers, for the most part, and absentees; the mass of the country was owned by a couple of thousand others, who lived in splendor, and even profusion; and for these the peasant ploughed, sowed, tended, and reaped a harvest which he never shared. Rent, in other countries, means the surplus after the farmer has been liberally paid for his skill and labor; in Ireland it meant the whole produce of the soil except a potato-pit. If the farmer strove for more, his master knew how to bring him to speedy submission. He could carry away his implements of trade by the law of distress, or rob him of his sole pursuit in life by the law of eviction. He could, and habitually did, seize the stools and pots in his miserable cabin, the blanket that sheltered his children, the cow that gave them nourishment."

This was in 1840. Were the conditions so very different in 1880? There are unprejudiced witnesses in abundance—men like the Rev. George H. Hepworth, like Mr. James Redpath, like the correspondents of American and even English journals—to bear testimony that, for the great mass of tenants in Ireland, life, its opportunities, chances, hopes, is the same to-day as it was forty years ago. Time has brought little or no improvement; and improved legislation is a fiction rather than a fact. But the landlords have gone on prospering by the same methods pursued forty years ago:

"There were just and humane landlords, men who performed the duties which their position imposed and did not exaggerate its rights; but they were a small minority. The mild Berkeley, in his day, spoke of certain Irish proprietors as 'vultures with iron bowels'; and landlords of this type were still plentiful. There was nowhere in Europe a propertied class who

did so little for the people and took so much from them. The productive power of an estate was often doubled and quadrupled by the industry of the farmers; and its rental rose accordingly. In later times rents shot up with war prices, with protection, with the system of conacre (under which small patches were let at an exorbitant rate to laborers to grow potatoes), but when any of these stimulants was withdrawn they did not come down. Rents impossible to be paid were kept on the books of an estate, and arrears duly recorded to hold the tenant in perpetual subjection. For, in addition to his labor, the landlord required his vote and various menial services. The Lady Bountiful of the parish—for women are more unfeeling and inconsiderate in their exactions than men—often required the children to be sent to a proselytizing school, on pain of immediate ejectment. O'Connell frequently demanded how they would like to have it made compulsory on them to send their children to be educated at Maynooth on pain of forfeiting their estates, but they regarded the absurd comparison with proper contempt. The food of the peasant was potatoes, with a little milk or salt; flesh-meat he rarely tasted, except when he went as a harvest laborer to England 'to earn the rent.' The country was famous for the production of butter, and the growth of beef and mutton, and especially of pork; but butter, beef, mutton, or pork was nearly as unknown as an article of diet among the peasantry as among the Hindoos. Famines were frequent, and every other year destitution killed a crowd of peasants."

These extracts are taken at length, because in the main they tell the story of to-day. It is not true of to-day that "sometimes the tortured serfs rose in nocturnal jacquerie against the system, and then a cry of 'rebellion,' was raised, and England was assured that these intractable barbarians were again (as the indictment always charged) 'levying war against the King's majesty.'" How many a man has re-echoed Lord Melbourne's sentiment concerning one victim of such an agrarian murder! "If one-half of what is told me of him be true," he wrote—he was then Chief Secretary for Ireland—"and it comes from many different quarters, if he had forty thousand lives there would have been no wonder if they had all been taken."

As for the proverbial thriftlessness and ignorance of the Irish peasant, on which so many who have never inquired into the matter are fond of dilating, where were the enlightenment and thrift to come in? A man needs something to make him thrifty; he needs to be taught to dispel his ignorance. The grandfather of the Irish peasant was "a papist who was liable to be transported if he learned the multiplication-table; his father was not permitted to possess landed property, arms, or the franchise; and in his own day (1840–50) there were no public schools at which his religion and his race were not bywords of scorn."

For Protestant children of the middle class in Ireland there

were endowed schools, where they received an education almost free. There was also the university. For the Catholic children, save the very few who were in a position to be sent abroad, there was nothing but enforced ignorance and idleness. "Up to 1832 the children of the industrious classes were taught in hedge-schools." The peasant, by his tithes, bore the whole burden of the Established Church. We will be told that the Established Church has been swept away and is now a matter of ancient history. When was it swept away? In 1869. With the passing of Catholic Emancipation came the beginning of the change. The Irish are a singularly elastic and adaptive people. They are quick to improve their opportunities. When the *Nation* newspaper was founded the spirit of serfdom had been already broken:

"Among the middle-class Catholics a great change had taken place. A generation had reached manhood who knew the penal laws only by tradition. Their fathers had grown rich in trade or the professions, had purchased land, and shared the excitement of a great political contest, and the sons, educated for the most part in English or foreign colleges, or in the Dublin University, laughed at the pretensions of Protestant ascendency. This was the class destined to form the bulk of the party afterwards known as Young Ireland."

Yes, and a party that was not to end with the Young Ireland of the author, which is but a wavelet of a mighty stream, but of the Young Ireland of all future generations. How England had provided for the education of the people whom it taxes with ignorance may be seen from the fact that the penal laws left nearly four millions of them not knowing how to read or write, and nearly a million and a half who could read but not write:

"There was a state church and there were state schools, but in two-thirds of the parishes there were no congregations, no school-house, and no service. There were rectors enjoying pleasant incomes, and bishops making colossal fortunes. By a return laid before Parliament it appeared that eleven bishops in less than fifty years had contrived to bequeath to their families an average of a hundred and sixty thousand pounds apiece. . . . Where diocesan schools existed, the teaching proffered to Catholic children was strictly Protestant teaching, with the unconcealed purpose of proselytism."

The condition of such a country, and the habit of mind of such a people, may be imagined. As the author well says:

"The island to which, in later times, its national parliament had brought back trade, commerce, and prosperity, was sickening under a burden of paupers without hope of employment, because trade and commerce had

disappeared. Is it surprising that it led many men to the conclusion that the connection between Ireland and the dominant country must be put on another footing or must be brought to an end? On less provocation the sober colonists of North America broke away from the empire, and the grave Belgian *bourgeoisie* broke away from their legislative union. On less provocation, indeed, the phlegmatic Hollanders opened their dikes and let in the sea."

Readers who may be in doubt as to the reason for the existence of the Land League, of which we hear so much in Ireland just now, will possibly find some of their doubt dispelled by considering the meaning of the extracts quoted. As already said, they apply with almost equal force to the present situation in Ireland, so far as the social condition of the great mass of the Irish people goes. Some improvements, of course, have taken place in the interval of forty years. But to what do they amount? The Irish Church has been disestablished. That is undoubtedly a great grievance gone. And now what else has been done? Education has advanced, it is true, though the Catholics still wait in vain for the privileges accorded by the government to their Protestant fellow-countrymen. So that in this important respect they have themselves rather than the government to thank for the improvement. The political franchise in Ireland is not at all on an equal footing with the franchise in England and Scotland. The unfortunate country has been scourged by two awful famines: the one of 1846–7, and the other, which was only a degree less terrible, in 1879–80. But is the British government answerable for these "visitations of Providence," as it is the custom mellifluously to call them?

Famine, under such circumstances, is no visitation of Providence. It is directly traceable to the hand of man. It is as though one held out to a prisoner a certain measure of food, just sufficient to maintain the miserable life in him. By some accident the prisoner fails one day to get his portion, and dies of starvation in consequence. Can such a death be called a visitation of Providence? This is just the case of the great mass of the Irish agricultural class. The system under which they hold their plots of land, under which they give the toil and the sweat of all their lives, is such as to preclude almost any possibility of improving their condition; of saving, of laying up something that would enable them to face without fear any such visitation of Providence. At the same time the destruction of their commerce and native industries by the English government has of necessity compelled them to look to the land for a living. It is

said that the land is too poor to yield them a living; yet somehow or other it manages to yield a rich revenue to the landlords. There is certainly money in it. Take the single instance of the eleven bishops of the Established Church in Ireland. Where did they procure the handsome average of a hundred and sixty thousand pounds apiece which, according to the Parliamentary returns, they were enabled to bequeath to their families within a period covering less than fifty years? To accumulate a fortune of £160,000 in fifty years would be considered a very fair showing in any business in any land. If the bishops of the Establishment found Ireland so profitable a place to live in, what is to be said of the great landholders, among one hundred and twenty-one of whom nearly four million acres, the best soil in the country, is divided up? They certainly did not fall behind the bishops. This money was not rained out of heaven even on the devout heads of the bishops. It was raked out of the soil by the starving peasants. Their lives were given to enable the bishops and the others to leave a handsome competency to their families. It is not a question of absence of money. It is a question of distribution. The distribution is altogether, or nearly altogether, on one side. At all events it is so unequal, and made so unequal by law, as to leave the chances of life to the great mass of those living on the soil of the scantiest and most uncertain kind. It is to alter this condition of things that the Land League is now striving, and it is hard to see how so very natural an effort can be called revolution and an attempt to disrupt the British Empire. If the British Empire means starvation and a semi-state of slavery to the Irish, then disruption of the empire would be about the best possible circumstance that could occur for them. Let us not be influenced by words, but look in the face facts that concern the lives and destiny of a people. If the necessary improvements are to be wrought only by revolution and disruption, then these are the only remedy. Human lives are of more account than even the legislative structure of the British Empire —a structure that is by no means perfect, and that is constantly being tinkered at and adapted to meet new circumstances and requirements. It is for England to say whether it shall be revolution or reformation.

That the Irish people have some reason for their demands and some just grounds of complaint is conceded by the highest authority in the British Empire. In the speech from the throne at the opening of Parliament, January 5, 1881, occurs the following significant passage regarding Ireland:

"The anticipation with which I last addressed you of a great diminution of the distress in Ireland, owing to an abundant harvest, was realized; but I grieve to state that the social condition of the country has assumed an alarming character. Agrarian crimes in general have multiplied far beyond the experience of recent years. Attempts upon life have not grown in the same proportion as other offences; but I must add that efforts have been made for personal protection, far beyond all former precedent, by the police, under the direction of the executive. I have to notice other evils yet more widely spread; the administration of justice has been frustrated, with respect to these offences, through the impossibility of procuring evidence, and an extended system of terror has thus been established in various parts of the country which has paralyzed almost alike the exercise of private rights and the performance of civil duties.

"In a state of things new in some important respects, and hence with little of available guidance from former precedent, I have deemed it right steadily to put in use the ordinary powers of the law before making any new demand. But a demonstration of their insufficiency, amply supplied by the present circumstances of the country, leads me now to apprise you that proposals will be immediately submitted to you for entrusting me with additional powers, necessary in my judgment not only for the vindication of order and public law, but likewise to secure, on behalf of my subjects, protection for life and property, and personal liberty of action.

"Subject to the primary and imperious obligations to which I have just referred, I continue to desire not less than heretofore to prosecute the removal of grievance and the work of legislative improvement in Ireland as well as in Great Britain.

"The Irish Land Act of 1870 has been productive of great benefits, and has much contributed to the security and well-being of the occupiers of the soil, without diminishing the value or disturbing the foundations of property. In some respects, however, and more particularly under the strain of recent and calamitous years, the protection which it supplied has not been found sufficient, either in Ulster or in the other provinces.

"I recommend you to undertake the further development of its principles in a manner conformable to the special wants of Ireland, both as regards the relation of landlord and tenant, and with a view to effective efforts for giving to a larger portion of the people by purchase a permanent proprietary interest in the soil. This legislation will require the removal, for the purposes in view, of all obstacles arising out of limitations on the ownership of property, with a due provision for the security of the interests involved.

"A measure will be submitted to you for the establishment of county government in Ireland, founded upon representative principles, and framed with the double aim of confirming popular control over expenditure, and of supplying a yet more serious want by extending the formation of habits of local self-government."

Such a speech was never before delivered from the British throne with reference to Irish affairs. It is worded with extreme caution, but its meaning is unmistakably clear. Practically it concedes all the Irish demands as now advanced by the leaders of

the people. Granting all it says about agrarian crimes and the necessity of putting a stop to them, in the same breath it gives a reason and excuse for them. It promises the prosecution of "the removal of grievance and the work of legislative improvement in Ireland." What does that say but that there are long-standing grievances to be removed and legislation to be reformed? If there were no grievances, such as the crown here acknowledges to exist, and nothing to reform, there would probably be no agitation and no interference on the part of the people with the administration of what is called justice. The attitude of the Irish people is surely not against justice, but against the injustice which the royal speech implicitly acknowledges to exist. The speech states that "the Irish Land Act of 1870 has been productive of great benefits" to the Irish people. And what was the Land Act of 1870? It was the first attempt, or rather the beginning of an attempt, to curb within reasonable and just limits the arbitrary power of the Irish landlord over his tenants, and to protect the rights of those tenants against his rapacity. That was its essence and purpose. The royal speech confesses that it did not extend far enough in the right direction. "The protection which it supplied" has nowhere been "found sufficient." The queen, therefore, recommends "the further development of its principles in a manner conformable to the special wants of Ireland." All the world knows what those special wants are. They are not wants of to-day or yesterday, but of all time, present, past, and future, and up to 1870 they were persistently refused recognition by the British government. The act of 1870 is to be developed so as adequately and justly to regulate "the relation of landlord and tenant"—a confession that that relation is not equitable—"and with a view to effective efforts for giving to a larger portion of the people by purchase a permanent proprietary interest in the soil." What does this mean but a redistribution of the land, so as to relieve the tenants and help to make them their own masters, as they are in France and Belgium and in other countries? The total number of acres in Ireland is 20,322,641. Of these 3,709,161 acres, comprising the richest portions, are owned by 121 persons, the majority of whom are habitual absentees, and simply use the land to enable them to live in luxury abroad. That is an average of 30,654 acres to each of these persons. The remaining 16,613,480 acres are divided among 5,411,416 persons, being an average of three acres per head. There is the Irish land question in a nutshell.

So much for the land side. With respect to other matters hard-

ly, if at all, less important, the speech promises a measure for "the establishment of county government in Ireland, founded upon representative principles," etc. Well, that, if it means anything at all, means the concession in large measure to the Irish people of a control over their own moneys and care for their own affairs. In other words, it is home-rule, or something more than the germs of home-rule. And here again the concession is a confession of a long-standing wrong and injustice to the people of Ireland.

Into the strife of Irish politics now going on at Westminster it is unnecessary to enter. The task, indeed, would be a hopeless one to attempt in an article of this kind. All that is needed for a clear, common-sense view of the main questions in debate, not of the views of this person or of that, is already, it is hoped, here given. The queen's speech concedes the justice of the Irish demands and promises immediate reform. All outside of that is party politics, where mistakes may easily enter on both sides. Some individuals may demand too much or demand right in a wrong way. Some may be possessed by the wildest and vaguest dreams. But what the people want is unmistakably clear. They want a fair return for the labor of their lives, a fair chance of living in reasonable comfort and hope, and of bringing up their families with a view to improvement in their position. That they do not possess and cannot hope for under existing conditions. These conditions the speech from the throne promises to alter and adjust with a view to fairness on both sides. Furthermore, the vice of governing Ireland from Westminster is struck at. This has been a long curse not only to the Irish people but to the British government. As soon as Irishmen find themselves at home in their own land, masters of their own property, controlling their own local affairs, they will have nothing left to grieve about. Their substance will not be given to the support of absentee lords. That is independence, and, instead of disrupting the British Empire, will prove to be its strongest bulwark.

It will be seen that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's work has been here used rather to illustrate present events than to enter into an examination of what is past and gone. The present in Ireland is too vivid and real to allow one to wander into bypaths even in such delightful company as that of the author. But when the calm of good sense and mutual good will and effort shall have settled down over the stormy scene that is now being enacted before the eyes of the world—and such a calm is destined to come to a noble and "much-tried" (the expression is a recent one of

Lord Salisbury's) land and people—men will go back gratefully to the author's story of one of the most stirring episodes of Irish history, told as no man yet of all the gifted band of his companions has been able to tell it. Then they will come to see and know more nearly and dearly than they ever knew before the *Nation's* staff that moved and thrilled the pulses of that larger nation of their countrymen, for whom alone they lived and wrote and were willing, every man of them, to offer up their lives. They worked, and played, and fought, like the brilliant young enthusiasts that they were, for the noblest cause, under heaven, that can occupy the life of man—the liberation of their country and the freedom of their people. The pens of such men are made of the same steel as the sword of Scanderbeg or of Washington. They did not accomplish all they dreamed of accomplishing, and yet they did much more than they are yet credited with. Differing with O'Connell in minor matters that we of to-day can look at calmly and easily understand, they really took up his work and labored at it with the most ardent devotion and with great practical if not immediate results. With the glow and ardor of youth they caught the inspiration of his fine free spirit of noble manhood. His was the mighty voice; theirs the instrument. Sir Charles Duffy might not be willing to concede this; but it is true nevertheless. They may have added turns and expressions of their own, and they did. They gave a new form to the mighty outpouring of the soul of the great Irishman, but the grand old music was under it all—the inspired breath of freedom that this man gave, not to Ireland alone, but to the world. They sang it in impassioned strains whose echoes penetrated the soul of a Macaulay, startled the sleeping conscience of British ministers, and fell like dew from heaven on the parched heart of every famished peasant in their own land. The song went on from generation to generation until it crystallized into the hard, practical resistance and heroic attitude of the Irish people that we see to-day, that calls for words of wise guidance from the Pope and promise of long-deferred amendment and good cheer from the head of the British government; that has at last aroused the active sympathy of all lands. As said already, if there had been no O'Connell there would have been no "Young Ireland"; and if there had been no "Young Ireland" there would hardly have been an Ireland of to-day; for, as Sir Charles Duffy truly says, "To-day is the child and heir of yesterday."

IN A GRAVEYARD.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

"HERE rests in God." 'Tis all we read ;
The mould'ring stone reveals no more.
"In God." Of other words what need?
These span the broad, eternal shore.

O'erladen with its starry blooms,
A jasmine bush conceals the mound,
Neglected in the place of tombs,
With spicy, golden sweetness crowned.

And deep within its leafy breast
Some tuneful bird has sought a home,
The tiny brood within the nest
Fearless and free to go and come.

A holy quietude is here,
Save where the happy birdling's song
Breaks through the stillness, pure and clear,
And echoes the dark firs among.

Sleep on, sleep on, thou pulseless heart,
Where jasmine stars drop golden rain,
From every troubled thought apart,
Forgotten every earthly pain.

Sleep on ; thy long repose is sweet,
Tender and cool the grassy sod.
O trav'ler! stay thy hurrying feet ;
Step softly here—"he rests in God."

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

"Come to the Dance of Death, all ye whose fate
By birth is mortal, be ye great or small;
And willing come, nor loitering, nor late,
Else force shall bring you struggling to my thrall:
For since yon friar hath uttered loud his call
To penitence and godliness sincere,
He that delays must hope no waiting here;
For still the cry is, Haste! and, Haste to all!"

—*From the Spanish.*

THE Dance of Death, or Dance Macabre, as it is otherwise called, is a kind of ghostly masquerade often chosen as a subject for the poetry and dramatic performances of the middle ages, but more especially represented in sculptures and paintings, for the most part on the walls of cloisters where the dead were buried, forming a series of pictures in which Death leads off into one terrible round people of all ranks and conditions of life. In this dance figure popes and cardinals, emperors and kings, bishops and monks, knights, magistrates, and laborers; the old man stiff with age and the young man in the freshness of his years, stately matrons and slender maidens, beggars and fools, who, in spite of their reluctance and horror, are all borne around in one fatal whirl to the sound, as it were, of strange, unearthly music:

"The grim musician
Leads all men through the mazes of that dance,
To different sounds in different measures moving
Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes a drum,
To tempt or terrify."

In some of these paintings, however, Death dances alone with his pale tributary, and between them a terrible dialogue is carried on, which may be read in their gestures or in quaint rhymes beneath.

In many instances these paintings were executed after some great pestilence, to perpetuate the remembrance of the divine chastisement and strike a salutary terror in the minds of the people, as in the cemetery of the Pardon on the north side of old St. Paul's, London, where a Dance Macabre was "artificially and richly painted," after the plague of 1438, at the expense of Jenkin Carpenter, executor of the will of Whittington, thrice lord mayor of London. Thirty-three persons of different ranks were here

represented, each attended by a phantom, and Death led the long, sepulchral dance, shaking the sand impatiently from his hour-glass with one hand, and uplifting the fatal dart with the other. Beneath was a metrical explanation translated from the French by John Lydgate, a Benedictine monk of Edmundsbury.

There were a great number of these paintings in England, France, Germany, and other Christian countries, most of which are now destroyed. In England, for instance, there was one in the church at Stratford-on-Avon, now gone, but which was there in Shakspere's time, and doubtless suggested several passages in his plays. And there are the remains of one still on the rood-loft in the church of Hexham, in which are to be seen a pope, a cardinal, and a king. The oldest painting of the kind known was in the nunnery of Klingenthal, opposite Bâle on the Rhine, built in 1274 by Walter von Klingen, a follower of Rodolph of Hapsburg. This convent was closed in calamitous times and abandoned. When taken for a salt-manufactory in 1766 the paintings were discovered by a baker, who made drawings of them, which he presented to the library at Bâle, where they are still preserved. One bears the date of 1312. In another are two skeletons piping before an ossuary on which is a verse in old German: "God judgeth righteously. Here nobles lie side by side with peasants. Who now could tell which was master and which servant?"

It was this lesson of human equality that gave popularity to the Dance of Death, in which all ranks are confounded from the king to the beggar. Death is the universal leveller, "beating," as Horace says, "with equal foot at poor men's doors and at the gates of emperors," summoning them forth to the only true republic, making no distinction between riches and poverty, wisdom and ignorance, success and misfortune. There is an old initial letter still extant in which Death stands in an open grave, holding up on his spade two skulls, on one of which is a crown, and on the other a peasant's cap. On the spade is graven the word *Idem*—the same—to express the equality of the two conditions in the grave.

Kings, however, favored these representations as well as the people. The celebrated Dance Macabre at Paris was painted by order of Charles V., though not executed till three years after his death. Henry VIII. of England had one painted, some say by Holbein, in the palace of Whitehall, built by Cardinal Wolsey and destroyed by fire in 1697. And Louis XII. had one frescoed by the best artists of his day in a gallery of the castle of Blois,

composed of thirty parts, in which representatives of every grade of society receive from Death the admonition of the church on Ash Wednesday: *Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris.* He opens the dance with the pope, citing with cruel irony the old adage: *À tout seigneur tout honneur.* He maliciously begs the advocate to come and plead his own cause before the great Judge, and see if black will be made white, as he has made it for his clients. He mocks at the doctor and his drugs, the lover and his romance, and the knight sheathed in his armor. It is only a Carthusian monk whom he treats with consideration and politeness, as if accosting a debtor ready to pay. This Dance is now gone, but drawings of it were made for Talma, the celebrated tragedian, on account of the costumes. There is the merchant with his *escarcelle*, his robe to the ground; the bailiff with a yellow mantle; the sergeant with a mace and enormous sabre; the peasant with his hoe, etc., all in the dress of the fifteenth century.

The Dance of Death was to be found especially in the convents of the Dominican friars, as at Bâle, Berne, Strassburg, etc. Their order, devoted chiefly to preaching, availed itself of everything that lent weight to their discourses and illustrated their warnings as to the fragility of human life. In their church at Strassburg, now so sadly alienated, the series begins with the great preacher in the pulpit, among his audience a pope with broidered garments, a cardinal, a young bishop, a nun with folded hands, some old men asleep, and a young maiden with a serene, innocent expression and a graceful figure worthy of Raphael.

One of the most celebrated Dances of Death was that in the cloister of the Dominicans at Bâle, painted in commemoration of a plague, by order of the ecclesiastical council held there between 1431 and 1438, several members of which had fallen victims to its ravages. It was this council that elected Count Amedée VIII. of Savoy as pope under the name of Felix V.; but he resigned his claims two years after, in order to restore peace to the church, and retired to the solitude of Ripaille, on the shores of the lake of Geneva. In this Dance were the genuine portraits of several who were present at the council. The pope was Felix V.; the emperor, Sigismund; and the king, Albert II. There, too, was Æneas Sylvius, secretary of the council, afterwards Pope Pius II. This historical painting is now gone, but engravings of it are still to be seen full of interest.

The Dance of Death best known to us is that on the covered bridge of Lucerne, which no American traveller in Switzerland fails to cross, and it is celebrated by Longfellow in the "Golden

Legend." This bridge, three hundred and ten feet long, was built over the Reuss in 1404. It is sometimes called the Todesbrücke, or the Bridge of Death, from the paintings that adorn it. These are in the triangles formed by the timbers that support the roof, and a portion of them necessarily face each end, so whichever way you cross there is, if you look up, a long series of lugubrious scenes before you.

> "The Dance of Death!
> All that go to and fro must look upon it,
> Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath,
> Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river
> Rushes, impetuous as the river of life,
> With dimpling eddies, ever green and bright,
> Save where the shadow of this bridge falls on it."

These paintings, thirty-six in number, were executed by Kaspar Meglinger (1631–1637), and have beneath them stanzas corresponding to the subject. Death appears everywhere—at the table, holding a wineglass; behind a counter, calling on all to buy; with a comb in hand to array a lady for a ball; at the bar as an advocate—an advocate that invariably wins his cause; as the guide of a monk on his way to administer the sacraments to the dying. Here

> "He has stolen a jester's cap and bells,
> And dances with the queen";

and further on

> "The new-wedded wife,
> Coming from the church with her beloved lord,
> He startles with the rattle of his drum."

In one angle is a gay party driving in the country. The children are laughing and joking. Death, in the garb of a coachman, sits on the box, snapping his whip as if in a hurry to arrive. In another angle he sits on the crupper behind a cavalier who is flying from the battle-field for fear of being slain. Not far off is

> "Death playing on a dulcimer. Behind him
> A poor old woman with a rosary
> Follows the sound, and seems to wish her feet
> Were swifter to o'ertake him. Underneath
> The inscription reads: 'Better is Death than Life.'"

The contrast between this long picture-gallery of Death and the brilliant landscape around it, with its fair lake dimpling and laughing in the sun, encircled by beautiful mountains, Pilatus among them with his windy pines,

"Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,"

is exceedingly striking. You feel the force of Elsie's reflection:

"The grave itself is but a covered bridge
Leading from light to light through a brief darkness."

There is another Dance of Death at Lucerne which, though more ancient, is seldom visited. It was painted for the cloister of the Jesuits by Jacob de Wyl, who belonged to an old noble family of this region. After his death, in 1621, his widow married Kaspar Meglinger, a pupil of his, who painted the Dance on the bridge. Wyl's paintings are still preserved in the town library. They are in twenty-four groups, beginning with the expulsion from Paradise, and ending with an ossuary. Death is not represented as a skeleton, but as a fleshless, cadaverous being with eyes that burn in their sunken sockets.

In the chapel of the dead in the Augustinian convent at Vienna one of the friars, Ulric Mergerle, better known by his monastic name of Abraham à Sancta Clara (1642–1709), painted a Dance Macabre in which he variously represents Death as entering a window by means of a ladder, breaking to pieces the boxes and gallipots of an apothecary, playing chess with a lord, and as a hunter who has just brought down a stag. In one place a harlequin or jester is making grimaces at Death, which reminds us of more than one allusion in Shakspere to this attendant at the royal court of Death:

"Merely thou art Death's fool:
For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still." *

And again, in "Pericles, Prince of Tyre":

"Or tie my treasure up in silken bags
To please the fool and death."

The Dance at Vienna was engraved and published at Nuremberg in 1710. Abraham à Sancta Clara, the painter, was noted as a preacher of great originality, and seems, from the sermons that have come down to us, to have used language as bold and figures as startling as the illustrations in his Dance Macabre.

The most noted Dance of Death in Germany is that in the baptismal chapel of St. Mary's church at Lubeck—a fearful spectacle indeed for the new-born infant's eyes to open upon. It

* "Measure for Measure," act iii. scene 1.

consists of twenty-four persons of natural size, each one attended by a skeleton. Death leads the dance, playing on a flute,

> "And they cannot choose but follow
> Whither he leads."

With the exception of the empress and a young girl, it is exclusively a dance of men. To the merchant that figures in it Death says: "Remember the bankruptcy Adam once made. That left thee a debt I call on thee to pay. Pay me now what thou owest, that I may bear away my dues." The infant alone takes no part in the dance, but lies in its cradle, with Death close at hand, saying: "My first utterance was a cry."

The Todtentanz in the churchyard of Neustadt, near Dresden, is curious because executed in bas-reliefs. These were sculptured by the order of Duke George the Bearded. Having lost his wife and six children, he fell into a state of deep melancholy, and, causing these reliefs to be made, he placed them in his own house, but they were afterwards removed. They are divided into four series: one is devoted to ecclesiastics, two to laymen of different ranks, and the fourth to women. The Emperor Charles V., King Ferdinand I., and Duke George himself with a rosary in his hand, are represented in the dance, and before them is Death beating on a drum. But before the long line of churchmen, with the pope at their head, he is playing on a flute. The costumes in these reliefs are very curious. In the dance of women is an abbess in her mantle of ceremony, a lady of rank supposed to be Barbara, the wife of Duke George, a peasant with a burden on her back, etc., all of whom Death is preparing to cut down with his reaping-hook, reminding one of Longfellow's lines:

> "There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
> And with his sickle keen
> He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
> And the flowers that grow between."

There is another sculptured Dance of Death in the cloister at Rouen, known as the Aitre of St. Maclou, formerly used as a burial-place, which is about one hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred wide, and surrounded by an open gallery, covered and paved, where once stood two altars for the celebration of Mass for the dead. The centre is now planted with broad-spreading lime-trees, and used as a play-ground for the schools that

open into it, so that the ancient court of Death is in our day merry with the voices of children. Of the thirty-nine columns that once supported the gallery thirty-one remain, on each of which is carved a representative of some grade of society in the icy grasp of Death, but now considerably mutilated. The series begins with the fall of man. Adam and Eve are standing by the tree of knowledge, around which is twined the serpent, its upper part like unto the form of a woman, as Raphael has represented it. The figure of Eve, which is in good preservation, is remarkable for its grace and beauty of outline.

Adam and Eve, who by their transgression brought Death into the world and all our woe, rightfully begin the Dance of Death, and they are seldom omitted. Sometimes the tree of knowledge is curiously represented as branching out from the extended arms of Death, whose twisted limbs form the trunk. The serpent winding around his shoulders offers Eve the forbidden fruit, and Adam is stretching out his hand to show his part in the sin of disobedience.

The most perfect painting of the Dance Macabre in France is in the abbatial church of La Chaise Dieu in Auvergne. It is painted on the exterior wall of the choir, and the long array of ghastly figures looking down into one of the dampest, gloomiest of aisles, where stands a row of old stone coffins, seems like an apparition of spectres. Here are all grades of society, beginning, as usual, with a pope and an emperor, and they are all remarkable for expression. Death attends each person, and by his grasp links them all into one long chain. His contortions and malicious glee at the reluctance of his partners in the dance are ludicrous but terrible. He throws his head back so far with horrid laughter, as he clutches a shrinking old woman, that he almost topples over. He lays his hand on the cardinal's head with an ironical grin, and gives a joyful leap with one of his long, skinny legs. He stands behind a monk and seems to be mimicking the holy man's air of resignation. But he veils his face with a winding-sheet before the saintly nun, and with his hand before the innocent babe in its cradle.

These paintings of the Dance Macabre were probably a *mise en scène* of the popular sermons of the middle ages, in which Death was often made to address people of every condition. Such dramatic discourses were naturally embodied in rhymes and pictures for the people, and out of them grew dramas and pantomimes performed in the cloisters and cemeteries, perhaps on All Souls' eve, representing people of all ranks led off by phantoms, some-

times two and two, sometimes in a circle, but mysteriously disappearing at last, one by one, into a horrible darkness. Michelet says these exhibitions were relished exceedingly by the English, who introduced them into France. An old document at Besançon speaks of a Dance Macabre performed in that town, July 10, 1453, after Mass in the church of St. John the Evangelist, at the time of the provincial chapter of the Minor Friars. And similar spectacles took place in the Cemetery of the Innocents at Paris, which gave rise, perhaps, to the custom of exposing *simulacres* in the open air, like the alabaster skeleton of Pilon exhibited in the eighteenth century. These masquerades originally were by no means of a frivolous or profane nature, but, like the old mysteries, were performed in a serious religious spirit, and when they took place at night by the lurid light of torches, among the very tombs of the dead, must have been impressive to the last degree. No doubt in the course of time they were profaned and had to be forbidden by the church, like the sacred dances once so common and some other mediæval customs of religious import. The Duke of Bedford, after the victory of Verneuil in 1422, celebrated at Paris the triumph of the English by one of these spectacles, which must have seemed cruel to the inhabitants after so many of their fellow-citizens had fallen victims to the horrible famine. A procession was formed that passed through the streets with the King of Terrors at the head, wearing a crown and carrying a sceptre in his bony hands, and seated on a throne sparkling with gold and precious stones.

Dandolo relates that amid the splendid festivities celebrated at Florence in the time of Lorenzo de' Medici, Pietro Cosimo, the painter, who excelled in the arrangement of all those spectacles so popular in Italy, secretly prepared a masquerade of Death for the carnival of 1580, and one night, to the astonishment and terror of the revellers, a strange procession, lit up by the glare of torches, appeared in the streets, slowly moving along to the sound of trumpets giving out a hoarse, lamentable peal. In the midst was a black car adorned with skulls and cross-bones, drawn by buffaloes, and surmounted by a gigantic figure of Death with a huge scythe in his hand, surrounded by coffins, out of which, every time the procession stopped, issued forth awful spectres clothed in black, who seated themselves on the edge of their coffins and sang dirges of appalling solemnity, sometimes appealing to the religious sentiment of the immense crowd, dwelling on the nothingness of human life, and calling on them to do penance, as in the following hymn:

"Dolor, pianto, penitenza
Ci tormentan tuttavia;
Questa morta compagnia
Va gridando—Penitenza!

. . . .

"Pompe, glorie, onori e stati,
Passan tutti e nulla dura,
Ed infinia la sepoltura
Ci fa far la Penitenza!"

Attendants in black and white robes, wearing masks like death's-heads, bore funeral torches before and behind this car at just the distance to give effect to this spectral scene, and behind came a throng of dark forms, like shades from another world, mounted on horses of extreme tenuity, each one with four attendants, shrouded in palls, carrying torches and banners on which, as well as on the draperies of the horses, were death's-heads and other funereal emblems. And as they passed along they chanted in trembling accents the solemn "Miserere." The effect of this unexpected apparition amid the wild gayeties of the carnival may be imagined.

Cervantes doubtless had in his mind one of these ghostly masquerades when he related how his knight of the rueful countenance, in his quest of adventures, met a huge van on which sat Death accompanied by an emperor, a knight, and other attendants. It was driven by a frightful demon, who, in reply to his questions, said: "Señor, we belong to a company of strollers. This morning, being the octave of Corpus Christi, we performed a piece in a village the other side of the hill, called the Córtes or Parliament of Death, and we are going to play it again in yonder village. That fellow there acts the part of Death; that other, an angel; yon woman, our author's wife, a queen; the one beyond, a soldier; that one, an emperor; and I, that of a devil, one of the chief personages in the drama, at your service."

Ainsworth, in his *Old St. Paul's*, tells how Judith and Chowles came by night upon a company of skeletons in the subterranean church, some of whom were playing on psalteries, others on rebecs, others on tambours, every instrument giving out a wild, unearthly sound. Each skeleton had a mortal at his left hand, and seen by a blue, glimmering light through the massive pillars, beneath the dark, ponderous arches, they looked like a congregation of phantoms; but on closer examination could be distinguished a pope in his tiara and pontifical dress, a monarch with his sceptre and royal robes, a queen wearing her crown, a bishop

with his mitre, an abbot with his crosier, a nun in her wimple, a duke in his robes of state, a grave canon of the church, a knight in his armor, a judge, an advocate, and a magistrate, all in their robes; a mendicant friar, a physician, an astrologer, a miser, a soldier, a fool, a beggar, a robber, a pedlar, a blind man, and a gamester, all distinguished by their apparel. After winding off through the gloomy aisle the tallest of the spectres sprang forward with a wild, demoniacal laugh, enough to chill the very blood in one's veins, and, beating his drum, the company filed off two by two to the upper church, where they formed an immense ring and began a giddy dance. These were the Earl of Rochester and his associates, who, recklessly turning the most appalling of subjects into a jest at the very time of the plague, were acting out the old Dance of Death as depicted in the Pardon churchyard of the north cloister.

The name of one great painter is specially associated with the Dance of Death—that of Holbein, on account of his famous series of woodcuts depicting scenes of every-day life in which Death makes his appearance. He had always been familiar with the Dance in his native town of Bâle, and does not depart from traditional rules as to the representation of Death, but he has so imparted to his work the spirit and originality of true genius as to throw all other designs of the same subject into the shade. They have, however, been too often described to be dwelt upon here. Strange that this great painter of Death should have been struck down by the plague at London, similar to the pestilence which led to the Dance Macabre at Bâle and in so many other places, and become so confounded with his fellow-mortals in the republic of the grave that his resting-place is wholly unknown.

Some suppose the old legend of *Les Trois Morts et les Trois Vifs*—the Three Living and the Three Dead—so popular among all Christian nations in the middle ages, to be the germ of the Dance Macabre. It is perhaps older, there being three metrical versions of it in the French of the thirteenth century. This legend is in substance as follows:

Three young cavaliers, with falcons on their wrists, issued forth one fine hunting day, and, passing through a cemetery with all the thoughtlessness of youth, exchanging gay pleasantries as they went, were stopped by a hermit coming out of his cell, who pointed with warning gesture to three half-open tombs. The first one contained the body of a princess borne off in the flower of her life, Death withering at one stroke the beauty of which she had been so vain. In the second was that of a king which the

worms were ready to devour. And in the third was one in the last stage of dissolution, horrible to behold. As the young men gazed with startled aspect at this spectacle the hermit said:

> "Vide qvid eris: qvomodo gavdia qvaeris?
> Per nvllam sortem poteris evadere mortem.
> Nec modo laeteris qvia forsan cras morieris."

He had scarcely finished before a concert of lamentable voices issued from the three graves: "Why puffed up with pride, unhappy men?" said one of the voices. "Be mindful of what you are, and remember that what I am you soon will be." And the other voices added, one after the other: "Every one in his turn. Death spares no one, rich or poor, and, though we are now what you will soon become, we once were all that you now are." The young men were affected by what they saw and heard, but only one of them was sufficiently impressed to remain and follow the holy example of the hermit. His companions, drawn on by love of pleasure, gaily pursued their way, but had not proceeded far before Death pierced them with his arrows, saying:

> So colei c'ocido omne persona
> Giovene e vecchie . . . subito

—"I am he who slays all men suddenly, the young as well as old."

This scene is frescoed on the walls of the staircase of the Benedictines at Subiaco by which the monks slowly and solemnly descend to the cemetery, bearing their dead, some of whom perhaps look at the shadowy forms as they pass, thinking how they, too, had been as suddenly arrested in the pride and thoughtlessness of youth to follow a holy career. A similar scene is depicted on the walls of the Campo Santo at Pisa, where you see richly-attired princes and dames, in descending from the mountains with their dogs and falcons, come upon St. Macarius, the hermit, who, as he turns to the hunters, points to three yawning graves.

The Duc de Berry had the legend of *Les Trois Morts et les Trois Vifs* sculptured (1408) on the portal of the Church of the Innocents at Paris, in which, according to quaint rhymes on the cornice, he was afterwards buried. We find it also painted on a panel of the choir at Ennezat, in Auvergne, opposite another on which a demon is disputing with St. Michael over the body of Moses. There are likewise the remains of one in the church at Ditchingham, England, and another was discovered in 1846 on

the arch of the chancel of Battle Abbey, near Hastings—a painting probably of the fourteenth century.

There is one at Zalt-Boemel, Holland, which is very curious. On one side of the church are painted the Three Living surrounded by their dogs and servants. One of them, mounted on a white horse, has a falcon on his wrist, and a red and yellow turban on his head. On one side are woods where a stag is to be seen, and on the other are the walls and towers of Zalt-Boemel, so intact as to prove the painting to have been executed before the town was besieged by the Spanish under Admiral de Mendoza in 1599. On the opposite side of the church are the Three Dead rising from their tombs, partly covered by their winding-sheets, one holding a spade and the others the stone lids of their coffins. Above are scrolls with the moral they address the Three Living across the nave, but partly effaced: "Death has brought us to this—us who once ruled over men, kings as you are, but now the food of worms. Consider what you are. . . . Therefore hasten. . . ."

The same subject is frequently found among the illustrations in ancient books of office. In all such representations the hermit is generally St. Macarius of Alexandria, perhaps on account of the legend that, interrogating a skull one day as to the fate of its soul, it revealed to him a gradation of sufferings in the other world in terms that recall the circles of woe in the Inferno of Dante. This legend is too significant to be omitted:

"One day, as Macarius wandered among those ancient Egyptian tombs wherein he had made himself a dwelling-place, he found the skull of a mummy, and, turning it over with his crutch, he inquired to whom it belonged; and it replied, 'To a pagan.' And Macarius, looking into the empty eyes, said: 'Where, then, is thy soul?' And the head replied: 'In hell.' Macarius asked: 'How deep?' And the head replied: 'The depth is greater than the distance from earth to heaven.' Then Macarius asked: 'Are there any deeper than thou art?' The skull replied: 'Yes, the Jews are deeper still.' And Macarius asked: 'Are there any deeper than the Jews?' To which the head replied: 'Yes, in sooth! for the Christians whom Jesus Christ hath redeemed, and who show in their actions that they despise his doctrine, are deeper still.'"*

Some suppose the term "Dance Macabre" to be derived from St. Macarius, who is so often introduced into these pictures. Others think it comes from *macbourah*, the Arabic for cemetery; and others again from the name of the artist or poet who first

* *Sacred and Legendary Art.*

made use of this subject. The term "Dance of Death" is modern.

Scenes analogous to the Dance of Death were formerly graven on armor, cast on bells, carved on bedsteads, painted in missals and even on ladies' fans, and sculptured in churches. Cards were painted for Charles V. of France, some of which are still preserved, on which are to be seen the pope in a blue mantle, cardinals in red, a king in royal robes, and Death himself on a pale horse, with his scythe raised, riding over his victims. The card with Death on it was the thirteenth, generally considered an ominous number, and therefore in greater harmony with the subject.

In the old Dominican convent of San Pietro Martire at Naples, now shamefully converted into a tobacco-manufactory, was a bas-relief, recently placed in the Museum, representing Death as a royal hunter with a double crown on his head, and a falcon on his wrist ready to dart off in pursuit of his prey. Victims of all ages lie at his feet, and before him is a merchant supplicatingly offering him a large sum of money he is pouring out of a sack, saying:

> "Tuto te volio dare
> Se mi lasci scampare"

—"I will give thee all if thou wilt suffer me to escape"; but a refusal is on the lips of remorseless Death.

An old Psalter in which King Henry VI. of England is depicted in his boyhood, with the arms of England and France on his mantle and a crown on his head, kneeling before the Virgin, with St. Catherine, whose name he bore, at his side, contains the picture of five skeletons, wearing tiaras, crowns, and cardinals' hats, seated in a row above five monks who are chanting in their stalls with open breviaries before them and five choristers below, while two monks, prostrate before the altar, are praying with beseeching gesture.

Holbein furnished designs for arms in the sixteenth century in which, though the figures are necessarily small, are strikingly depicted the terror of a king letting his sceptre fall at the approach of Death, the despair of the queen, the stout resistance of a woman writhing and disputing with the foe, and the bold defiance of a soldier whose attitude recalls the line in Shakspere: "I throw my glove to Death himself." In an old German engraving men and women are issuing from the walls of a city against Death, who is approaching with his arrows. And elsewhere a

knight, armed to the teeth, is shown contending with Death, who carries a buckler and sword, or perhaps an uplifted bone like a cudgel.

There is, in fact, no end to the variety of forms Death assumes in such representations. A woman looks in a mirror and sees only a hideous skeleton reflected. Another on a soft couch is awakened by two phantoms opening the curtain, one of whom is playing on a viol. A duchess is at her toilette, with Death behind her clasping around her throat a necklace of bones. Sometimes he poses as a bridegroom to youth and beauty, saying, as in the Spanish *Danza de la Muerte:*

> "Bring to my dance, and bring without delay,
> Those damsels twain you see so bright and fair:
> They came, but came not in a willing way,
> To list my chants of mortal grief and care:
> Nor shall the flowers and roses fresh they wear,
> Nor rich attire, avail their forms to save.
> They strive in vain who strive against the grave.
> It may not be: my wedded brides they are."

In other pictures Death slips behind a merchant weighing his gold, to place a gleaming skull in the balance as a counterpoise to his ducats. He pours out lavish bumpers for a wine-bibber. He directs a blind man toward a ditch, taking care to detach his dog. He makes grimaces behind the back of a king and lays his hand on the royal crown, or, as Shakspere says, doubtless in allusion to some such scene:

> "Within the hollow crown
> That rounds the mortal temples of a king
> Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits
> Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp."

He carries the train of an emperor. He puts on a cardinal's hat, and helps enthrone a venerable old man whose head bends down under the weight of the tiara. He knocks unexpectedly at the portal of a castle, perhaps addressing its lord in the words of Manrique:

> 'Saying, good cavalier, prepare
> To leave this world of toil and care
> With joyful mien:
> Let thy strong heart of steel this day
> Put on its armor for the fray,
> The closing scene."

These pictures of Death in so many forms, these spectres on

pale white horses, these ghastly skeletons with scythe and hour-glass, these reapers in the service of Death, these Dances in ancient cemeteries and gloomy aisles, may not be among the best models handed down to us from the middle ages, but they are interesting monuments of the past, and valuable as an index to the mediæval mind. They have, too, a moral of their own, and are so interwoven with the literature of the Christian world as to make the study of them not wholly useless.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AND THE COURTS OF LAW.

THE Protestant Established Church of England is in tribulation. Some of her clergy, after a trial in the courts of law, having been condemned for violations of the law, have been arrested and imprisoned for refusing to obey the mandates of the court. The contest between Ritualism and the courts of law has of late become greatly intensified, and is rapidly becoming one between law and authority on one hand and disobedience on the other. The indignation of those who sympathize with the High-Church party is great. The English Church Union, which may be considered to stand in the same position to the Ritualists as the Land League in Ireland does to the farmers, is greatly disturbed at the imprisonment of those whom it designates priests and martyrs. But no one imagines that those clergymen who have been committed to prison have been punished for the wearing of a vestment, however illegal and reprehensible such an act might be. It is well known that the question has passed altogether into a new stage, and that they were imprisoned for contempt of court, for refusing to obey the sentence and acknowledge the jurisdiction of the judge of the ecclesiastical court appointed by Parliament. Herein lies the difficulty. Dr. Pusey and others have asserted the contrary, but the general consensus of opinion is against them. Many even among the ranks of High-Churchmen are beginning to think that it is not seemly that persons holding official positions in an established church, and enjoying special benefits therefrom, should be allowed to defy all authority and inaugurate an ecclesiastical rebellion. With the exception of the leading Ritualistic papers, no journal in England manifested approval of

Mr. Dale's conduct or the action of the English Church Union, which advocated the cause of the "martyrs." The facts of the case are simple. The Rev. T. P. Dale, a man of uprightness and piety and a gentleman of education and position, has persisted in doing certain things declared by the established law to be illegal. No one seeks to compel him to be where the law can interfere with his private views, but it has been decided, and we think justly, that as long as he remains under his contract with the Establishment he is bound to obey its laws. It is quite open to him to secede or to join any of the numerous sects and variations of Protestantism by which he is surrounded, or to make his submission to the Apostolic See. The choice apparently lies between conscience and casuistry. He preferred the latter, and was imprisoned, and we cannot understand how any one can regard him in the light of a martyr. Some enthusiastic partisans have actually gone so far as to liken him to Daniel in the lions' den, whilst they compare his diocesan, the Bishop of London, to his persecuting predecessor Bonner in the reign of Queen Mary, and the present sovereign of England to Diocletian. We quote this to show how very strongly many persons feel in the matter. Some, in the fulness of their indignation, have advocated extreme measures, and are prepared to espouse the cause of the Liberation Society and seek a solution of the difficulty in disestablishment. Such enthusiasts receive but slight sympathy in official quarters, for the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Tait), in a reply to some members of Mr. Dale's congregation, did not hesitate to affirm that Mr. Dale and his supporters were deserving of no assistance, for they had defied all authority, whether that of judge, queen, convocation, or bishop, and he proceeded to point out that they were even acting contrary to the advice given by some hundred Anglican, American and colonial, prelates assembled at Lambeth in 1879.

The censures of the bishops are generally treated by Ritualists with derision, unless such censures are directed against their opponents. It is therefore somewhat difficult, even with the best wishes in the world, to sympathize with them. They appear to act on no principle. Whilst professing the most profound respect for episcopacy, they invariably treat all prelates with disdain whenever they happen to disagree with them. The Ritualist, in fact, claims for himself complete infallibility, and Ritualism, if persisted in, must eventually wreck the Anglican communion and reduce the theory of private judgment to an absurdity.

The arrest and committal to jail of Mr. Enraght, a clergyman

from Birmingham, is thus described in one of the numerous Ritualistic journals, and is headed

"THE VICTORIAN PERSECUTION.

"All England has by this time heard of the arrest of the vicar of Holy Trinity, Birmingham, for ritualistic practices. . . . The suspense of the parishioners was ended on Saturday last; very few minutes were allowed them in which to assemble, but these sufficed to enable them to make a demonstration never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The scene when the vicar stood bareheaded at the vicarage gate, addressing the silent and sympathizing crowd, bidding them farewell and blessing them in the name of his divine Master, was most impressive."

The local papers say it was an extraordinary scene, at once unseemly and ridiculous, and they are indignant with Mr. Enraght for his remarks on the bishops. At Mr. Enraght's request the journey to the jail was made on foot. When near the prison a brother clergyman thus addressed him: "This is an age of religious liberty, but can any one imagine we are living in the reign of Queen Victoria, in the middle of the nineteenth century? The bishops are frequently asking why parents do not encourage their sons to take holy orders; now, standing in front of Warwick jail, we give a ready answer." These observations were received by the crowd with approval. On arriving at the jail Dr. Nicholson, rector of a church in Leamington, a gentleman who distinguished himself by a somewhat long correspondence some five years ago with Cardinal Manning on the subject of the Sacred Heart, asked Mr. Enraght's permission to give him his blessing. Mr. Enraght assented, knelt upon the pavement in front of the prison gates, whilst Dr. Nicholson offered up a prayer and pronounced a blessing. Simultaneously with the departure of Mr. Enraght for Warwick a large bill bearing these words was posted throughout the parish:

"PARISHIONERS OF HOLY TRINITY, BORDESLEY: Your vicar has been put into Warwick jail. What for? He is imprisoned for conducting service as the church orders him. Look at your prayer-books. But thousands of the clergy break the laws of the church in every direction and no one says anything. Is this fair play? Mr. Gladstone says the law under which he is being persecuted is unjust and unconstitutional. He is your vicar, therefore raise your voice louder than any one else's in crying out against this shameful business. Stand up for him as you did at the Easter vestry row."

It is a significant fact that shortly after the imprisonment of these two clergymen five hundred new members joined the Eng-

lish Church Union, and that a sum approaching to £1,000 was collected at once on the appeal of Archdeacon Denison. It is no less significant that in a large number of churches where advanced ritual had prevailed without vestments or incense these have been adopted.

What may be the solution it is impossible to say. The real question which lies at the root of the whole difficulty is the royal supremacy. As in the days of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, so is it now, the royal supremacy is attacked. The question at present is that of the authority of the courts whence the judgments proceed, not the judgments themselves. Once granted that either Lord Penzance or the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has spiritual authority, resistance to such authority becomes a very serious matter. To a Catholic it appears very simple, for he knows that Anglicanism is simply the creation of an act of Parliament and has no spiritual authority of any kind, but the case is one of extreme difficulty to many a sincere and conscientious High-Churchman. Such an individual is acting on Catholic principles which are of themselves true and just, but which can find no home in Protestantism or any church such as the Anglican Establishment, based on a compromise and the creature of the state. Those who argue that under existing circumstances it is a gain that the judgments hitherto delivered by the Privy Council have been irregular, say that, had Lord Penzance allowed the vestments, Anglicans might as a body have sat down contented under the shadow of an Erastian system; and that if in days to come the doctrine of the Incarnation should be condemned as heretical, no one could then in consistency have refused obedience. To have obeyed once would have involved a similar course on every future occasion, and they assert that they never will submit to the secular jurisdiction thrust upon the church.

Ritualists, therefore, appear to be smarting under a sense of twofold injustice: (1) the being judged by courts which have no authority to decide spiritual questions, (2) the false rulings of those courts; the principal and most tangible grievance being the former of the two. Mr. Dale and Mr. Enraght suffered imprisonment for refusing to recognize Lord Penzance, or, more accurately, the Judicial Committee of which he is the mouthpiece, independent of the secondary question as to whether the judgments delivered by them were or were not correct. The Bishop of London, Mr. Dale's diocesan, having been appealed to by some of the dispersed congregation, wrote a letter in which he ridiculed the idea of martyrdom, though he distinctly expressed his ob-

jection to imprisonment. The following extracts are worthy of note:

"I disapprove and greatly deplore the imprisonment of Mr. Dale on public as well as on personal grounds, for his sake as well as that of the church. Imprisonment is not a due or becoming penalty to inflict on a clergyman as the consequence of such an offence as his, and will always enlist sympathy on the side of one who is believed to err conscientiously, however erroneous that conscience may be. Imprisonment, indeed, is a result of proceedings under the Public Worship Act which was probably not in the minds of any who framed that act, certainly not in the minds of those who assisted in passing it. It is a penalty which I could not myself have been a party to imposing, but one of which I have no power of procuring the remission. It must, however, be borne in mind that if imprisonment proves to be a result of proceedings under the Public Worship Regulation Act, it is equally the consequence of wilful disobedience of any subject to the sentence of any court of justice in the realm."

Not only did the bishop ignore Mr. Dale's aspirations to martyrdom, but he declined to recognize the parochial character of the protest sent to him, asserting that the *bona fide* parishioners had nothing to do with the protest. "All the congregation," says the bishop, "live in other parishes, and have therefore their own church and their own pastor, which they have deserted."

The difficulty is apparently insurmountable, and yet outsiders fail to see why, in a communion that is based upon the right of private judgment, any Anglican should be hindered from choosing the doctrines which must be preached to him every Sunday. It seems to them, as well as to many Anglicans themselves, that it is the birthright of every English-born member of the Established Church to select what doctrines and what ritual he approves of, whether they be put before him in the form of bald Calvinism, sensational Puseyism, or rigid Latitudinarianism. The only difficulty that presents itself is that if Anglicanism is to exist as a church or a corporate body, it must necessarily be governed by set rules administered by certain qualified courts; and it must be plain to every member of it that if each clergyman is allowed to make his own conscience the sole arbiter as to what is or what is not a proper form of service, it would be utterly impossible to preserve that uniformity which is considered a characteristic of Anglicanism. The imprisoned clergy belong to a communion whose doctrines and ritual are fixed by act of Parliament, and when they took upon them the ministry of that church they pledged themselves to preach certain doctrines and to observe a certain ritual, neither of which, however, it is necessary to add, are very definite. The Parliament of England not

only fixed the law of the Anglican Church, but also appointed tribunals whose decision has gone against them. On the theory that no man should be allowed to be a judge in his own cause, all clergymen of the Established Church are bound to accept the decision of the lawful authorities and to conform to them like the rest of mankind. When men feel themselves bound by conscience to act otherwise, the only logical conclusion is to throw up the contract they had entered into and be independent and unfettered. The natural penalty incurred by every official who refuses, on conscientious grounds or otherwise, to perform the duties of his post is loss of office. If the law is to be enforced it seems that the most practical method would be to deprive clergymen who cannot obey the law of the rights which the law confers on ministers of the state church. Clergymen who receive sympathy as prisoners would neither deserve nor receive much sympathy if placed, as far as the law can do so, in the position of ordinary English laymen.

Deprivation, and not imprisonment, appears to be the only real remedy for refusal to obey the law as it at present stands, and there is no reason why such a course should not be successful. Then if the deprived should invade the church and make a disturbance he could be dealt with summarily by the criminal law as the disturber of the congregation, without any interference on the part of Lord Penzance or the Privy Council. Imprisonment, unless perpetual, is ineffectual; for the person imprisoned (as in the case of Mr. Tooth some years ago), as soon as he is let out, can at once re-enter his church and resume the same course as before. Something must be done, for it would be simple anarchy if every man were to do just what he pleased, recognizing nothing by which to direct his conduct except his own will.

The Catholic theory is no doubt highly distasteful to the High-Church school, but it nevertheless has to be affirmed, and affirmed decisively, in controversies like the present. An established church in a Protestant country under constitutional government is neither more nor less than an organization for teaching and practising the religion of the majority. Parliament is in England the expression of the will of the majority, and therefore Parliament must be supreme. That is the system which has prevailed in England ever since the course of its political history converted royal supremacy into parliamentary supremacy in all matters of government, temporal as well as spiritual, and it is only on condition of the maintenance of this system that the majority consent to tolerate an Establishment at all.

The Catholic idea of a church is of course completely different, being that of a divinely-instituted, organic body pronouncing authoritatively and definitely upon religious truth and falsehood. The Protestant idea of an Establishment is that of a church appointed to teach certain doctrines which, inasmuch as they are the doctrines of a majority of persons exercising their private judgment, must, by virtue of the first principle of Protestantism, be assumed to be true.

It is unfortunate for sincere and religious Protestants that the Parliament which regulates their doctrine and ritual should be composed of men of every shade of belief and unbelief; but as long as the Established Church is upheld such a state of things must exist, and Catholics can only hope that the anomalies daily becoming more apparent may open the eyes of many Anglicans to the unreality of Protestantism.

"We must not indulge our imagination," said Cardinal Newman in one of his early lectures, some thirty years ago, at the London Oratory, "in the view we take of the national Establishment. If we dress it up in an ideal form, as if it were something real, with an independent and a continuous existence and a proper history, as if it were in deed or in name a church, then indeed we may feel interest in it, and reverence towards it, and affection for it, as men who have fallen in love with pictures, or knights in romance, do battle for high dames whom they have never seen. . . . We see in the English Church, however, no body politic of any kind; we see nothing more or less than an Establishment, a department of government, or a function or operation of the state, without a substance, a mere collection of officials depending on and living in the supreme civil power. Its unity and personality are gone, and with them its power of exciting feelings of any kind. . . . It has no traditions; it cannot be said to think; it does not know what it holds and what it does not; it is not even conscious of its own existence. It has no love for its members, or what are sometimes called its children, nor any instinct whatever, unless attachment to its master or love of its place may be so called. . . . Bishop is not like bishop more than king is like king or ministry like ministry; its prayer-book is an act of Parliament of two centuries ago. . . . It is as little bound by what it said or did formerly as this morning's newspaper by its former numbers, except as it is bound by the law, and while it is upheld by the law it will not be weakened by the subtraction of individuals nor fortified by their continuance. Its life is an act of Parliament. It will not be able to resist the Arian, Sabellian, or Unitarian heresies now because Bull or Waterland resisted them a century or two before."

How true and how prophetic! The Anglican Church is unable to recognize a spiritual supremacy anywhere but in the head of the government. She sees two religions in the world and two opposing spiritual chiefs, the one national, non-dogmatic, con-

venient, useful, and her own; the other what she calls anti-national, dogmatic, intolerant, unmanageable, and foreign. Each of these she views as a reality. She upholds the first because she likes it; she resists the second because she detests it, and when any of her clergy or her laity support it, or tend in that direction, she is offended; hence the majority of Anglicans, be they lay or clerical, condemn Ritualism as a religion of shams and imitation, and approve of punishment, and even imprisonment, for those who advocate it. A state church is one thing and a free church is another; but this apparent playing fast and loose with both, claiming all the dignities of the one and all the independence of the other, is a thing that no state will ever concede, nor is it one likely to be tolerated by the English government.

Feeling runs high, and many are of the opinion that no enactment of an ecclesiastical character passed during the last two hundred and thirty years has been more thoroughly revolutionary in its leading principles than the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874, and has in so short a space of time spread far and wide the seeds of disaffection. Nevertheless, as long as the act remains unrepealed it seems imprudent and unwise to ignore it. Those who protest against its provisions now, as they did at the time of its promulgation, can make use of all legitimate and constitutional means to have it removed from the statute-book; but the spectacle of gentlemen of position and education openly repudiating and defying the established law of the country is not calculated to produce a beneficial effect upon the people.

The view regarding these imprisonments taken by the ordinary foreigner is one that is endorsed by most persons who are not Ritualists. The *Journal de Bruxelles*, for instance, says:

"Mr. Dale, rector of St. Vedast, contended that the ecclesiastical tribunal that had condemned him had no right to imprison him. Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief-Justice of England, and his two assistant judges gave lately an elaborate judgment, in which they reject the pretensions of this pastor, and prove clearly as the day that Lord Penzance had every right to send him to the damp straw of the felons. It is not necessary to say that this is a pure metaphor, and that the reverend gentleman occupies a very comfortable apartment, in which he receives numerous pilgrims attracted by his martyrdom, and perhaps also by the good glasses of wine he can offer them. These good Ritualists are indeed astonishing folks, for they say they belong to the Church of England, and they obstinately give themselves over to practices which that church condemns; they deny the competence of lay tribunals to judge clergymen; and when condemned they make use of every jurisdiction and every subterfuge of trickery. However, we shall probably not hear much more talk about Mr. Dale, though we should be

surprised if we have heard the last of him, and still more surprised to learn that he had listened to the voice of reason and become a Catholic."

Bishop Thirlwall (the late Bishop of St. Asaph), who was one of the greatest scholars and theologians in England, expressed himself fourteen years ago to the effect that no churchman who did not desire the subversion of the reformed religion and its final absorption in the Church of Rome could too deeply distrust or too strenuously oppose the proceedings of the English Church Union.

The support given by this society to every clergyman that has been attacked by the courts shows clearly that the bishop was not far wrong in his estimation of it; and yet the society is perpetually increasing in numbers and gaining adherents amongst men of high position. It already includes several bishops and dignitaries, although, it is but fair to add, these are for the most part colonial. Up to the present the bishops of English sees have not formally recognized it, but there are signs and indications of a change. The imprisonment of two clergymen, and the threats of proceeding against many more, have forced the hands of some, and the conduct of the Low-Church party, as carried out by the Church Association, has been openly censured.

The Bishop of Ely (Dr. Woodford), a former chaplain of the late celebrated Dr. Wilberforce, has taken his stand as the champion of the Ritualists. In reply to an address signed by about fifty clergymen in his diocese holding important positions, he used the following remarkable words: "The Church of England cannot, without violence to her character as a national and historical church, refuse to find place for that section of her members which, although embracing many shades of feeling and practice, is comprehended under the term Ritualists. To crush or to drive out a body, consisting of both laity and clergy, which has manifested not only a love of high ceremonial but a fervent zeal for the spiritual welfare of the people, which has succeeded in awakening a sense of religion and a love of the ordinances of Christ amongst classes of the population which the English Church had utterly failed to reach, would inevitably be followed by a feeling of discouragement issuing in utter spiritual apathy. . . . Ritualism is a part of a vast religious movement which has made itself felt through the whole Anglican communion at home and abroad. During the last forty-five years the Anglican Church, in England, America, and the colonies, has been in the varying throes of that movement. It has quickened the whole life of the church,

but in so doing it has probed sharply her doctrines and usages, her judicial system, and her constitutional relations to the state. At such an epoch, to confront any strong development of feeling and action with the rigidity of the law produces in states revolution, in churches schism." There can be no doubt that there is a great deal of truth in these remarks, especially the concluding portion of them, and it is more than probable that the action of the Low-Church party in resorting to force will prove the beginning of the disruption of Anglicanism, and further corroborate the well-known maxim of the Right Honorable John Bright with regard to the Irish difficulty, that *force is no remedy*. From whatever point of view we regard the imprisonment of Ritualistic clergymen, we can but come to the conclusion that it is the beginning of the end.

HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT.

BEFORE every man lies a path leading to infinity,
But the wisest man travels only a short distance.

—*Schiller*.

EXPECTATION AND FULFILMENT.

THE youth puts to sea with a thousand-masted fleet,
The old man comes into port on one boat saved from the wreck.

—*Schiller*.

REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE

MADE TO A DEVOUT SERVANT OF OUR LORD, CALLED MOTHER JULIANA,

An anchorete of Norwich, who lived in the days of King Edward III.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

THIS Revelation did the Lord witsafe* to me,
A simple creature and unlettered as I be,
And yet in deadlie flesh.
In year of Grace the thirteen hundredth seventie third,
Upon the fourteenth daie of Maie, I saw and heard
What did my soule refresh.
Poor creature as I was, three gifts I humbly sought,
Which fro my youth had alway been in thought,
And subject of my praier.
The first wish was to have the Passion brought to mind;
The second praied I sicknes bodilie to find;
The third three woundes to bear.
Me thought my feeling in the Passion was some deale,
But yet, by grace of God, I longed it more to feel,
And see its verie sight.
Me thought I would that time have been with Magdalene,
And other Jesu's lovers present at that scene
Who witnessed his sore plight;
That with them I might view the Passion bodilie,
And all the dreedful paines he sufferèd for me,
And with them him bemoan.
For that like them I verie dearlie lovèd him;
Though of his cup of woe I could not sip the brim,
Yet wished 'twere all mine own.
None other sight ne shewing did my soule desire;
For to be saved at last I did in sooth aspire
Because of God's mercie.
I had none other meaning save this one alone—
To have more mind of Jesu's Passion, and bemoan
His sufferings for me.
The second to my contrite heart did freelie come—
Not seeking it ne fearing it as wearisome—
A sicknes unto death

* Witsafe—vouchsafe.

So travellous and hard that I should undertake
All Rites of Holie Church and seem to quite forsake
  My hopes of life and breath.
As well might ween myself that I had come to die,
And eke the like appear to others standing by,
  And think me at mine end.
For I would have no fleshlie comfort left to me,
Ne earthlie life ne hope, but verie agonie
  Almost my soule to rend;
All paines as great and sore as verie death would bring;
All bodilie and ghostlie feares my spirit wring,
  And nought be spared of dread.
That fiendes might tempt me, and by their foul power alarm
And terrifie me, yet withouten anïe harm,
  And be in all but dead.
And this meant I; for I would wholly purgèd be,
To afterward live unto God more worthilie
  Because of that disease.
For I had hoped it might have been to my reward
When I should come to die to sooner see my Lord,
  If so it should him please.
I did condition make when offering my praier
To see the Passion and the sicknes I would bear,
  Therefore said I, in fine:
"Lord! what I would thou know'st, and if that be thy will;
But if not, then, good Lord, be pleased, take not it ill,
  For all thy will is mine."
This sicknes I did ask for even in my youth
That it might come to me at thirtie years in sooth,
  If God would it permit.
The third, by word of Holie Church and grace divine,
Three woundes in life to have my heart did strong incline,
  Which three are these, to wit:
The woundes of true contrition and compassion kind,
With wilfull longing unto God with all my mind;
  And—as above is writ—
The twaine I sought with a condition to confirm:
But this third asked I mightilie withouten anie terme,
  Yet readie to submit.
These twaine desires passed from my mind and went awaie,
But that which was the third dwellèd continuallie,
  Nor did me ever quit.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HEIRS ARE DEAD.

KILLANY was not the most ingenious of plotters, nor, considering the experience which his adventurous life had given him, the shrewdest and coolest of men. Likes and dislikes were rapidly formed in his bosom—shoals which the true Bohemian ever avoids—and he gave them cunning but ready expression. Where they interfered with prudence, prudence often got the worst of it. His natural clear-headedness often yielded to passion. Even his own interests were occasionally injured by inane attempts to gratify the desire of revenge. Something of the honorable dispositions of earlier years still lingered in him. He had still the instincts of the gentleman, and years of criminal associations had not wholly destroyed them. He could not pocket insult or contempt always, although his training and his interest urgently insisted. It was to his interest that Olivia should not be made an open enemy. Her influence with Nano was powerful and dangerous, yet not impossible to be destroyed. A little patience, a little scheming, and the thing was done. Better and closer friends than she and Miss McDonell were parted every day by easily-manufactured causes. But Olivia's silent and undisguised contempt for him stung him into retaliation, and, to add to the bitterness of his vengeance, there was the newly-risen fear of a rival in the handsome, virtuous Dr. Fullerton. He scarcely waited to reckon consequences. He felt assured that the Fullertons would find it difficult to stand against a shower of well-directed calumnies. Their poverty, their pride, their slight acquaintance in the city would dishearten them too much that they should enter on a contest with society, which, having once received an idea, never lets go its hold on any consideration. By one hasty act he arrayed against himself the doctor, Sir Stanley, and probably Nano; and should the matter be investigated closely, and the charge proved false and traced to him, society's doors would be shut against him. These probabilities, in the heat of his passion, he looked on with disdain. They were not likely to happen. His cunning was of too high an order to permit him to be discovered by means of his own footsteps. The condition of his affairs by that time would be so materially changed that if he

were discovered he could afford to snap his fingers at his enemies. Moreover, he had a strong and well-grounded suspicion that the Fullertons knew very little of father or mother. They never spoke of them, never seemed to have relatives or influential friends, and were reticent on their early life. It was just possible that in secretly undermining their good name he had struck upon the secret of their lives, the skeleton of their closet; and if his good fortune really so favored him he was well rid of them for ever. Carrying the war into Africa Dr. Killany called this movement, but it did not promise to succeed quite as well as the expedition which gave rise to the saying.

He had skilfully entangled Nano in the meshes of his schemes, and was drawing her more and more, as the days passed, towards the evil act of which they were the preparation. Even here he had not acted with great tact, although his judgment was unquestionably good. He was so confident of his thorough understanding of Nano's character that he was often led into blunders in her regard surprising enough to himself when he examined them dispassionately afterwards. Her attachment to good and hatred of what was radically evil still puzzled him. He thought he knew the strength of her instincts, but it had not entered into his mind that she would be willing to surrender her fortune, or its greater part, to strangers without a struggle. Her firmness on this point, however, had necessitated the fiction of the death of the heirs. She had seized upon this door of escape eagerly. It was the straw to the drowning man, and, though it lay weakly enough in her hands, her frenzied fancy magnified it into a certainty of safety. Much as she distrusted Killany, it never occurred to her that, interested as he was in the affair, the thing might be a clever invention. His own conduct was strangely mysterious. The idea had not come to him as a last resort. It had formed part of the original plan of action, and had suggested to the scheming doctor the newer and more practical idea of settling the question to his own satisfaction, whatever story he determined to offer to Miss McDonell. The fact of the death of the children was most important to those who expected to have any share in the McDonell estate. If they lived it was best to know their whereabouts, for accidents might make them acquainted with their rights and set them to making inquiries. If they were dead no more was to be said about them. It was necessary that the fact should be known in either case; yet Killany took no steps in that direction. Dead, the heirs could do him no harm; living, the danger was too remote to cause him fear, or even uneasiness.

The necessity of the hour was uppermost with him, and he spent his time and his energies in building an elaborate case, strengthened with innumerable forged documents and backed by the testimonies of Quip and Juniper. To Mr. Quip he had entrusted the task of finding so much about the children as would assist him in making out the required documents; and the deep gentleman not only did all that his master commanded, but, going further out of pure curiosity, developed some startling complications of the game which Killany was playing. Moreover, their importance can be suspected when it is known that Mr. Quip said no more to his master and did no more for him than he had been hired to do, and that the possession of his newly-discovered facts left him in a stupid condition for days afterwards.

Killany was not ready with his papers and witnesses on the day appointed, nor for many days, and Nano was too proud to ask him the reason, too cautious to show any great interest in the proceedings. He delayed the examination partly from policy, partly from necessity. The work of preparing printed documents and forged letters, of harmonizing the whole scheme so thoroughly that she could by no means suspect the trick, and of coaching the witnesses, was not so easy as he had imagined, and Mr. Quip, who was general superintendent, fought hard for additional time in order to perfect his own secret plans, and lied with a success and pertinacity that actually disarmed his master. Killany wished also to make Nano more eager and more irritable. It nettled him to see how well she kept up the *rôle* of indifferent observer, and how powerless he was to pull from her face the mask of icy composure. It was imperative, too, that the impression of McDonell's madness should seize so well upon the minds of outsiders as to float back to her by a thousand little channels. She would then be prepared for the violent measure of her father's incarceration, and would feel that the act was justifiable when supported by the suffrages of her friends. He had been careful to spread, with all the cunning at his command, the report of McDonell's failing intellect. He had been more successful in concealing his own share in the matter than in doing the same in the later scandal of the Fullertons. Society was surprised one morning to find itself talking quite naturally of the fact and commenting on the possible consequences. Where it began was not known and could not be discovered. Like an insidious internal disease it had crept upon them; the whole system was attacked, and it became impossible to discover the causes. Society accepted it unhesitatingly when every one talked of it,

and came, with the conventional tears, hints, and hidden sarcasms, to sympathize with the lady who was to suffer. Nano first perceived it, not understanding, on the night of the reception, in the looks, half-pitying, half-prophetic, cast at her father, in the mysteriously-worded assurances of esteem and sympathy from her friends and acquaintances, more than all in the irascible manner and eccentric behavior of the merchant himself.

A strange affection for him had sprung up in her heart since his illness. It was unreasonable, she thought, and it annoyed her that it came at a time when the old indifference would have been so acceptable. Every real or fancied slight on him would have only stirred her pride before as an indirect insult to herself. Now it pierced her with physical pain and filled her eyes with tears. He was old and feeble. He needed her, his child, in his weakness. He preferred her before the world and his wealth in the going down to the tomb. And she was to be harsher to him than a stranger. Under the appearance of necessity she was to put him in bonds, for caresses give him blows, and for affection hatred. She could not have treated her enemy worse. A sea of bitterness surged over her heart.

"Let them mock at him," she thought remorsefully ; "all they can do or say will not weigh the weight of a hair against the mountain of my ingratitude."

With so many influences for good tugging at her will it might have appeared strange that she trod so resolutely the path leading down to crime. Her own instincts, her education were utterly opposed to the course she was pursuing. Her newly-born love for her father, her affection and admiration for Olivia, the incipient liking for Dr. Fullerton, the utter detestation of Killany, were so many chains which bound her to virtue, and they were hard to be broken. Yet her Mephistopheles was never absent from her side, and, when her resolutions for good were about to be taken, put forward in more startling colors the losses she was certain to sustain, and assured her that her sin would have no influence on her faithful friends. Downward with the tide she drifted, and the voice of the tempter would not let her thoughts rest for a moment on the desolate ocean waiting to receive her into its bosom.

A clear sky, with the cloud in it no bigger than a man's hand, looked down upon the daring sailor in Bohemian seas—Killany. As he planned, so went everything. McDonell was mad, or nearly so, the world said ; Olivia probably so occupied with her own troubles as to need all her sympathy for herself ; and Nano

was at the point of desperation. With an eye to dramatic effect Killany introduced his witnesses and his forgeries at this juncture. He came in on the afternoon of the day succeeding the reception, with a bundle in his hand.

"Your patience is to be rewarded to-day," he said, smiling in his aggravating fashion. "I must thank you for your forbearance. I am ready to prove to you that the children of whom we have so often spoken are really dead."

"I am interested," she answered briefly, and waited, with her eyes fixed on his face, until it should be his pleasure to begin.

"As you have been already made acquainted with the leading facts in the history of these children," said Killany, "I shall deal only with the circumstance which is of highest and immediate interest to you—their death. After it pleased your father to accept the office of guardian for the children of his friend, and to make away with the fortune which had been left to them, he put the little Hamiltons in American and Canadian schools, and left them there until they had yielded to the adverse destiny which meets so many neglected orphans. The boy died in his college, the girl in her convent, within a few weeks of each other's death. Your father, of course, paid all the expenses of their funeral, but took good care that neither the children nor their superiors should ever know the apparent relative or benefactor. Here are the documents in proof of what I have said."

He opened the bundle of papers which he carried and passed them over to her one by one. They were a cleverly-connected series of forgeries, consisting of letters, declarations, and newspaper notices. The letters and declarations were from the superiors of the college and convent in which the children had resided, from the doctors who attended them in their illness, and from strangers who had been interested in the orphans. The notices were slips from the papers of the neighborhood and time, describing or mentioning the death and funeral. In a court of law they would not have been worth the value of a pin, but to the lady for whom they were intended they had the strength and validity of sworn testimony. She read them in silence carefully, raising her eyes stealthily at times to note the expression of his face. She did not dream of deception. She was wondering only what wages he expected for his work, since he was not a man to give his services in so important a matter gratuitously. When she had finished he said:

"I have brought one witness, or rather two, who can throw more light on the affair—a Mr. Juniper, whose mother was ac-

quainted with the Hamiltons during their stay in New York, who remembers to have seen the children, and who attended the boy's funeral some years afterwards. The other is Mr. Quip, my assistant. He collected most of the evidence which you now see before you. Would you wish to see them?"

"By all means," she answered. "It does not make so great a difference, perhaps, but I shall not have to accuse myself of negligence in this affair hereafter."

The servant was ordered to conduct Messrs. Quip and Juniper from the waiting-room below to the lady's apartment. The two worthies had been awaiting in much bad humor the invitation to ascend. Juniper was restless and shaky, not concerning the falsehoods he was to swear to, but the compensation he was to receive. Mr. Quip, cool and indifferent as usual, had endeavored to excite Juniper's gratitude to the pitch of presenting him with ten per cent. of the promised reward. When that gentleman refused to be grateful Mr. Quip declared his intention of forcing him into the proper state of feeling.

"Ten per cent. is my price," said he decidedly, "and you may thank your stars that I let you off so easily. If I chose to take fifty, couldn't I do it? If I chose to take all, couldn't I do it? Why be so unreasonable as to grumble at a very reasonable proceeding?"

And he began to examine the parlor, removing such ornaments as were not likely to be missed and could be safely stowed in his vest-pocket, Mr. Juniper grumbling the while, but unobservant of his comrade's doings. The servant came to summon them to Nano's presence.

"I'll not go," said Juniper with gloomy determination. "Ten per cent. is too much. I'll see Killany."

"Ten per cent.," answered Quip promptly, "is too little. I take fifteen now, and for every minute you hang back I add five to my first demand. If it reaches one hundred, Juniper, I'll do the job myself."

In so far as real emotional insanity was concerned, there was but a slight difference between the asylum-keeper and his crazy wards. He glared at the impassive Quip, and was stung to fiercer anger by his smiling indifference.

"Ten per cent. you can have, money-shaver and poi—"

Quip's hand flew to Juniper's mouth in time to break off the utterance of the odious word, and his fingers tightened on his throat with deadly vehemence.

"For the last time, Juniper," he hissed. "If you ever utter it

again I will not hesitate to do for you what I did for that other. Come, you cowardly dog! come."

The keeper became silent and lamb-like, and followed him from the room. The servant had gone on ahead. Nano was not at all impressed by the personal appearance of the witnesses. Quip's villany and cunning shone in every line of his countenance and in every motion of his lithe, crooked body. Juniper's coarseness and vulgarity spoke quite as distinctly and obtrusively. It was hard to distinguish whether greater disgust was aroused by Quip's cool impudence or Juniper's vile cringing in the presence of Killany and Miss McDonell.

"You will tell this lady, Mr. Quip," said Killany, "the history of the investigations which these papers represent." And he pointed to the documents scattered over the table.

Mr. Quip plunged into explanations with great earnestness, and told his tale with an elaborate elegance that surprised his hearers. He was at home in spinning out to a gullible audience a well-connected, highly-flavored, and important lie. He dwelt on particulars, and rushed into descriptions of scenery with the ardor of a novelist. He could not, however, resist his old habit of poking fun at his hearers; but as on the present occasion they never dreamed of so much impudence on his part, he was left to enjoy the laugh alone. Mr. Juniper followed, when he had done, and spoke bashfully but explicitly on what he knew of the children. It was even more satisfactory than the testimony of the documents.

"I was intimate with young Hamilton," he said, in accordance with Mr. Quip's instructions, "and called on him at the college quite often. He stayed sometimes at my mother's house for a few days, and once in a long time his sister, a little baby-girl, very pretty and loving, was sent down to see him. He was very much cut up when she died, and, being a delicate lad himself, it told on him somewhat. He died a month afterwards of fever. They buried him in the graveyard there, and put a stone over his grave. You can see it at any time. It is a good many years since then, but the graveyard is kept in tiptop repair and the stone is still standing."

"Did you ever see the gentleman," asked Nano, "who provided for those children?"

"But once, I think, ma'am, and my recollection on that point is not very clear. I do not remember his name or his face. My mother may know that."

"That will do," said the lady, and the physician motioned them from the room.

There was silence for a long time. Nano was thinking with considerable relief of the death of the heirs, and indulging, since she could safely do so, in a womanly pity for their mournful fate. She had nothing to say to the doctor. He had done his duty. He had removed a light obstacle from her path and placed a heavier—himself—in the way. She was anxious for him to depart, wondering as before when he would ask compensation for his labors, and of what nature would be his demands. Killany, however, had much to say, and was quite determined to remain until it was said, if she did not imperatively dismiss him.

"You are satisfied?" he asked.

"Quite satisfied, doctor, and infinitely obliged to you. I may retain those papers?"

"By all means. But I would like to know if this examination has not removed some of your scruples against the measures I advised some time ago."

"I may say frankly they have not. I scarcely thought of the question since, save to wonder if what you asserted were really true."

And there she hesitated, and seemed undecided to speak further, for he was looking at her with sharp eyes, as if waiting to pick up the first wrongly-chosen word.

"I hoped," she continued, when he did not speak, "and I do hope still, that when these facts have been presented to my father—"

"I beg pardon for interrupting you," he said, laying one hand impressively on her arm, "but that hope is foolish. Your father has wrestled with the same idea for years, and it has not shown him a way out of the difficulty nor offered any solution of the question. The deep-rooted and fiendish superstitions of his creed have such power over him that nothing you can say will move him from his determination to give the property to the poor. The eternal safety of his soul rests on that act, he believes, and he is too shrewd a business man, and too sincerely frightened by his present health, to leave to you a few thousand dollars at the cost of his eternal happiness. If it were to drive you into disgraceful and absolute poverty, he would do this thing and rejoice that he had done it. He is becoming more irritable and uncertain. His business has suffered some not trifling losses by his late blundering, and men shake their heads and wonder that he is permitted to go on in this way. Some of his eccentricities you have seen

with your own eyes. The opportunity of ending the miserable uncertainty in which you live is now before you. Seize it while you may, for a reaction may come and what is now a work of charity may be made a crime."

"I understand," she answered, her coldness increasing in direct opposition to his warmth and earnestness. "But I must think, and I would prefer to be alone. You shall know my resolve shortly."

He rose with polite and deferential haste. Her manner was unmistakable, and he flattered himself that he knew her moods.

"As you wish, Miss McDonell. You understand the crisis that has arrived in your affairs, and will decide as you ought, I feel certain; only remembering that some despatch is required. Good-day."

He went away directly, and she fell into one of her day-dreams over the nearness of the danger and her contemplated crime. The overwhelming sadness and disgust that follow upon the fall of the virtuous had lately become her portion. When alone and undisturbed it gathered around her like a thick, poisonous atmosphere. It colored her thoughts, sleeping or waking, with a bloody hue, and her resistance to it filled her with despair and overcame her with physical weakness, as in the case of one who struggles madly with a nothing. Still, her resolution was not weakened by her distress. Some time this terrible deed must be done. She was putting it off until the latest moment. She was resolved to strike the blow, and could not put her hand to the weapon. Under the pressure of so much doubt and dread her life was becoming a martyrdom, and her cheeks grew pale and her eyes heavy, despite the strongest efforts of her indomitable will. Her meditations lasted for hours, and to-night the stars, her loved stars, were looking in through the familiar window on her reclining form, and reflecting themselves in her upturned eyes, before she was aware that night had fallen.

"Madam," a servant said from the door, "your father requests your presence in the library."

CHAPTER XVI.

A THANKLESS CHILD.

Humiliations were in store for McDonell. The air which he breathed was charged with the lightnings of God, and every movement which he made, whether towards good or evil, was to

draw down on him the divine punishments, chastening if received in a penitential spirit, damning if the heart still remained alienated from justice and truth. In the pride of his slowly returning strength he had rejected the graces placed by God in his way. Bound hand and foot and tongue in the deadly bands of paralysis, he had thought that one hour of freedom, one minute almost, would be lightly purchased with all his wealth. One grace—to speak—was all he asked of God, as Dives asked for a single drop of water to cool his burning throat. Our Dives was bathed in an ocean, and with renewed force struck the hand that gave. He was restored, in a measure, to his old position. His opportunities for repentance were many. They came to his door, to his table, and thrust themselves upon the privacy of his nightly slumbers; and yet he put them all aside, but not indifferently or thoughtlessly, as is the fashion of a devil or a fool. They were with him day and night, waking and sleeping. They seemed to talk with him, for his diseased fancy gave life and personality to every harassing thought. "You are old," said one; "take me and buy your passage to heaven." Said another: "Paralysis may come again. Take me; I am worth three-fifths of your fortune." And a third cried: "It is your last chance. Take any one and you are safe." Poor old idiot! he took none, and was weighted down with wearisome remorse through the weeks that followed his strange turning away from God; fretted and fumed over the evil he had strength to do in earlier days, and was now too weak to turn into good; raged against his daughter that she was not little-minded and ignorant and ugly, as one whom change of fortune could not affect from pure inability to understand the change; and wore himself out in a variety of ways, all more or less dangerous to his delicate state of health. He scarcely knew the meaning or the pleasure of a refreshing sleep. Care slept beside him on the pillow, and, like Richard in his tent, he saw in turn the shadowy forms of those whom he had wronged. A pale-faced man and woman cried in his dreams for justice to their children. Two orphans screamed in his ears for the wealth which they had lost. His daughter, wan and entreating, besought him with tears not to leave her in poverty. In the background always stood a black-robed deity in the attitude of a Nemesis, and the sallow face wore spectacles and looked very much like the persecuting priest. When he awoke in terror, and found it was but a disagreeable dream, he raged for an hour in the helpless, idiotic fashion of an old man and an invalid, and dared not go to bed again.

"Poverty," he would mutter, wiping the cold sweat from his brow—"poverty be hanged! Wailing and screeching not to be left poor, when her income will never be lower than twelve thousand a year! There's an idea of poverty for you! As if her income, like her majesty's, footed up to so many hundreds a day, and was coming down to as many units! Eighteen thousand is not a sum to be dropped to a stranger without blinking, to be sure, but what is it all compared to a man's peace of mind, his night's sleep, and—and—I may as well say it, though I don't want to—and the safety of his soul? I can't get over the look of the priest, posing as Nemesis indeed! What won't a man dream? And I wouldn't endure it again for a fortune. Poverty! Pooh! Twelve thousand a year poverty? I'll send for the priest to-morrow and settle the matter for ever. Let her screech for the money. I'll not be pestered to death for the sake of paltry dollars."

He would sleep peacefully after this good resolution, but still did not dare to return to bed. His invalid-chair was comfortable enough, however, and saved him a repetition of his ugly dreams, and the morning looked in on him cheery and determined as a man could be. But night-thoughts are foolish creatures when dragged into the light of day. Like the players of the stage, they are all grace, lightness, beauty under the glare of the footlights; the sun has no mercy on them, and shows their hideous paint, and faded velvets, and paste diamonds with shining impartiality. Resolutions made in the silence of the night are much of the same nature as the mists which gather on a river. They disappear with the sun; and so it was with McDonell's. The evaporation was complete. He did not send for the priest nor inform his daughter, but went about restless, melancholy, and snappish, biting every one that came in his way, raising many a laugh at his eccentricities, and playing more and more into his enemies' hands.

He had forgotten his famous idea of making the boy whom he had defrauded his secretary and son-in-law. The difficulties which he should have foreseen at first occurred to him in the course of time and daunted him. He was fickle and uncertain in his resolves and plans. He thought of many schemes and rejected them as fast as they presented themselves; but they served the purpose of diverting his mind from himself until despondency followed. So slowly was he recovering from his illness, so easily was he put back a degree on the way to moderate health, so severe an effect had the slightest depression of spirits on his system, that he was at last compelled to think seriously of taking

Nano into his confidence. Night and sleep were the terrors of his existence, for the diseased fancy was never idle. His dreams were become more frightful, his resolutions more numerous, and the breaking of these a thing of shameful frequency. He saw no way out of his misery, and one evening, in a fit of despair, commanded his daughter's appearance in the library with the intention of revealing to her the nature of the situation. She came immediately and found him in a wild condition of feeling, torn by conflicting emotions, but firmly determined to dare all in this moment. It shook his resolution somewhat to look upon her royal beauty and manner, and to think how much of its outward adornment, how much of its inward vain satisfactions, he was to take away by a single stroke of his pen; and then his mind, reverting to the income she would possess, always forgetful and excited now, he blurted out:

"Pish! Who would call that poverty?"

She was taking her seat when he uttered these words, and as a glimpse of their true significance flashed upon her mental sight a slight pallor overspread her face, her lips trembled, and she put out her hands in a blind way, as if trying to grasp something. He saw it and wondered; but she grew calm immediately, and spoke so sweetly that he thought no more of it and prepared to open his disagreeable story. His troubled face, the paper in his hand, the expression he had just used, forced upon her the belief that the hour of trial was at last come; and, half conscious of the scene about to take place, she prepared herself, with desperate and pitiful calmness, to act her part to the very letter. Undecided she might be at other times, but in the presence of the temptation she was ever on the tempter's side.

"I have a very painful and humiliating confession to make to you, Nano," he began in his proudest and haughtiest fashion, "and at the same time I must make you acquainted with a misfortune which will soon be yours and will require all your fortitude to meet. Before I begin my sad story let me ask pardon of you that to the neglect of years I must add a finishing touch in depriving you of a great part of the only favors which I ever bestowed on you—I mean your wealth and social standing."

"I beg of you, sir," she said, with a coolness that astonished but did not reassure him, "to come to the substance at once. Are we ruined and beggars?"

"No, not so bad as that," he replied, much relieved; "but circumstances have lately occurred which make it necessary that I should surrender part of my estate in justice to others. It is the

greater part, Nano, but it will not leave you poor. You will not be compelled to leave the circle to which you belong, but your fortune will be diminished by more than one-half."

"I am at a loss to understand, sir, how this can be."

"I have written it here." And he handed her the paper which he was nervously fingering. "I could not summon resolution to relate with my own lips the disgrace which I have brought upon your name. But it was only just that you should know my reasons for acting as I am to act."

She took the paper and read the confession, while he watched her with eager eyes, dreading, yet submissive to what might follow. She already knew the pitiful story, but she was anxious to see how far the circumstances agreed with Killany's tale. They were precisely the same.

"Well?" said her father when she handed back the paper to him in silence.

"I cannot yet understand?" was her quiet reply, and it struck chilly on his heart, "what possible effect this can have on our fortunes, unless the children are alive."

"You do not understand?" he gasped in astonishment. "Nano, you do not understand that we cannot retain what belongs to another, and, though we may have used it as our own for years, we are bound to make restitution."

"Are the heirs alive?" she asked.

"It matters nothing," he answered quickly. "If they are not alive to receive their own it goes to the poor. I cannot escape restitution in that way."

"And you would give the wealth which for twenty years you have guarded, increased, and grown gray and paralytic over to the beggars in the street, or to the priest whose debts demand such windfalls; and you would leave me, your daughter, brought up in the splendor which this house displays, with diminished income, to be laughed at and lorded over by the vulgar rich rabble of the city. Father, are you dreaming or are you mad?"

"I wish it were one or the other," he said in a feeble way, "that I might wake to know it was not my daughter who uttered those words. My honesty was brittle enough, God knows, but it had life. Yours seems dead. And still I forget, poor girl, that you have been bred a pagan, and what can *you* know of honor or justice as the Christian knows it?"

He bowed his head in his hands like one stunned, and Killany's words, "She would barter her soul to retain this wealth," seemed burned into his brain. Her emotion was not less severe,

but her determination was invincible. She had begun the hideous drama, and would play it to the end.

"Do not excite yourself, sir," she said, "over a phantasy. But it is as well for you to know that I will not submit to any such disposal of your property. It is yours to do with as you please, but I shall make strong opposition, and, if the world says rightly, I shall be successful."

He lifted his head, and looked at her with a face more haggard than when he had lain on his sick-bed. His command of words and his pronunciation were not of the best since his illness, and in times of excitement these defects became more apparent. His voice was thick now as he sternly said:

"What do you mean, woman? Do you dare to threaten your father?"

"I beg your pardon. I meant no more than I said," she answered as calmly as before.

"Then know," he cried in a passion, bringing one hand down on the table with a violence that set the papers dancing, "that every cent of this money shall go to those to whom it belonged. By the heavens above, girl! if you are not honest from choice, you shall be so from necessity. I am master yet."

"I do not dispute it, and let me beg of you to lower your tones, father. The servants have ears, and, if they allow a little for your condition, it is possible to say too much."

"For my condition?" he muttered suspiciously. "What is there in my condition to allow for?"

She hesitated. Was it necessary to add to his suffering by informing him of the slanders which circulated concerning him in the world? She was very hard with him, and felt as if she could be harder and more cruel yet. A demon of cruelty had possession of her.

"The world says of you, sir, that you are mad, or fast becoming so. Business men are afraid to deal with you, since every act of yours may be called in question hereafter. And this paper"—she picked up the confession and laid it on the coals of the grate—"would probably be of as much value in a court as the ashes into which it has turned. Judge, then, of the manner in which this story would be received by the world, and, if you are wise, put it aside for ever."

It was not a pleasant fact even for her to tell or for him to receive, and the manner of his receiving it was harder yet to bear unmoved. His face grew stony and whiter, his lips were set, his eyes glaring, and his whole manner one of concentrated horror.

He held out his hands involuntarily towards her. If the world treated him harshly she was his only refuge, and she had feared this appeal.

"Do *you* believe it?" he moaned. "O Nano! do *you* believe it?"

"I do not wish to. But after so strange, so improbable a confession as you have made to-night, and the mad, chimerical scheme of restitution which you have planned, my faith is considerably shaken. Say it is all a mistake, father"—and she put one hand on his arm, and looked into his face with an expression so hard to resist—"say it is a blunder, a mere freak of your fancy, and I shall believe without doubting in your sanity."

He looked down coldly but blankly into her face.

"So the devil would look," he muttered, "when tempting me to sin. I could not do that, Nano; I could not do what you ask, for then to myself I would be worse than mad. Ah!" with sudden, fierce recollection shaking off her hand, "I have been nursing a viper all these years, and now it stings me into madness. It was hard enough to withstand temptation as I did in the last few weeks, but there was a triumph in resisting until Satan took your shape, Nano. O God! it is your turn now."

"You are mad, I believe," she said curtly.

He did not answer, but remained staring silently into the fire.

"Paralysis was nothing to this," he muttered to himself, and every word pierced her like a knife, "and hell could not be much worse. These shrunken, maimed limbs and this thickened tongue have been made so for her sake, and now—"

He turned and faced her without finishing the sentence. "Listen," he said. "I have been told that you do not believe in God or in the existence of a soul. Had I done my duty to God and you, you would have believed otherwise. As it is, hear and remember these facts, and profit by the lessons they contain.

"I was brought up in the Catholic 'superstition,' and I left it, not from conviction, but from the love of wealth, and power, and high standing in the world.

"I had been a good, pure, honest man while I remained true to my own principles. I knew and felt and relished the responsibilities of a husband, a father, and a Christian. But the moment I deserted those principles—and they are embodied in the Catholic faith—I forgot everything but the golden calves which I worshipped.

"I allowed your mother to live a cheerless, unwifely life, to

die a peevish, sin-laden, despairing woman, who, not enjoying life, still had no hope in death.

"I robbed my friend and his helpless children.

"I left my daughter to the care of religious hybrids, who brought her up according to the maxims of all the blasphemous fools that ever prosed under the cloak of humanity, wisdom, and truth.

"Now mark my punishment.

"When I would undo a part of the evil which I had done the world calls me mad. I wish to return to my church, to purchase my eternal safety with the world's gold and the heart's repentance, and lo! my daughter turns upon me, and weighs the eternal happiness of the man who gave her life with the pitiful opinions of her pet society acquaintances. The education which I gave to myself I have unwittingly given to her, and the results, I suppose, will be the same. I have sinned in my love of gold, and so will you. This is my punishment—to be accounted mad. Will it, too, be yours?

"Now, on your principles, Miss McDonell, atheist, freethinker, judger of God in his motives and actions, how do you account for all these chances?"

"On the strength of your madness, sir," she answered, trembling; "for if you were not mad before you are at this moment."

"Mad—yes, for ever mad," he said, putting his hands to his forehead. "And Killany was right after all. Well, you are a finely-matched pair. You will put me in the asylum yet."

"I have nothing in common with that man. He is here by your permission, and not to my pleasure."

"Then let him go, in God's name, and do you follow as speedily as you may."

She rose and walked to the door.

"You will forget this rash idea of restitution, father. You are rapidly recovering from your illness, and such excitement as you have endured this evening does you only injury."

"Yes, I was excited," he answered dreamily. "Oh! I must have been. Come here, Nano."

He took her hands when she stood by his side, and looked with an old man's beseeching helplessness into her eyes.

"Does the world really say that I am mad, Nano?"

"It does," she answered with not hypocritical gentleness, for her heart was very sore indeed.

"And, Nano, do you think that I am mad?"

"I would not hesitate in saying no, father, but for what has happened to-night. Were you in true and solid earnest?"

"I should be mad indeed if I said otherwise. But, O my child! be kind and straightforward with me as I have not been with you. If the world turns against me I have but one refuge on earth. There is another whom I have betrayed and dare not look up to until I have done right and atoned. Nano, I am dying. My days are numbered, and will you not help to make my last hours easy for me? You will be alone when I am dead. You have no relatives, and I pray you that as you would wish to die in the arms of those who love you, so to let me die."

"And so you shall, father," she said, kissing his forehead; "only forget to-night."

"Ah! away with you," he almost shrieked, flinging her from him with a violence that was terrible to see. "You are not my child, but a foul, unnatural thing, caring more for my gold than for me! A thief, if you could and dared! Out, out! I say."

She went away calmly enough, though her face was white from the indignity which he had put upon her, a woman.

McDonell raised his hands to heaven in silent invocation.

"It is done at last, and thank God!" he said. "I shall send for the priest to-morrow and make the final arrangements. My sorrows are ending, but hers are beginning, and Heaven alone knows where they will end."

The bell rang for dinner, but neither father nor daughter came to the table. McDonell was busy arranging his papers, and Nano, worn and disgusted, eaten up by remorse, anguish, and despair, yet more than ever determined to hold on to the property, walked the length of her room in sad meditation, vainly endeavoring to devise some less violent means than the asylum for quieting her father.

CHAPTER XVII.

"ON ICE."

KILLANY called the morning after the library-scene, and found awaiting him a woman of a far different temper than he expected. He had left her in doubt the preceding evening; she was all determination to-day, and related what had taken place with a frankness, a vivacity and earnestness she had not shown him for an indefinite period. It puzzled him still more, however, in her regard. He feared that her manner was forced and intended to

deceive. He had allowed her a certain time in which to come to the mark, and she had anticipated him. He was not a man who liked to change his rules of action for every incidental exception, no matter how severely they injured the substance of the rule; and in this much again he was not a Bohemian. He had tested by long experience the efficacy, strength, and correctness of his methods. He had found, too, that if adherence to them in all cases sometimes brought about losses, departure from them had in several instances brought him greater losses. He listened to her tale, and observed her changed manner with considerable of disquiet and unexpressed suspicion.

"And now," said Nano, in concluding her story, "the time has come for action, yet I am at a loss to know what to do. At any moment he may make over this property to the priest, for he was so angered by my opposition that he seemed prepared for any rashness."

"You must put him under guard at once," Killany answered, proposing the bold scheme more with a view of testing her sincerity than with the expectation of having it accepted. "His letters and messages must be intercepted and visitors excluded. The time is ripe, for the world, and even his own household, is persuaded of his insanity."

The faintest pallor came into her lips, and she flushed slightly afterwards; but, conscious of Killany's sharp gaze, she became immediately calm again.

"You mean to have him guarded here?"

"Yes."

"But do not forget that the admission of strangers would excite his suspicion."

"There is no necessity for strangers. His valet will make an excellent keeper, for the fellow is frightened enough at the reports of your father's insanity. He will keep out visitors, and hand you all letters entrusted to him. I will advise, as his physician, that your father remain in absolute retirement for a few days. If he suspects what is occurring, and becomes violent, then more stringent measures must be taken. A few days' time and one or two outbursts of rage will be enough to give him the manner of a madman. The physicians may do the rest."

"You are too bold," she said coldly. "I have not yet consented to these violences."

"Then this first violence is totally unnecessary," he replied decisively, "if you do not intend to go further. All is over if you hesitate for a moment. Once he discovers his position, you

must either release him or put him in perpetual confinement. Let the first happen and you will never be able to put him in safety; for his friends will gather round, and easily destroy, by determined opposition, the present impression of his madness. There is no medium, Miss McDonell, and the alternative is the loss of your property."

She could not but feel the truth of his words, and if she pretended to doubt and consider it was merely to gather strength and outward composure for the shameful consent she was about to give this man. Before him she wished never to betray the faintest emotion. Hitherto she had looked upon him and his plottings with feigned indifference, and this he had borne with patiently, hopeful for such a moment of triumph and compensation as she was now compelled to offer. Henceforth she must appear in the *rôle* of his co-conspirator, and the bitter humiliation of such an alliance was forcing her proud heart to the dust.

"Do as you wish," she said at last, with affected carelessness, "and let there be no bungling."

"That I can promise you," he said, lowering his eyes to conceal the wicked, malicious joy that shone there. "I have not yet made any blunders. You may trust me."

After some further but important conversation he left.

Olivia called in the course of the day with the news of a skating-carnival to take place the next evening. The little lady was not as brilliant as usual, and there was a suspicion of heaviness in the eyes that ever sparkled cheerily. For the first time in her life a real, blasting sorrow had come upon her, and the young heart felt the suffering keenly. With the silent, enduring courage of a woman, counselled by Mrs. Strachan, whom Killany had so unluckily fallen upon as the greatest gossip he knew, sustained by the fear of consequences to her brother if the story went abroad, she went on her way as before, carrying a smiling face and a gay manner to hide her sorrow. If she was sad, however, Nano made up for it in the forced gayety which she assumed. Ordinarily cold and reserved, remorse, like the blaze of a polar sun on the ice-fields, thawed her into unnatural cheerfulness. Olivia sat puzzled and overwhelmed at this new side to her friend's character, listening to her rapid and wandering speeches, and mystified by the slightly-flushed cheeks and burning eyes. A chill struck upon her heart, for she could not reconcile this phenomenon with true peace of conscience.

"And there is to be a carnival," said she, "and you are anxious that I should go with your party? Of course I shall be

happy. Sir Stanley is excellent company, and your brother, although perhaps a trifle grave, can talk metaphysics and transcendentalism. I know one thing that will please you: Killany will not be there. He is pressed with business and cannot come."

"It makes but little difference," Olivia answered, with a lump sticking in her throat. "I choke when his name is mentioned or when in his presence. He cannot do me more harm present than absent, and I am sure he will do as much as is possible in any place. And now, leaving all disagreeable subjects aside, what are you going to wear? Something dreadfully cultured, and unintelligible, and pagan, I am sure."

"Diana is to be my *rôle:* black velvet and gold trimmings; moon-and-star crown; bow and quiver of arrows over my shoulder."

"That is better than to appear as an Indian goddess with an unpronounceable name—a veritable what-is-it, comprehensible only by the elect of culture. I am going as a Swedish girl in a winter costume. Sir Stanley is anxious to find out what I shall wear. The foolish fellow would actually array himself in a corresponding habit, if he knew."

"Which would be quite proper, and no doubt he will discover it. It will not make a great difference as to a certain event."

"I suppose not," Olivia said meditatively, and with another throat-spasm.

Something in her face recalled to Nano the evening of the reception.

"Ah!" she suddenly exclaimed, "how could I have forgotten it?"

"Forgotten what?"

"The night you went home so distressed from the reception. Do you remember what you said to me? I have thought of it so often since, and it has worried me unaccountably."

"I should not have spoken as I did," Olivia said hastily. "Something did happen, but I must ask you to wait a little before I tell you."

"I will wait just five minutes. You have grown thin and pale in a few days, and have lost some of your old cheerfulness. Child, I ought to know the cause of this trouble, since it happened within my walls."

"There is no present need of your knowing, Nano. I could not open my lips now even if I wished; but believe me, you shall hear all in good time."

Her embarrassment was so great and painful that Nano forbore to press her further, and the conversation turned to other subjects. When leaving, Olivia offered, according to custom, her hand and cheek to her friend; but, to her surprise and grief, Nano managed to reject both in the gentlest and cleverest manner.

"I have offended her by my reserve," she thought sadly, as she went down the stairs; and being very sick at heart, and overweighted with the burden of her own sorrow, this new bitterness welled up from her heart to her eyes and sent her home weeping quietly behind her veil. But Nano, with her hands clasped tightly over her breast, uttered the true reason of this apparent coldness to her friend. She looked upon herself as a guilty, sin-stained thing, unworthy to breathe the same air with so pure a creature as Olivia Fullerton.

"Never again until I have atoned," she said, staring hard at the pallid woman reflected in the glass—"never, never again to clasp that innocent hand or touch those pure lips with mine! What a terrible fate have I chosen for myself! Yet who will know, and when I am dead what will it matter? For there is but rottenness after death, and saint and sinner are served alike in the grave. If it were true—but no, there is no God, no God, no God!"

The last words were more a question than an assertion. The divine truth was struggling fiercely for a footing in her soul. She wrung her hands and looked at them as Lady Macbeth looked at hers, stained with dream-blood, and with her she almost screamed:

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

Then her mood changed. She grew angry at her own weakness, and tried to force upon herself the mask of indifference; tried to reason her meditated sin into an act of justice and even pity; tried to laugh at the whole affair as a very ordinary proceeding over which she was making herself ridiculous.

"Poor little hand! You have sinned no more than to raise yourself against one who in his craziness would rob your mistress; who gave her life, and riches, and honor, only to sink her into a deeper abyss of death, and poverty, and shame; who taught her to love with her whole heart this which he would now deprive her of for the sake of a superstition. The world will say you have done well, and there is no other to judge or know. For there is—no—"

Her head fell on her breast, and the tears of vexation fell from her eyes. She did not utter her blasphemy a second time,

and she could not; for on the pages of her heart was written in fadeless characters the truth she would fain have denied.

"Am I deserting my belief?" she muttered. "Am I yielding to this superstition? Oh! this Olivia and her brother are my bad angels. If I did not know them what would I care for this plotting of Killany's or its result! I will forget them. They shall not be my Mentors. But oh! to forget my own heart. To put away all that is really good and lovable about me—can I do that and live?" In her anguish she sat, as she had often done before, for hours in meditation.

The next evening, when she was dressing for the carnival, Killany came in hurriedly and sent up an urgent message. She came down to the hall in her brilliant costume, and electrified him.

"Ah"—and the tone of his voice was not of the sweetest—"you are going to the carnival? I must put off my business until to-morrow."

"If you would be so kind. I expect my party every moment."

"Mrs. Strachan, I suppose."

"She will be there, of course," was her direct evasion, "in some hideous dress—military it ought to be, or male attire of some kind. The general is, you know, a good skater and a good gossip. She is kind-hearted, too."

"Extremely so. I may say good-evening."

"But you have not noticed my dress."

And she stood away from him, and let him see it in various lights and positions.

"It is very brilliant," he said, pleased at her graceful familiarity. "Not so complete as it might be, perhaps. There is one ornament lacking: a gold-haired Apollo, or, if it suits you, another Orion."

"I shall meet many of them, no doubt. What a pity you are not coming!"

"I regret that business is pressing. Permit me. Good-evening."

He bowed himself out, chagrined at he knew not what, and raging with very well-defined jealousy.

A little later came the maskers of the carnival: Sir Stanley in his Swedish peasant habit, Olivia as she had described herself, and the grave doctor in the charming holiday dress of a twelfth-century gallant. They drove off, laughing very heartily at the grotesque combination of costumes, and were soon in the midst of the weirdest throng that ever the frozen bosom of the bay had

borne. It was a clear moonlight night, without wind or heavy frost, and not too cold to permit of a long, quiet talk after the limbs had been loosened and wearied with skating. This was the first note which Sir Stanley took of the scene. A circle of ropes and guards shut off the maskers from the broad expanse of the bay, and over this spot fell the glare of a thousand torchlights and colored lanterns. The assembly was already large—too large for a quiet talk, Sir Stanley observed—and ridiculous as such assemblies usually are. The anachronisms in the costumes and their grotesque contrasts kept the ladies in subdued but continued laughter.

"There is our devil," said Olivia to her companion, as the character glided by with the proverbial tail over his arm; "what a labor you would have exorcising him!"

"If it were to be done according to ritual, yes," said the baronet boastfully; "but otherwise, why, no. Give me your hand and let us proceed with the *abandon* suited to our character. I am going to startle you when we reach the retired corners."

"I don't wish to be startled," said Olivia decidedly, but with a beating heart, "and therefore I shall not go into the retired corners. It doesn't become even a peasant-girl to be wandering in dark places."

"As you please. I can and will startle you here just as well, only it occurred to me that for your own sake you would prefer to be unobserved."

Olivia knew not what to do or say in her distress. It was very clear that Sir Stanley was going to propose, and, although a few days earlier she would have hailed the event with simple and single-hearted joy, it was now become a most painful proceeding. Diana and her cavalier flew past in as high spirits as two eminently grave persons could be, and she made a vain effort to draw them to her side. The devil, with horns and tail prominent in the moonlight, was slipping over the ice ahead, and it rashly occurred to her to engage him in conversation. But as there might spring up an occasion of exorcising for Sir Stanley, she wisely restrained herself and submitted to fate.

"Would you not please wait," she said humbly, "until later in the evening? I did not expect very much pleasure from the carnival, but you will destroy it all if you speak as you intend."

"Your words are anything but encouraging," said he, starting; "and since you seem to understand so well what I am going to say in the dark corners, come, sister, and hear it at once."

There was nothing but to obey, for Sir Stanley's voice was

rather imperative in sound. They left the charmed circle of the maskers and glided away into the blue, silvered twilight beyond. The moonlight fell in a shower on the ice. In the distance twinkled the lights of the island, behind them gleamed the city's fiery eyes, and from an illuminated spot came the sounds of music and happy voices, and the flash and glitter of gaily-attired forms, misty and pleasant as a dream. Around them was a desert scattered with parties of two as far as possible from one another, and moving with spirit-like ease and gracefulness.

"Olivia," began the baronet, when they had gone a convenient distance, "I believe you have understood, at least within the last few weeks, the attentions I have been paying you. You have no doubt heard the opinions of other people on the matter, and, as you did not discourage me, I have hoped that my suit was not disagreeable. I ask you now to be my wife."

"I do not know what to answer," said she, with a sudden burst of weeping. "I cannot tell, Sir Stanley, whether I shall or not."

This answer was a poser for the baronet, although he had an idea that it was not precisely unfavorable. He was silent for some time, not a little disturbed in his efforts to think the matter into shape with the lady sobbing at his side.

"Yes or no," he argued, "is the usual answer. This must be a mean of some kind. Perhaps it signifies 'I want to, but I cannot; circumstances will not permit.' And what could be the matter with the pretty thing? Egad! I am off my balance mentally as well as sentimentally, and if I am not set right again I should like to select a convenient air-hole and end the programme with an attempted but unsuccessful suicide."

"Your answer, Olivia," said he aloud, "is rather ambiguous. I love you, dear, and I thought you might have loved me a little."

"So I do—very much," murmured she, with a blush that would have entranced him had it been daylight. The baronet was intoxicated at this confession, and very naturally trembled.

"You frighten me, Olivia. If you love me—and I thank you a thousand times for that sweet saying—why can you not tell if you will marry me? It is mysterious and dreadful."

"I know it, Sir Stanley, But I must ask you to wait for just the shortest time, and be patient until I can discover something I wish to know."

"Something you wish to know?" repeated the astonished gentleman.

"Is that so very wonderful?" she replied, with a touch of the old sauciness.

"Oh! no, Olivia, not at all. But I trust it is nothing—of course it isn't."

"Concerning you, Sir Stanley? I never doubted your goodness, and kindness, and honesty. It is about myself, and you will have to wait so short a time until I am able to say yes or no."

She choked again at the thought of uttering the sad negative, which circumstances might make a necessity. The baronet, quite overcome, wished to appeal to the stars or to do some other foolish thing in testimony of his inability to survive an adverse answer. However, a sensible silence intervened. They skated slowly round in a limited circle, until Olivia expressed her wish to return.

"At least I shall always know that you loved me," he said as they glided away; for he had been thinking of the mournful possibility of a parting, simply to enjoy in fancy the luxury which he imagined would never be afforded him. Very hopefully they returned to the revellers. They passed an absent-minded pair taking the direction of the open bay.

"By the gleam of gold and the rustling of silk," said Sir Stanley, "I would take the gentleman for Harry."

"And I know," said Olivia, with scarcely a joy-tone in her words, "that the lady is Nano. Do you not see her quiver and bow?"

"What a learned conversation they must be having! She will quote Voltaire, Emerson, Goethe, and Taine. He will bury her under St. Augustine and Brownson. We can even hear what they are saying."

They stopped to listen. The doctor's deep and penetrating tones were easily heard at a long distance, and Nano's sweet treble floated to their ears as gently as the flight of a bird, but the words were not distinguishable. They went on out of sight, and the peasants joined the revellers once more. The number had increased, and the new figures were rather startling. A thin, frisky figure in a bird-suit hopped and chirped comically throughout the circle, and annoyed Olivia extremely by his attentions, until the baronet, observing, threatened to pitch him into his proper sphere. A tall form with flowing white hair and beard, clothed in furs and glittering with icicles of glass and steel, seemed also inclined to pester her with attentions, but took warning by the threat against the man-bird, and, after gazing about earnestly for some moments, went off lakewards.

Nano and the doctor were conversing, with dangerous seriousness and much sentiment, on various subjects when the fur-clad representative of the frozen north flew by on wind-wings and glanced at them sharply as he passed. Presently the man-bird came skating in the same direction, and, being less careful than the other, approached near enough to have the doctor's fingers suddenly and firmly pressed about his throat.

"You are too bold, Quip," he said mildly, and Quip's eyes were starting from his head. "Go back."

Without a word, and with his feathers considerably rumpled, the fowl stole away, followed shortly by the Frozen North, who, as he flew by again, laughed to himself quietly and favored them with another stare.

"An underbred fellow," said the doctor.

"I shivered when he passed," said Nano. "Let us go back, Dr. Fullerton, for we shall not find our friends here."

"I fear that we have not made much of an effort to find them," he laughed. "They are probably returned by this, and we may expect some raillery from them on our moonlight search."

They met with Sir Stanley and Olivia standing on the outside circle and quietly watching the scene before them. There was so little animation in their manner and countenances that the doctor and his partner felt uneasy. They had suspected the baronet's intention of tempting his fate to-night, and if he had done so it was clear that he met only with disaster.

"Well, Diana," cried Olivia, with forced gayety, "your hunt was a long one. What game did you succeed in bringing down?"

"Only a heart," answered the doctor in her stead, "and without using an arrow. The moonlight, the silence, and some other circumstances made it an easy victim."

"You act up to your costume, Harry," returned the baronet.

"Which is more, I'll engage," returned the doctor, "than you can say for yourself."

"True," said Sir Stanley, with a vexed look; "no peasant could be as solemn as I at this moment."

"And none," repeated Nano, "could be more solemn than our Olivia here."

Olivia had suddenly withdrawn her attention from their raillery. The tone of a voice on the ice without the circle had reached her ears, and she was listening, as she listened on the night of the reception, to the bitter words the voice framed and uttered.

"Here? Of course. No society is safe from them. If their antecedents were as correct and stainless as the queen's own they could not have greater assurance. You did not hear of it? I am surprised. I thought it was known everywhere. The bar sinister is on their escutcheon. I cut them long ago, so far as professional etiquette would permit, and I wonder how they have stood so long."

"That is plain," another answered. "When a woman of fashion and a man of title combine to favor a thing it is sure of success. They are out of my books, however, though they were smiled on by her majesty herself."

"The woman of fashion and the man of title will leave quickly enough when it reaches their ears. It takes the power of a king to make such rubbish popular."

The voice stopped there, and she heard no more. The others were too busily engaged with themselves to pay attention to the loud speaker, but Nano caught his last words.

"Killany here!" she exclaimed. "I was sure I heard his voice near."

"Hardly possible," said the doctor. "He assured me he was not going."

"Why are you so silent, Olivia?" said the baronet.

"I am cold"— she was actually shivering with anguish and terror—"and do you not think we had better return? We have been here a good two hours, and the crowd is getting thinner now."

"Two hours?" said Nano. "That is not probable."

"But it is a fact," Olivia replied, showing her watch. "And your indifference to time shows how thoroughly you enjoyed it."

They left the ice immediately, and in ascending to the wharf were passed by an acquaintance, who saluted.

"Good-evening, Miss McDonell. Good-evening, Sir Stanley."

"Good-evening, Mr. Hughes," said the doctor, as the gentleman did not seem to recognize him or Olivia. "Are you forgetting your other friends?"

"Ah! to be sure—yes—good-evening," said Hughes rather confusedly, and not waiting to make apologies or explanations. Harry could not understand why a warm spot glowed on his cheek at this strange manner of address, but Olivia could very easily account for the deadly chill which set her shivering again and made her clasp the baronet's arm fiercely.

"You are slipping," said he.

"A little," she answered faintly, and was silent.

"Rather a cool way of taking the blunder," the doctor remarked to Nano. "At least he might have explained."

She said nothing in reply, but wondered, and Sir Stanley was too busy with his partner to pay much attention to these trifles. They reached the carriage and were driven home in apparently good spirits. But Olivia was reserved and sad.

"I wonder what Hughes meant by it?" were the last words of the doctor to his sister that night.

"He is very well bred," she answered carelessly, "but he is often enough in his cups. He did not seem to be displeased or angry, only confused."

The answer did not satisfy the doctor, and he bade her good-night with a clouded face.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

II.

In a former article reviewing M. Fouard's *Life of Christ* we promised a synopsis of the work. In making this synopsis we shall almost entirely confine ourselves to a statement of the author's views, without criticism or discussion. On several important points there is a difference of opinion among sound and orthodox scholars. M. Fouard's particular opinions on these points are in all cases probable and supported by good arguments and authorities. Being satisfied of this, we are content to make an exposition of the principal parts of the history of our Lord as presented by him, with very slight additions or comments.

The chronological order of the principal events in the history is one of the first points to claim attention. St. Luke furnishes a point of departure for the arrangement of this order, by giving the fifteenth year of Tiberius as the date of the beginning of the public ministry of John the Baptist, and recording the fact that Jesus was soon after baptized by him, being at that time about thirty years old. Augustus having died in August of A.U.C. 767, the fifteenth year of the reign of his successor Tiberius, dating from that event, begins with August 781 and ends August

782. The computation of Dionysius the Little based on this supposition is the one which regulated the common use of Christendom. It has been long known, however, to be incorrect. It is a fact, settled by the authority of Josephus, that Herod died in April 750. But if Jesus completed his thirtieth year in the year 781, or in 782, he must have been born after Herod's death, which contradicts the history of the gospel. He was born at least several months before Herod's death, and therefore not later than the close of the year 749. The year of our Lord 1 begins with January 753 according to the common reckoning, which is based on the supposition that Christ was born in December 752. This cannot be the correct date, and it is therefore necessary to compute the fifteenth year of Tiberius, not from the death of Augustus, but from the time when Augustus made him his colleague in the empire, viz., from the year 765.

M. Fouard assigns the year 780 as the beginning of the public ministry of our Lord, including in it four Passovers, the first one in the April after he had completed his thirtieth year, a second at which he was present in Jerusalem, a third from which he absented himself on account of the plots against his life, and the fourth, with which the time of his death coincided. The difference of opinion which exists respecting the date of our Saviour's birth, assigned by some to the year 747 and by others to 749, exists also in respect to the year of his death, and there are other difficulties relating to the chronology of the events of the Holy Week. One principal difference of opinion is on the question whether our Lord was crucified on the very day of the Passover or on the preceding day. M. Fouard decides for the day before the Passover. The entire chronology of the life of Christ, as he arranges it, is exhibited in the following table.

749 of Rome:	5 B.C.	25 Dec.	The Nativity.
779 "	26 A.D.	Sept.	Ministry of John.
780 "	27 "	Jan.	Baptism of Jesus.
780 "	27 "	April.	1st Passover.
781 "	28 "	April.	2d Passover.
782 "	29 "	April.	3d Passover.
783 "	30 "	April 7th.	4th Passover and Death of Christ.

When Christ appeared in Judea, a century and a half had elapsed since Judas Machabæus began his glorious reign as high-priest and ruler. Sixty-six years before the Christian era, two descendants of the illustrious Machabæan family, Hyrcanus and Aristobulus, who had engaged in war with each other for the

crown, made Pompey the arbiter of their quarrel. As the result of this appeal, Hyrcanus was made ruler of Judea with the title of ethnarch, but subject to the Roman governor of Syria, and Jerusalem was abased by the entrance of the Roman eagles within her walls, and of Pompey himself into the sacred enclosure of the Holy of Holies. After his victory over Pompey, Julius Cæsar united Palestine to Idumea under the government of the Idumean Antipater, under whom his son Phasaël administered the affairs of Idumea, and another son, Herod, those of Judea. In the year 37 B.C. Herod was made king of Judea by the Roman Senate, and forcibly installed by the Roman army. This cruel and bloodthirsty but able monarch, while he exterminated the noblest and best of the Jews, and destroyed their national life by a heathenish policy, covered the country with superb monuments, one of which was the new temple at Jerusalem. The principal institution which remained under his reign and survived it, though with diminished dignity and power, was the Sanhedrim. This was a council of seventy-one members composed of the actual and the deposed chief-priests, Scribes of learning and distinction who were Doctors of the Law, and heads of tribes and families. It was a parliament, a supreme court of justice, and a high Academy, at one and the same time, and had really acquired predominance over the priesthood, many of whose highest prerogatives it had, by general consent, assumed. Two great parties disputed with each other for the pre-eminence, the Pharisees who were zealots for the Law and the Traditions of its Interpreters, and the Sadducees who were gross rationalists and almost total unbelievers, though, strange as the anomaly may seem, the majority of the priests of superior rank belonged to their party. The nation was in decadence and near its ruin. Piety and morality were at a low ebb. Sacred learning was trivial, religious zeal was a degenerate and repulsive devotion to minute outward observances, associated with an intolerant pride and too often with hypocrisy. Patriotism had become fierce and fanatical. The great national idea and hope of the coming and kingdom of the Messiah had become perverted and degraded into an ambitious, visionary and wholly worldly expectation of a temporal and earthly monarchy seated in Jerusalem, extending its sway over the world, and accompanied by splendor, luxury, abundance and enjoyment of all kinds of natural and sensible goods, and bringing to the leaders of the Jewish people that power and pre-eminence, the possession of which they so much envied the Roman rulers. The degenerating process went on rapidly during Herod's long

reign, and the thirty-three years which elapsed between the birth and the death of Christ. The change for the worse which was taking place during this last period is noticeable in reading the simple text of the gospel narrative, and becomes much more evident when other sources of information are examined.

The religious and moral degeneracy of the ruling class and the common people of Judea was not, however, universal, and did not become desperate, until after their obstinate rejection of the true Messiah had consummated their iniquity. The priest Zacharias, Simeon, who is thought with some reason to have been the son of the celebrated Hillel and president of the Sanhedrim, Nicodemus, a Doctor of the Law, Joseph of Arimathea, a member of the Sanhedrim, Lazarus of Bethany, Nathanael, Gamaliel the son of Simeon and Paul's master, who probably became a Christian towards the close of his life, and many others especially among the common people, were a different and much better sort of Israelites. A still larger number were in that floating, undecided condition in which they were susceptible of being led and persuaded either to good or evil by the example and authority of those who for the time had most influence over them, and by the general current of opinion and sentiment.

Not only those Jews who still retained their belief in the prophecies, but the people of the more remote East, also, were in an attitude of expectation awaiting the coming of the great King of the Jews. The rumor of this had reached the ears of the Romans. Suetonius says that "an ancient and common opinion had pervaded the whole East, that it was decreed by fate that at that time men of Jewish origin would obtain supremacy." * Tacitus alludes to the same belief and other similar testimonies to this common rumor are found in classical literature.

The political condition of Palestine underwent great changes after the death of Herod. This prince left his dominions by testament to two of his surviving sons, Archelaüs and Herod Antipas. Augustus did not, however, respect these dispositions. Judea, Samaria, and Idumea were given to Archelaüs, who assumed indeed the title of king but was obliged to lay it aside for the more modest appellation of ethnarch, with a promise of elevation to the royal dignity after he had given proof of his worthiness. The emperor distrusted from the beginning his weak and violent character, and after a trial of ten years, during which his tyranny provoked frequent insurrections, he was deposed and

* Suet., *Vesp.*, 4; Tacit., *Hist.*, l. v. c. 13.

banished to Gaul. Judea was then at first annexed to the province of Syria, at that time governed by Publius Sulpicius Quirinius. Not long after it received a separate Procurator. During the ten remaining years of Augustus, it had three governors in succession, Coponius, Marcus Ambivius and Annius Rufus, all of whom found great difficulty in maintaining their authority and collecting taxes in face of general turbulence and continual seditions, which were only put down by military force and with much bloodshed. Under Tiberius the country was more tranquil, and during the twenty-three years of his reign received but two procurators, Valerius Gratus appointed A.D. 16, and Pontius Pilatus, appointed A.D. 26. Annas was High Priest when Gratus assumed the government. The latter deposed him and appointed successively Ismaël, Eleazar, Simeon, and Joseph Caïphas. It seems, however, that although an outward submission was given to this exercise of usurped authority, Annas was always recognized as the legitimate High Priest and continued to govern in reality through his substitutes, one of whom, Eleazar, was his son, and another, Caïphas, his son-in-law. Pilate's character was a mixture of just dispositions, ambition and cowardice, and his administration vacillated between a daring and a timid policy, but was always irresolute. At length, he retired to Cæsarea, coming to Jerusalem only at the time of the Passover, when he inhabited the fortress Antonia with a detachment of soldiers. During the rest of the year, Jerusalem was left to the government of the Sanhedrim, only the greater causes being reserved to his tribunal, which accounts for the power and opportunity of persecuting Jesus during his public ministry which the Chief Priests, Scribes, and Pharisees enjoyed.

Galilee and Perea were given to Herod Antipas with the title of tetrarch. He was an indolent and debauched prince, who paid little attention to the acts of the ministry of Jesus within his dominions, finding nothing in his preaching at which he could take umbrage.

To the north of this province, the country of Bashan, Trachonitis and Iturea constituted the domain of Philip, a son of Herod, who was a just and humane prince and a lover of the fine arts. Jesus found several times a safe and quiet retreat within his dominions.

Abilene, a region lying at the foot of the Anti-Libanus, extending from Hermon to the Libanus, formerly a small kingdom, was at present a tetrarchy governed by Lysanias, who, from the fact of his bearing the name of the last king whom Antony had

dethroned and put to death, is conjectured to have sprung from his family.

It was near the end of the reign of Herod, that the events immediately preceding the birth of the Messiah related by the evangelists, who received them from the mouth of the Blessed Virgin herself and from other immediate witnesses, took place. These were so arranged by divine providence as to furnish most certain and indubitable proof of the divine origin and mission of Jesus, to prepare the way for his appearing in due time with the signs and marks of his character as the Messiah upon him, and to remain for ever through the testimony of history a principal part of the evidence for the credibility of Christianity. This evidence was first of all to be given to the Jews, and it came through the legitimate channel of the priesthood, of the doctors of the law, of the most hallowed institutions of their religion and their nationality, through a manifest and striking conformity of facts with the predictions of the prophets, and finally, through a series of miracles culminating in the resurrection, wrought by the Messiah, in his own name, in the name of the Father, and of the Holy Spirit, which were the attestation of God to the truth of the word spoken by the Son of Man.

The most important of the preparatory events which ushered the coming of the Messiah was the mission of John the Baptist, a priest of the pure Levitical descent, allied by blood also to the house of David as a near relative of Jesus, a prophet and the inspired precursor of Christ. His father Zacharias was a priest of venerable age and sanctity, his mother, equally distinguished for piety, was a cousin of Mary. They lived at Youttah a city of the Levitical tribe, not far from Hebron in the midst of the mountains of Judea. An angel announced to Zacharias the birth and office of his son, while he was offering incense in the Holy Place of the temple, the most honorable of all the sacerdotal functions, which was performed with the greatest solemnity twice every day. The long tarrying of the priest in the sanctuary, contrary to the invariable custom of the service which required but a few minutes, the loss of speech which he incurred, and his sudden recovery on the occasion of the circumcision of his son, his prophetic psalm at the naming of the infant, the early signs of extraordinary sanctity manifested by John followed by his ascetic life and completed by his remarkable though short career as a preacher which was closed by martyrdom, all gave to the testimony of Zacharias respecting the divine revelation he had received, and to the witness of John respecting the Messiah, a certainty and publicity, amply

sufficient to convince both the rulers and the common people of the Jews, if they had been upright and piously disposed.

The authority of Zacharias was sufficient to designate Mary as the mother of the Redeemer of Israël. It was, moreover, a notorious and undoubted fact, apart from the testimony of either Zacharias or John, that Joseph and Mary were of the royal family, so that their son was qualified in this respect, as a son of David, to inherit his throne. Public records and genealogies, which received the authentication of the officers of the Roman Empire at the time of the enrolment of Augustus, gave the highest documentary sanction to this well-known fact. The genealogy of Joseph, the reputed and legal father of Jesus, is the one recorded in the gospels. Before the law, Jesus was the heir of Joseph, but besides this, the descent of Mary from David, and the rights of blood which she transmitted to her Son are established by the genealogy of Joseph, who was her near relative, probably the brother of her father Joachim.

The birth of Jesus in Bethlehem was another note of the Messiah which belonged to him. The visit of the Persian Magi, the alarm of Herod, the answer of the Doctors of the Law to his inquiries, and the slaughter of the Holy Innocents, all concurred to the notoriety and publicity of the fact of the Nativity and were added to the other certain indications of the time and the person foretold in the Messianic predictions. The witness of Simeon, who was probably the president of the Sanhedrim, and that of the aged and saintly prophetess Anna, are two more testimonies of a similar kind. Jesus added another, for the benefit of the priests and scribes, when he manifested his wisdom by his exposition of the prophets and the law at the time of his visit to the temple in his thirteenth year, and John the Baptist finished the preparatory announcement by pointing out Jesus as the Messiah on the occasion of his baptism in the River Jordan.

The narrative of the Gospel, after recounting the events of the first forty days of the Life of Jesus, is almost entirely silent concerning the thirty years which elapsed between his birth and his baptism. Immediately after the presentation of the child in the temple and the departure of the Magi, Joseph was obliged to take Mary and her infant son by a hasty flight into Egypt, to escape the jealous fury of Herod. Three days' journey from the mountains of Judea sufficed to reach the valley of Rhinocolura, now called Wady-el-Arish, on the borders of the Egyptian territory, which was the extreme limit of Herod's dominion. There is no necessity for supposing that the sojourn of the Holy Family

in Egypt lasted longer than three months. If the flight took place in February of the year of Rome 750, Joseph may have returned to Palestine in the following May, and must have done so within a few months from the date of Herod's death which occurred in April, because at the time of his return Archelaüs was still in possession of the royal title.

One other episode in the history of the early life of Jesus is narrated, his visit to the temple and discourse with the Doctors of the Law, in his thirteenth year. Archelaüs had been dispossessed two years before, and the Roman officials were administering the government, so that the journey to Jerusalem was attended with no danger. The Jewish doctors were accustomed to hold services, on the Sabbath Days, in one of the halls of the temple, for the purpose of resolving difficult questions concerning the law which might be proposed to them. During the Paschal time, great crowds gathered around their seats, curious to hear the lessons of the most celebrated teachers in Israël. Without the knowledge of his parents, Jesus remained in Jerusalem after they had joined the caravan with which they intended to travel homewards, and for several days in succession resorted to this public school of the Rabbis, where he took occasion by certain pertinent questions to attract their special attention to himself and thus to obtain the opportunity of giving them in a manner comporting with the modesty which suited his age, some wholesome instruction in the deeper and more spiritual meaning of the Scriptures. M. Fouard refers in a note to Dr. Sepp's *Leben Jesu* for a fuller account than his own of the persons and surroundings of this interesting episode, derived from sources foreign to the sacred history and throwing an extraneous light upon it. It is so curious and interesting that we will quote it at length, translating from the French version of M. Sainte-Foi.*

"THE SAGES OF ISRAEL.

"Among those who sat at this period in the seat of Moses was Hillel, who had been the Father of the Sanhedrim, that is the president of this senate of the Jews, for thirty-seven years. Before his return from Babylon, he had done for his own people what Dionysius the Little afterwards did for Christians, *i.e.*, made a correction of the Paschal canon, and laid down the rules to be followed in fixing the day of the Passover. As a reward for this work, he obtained the supreme chair instead of the two sons of Bethira, to whom it belonged of right after the death of Schemaia and

* *La Vie de N. S. Jésus-Christ.* Par le Docteur Sepp. Traduite de l'Allemand par M. Charles Sainte-Foi. Paris: Poussielgue-Rusand. 1854. Tom. i. ch. 17, 18.

Abtalion. If the rabbins are correct in saying that he was forty years old when he returned from Babylon and that he occupied the chair of Israël forty years, he was about seventy-seven (seventy-nine according to Fouard) years of age at this time, and died three years (or one year) after the visit of Jesus to the temple. He laid the foundation of the Masora; * and he gained so high a reputation by this work among the Jews, that they compare him to Moses. Some of them ascribe to him a life of one hundred and twenty years' duration.

"After him came Schammai, an illustrious disciple and an adversary of Hillel in the school. After Menahem, who was the father of that disciple of Jesus who bore the same name, had quitted the Sanhedrim and passed over to Herod's party, Schammai took his place beside Hillel as vice-president of the Sanhedrim, and drew to himself a greater number of disciples than the latter. Faithful to the maxims of his masters Schemaia and Jehuda ben Bethira, who had been the disciples of Joshua ben Perachia, he was extremely rigorous in doctrine, and often pushed to the last degree of severity the received traditions and opinions. Hillel, on the contrary, who followed the doctrines of his own teacher Abtalion who had himself been a disciple of Simeon ben Shetah, was more mild and lenient. He allowed divorce for any cause, whereas Schammai permitted it, only in the case authorized by the text of the law, for the cause of adultery. This explains the saying often met with in the *Talmud*, 'Hillel looses what Schammai binds.' The Lord often came into conflict with both these schools, but most frequently with that of Schammai. The two schools agreed in their opposition to the Herodians, and in their hatred of the Sadducees who rejected all traditions, but at bottom they hated each other so cordially that the disciples of Schammai openly formed a conspiracy against Hillel in the temple, provoked his partisans by every sort of insult, and assassinated them in their houses, for they were the most numerous and powerful party. Nevertheless, the two sects were mutually allied by inter-marriages. Coming as he did into the midst of this division of the people, of its warring sects and hostile schools of doctrine; without giving his sanction to any party among them, the divine Messiah chose for his mission that epoch which was the most difficult but also the most decisive.

"Besides these two great masters, there was another distinguished teacher, much their junior in years, Jonathan ben Uzziel, who was the most remarkable among the eighty disciples of Hillel. The Talmud recounts of him, that while he was studying the Law, birds used to singe their feathers against the wings of the angels who gathered around him to listen to his words. Jonathan translated into the vulgar Chaldee the historical and prophetical books of the Old Testament. Onkelos, also a contemporary of Christ, at a later period paraphrased the Pentateuch; and Gamaliel, who lived at the same time (St. Paul's master), prepared the Targum (paraphrase) of Job. It is possible, however, that the Targum of Jonathan was not finished until after the death of our Saviour. In fact the authors of the Gemara † avow that he did not translate Daniel because the death of the Messiah and the epoch of his coming as foretold by the

* A system of vowel-points, accents, and critical annotations on the original text of the books of the Jewish canon.

† A Jewish commentary on the Scriptures.

prophet corresponded too evidently with the facts in the life of Jesus Christ. This translation of the law and the other sacred books was considered by some rabbins of that time as a crime equal to that which those Jews committed who made the golden calf; because they regarded it as a profanation of sacred things to make them accessible to the common people. In reality it was most suitable to the epoch of the Messiah that the Scriptures should be translated into the vernacular languages. The divine revelation was destined to a universal diffusion beyond the limits of Judaism among all nations through Jesus Christ, wherefore, the translation of the Bible was a most fitting means of preparing both Jews and Gentiles for the reception of the doctrine of redemption. As this service had been already rendered to the Gentiles by the Greek version of the Septuagint, the same was performed in favor of the Jews by the translation into the Chaldaic language which had superseded the Hebrew.

"Another member of the council was Bava ben Buta, a great favorite with Herod, who spared his life when he made a general slaughter of the members of the Sanhedrim. The Jews report that he was the person who presented to the king the plan of a reconstruction of the temple, which had become dilapidated through age, and was the director of the work of rebuilding the edifice; he established also afterwards a market for the sale of animals which should serve as victims for the sacrifices, as we shall see later on. We may mention also Simeon, the son of Hillel and his successor in the Sanhedrim, the first of the presidents of the grand council who assumed the title of rabbin or rabbi. This title of honor was adopted after Hillel and Schammai had made a collection of the traditions, and our divine Saviour was one of the first who bore it.

"These were the principal Jewish doctors who sat in the seat of Moses when Jesus at the age of twelve years made his first appearance in the temple. The seat of Aaron was occupied by the High-Priest Joshua. Next to him come Boëthi, the father of one of Herod's wives, Joazar and Eleazar sons of Simeon, who succeeded each other in the pontificate and were successively deposed, and Joseph Ellemi, called also Ananus or Annas, the son of Seth, who became subsequently High-Priest and in that capacity sat in judgment upon our divine Saviour.

THE MEETING IN THE TEMPLE.

"We have mentioned in the foregoing chapter the most remarkable among the chief priests of this epoch. They held their sessions in that part of the temple which faced eastward, beneath the gate of Nicanor, at the entrance of the court of the Jews. On the same side of the mountain upon which the temple stood, but at an outer gate which opened into the court of the Gentiles, and in another hall, the doctors of the law and judges of Israel held their assemblies. The eastern gate and hall were called by the name of Susan from the pagan city of Susa which was represented in bas-relief on the neighboring wall in commemoration of the captivity.

"In the interior of the temple, near the court of the women, was held the great school of the synagogue, where the members of the Sanhedrim gave their lessons, particularly on Sabbath and festival days, in the presence of a great multitude of hearers, and gave instruction to the people. From the time of Gamaliel there were three hundred seats arranged for the

disciples of the sages and the crowd of auditors remained standing in the space behind these seats. Before the time of Christ only the fathers or teachers could be seated, and the disciples stood around or sat on the ground at the feet of the doctors, as St. Paul relates had been his own custom. Nevertheless Jesus having shown himself to be superior to the doctors and the Pharisees in the knowledge of the Law, they gave him a seat among themselves as a mark of honor, that he might, like one of their number, resolve the questions proposed to him and propose to them others in his turn. 'They found him sitting in the midst of the doctors.' It was customary to concede the privilege of sitting in the seats reserved to the doctors, for special reasons, and on certain occasions, to others who were not decorated with this title, women alone being absolutely excepted. 'And behold! all who saw him were astonished, and those who heard him wondered at his understanding and answers.' For his countenance was lighted up by the radiance of his divinity, and from his adorable mouth poured forth a stream of words full of wisdom. Such was the effect which the Incarnate Word produced at the age of twelve years, when he made his first public appearance before men.

"If it is allowable to compare a mere man with the one who was God, we may find an analogous instance of precocious intelligence in the historian Josephus. He relates, in his account of his own life, that when he was scarcely fourteen years of age, he received a visit from the chief priests and civil dignitaries of the city, who came to propose to him some questions on the mysteries and the true sense of the Law. The same thing happened to R. Eliezer ben Azaria, who was a descendant in the tenth generation from Ezra, and who at the age of sixteen was led out of the crowd of auditors and placed by acclamation in the highest seat of the doctors. Two centuries later R. Aschil, the first compiler of the Talmud of Babylon, attained to the same honor in his fourteenth year."

To the names mentioned by Sepp, M. Fouard justly adds those of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea.

The motive which induced Jesus to perform this extraordinary action, so singular, and without any parallel during the long period of his hidden life, was sufficiently disclosed by himself in the words which he spoke to Joseph and Mary: "I must be about my Father's business." It is easy to deduce from them the conclusion that an important service was to be rendered to a number of the most distinguished persons in the nation who would no longer be living when the time arrived for beginning his public ministry. It was fitting that they should be taught and enlightened by the Messiah before they left this world. Some of them were worthy and prepared to receive this favor and the grace which accompanied the instruction they received, and those who did not profit by it had the opportunity of doing so offered to them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE BELGIAN SCHOOL QUESTION.

It may not be without some use or interest to examine, in their general features, the working and effects of the oppressive educational law in Belgium and its recent developments, and also more especially the manner in which its action has in a great measure been paralyzed, as to its anticipated results, by the energy and determination of the Catholic people.

When the struggle began the respective forces were utterly unequal in a material point of view. All the pecuniary advantages afforded by the budget of the state, the funds of the communes (compulsorily applied), the power of confiscation of school buildings and appropriation of endowments, were (as they have continued to be) in the hands of the anti-Christian ministry; while the Catholics had nothing beyond their private resources, already heavily taxed to support the administration of the *Loi de Malheur*, as this law has been called by the Catholics of Belgium. And it was under these circumstances that the latter found themselves obliged to build, furnish, and provide for hundreds of schools, to pay a numerous *personnel*, and to admit poor children without payment, while, in order to meet these various charges, they had nothing to trust to but public charity. They did not despair, however, but resolutely set themselves to collect supplies.

One of the regulations established by the clergy and school committees as essential in the collection and employment of the funds, which has proved a very important one, is *the almost absolute localization of the collections, and also of the expenditure.* Each locality has had to depend, in the first place, *upon itself*, and, with scarcely any external aid, to meet the cost of its own Catholic schools. Thus, while each school committee took means to provide funds from the voluntary offerings of the inhabitants, it at the same time regulated the expenditure according to the needs and wishes of the parish, and according to the amount supplied.

Experience has shown this method to be the best of all, and, in fact, the only one by which large or numerous donations can be secured, as well as their economical administration. No other plan could so effectually bring into play the emulation of the respective localities and the responsibility of each parish priest. It is probably owing in great measure to the unanimity with

which this judicious arrangement has been carried out by the organizers of Catholic education in Belgium that their remarkable and wide-spread success may be attributed.

At the same time, although each parish was required to organize its own schools, other expenses of general utility had to be met by means of contributions levied from a wider compass and placed in the hands of the bishops, of provincial committees, or of certain associations formed for the propagation of the work—such, for instance, as the societies of St. Francis of Sales and St. Charles Borromeo. Some parishes, known to be extremely poor, have, on the recommendation of inspectors or decanal committees, received assistance from this reserve fund towards the establishment of their schools.

In order to raise these contributions the most varied means were employed. The rich were solicited for donations of every description, whether sums of money, costs of building and appropriation, or salaries of teachers. In many instances the members of the Belgian aristocracy, large landed proprietors, families belonging to the upper middle class, and wealthy merchants and manufacturers undertook to build, maintain, and endow one or more schools. The D'Aremberg family alone built more than a hundred. The names of Robiano, De Mérode, and Caraman-Chimay also occupy foremost places in this golden book of charity. The sums so generously offered were, in some cases, employed directly by the donors themselves; in others they were placed in the hands of the school committees, which then became their legal proprietors. This latter practice took the place, in a certain measure, of the Faculty of Foundations, which, in Belgium, is subordinated to state authorization and control, and consequently useless to the Catholic schools.

Persons of moderate fortunes were usually asked for immediate contributions, and for annual subscriptions for a specified term of years. The first duty of the members of the parochial committee was to go the round of their fellow-townsmen, in order to collect the offerings of each family, and remove any objections or misapprehensions which might exist with regard to the work; the results obtained by these domiciliary visits being completed by frequent collections made in the church.

The clergy of all ranks set the example of self-denying generosity, and were the first to pay in purse and person. Their pecuniary sacrifices were everywhere very considerable. A large number of priests spent the greater portion of their patrimony in building their parish school; others turned everything they pos-

sessed into money, selling their furniture (often at a great loss) and—a much harder loss to a priest—even their books. At Estinnes-du-Mont the curé, a man of extensive erudition, sold his valuable coins for the benefit of the school fund. In every way the Belgian clergy have shown an energetic self-devotion in the work which so greatly concerns the salvation of souls and the religious future of their country. This conduct naturally gave great weight to their solicitations for the concurrence of the faithful, and, accordingly, they were listened to by all classes. The people, alike in the towns or the country, outdid the *noblesse* and *bourgeoisie* in the self-denial which accompanied their generosity. Working-men, peasants, women, no matter how poor, made a point of deducting from their wages, and sometimes even from their *bread*, a certain portion for the school which would keep their children Christians. Many, not content with giving, undertook to collect from others, and joined in numbers the great associations founded side by side with the school committees in aid of "free" as opposed to "neutral" education.

These societies are many and varied; but those which have played the most important part, whether by the indefatigable activity of the promoters or the large amount of their receipts, are the sections of the Catholic School-Penny—the *Denier des Ecoles Catholiques.* Already established in the chief centres in Belgium before 1879, they rapidly multiplied during the agitation immediately preceding the passing of the *Loi de Malheur*, and no sooner was this law passed than their number immensely increased.

These sections, according to Belgian custom, are linked together in confederation. Their first General Assembly, held at Termonde last September (1880), numbered ten thousand members, representing nearly three hundred associations or sections. Organized, like the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, by tens and hundreds, the "Associates" of the School-Penny give to their respective chiefs or treasurers a *sou* or two *sous* per week, and the amount thus raised is added to the local school fund. Besides this, alms-boxes, to receive the offerings of persons not belonging to the association, are placed in the *cafés*, hotels, shops, and wherever the proprietors are willing to receive them; they occupy the place of honor in many private houses, where they profit by the contributions of visitors or the winnings at a game of cards. Again, there are (or were until prohibited) the collections made in places of public resort, at village *fêtes*, in the streets, and at the church-doors. These collections form one of

the chief duties of the members or *sociétaires*, one of which they acquit themselves with remarkable address and ability.

All this is not calculated to please the "Liberals," and accordingly the School-Penny holds a distinguished place among their special antipathies. They have made various attempts to hinder external action in its favor by procuring the interference of the police, and on several occasions the *sociétaires* have been under the necessity of applying to the courts, in order to obtain justice against over-zealous "*neutral*" (?) burgomasters or commissaires. The well-known affair at Ghent is a case in point.

In this important city, the metropolis of the textile manufactures of Belgium, inhabited by a large industrial population, the central committee of the *Kattolicke-Schoolpenning* organized a general collection in all the *quartiers* for the festival of the Assumption, and announced it in handbills and the daily papers. Upon this the Liberals took offence. De Kerchove, the burgomaster, ordered the organizers of the manifestation to abandon their project, which he stigmatized as "illegal and contrary to public order." His injunction was disregarded, and on the day previously fixed for the collection each member started on his appointed circuit.

The money collected by each was, however, seized by the communal police, and the persons who had collected it were summoned before the courts. Four days afterwards the following proclamation, in Flemish, appeared on the walls in all parts of the town:

"SCHOOL-PENNY OF THE CATHOLICS OF GHENT.

"FELLOW-CITIZENS: On Friday last several of our collection-boxes were confiscated by the police. Yesterday, in consequence of a letter addressed by the central committee to the *Procureur du Roi*, these boxes have been *restored to us.* The confiscation having been public, it is just that the act of reparation should be the same. We avail ourselves of this opportunity to thank the Catholic population of Ghent for the many and generous marks of sympathy it has on this occasion given to free, national, and Catholic education."

(The signatures follow.)

On the same day the members of the School-Penny in triumphal procession, headed by their banner and a band of music, escorted to the headquarters of the committee the alms-boxes given up by the communal administration. These, borne upon a kind of dais, covered with drapery and wreathed with flowers and verdure, occupied the place of honor in the middle of the procession.

The crowd applauded as it passed along; bouquets, presented from time to time, served further to adorn the boxes of the School-Penny; the working population accompanied the procession in crowds, and sang in chorus the "Lion of Flanders" and the song which has for three years rung throughout Belgium

"Zie zullen haar niet hebben,
De schoone ziel van't kind!" *

In order to complete and at the same time vary their methods of collecting, the School-Penny Associations, assisted by other Catholic societies, occasionally give concerts, *fêtes*, lectures, and *conversaziones.* In a single week the committees organized at Brussels, for the "free" schools of the city and suburbs, a *fête foraine* in the large halls of the *Cercle Catholique;* and at Malines a musical festival for the normal schools of the diocese, as well as concerts and dramatic representations elsewhere. All the means that ingenious, energetic, and intelligent charity can devise are pressed into the service of Christian education, and the collectors of supplies are not more unwearied in asking than they and their fellow-Catholics are in giving.

And the results are worthy of the effort. It is difficult to arrive at even an approximate idea of the sums received and employed by the school committees of parishes and provinces; but, as far as can be ascertained from certain data, it is probably near the truth to say that, for the whole of Belgium, they amounted before the close of 1879 to twenty million francs, while gifts in kind, land, buildings, materials and furniture, carriage and labor, represented another ten millions. And thus about thirty millions of francs, or six francs per head for the population, had, at the end of November, 1879, been absorbed by the first expenses of establishing the Catholic schools. With regard to the annual sum requisite for meeting the ordinary expenses, it is estimated at nine or ten millions, but of this a considerable portion is already subscribed.

Having given this general view of the situation, we will enter briefly into some of its details. It will suffice, as a sample of what is being done all over Belgium, to take only the diocese of Ghent, basing our statistics on the report of the Diocesan Committee of January 17, 1881, drawn up immediately after the return of the fourteen decanal inspectors, under Canon de Vos, from their respective circuits.

* "They shall not have it,
The fair soul of the child!"

It is the duty of these inspectors to give their attention, in the first place, to the material conditions of the schools—their locality, sanitary arrangements, and general suitability for the number of inmates; and, secondly, to examine their moral and scientific organization—their order and discipline, the efficiency of the masters, the manner in which instruction is given, the character of the religious training, and the arrangement of hours.

Canon de Vos himself visited a large number of schools, and presided over numerous conferences of the teachers. These conferences take place three times a year in each deanery, and turn chiefly upon practical questions. The children attending the school at which the conference is held receive lessons, in presence of the meeting, from one of the schoolmasters present. The subject of these lessons is given out at the previous meeting, but the persons who are to give them are designated only at the opening of the conference itself. Thus all the masters are obliged to be prepared to give this lesson, and are therefore the better able to profit by the observations they may hear made upon it. For when it is ended and the children dismissed comments are made and opinions expressed with regard to the instruction just given, and, in order further to stimulate the masters, their names, and the observations elicited by their method, are consigned to the inspector's report.

An important step towards increasing the efficiency of the Catholic primary education has been taken in the repudiation of the programme imposed on the public schools by the government, and which, by the unanimous consent of the diocesan inspectors throughout the country, is greatly simplified and reduced to subjects that are indispensable. This simplification will go far to secure the pre-eminence of the Catholic schools, as it allows the teachers to devote their time and attention to essentials, and enables the pupils to make more evident as well as more satisfactory progress. The government programme on the other hand, gives so large a preponderance to the various branches of natural science that essential matters are left in the background.* Thus, while in the official schools the children's time is chiefly occupied in acquiring a smattering of botany, zoölogy, chemistry, and physics, those in the Catholic schools are well grounded in arithmetic, and taught to read and write cor-

* At the meeting, on the 15th November, of the communal (Liberal) Council of Ghent, the programme elaborated by Van Humbeeck for the official schools was declared to be "simply absurd," and the *Echevin* of Public Instruction was recommended to "see that it was adopted as little as possible."

rectly in Flemish and French, and when this foundation is laid due attention is given also to history, geography, and natural science.

In the numerous communes where the official schools are almost empty the inspectors, in their report, give the list of children attending them, mentioning their ages and the occupations of their parents, together with the number of teachers paid by government to take charge of these nearly empty schools. It has been found the more necessary to do this as, on comparing the official reports of the government schools with the actual numbers attending them, these reports are proved to be largely false. In many communes *all* the children of an age to attend, belonging to indigent families, are put down in the list of "neutrals"; and although numbers of these children go to the Catholic schools, they are, in spite of the protests of the parents and the complaints of the communal administration, inscribed in the official list which is to determine the emolument of the government teachers. For instance, a list of six hundred and eight children was presented to the communal council of Pamel as attending the official school, and on inquiry it was ascertained that the *real* number did not amount to twenty.*

The 76 primary schools of the arrondissement of Alost have 22,295 children; the official, 3,336. Among the latter, 26 schools have less than 10 children in each, while 21 others have less than 25.

In the arrondissement of Audenarde are 13,692 Catholic pupils to 2,312 "neutrals"; at Cruyshautem there are, Catholic 938, neutral 42; and the proportion is about the same in many other important communes.

At St. Laurent (also in this arrondissement) the fine school-building formerly erected by Mlle. Antoinette van Damme, having been confiscated for the benefit of the "neutrals," is deserted by all but 21 children (whose teachers cost the commune annually 6,133 francs),† while the number attending the new schools erected by two other members of the same family is 636.

The Pays de Waes ("Waste Land"), reclaimed, by dint of incredible pains and patience, from the sea, and so highly cultivated as to have become the wonder of Europe for its unequalled fertility, is, for reasons of a different order, also deserving of es-

* See *Bulletin des Ecoles Catholiques* for July 29, 1880.

† In regard to payment, it must be borne in mind that education in Belgium, *as a rule*, costs about a quarter of what it does in England, and probably one-fifth as much as in the United States; and salaries which to us would appear little more than sufficient, *supposing they corresponded to the actual amount of work*, would to Belgians seem almost exorbitant.

pecial mention. Waesland, justly regarded as the heart of Catholic Flanders, is designated by the Liberals as "the stronghold of clericalism." This tract of country, so remarkable both for its agricultural and its industrial produce, is a source of special affliction and irritation to "neutral" minds, being a visible and palpable proof that fidelity to the Catholic Church in no way hinders a healthy progress and prosperity in the material order. The statistics of one of the arrondissements of Waesland will suffice to give a correct appreciation of all the rest. We take that of St. Nicolas, in which the population of the Catholic schools is 22,558 children, while that of the official schools is 2,405. At Belcele there are 660 children in the Catholic school, not *one* at the official, but a budget, nevertheless, of 5,971 francs.

At Beveren, 1,342 Catholics, 9 official.
At Cruysbeke, 567 Catholics, 8 official.
At Haesdonck, 558 Catholics, 3 official (all sons of the schoolmaster).
At Linay, 857 Catholics, 18 official.
At Vracene, 526 Catholics, 5 official.

These five official pupils at Vracene have as yet but one master, and cost the commune 5,398 francs; the intention, however, is announced, on the part of the state, to nominate an under-master to share the educational burden, or at any rate to increase the tax upon the commune. The remaining arrondissements all tell, more or less, the same story; we therefore proceed at once to that portion of the diocesan report which relates to the city of Ghent—a city more extensively contaminated by anti-Christian liberalism than perhaps any other in Belgium. Nevertheless, thanks to the devotedness of the clergy, both secular and regular, and to the unwearied generosity of the faithful, the Christian schools of Ghent bravely carry on the struggle.

The *official* primary education figures in the budget of the city for 1880 at 1,265,000 francs, besides other sums, under the head of "general expenses," connected with the same object; and in spite of the penury of the communal finances, there are ever-recurring projects for more neutral schools to be built. In fact, so long as and wherever there is a Catholic school the teaching state considers it a part of its mission to neutralize its influence, if possible, as it cannot succeed in crushing it altogether; and the more resolutely Catholics suffice for their own educational needs, independently of state assistance and in spite of state oppression, so much the more does the state make a point of multiplying its empty school and unoccupied teachers, in order to punish with

additional taxation for their support those who put faith in article 17 of the constitution. Under such circumstances as these Canon de Vos might well, at the diocesan meeting on the 15th of last December, point with thankful pride to the seventy Catholic primary schools* of Ghent, with their 10,878 children rescued from neutrality as interpreted by anti-Christian Freemasons.

With regard to the official schools, it is impossible to state with certainty the actual number of children who attend them. The lists published by the Hôtel de Ville are not to be relied upon, when published at all—for since their inaccuracy was proved and publicly stated none have appeared. Altogether the number of children in the Catholic primary schools of the whole province amounted in December to 122,331, or $\frac{8}{8}\frac{1}{8}$ of the scholar population.

Nor must it be said that it is pressure exercised by the clergy which thus fills the Catholic schools. This is not the case. The Flemish people, in spite of all the attempts made to undermine their belief, are still essentially Catholic, and they are, moreover, possessed of strong common sense. It is enough for them to know that what is called "neutral" teaching is forbidden by the church; but it is *more* than enough for them to see *what* are the men who patronize the official school, in order to decide them as to their choice. Besides this, it is only too evident in which camp pressure is used, and of what nature and extent, when we find in numberless little communes that the only "official" scholars are the children of the schoolmaster or of his relatives, and of workmen employed on the government railway or some other service in the hands of the state. Thus, on the one hand, for the Catholic school there is the moral influence of the priest addressed to the conscience of the parents, and, on the other, for the official there are the material persecutions of the state, which throws out of employment the men who refuse to send their children to the "neutral" schools.†

* The Catholic *adult schools* and numerous *Sunday-schools* of the diocese are not included here or elsewhere. All the statistics given relate to the primary schools, properly so called, alone.

† The following is a sample of the kind of letters not unfrequently received by the Catholic schoolmasters:

"IXELLES, June 22, 1880.

"TO MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR DE L'ECOLE CATHOLIQUE DU BAS IXELLES: The undersigned, Widow Altemberg, begs to thank you for your kindness in receiving her children into your school. I now find myself forced to remove them to the communal school; for being in unfortunate circumstances, and occupying a house belonging to the commune, I have just received an order to quit it in fifteen days. In this alternative I am obliged to yield or find myself homeless. Receive, monsieur, my very sincere thanks. WIDOW ALTEMBERG."

The commune of Meulebeke offers a remarkable instance of the despotism of the Liberal government, and it is only one out of numberless examples differing only in degree.

With respect to this commune the *Patrie* lately published the following particulars. The number and quality of the children attending the official schools stand thus:

> "Two children of the police agent.
> "Three children of the two gamekeepers.
> "One child of the schoolmaster.
> "Two children of the schoolmaster's brother.
> "Two children of the widow of a 'neutral' teacher, and to whom government allows a pension.
> "One child of the schoolmaster's chorewoman.
> "Three children of employees on the state railway.
> "Eleven children of families dependent on a linen company in Ghent."

—25 children in all out of a commune of 9,000 inhabitants; while there are 1,200 children in the Catholic schools. For the instruction of the 25 "officials" there are *four* male and *three* female teachers, so that each has an average of three children and a fraction to "neutralize." For the salaries alone of these seven teachers the annual sum of 10,500 francs is exacted from the commune, being a tax of seven francs per head for each of the 1,400 rate-payers of the place. This, however, not being enough to satisfy Messrs. Van Humbeeck and Frère-Orban, Meulebeke lately received a ministerial decree enunciating the following injunctions:

> "1. To build and organize two mixed schools at the small hamlets of Panders and het-Veld.
> "2. To enlarge the (*empty*) school at Marialoop by adding a wing for girls.
> "3. To establish an infant school in the centre of the village.
> "4. To organize a school in the 'foundation Vermeulen,' in the centre of the commune.
> "The indignation at Meulebeke," adds the *Patrie*, "at the imposition of these utterly useless and ruinous charges is indescribable, and the inhabitants and municipality, declaring them to be as illegal as they are despotic and arbitrary, refuse to submit to them."

One of the most vexatious and harassing forms of oppressive interference which has yet been invented against the Catholic schools is the wandering organization called the *Enquête Scolaire*, whose business it is to visit, examine, and report on these schools, and everything relating to them, in a manner congenial to the intentions of the senders. This machinery, set on foot by the Free-

mason ministry as "a work destined to restore civil peace and amity," has for one of its chief originators a M. Neujean. This gentleman, when recently addressing some fellow-Liberals at Liège on the subject, was good enough to explain what this peace and amity meant, and to expatiate upon the amiable object of its bearlike embrace.

"Ce parti!" he exclaimed, "le parti clérical! jurons-lui haine, mais une haine ardente, une haine tenace, une haine de tous les jours, de tous les instants, et jurons de ne déposer les armes que lorsque nous l'aurons complêtement terrassé!" *

Can it be matter of surprise if Catholics object to smoke this red-hot pipe of peace?

The working of the "Scholar Inquest" is well described in a pamphlet by M. Delmer, called *Five Days at Virton.* M. Delmer took the trouble to accompany the "inquirers" in their peregrinations during that space of time, and stenographed every word of their examinations as it was spoken. His account, which has all the impress of truth and nature (for instance, in the answers of peasant witnesses, amongst others), is singularly at variance with the varnished periods of the official report, which, by its suppression of truth and additions to it, lacks all the conditions of authenticity. And this is not all. In some cases the answers are literally *dictated* to the witnesses, while the questions, as a rule, are so framed as to imply command or expectation of assent. For instance:

"Has not the curé been guilty of exercising undue pressure on the poor? You have doubtless remarked in his sermons attacks upon the education law? No doubt the ill-feeling, hatred, and divisions in the village are caused by the clergy?" etc.

The rustic did not always understand the subtleties of the interrogatory, and would answer simple nonsense or not answer at all, thus giving rise to the most ludicrous disputes.

"Have you not been revolted, indignant, monsieur?" asked a M. Bouvier of a peasant he was catechising.

"Yau" (*rusticé* for ya—yes).

"And justly so, monsieur! And what more? The curé has changed the hour of catechism so as to interfere with the official instruction?"

"Yau—yau" (hesitatingly).

"Well, then, monsieur, you are of course indignant, revolted?"

* "Let us swear hatred against the clerical party—an ardent hatred, an unyielding hatred, a hatred for every day and for every moment—and let us swear not to lay down our arms until we shall have completely overthrown it."

(Slowly) "Yau, mijnheer?"
"Say so, then! Express your sentiments! Speak!"

And this little specimen of the style of these pseudo-examinations, taken at random from M. Delmer's book, is by no means one of the worst examples. Witnesses who can be coaxed into abuse of the clergy are invariably praised, flattered, and instigated to calumniate them, while those who venture a word in their favor are as systematically ridiculed, insulted, and set aside. What can be said of the honesty of the method or the men? To publish an accurate report would be to publish their own shameless want of principle; the report is mutilated, accordingly, and it is on these contemptible documents that the discussions in the Chamber of Representatives are based!

The carrying out of this "work of vengeance" (as it was openly avowed to be by one of its promoters, M. Devigne) costs the country nearly half a million of francs per annum. We shall briefly summarize some of the approved methods of Liberal pressure not yet touched upon, but which also are additional evidence that the Catholics of Belgium have to struggle on against all influences in power, and all organizations under the control of the state. The *bureaux de bienfaisance*, or relieving offices, are officially leagued against the poor and needy, who, if Catholics or sending their children to the Catholic schools, are refused all relief; functionaries who venture to use their rights as free citizens are dismissed; royal commissioners are set over the administration of Catholic communes, and Catholic municipalities deprived of their regular subsidies, even in times of special distress—for instance, during an epidemic, inundations, or any other general misfortune—and this, too, while they are taxed by exorbitant imposts for the support of anti-Christian or empty schools. Decisions of parochial and communal councils are annulled, permission to have "tombolas," or lotteries, in aid of Catholic schools is as invariably refused as it is invariably granted to the *queux* for theirs; the same unequal measure being dealt in respect to public collections made for the respective objects. Medical commissioners are empowered to violate domicile and take preventive measures, on the most frivolous pretexts, against Catholic teaching. Spies and reporters are employed in all directions, in the churches and amongst the poor, and a law is proposed for the suspension of inviolability of domicile not only for the Catholic schools and teachers, but for all persons denounced by the committees of the official schools.

And yet we have more than once heard the Catholics of Belgium, suffering from this systematic oppression, blamed for "coldness" and "want of loyalty and patriotism," because in August last they held aloof from the national festivities for the jubilee of a constitution which, on points to which they attach the greatest importance, is become a dead-letter for them. And the ministry which is the source of all this injustice—for the king is merely the obedient puppet of a party—has the audacity to complain of the Catholics to the Holy Father for their "*want of moderation*"*!*

Nevertheless, the good that has come out of evil in the present struggle is incalculable. The wind which scatters the chaff shows the wheat; and the political persecution to which the Belgian Catholics, in regard to the Christian education of their children, are subjected has proved their courage, deepened their self-devotion, and strengthened their unity, both among themselves and with the Chair of Peter, as no royal favor, no golden attentions from the state could ever have done.

THE PRUSSIAN ANTI-SEMITIC LEAGUE.

It seems only yesterday that we were reading discourses on the victory of "the thinking bayonet" in the hands of the German soldier. The overthrow of the French armies, we were assured, was not so much the result of strategy and of numbers as the triumph of superior culture and education. The *Zeit-Geist*, our progressive philosophers delighted to tell us, was now at last soaring over the new German nation, and we were about to have offered to our admiring gaze all those beautiful things which the devotees of the religion of Humanity and Culture had been dreaming of for a very long while. It is true that three years had not passed before learned, pious, and charitable men and women—Germans of the Germans—were driven out exiles from their German fatherland. But to calm the amazement of the rest of the world at this it was explained that the teaching and practice of priests and nuns were not in conformity with the "Liberal" order of things that was henceforth to reign. Unless priests and nuns were cheated of their rights and property, and unless Catholic flocks were deprived of their pastors and Catholic colleges and

schools were closed or given over to Liberal instruction, Liberalism could not be at peace. For it is well to note that *Liberalism means uniformity.* The law of May, 1873, which sent bishops, priests, and religious to live on the charity of the outside barbarian, non-German world, and which substituted the opinions of what was called the State for conscience, was at last to put an end to the individuality so hateful to progressists, and leave Germany thoroughly united, thinking and acting as one man, and that man the beautiful incarnation of all the fine ideas of the school of culture; that man—the *Junker* Bismarck!

To-day Germany—that is to say, Prussia, the Germany of the Culturkampf and of progress—is hunting the Jews. Four hundred years ago Spain was doing the same. But the persecutions to which the Jews were subjected during the middle ages were not because of but rather in spite of Christianity. The baptism of the barbarian peoples who were to develop into Christian Europe was merely the beginning of the work of Christianization, which was not fairly to be completed until after the lapse of centuries —a work that received a severe check from the revolt of the sixteenth century, with all its resulting war and turmoil. For though Christianity itself is divine, the subjects it had to civilize and cultivate were only human, or something less than human. The church itself enjoyed little peace during those middle ages, so that a peculiar people, who were everywhere strangers among strangers, and whose circumstances kept them aloof from most of the risks and sacrifices which the turbulent character of the times forced upon the rest, could hardly expect to escape altogether unscathed. And in Spain the Jews were looked upon with constant distrust, for, as a rule, they were friendly to the Mohammedan Moors, from whose dominion Spain was making heroic, but for a long time futile, efforts to free herself. With Spain, then, the persecution of the Jews was held—rightly or wrongly—to be in the interest of nationality and independence; the motive was patriotic. With Prussia, Liberal and Progressive Prussia, it is asserted to be a question of marks and gröschen. It is difficult to see progress in this.

An Anti-Semitic League was formed less than three years ago with the avowed object of breaking down the influence of the Jews in society, literature, and politics, and of putting obstacles in the way of any further *progress* of the Jewish race in Germany. This League exists principally at those points which originally were the strongholds of Protestantism, and which in modern times are the centres of infidelity. It drew up a petition embodying the fol-

lowing points, and last November presented it to the Reichstag:

> "1. The discouragement, by some restrictions, of Jewish immigration into Germany.
>
> "2. The exclusion of the Jews from the highest offices, and the limitation in certain cases of the power of such Jews as hold the office of judge in the upper courts.
>
> "3. The discouragement of the Judaizing of schools frequented by Christians, Jewish teachers to be employed only where the subject to be taught might render it desirable.
>
> "4. A census of the Jews in Prussia."

The petition was rejected by the Reichstag, but it is now circulating more actively than before. The League is said to number more than one hundred thousand members, none but men of twenty-four years of age and upwards being eligible as members. The universities are particularly active, the petition having been signed by fourteen hundred of the four thousand students at the University of Berlin, by more than one thousand at the University of Leipzig, and by a like proportion at the other northern universities.

The movement labored under great difficulties at the start, for almost the entire Liberal press of Germany is in the hands of the Jews,* and these papers naturally left nothing unsaid that could bring failure on the Anti-Semites. They were held up to ridicule as bigoted Protestants, more superstitious even than the Catholics and not so consistent. The fact that certain old-fashioned Protestants like Pastor Stöcker have been zealous in promoting the agitation might have lent some color to this onslaught of the press, but it was soon evident that the impulsive and loquacious Protestant clergymen were giving vent to a sentiment that prevails as well among the greater part of the non-Jewish Liberals.

Yet the Liberals owe much of their success to Jewish support. To most of the Jews Christianity is hateful. The orthodox Jew who still holds to a belief in revelation and to the rabbinical traditions regards Christianity as a false religion; the sceptical and literary Jew ridicules it as a superstition. The Jewish Liberals, therefore, mercilessly pushed the enforcement of the May Laws, which placed the nearly nine millions of Prussian Catholics under a sort of ban; for they readily understood that if Catholicity were stamped out in Germany it would be all over with

*Reuter's news agency also, which supplies the American press with its European cable news, is controlled by Jews.

Christianity in that country. And, by the way, even so lately as last January, when Herr Windthorst's resolution in the Prussian Reichstag, declaring the celebration of Mass and the administration of the sacraments exempt from penalty, was rejected at its second reading by a vote of two hundred and fifty-four to one hundred and fifteen, only two Jews out of the whole number of Jews in the Reichstag voted with Windthorst in favor of this modicum of religious liberty for Catholics. As soon as Catholicity in Germany was supposed to have been mortally wounded in the Culturkampf the immense influence which the Jews possessed as scientists, university professors, journalists, painters, musicians, theatrical managers, actors, caricaturists, book-publishers, school-teachers, magistrates, law-makers, and bankers, besides the thousands of ways in which a large business patronage might be made to count, was employed to render Christianity odious. For in these several avocations the Jews of Prussia are conspicuous both by numbers and by great ability. There are said to be more Jews in Berlin alone than in all France.* As the Jews did not agitate professedly as Jews, the real motives of the anti-Christian aggressions was not always suspected.

Therefore when we find the Liberals active in the Anti-Semitic League, we can rightly conclude that religion has little to do with this new persecution of the Jews. A Protestant writer in an English periodical† says the same:

"Of Protestantism it is vain to talk. Pericles and Alcibiades were not more completely and frankly pagan, or less trammelled by prejudice, than the Prussian statesman and warrior of to-day. There are believing Christians in Germany, but who holds them to be of any account? The Protestant 'Church' is a dismal spectacle of dwindling indifferentism; the Catholic Church has fallen a prey to the Protestant Inquisition of Falk renown; and religionists of all denominations are treated by 'the general' either as hypocrites and time-servers or as illiterate imbeciles whose 'vain babblings' are of no account. It is not the *religion* of the Jews that 'stinks'

* According to statistics given by Dr. Richard Andree in his *Allgemeine Handatlas* (Leipzig, 1880), and quoted in an article, entitled "La Question des Juifs en Allemagne," in the *Revue Catholique* for February, 1881, the following is a correct estimate of the Jewish populations of the several countries here named:

	Jews.	*Total population.*		*Jews.*	*Total population.*
Russia and Finland	2,612,179	74,500,000	Holland and Luxembourg	68,526	4,000,000
Austria-Hungary	1,375,868	35,500,000	Italy	35,000	28,000,000
Germany	512,153	42,750,000	Belgium	3,000	5,500,000
Turkey	(58,987)?	5,750,000	Spain	5,000	16,500,000
Rumania	400,000	5,500,000	Scandinavian States	4,315	6,500,000
France	49,439	37,000,000	Denmark	4,290	2,000,000
England	46,000	34,500,000			

† The author of *German Home Life*, in an article entitled "The Jews in Germany," published in the *Contemporary Review* for January, 1881.

in German 'nostrils.' No 'cultured' German cares what the particular 'doxy' of his neighbor is. His fear and hatred of the Jew grows out of material grounds, and is a life-question of far more vital importance to him than the relative value of the Testament or the Talmud."

But a Jewish Liberal—very singularly, if the Jewish question were not under discussion—does not speak flatteringly of the period during which Liberalism has had full sway in Germany. He says:

"Germany has, during the last ten years, fallen from the position of one of the richest and happiest to one of the poorest and most disturbed of states. Bowed down beneath the intolerable burden of an immense standing army, and distracted by failing trade and intense political conflict, the country has presented a melancholy appearance, and consequently the Jews have become the scapegoats of all the popular discontent." *

Still, the really wonderful material development of Prussia that followed the Franco-Prussian war drew to the chief cities a great influx of Jews. With their keen intellects and inherited business faculties they soon seized upon many of the main avenues of wealth. From having been a race of small traders and brokers whom the German *Junkers* were accustomed to hold in derision, the Jews were before long able to put the newly-established empire under tribute. Complaint is, in fact, beginning to be made that Prussia is in danger of being Judaized.

"Wherever they [the Anti-Semites] look," says the Jewish writer in the *Nineteenth Century* referred to above, "they complain that they see their country weighted with Jewish influence. Their universities are deeply tinged with Jewish teachings, their foremost philosophers and their most popular journalists are Jews. German aspirations and opinions are thus, they say, asphyxiated by a predominance which cannot be acceptable to the nation because it is Jewish."

A few quotations from the *Contemporary Review* † will picture the situation as it appears to the Anti-Semites:

". . . A cry comes from the conquering country that all has been in vain—in vain the sacrifice of German blood and gold; vain the endurance and the loss; vain the glory and the fame. Germany belongs not to herself; she belongs to an alien race—a race with which her children claim no affinity and own no sympathy; Germany, we are told, belongs to the Jews.

"Startling as the assertion may seem, an examination of the facts rather tends to prove than to disprove it. . . . Wheresoever the Semitic race had

* "A Jewish View of the anti-Jewish Agitation," in the *Nineteenth Century* for February, 1881.

† January, 1881, the article "The Jews in Germany."

established itself in Germany it had, even under adverse conditions, prospered. In Berlin the A B C of commerce (in its larger sense) had yet to be learned. Prussia, singularly deficient in seaports, and Berlin, far removed from the seaboard, with little to export and with few facilities of transport, had hitherto enjoyed little more than a local prosperity. Ground had been reclaimed and colonies planted in former swamps and bogs by Frederick the Great; but a 'good year' meant still (to Prussia) a year of good harvests and good husbandry, not of enlarged commercial relations, improved manufactures, and augmented exports.

"One man's loss is another man's opportunity. Where the German failed the Jew succeeded. By a series of manœuvres, too long and too varied (even if it were possible) to enumerate, bankrupt builders, insolvent merchants, tottering speculations, ruined 'companies,' fell into Hebrew hands, and the experts knew so well how to manipulate matters that what was the Gentile's ruin proved the Jew's fortune. By degrees it became obvious that into every walk of life the Hebrew was determined to penetrate, and, having penetrated, to predominate. 'Society' had hitherto ignored or at most tolerated him with uneasy, ill-disguised antipathy. Now it should be made to feel the Israelite's power and to acknowledge his claims.

"A Jewish banker, who chose Passion-week for the annual epoch of his hospitalities, smiled to see his drawing-rooms crowded with so-called Christians, and forthwith the Jewish press made merry over the flimsy fiction of a faith which succumbed so easily to social considerations. Nor was it long before the same organs held up the whole Protestant community to general ridicule. The so-called united 'church,' its synods and its congresses, its societies and its charities, its prejudices and its weaknesses, were scourged with a pitiless scorn and ridicule that would have met with general reprehension if they had emanated from Gentile sources with reference to cognate Jewish subjects. They who had been, as it were, fellow-citizens on sufferance arose and smote the smiters."

Pastor Stöcker, who has so far been one of the loudest talkers in the movement, is a chaplain of the imperial court—a fact of no small significance. He has also organized a society of working-men, in order to combat the efforts of the infidel socialists. Professor Von Treitschke is an extreme Liberal, an eminent writer, and a close friend of Bismarck, and he is one of the most ardent workers and talkers in the Anti-Semitic League. He is professor of history at the University of Berlin. In a pamphlet he lately published (*Ein Wort über unser Judenthum*, Berlin, 1880) he declares that the Jews are the misfortune of Germany ("die Jüden sind unser Unglück"). Bismarck himself is known to favor the League, and this may explain the sudden kindness of the Crown Prince towards the Jews, for heirs-apparent at all times have usually found it convenient to be in the opposition. Still, the Crown Prince may be sincere in his defence of the Jews, for he was also understood to be opposed to the May

Laws. At all events, a study of the matter from original German sources leaves no doubt that all classes of Protestants and Liberals are now engaged in the work of "Boycotting" the Jews.

What the issue will be it is hard to say. When the Jews joined with the Liberals to rob Catholics of their religious rights, they must have forgotten that the principles of the May Laws being taught might within a short time return to plague the inventors and the abettors. Perhaps when even-handed justice shall have set before their own lips the poisoned chalice which they were not afraid to commend to unoffending Catholics, they will profit by the experience. One thing must be remembered: the Jews have not apostatized from the faith. Their fault is that they have stubbornly refused to recognize the great Catholic tree that, with divine nourishment, has grown up from the same seed which they have carefully preserved.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF THE VENERABLE FRANCIS MARY PAUL LIBERMANN, Founder of the Congregation of the Holy Heart of Mary, and first Superior-General of the Society of the Holy Ghost and the Holy Heart of Mary. By the Rev. Prosper Goepfert, priest of the same society. With a preface by the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.

The illustrious Archbishop of Cashel declares in the preface that he read this volume in manuscript with great pleasure and sustained interest, and he ventures to predict that no one having a relish for books of this kind can read ten consecutive pages without being tempted to read it through. The author has undoubtedly done his work well. By patient labor and diligent research he has accumulated the facts and the data necessary to make his book entirely trustworthy. The narrative is very graphic, and gives evidence of considerable ability in the art of writing. He has drawn a word-portrait of the Venerable Father Libermann which is doubtless true to life and is not magnified beyond proper proportion. In his zeal to prove Father Libermann's claim to sanctity he has not forgotten to

relate the history of his early trials, his constant efforts to become wise and good, and his difficulties in the practice of virtue. It is evident from reason that every saint, by the very fact of being a descendant from Adam and Eve, must necessarily have a great deal in common with other human beings. In writing their biographies, therefore, it is not sufficient—as some writers seem to think—to depict only the marvellous and supernatural aspect of their character, but it is also necessary to describe their natural traits and to show what they had to do in order to attain sanctity. Some of the saints have had great natural gifts, as well as extraordinary supernatural endowments. The progress towards perfection of the individual soul, like the advancement or civilization of the human race, is governed by fixed laws. It is not more difficult to become a saint in the nineteenth than it was in the first century. God adjusts his graces in such a way as to enable every one to do what is commanded and to avoid what is prohibited by the divine law. In every age the holy Church elevates prominently some of her children who have practised in a heroic degree the virtues, both natural and supernatural, that adorn human nature, and are therefore to be considered as models worthy of our imitation.

The life of Father Libermann began within the limits of the present century. He was born in 1804, and received a thoroughly Jewish education under the constant supervision of his father, who was the rabbi of Saverne, in the province of Alsace. At the age of twenty-two he became a Catholic, and shortly after determined to become a priest. On account of nervous debility, however, his ordination was postponed many years. While waiting and hoping that God would give him strength to follow out his desire of embracing the sacerdotal state, he employed his time assiduously in study and the performance of good works. When finally admitted to the priesthood he devised a plan to evangelize the negroes, and, with the active co-operation of several of his companions, he founded the Missionary Society of the Holy Heart of Mary. Before his project had been approved at Rome he had to endure much unreasonable opposition and to bear patiently with the injurious criticism of those who, for the most part, were incompetent to pass judgment on the scheme he proposed. At length, however, those who were appointed to examine the matter at Rome decided in his favor, and at the time of his death, in 1852, a large number of devoted missionaries recognized him as their chief and master.

The author has made numerous judicious quotations from the writings of Father Libermann, who, like St. Francis of Sales, seems to have had a great facility for letter-writing, and in his confidential written communications to his friends to have freely expressed his fears, his joys, his sorrows and consolations. Fortunately for Father Goepfert, these letters were carefully preserved, together with many spiritual conferences and instructions addressed to his disciples, in which he exhorted them to follow the Christian standard of conduct and to strive after sacerdotal perfection.

The Poems and Stories of Fitz-James O'Brien. Collected and edited, with a sketch of the author, by William Winter. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

Twenty-five years ago one of the best known of New York contribu-

tors to periodical literature was Fitz-James O'Brien. He belonged to a circle of Bohemians who flourished here before the development of journalism replaced the romance of a literary life by a certainty as to the ways and means of getting a dinner and a lodging. His stories and poems—his stories especially—were well received at the time, and Mr. Winter is entitled to thanks for having collected the best of them in this volume. On reading the stories Poe's clever essays in the same line are at once brought to the mind. Not that there is a lack of originality in O'Brien's matter or manner, but because the two men, alike in other respects than their story-telling powers, often relied on the pseudo-science of their day to give an air of plausibility to their weird and singular narratives. But O'Brien's stories, short as they are, lack the finish that Poe put to everything he wrote, and one cannot help thinking that, whether it was his own fault or not, he was capable of doing a great deal more and a great deal better than he did do. The poems, though not of so much merit as the stories, are yet full of the possibilities that seemed to hang about their author. At all events the volume which Mr. Winter has given to the public will have the effect of keeping O'Brien's literary reputation from rusting. The stories we particularly commend to our readers, remarking by the way, however, that O'Brien was not a Catholic, and that in one or two instances he has unintentionally, no doubt, used expressions that are offensive to Catholic ears.

At the outbreak of the civil war O'Brien, who, though an Irishman by birth—or perhaps because he was an Irishman—was a true American at heart, went into the army, and while serving on the staff of General Lander was mortally wounded in an engagement at Bloomery Gap, February 26, 1862. And thereon hangs something curious. During the last few weeks notices of the book have appeared in the literary corners of the leading journals, and they have in the main been favorable. Yet two facts are proved by most of these notices—viz., first, how very vague the recollection of the details of the civil war has already become; and, second, how far and fast an historical error will travel before any attempt is made to intercept it. The error occurs in a reminiscence of O'Brien written by the late Mr. Frank Wood, which Mr. Winter includes with some other introductory matter of the volume. In describing the way in which O'Brien received his death-wound Wood says: "His [O'Brien's] encounter with the rebel colonel, Ashley, was a regular duel. They were about twenty paces asunder, and fired, with great deliberation, three shots; O'Brien was hit by the second shot, and his men aver that he killed Ashley with his last, as that officer fell when he fired." Now, the Confederate officer referred to was the famous Colonel, afterwards General, Ashby—not Ashley—who was present at Bloomery Gap, but did excellent service for some time afterward for Stonewall Jackson, and in fact, by his reckless exposure of himself, furnished the men of Shields' division with fine target practice, until he was killed at Cross Keys in June, 1862. Ashby was one of the boldest cavalrymen and most skilful partisan leaders in the Confederate service, yet our great dailies, which have *dilettante* devotion for all the petty details of modern European history, misspell his name, and with the utmost gravity repeat an error which in the first place was excusable enough for the want of better information, but which ought now to make a schoolboy blush.

Seventy-three Catholic Tracts on Various Subjects. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1881.

A combination of the entertaining and the instructive is more often talked of than seen, it is sad to have to confess, yet it is doubtful if anywhere else in so small a book one could find so much of these two things as in the above collection of Catholic tracts. These tracts originally began to be issued in 1866, and as they were distributed by colporteurs at various points of the greatest traffic in New York City, their appearance created something of a sensation.

More than four millions of these tracts, the preface of this collected edition informs us, have been sold and circulated; and certainly, when one glances over the seventy-three titles, this great success is easily accounted for. Moreover, as the same preface adds, although the authors' names have never been published, "eminent prelates and learned theologians—men who have a world-wide reputation—have written many of these tracts."

There are few popular religious errors that are not touched upon in some or other of the tracts, and in nearly every case with a thorough understanding of how these errors exercise a control over the minds of men who are not Catholics only because they do not know the church, only because they misapprehend the church and its teachings. Yet, though mainly intended for the correction of the errors so prevalent among even the best educated of Protestants concerning Catholic doctrines, they make very useful reading for Catholics as well. They are full of learning, but the learning is presented in so very bright and vivacious a manner that often one, while reading along with an amused smile on his face, suddenly becomes aware that he has gotten a new hold of a familiar truth. None of the tracts is exhaustive, but every one is suggestive. A more useful auxiliary for the controversy into which almost any intelligent American Catholic is in daily likelihood of being thrown it would be difficult to name.

Foregleams of the Desired. Sacred Verses, Hymns, and Translations. By H. A. Rawes, M.A., D.D., Oblate of St. Charles. Third Edition. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

The design of this little book, as set forth in its preface, is altogether devotional. For those souls who, in the midst of sorrow or trial, find it a help to read or repeat simple hymns these verses are written. A considerable portion of the book is devoted to an account of the Archconfraternity of the Holy Ghost, and the devotion to the Holy Ghost finds expression in several hymns. This worship of the Holy Ghost, the author of our sanctification, as a special devotion, should be earnestly recommended to the faithful. Already this confraternity exists in the diocese of Philadelphia. Let us hope that it may spread throughout our land, bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit. Were the objects of this association fully appreciated by pastors and people, were all Christians to stir up within their souls a greater love for this Divine Spirit, who is our guide, consoler, helper, and sanctifier, we might indeed expect that renewal of the face of the earth for which the church bids us pray.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR FIRST-COMMUNICANTS. Translated from the German of the Rev. Dr. J. Schmitt, of Freiburg-in-Breisgau, Germany. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1881.

This little work is not, as might perhaps be supposed from its title, intended for the use of children and others preparing for first communion; it is rather a series of instructions which will be useful to priests, or to others who may share with the clergy the work of preparing children for it. They are principally based on the questions of Deharbe's Full Catechism, and can well be used in connection with that valuable work. Besides the great amount of matter of immediate utility which they contain, they are suggestive of much more, and will no doubt be found of great service in this way, as well as more directly to those who have charge of first-communion classes, however great their knowledge or experience may be.

The appendix, consisting of sermons and plans of sermons for the day of first communion, will also be found very useful for those who may wish to preach on that day. They would also be available for the preparatory retreat, and on all occasions when a discourse on the Holy Eucharist is to be given.

THE LONGFELLOW BIRTHDAY BOOK. Arranged by Charlotte Fiske Bates. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

This is a pretty little quarto volume of three hundred and ninety-eight pages, containing extracts from Longfellow arranged for every day in the year, with a blank space reserved for each day in which to set down additional thoughts. The selection is made with good taste and judgment, and it will be found that a new light is often thrown on the meaning of the verses when they are read under the different months, as here arranged. Under every day—or nearly every day—are given the names of eminent men who were born on that day. It will be seen from some of the names that the compiler is extremely eclectic. For instance, we find M. Hopkins, G. Adolphus (this is perhaps the Swedish champion of Protestantism), Santa Teresa, J. P. Smith, Peter the Great, E. Burke, John Henry Newman, Spitta (Spitta, Spitta—who was Spitta? Spitta? Why, he was a German writer of devotional poetry in the early part of the century. Ah! yes), F. W. Faber, Garibaldi, M. F. Tupper, and J. Fell.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR. By F. W. Longman, Balliol College, Oxford, author of a *Pocket Dictionary of the German and English Languages.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is the thirteenth volume of the series of little compendiums issued under the name of "Epochs of Modern History." The present volume takes up the career of Frederick the Great, and aims to make that career more intelligible by brief glances from time to time at such political combinations in other countries as had any important bearing on Prussia or Prussian affairs.

But there are some curious omissions. For instance, in the account of

Braddock's defeat near Fort Duquesne (page 68) nothing is said about the part taken by Washington! Four of the most conspicuous of Frederick's military antagonists were General George Browne and his nephew, General Ulysses Maximilian Browne; General the Count Peter de Lacy and his son, Count Joseph Maurice. Of the two Brownes the first was an Irishman of the family of the Earls of Kenmare, who, being forced by the anti-Catholic penal laws to leave Ireland, entered the Russian service and rose to the rank of a field-marshal. His nephew was born at Basel and became a field-marshal in the Austrian service, and was mortally wounded at the battle of Prague. The elder of the De Lacys also abandoned Ireland on account of persecution, and in course of time attained to the chief command of the Russian army, while the younger De Lacy won a similar rank in the service of Austria. These four men figure constantly in the pages of the volume under consideration, yet nowhere is there the least hint of their Irish origin or of the religious persecution that made them exiles from their country. Had they been Huguenots, victims of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, would not that fact have been kept before the reader's mind?

This series is of course English, and is originally intended for the instruction of loyal British youth. And that is precisely where the mischief comes in in reprinting, without careful revision, for American use publications that deal with politics or history and that have been written for foreigners and for the prejudices of foreigners.

NOUVELLE-FRANCE, COLONIE LIBRE DE PORT-BRETON (Océanie). Œuvre de colonisation agricole chrétienne et libre de Monsieur Charles du Breil, Marquis de Rays. Par P. de Groote, Consul-Général de la Nouvelle-France. Paris: Société Générale de Librairie Catholique (V. Palmé, Directeur-General). 1880.

M. de Groote gives a very interesting description of the resources and capabilities of Port Breton, in Oceanica, in which an attempt is being made to settle a Catholic French colony. It is an era of colonization, and the people of France, who have hitherto generally been well contented to stay at home, appear to be again desirous to establish themselves at points calculated to extend the commerce and increase the influence of their great country.

THE LANDS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE. A geographical and historical Atlas of the Bible, intended to serve as an aid to the better understanding of the Sacred Text and of Biblical history. Consisting of seven maps arranged according to the latest and most reliable authorities. By Dr. Richard Riess. Freiburg-in-Baden (and St. Louis, Mo.): B. Herder.

A most useful atlas for the student of sacred history. The maps are beautifully done, the topography being clearly indicated and in great detail. As the work was done in Germany, the orthography of the Arabic names is naturally given according to the German system—e.g., *el Dschabië* for *el Jabie*, etc. This, however, will be no great inconvenience to scholars.

SELECT WORKS OF THE VENERABLE FATHER NICOLAS LANCICIUS, S.J. Translated from the Latin. Vol. II. I. On Rash Judgments. II. On Aridity. With a Preface by Father Gallwey, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

This is a second volume of the works of a Jesuit father who lived in the sixteenth century, and in giving it and similar works to the modern English public the English Jesuits are doing a good work. The present volume embraces two treatises, one on rash judgments and the other on aridity or dryness and distraction in prayer. Father Lancicius is a master in the spiritual life, and anything from his pen can be commended simply on the strength of his name. His treatise on rash judgments is minute and practical, and will serve greatly to form a correct conscience with regard to this most neglected and at the same time most easily overlooked point of Christian morals.

In the treatise on aridity in prayer one has the consolation of knowing that he is following a guide who has met with and overcome the difficulties he treats of, and is therefore to be followed with confidence—knowing well that he who has been to a place and is thoroughly acquainted with the ground can guide with greater precision than one who has his knowledge from mere hearsay.

THE MISSION OF WOMAN. The substance of a discourse by Monseigneur Mermillod, Bishop of Hebron, addressed to the Children of Mary in the convent chapel of the Sacred Heart, Brussels. Translated from the French by M. A. Macdaniel. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

There is something about the French language that makes it particularly well adapted for conveying religious instruction to women. Religion and its duties are never more attractive to the gentler sex than when presented in the polite and elegant language of France. This is evidenced by the fact that ladies of other nationalities who are familiar with the French generally like to use it in religious exercises in preference to their mother-tongue.

This address of Monseigneur Mermillod is conceived in the best style of the French *conférence,* and even in the translation retains much of its native grace. We feel assured that the devout "Children of Mary" in this country will read the distinguished prelate's discourse with pleasure and profit.

The address is printed on fine tinted paper and is neatly bound.

ERNESTINE: A novel. By Wilhelmine von Hillern, author of *The Hour Will Come.* From the German by S. Baring-Gould. Two volumes. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. 1881.

This novel is certainly above the common. It is elevated in tone, highly moral, and cleverly written. The plot is not very deep, but runs on quite naturally. The heroine's character is of a somewhat exaggerated type, but is well sustained. Though touching here and there on very deep topics, yet it is highly interesting. It is an excellent book to place in the

hands of those who are mere worshippers of "culture" or extravagant seekers after so-called "woman's rights."

The translation is well rendered.

THE PAROCHIAL HYMN-BOOK. New and Revised Edition. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

LAUDIS CORONA. The new Sunday-school Hymn-Book. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

WETZER AND WELTE'S KIRCHENLEXICON. Zweite Auflage. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1880.

THE LIVES OF THE GREAT SAINTS. By John O'Kane Murray, B.S., M.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy. 1880.

THE GIRL'S SPIRITUAL CALENDAR. Translated from the French of the author of *Golden Grains.* By Josephine M. Black. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.

CONSIDERATIONS UPON CHRISTIAN TRUTHS AND CHRISTIAN DUTIES, DIGESTED INTO MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. By the Right Rev. Dr. Challoner. A new and revised edition by the Very Rev. Monsignor Virtue. London: Burns & Oates. 1880.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC PROTECTORY. Westchester, New York: Printed at the New York Catholic Protectory. 1881.

MEMORIAL HISTORY AND TWELFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ST. MARY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL. Second Annual Report of St. James' Home for Boys. Press of St. Mary's Industrial School, Carroll P.O., Baltimore Co., Md. 1881.

COLLECTIONS OF THE OLD COLONY HISTORICAL SOCIETY. No. 2. Papers read before the Society April 7, 1879, and January 12, 1880. Taunton, Mass.: Published by the Society.

PROCES-VERBAL DE L'ASSEMBLEE GENERALE DE L'UNION APOSTOLIQUE DES PRETRES SECULIERS sous les auspices du sacré cœur de Jésus, tenue à Clamart les 20, 21, 22, 23, et 24 Septembre, 1880. Paris: Imprimerie de Saint Paul, Saussens et Cie. 1880.

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AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC POET.

THERE are few spots in this country around which cluster more sacred memories and sweeter Catholic associations than the immediate neighborhood of Emmittsburg, Maryland, the seat of Mount St. Mary's College and the first home of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. The name of Mount St. Mary's calls up many interesting recollections. Founded by Dubois, the first Bishop of New York, and continued by Bruté, the first Bishop of Vincennes, it has sent forth, in three-quarters of a century, one cardinal, four archbishops, twenty bishops, and more than two hundred priests whose good works have not been emblazoned on the scroll of earthly fame, but recorded for ever by the angels in heaven. It has sent forth during the same time more than three thousand youths to occupy the various walks of life, some of whom have worn the judicial ermine; others have fought and died for their country; the eloquent voices of others have been heard in legislative halls or in crowded forums, while others have added a grace and dignity to trade, and some have won honor in the calm pursuit of literature.

Of the many youths who have passed through the classic halls of Mount St. Mary's few have been so variously gifted as the subject of this sketch. George H. Miles was born in Baltimore on the 31st of July, 1824. In his twelfth year he entered Mount St. Mary's College, where he remained six years, during which time he acquired that love of literature which became a

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passion with him in after-life, and learnt to love the old Mountain with an affection which increased with his years, and made him exclaim, in the language of Goldsmith in the *Traveller :*

> " Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee.'

It was his love of study and affection for his beloved Alma Mater that induced him, in the prime of manhood, to abandon a professional career in Baltimore and to establish himself permanently in the vicinity of Emmittsburg.

Young Miles' college career was extremely brilliant and promising, and he was one of the rare exceptions, for he kept the promise of his youth. He was graduated on the 28th of June, 1843, before he had completed his nineteenth year, and he selected "Civilization" for his thesis. He was also chosen to deliver the valedictory, which was replete with pathos, eloquence, and classic grace. A few months after leaving college he commenced the study of the law in the office of Mr. John H. B. Latrobe, who is still in active practice at the Baltimore bar, although nearly fourscore years old. After finishing his professional studies Mr. Miles formed a law-partnership with Mr. Edwin H. Webster, who has since represented Maryland in the House of Representatives. Mr. Miles found the practice of the law extremely irksome—it was very much like the feeling of Master Slender and Mistress Anne Page: "There was no great love between them at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance." In fact, Miles was as much out of place at the bar as Poe was at West Point or Charles Lamb at the India House.

If there was ever a born littérateur, that man was George H. Miles. His taste was pure, exquisite, and refined, his imagination was rich, vivid, and almost oriental in its warmth. He naturally took up the pen as Raphael took up the brush, Canova the chisel, and Alexander the sword. We all know that the time of young lawyers is not entirely engrossed by their practice. Mr. Miles was no exception to this rule, but he did not fritter away the precious hours of youth in heartless dissipation or "shapeless idleness"; he employed himself in literary composition. His first work was *The Truce of God*, a story founded on the edict published by the church in the eleventh century prohibiting private warfare, or duelling, from the sunset of Thursday till sunrise on Monday, under pain of excommunication. This was done in honor of the Passion, Death, and Resurrection of our

Lord. The story was published as a serial in the *United States Catholic Magazine*, which was established in Baltimore by the late John Murphy, and which acquired a national reputation under the editorship of Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) Spalding and the Rev. Charles I. White, D.D. Like all of Mr. Miles' literary work, *The Truce of God* was written in a pleasing and graceful style.

"The author," says a critic, "has united the poet and philosopher with the historian, teaching the Catholic student by example that trials and sufferings are the heritage of God's church, as faith and sacrifice are the mark of God's children. We can scarcely estimate the value of this work, not for its historical merits only, its noble and elevated sentiments, but for the deep and important lessons it teaches to all, but especially to the young."

In 1849 he was a successful competitor for a $50 prize offered by the *Catholic Mirror* for the best story. The prize was not very inspiring, but *Loretto; or, The Choice*, the story which gained it, attracted great attention as it appeared week after week, and it has become a standard Catholic American tale, having gone through repeated editions and proved a small gold-mine to its publishers.

In 1850 Edwin Forrest offered $1,000 for the best American drama. Mr. Miles sent in his play of "Mohammed," which bore off the prize against one hundred competitors. It is a beautiful composition, but was never acted, Forrest not deeming it adapted to the stage. Mr. Miles was accustomed to say that his imagination was nourished by the perusal of the *Arabian Nights.* "Mohammed" displays the result of this study in its brilliant imagery, its gorgeous language, and its scenes of Oriental beauty and magnificence. Every page glows with the warm sunlight of an Eastern landscape.

At that time there was only a small field for Catholic literature in the United States, and Mr. Miles had to sell his next story, *The Governess*, to the *Catholic Mirror* for a trifling sum. This story has never acquired the popularity of *Loretto*, and, although it does not possess the same peculiar charm, it deserves a permanent place in our Catholic literature on account of the lesson it teaches of duty being above all earthly considerations.

In 1851 Mr. Miles was sent by President Fillmore bearer of despatches to Madrid. In 1864 he again visited Europe, but this time he went on private business. Shortly after his return from this second visit he wrote a series of sketches, "Glimpses of

Tuscany," which were published in The Catholic World in 1867–8.

Mr. Miles' longest poem, *Christine: a Troubadour's Song*, also made its first appearance in this magazine. A contemporary, in noticing this poem, said that "in Mr. Miles America has found her Catholic poet. His versification is sweet and flowing, the images warm and bright, the sentiments pure and ennobling." Subsequently "Christine" was published in book-form, together with all his poems which Mr. Miles deemed worthy of preservation. Among these was the spirited lyric, "Inkerman," which was originally published in *Brownson's Review* in October, 1856. This poem possesses a dash, a fire, and a beauty which makes it worthy of a place by the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade." As "Inkerman" is not so well known as it should be, we quote the stirring lines which tell how the battle, after being lost by the English, was won by the French. Overwhelmed by superior numbers, the English army was about to give way when the sound of approaching men is heard in the rear.

"Heard ye not that tramp behind us?
If a foeman come that way
We may make one charge to venge us,
And then look our last of day.
As the tiger from the jungle,
On the bounding column comes;
We can hear their footfall ringing
To the stern roll of their drums;
We can hear their billowy surging
As up the hill they pant—
O God! how sweetly sounded
The well-known 'En avant!'
With their golden eagles soaring,
Bloodless lips and falcon glance,
Radiant with the light of battle,
Came the chivalry of France.
Ah! full well, full well we knew them,
Our bearded, bold allies;
All Austerlitz seemed shining
Its sunlight from their eyes.
Round their bright array dividing,
We gave them passage large,
For we knew no line then living
Could withstand their fiery charge.
One breathing space they halted—
One volley rent the sky—
Then the *pas de charge* thrills heavenward,
"Vive l'Empereur!" they cry.

Right for the heart of Russia
  Cleave the swart Gallic braves,
The panthers of the Alma,
  The leopard-limbed Zouaves.
The cheer of rescued Briton
  One moment thundered forth ;
The next we trample with them
  The pale hordes of the North.

. . . . . .

The Muscovite is flying,
  Lost Inkerman is won !"

In the spring of 1857 "De Soto," Mr. Miles' five-act, blank-verse tragedy, was played at the Broadway Theatre, New York. A contemporary critic said: "We cannot do justice to the literary beauties of this play after once seeing it on the stage; but it contains many passages which struck upon our ear with a genuine poetic ring that made us think of the old dramatists, and wonder if they ever got off anything that would far surpass it." The same season Mr. Miles' comedy called "Mary's Birthday" was played in New York for the first time, and a writer in the *Courier and Enquirer* of May 1, 1857, said: "Mr. Miles may be congratulated on being the author of the two best pieces that have been produced in New York this season—'Mary's Birthday' and 'De Soto.' Baltimore has certainly given us the only young American dramatist who is deserving of the name." Other favorable notices appeared in the New York *Times*, *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Evening Mirror*, and *Express*. On the 6th of October, 1858, the semi-centennial celebration of Mount St. Mary's College took place, and Mr. Miles, being one of the most distinguished of the alumni of the college, was invited to deliver a poem on the occasion. After an address by Mr. James McSherry, Mr. Miles read his satirical poem, "Aladdin's Palace," which has been pronounced one of the best things of the kind in American literature. The opening lines are particularly fine, and, as they afford an excellent idea of the general scope of the poem, we have reproduced them here:

"Aladdin's palace, in a single night,
From base to summit rose ere morning light,
A pillar'd mass of porphyry and gold,
Gem sown on gem, and silk o'er silk unrolled:
So from the dust our young Republic springs
Before the dazzled eyes of Eastern kings.
Not, like old Rome, slow waxing into state—
The century that freed beholds us great,

Sees our broad empire belt the Western world,
From main to main our starry flag unfurled;
Sees in each port where Albion's sea-kings trail
Their purple plumes, Columbia's snowy sail.
Three deep the loaded decks our long wharves line,
Three deep on buoyant hoops fast flounces shine,
While thrice three-story brown stone proudly tells
The tale of Mammon's modern miracles,
Marking full fifty places in a square
Where the born beggar dies the millionaire."

The poet goes on to show that Aladdin's palace, glorious as it was, had one unfinished window; so America wanted one thing to make it complete, and that thing was the want of respect for authority. A lively picture is drawn of the *pater-familias:*

"Proud of his bondage, tickled with his chains,
Humbly cringing while the stripling reigns."

The ignorant admiration for art is then cleverly hit off, and also the sensational literature of the day:

"Alas! the river where the millions drink
Flows from a Helicon of tainted ink;
Lower and lower the darkening stream descends,
Till, lost in filth, the sacred fountain ends.
Who reads *Andrea?* Here's a penny tale
That melts the milkmaid o'er her foaming pail.
Who weeps with *Luria* that can weekly sob
With all the victims of Sylvanus Cobb?"

The satirist next takes up the subject of general education in this country, and exclaims:

"O land of lads, and liberty, and dollars!
O nation first in schools and last in scholars!
Where few are ignorant, yet none excel,
Where peasants read and statesmen scarcely spell."

The poem concludes with a fine apostrophe to the angel guardian of the Mount—Bruté:

"My friends, Aladdin's palace needs such men;
The saint at work, 'tis finished—not till then."

On the 22d of February, 1859, George H. Miles was married to Adeline, daughter of Edward W. Tiers, of New York. About the same time he was appointed professor of English literature in Mount St. Mary's College, and removed from Baltimore to Thorn-

brook, a beautiful cottage near Emmittsburg, where he resided during the rest of his life. Here he formed a home after his own poetical taste, embellished by books, pictures, and flowers.

In April of this year his elegant comedy, "Señor Valiente," was brought out in New York, Boston, and Baltimore on the same night. It was a decided success. The public welcomed "Señor Valiente" as a genuine American play, which presented a picture of the life and character of New York society at the time it was written. Some of the incidents are romantic, others mysterious, and all interesting. The plot is skilfully conceived and successfully worked out. It is marred, however, by a palpable plagiarism of the celebrated picture scene in "A Winter's Tale" in the last act. We are astonished that so true a literary artist as Mr. Miles should condescend to borrow even from Shakspere. The dialogue of the play is bright, witty, and natural, and the hits at the follies of the times are exceedingly clever.

During the next few years Mr. Miles wrote several devotional poems, one of which, "The Sleep of Mary," was a prize poem for the *Ave Maria ;* others, "All Souls' Day," were published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD in 1866 and 1867. These last had special reference to the Mountain churchyard. One of these dirges was "In Memoriam" of the venerable Dr. Shorb, for many years the beloved friend and physician of all the Mountain neighborhood. He labored in his profession to the very last:

"'Twas one step from the stirrup to the grave!"

Towards the close of his life Mr. Miles projected a series of critiques upon the tragedies of Shakspere, but he only lived to complete one of these—*A Review of Hamlet.* This essay appeared originally in the *Southern Review*, and was afterwards published in pamphlet form, in the hope of extending the circulation of a work which promised to inaugurate a revolution in the literature of "Hamlet." Unfortunately, this hope was not realized. The pamphlet was issued from a provincial press and failed to secure a wide circulation or a general literary recognition. The essay deserved a better fate, for it possesses much Shaksperian scholarship, and the author has avoided the controversies on mere words which make the works of most Shaksperian commentators such tiresome reading.

We have seen Hamlet represented by the greatest of living actors, every point and beauty brought out with wonderful effect, but we confess that until we read Mr. Miles *Review of Hamlet* we did not understand this most exquisite creation of Shakespere's

genius. All the mystery involved in the complex character of the young Prince of Denmark is satisfactorily explained away in this critique. The popular feeling concerning Hamlet is that he was weak, "infirm of purpose," and almost cowardly. Mr. Miles shows that—

"Hamlet was strong, not weak; that the basis of his character is strength, illimitable strength. There is not an act or utterance of his, from first to last, which is not a manifestation of power. Slow, cautious, capricious he may sometimes be, or seem to be, but always strong, always large-souled, always resistless. . . . And as for cowardice—from such cowards defend us Heaven! Once roused, he never sets his life at a pin's fee; the 'something dangerous' becomes something terrible. There is not a hero in Shakspere—Macbeth with harness on his back, Lear with his good, biting falchion, Othello with his lithe arm uplifted, ay, even Richard when a thousand hearts are great within his bosom—who would not quail before the Berserker wrath of this viking's son; while in the blaze of his dazzling irony Falstaff himself would shrivel up into Slender! . . . There is a spiritual necessity for retarded instead of precipitate action. It would be a mistake to *slay* the royal murderer out of hand; the joy of one sharp second is nothing to the delight of watching him, day by day, unconsciously moving nearer to his doom. Had the king a thousand lives, to take them one by one were less enjoyment than the revelry of deepening hatred, the luxury of listening to the far music of the forging bolt. The crimes of this sceptred fratricide are stale; the murdered man is dust; there is no fresh, living horror to clamor for instant retribution. . . . Hamlet is represented not only as a prince and a man, but as a Christian; and as a Christian he may be pardoned, *even at this day*, for being *partially* influenced by his faith. The manifest Christian duty under the circumstance was forgiveness; there is no such word as revenge in the lexicon of Calvary."

Mr. Miles was engaged upon a critique of "Macbeth" at the time of his death, which, fragmentary as it is, is complete so far as it goes. He intended to write essays on at least two other tragedies, possibly "Othello" and "Lear." He characterizes Macbeth as possessing intellect, individual force, energy, and courage, enlisted in the service of guilt. He describes him as bold, dauntless, dangerous, with a mind of vast, undisciplined power. Instead of the academic gentleness of Hamlet we are presented with the matured manhood of a veteran soldier; instead of ellipses, complexity, and oblique suggestiveness, all is plain and direct; we cannot misconceive the purport and direction of the plot: the difficulty is in keeping up with the gigantic stride of the action. Mr. Miles says:

"Lady Macbeth's estimate of her husband's character is just such an analysis of the human heart as a fiend might make from some lonely pinnacle of hell. She has abandoned herself, body and soul, to his ambition; her

will and courage so perfect, her demoniac logic so consistent, that his recoil from murder strikes her as coward benevolence, his scruples as piety misplaced. His ambition is as criminal as human ambition can be; her complaint proceeds from a full diabolical possession. His character brightens when laid side by side with hers, as a villain might look a little whiter arm-in-arm with a fiend. She is more irrevocably bound to the service of the arch-fiend than any bond of blood and parchment could have bound her. Hers is the most deliberate self-damnation ever perpetrated—a positive wooing of eternal perdition, a deadly appeal flashed into the very heart of hell. . . .

"The ruling grace of manhood is power, of womanhood submission; a woman may yield to the fascination of superior strength or subtlety, in slavish obedience to a mysterious instinct, without being radically influenced either by the vices or virtues of her idol. But a cruel man, so thoroughly bad-hearted as to ignore all the redeeming influences of existence by loving a woman crueller than himself, may be said to excel her in guilt by the enormity of loving her. At bottom Macbeth was worse than his wife; with half her undaunted metal he would have ventured on twice her crimes. The stalwart regicide quailing before the painted devil of his imagination is in every way more despicable than the lost woman invoking the fiend she serves to avert the truer remorse by which she perishes."

In referring to Duncan's visit Mr. Miles uses this strong language: "She springs to meet her coming lord [Macbeth] with the exultant bound of a tigress to her mate when the scent of blood is in the night wind." The scene in which Lady Macbeth speaks of the king's departure is thus described:

"How her soul hisses out in those few words, '*And when goes hence?*' Yet how colloquially Ristori glided over it, *E quando ei parte?* with just as little force and significance as though she were putting the question to a hackman on the Lung Arno. Ah! could we have only heard Rachel give the equivalent of that terrible question, we might dispense with the traditions of Mrs. Siddons."

The contrast between the compassing of Duncan's death and Hamlet's morbid dwelling on the riddance of the king is drawn in the following words:

"Hamlet is deterred by the dread of something after death; Macbeth would relinquish all hope of heaven, were temporal success the sure consequence of assassination. He dreads the prospect of the life to come; the whole point of Macbeth's lament is not that the eternal jewel of his soul is given to the common enemy of man, but that rancors will poison the chalice of his peace. His recoil is but a cowardly, selfish calculation of the chances against him. . . . The dialogue between wife and man is an exhibition of human ferocity and exultant animal power. The damnable consistency of her guilt lends an intellectual majesty to her most horrible utterances. The unconquerable archangel of *Paradise Lost* is dwarfed side by side with this rapt high-priestess of murder."

We have been permitted to make these extracts from this unfinished critique, and we do so with a feeling of regret that the elegant piece of composition must for ever remain a fragment.

After Mr. Miles took up his permanent residence at the Mountain his time was almost exclusively consecrated to literary work. He was fond of out-door exercise, which he blended with a love for landscape-gardening and the pleasures of the chase. As a rule he worked chiefly at night. When engaged upon important compositions he made long rambles about the mountains during the day, and in the evening committed to paper the result of his morning meditation. He had few intimate friends, but the chosen few who were admitted to his friendship loved him for the generous warmth of his heart and admired him for his rich and elegant gifts of mind.

George H. Miles died at Thornbrook on the 23d of July, 1870, one week before he had completed his forty-seventh year. His grave is in the beautiful Mountain churchyard, which has been a pilgrim's shrine to so many visitors from far and near.

AN EASTER CARD.

On willow-bough, along whose ruddy stem
The silver catkins shine,
Sits perched a blue-bird—heaven on his wing—
Pouring his song divine.

Behind him lie the cloudy skies of spring—
Gray shadows flecked with blue,
Snow-freighted edges of the windy drift,
Bright sunshine falling through.

Against the far horizon dimly gleam
Low mountains still snow-clad,
While the near meadows, lying low and wide,
Fresh verdure maketh glad.

A soft, warm shadow resteth in the woods,
Where with the distance blue
Mingles the rich, red glow of budding boughs
Their prison breaking through.

We know amid those shadows, dim and far,
A subtle scent doth rise
Where hardy blossoms sow the ground with stars,
Or open sweet blue eyes.

We hear the merry voice of deepened stream,
Its shallows singing o'er,
Winding o'er sunken rock and cool green cress,
Ice-fettered now no more.

Hark! to the hylas, where broad ferns lie curled,
Uplifting song of cheer:
Back on their hinges Winter's gates are flung,
Unprisoned Spring is here!

Our later Orpheus, bird of azure wing,
With song the world sets free,
From realm of shadow bringing back to light
Our lost Eurydice,

While "Alleluia!" chants the sun-blessed earth,
Singing the song of heaven—
Unto the singer who earth's soul sets free
The crown of love be given.

And "Alleluia!" sing all hearts to-day,
Gray Lenten skies are riven,
And through the broken drift shines blue and clear
The sunny Easter heaven.

Listening the song of God's undying love,
The chant of Calvary,
Falling from lips of Singer most Divine,
Men's captive souls grow free.

Sin-fettered lies the grieving earth no more,
Our Orpheus Divine
From realm of shadow leadeth where the light
Of God's great love doth shine.

Back from the gates of Hell he brings
His lost Eurydice—
The desolated earth for whom his love
Is from eternity.

So, sweet-voiced blue-bird, sing, and wake the earth;
Bud, willow, into gold;
Sing, loosened stream, and, happy hylas, bid
The loitering ferns unfold.

Sing, joyful souls, from weary bonds set free,
Bid penance burst in bloom,
While pure ascends from holy, hidden hearts
Prayer's tenderest perfume.

Chant "Alleluia!" all ye works of God, to-day;
Earth, lift the song of Heaven—
Unto the singer who the soul sets free
Heart's crown of love be given.

IRISH SETTLEMENTS IN ILLINOIS.

THE line of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, extending from Chicago to La Salle—a distance of one hundred miles—is marked by farms and settlements which show the most unmistakable signs of thrift and prosperity.

The land is in a high state of cultivation; the abundance and variety of the stock in sight, the ample barns and bursting corn-cribs, and conspicuously the comfortable and often elegant farm-houses within the range of country bordering this once important internal channel, serve to show that the farmers through this region are in the enjoyment of a notable measure of plenty, prosperity, and comfort. Two railroads, the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific, and the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis, run parallel with the canal, the former the entire length, the latter only part of the distance.

The predominance of the Irish element in the populations of the towns and settlements along the line of these railways, and in the farming communities in the near vicinity of the canal, cannot escape notice even by the passing traveller. A casual inquiry will bring out the curious fact that this part of the State was largely settled by the Irish laborers and contractors who in the early days had found employment on the works of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, in the period from 1830 to 1850.

The circumstances which led to the transformation of the canal laborer into the pioneer farmer will form an instructive chapter in the history of Irish colonization in the West. The change came from the necessities of the situation, and was largely involuntary, as will appear in the course of this sketch. A reference to the history of the construction of the Illinois Canal is indispensable in order to make clear the causes which led to this example of Irish colonization in Illinois.

Early in the present century the attention of the national government and the efforts of the territorial, and later of the State, authorities of Illinois were directed to the importance of opening canal communication between Lake Michigan and the Illinois River. It was regarded as indispensable "for both military and commercial purposes." In 1822 Congress authorized the State of Illinois to construct the canal through the public lands in that State, granting for the purpose a strip of land ninety feet in width

on both sides of it, and reserving the lands through which it might pass from sale until further direction.

The canal was to be commenced within three, and completed within twelve, years. The initiatory steps were taken by the State, the route surveyed, and estimates of cost made; but when all these necessary preliminaries had been gone through obstacles and difficulties of a financial and political nature supervened, so that scarcely any progress was in fact made; nor was the construction of the canal actually begun till the year 1836.

In the meantime Congress had passed various supplementary acts relating to the construction of the canal, by which the State of Illinois acquired the public lands contiguous to the proposed line, including the greater part of the present site of Chicago, as a resource to ensure the completion of the important work in question.

The first ground was broken for the canal at Chicago, July 4, 1836, and it is an interesting reminiscence to recall that, at the public celebration which marked the event, Dr. William B. Egan, a young Irishman who had already achieved a leading position in Illinois, was the orator of the occasion.

Dr. Egan became during the next decade one of the *celebrities* of Chicago, and was famous alike for his eloquence and fund of wit. He had been one of the pioneers of the Lake City, and possessed that variety and versatility of parts which often characterizes those of his race who adventure into a new country. He was physician, lawyer, real-estate operator, and politician. He was the life and light of a convivial party and the crowning glory of a "public" dinner. Dr. Egan was often declared to have been "born to preside at a banquet." He had a mania for real-estate operations. No Chicago enthusiast could compare with him in the buoyant estimate he held and constantly put forth respecting the future greatness and grandeur of the embryonic city; none could picture in more glowing colors the wonderful destiny in store for it. The proverbs and stories of Dr. Egan would furnish matter for an entertaining volume; but his predictions as to the ultimate growth of Chicago, though ridiculed at the time, are an evidence of the penetration and keen sagacity of the man.

As illustrative of his twin devotion to Æsculapius and *corner-lots*, it is told of the doctor that once, when asked by a lady patient for whom he had just prescribed a potion: "How shall I take this, doctor?" he absently replied: "Take a quarter down, the balance canal time, one, two, and three years!"—this being

the popular term and parlance for payments on Chicago lots at the period.

The work on the canal, once commenced, invited large bodies of laborers, and naturally Irishmen in considerable numbers made their way from the seaboard and from the Eastern cities and States, allured by the prospect of good wages and steady employment. Far the greater number came directly from Ireland.

The work on the canal, however, made slow progress, but continued, with various fluctuations, for a period of twelve years. The route lay for the most part through marshy ground, while still another part of the line involved heavy and costly rock-cutting and excavations. Labor was high; board and provisions were higher. The work was frequently suspended for the want of funds to pay the contractors, and all sorts of financial expedients were resorted to by the authorities of the State and the trustees of the canal to enable them to prosecute the undertaking. As a matter of course the contractors suffered, and the laborers were frequently not paid. "Canal scrip" was the principal, and often the only available, currency in this part of the State; but in time, in consequence of the growing financial embarrassments of the State, and the difficulties encountered especially in the negotiation of the canal bonds, the scrip steadily sank in value, and at times was scarcely convertible at all.

Considerable quantities of the canal scrip had been paid to the contractors and laborers for the work on the canal, and when, in 1841–2, the State failed to pay the interest on its bonds and to meet the obligations incurred for account of the canal, added to the universal failure of the State banks the same years, it can readily be imagined that prospects in Illinois were gloomy in the extreme, and in Chicago there was a general panic and stagnation.

Contractors and laborers clamored for money in exchange for their scrip, but no money was to be had. The scrip, it is true, was available in payment for public land; and to this circumstance, in a great measure, was due the selection and purchases made by a considerable number of the Irishmen employed on the canal, who "took up" sections and parts of sections of land along the line and within the range of country tributary to it. Many of them employed it for the same purpose in more distant parts of the State, and for lots and tracts in the city of Chicago wherever it was found available. Hence Irish settlements were formed along the canal from Chicago to La Salle, even as far down as Peoria; and thus the canal laborer exchanged his spade and pick for the plough and harrow, with a result which fur-

nishes the best practical illustration and vindication of Irish colonization in the West.

Many, it is well known, accepted the alternative with reluctance. With a perversity that is unaccountable, others freely squandered and flung away their scrip, to the neglect of the opportunity thus presented to become farmers. Were it not vouched for by persons who were themselves eye-witnesses of the folly, it would scarcely be credible that these men could have been so blind to their own present and future interests. Even those who "took up" farms did so, as we are told, with great discontent, and in most cases because they had no other alternative.

But so it came that the nucleus was laid for Irish colonies and settlements in Illinois, which attracted other accretions from abroad; and thus the unwilling Irish colonists of 1835 to 1850 and their descendants are now among the most prosperous farmers in the State!

The proof is visible in the rich farms and the thriving towns and settlements owned, or largely populated, by Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen. The farming population and neighboring settlements of Joliet, Seneca, Ottawa, La Salle, and across to Kane and McHenry counties, and down along the Illinois River to Peoria, are largely Irish. Names might be given and copious facts narrated to show how these Irish farmers prospered. Not a few have accumulated considerable wealth, and many of the most important merchants and traders in the towns and district referred to and in the city of Chicago are the sons of these Irish farmers.

We are informed that along the line of the New York canals a like result followed; that there, too, considerable numbers of the Irishmen employed on the canal and the public works of the State bought or pre-empted land in the early days, and subsequently became prosperous and even wealthy farmers. Similarly the building and extension of the Western railroads have given the same opportunity to the men employed in the work; but how few comparatively of the Irishmen thus engaged have had the wisdom and "push" to get on the land!

The purpose of this sketch is to point out the curious and interesting fact which gave rise to the Irish farming settlements in the State of Illinois. But one or two other incidental facts and illustrations bearing on the subject may be brought forward.

Irishmen dug the canal; they did more: they furnished much of the engineering talent required to survey it and to carry on the

work. They were prominent and powerful in the Legislature of the State, aiding the project by their influence and advocating it by their eloquence. At a critical juncture in the finances of the State, during the progress of the undertaking, an Illinois Irishman was commissioned by the governor of the State—Governor Ford—to proceed to London to negotiate the loan of $1,600,000 by which the completion of the canal was made possible, and he succeeded; or rather, as the result of his representations and the ability displayed in the negotiations with the English capitalists, Baring Bros., he laid the foundations for the successful completion of the loan.

Senator Michael Ryan, a canal engineer and State senator, had a foremost part in the engineering work of the canal. He subsequently became one of the leading senators in the Illinois Legislature, and he there exercised a commanding influence by his ability and high character. When it was finally determined to appoint commissioners to negotiate the necessary loan, Senator Ryan was selected as one of the two to undertake the delicate and important trust; and he was the recognized head and *brains* of the commission. The estimation in which he was held in Illinois may be judged by the universal regrets that were expressed at his death in 1845.

Another notable Irishman figured prominently in the public affairs of Illinois about the same period—Dr. Richard Murphy. Dr. Murphy served three successive terms in the Legislature, representing Chicago and that district. He was a man of marked ability and power, and he early won a leading position in the State.

More prominent than either, and more widely known in later times, naturally occurs the name of General James Shields, who first rose to eminence in Illinois. But the story of his public life in posts and stations of the highest trust in State and nation; the distinctions he achieved in campaigns abroad and at home; the unequalled honors conferred on him by three States; the testimonies which came to him from a grateful people, who honored him for his bravery and loved him for his honesty—all this memorable record may not fitly be told here.

With one other name honorable in Irish-American history this sketch will be brought to a close.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee, whose labors to promote Irish colonization in the West can never be too gratefully remembered, was a frequent visitor to Chicago and Illinois, and it was in tribute to scenes with which he was familiar, and to emphasize his

teaching on the subject of colonization, that he wrote the spirited ballad which appears in the printed edition of his poems—"The Irish Homes of Illinois." The colonization movement which he initiated resulted in the convention called to meet in Buffalo in 1856, and several representative Irishmen from Chicago and the State attended and took a leading part in its deliberations.

It is now plainly lamentable that the plans and suggestions then presented and advocated by Mr. McGee were not more generally heeded, and that the people of Irish race in America were not moved to carry them into effect. Mr. McGee was not free from faults in his public course, but, to his honor be it said, he labored loyally and faithfully to elevate his countrymen in the United States, and he pointed out to them with sagacity the means which would improve their condition and assure them and their descendants a certain and commanding future.

Many years before he had placed on record in *The Irish Settlers in America* the prophecy, referring to his favorite topic of Irish colonization:

> "Whatever we can do for ourselves, as a people, in North America, must be done before the close of this century, or the epitaph of our race will be written in the West with the single sentence, '*Too late.*'"

THE FIRST STAR THAT FELL.

A young star wished itself a bird:
  "Doves are men's 'sweet birds,' and Love's own;
To be a young dove I am stirred;
  And yet—'tis sky-bread for earth-stone!"

Each star must be swift page to Night:
  This dreaming star-dove spared not she;
It met no doves to praise its flight,
  But fell into the doveless sea.

THE GREEK MONASTERIES OF MOUNT ATHOS.*

The "Holy Mountain," Aghios Oros, is second only to Jerusalem in the estimation of all pilgrims of the Greek faith. Russians, Servians, Bulgarians, Rumanians, etc., have foundations among the monasteries, and contribute in many ways to support their national communities. The monastic republic, protected and respected by the Ottoman government in consideration of a heavy yearly tribute, is a unique survival of mediæval conditions; the Byzantine school of painting has its headquarters there, and continues its old traditions with hardly a ray of Western influence to modify its spirit. Little known and rather inaccessible, Mt. Athos yet affords not only archæological interest, but a combination of natural beauties rare in the East: scenery and vegetation of unusual variety, and, except for the steepness of its slopes, excellent facilities for cultivation. The mountain figured in ancient Greek history, chiefly as connected with Xerxes, who began a canal through the isthmus, of which explorers have found authentic traces, but its monastic history is obscure until the ninth century of our era. Not that the monks have no legends anterior to this; they assert that they were an independent and flourishing community soon after Constantine transferred the seat of empire to Constantinople, and the monastery of Batopedi has a legend referring its foundation to Arcadius, who was shipwrecked there in his childhood, and was found under a giant raspberry-bush by some monks already established in the peninsula. It is a pity that, with so much leisure and such rich material as the monks have, so little historical research should come of it; they are careless and unprogressive; the libraries, with some exceptions, are neglected; the vague legends which no one cares to investigate, and which are repeated to strangers with a kind of blind confidence in the belief of the latter, stand in the stead of accredited facts. The origin of the relics and treasures is equally unsatisfactory; even the pictures have no history, and the monasteries appear to have no chronicles or archives. Some of them have lately been discovered to possess charters and title-deeds, grants made by Byzantine emperors, with the ancient golden seals still attached

* *L'Athos: Notes d'une Excursion à la presqu'île et à la montagne des moines.* Par l'Abbé Alexandre Stanislas Neyrat. Paris and Lyons: Plon & Co. 1880.

to them; but the genuineness of some of these is questionable, according to the last critical authority who has examined them. Professor Spiridon Lampros spent several months on Mt. Athos in 1880, cataloguing and putting in order the various libraries, many of which were in a pitiable state, the manuscripts spoiling through damp, rats, etc. Three young students of Athens University went with him as subordinates, and a Swiss artist whose province it was to note, copy, or report upon the pictures and antiquities. Twice before an archæological commission visited the Holy Mountain: first some Russian *savants*, who collected casts and copies of the artistic curiosities to the number of several thousands, and left behind them evidences of Western tastes in the shape of chairs and tables, and even beds, very acceptable to the visitors from whose account this article is taken; and, secondly, in 1862 Messrs. Langlois and Miller, two Frenchmen, to whom most of the order now found in the best-kept libraries is due.

The government of the monastic republic consists of an assembly of twenty-one delegates, one from each of the large monasteries, chosen yearly by their communities, and of a council of five, *Epistasis*, chosen by the assembly from among their own number, who manage all external and common business, while the local affairs of each monastery are managed by its own superior or superiors. The council choose, likewise yearly, one of themselves as *protos*, or president, the "first man" or supreme ruler of the monastic peninsula, subject only, and that almost nominally, to the patriarch of Constantinople, the head of the Greek Church. Each monastery pays a small yearly tribute towards the expenses of the council, which resides at Karyæ, the small capital, a village inhabited by monks, who support themselves chiefly by the sale of objects of art and devotion—wood and shell carving, crosses and pictures, Greek rosaries of four parts, each divided into fifteen beads, etc. One Turkish commissioner or tribute-receiver represents the Porte, and lives in enforced loneliness in the monastic capital. The tribute is equivalent to something short of four thousand dollars; but, small as it seems to us, it presses heavily on the monks, whose foreign resources have failed much of late, and who are now more dependent on their own crops and exports. There is no public treasury, each monastery, with its own dependencies, farms, hermitages, and *skitos*, or smaller subordinate convents, forming a self-governing whole. The hermitages are mostly rented to the individuals inhabiting them, whether solitaries or communities of two or three (*chilios*), who pay their rent in kind, either by cultivating the ground, giving

tithes, or selling their mats or other small hand-manufactured articles. The treasurer of each monastery visits them periodically to collect these perquisites. The hermits have a special rule, are bound to flee from the sight of any human being, each other not excepted, save in cases of necessity; they live in huts and caves, mostly on the more barren part of the mountain towards the summit, and sometimes have to use ladders and ropes to reach their abodes. On certain feast-days they are allowed to attend the ceremonies at the churches, but have to wear a veil falling low over their forehead and eyes. Like the rest of the monks, they wear their hair long and have full beards, but they are invariably dirtier and more ragged, less careful of their exterior and less pleasant neighbors. In some of the parts adjacent to their dens the traveller or pilgrim finds iron boxes fixed to poles or trees, or hiding-places made in hollow trunks, where it is customary to leave scraps of food for the use of the hermits. The style of life in the monasteries is very different, where, besides the monks, there are servants and workmen of all sorts, mostly wearing the Albanian costume—a shirt and kilt of white cloth (seldom *white* long) closely plaited, with a vest of dark cloth all over gold braid, gilt-buttoned gaiters, and a profusion of small weapons stuck in a gay-colored sash. On the land end of the peninsula a few Christian soldiers are established as a guard against incursions. The monks of various monasteries, though all following, in the main, the rule of St. Basil, introduced by Athanasius of Mt. Athos, the reformer of the tenth century, have various customs, some being bound to perpetual abstinence, others not; some being ruled by one elected archimandrite or hegumenos, some by two, equally elected by the community, others again by a council of four or five; some eating at a common table, and others, whom the French author calls *idiorrhytmoi*, eating alone, each in his own cell, and fetching his allotted portion himself from the kitchen. All, however, are bound, besides vigils, Ember days, and special or local fasts, to keep four "Lents," comprising Lent proper, Advent, and two periods, one, variable according to other feasts, preceding St. Peter and Paul; and the other, of a fortnight, preceding the Assumption. Several specified days are fasts in the absolute sense of the word, though the feebler members are by custom allowed the use of a little bread and water, which is placed ready on the refectory table. The monks' time, notwithstanding the ceaseless chanted offices, attendance at which is not compulsory, is entirely their own, but they are not allowed to go from one monastery to another without leave. The offices sometimes oc-

cupy sixteen or seventeen hours, and quite eight or ten on common days; while in the mortuary chapels prayers never cease, the monks relieving each other every two hours. The music in the Russian monasteries is admirable, all in four parts except the recitatives of the celebrant, and modelled partly on the school of Palestrina, partly on older traditions. The basses are individually the most perfectly trained voices, and their strength and steadiness are extraordinary. One of the modulations frequently heard in the church chant at Russico, the most important Russian foundation on the peninsula, is as follows:

Celebrant.

Choir.

The Greek music, on the contrary, is devoid of beauty, nasal, sharp, and either acutely disagreeable or monotonous and characterless. Only a few monks bear the real burden of the chant; the rest are often seen wandering about the church or asleep in their stalls, or they attend for a time and then leave, and perhaps return again, much as I can remember the laity "dropping in" at the figured Vespers, lasting four or five hours, sung on great days in the Roman churches. Even Sunday Mass in the Greek Church is not obligatory, as it is with us; hence this apparent carelessness. The time thus left on the monks' hands is often well employed, but less devoted to intellectual pursuits than could be wished; the majority work out of doors, and roll up their long hair under a conical black cap, while their black robes, too ample for comfort, are girded up or folded round, the costume being not quite uniform, but generally consisting of a coat-like garment, black or very dark, of heavy cloth, and with wide sleeves, and, on holidays, of an additional mantle of like proportions. The hospital, the pharmacy, the kitchen and storehouses occupy many of the monks, the libraries a few more, the sacristy and treasury some, while a few are scholars or artists, and even try to keep up a communication with other scholars, Greek or Western. Several are good photographers and some are engravers, but the latter follow native traditions and methods, using tin cylinders instead of flat plates, and designing after the old Byzantine fashion. The French travellers found one ivory-carver whose work was much above the average—a miniature sculptor

whose power of expression in a small space was marvellous. Much of his work had been sent to various international exhibitions, and in this fact, as in the presence of a print of Trochu and Gambetta in the reception-room at Batopedi, and of cigarettes in another monastery, are found the rare instances of intercourse with the West or appreciation of anything outside the Holy Mountain. The mass of monks, however, are contentedly unprogressive. The priests among them are few, and are never ordained till the age of thirty. Novices go through a kind of apprenticeship of three years, during which they wait upon the professed members; they are not allowed to make definitive vows till the age of five-and-twenty, nor to become subdeacons before that time. As to their money, some convents leave the monk the use or disposition of his fortune in consideration of a fixed sum, payable at once, which covers his future expenses for board and fuel for life; others require the abandonment to the community of all he possesses. In each case the community becomes responsible for him in sickness and in health, and buries him, which is done in a peculiar fashion, the body being buried in a shallow grave, in its monastic habit, for as long a time only as the flesh takes to disappear from the skeleton, when the bones are taken up, dismembered, and placed according to their kind on the heaps of similar bones preserved in the church vaults. One universal rule applying to the peninsula is the exclusion, not only of women, but, as far as is possible, of every female animal, so that neither milk, butter, nor eggs can be had (the latter, seldom fresh, are sometimes imported), and the commissariat is even more restricted than is common in other parts of the East. Oil is the universal kitchen condiment; dried meats and vegetables, salt fish, pickled olives, and black bread are staples. The drink is more varied, for, besides the excellent water of the many mountain springs, there is wine, and two sorts of *liqueurs*, one called *raki*, or aniseed-brandy, the other *mastic*, or *raki* with an infusion of a vegetable gum called mastic. This forms one of the conventional signs of greeting and hospitality, as on every occasion of a visit the *glyko* is presented to the stranger. A young monk—"good old man" is the generic name for such as are not priests—brings in on a salver a vase full of sweet preserve or dried fruits, and several large glasses of water and a corresponding number of small ones of *raki*. Spoons in a saucer are also provided, and each one takes a small spoonful of preserve and a sip of water first, finishing by another of *raki*, and invariably, before he drinks, saluting the company and wishing them good health.

The refectory customs—that is, for the reception of distinguished strangers—are equally ceremonious. One of the older monks is "hospitaller," and a special room is devoted to hospitality, while pilgrims of lower order are equally well and abundantly entertained. Some convents have outer porches, where a monk watches all night to receive travellers after the gates are shut, and to give them and their beasts food without delay. The refectories form a peculiar and prominent feature of the monasteries; their walls are frescoed with New Testament subjects referring to the use of food, and with figures of patron saints; the white marble tables, scooped into long semicircles, accommodate from eight to twelve persons, and are ranged along the walls in front of carved wood or marble stalls, while above, on a higher level and crosswise, stands the table of the superior and his guests, in front of his canopied and ornamented stall. A low pulpit on one side serves for the reader, who reads some book of devotion during the meal. When guests are entertained a young monk says a preliminary prayer; the superior then blesses the table and says several collects, ending by the Greek sign of the cross, which is made from right to left. Before the soup is served another glass of *raki* is offered to each; but after the meal has begun etiquette forbids any one to raise his glass of wine to his lips before the superior does so, when one of the monks recites a prayer for the superior's health and well-being. After the meal, and in the reception-room, a glass of white wine is again served to each, and then black coffee.

The reception-rooms themselves are a characteristic feature of the Mt. Athos monasteries. They vary in details and richness, according to the means of the community, but are built on a generally uniform plan, and serve also as the guests' bed-chamber. A sort of anteroom is divided off by an open screen or arcade (the columns in one were of black wood, relieved with red lines), and beyond, one step higher, is the divan, a wide platform with low couches of hard wood all round. A carpet, a cushion, and a heavy coverlet transform the couches into beds, but there is no pretence at any other furniture; and though the water-pitcher in the corridor is of classical shape, there are no appliances for washing short of a monk offering to pour water over the guest's hands. The reception-rooms are always on the topmost story, and have windows on three sides, outer galleries surrounding them and being supported on projecting beams or buttresses of wood. These balconies are usually painted red and black, or dark brown, while the body of the building is yellow or white,

stucco over brick, and sometimes undressed stone. Some of the houses are of flat, wide flags, some of alternate rows of stone and brick, the latter being as often yellow as red. The architecture, on the whole, is picturesque, chiefly from its irregularity, the number of small cupolas, painted or gilt (one church is covered with metal plates painted green), and the massing together of the buildings. Each monastery forms a sort of walled village. The older ones are like feudal castles and fortresses: a dead level of light-colored wall, often resting on an open arcade below, reaches twenty or twenty-five feet up, meeting superposed balconies and bay-windows; sometimes rooms are crowded on to a rock, with different levels; here a wall whence, as at St. Paul's, a chain and pulley reach far into a grove where a spring is, as, on a smaller scale, is done in the courtyards of Roman houses, where a bucket is continually travelling from the well below to the rooms of the attic occupiers above; there tiers of steep terraces, cultivated as a kitchen garden; on the shore boats and boat-houses, where a horn is blown to call the muleteers and their animals to take guests up the rocky stairs that go by the name of roads. The courtyard of the monastery is paved and irregularly surrounded by buildings: the *catholicon*, as the principal church is called, usually stands in the centre, with numerous cupolas, and almost always a wide vestibule in front, after the style of St. Mark's, Venice; on one side the *phiala*, or baptistery, a wide stone or marble basin beneath a painted roof supported on columns—an ancient Greek monument now unused, but still indispensable in the disposition of church buildings, and which the poorer monasteries replace by a simple marble basin—and in some prominent place the *trapeza*, or refectory, always surmounted by a round or octagonal tower, formerly used as watch-tower and dungeon when pirates or fanatic Saracens were common on these coasts. The tower now is occasionally a belfry, sometimes a library. Though bells are known and much used, the ancient wooden *simandra* still supplements them—a heavy piece of wood hung close to the wall and beaten with an iron hammer; the sound is very resonant and deep. Curved pieces of iron, called *aghiosideron*, or the holy iron, are also used in the same way. Besides the *catholicon* there are numerous other chapels, within and without the walls, usually corresponding to the complement of priests attached to the monastery, partly because the Greek rite considers it wrong to have more than one Mass offered daily on the same altar, or more than one altar erected in one church, and partly because no one church could contain the large number of monks

and dependents in the monastery. The *skitos*, eleven in number, and the smaller farmhouses are served by the priests of the larger houses. Groves of orange, myrtle, olive, chestnut, and live-oak, with bushes and vines, diversify the neighborhood and often the inner circumference of a monastery, while the giant cypresses are everywhere, adding much, by the contrast of their dark, straight masses, to the beauty of the spreading, light-colored buildings. It is hard to believe that the rule excluding women has "never," as the author says that the monks boast, been broken; but public infractions are naturally remembered with such detail that it is credible that the rule has not been ostensibly broken for centuries. The monks call themselves "an everlasting nation in which no man is ever born"; and so far did they once carry their prejudice that they refused to admit "smooth-faces," and established convents outside the sacred limits for boys and youths committed to their care, who were admitted by and by when their beards had grown. Within the memory of some of the older men the ubiquitous English "lord" once attempted to land on the mountain with his wife, but the "public consternation" and the marked absence of greeting soon made him aware of his mistake. The case of a shipwrecked woman being thrown on the coast is even foreseen and provided for: the oldest monk in the community would take charge of her for the shortest possible time consistent with humanity; she would be housed apart from any other habitation in a lonely part of the mountain, and at the earliest possible moment taken by boat to the nearest port. With all this exaggerated misogyny, it is curious to note, as several travellers have remarked, that the mountain is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and that the *cultus* which surrounds the image of the *Panaghia*, or All-Holy, as she is familiarly called, is a very prominent thing in the popular Greek faith. One of the monasteries is also under the patronage of another woman, St. Anne, and some of the most precious relics are said to have been brought to the Holy Mountain by an unknown woman whom tradition calls "the beautiful Mary." The Byzantine empresses also enriched various of the monasteries. The French priests, Neyrat and Chifflet, of the diocese of Lyons, and members of the French Alpine Club, were certainly hardy travellers and not difficult to please, but the Oriental substitute for a saddle was a discomfort even to them, and the picturesque saddle-cloth of Turkey carpet did not go far to reconcile them to the equipment of their mules. Added to this, they had neither bridles nor stirrups, and only occasionally a sort of rude cross-pommel to hold on by when even the natives

considered any special road a little too rough for unhelped descent. Once, at Batopedi, they rejoiced in real European saddles—an extraordinary proof of the wealth and progressive spirit of that monastery. Windmills are looked upon as novelties on the Holy Mountain, and the one at the *skitos* of Elias is prominently brought into the picture of that cypress garden, situated between a rocky cliff and a ravine.

As everywhere in the East, the coloring, indescribable in words, is one of the foremost beauties of the scenery of Mt. Athos, and nowhere more so than in the panorama, extending far into the Ægean, seen from the summit of the mountain. The ascent is not very arduous for practised climbers, but the heat is generally rather overpowering, in spite of an early start from St. Paul's, the large monastery nearest the peak. A curious barren, rocky tract, named Kapsa Kalivi, has to be crossed, and there, though you never see them, you know that most of the cells of the hermits are hidden. At the top is a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, where, on account of the weather and the difficulty of access, an exceptional permission has been given for carved images, almost statues, or at least very salient reliefs. The figure of Our Lady is among those thus executed. Otherwise it has been a rule in the Greek Church for many centuries to allow only paintings of religious subjects, though metal in almost flat surfaces is not forbidden. The Russian church-screens, or *iconostases*, are almost entirely of metal-work, gilt, chiselled, or jewelled, and treated with great delicacy of detail, while the hands and feet of the figures are the only portions really painted. Beautiful metal-work is an old tradition of the Greek Church, and the crosses, censers, lamps, chalices, etc., of the mountain monasteries, not to speak of their chased and jewelled reliquaries, are a treasure in themselves. The older vestments, too, are heavily embroidered with gold and seed-pearls, and with needle-pictures of great skill. The shrines in the churches—there is only one altar—are often furnished with reading-desks of precious woods inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and the canopied stalls of the superiors are sometimes of a kind of wood mosaic. Some large doors at Iviron (the "Iberian" monastery, so-called after its supposed founder in the tenth century, a Spaniard by birth) are of inlaid woods, light and dark, another of wood with mother-of-pearl arabesques. A triple porch gives scope for unusual richness and variety in the frescoes, but these are unluckily modern, while some of the marble-work is old, and the columns have a remarkable frieze. Here also is an exceptional mosaic, at the cross-end of one of the porti-

coes, made entirely of sea-pebbles. A distinctive feature of the Mt. Athos churches is the *choros*, or corona, hung in the middle of the nave—an immense metal crown of ten sides, each nearly two yards long. Some are all of silver, some of commoner metal thickly gilt; the double-headed eagle is the emblem used at each corner, with a lamp hung by chains beneath, and little pictures and *ex-votos* are crowded into the surrounding space, while within this structure, and hung separately, is a chandelier of gilt copper, with lamps and candles of perfumed wax. In some churches —that of Karyæ is the completest instance—other smaller chandeliers surround this corona. There used to be some such thing, of smaller dimensions, hung in the nave of St. Mark's, Venice, and lighted up on Easter eve only. Karyæ's oldest church has another special feature—a heavy, romanesque steeple or spire, an exception in this land of cupolas. The frescoes are among the oldest on the mountain, and therefore the most precious, except perhaps some of those at Laura, the "Holy Hermitage," which disputes the palm with Batopedi as the wealthiest monastery. There are a few there said to be anterior to Pauselinos, the Giotto of Byzantine art, who lived in the eleventh century, and to whom are referred any of the pictures on the mountain that seem tolerably old. A pair of splendid copper gates in *repoussé* work mark the centre of the painted and gilt screen. Besides their artistic value a good many of the pictures have a legendary interest; one Virgin and Child having, it is said, restored his hand to St. John of Damascus, whom the Iconoclasts had maimed, for which reason a third hand was added to the picture. A picture of St. Nicholas at Stavronikita was cut in two by pirates and thrown into the sea, when a "mother-of-pearl shell" immediately rose to serve both as boat and cover, and floated back the picture uninjured, save for the mark of the sword-cut, "which is shown to this day" along with the identical shell. This kind of legend is perpetually repeated, as is natural in a country so often and so long threatened and plundered by infidel pirates.

Space is wanting to speak in detail, as they should be spoken of, of the Byzantine pictures, of various dates, which to the learned form one of the chief attractions of this unique community; but the libraries being as yet unexplored, and the full results of Professor Lampros' researches not having yet been published, a few words on them will not take much room. At Russico, although the books are kept in a rather damp and low place, they are well cared for, catalogued and properly classed, clean and in good order, and occupy a separate little building in the courtyard not

far from the principal church. There are Greek and Bulgarian manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a fine Gospel of the eleventh, and a remarkable volume of St. Gregory the Theologian, rich with illuminations. Here, where everything is comparatively modern, the buildings renovated, and the spirit of Western Europe has slightly penetrated, such new books as French originals of Bossuet, Fénelon, and a few more, and some Italian books, not to mention Russian, are proudly shown; but it is needless to say that in most collections on the Holy Mountain the latest books to be found are often of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The great library of Batopedi, which, according to Lampros, is the most complete and best kept of all, is richer than Russico's, and occupies three floors of a large tower. The manuscripts of the ninth and tenth centuries are all in large, square letters; there are at least fifty Gospels of all dates, a very old copy of Flavius Josephus, and the famous codex of Ptolemy's geography, the oldest known, dating from the thirteenth century. At Russico is one of the photographic fac-similes made twenty years ago by Langlois of this precious manuscript. The Greek Fathers and church historians are largely represented in this library. All the libraries complain of the wanton destruction by the Turks in 1820, when they overran the peninsula and destroyed untold treasures, besides massacring the monks, who had roused their anger by too openly sympathizing with the Greek revolution. From eight to ten thousand manuscripts still exist, which it is probable now will henceforth not only be well preserved, but will shortly be described to the world and perhaps copied for the use of the learned and of European libraries. Stavronikita is one of the neglected libraries, or was when the Abbé Neyrat visited it, the books lying in heaps on the floor, a prey to dust and rats. Xeropotamo has among its tolerably well-kept books several psalters with old Greek musical notation, and also an unusual quantity of French and Italian modern books, the lighter authors predominating—Voltaire's tragedies, Florian's fables, Châteaubriand's novels, etc. Laura has an important library, well kept, and several psalters with the pneumatic signs which answered to our musical notes, with an admirable prefatory treatise on the manner of interpreting these signs. A musical author would find a new field of study among these MSS., as well as among those of many Italian, especially southern Italian, convents. Even the late confiscations have left many books still accessible, and I have thought more than once that a gap in the history of church music could be filled by diligent study among the scattered monastic libra-

ries and those, better preserved, of existing cathedral choirs. Laura has a very remarkable and rare manuscript and illustrated copy of Dioscorides' *Botanica* which no one but M. de Nolhac has hitherto mentioned; and the complete Apologues of the Greek fable-writer Babrias, a work of which only fragments were known to exist until, in 1841, a Greek *savant*, Minoid Mynas, unearthed this copy. Origen's *Philosophumena*, or refutation of heresies, also came to light here, and was edited as such by Miller in 1850, though some scholars disputed its authorship, attributing it to St. Hippolytus.

One of the psalters bears certain figures in three lines which are supposed to determine, when rightly interpreted, the date of its writing. The numbers are thus arranged:

$$\begin{array}{r} 7.296 \\ 6.492 \\ \hline .804 \end{array}$$

—the first signifying the number of years from the creation of the world to the date of the manuscript; the second to be subtracted from the first, leaving 804 as the date of the beginning of the volume. Notwithstanding this ingenious puzzle, the Abbé Neyrat fixes the real date, by comparing contemporary works, at 984; but such traditions cling verbally to the *cicerone*, of whatever class or nation he may be, long after scholars have exploded the old fancy. One of the last reminiscences of the two French travellers on their return to Russico was the request of Bishop Nilos, of Pentapolis, the former Roumanian metropolitan, that they would practically interest themselves in securing a publisher for a very old and valuable manuscript, a commentary on Sophocles' tragedies, recently discovered and annotated by a monk, a friend of his own, who was anxious to find European encouragement in his researches. Bishop Nilos himself was a cosmopolitan, retired on the Holy Mountain after his unsuccessful mission to the courts of Paris, London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg to induce these courts to demand the restitution of Athonite property confiscated *en masse* by Prince Couza, of Moldo-Wallachia, in 1862. It was popularly said that the monks owned one-fifth of the principality; certainly the sudden loss, without indemnity, of their Danubian property made a great difference in their resources, even with their other foreign possessions untouched, their few islands in the Ægean, and their exports to Constantinople of wine, dried fruits, nuts, and timber-trees. Begging-tours in the countries of Greek faith, especially Russia, also

swell their treasury at present. Their hospitality, however, is as wide as it was in their most prosperous days; they resist the most pressing and ingenious remuneration for their kindness, and themselves load the traveller with presents, only allowing him to pay the servants and muleteers. As priests of the Latin Church, the two French abbés received a specially warm and courteous welcome, and in his account of the tour the Abbé Neyrat has returned the compliment, by avoiding any animadversions upon the unhappy differences, so slight in form yet so stubborn in spirit, that divide us from our Greek brethren.

[Note.—Since the above article was put in type the news has been received of the authoress' death—March 22—at North Conway, N. H., her residence for some years past. The readers of The Catholic World will miss the bright style, the patient research, and the versatile learning which Lady Blanche Murphy has displayed in her numerous contributions to its pages.—Ed. C. W.]

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

III.

Nazareth was the dwelling-place of Joseph and Mary before the birth of Jesus. They remained at Bethlehem after this event, apparently with the intention of making it their permanent residence, yet, through dread of Archelaüs, they returned, after their temporary retreat into Egypt, once more to Nazareth, which was the abode of Jesus from that time until the beginning of his public life. We will quote at length M. Fouard's description of the village and its site:

"Judea is little else than a series of hills running north and south at a moderate distance from the Mediterranean. Westward, they descend toward the coast; toward the east they sink abruptly at the bed of the Jordan, which takes its course between them and the mountains of Hauran. The entire country of Palestine is formed by four parallel bands; the plains on the sea-side, the hilly region of Judea, the bed of the Jordan, and the mountains of Perea on the other side of the river. The valley of Esdraelon, extending from the sea to the river, cuts the first-mentioned chain of hills into two divisions, one extending northward to Libanus, which constitutes the region of Galilee; the other, which is the land of Judea, stretching southward and terminating at the desert.

"Nazareth belongs to Galilee and is nestled in the mountains, being separated from the plain of Esdraelon by side hills which are crossed by a winding road. On the borders of the village the heights withdraw from each other so as to enclose a delightfully verdant basin. Some scientists regard

this amphitheatre as the crater of an extinct volcano, and the fertility of the soil lends plausibility to their conjecture. There is no spot in all Palestine, generally an arid and desolate country, which surpasses the valley of Nazareth in abundance and freshness of vegetation. The martyr Antoninus in his *Itinerarium* compares it to the garden of Eden. 'The women,' he says, 'of Nazareth are adorned with an incomparable grace, surpassing all the daughters of Judea in their beauty which is a gift of Mary. In its wines, its honey, its oil and its fruits, it is not inferior even to the fertile land of Egypt.' At the present time, the picture has lost something of its ancient charm, yet even now, Nazareth retains its meadows, its shades watered by living springs, and its gardens enclosed by nopals, where the fig, the olive, the orange and the pomegranate mingle their flowers and fruits. On the southwestern side the village stretches up the inclined plane of the mountain, and the bell-tower of the Latin convent marks the site of the habitation of Jesus.

"The horizon of Nazareth is bounded by the rounded summits which enclose it on all sides, but from the highest point of the mountain on which the village is built, Jesus could look out on a prospect embracing in one view the regions which he was one day to make the scene of his triumphs. On the north lay Libanus and Hermon covered with perpetual snows; eastward, Thabor with its dome of verdure was visible, and beyond, the deep bed of Jordan succeeded by the lofty highlands of Galaad; on the south he saw the plain of Esdraelon stretching away at his feet as far as the mountains of Manasseh; while, towards the setting sun he beheld the sea, and Carmel hallowed by the memory of the prophet Elijah."

It is a curious fact, that during Napoleon's invasion of Syria from Egypt Junot, and afterwards Kleber, had their headquarters at Nazareth, and that a great battle was fought on Mt. Thabor. The great object which Bonaparte aimed at in this Syrian campaign was the restoration of the Greek Empire with its ancient capital Constantinople, under his own dominion. Perhaps some may conjecture that this unsuccessful attempt foreshadows a coming restoration of Christian domination in the East.

The life of Jesus from his thirteenth to his thirty-first year was passed in quiet obscurity at Nazareth. Every trace of the existence of Zacharias, Elizabeth, Joseph and Cleophas has already disappeared when the Lord reached the epoch at which his public ministry began. So long as Joseph lived, he supported the humble household over which he presided by his labor, assisted by the Son of his virgin spouse in his work-shop, while Mary performed the work suitable and necessary for the mother in a poor family. After his death, Jesus must have taken his place and continued his occupation as a carpenter. The nephews and nieces of Joseph and Mary with their mother, if they did not make a part of the family, must nevertheless have lived in such a close intimacy, that they were like brothers and sisters to their

wonderful and much loved kinsman, as he grew in age and stature, in favor with God and man, and at length, having arrived at the maturity of manhood still continued to live among his relatives and fellow-townsmen, showing forth in a common and everyday life, without any manifestation of his divine attributes, all the perfect virtues and amiable traits of his holy humanity. Two of his cousins, James the Less and Jude or Thaddeus, as their names are best known to us, who were properly called in Hebrew Jacob and Judah, became his apostles, and another, Simeon, who was at least their half-brother, was the successor of James in the bishopric of Jerusalem where he suffered martyrdom by crucifixion in the one hundred and twentieth year of his age. Mary of Cleophas their mother was one of the most devoted disciples of Jesus. Either some of these members of the family of Cleophas did not at first understand and believe in his divine mission, or there were other relatives of the family residing in that part of Galilee, for we are told at a considerably later period that his brethren did not believe on him, and on one occasion, they even endeavored to constrain him to leave his ministry and return to his family. Whatever the actual method and time of the enlightenment of those among them who are known to have been his disciples may have been, we cannot doubt that the early example and influence of Jesus were most efficacious in sanctifying all of those who were in his intimate society during his youth, who afterwards proved their good dispositions by such great fidelity. Particularly, must we believe this of St. James, whose extraordinary sanctity was so much reverenced by Jews as well as by the disciples of Christ, after the death of the Master had devolved upon him the dignity of head in the house of David, and spiritual prince in the assembly of the true Israel in Jerusalem.

The public ministry of the Messiah was inaugurated by John the Baptist, who came out of the desert and preached penance to the Jewish people, baptizing them in the Jordan as a sign of purification. September of the year of Rome 779, A.D. 26, fell within one of the sabbatical years of the Jews. During this period, the fields were left uncultivated, their spontaneous fruits were left to be gathered by the poor and a general remission was made of all debts. It was a most appropriate time for the mission of John which probably commenced just at this epoch, several weeks or months before the beginning of the ministry of Jesus. As the Jordan flows generally in a very deep bed between banks which are not habitable, John must have held his stations at some of the fords of the river. The valley of Jericho is the spot marked by tradition as the principal scene of his preaching and

baptism. In former times, marble platforms covered the banks of the river at this place, and the vicinity was full of churches and monasteries whose ruins alone are still remaining. A cross was erected at a certain point in the river where it was supposed the baptism of Jesus had taken place, priests accompanied the pilgrims who went in to perform their ablutions, blessed the water with prayers and cast into it balm and flowers. The pilgrims bathed in a robe especially prepared for the purpose, which they preserved with religious care as their garment of burial. At the present time there is an annual procession always composed of several thousand persons, travelling in a caravan escorted by a Turkish guard under the pasha of Jerusalem, which leaves the Holy City during the Easter season, and encamps at Gilgal. Two hours before dawn of the morning after their arrival, the pilgrims, having been awakened by the sound of musical instruments, proceed by torchlight to the ford of the river before Jericho, and at sunrise they perform their ablutions in the water which was hallowed by the presence and baptism of our divine Saviour.

This baptism of Jesus probably took place at some time between October 779 and January of the year 780 or A.D. 27, and is celebrated together with the visit of the Magi and the miracle of Cana by the church on January 6, the Feast of the Epiphany. John received the miraculous tokens which authorized him, as the last of the prophets of the Old Law and the precursor and herald of the Messiah, to point out Jesus to the people as their expected Redeemer. Having lived in the solitude of the desert from his childhood, he may not have had personal acquaintance with his divine kinsman before his appearance among the crowd of penitents to demand baptism. He recognized him, nevertheless, if not hitherto personally acquainted with him, by some evident marks of his extraordinary character discernible to the intuitions of his own heavenly spirit, or by a secret inspiration; and when he had in obedience to his command immersed him in the stream of the Jordan as a solemn rite of inauguration into his office, he saw a visible sign of the mission of the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove hovering over his head, and heard a celestial voice proclaiming in the name of the Father that he was his well-beloved Son, who was now in his humanity solemnly acknowledged and consecrated as the Messiah both of the Jews and the Gentiles. The fact that no special attention of the multitude to Jesus was awakened on this occasion, and that he passed unnoticed among them afterwards, proves that the miraculous signs were given to Jesus and John alone, and were perceived by no

others. It was by John's testimony, given to the people in general terms, and to the most worthy in a more particular manner, that the mission of Jesus was authenticated. This is not the place for developing the argumentative value of this testimony as one of the motives of credibility by which the divine legation of Jesus is demonstrated. This has already been indicated sufficiently for our present purpose, and for assisting devout believers in the Gospel narrative to understand it better. We must hasten on, and pass by those subsequent incidents narrated by the evangelists and familiar to all readers of the New Testament, which belong to the beginning of the history of the public ministry of Christ. We can attempt nothing more than a synopsis of the general plan of action which our Lord followed in accomplishing his own personal work as the founder of his new kingdom, according to the exposition of our author, with a few additional sketches of accessory scenes and persons taken from the abundant materials which his work furnishes. As many of the events of our Lord's ministry are closely connected with the Lake of Gennesareth, we will first quote the author's description of it and its environs.

"It is one day's journey from Nazareth to Capharnaüm which, as St. John's expression indicates, is a continual descent across the hills of Zabulon. At the end of this journey, the traveller, issuing from the Valley of Doves (Wady-el-Hamam), perceives at his feet the Sea of Galilee. The oblong shape and murmuring sound of this body of water suggested the name of Chinnereth, *i.e.*, Harp, which was given to it by the Hebrews. In the days of Jesus it was oftener called, Sea of Tiberias, Sea of Galilee, or Lake of Gennesareth. This last name is variously explained as an altered form of Chinnereth, as a compound of Gäi and Netser, valley of flowers, from the brilliant tapestry of its banks, and as a compound of Gäi and Sar, valley of princes.* These poetical names show how much the Jews admired this beautiful lake. In one of their books (Misdrasch Fillim), the Lord is made to say: 'I have created seven seas, but I have reserved only one for myself, the Sea of Gennesareth.'

"The lake is much more renowned, however, from its associations with Jesus than for its beauty. Everything about it reminds us of the Master: the waves ploughed by his bark, the shores upon which he walked, the surrounding plains, the beach where he often sat by himself or amidst a crowd, the lonely mountains in the distance where he retired to pray. No region witnessed more of his miracles or heard for a longer time his divine word; it is all too dear to the Christian heart to allow us to omit an effort to paint the scene.

"The Lake of Gennesareth is one of the three basins which the Jordan fills in its course toward the south. Larger than Lake Houleh, it has lesser dimensions than the bituminous sea in which the waters of the Jordan lose

* The second of these derivations seems more probable than the others.

themselves. In the time of Christ, it formed a singular contrast with the Dead Sea. It was a scene of life, with its fresh waters filled with fish, its environs adorned by flowers and fruits; whereas the other scene had the gloom of death, no fish being able to live in its bitter, asphaltic waters, a curse of desolation resting on its shores. And yet, in more ancient times these two basins had rivalled each other in fertility. When, from the heights of Bethel, Lot beheld the Lake of Sodom and the valley of Sittim, he saw them as fresh and smiling as the gardens of the Lord and the borders of the Nile.

"The same causes produced an equal fecundity in both places; for both lakes are craters of extinct volcanoes, so deeply sunk beneath the burning soil, that the Jordan, on entering the Lake of Gennesareth, is five hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, while the depression of the Dead Sea is seven hundred and ninety-two feet lower. The earth at this great depth below the common level, being at once exposed to the heat of a burning sky, and moistened by an abundance of watery exhalations, is covered by a most variegated vegetation. In the words of Josephus: 'The walnut, a tree of cold climates, grows here to a majestic height, and the palm bears as abundantly as in the torrid zones; while in their neighborhood flourish the products of temperate regions, the vine, the fig and the olive. It seems as if nature had reversed all her laws to combine in these places all her best and most diverse productions. The different seasons dispute with each other for the mastery and exercise their influences together; figs and grapes ripen uninterruptedly during ten months of the year, and the other fruits during its entire circle.' This picture betrays the hand of a Galilean who was proud of his own country and its beautiful lake. Nevertheless it is not exaggerated; for at this day, the tourist finds, as soon as the Bedouins cease their ravages, palm-trees overshadowing Tiberias, the indigo, lotus and sugar-cane growing in the fields of Magdala, and the lake surrounded by a girdle of rose-laurels.

"Josephus boasts with equal complacency of the fecundity of its waters. The fish were so abundant that fishermen were to be counted by hundreds along the shores, and there were two villages which bore the name of Bethsaïda, or House of Fishery. On this account, at the time of the partition of Judea between the children of Israel, Moses reserved to every individual among them the right to cast his net into the lake. At the time when it was frequented by Jesus, thousands of sails gave animation to the scene: Roman galleys, vessels belonging to Herod, barks of fishermen; but at the present time there are only three boats to be found on the lake, and even these are seldom used by the indolent fishermen of Tiberias and Mejdel.

"The cities of the lake which were formerly populous are now in ruins. They were all crowded together on the western shore, for on the eastern side the precipitous wall of rock afforded no access except certain gorges through which the torrents of the wintry season rushed down into the lake. Tiberias was the most illustrious of these cities. It had been lately built by Herod Antipas in honor of his protector Tiberius, with that magnificence for which he had acquired a taste during his residence at Rome. Nevertheless, with a total heedlessness of Jewish customs, he erected this city as the capital of his dominions on the site of an ancient cemetery, and by so doing excluded from its gates all Jews, since they could not enter

them without contracting ceremonial defilement. His efforts to attract them thither by entreaties, favors and privileges were lavished upon them in vain. It was impossible to overcome their scrupulous regard for their own laws, and, consequently, Tiberias remained always a city of foreign inhabitants, peopled by Greeks and Romans who were charmed with a residence more pagan than Jewish, having among its attractions the superb palace of Antipas, an amphitheatre, and the hot baths of the ancient Ammaüs, which was probably the Emath mentioned in the nineteenth chapter of the Book of Joshua. It is not likely that Jesus ever entered its walls, or beheld, except at a distance, its lofty ramparts and marble palaces.

"To the north of Tiberias the hills approach the shore, and the road ascending the acclivity follows it for the distance of an hour's journey, until you arrive at the plain of Gennesareth. At this spot the heights by withdrawing anew from each other form an amphitheatre around a level region which the Talmud calls the terrestrial paradise. Gennesareth is no longer the delicious garden which Jesus traversed, yet even in its present neglected condition it shows signs of fertility. In the spring it is covered with flowers; bosquets of rose-laurels overshadow its streams, and thistles form such a thick-set underwood that the traveller finds much difficulty in forcing a passage through it.

"Gennesareth owes its fertility to an abundant natural supply of water. On the south is the Round Fountain (Aîn Medaouarah), on the north the Fountain of the Fig-Tree (Aîn et-Tin), in the centre a copious stream which falls from the mill of Schouche and through a multitude of canals waters the fields down to the edge of the lake. It seems that even this profusion was not found sufficient for watering Gennesareth; for across the rock which bounds the plain on the north an aqueduct has been dug out so as to bring the waters of Aîn Tabigah from the neighboring shore.

"Further on, the aspect of the water-side changes; the hills gently descend to the lake and the waves wash against dense masses of caper-trees, tamarisks and laurels. On the top and along the sides of these mountains there is but a meagre vegetation scattered over the sombre surface of a rocky basalt formation.

"Such is the general landscape on the western side of the lake. From Tiberias to the embouchure of the Jordan its border line is a curve of about twelve miles in length, upon which were situated those famous cities of the Gospel, Magdala, Capharnaüm, Bethsaïda and Chorozaïn.

"Here, then, in Gennesareth, Capharnaüm, Bethsaïda, Chorozaïn, along three or four leagues of the western lake-shore, was the theatre of the ministry of Jesus. It was the most suitable one which could be found for his purpose; for this region was the most populous one of all Palestine, and nowhere else could the Saviour have found such a mixture of races, manners, religions, sects, justifying the appellation of Galilee of the Gentiles. Officers of Herod, Greeks of the Decapolis, peasants, Galilean fishermen, courtesans corrupted by the contact of pagan cities, Syrians, Phœnicians, Orientals whose caravans followed the 'route of the sea,' soldiers, Roman centurions watching over this tumultuous country, publicans gathering their taxes in settles by the wayside, such was the multitude through which Jesus passed and which he soon attracted to follow after his footsteps.

"This spot was not only a centre from which his renown would spread

with the greatest rapidity through all Syria, it no less afforded him access to the most secure retreats from fatiguing labors or menacing perils. A bark could convey him in a few hours to the mountains of Gaulanitis, where he consecrated his days and nights to prayer. At a distance of only three hours' journey northward from the lake, began the domain of the tetrarch Philip, a just and mild prince. Jesus had only to cross his border to be safe from the persecution of Herod, and more than once he was obliged to use this precaution, for this nonchalant prince had intervals of bloodthirsty wakefulness. We find that on these occasions Jesus hid himself from the pursuit of the tyrant by seeking a refuge near Bethsaïda of the North where Philip had fixed his residence. But these absences were short, and as soon as Herod relapsed into his ordinary indolence Jesus returned to his favorite land of Gennesareth.

"We have endeavored by the help of the testimonies of the past to bring back into life this country as it was when Jesus saw and loved it. At the present day, a pilgrim who descends to the shores of the sea of Tiberias filled with these remembrances finds himself strangely disappointed. The green pasture grounds, the vineyards and the vine-dressers have vanished; not even the ruins of the once flourishing cities remain; the jackal crouches in the synagogue of Tell Houm where Jesus taught; the thorny thickets do not suffice to temper the glowing atmosphere of this basin the heat of which is like that of a furnace. Nevertheless, the lake sparkles in the midst of the hills as pure and calm as ever, reflecting the same horizon and the same sky, as of old. What this scene has lost in grace and beauty it has gained in savage majesty, and above all in mute but impressive eloquence. For, this lake which was once so full of life and is now the haunt of loneliness and death reminds all those who tread its banks how terrible it is to reject the word of God and to incur his malediction. '*Woe to thee, Chorozaïn! Woe to thee, Bethsaïda!*'"

Having placed the principal scene of the public ministry of our Lord before our eyes, the next thing to be done is to discover the plan of action which he followed, in order to understand the sequence of the historical narrative and the relation of all the parts to each other and to the whole. An exposition of the complete idea of the Messiah and his divine mission belongs to a higher department. We take for granted all the truths contained in Catholic theology, and consider only the exterior order of facts and events in the history of the divine Redeemer during one part of the mission which he personally fulfilled, viz., while he was preaching the Gospel to the Israelites, his own peculiar people. In accomplishing this work, Jesus Christ acted with human wisdom and prudence, employing all the means which were naturally suitable for attaining the object he had in view, according to a fixed plan, regulated according to the actual circumstances which surrounded him and the characters of the persons with whom he dealt. His divine wisdom directed but did

not supersede his human operation. His divine power was not exerted to produce in a supernatural and miraculous manner the effects for which his human faculties and the employment of other secondary causes and agencies sufficed. Even those highest attributes of his humanity which elevated him as man above the common level of the prophets and ministers of God were not brought into continual and conspicuous exercise, but by preference, and as a rule, he acted as one would have done who was wholly inferior to himself, as, for instance, his apostles did, when he had delegated to them the office of preaching the gospel to the Jews and Gentiles.

The immediate purpose of our Lord's public ministry was undoubtedly to manifest himself to his own people as their promised Messiah, that they might believe in him and submit themselves to his teaching and authority. The existing state of things and the prevailing dispositions of the Jewish people, especially of the ruling class among them, presented the most grave and apparently insurmountable obstacles to this undertaking. The members of the existing royal family, that of Herod, together with all their partisans and supporters, were the natural enemies of one, who by proclaiming himself the Messiah necessarily laid claim to the title of King of the Jews. The representatives of imperial Rome, backed by all the power of the empire, were much more formidable opponents and enemies, against whom, in a human sense, and by natural means, it would be obviously hopeless to contend. As for the common multitude of the Jews, it would seem that their enthusiastic and general recognition of Jesus as their Messiah, so much dreaded at one time by their rulers, would have increased the danger from the side of the Romans to a most alarming magnitude. On the other hand, their aversion, or even indifference, would deprive Jesus of his only human protection against the malice of his powerful enemies among the Jewish rulers. These rulers themselves were rendered his implacable enemies, whether they were Pharisees or Sadducees, by their private interests, their sectarian zeal, and their narrow, exclusive, worldly-minded nationalism.

What the intention and purpose of our divine Lord actually was at the beginning of his ministry is known to us from the event and result as recorded in the inspired history. In the first place, he devoted himself to undergo persecution and death as the King of all martyrs for truth and righteousness, by the very fact of undertaking the mission which he had received from the Father. For this doom was a consequence morally necessary

and unavoidable, unless prevented by the exercise of miraculous power. It had been decreed in the eternal counsels of God, that this martyrdom should not be prevented, but that by this very means the Messiah should become a victim and sacrifice of expiation for the sins of the world, and by his sufferings and death redeem mankind. Jesus accepted this doom by a voluntary and free act of his human will. With a distinct foreknowledge and resolution that his ministry should terminate on the cross, he had, nevertheless, so to order his teaching and his miracles, that full time and opportunity would be secured without interfering with the ordinary course of human events, for completing his public ministry. He had, in the first place, to select and train his apostles and disciples, who were destined to become, under him, the founders and propagators of Christianity. Then, he had to preach his kingdom, to proclaim his gospel, to make manifest his character, his virtues, his doctrine, his law, his grace and his power, before his own people, and before the whole world for all coming time. Until this work had been fulfilled, it was necessary that he should protect his own life and liberty, avoiding by a wise management the dangers which surrounded him, baffling with superior skill and prudence the machinations of his enemies, and even preventing any popular movement in his favor from bringing on a premature crisis in his career. During a period of about three years and a half, he kept his enemies at bay, in this manner; avoided bringing upon himself the active hostility of the Romans and Herod, and went about freely with his disciples in all Palestine, preaching and working miracles. This personal freedom was secured only by a constant movement from place to place, frequent retreats from one part of the country which became dangerous to another which was safer, continual vigilance against the snares and stratagems of the Jewish rulers, and an occasional employment of supernatural power. It was hindered and restricted more and more, as time went on and the plots of the Chief Priests and Sanhedrites enclosed Jesus in a constantly narrowing circle, until at last he became their captive and victim, and the divine tragedy was ended. The whole public career of the Messiah is a circuitous movement from the Jordan to Mount Calvary, in the course of which he traverses Judea, Samaria, Galilee, Perea, Phœnicia and Syria, frequently passing and repassing on the same lines. Such incidents and discourses as have been preserved in the sacred history are strung upon this line of movement in regular sequence of ideas according to the particular plan and scope of each separate evangelist. The chro-

nological sequence can be discovered with probability by a careful comparison of the gospels, and the application of critical judgment. Thus, an outline is obtained of the systematic plan which our Lord followed out in the education of the apostles and other disciples who were to become the ministers of his word, in the evangelizing of the people of Israel, in the manifestation of his own person, character and attributes, in the unfolding and teaching of his doctrine, and the construction of the whole moral foundation of the Catholic Church. We have only time and space for a synopsis of the exterior events and incidents according to their chronological order, which we will give in our next number.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CHILDREN OF LIR.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

The "Children of Lir," one of the most ancient of Ireland's Heroic Legends, and one of her "Three Sorrows of Song," has been introduced to many readers by the prose versions of Gerald Griffin, of Professor O'Curry, and of Dr. Joyce, in whose charming work, *Old Celtic Romances*, it has a place, as well as by Moore's well-known song. It has a depth of significance which suggests the thought that in it the Irish bards found traces of what they often celebrated as a primary Spiritual Election belonging to the "Isle of Fate"—one worked out during centuries of suffering. The present is, so far as I know, the first poetic rendering of a tale the beauty of which deserves, and, I trust, will create many poetic versions of it in future times. The best of the Irish Legends admit of being rendered, as those of Greece were, in different manners and on different principles.

FIRST PART.

ERE yet great Miledh's sons to Erin came,
  Lords of the Gael, Milesian styled more late,
An earlier tribe—Tuatha they were named,
  Likewise Dedannan—ruled the Isle of Fate,
A tribe that knew nor clan, nor priest, nor bard,
Wild as the waves, and as the sea-cliffs hard.

Some say that race, of old from Greece exiled,
  Long time had sojourned in the frozen north
Roaming Norwegian wood and Danish wild:
  To Erin thence more late they issued forth,
And thither brought two gifts both loved and feared—
The "Lia Fail," and Oghaim lore revered.

Fiercer they were, not manlier, than the Gael,
  Large-handed, swift of foot, dark-haired, dark-eyed,
With sudden gleams athwart their faces pale,
  Transits of fancies quick, or angry pride:
Strange lore they boasted, imped by insight keen;
As oft obscured by gusts of causeless spleen.

These, when the white fleet of the Gael drew nigh
  Green Erin's shore, their heritage decreed,
O'er-meshed, through rites unholy, earth and sky
  With sudden gloom. The invaders took no heed,
But ran their barques through darkness on the strand;
Then clapped their hands, and laughing leaped to land.

Around them flocked Tuatha's race in guile,
  Unarmed, with mocking voice and furtive mien,
And scoffed: "Not thus your Fathers fought erewhile!
  Say, call ye warriors knaves that creep unseen,
While true men sleep, up inlet dim, and fiord,
Filching the land they proved not with their sword?"

Then to the Gael their bard, Amergin, spake:
  "Sail forth, my sons, nine waves across the deep,
And when this island-race are armed, come back,
  And take their realm by force; and, taking, keep!"
The Gael sailed forth, nine waves; then turned, and gazed—
Black tempest wrapt the isle, by magic raised!

Round Erin's shores like leaves their ships were blown:
  Strewn on her reefs lay bard and warrior drowned:
Not less the Gael upreared ere long that throne
  Two thousand years through all the West renowned.
O'er Tailten's field God held the scales of Fate:
That last dread battle closed the dire debate.

There fell those three Tuatha Queens that gave
  The land their names—they fell by death discrowned: *
There many a Gaelic chieftain found his grave:
  Thenceforth the races twain adjusted bound
And right, at times by league, at times by war;
Nor any reigned as yet from shore to shore.

* Bamba, Fodhla, and Eire.

Still here and there Tuatha princes ruled
  Now in green vale, and now on pale blue coast,
A warrior one, and one in magic schooled;
  The graver made Druidic lore their boast,
And knew the secret might of star and leaf:
Gray-haired King Bove stood up of these the chief.

Southward by broad Lough Derg his palace stood:
  Northward, beside Emania's lonely mere,
In Finnahá, embowered 'mid lawn and wood,
  King Lir abode, a warrior, not a seer;
Well loved was he, plain man with great, true heart,
Who loathed, despite his race, the sorcerer's art.

Five centuries lived he ere that better light
  Shone forth o'er earth from Bethlehem:—ne'ertheless
He judged his land with justice and with might,
  Tempering the same at times with gentleness;
And gave the poor their due; and made proclaim,
"Let no man smite the old; the virgin shame."

His prime was spent in wars: in middle life
  He bade a youthful princess share his throne:
Nor e'er had monarch yet a truer wife
  With tenderer palm or voice of sweeter tone:
The one sole lady in that land was she.
Sun-haired, with large eyes azure as the sea.

She moved amid the crafty as a child;
  Amid the lawless, chaste as unsunned maid;
Amid the unsparing, as a turtle mild;
  Wondering at wrong; too gentle to upbraid:
Yet many a fell resolve, as she rode by,
Died at its birth—the ill-thinker knew not why!

Before her, sadness fled:—in years long past
  As on a cliff the warriors sang their songs,
A harper maid, with eyes that stared aghast,
  Had sung, "Not long to us this isle belongs!
The Fates reserve it for a race more true,
Ye children of Dedannan's stock, than you!"

And since she scorned her music to abate,
  Nor ceased to freeze their triumph with her dirge,
The princes and the people rose in hate,
  And hurled her harp and her into the surge:
Yet still, men said, 'twixt midnight and the morn,
That dirge swelled up, by tempest onward borne.

Remembering oft this spectre of his youth
  King Lir would sit, a frown upon his brow:
Then came the Queen with words of peace and truth—
  "Mourn they that sinned! A child that hour wert thou!
Thou rul'st this land to-day: in years to be
Who best deserves shall wield her sovereignty."

Then would the monarch doff his sullen mood
  With kingly joy, and, bright as May-day's morn,
Ride forth amid his hounds through wild and wood,
  Thrilling far glens with echoes of his horn;
Or meet the land's invaders face to face
Well pleased, and homeward hew them with disgrace.

Thus happy lived the pair, and happier far
  Since four fair children graced the royal house,
Fairer than flowers, more bright than moon or star
  Shining through vista long of forest boughs.
Finola was the eldest—six years old:
The yearling, Conn, best loved of all that fold.

These beauteous creatures with their mother shared
  Alike her blissful nature and sweet looks,
Like her benign, like her blue-eyed, bright-haired,
  With voices musical as birds or brooks:
Beings they seemed reserved for some great fate,
Mysterious, high, elect, and separate.

At times they gambolled in the sunny sheen;
  At times, Fiacre and Aodh at her side,
Finola paced the high-arched alleys green,
  At once their youthful playmate and their guide
A mother-hearted child she walked, and pressed
That infant, daily heavier, to her breast.

Great power of Love that, wide as heaven, dost brood
  O'er all the earth, and doest all things well!
Light of the wise, and gladdener of the good!
  Nowhere, methinks, thou better lov'st to dwell
Than in the hearts of innocents that still,
Thy name as yet not knowing, work thy will!

Thou shalt be with them when the sleet-wind blows
  Not less than in the violet-braided bower:
Through thee the desert sands shall bud the rose,
  The wild wave anthems sing! In grief's worst hour
A seed of thine shall germinate that Faith
Amaranth of life, and asphodel of death.

Ah lot of man! Ah world whose life is change!
  Ah sheer descent from topmost height of good
To deepest gulf of anguish sudden and strange!
  A nation round their monarch's gateway stood:
All day there stood they, whispering in great dread:—
The Herald came at last—"The Queen is dead!"

In silence still they stood an hour and more,
  Till through the West had sunk the great red sun,
And from the castle wall and turrets hoar
  The latest crimson utterly had gone:
Then the sad truth had reached them;—then on high
An orphaned People hurled its funeral cry.

They hurled it forth again and yet again,
  The dreadful wont of that barbaric time;
Cry after cry that reached the far off main,
  And, echoing, seemed from cloud to cloud to climb;
Then lifted hands like creatures broken-hearted,
Or sentenced men; and homeward, mute, departed.

Fast-speeding Time, albeit the wounded wing
  He may not bind, brings us at least the crutch;—
Winter was over, and the on-flying Spring
  Grazed the sad monarch's brow with heavenly touch,
And raised the head, now whitening, from the ground,
And stanched—not healed—the heart's eternal wound.

King Bove, chief sovereign of the dark-haired race,
Sent to him saying, "Quit thee like a man!
The Gaels, our scourge, and Erin's sore disgrace,
Advance, each day, their armies, clan on clan;
Against them march thy host with mine, and take
To wife my daughter, for thy children's sake."

Sadly he mused: but answered: "Let it be!"
And drave with fifty chariots in array
To where the land's chief river like a sea
(There named Lough Derg) swells out in gulf and bay:
And many a woody mountain sees its face
Imaged in that clear flood with softened grace.

There with King Bove the widowed man abode
Two days amid great feastings. On the third
The King led forth his daughter (o'er her glowed
A dim veil jewel-tissued) with this word:
"Behold thy wife! The world proclaims her fair:
I know her strong to love, and strong to dare."

And Lir made answer: "Fair she is as when
A mist-veiled yew, red-berried, stands in state:—
Can love, you say:—love she my babes! and then
With her my love shall bide; if not—my hate!"
And she, a crimson on her dusky brow
Replied, "If so it be, then be it so!"

King Lir, a fortnight more in revels spent,
Made journey to his castle in the North
With her, his youthful consort, well content.
Arrived, in rapture of their loving mirth
Forth rushed into his arms his children four
Bright as those wavelets on their blue lake's shore;—

On whom the new Queen cast a glance oblique
One moment's space; then, flinging wide her arms,
With instinct changed, and impulse lightning-like,
Clasped them in turn, and wondered at their charms,
And cried, "If e'er a stepmother could love,
I of that tribe renowned will tenderest prove."

And so by her great loving of these four
  Still from her husband won she praises sweet
And plaudits from his people more and more;
  Her own she called them: nor was this deceit:
She loved them with a fitful love—a will
To make them or to mar, for good or ill.

She wooed them still with shows, with flowers, with fruit;
  Daily for them new sports she sought and found:
Yet, if their Father praised them, she was mute,
  And, when he placed them on his knee, she frowned,
Murmuring, "How blue their eyes! their cheek how pale!
Their voices too are voices of the Gael!"

Meantime, as month by month in grace they grew,
  Their Father loved them better than before;
And so, one eve, their slender cots he drew
  Each from its place remote, and lightly bore,
And laid them ranged before his royal bed;
And o'er the four a veil gold-woven spread—

Their Mother's bridal-veil: and still as dawn
  Was in its glittering tissue caged and caught
He left his couch, and, that light veil withdrawn,
  Before his children stood in silent thought;
And, if they slept, he kissed them in their sleep,
Then watched them with clasped hands in musings deep.

And, if they slept not, from their balmy nest
  With under-sliding arms he raised them high,
And clasped them each, successive, to his breast,
  Or on them flashed the first light from the sky:
Then laid him by his mute, sleep-feigning bride,
And slept once more:—and oft in sleep he sighed.

Which things abhorring, she her face averse
  Turned all day steadfast from the astonished throng:
Lastly, as one that broods upon a curse,
  She sat in her sick-chamber three weeks long,
And never raised her eyes, nor made complaint,
Dark as a fiend and silent as a saint.

At last the woman spake: "Daily I sink
 Downward to death. I wither in my prime:
Home to my Father I would speed, and drink
 Once more the breezes of my native clime.
Last night in sleep along Lough Derg I strayed,
And wings of strength about my shoulders played.

"Those four—thy children—with me I will take
 To please my Father's eye; he loves them well:
And thou, whene'er thy leisure serves, shalt make
 Thither thy journey." All the powers of Hell
Thrilled at that speech in penal vaults below:
But Lir, no fraud suspecting, answered, "Go!"

Therefore next morn when earliest sunrise smote
 Green mead and pasture near the full-fed stream,
They caught four steeds that grazed thereby remote,
 And yoked abreast beside the chariot beam;
And when the sun was sinking toward the West
By Darvra's lake drew rein, and made their rest.

Then the bad Queen, descending, round her cast
 A baleful look of mingled hate and woe,
And with those babes into a thicket passed,
 And drew a dagger from her breast; and lo!
She struck them not, but only wailed and wailed—
So strongly in her, womanhood prevailed.

Sudden she changed. She smiled that smile which none
 How wise soe'er, beholding, could resist,
And drew those children to her, one by one;
 Then wailed once more, and last their foreheads kissed,
And cried with finger pointing to the lake,
"Hence! and in that clear bath your pastime take!"

She spake, and from their silken garb forth-sliding,
 Ere long those babes were sporting in the bay:
And, as it chanced, the eddy past them gliding
 Wafted a swan's plume: 'twas less white than they:—
Frowning, the Queen beheld them, and on high
Waved thrice her Druid wand athwart the sky.

Then, standing on the marge with eye-balls wide,
  As near they drew, awe-struck and wondering,
Therewith she smote their golden heads, and cried,
  "Fly hence, ye pale-faced children of the King!
Cleave the blue mere, or on through ether sail;
No more his loved ones, but a dolorous tale!"

Straightway to snow-white swans those children turned:
  And, backward as they swerved, the creatures four
Fixed on her looks with human grief that yearned,
  And slowly drifted backward from the shore:
And then, with voice unchanged, Finola cried,
"Bad deed is thine, false Queen and bitter bride!

"Bad deed afflicting babes that harmed thee not;
  Bad deed, and to thyself an evil dower:
Worse, worse than ours ere long shall be thy lot!
  Thou too shalt feel the weight of Druid power:
From age to age thy penance ne'er shall cease:
Our doom, though long it lasts, shall end in peace."

Then rang a wild shriek from that dreadful shape:
  "Long, long, aye long shall last those years of woe!
Here on this lake from misty cape to cape
  Three centuries ye shall wander to and fro;
Three centuries more shall stem with heavier toil
Far Alba's waves, the black sea-strait * of Moyle.

"Lastly three centuries where the Eagle-Crest †
  O'er-looks the western deep, and Inisglaire,
Upon the mountain waves that know not rest
  Shall be your rolling palace, foul or fair,
Till comes the Tailkenn,‡ sent to sound the knell
Of darkness, and ye hear his Christian bell."

Lo, as a band of lilies, white and tall
  Beneath a breeze of morning bend their head
High held in virgin state majestical,
  So meekly cowered those swans in holy dread
Hearing that promised Tailkenn's blissful name:
For they long since had heard in dream the same.

* The current running between the *mael*, or headland, of Cantire, in Scotland, and the northern coast of Ireland.

† Achill Island on the coast of Connaught.

‡ The "Tonsured One," *i.e.* St. Patrick.

Then fell a dew of meekness on the proud
  Noting their humbleness; and drooped her front;
And sorrow closed around her like a cloud;
  And thus with other voice than was her wont
To those soft victims of her wrath she cried:
"Woe, woe! Yet Fate must rule, whate'er betide!

"The deed is done; yet thus much I concede:
  In you the human heart shall never fail,
Changed though ye be, and masked in feathery weed:
  Your voice shall sweet remain as voice of Gael;
And all who hear your songs shall sink in trance
And, sleeping, dream some great deliverance."

She spake, and smote her hands, and at her word
  Once more the royal servants caught the steeds
Grazing in peace beside the hornèd herd
  Amid the meadow flowers, and yellow weeds;
And fiercely through the night the Queen on drave
And reached Lough Derg what time above its wave

The sun was rising; and at set of sun
  Entered once more her Father's palace gate:
Then, seated there, his nobles, every one,
  Arose and welcomed her with loving state:
She answered naught, but sternly past them strode
And found her girlhood's bower, and there abode.

But when of Lir the old King made demand,
  She answered thus: "Enough! My Lord is naught!
Nor will he trust his children to thy hand,
  Lest thou should'st slay them." Long in silent thought
The old man stood, then murmured in low tone,
"I loved those children better than mine own!"

That night in dream King Lir had anguish sore,
  And southward, ere the dawn, rode far away
With many a chief to see his babes once more
  Beside Lough Derg; and lo, at close of day
Nighing to Darvra's lake, the westering sun
In splendor on the advancing horsemen shone.

Instant from that broad water's central stream
  Was heard a clang of pinions and swift feet—
Unchanged at heart those babes had caught that gleam ;
  Instant from far had rushed, their sire to greet,
Spangling the flood with silver spray ; and ere
The King had reached the margin they were there.

Then, each and all, clamorous they made lament
  Recounting all their wrong, and all the woe ;
And Lir, their tale complete, his raiment rent,
  Till then transfixed like marble shape ; and lo !
Three times the royal concourse raised their cry
Piercing the centre of that low-hung sky.

And Lir knelt down upon the shining sand,
  And cried, " Though great the might of Druid charms,
Return and feel once more your native land,
  And find once more and fill your father's arms ! "
And they made answer : " Till the Tailkenn come
We tread not land ! The waters are our home."

But when Finola saw her father's grief
  She added thus : " Albeit our days are sad,
The twilight brings our pain in part relief :
  And songs are ours by night that make us glad :
Yea, each that hears our music, though he grieve,
Rejoices more. Abide, for it is eve."

So Lir, and his, were couched on that green sod
  All night ; and ever as those songs up swelled
A mist of sleep upon them fell from God,
  And healing Spirits converse with them held.
And Lir was glad all night : but with the morn
Anguish returned ; and thus he cried, forlorn :

" Farewell ! The morn is come ; and I depart :
  Farewell ! Not wholly evil are things ill !
Farewell, Finola ! Yea, but in my heart
  With thee I bide : there liv'st thou changeless still.
O Aodh ! O Fiacre ! the night is gone :—
Farewell to both ! Farewell my little Conn !"

Southward the childless father rode once more,
  And saw at last beyond the forests tall
The great lake and the palace on its shore;
  And, entering, onward passed from hall to hall
To where King Bove enthronèd sat and crowned,
High on a terrace, with his magnates round;

A stately terrace clustered round with towers,
  And jubilant with music's merry din,
Beaten by resonant waves, and bright with flowers.
  There—but apart—she stood that wrought the sin,
Like one that broods on one dark thought alone
Seen o'er a world of happy hopes o'erthrown.

On through the press of men the childless strode
  To Bove, sole-throned, and lifting in his hand
For royal sceptre that Druidic rod
  Which gave him o'er the Spirit-world command;
Then, pointing to that traitress, false as fair,
At last he spake: "There stands the murderess!—there!"

Straight on the King Druidic insight fell;
  And, mirrored in his mind as cloud in lake,
His daughter's crime, distinct and visible,
  Before him stood. He turned to her and spake:
"Thou hear'st the charge: how makest thou reply?'
And she: "The deed is mine! I wrought it! I!"

Then spake the King with countenance like night:
  "Of all dread shapes that traverse earth or sea,
Or delve the soil, or urge through heaven their flight,
  Say, which abhorrest thou most?" And answered she:
"The shape of Spirits Accursed that ride the storm:"
And he: "Be thine henceforth that Demon Form!"

He spake, and lifted high his Druid Wand:—
  T'ward him perforce she drew: she bowed her head:
Down on that head he dropp'd it; and beyond
  The glooming lake, with bat-like wings outspread,
O'er earth's black verge the shrieking Fury passed—
Thenceforth to circle earth while earth shall last.

As when, on autumn eve from hill or cape
  That slants into gray wastes of western sea,
(The sun long set) some shepherd stares agape
  At cloud that seems through endless space to flee
On raven pinions down the moaning wind,
Thus on that Fury stared they, well-nigh blind.

Then spake the King with hoary head that shook,
  "I loved thy babes: now therefore let us go
Northward, and on their blameless beauty look,
  Though changed, and hear their songs: for this I know
By Druid art, they sing the whole night long,
And heaven and earth are solaced by their song."

So forth ere dawn they rode with a great host;
  And loosed their steeds by Darvra's mirror clear
What time purpureal Evening, like a ghost,
  Stepped from the blue glen on the glimmering mere:
And camped where stood 'mid weeds the ruddy herds
Far-gazing on those human-hearted birds.

And, evermore, from far those swans would come
  To hear man's voice, and tell their tale to each,
Swift as the wind, and whiter than the foam;
  Yet never mounted they the bowery beach,
And still swerved backward from the beckoning hand,
Revering thus their stepmother's command.

And ever, when the sacred night descended,
  While with those ripples on the sandy bars
The sighing woods and winds low murmurs blended,
  Their music fell upon them from the stars,
And they gave utterance to that gift divine
In fairy song or anthem crystalline.

Who heard that strain no more his woes lamented:
  The exiled chief forgat his place of pride:
The prince ill-crowned his ruthless deed repented:
  The childless mother and the widowed bride
Amid their locks tear-wet and loosely straying
Felt once again remembered touches playing.

The words of that high music no man knew;
  Yet all men felt there lived a meaning there
Immortal, marvellous, searching, strengthening, true,
  The pledge of some great future, strange and fair,
When crime shall lose her might, and cleansing woe
Shall on the Just some starry crown bestow.

Lulled by that strain the prophet King let drop
  In death his Druid-Staff by Darvra's side;
And there, in later years, with happy hope
  King Lir, his children's anthems listening, died:
And there those blissful sufferers bore their wrong
All day in weeping, and all night in song.

Not once 'tis whispered in that ancient story
  They raised their voice God's justice to arraign:
All patient penance is expiatory:
  Their doom was linked with hope of Erin's gain;
And, like the Holy Elders famed of old,
Those babes on that high promise kept their hold.

And they saw great towers built, and saw them fall;
  And saw the little seedling tempest-sown;
And generations under plume and pall
  Borne forth to narrow graves ere long grass-grown;
And all these things to them were as a dream,
Or shade that sleeps on some unresting stream.

More numerous daily flocked to that still shore
  Peace-loving spirits: yea, the Gaelic clans
And tribes Dedannan, foemen now no more,
  From the same fountains brimmed their flowing cans,
And washed their kirtles in the same pure rills,
And brought their corn-stacks to the self-same mills.

Thus, though elsewhere the sons of Erin strove,
  From Aileach's coast, and Uladh's marble cliffs,
To where by banks of Lee, and Beara's cove,
  The fishers spread their nets and launched their skiffs,
Round Darvra's shores remained inviolate peace;—
There too the flocks and fields had boon increase.

In that long strife the Gael the victory won:
Tuatha's race, Dedannan, disappeared;
Yet still the conqueror whispered, sire to son,
"Their progeny survives, half scorned, half feared,
The Fairy Host; and mansions bright they hold
On moonlight hills, and under waters cold.

"To snare the Gael, perpetual spells they weave:
O'er the wet waste they bid the meteor glide:
They raise illusive cliffs at morn and eve
On wintry coasts: the sea-washed rock they hide:
And shipwrecked sailors eye them o'er the waves,
Dark shapes and pigmy, couchant in sea-caves.

"Some say that, 'mid the mountains' sunless walls,
They throng beneath their stony firmament,
An iron-handed race. At intervals
Through chasm stream-cloven, and through rocky rent,
The shepherd hears their multitudinous hum,
As of far hosts approaching, swift yet dumb.

"In those dread vaults, Magian and Alchemist,
Supreme in every craft of brain and hand,
The mountains' mineral veins they beat and twist,
And on red anvils forge them spear and brand
For some predestined battle. Yea, men say
The island shall be theirs that last great day!"

END OF PART THE FIRST.

TROLLOPE'S LIFE OF CICERO.*

St. Augustine, it is said, expressed three earthly wishes—to have beheld our Lord in the flesh, heard St. Paul preach, and seen ancient Rome in its glory—*Christum in carne*, *Paulum in ore*, *Romam in flore.* Opinions differ as to the period in which the Eternal City was in her greatest magnificence. If we look only for earthly splendor, the reign of Vespasian, when the city was thirteen miles in circuit and contained a population of 2,000,000, seems the culmination of grandeur. The pearl and gold which the conquered East was compelled to shower upon her gave to the Rome of the later empire a barbaric glitter which was not the least of the attractions that drew the savage Northern tribes from their mountain fastnesses. Augustus boasted that he had found Rome of brick and left it of marble; and the city that rose from the ashes of the Neronian conflagration eclipsed the glory of the Rome of the first and the second Cæsar. For the Christian Rome will always remain as the centre of his religion, a city which, in a noble panegyric of St. John Chrysostom, will be distinguished above every other, even on the last day, as yielding from its bosom the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul, who thence will rise to meet the Judge of mankind. For the statesman, the historian, and the scholar the Rome of Cicero's day, the century immediately preceding the advent of Christ, has always had a profound interest, and hardly a year passes without a contribution to the study of its characteristics.

This century presents every problem of statesmanship which modern civilization has had to face. First came the agrarian agitation under the Gracchi, the defeat of the people, and the triumph of the aristocracy under Sulla. Then followed the dictatorship of Marius, which restored the middle classes to power. Civil war ensued, which resulted in the dictatorship of Sulla. The servile war, under Spartacus, threatened the government with extinction and prepared the way for the empire. The conspiracy of Catiline was an ineffectual attempt to establish an aristocracy, and Crassus and Lucullus labored to build up a plutocracy. Into these varying conditions Marcus Tullius Cicero was born (B.C. 104).

**The Life of Cicero.* By A. Trollope. London. 1881.

One would naturally think that at this late day historians and biographers would see the comparatively slight influence which a single individual has ever had upon any age or condition of society. It is easy to understand the limitations of the early historians, who invariably ascribe to one man the entire direction of events. But so much has been effected in the department of historical criticism by modern German and French scholars that there is only one explanation for the petty historical views of Froude and Trollope. We may smile at Plutarch's superstitious observance of auguries and at Suetonius' grave chronicles of the oracles of Delphi. But they are not a whit more unreasonable than Froude's estimate of the political sagacity of Julius Cæsar, or Trollope's ascription of a genius for government to Cicero. As neither of the English writers dreams for a moment that God had anything to do with the fortunes of the Roman people, this exaggeration of the abilities of one man is less philosophical than the treatment of the pagan historians, who at least believed that the immortal gods were interested in the affairs of men.

Without at all committing ourselves to the materialistic evolutionism of such extremists as Draper, we can easily see that the accumulation of vast wealth, conjoined with corrupt practices in the administration of government, will awaken dreams of power among a patrician order. As Beaconsfield in his latest novel urges, the only path of distinction open to a wealthy man, particularly an hereditary noble, is the path to political power. People born in the purple care little for their money as a distinction; the pursuit of wealth engages the attention of those not born to it; and fame is only another name for power. It is also well known that at the close of the Roman republic the ancient religion of Rome had well-nigh disappeared from the higher ranks of society. We may imagine how slight was the influence of Stoicism, which was congenial to the genuine Roman nature, from the circumstance that Cato bore the name as a distinctive appellation. The ancient religion of Rome was both purer and sterner than that of Greece. Its supreme lesson was patriotism. When the religion began to wane its practical dictates of course ceased to have much weight. The city was gradually turned into a pantheon, and the degradation of the national religion was consummated when divine honors were decreed to the emperor, and later, as in the case of Caligula, to his horse. Cicero in many of his orations spoke of bribery and corruption as almost inseparable from every office of government. The case of Verres was only one of hundreds. He jested with the tribunes and consuls

in open forum regarding the amount of the bribes which they received. Lentulus, when charged in the senate with wholesale corruption, broke into a scornful laugh, and regretted that he had bought two judges when only one was necessary for a majority. The sale of the purple in the later empire had been made possible long before. The Prætorian Guard dates from the civil war of Sulla and Marius. The frightful persecution of the Christians, humanly speaking, resulted from the terror of free speech and action, which the first triumvirate made it a principle to suppress. The people were cajoled with shows; but it is impossible to rule a nation with *bon-mots*, as the Napoleons found to their cost. The "great men" that appeared were in reality only chips upon the tide; but a false historical method, with its "heroes and hero-worship," has blurred for us the great outlines. *Expende Hannibalem.*

If we except the purely oratorical triumphs of Cicero, he wielded very little political influence in any part of his career, although after the suppression of the Catilinian conspiracy he was hailed *pater patriæ.* The fact is that Catiline's conspiracy could not have succeeded. It represented the worst elements in society, and it would have been suppressed if Cicero had never opened his lips. He only gave fervid expression to the feelings of the people. The conspiracy was virtually crushed before the first Catilinian oration was spoken. Cicero was triumphant only on the sufferance of the patricians, who were secretly in favor of Catiline, but who abandoned him when they discovered that he was a fool and a bravo. He made the preposterous blunder of attempting to conciliate some of the common people, a procedure which in a city half of whose population were slaves was suicidal. We can imagine the feeling of the Romans towards their slaves from the fact that if a master died at home under suspicious circumstances every one of his slaves suffered death. The Catilinian conspiracy has been unduly exaggerated, chiefly through the vanity of Cicero, who, as Plutarch says, continually harped upon this string. The greatest conspiracy against the liberties of the Roman people was that of Sulla, which was the inception of the empire. The far-sighted Marius, watching the manners and conversation of the young Cæsar, said, according to Suetonius: "In that lad I see many Sullas."

When the military power which gave Rome to Cæsar began to overshadow the world, Cicero, the "profound statesman" who, according to Trollope, is the archetype of Mr. Gladstone, could not see what was plain to the roughest soldier in the camp. He

followed Pompey, a man of a mean and cowardly disposition, who had deserted him in the Clodian troubles. He doubted long whether he should join Cæsar or cling to Pompey, until the practical Julius, who very well knew that Cicero's influence was worth a little flattery, quickly gained him over. The shrewd Octavius, who outwitted Antony and Cleopatra, outwitted poor Cicero also and sacrificed him without a sigh. If Mr. Gladstone is a living fulfilment of ideal Ciceronian statesmanship, all we say is, *absit omen.*

But while the career of Cicero as a statesman is of little practical instruction—and, indeed, none but an historian woefully behind the age of historical criticism could write such a biography as Trollope's—Cicero the orator, the philosopher, the scholar, the man whose supreme passion was for intellectual eminence, has always been cherished by the fine spirits of the world. Indeed, a fair acquaintance with the works of Tully would convince any thoughtful mind of his unfitness for the turbid politics of Rome in his day. He was destined for the highest and noblest of strictly human professions—that of law—in an age when the proverb, *Cedant arma togæ*, had become the expression of a permanent condition. He would have found his place under the law-loving Numa Pompilius or in the earlier days of the republic, to which he looked back so fondly as to a return of the golden age. In the exercise of the legal profession he is without a stain; in this regard far outshining Demosthenes, who was convicted of the shameless acceptance of bribes. If he lacked physical courage—due doubtless to his extremely nervous temperament—he possessed moral courage in a high degree. His arraignments of Verres and Catiline display consummate intrepidity. His *Philippics* against Marc Antony cost him his life. He undertook the most hopeless cases, and frequently braved the fury of the forum. He administered his various offices with an integrity worthy of the author of the *De Officiis.* In an exceedingly corrupt state of society he was distinguished for his natural morality, his generosity, and his many urbane qualities, and Augustus gave him the praise most desired by the ancient Roman: "He was a man of great eloquence and a sincere lover of his country."

The influence which the writings of Cicero exercised upon Christian scholarship during the middle ages, in the department of law and philosophy, was paralleled only by the sway of Virgil over mediæval Latin poetry. The orator and the poet were the favorite pagan authors of the ages of faith. The reason upon the surface, of course, is that Tully and Virgil are nobly chaste. They,

moreover, are the greatest and most eloquent expositors of that peculiarly majestic type of Roman character whose broad impress rests upon the ancient civilization and is perceptible even in its ruin. The intrinsic majesty, power, and harmony of the Latin language receive their grandest utterance in the periods of Cicero and the verse of Virgil. Like their own city, the language of the Romans possesses an immortality not only through its adoption by the church, but through the languages of Spain and Italy, and, at least etymologically, of France. The writings of the ancient Fathers of the church abound in quotations from Cicero. The Greek language, although always studied, is not, and never has been, the medium of learned communication, and it was to Cicero that the middle ages chiefly referred for knowledge of the schools of the ancient Greek philosophy. Besides, many Greek authors were not known to Western Europe earlier than the seventh or the eighth century. Hallam, whose *Literature* has become antiquated, is very desirous of minimizing the Latin and the Greek knowledge of the middle ages; but every day turns out fresh evidence of the vast intellectual activity of times which have been falsely stigmatized as Dark, with a particularly large capital D. When Prescott was gathering materials for his *Conquest of Mexico* he was informed by Irving that he could get all he wanted in the Spanish monasteries. "And, indeed," added the genial Irving, "I don't know what treasures of learning on every subject you *can't* find in the monasteries." The monks appear to have known everything and to have written about everything. Yet Spain, we all know from the veracious and learned Peter Parley, groaned in the very Darkest gloom of the Dark ages. The middle ages were made fully acquainted with the speculations of Plato by the writings of Cicero. Indeed, the great merit of Cicero, with what we might be inclined to think his oratorical diffuseness, is his extremely lucid exposition of the philosophy of the Porch and the Academe. The reader of his *De Natura Deorum* will find a very accurate *résumé* of the great schools of Grecian philosophy, and the fuller study of the Hellenic philosophical writings will only awaken admiration for the powers of condensation and method which the Roman orator possessed. The charm which Tully had for the Fathers of the church was the evidence of a soul "naturally Christian." Cicero clearly rejects the absurdities of mythology (*De Divinatione*) while holding firmly to the belief in one supreme God. He refutes the Epicurean theory (which is Tyndall's and Spencer's modern agnosticism), that the Deity is not concerned about our

doings, and that our knowledge of him is only vague conjecture. He dwells upon the moral argument for the being of God drawn from the universal *consensus* of the human family; and the ethics of the *De Officiis* are cited by Grotius and other intuitive moralists as a striking evidence of the existence of a natural law written on the human heart, in the sense of St. Paul.

If it were worth while to reply to a weather-beaten objection, that the Latinity of the middle ages is a horrible jargon known as monkish Latin, we might quote the testimony of a dozen scholars like Bouterwek; but we are instructed by the joke of Artemus Ward, who escaped a bore by pleading ignorance of every famous name, until his exasperated interrogator at length asked him if he had ever heard of Adam. "Adam?" pondered the immortal showman—"Adam? What was his other name?" There is not a single generation since Cicero that has not produced fine Latin writers, and the scholastic philosophers and theologians were quite as competent to compose a Latin oration after the Ciceronian model as they were to frame the short, technical syllogism. It would be curious to learn, from those who object with such æsthetical agony to the "jargon of scholasticism," wherein this mode of speech differs so widely from the Latin of Cicero. They would be very much surprised to learn that a comparison between a philosophical dialogue of Tully and a chapter from the *Contra Gentiles* of St. Thomas would not reveal antipodal differences. The fact is that this criticism of scholastic Latinity generally proceeds from those who find great difficulty in construing the sentences in an elementary grammar. No great Latin scholar, no matter what his philosophical or theological convictions may be, ridicules the Latinity of the scholastics. He recognizes it as peculiarly adapted to the expression of the doctrinal and philosophical thought of the Catholic Church. But it is a waste of powder to quote Poggio and Erasmus, the latter of whom waged war against the excessive classicism or Ciceronianism of his age. This complaint about the scholastic Latinity is of a piece with the objection to the use of a *dead* language in the service of the church. The Latin tongue at this day is more widely known throughout Christendom than any living tongue. Not only does it penetrate all modern civilized speech, but it is the language of the learned professions, whilst it forms the basis and essential structure of the vernacular tongues of the Catholic nations of Southern Europe. *Dead* language, forsooth!

To Cicero we may say that we owe the form of the oration.

His great fame as a public speaker contributed to fix attention upon his orations, and they were for ages the models of sacred and forensic discourse. Although the simplicity of the Gospel is aimed at in the homilies of the Christian Fathers, we must remember that many of them were trained in the schools of ancient rhetoric. Even in their short sermons we quickly discern the skeleton of the old oration—the *exordium*, *partes*, and *peroratio*. Most of the sacred oratory of the ancient church was extemporaneous, and what modern editors class as homilies were frequently only notes containing texts of Scripture with a suggestive line. The austere simplicity of the ancient church was somewhat averse from oratorical displays, though we find numerous specimens of sacred oratory adorned with all the flowers of rhetoric and constructed on the rigid principles of Quintilian. One thing is certain: the Christian Fathers carried out Cicero's injunction (*De Oratore*) that an orator should be versed in universal knowledge. The wealth of illustration in patristic homiletics is saved from pedantry by the genuine and simple unction which characterizes them. No doubt the changed conditions of modern life make the old formal oration seem out of place, but its total desuetude should be regretted, especially when we remember how perfect a medium it was of the highest oratory in the hands of Bossuet and Bourdaloue. The modern pulpit eloquence of France was somewhat modified by the example of Lacordaire, who followed the literary tendency of his day in the direction of Romanticism. Still, we think that the sacred orator need have no fear of following the severest classical form in his sermons, even to the statement of the division of the points of his discourse. Cicero has some very admirable remarks on the absolute necessity of the repetition of important statements in a discourse to be delivered before the people, who, he shrewdly remarks, must not be credited with much knowledge or with ready perceptions. It is characteristic of severe classicism in oratory that it quickly becomes extremely acceptable to audiences that, one would suppose, could be held only by a vulgar sensationalism. It is noticed that Protestants grow tired of a style of discourse which belongs properly to the stage. The classic speaker may rest assured that he will create the taste by which his oratory is enjoyed.

As we have intimated, Mr. Trollope's *Cicero* is of little use to the scholar, and of no value whatever as a contribution to historical knowledge. Tully's place in statesmanship has been unsettled by Mommsen, but his place in the temple of learning is

secure. His wit, scholarship, eloquence, and natural piety are elements that are but little modified by the judgments of modern publicists. Even his vanity is but a form of that love of glory pronounced by Milton "the last infirmity of noble minds," and the copious vocabulary of his language possessed no word for the Christian idea of humility. Friendship will always return to the *De Amicitia*, and old age finds perennial comfort in the *De Senectute.* So long as mankind will cherish and reverence learning devoted to its only true end (the defence of the dignity of virtue and the overthrow of vice) and for its secondary purpose (the delight of lonely hours and a resource from the tedium and disappointments of life), the volumes of Cicero will endure. His immortality has received its surest pledge from the use of his native tongue by a religion which the ancient Christians, in the testimony of Justin Martyr, believed that he would have been among the first of the Romans to embrace; and though he lived too long before the coming of Christ to share with Virgil the legendary history which links the Mantuan bard with the cradle of the Messias, he divides with Seneca the admiration of ancient Christendom. One of the popes is said to have cherished so high an admiration for the humanity and natural nobility of the Emperor Trajan that he often prayed for the repose of his soul, and it was revealed to him that the emperor was saved. Dante records a tradition of the middle ages in placing Cicero in the *luminoso castello di color che sanno :*

> "E vidi 'l buono accoglitor del quale,
> Dioscoride dico, e vidi Orfeo,
> Tullio, e Livio, e Seneca morale." *

* *Inf.*, iv.

MAY-TIME ON THE GALTEES.

THE May weather was as tender and sweet as May weather could be in the green heart of Munster. No rough blast, no stealthy bite of frost, no weariful rain came to chill and sadden the pleasant country; it was all soft warmth and rosy peace. Down in the valley of the Suir, rich with blossoming orchards and growing grain, the people ate their mean fare of stirabout unmurmuringly, for, said they—remembering all the while that they should taste neither wheat nor fruit, nor any of the abundance which their toil and sweat were raising up around them—"If the world frowns on us the sun shines on us." And right royally did the dear old sun keep on with his comforting. He penetrated through the house-leek and moss of the straw-thatched cottages, and warmed even the bones of the bed-ridden old folks, fighting with such noble will against their deadly aches and pains, that the poor old relieved things were able to crawl out to the front doors, and, sitting there, look up smiling and say: "Wisha, may God be praised for the sun!"

In the wayside schools, where the small stores of fuel were long since exhausted, and where, no matter how pinched and blue the faces and hands and little bare feet of the children were, no rotting branch from the woods around might be brought, the radiant light poured in, warming the damp atmosphere, and drying the moist clay floor, and bringing such a summery feeling that in the drowsy noon-hour the little ones fancied they could almost hear the bees among the yellow clover and smell the June furze. It was such a happiness to be among "the green things growing" when school was over, to play where lilac, and hawthorn, and laurel shed their fragrant rain upon the pleasant pathways, that they forget their hunger, and the old craving for the dinner and supper of stirabout or turnips and salt let go its gripe. Sometimes a homesick Irish exile here will say: "Ah! I could live on the *air* in Ireland."

You would say, then, it was a kind sun; and so, indeed, it was to the valley people. But up on the hills it was different. Up where the precipitous rocks make desolate landmarks along the base of the Galtees, where the peat-moss and heather struggled only too successfully against the desperate efforts of the "mountainy" men to wring a life-keeping return from the unfriendly

moors, where snipe and plover were the only living things that prospered, the sun brought woe and desolation. The rotten, shed-like cabins of the mountain people and their surroundings reeked under the hot rays, sickening first the starving children, and then laying their elders low. There is no fever more dire than that caused by hunger and foul air; and when cold and damp have been previously at work on the victims Death reaps a rare harvest. It was the only harvest reaped on the mountain that year, and the crops were garnered in Glenfarna churchyard in the midst of wailings and agony that some can never forget. The Suir, that waters truly a land "flowing with milk and honey," crooned peacefully under the churchyard trees through all the poor human anguish it heard; to many of the mourners, seeing and hearing it dimly through a wild aching of heart and brain, it seemed the very voice of remorseless Death.

The afflicted people lived originally on the lower slopes in the midst of their thriving farms. It was a fruitful place, and the old landlord was so remarkably easy to them that they had actually enough to eat of potatoes and milk when all his claims were paid! That was noble abundance for them, but it was too good to last. When the young owner "came of age" he had an idea that a "deer forest" would be an aristocratic addition to his demesne. It would remind visitors, you know, in some measure of what they had read of feudal surroundings, and, besides, afford them a means of noble sport in time. So the "human weeds" were torn ruthlessly from their fertile fields, and the poor old homes demolished by the crowbar brigade. Belts of oak, and fir, and beech grew there instead of oats, and wheat, and flax; and foreign deer took the place of the agonized people, and these, while the trees grew and flourished, gave their unremitting sweat and toil to making the bogs and marshes higher up capable of producing—lingering starvation for themselves and fat luxury for the landlord. When oats of a salable quality were produced there, and potatoes that were not too black and watery to be used for food by the pigs (they were never too unwholesome to be good enough for the people, remark); and when the poor creatures were growing, with the fatal facility with which the Irish heart clings to what the associations of years are around, to love their little homes, they were again notified that a removal to the higher "raes" or emigration were the only alternatives their owner would allow them. They still speak in the county of the heart-breaking scenes that followed this notice. Some poor, vague hope that he would relent kept them from at once obey-

ing their all-powerful tyrant. But while the men of the crowbar and pickaxe were still ready to do his inhuman will they ought to have known that there was to be no mercy for them in the cold heart of this transplanted Englishman. In a wild November storm, when the grim mountains looked their cruellest, they were again driven forth with their few miserable belongings, and their only shelter demolished, in the midst of gibes and jeers, before their eyes. Travellers by the mail-car on the road below, hearing through the hoarse noise of mountain torrent and wind the wild crying, and guessing its cause, felt the desolation of the evening enter into their hearts, and they remembered it long.

So the forest grew yet larger, and choice spots of the reclaimed land, that the hunted tenants had given their very life-blood to, were rented to imported Scotch and Yorkshire men. Sheilings formed of fragments of primeval rock and stunted heather rose in the rocky wilderness above—a wilderness untrodden until then, except by the hardy Knock goats and an occasional tourist seeking in the inhospitable mountain loneliness a relief from the crowding life and abundance of the city.

When some years had passed, and by the indomitable industry of the people even this place of immemorial sterility and forlornness had its savageness subdued; when they thought (being charged with a rental that barely left a margin for the buying of the meal for their stirabout) that they might let their hearts rest at last, there came another token, and it was only by these tokens and the dread rent-notices that they knew of the continued existence of the owner. It was again his wish that they should shift higher up, and there was some plain speaking as to what those rebelliously inclined might expect. But the goaded wretches, maddened by this unceasing persecution, met the men who came to enforce the order with such determined and destructive opposition that the latter were obliged to take flight, only, however, to return reinforced by bodies of police and soldiery from the lowlands. The carnage that resulted will leave a stain on that county for ever, because of the helplessness and blind agony on one side and the hireling, pitiless brutality on the other.

And it was on these highest heights, in the regions of mist, and damp, and hunger, and barrenness, that the unwonted sun shone. Among those who struggled longest against the fell disease were the Corbetts, of Peak-na-greina, a mountain-holding high up near the eagles and the clouds. To us children, tired of the lush bloom of the valley, it used to be a dear delight to go

for a bracing, breezy day to the Peak and receive a warm *Cead-mille-failthe* from the house-mother. I see it now with an aching heart, for I am far away and the Corbetts are dead and gone, like my youth and the magic summers—the hospitable sheiling, heather-roofed and snug, with its plot of green and its bed of mignonette in front, and its cabbage-garden at the side; the wind-twisted thorn-tree at the stile near the gate, and the sheer background of black mountain. The mignonette, and cabbage, and clover were nourished from soil brought up by the boys from the glens beneath; the marish on which they lived, struggling as it ever was to get back to its original wildness, would feed nothing so civilized. The cabin was a miracle of spaciousness to the neighbors, it having three rooms, all as neat, too, as the house-mother's hands—and they were strong and tireless—could make them. I remember now the pleasant feeling, when a storm had detained us for a night there, of waking in the early morning and listening to the cheerful bustle in the kitchen outside, and lying lazily watching from the bed, comfortable as it was with all "the relics of ould daicency" possessed by the house-mother, the purple shadows up the Knock. A run out to the stream and a hearty splashing in the peaty flood, followed by a vigorous scrubbing with the great twilled towels, gave us a wonderful appetite, and no breakfasts have since tasted like the mountain potatoes and salt that were set before us on those old mornings.

Well, one day at noon John, the eldest, came in from the "rae" looking very yellow and sick and complaining of a burning headache. It was at once clear that he had taken the disease, and, while the mother's heart quaked within her, she applied such remedies as were used until the arrival of the doctor, for whom she had despatched Maurice, the second boy. It was midnight when the messenger and physician made their appearance, and when the latter had done everything in his power for the patient and returned home, Maurice lay down on the settle-bed in the kitchen. When the mother went to rouse him he was delirious. The poor fellow had walked and run close on twoscore miles, following up the hard-worked doctor, in his anxiety to get him to his brother's bedside, and now the exhaustion following the fatigue and excitement had brought on the sickness. Before eleven on the following night the whole family, with the exception of Tommy, the younger, a boy of five years old, and the mother, were in the fever.

Down in the town we had spent a gloomy day. The dead-bell had never ceased its tolling, and funeral processions were

continually moving through the main street even up to the unusual hour of seven o'clock. Old Lynn Kearney, the sexton, had then come down from the belfry and drawn and locked the clanging churchyard gates, and with sighs of relief we noted that the bell was silent. But it was a strange silence; it choked and oppressed us in the lurid evening as if we were the dead people and felt the clay of our gloomy bed pressing on us. We knew nothing of the Corbetts' trouble, or my mother would have faced a thousand deaths to go to the aid of our Peggy. She sat up rather late that evening, hemming sheets and pillow-covers for the people on the Knock, the while some broth for the convalescents' sustenance was cooking. We heard her light foot on the stairs about midnight, and when she had come in and kissed us, and talked with us a little, she left behind a more wholesome state of feeling. I was dozing off into sleep when a sound like sobbing, seemingly from the sidewalk below, thoroughly awakened me. Instantly I thought of banshees mourning for the dying, and, with my heart in my mouth, listened breathlessly till the sound was repeated. It was unmistakably the crying of a human child, and when the bell was feebly pulled I knew it was some one in distress. "O mother!" I cried, rushing into her room, "somebody is crying at the door down-stairs. May be it's some one else that's dying on the Knock." The darling mother! I see no one like her now, so strong and tender of heart, so wholesome and sweet of body, so utterly and altogether noble and motherly. Throwing a shawl over her night-gown, she hurried down the stairs and unlocked the street-door. A little heap was lying there, which when she gently lifted it up, "O Polly! Polly!" she called to me standing at the stair-head, "bring me a glass of water. Here is little Tom Corbett fainted. I'm afraid they're sick at the Peak." The water revived him, and when he realized where he was he broke out of my mother's arms, and, pulling her by the shawl, moaned: "Maurice is sick, and mammy and all; an' me mammy won't talk; an' she's sick, an' she's *so sick!* O me mammy, me mammy!" He pushed the food I brought away from him, and would not be comforted. "Tommy," said my mother, "I'll go to Peak-na-greina, and do you stay here like a good boy until somebody comes to town in the morning that can give you a lift home." But the child would not listen to this; he would go home, and cried so frantically that my mother had not the heart to leave him when she came down dressed for her journey. At that hour of the night there was no getting a conveyance without a delay that might lose vital time; so, taking a

basket of needful things and her rosary-beads, she started out on her wild walk.

It was a long time after—for the events that followed were too painful to have the time willingly recalled and dwelt on—that she described her toilsome journey for us. Before they had quite left the town my mother took the grieving child on her disengaged arm, and when, with his head buried on her warm shoulder, his sobs gradually ceased and he slept, she said she felt as if she could face a desert in addition to the eight rocky miles before her—so comforting was the consciousness to her of giving comfort. Where the rocks commenced, above the first glen, the sound of an approaching vehicle dispelled for the time the lonesome fears and forebodings that the hour, and place, and circumstances were awaking even in her strong heart. A break in the trees and a flood of light from the cleared moon, when the car drew near, showed her it was the carrier's wagon on its return journey to the town. "Wisha, Mrs. Marnane, ma'am, good-morning," called out the blithe voice of the driver, ceasing his whistling of the "Banks of Banna." "An' if I may make so bould, who's in throuble *this* morning?" "I'm afraid they're sick at the Peak, Garret," said my mother. "This is little Tom Corbett; and although he hasn't been able to tell me clearly what is wrong at home, I'm afraid some of them are down with the fever. He must have run the whole distance to the town to-night, and fright and fatigue have almost killed him." "*Wisha ma greeneen-lauré!* the *avigoshoreen* o' the world! But sure you can't carry him all the ways, Mrs. Marnane achorra, an' that big basket too! Let me turn back an' give ye a lift as far as the Peak." It was a temptation, but mother, remembering how much the carrier's packages would be needed at an early hour (for it was he brought the drugs, and fresh meat, and necessaries for the sick), would not accept his kindly offer. "No, Garret," she said, "it is not so far now, and I am not at all tired." It was hard to convince the carrier, but at length he saw that any further insistance would only grieve and delay my mother, so he drove unwillingly away. "Well, may the Lord give you a soft rest in heaven, Mrs. Marnane, for you won't take it in this world," he said. "You're the di'mond of a woman, an' that's what you are!"

At the solitary police barrack, whitewashed and prim, with its slope of cabbage and potato ground, and trim hedge of hardy privet in front, a warm glow of firelight came through the open door as the watchful sergeant came out and down the path to find what prowler (it was in Fenian times) had set the barrack

dogs barking. "Well, Mrs. Marnane," said he, his apprehensions at once changing into cordiality, "isn't it early you're out! Is there some other family taken bad?" My mother told him about little Tom and her fears for the Corbetts. "Sure, you can leave him here, ma'am, till daybreak, an' then some of us will take him home," he said; "he's too heavy for you to be bringing him any further. You're tired to death's door from him an' that basket." But the boy was awake now, and held on so wildly to her and cried so pitifully that leaving him behind was out of the question; and so, thanking the honest policeman, mother proceeded on her way.

An early milkwoman whom they met coming out of her cabin about a mile below the Peak told her that at least four of the Corbetts were "down," and she insisted on leaving her pail in the house and relieving my mother of her burdens for the remaining distance. "I daarn't go beyant the stile, Mrs. Marnane dear," she said, when they had come to the twisted thorn; "you know, ma'am, I have a family o' my own, an' I have to bring milk to the townspeople, an' 'twould be sinful for me if I'd go anear the faver, although God he knows how willing I'd be. Good-morning to you, you darling woman, an' may the Lord love an' prosper you for ever!"

The sight that greeted my mother's eyes when she opened the Corbetts' door was one that brought the first gray hairs to her head, that was soon white enough. Three of the boys lay dead, with all the marks of utter exhaustion the fierce fever was apt to leave, and two were lying convulsed in the last agonies. At the fireless hearth the mother sat with her hands to her face, and Tommy, rushing up to her, fondled her and tried to get into her lap, but met with no response. "O Peggy!" my mother said, her heart bleeding, and scalding tears, that seemed to come from her very brain, blinding her, "my poor, poor Peggy!" She threw her arms around the bereaved one's neck, but a chill struck her as she did so. The deathly cold cheek and motionless form terrified her, and, taking the cold hands from the face they covered, she saw that the poor house-mother had no further need of earthly sympathy.

It was one of the things that used to keep us awake nights long after, one of the things that threw the weight of old age on our mother—the thought of the five dead boys and their mother lying side by side, and the crying child that could not be comforted or taken away from them. Among the mournful scenes of that most melancholy time the funeral with the six coffins was

the most heart-breaking, and the pain of it all was renewed when, a week later, a smaller coffin was laid upon the mother's in the churchyard.

And yet they tell the people of a country where such scenes have occurred and are yearly repeated ; where sorrow and death are for ever reaping monstrous harvests ; where existence, to the majority, is a lingering starvation, and suffering only bearable because of the buoyant nature of the victims; where the life or death of a population can hang on the mere whim of a brute in human shape—they tell these people to be *patient!*

REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE

MADE TO A DEVOUT SERVANT OF OUR LORD, CALLED MOTHER JULIANA,

An anchorete of Norwich, who lived in the days of King Edward III.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

AND when I thirtie yeares and halfe was old
A grievous sicknes did my bodie hold,
  Which God sent in my waie,
In which I laie for three long daies and nights,
And on the fourth night took the Holie Rites,
  Nor thought to live till daie.
Then, after two more daies and nights the same,
Until the darkness of the third night came
  I laie in agonie,
And weenèd ofttimes to have passed awaie
And died outright, as weenèd also they
  Who waited near to me.
Though nothing was that likèd me to live,
Ne longing aught that this poor world could give,
  Yet loathed I much to die.
In mercie of my God I placed my trust,
Ne fearèd anie paines that might me thrust,
  And sore my patience try.
Yet would have lived a longer time to love
And serve God better, and in living prove

More worthie of his grace:
That, knowing more and loving more in life,
Be fitter made, when freed from deadlie strife,
To stand before his face.
So litle seemed my life, so poor a sort,
And when compared with endles blisse so short,
I thought with sore amaze:
"Good Lord! and maie I not some longer live,
And by my living to thy worshippe give
More worthie love and praise?"
Unto my reason then it did appear,
And by the paines I felt, that death was near;
To which with all myne heart
I fullie did assent. With all my will
The will of God alone I would fulfill,
Nor e'er from that depart.
Till daie I thus endured; and by that hour
My bodie lost all feeling and all power
Down from the midst to feet.
Then was I holpen to be sett upright,
That whilst my life should last I could unite,
With freedome more complete,
My will to God's own will, and think on him;
And, as my sight of earth was growing dim,
Look toward the heavenlie goal.
My ending drawing nigh, my Curate came
To comfort me in Holie Church's name,
And blesse my passing soule.
He sett the Crosse before my face, and said:
"Look thereupon, and be thou comforted;
Our Saviour's image 'tis."
Me thought I was full well; my eien * raised
To Heaven, whereunto I upright gazed
Ne would the look dismiss.
Yet, if I might, I did assent to fix
My eien straight before the Crucifix
When lo! forthwith my sight
Began to faint and faile, and in the room
It waxed as dark and dim and full of gloom
As if it had been night,
Save in the image of the Crosse alone,
Wherein a common light most sweetlie shone,

* Eien—*eyes.*

But how I could not tell ;
The Crosse alone was clear, and pure and bright,
All else was uglie and of fearefull sight
As filled with fiendes from hell.
Then did my bodie in its over-parte
Begin to die, and slower beat my heart
As soon 'twould beat its last.
Unnethes * had I anie feeling more :
My breath grew short, and life seemed almost o'er ;
Then went † I to have passed—
When soudeinlie all paines did quick depart,
Whiles all my bodie in its over-parte
Made whole I weened to find.
I marvailed greatlie at this soudaine change,
And I bethought it was a working strange
Of God, and not of kind.‡
Yet to have lived I trusted never more,
And did the feeling of this ease deplore,
Ne was it ease to me.
Me thought if God had given me the choice
To have been freed of life I would rejoice
And verie thankfull be.
Then soudeinlie came to my mind the thought
That I should ask the seconde wounde I sought
Of our Lord's gift and grace—
That in my bodie I might feel the pain
Of Jesu's Passion, and in sight again
His bitter sufferings trace.
For this, as I had praied, was in my mind,
That for his paines I might compassion find,
And likewise feel them too ;
Yet no sight bodilie I did desire,
Ne shewing of no manner did require,
But sweet compassion true—
Such as might have a kind and loving soule,
With our Lord Jesu, and with him condole,
All to his death embrace,
To suffer living in my deadlie flesh,
The which my longing spirit would refresh
As God would give me grace

* Unnethes—*scarcely*. † Went—*thought*. ‡ Kind—*nature, humanity*.

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE.

The writings of Count Joseph de Maistre, except in France, have never wielded much direct authority over the general public, but through the medium of Catholic writers who study them they have been made partly familiar. Many of Maistre's political paradoxes continue still to be devoutly repeated by admirers, who do so, perhaps, without that careful examination of the body from which they are taken so necessary to discern their force.

Born at Chambéry in 1754, of a noble family—originally French, but settled in Savoy for a hundred years—and the eldest of ten children, Maistre seemed destined to pass his life in the calm, patrician ease of Italian society, and to inherit the dignified offices of his father. He was strictly educated at the University of Turin, and at home was surrounded by a pious family. Thirty peaceful years passed on, until in 1792 the French Revolution broke into Savoy and found him a senator, a married man, and the father of two children. Savoy being turned into a République des Allobroges, and the property of the flying nobility confiscated, Maistre found himself deprived of resources, an exile, without a sovereign, and his family scattered from his hearth. He first took refuge at Lausanne, where his first important work, *Considérations sur la France*, appeared (1796), and, after various difficulties and after holding several offices, he was finally (1800) nominated envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the court of St. Petersburg. This high-sounding title covered an office of small pay and less credit, on account of the embarrassments of his Sardinian majesty. Here, separated from his family, almost in poverty, without society congenial to his tastes, Maistre spent fourteen years of his life pleading the rights of a despoiled sovereign. During this period most of his works were written, a few being but finished when he left Russia. Of these it will be necessary to make only occasional mention in order to define and illustrate, and here we need but to analyze the *Considérations sur la France*, which contained the germs of the political system afterwards developed more elaborately.

The style of Maistre was terse and vigorous. His books are full of startling denunciations and dogmatical assertions. Aside from the theories he expounded, it is difficult to prevent one's self from becoming either his friend or his opponent. When some

friend would advise him to moderate a particularly bitter expression or savage word, he was accustomed to reply: "*Non, non, laissons leur cet os à ronger.*" * Plenty of "bones to pick" could be gathered from his volumes, and his enemies have been as busy in this way as his friends in repeating their pet sayings.

The system unfolded in the *Considérations* is indicated by the very first sentence: "*Nous sommes tous attachés au trône de l'Etre Suprême par une chaine souple qui nous retient sans nous asservir.*" † Within the limits of this supple chain, freely enslaved (*librement esclave*), man works out voluntarily but necessarily the decrees of a supreme Will. During a revolution the chain is shortened abruptly (*se raccourcit brusquement*), and consequently the action of man is so abridged that the destined revolution can neither be prevented nor successfully opposed. Such—almost in his own words—was the theory laid down by him before he proceeded to consider the causes, effects, and prospective results of the French Revolution. It is curious to note the fact here that a number of historians have been accused of the same fatalism—especially historians of revolutionary periods. Thiers, for instance—the opposite of Maistre in every respect—is considered by many to have held the same theory of events. A strong and picturesque historian, rapidly narrating the events of so chaotic a period as that written of by Thiers, will naturally produce this result; though not intending it, one event will seem to grow out of another without an exercise of the will on the part of the actors in them. But this is obviously a very different thing from stating the theory in precise words, as Maistre did. That men's bad actions produce certain disastrous consequences is a position which has never been questioned; but to represent these bad actions as brought about by foregone events suits the latitude of Mecca rather than that of Rome. All the catastrophes, all the crimes of history, according to him, are inevitable; "there have been nations that have been literally condemned to death." The Terrorists of France were mere tools in the hands of an avenging God; and when they ceased to work out the general plan, and were no longer mechanical instruments of the grand expiation, they were broken and replaced. Every step of the Revolution was thus a part of the divine plan, against which the efforts of the royalists were vain. The revolutionary leaders suffered no check in their schemes, Bonaparte encountered no obstacle to his throne, and

* No, no; let us leave them that bone to pick.

† We are all attached to the throne of the Supreme Being by a flexible chain which holds us without enslaving us.

the armies of both met no defeat, "*for the same reason that Vaucanson's mechanical flute-player made no false notes.*" *

This theory is conjured up to explain the phenomenon of the French Revolution from Maistre's standpoint. The French nation he conceived to consist only of the king and the aristocracy, who had, previous to their suppression, invited the fate that overtook them by allowing the spread of pernicious philosophical doctrines. This, in his eyes, formed their chiefest crime. For the expiation of this offence the whole nation, guilty and innocent alike—though he thinks the innocent were much less in number than usually supposed—suffered, the blood of the innocent atoning thus for the guilty. The principle of his theory was that members of the same order were bound together by a mutual and joint responsibility, the sins of the guilty being visited upon the innocent, and the blood of the innocent atoning for the sins of the guilty. This idea is more fully exposed in a following work, and so horribly and minutely that the heart reels under the infliction. He exclaims in one place: "The blood of Lucretia overthrew Tarquin, the blood of Virginia expelled the Decemviri. When two parties come into collision during a revolution, we may safely predict that the side on which the most precious victims fall will ultimately triumph, however contrary appearances may be." † After the assassination of the Duke de Berry, in 1820, he writes to M. de Bonald: "We have seen the end of the expiation; even the regent and Louis XV. have paid their debt, and the house of Bourbon has received absolution." ‡

The conclusion he would have us reach on this subject in particular, and in analogous cases in general, is that after the expiation is effected the old order of things will be restored. The extreme partisan of extreme absolutism, holding all written charters in abhorrence, Maistre looked forward to an end exactly like the beginning. Therefore, in his eyes, the French Revolution was merely a bloody interlude of chastisement, after which the old monarch and the old aristocracy would come back. King and aristocracy having received their rights and sanction from God himself, any other form of government was unnatural, was only an aberration from nature that helped to a more wholesome restoration. He reached this conclusion by overlooking the primal points in the case. Of course the French Revolution can-

* *Considérations sur la France.*

† *Eclaircissement sur les Sacrifices*, chap. iii.

‡ *Lettres et Opuscules inédits du Comte Joseph de Maistre, précédés d'une notice biographique par son fils le Comte Rodolphe de Maistre.* Paris. 1851.

not be justified in its excesses, but no man can be blind to the fact that these were not entirely owing to pernicious philosophical doctrines; for such doctrines would never have taken hold of the people had not very real misery driven them into the arms of revolution. The France of 1789 was the curious product of seven hundred years. Her social and political system was a modification of feudalism; that modification had been going on during the period mentioned gradually but surely; Europe—France might be substituted here—in the eleventh century presents the spectacle of the domination of a few families, who divided the land and ruled the inhabitants. The instrument of government was force; the source of power was landed property. The modifying influences, so ably summed up by Tocqueville, may be condensed into these: the church, the law, wars which ruin kings and decimate the nobility, commerce, the invention of printing and diffusion of knowledge, the extension of the aristocracy by the kings, the invention of fire-arms, the discovery of America.

"From the time that the labors of the mind became the source of strength and wealth every scientific development, every new branch of knowledge, every original idea became a germ of power accessible to the people. Poetry, eloquence, memory, the graces of the mind, the fires of the imagination, depth of thought, all the gifts which Heaven scatters at a venture, profited the democracy; and even when those gifts were found in the possession of their adversaries they still promoted the democratic interest by bringing out in bold relief the natural greatness of man. Its conquests accordingly extended with those of civilization, and knowledge and literature became an arsenal, common to all, where the weak and the poor daily resorted for arms. . . . If, starting from the eleventh century, you scrutinize what takes place in France from half-century to half-century, you will not fail to perceive, at the end of each period, that a double revolution has taken place in the social condition. The noble will have sunk in the social scale, the commoner will have risen." *

This is not only a cheerful prospect, but in the main a true one. The idea of Tocqueville was to show that in Europe there was and is a steady advance towards democracy. However, a heavy discount should be made on these views, especially in France from 1614 to 1789. Excellent as was the old constitution on the score of representation, it lacked the one vital principle —the *Etats généraux* could not force the king to summon them. From 1614 to 1789 they did not meet; the kings, unchecked by any other power, proceeded into vast wars which impoverished

* *De la Démocratie en Amérique.* Paris, 1835, pp. 4-8.

the nation and saddled it with a vast debt. That very increase of the nobility from the commons which Tocqueville mentions as a cheering fact had also another aspect. The numbers in 1789 were excessive, being one in two hundred and fifty of the population. When we remember that this nobility owned a large part of the land of France, and that they were exempt, even to the lowest, from the ordinary land-tax or *taille*, from the charge of maintaining the public roads (*corvée*), from military conscription, from receiving billets of soldiers, etc., and that the clergy, with the same privileges, possessed landed property, according to Necker, which stood in relation to that of all other proprietors as one to five and three-quarters, we may form some conception of the burdens resting upon the people. In addition to this the vast revenues wrung from the laborers were squandered on the court, on the armies, and on the nobles, not on permanent improvements. The rotten fabric had begun to shake even as far back as the time of Louis XIV. The illusive glitter of that reign was like the hectic blush on the cheek of the consumptive—all was fair without, but the decay had begun within. An erratic system of finance urged on the evils of a social state that could not stand great pressure. At length, in 1789, the *Etats généraux* met, the nobles clamoring for an increase of revenue, the commons determined to effect a systematic course of reform and retrenchment. The administration wavered between the contestants; a decisive collision took place. Meanwhile, as the outcome of these one hundred and seventy-five years of misrule, came famine. The revolt began; hungry, and wild, and resistless, the millions rose in unreasoning wrath and hurled the whole fabric into chaos.*

An ardent Catholic and a member of a patrician caste rapidly being extinguished, Maistre identified the church with the monarchy. Then, too, the striking features of the French Revolution, the staring facts that looked men in the eyes while they had no time to examine into hidden motive powers, were no doubt misleading. The higher dignitaries of the church at that time were identified with the nobles as members of the land-holding class; and it is an instructive fact that the movement was not at first directed against religion, but was confined to the nobles and the land-holding clergy. That keen-sighted traveller, Arthur Young, while he recorded the starvation and misery of the peo-

*The authority for the political part of the above sketch is Archibald Alison's *History of Europe.* Alison took a very conservative view. That *famine* was the direct cause of the French Revolution is proved by Arthur Young. See his *Travels in France.* Carlyle also takes this view.

ple, noted this so amply that there is no room for doubt. But, as in all troubled times in France, the mob of the great cities, and the demagogues who led them, soon attained to power, and, desiring license, not liberty and security, turned against religion. The hardy peasantry of France—the real millions of the nation—while they had heartily joined in the movement before, now rebelled, but were crushed in detail for want of organization. Then began the Reign of Terror, the scenes of which are too sickening to recall, but whose victims Maistre regarded as so many precious hostages given for the ultimate victory of absolutism.* Also, it is a fact that the Reign of Terror was ended, the mob of Paris crushed, and a milder republic † inaugurated before Napoleon, by treachery and force, established his military despotism. Maistre, while hating Napoleon, held that this was a "fortunate event," because it paved the way to the restoration of the Bourbon.‡

It is evident throughout that Maistre did not consider the people. He held to the old principle of feudal times, good, no doubt, in a turbulent period of individuality, that people were created for government. But when great nations began to be firmly knit together the evil of this idea was constantly illustrated. Very real misery led to the outburst of the French Revolution. The people, on account of the various reasons assigned by Tocqueville, had begun to think about political matters and to contemplate the working of government.§ The channels of democracy, dammed up in France, rose into a deluge. Since then, and after once feeling the power of ruling, the French people have gone through a succession of revolutions, backward and forward, the main body of the people, sincerely loyal to the Catholic Church but wishing a representative government, alter-

*"When a philosopher makes up his mind to great calamities in consideration of the results; when he says in his heart, 'If a hundred thousand murders be necessary, let them take place, provided we are free'; if Providence replies, 'I accept thine approbation, but thou shalt help to make up the number,' what can be more just?" (*Considérations sur la France*, chap. ii.) These are the shocking utterances Maistre is betrayed into by arguing that the excesses of the French Revolution were better than a milder course, because they killed its vital principle and hastened the restoration of monarchy.

† The government of the Directoire.

‡ *Lettres*, etc., quoted before. This letter was written in 1802. It is a masterpiece of logic, and its prophecies were completely justified. Maistre thoroughly understood Napoleonism in all its aspects.

§ The gentle Fénelon's book, *Télémaque*, was regarded as dangerous at court because it taught that governments were made for the good of the people! Saint-Simon, who was a radical for those days, tells about the Duke of Burgundy repeating this, and how unpopular it made him at court; nay, Saint-Simon himself evidently thought it a little vulgar at least! The commonplace of to-day was an heroic sentiment in the mouth of the brave and good Fénelon.

nately dominated by the radical and the reaction parties on both extremes.

At the head of the reactionists, and as their chief exponent in expression, Maistre must be ranked. That voice, though hushed for sixty years, is still all-powerful in the camp of absolutism. He is quoted on all occasions by Legitimists, and it is held to be almost heresy, in certain French circles, to doubt his wisdom. The spirit of that school is probably expressed in a single sentence by him :

> "*Against our legitimate sovereign, were he a Nero, we have no other right than to allow our heads to be cut off while respectfully asserting the truth.*" *

When he will not allow a system of representation, or a written charter of any kind, to protect the people against the encroachments of tyranny, to be aught but an evil, he would thus, at one stroke, take from them the last remedy of an oppressed people.

The hostile attitude of the present French Republic to the Catholic Church, while altogether unpardonable, has been, it is likely, aggravated by the loud and active section who follow Maistre's teachings. If they had not prevented a large body of Catholic moderates sincerely joining the republican party, the triumph of the radical faction might perhaps never have taken place. A queer position is this for the followers of Maistre to occupy—to be the indirect allies of Gambetta! How much better would it not have been if, instead of holding to obsolete issues and dreaming of a return of utopian aristocracy, those who ought to be the real leaders of the French people had thrown their talents and energy into the moderate government of MacMahon, *honestly!* Instead of which there was on their part, as soon as they thought the coast clear, an effort to place over the French people again a line of kings they abhorred. At all events the suspicion of such a purpose wrecked MacMahon's administration, the body of the people standing uncertain and irresolute, the only option seeming to be between religion and monarchy on one hand or irreligion and republicanism on the other; and in this interval came the victory of the radicals. It is not unreasonable, perhaps, to assert that the only way for France out of this dilemma is to shake off the influence of Maistre and his school. True children of the church may be true republicans. There is nothing in the Catholic Church to teach men otherwise. The advocate of an absolute legitimate monarchy may be a Catholic, it is true; but, on

* *Considérations sur la France.*

the other hand, the spirit of the church, if ever invoked in politics, has always been on the side of humanity. All through the middle ages, before the people were strong enough to protect themselves, the power of the church was exerted to shield them, when suffering from the tyranny of kings. Now, when the people have grown strong enough to protect themselves in states where king and nobles still linger, and have taken the government entirely into their hands in others, it is as monstrous as it is untrue to represent the Catholic Church as inimical to popular freedom and as an advocate of the restoration of feudal methods. A truer conception of the matter would be that, as the church directly withdraws from politics, she only influences politics indirectly by seeking to instil moral aims in the individual.

As for Maistre's religious sentiments, though they cannot here be fully discussed, they may be tested, especially as to his ideas of the relations between church and state. In the passage here cited he lays bare his notions concisely, and brings together, as it were, the teachings of his whole life. This passage occurs in a letter to Count Jean Potocki, who held, it appears, some chronological opinions at variance with the Mosaic record :

> " . . . And upon this subject I must tell you a great truth : irreligion is blackguard (*l'irréligion est canaille*). Therefore, setting aside all researches on its truth or falsehood, a well-bred man takes care not only never to make an *éclat*, but even not to write or speak a single word which attacks the national dogmas directly or indirectly.
>
> " In every country there are a certain number of conservative families which support the state ; they form what is called the aristocracy or the nobility. So long as these remain pure and imbued with the national spirit the state remains unshaken, whatever may be the vices of the sovereign ; but when these become corrupt, especially in respect of religion, the state must crumble, though it were governed by a succession of Charlemagnes. The patrician is a lay priest ; the national religion is his first and most sacred possession, since it protects his privilege, and the fall of the one entails the loss of the other. There can be no greater crime in a nobleman than to attack the national dogmas." *

Then follows a passage of curious argument which it is not necessary to quote, compared to which, it seems, one is justified in declaring the chronological doubts of Count Potocki to have been rather harmless. As it is, the letter is sufficiently strange. The truth or falsehood of religion is a matter of no account. It may be pagan, Catholic, Greek, or Protestant—it makes no difference ; so it be national, the nobleman must cherish it because it

* *Lettres*, etc., quoted before. Paris. 1851. Letter to Count Jean Potocki.

protects his privilege! If Count Joseph Marie de Maistre had lived under Tiberius Cæsar, would he have followed the Son of the carpenter, the associate of fishermen, the friend of the poor, the humble, and the publican? But this test is too severe. Half of superfinical Christendom would have been no better than Maistre. We will look at him in another light. Following Plato, he was fond of defining the Beautiful as that which pleases an honest patrician. Maistre's works and opinions, judged by this standard, may be beautiful and pleasing to a man who is a patrician and who is also honest; but to men who are not patricians, but are equally honest, they must be detestable and ugly.

What seems to be the chief and fundamental error which led to all Maistre's other aberrations lay in this: he did not, or he would not, recognize the distinction between our methods of receiving the truths of revealed religion and the theories of politics. Religion is not a matter of opinion. It is the infallible revelation of God preserved and taught to us by an unerring church, and its object is to bring us into beatific union with God. Politics is matter of opinion; there is no final court of appeal in it; the only thing men can do is to experiment, learn, and progress in its methods. No instance of perfection in government, in any state or in any time, can be alleged; and the only thing we can hope to attain is the selection of the best. That extraordinary letter of Maistre reveals a theory very different from this; stripped of the wealth of illustration and eloquence of diction with which it is clothed in his elaborate works, it stands in bare simplicity and put in the fewest words: king and nobles must possess unlimited power over the nation—that is the first article of his creed; then they must have some religion, no matter what so it be national, nor whether they believe it or not, because it is a cheap system of police for the kingdom. Comment is unnecessary.

It is instructive to notice the last days of Maistre, in order to see to what consequences of disappointment the great "Prophet of the Past"* brought himself. Perhaps he doubted his political creed at times. It is in justice to his memory to quote here from a letter written to Baron de Vignet:

"You say that nations will require 'strong governments,' whereupon I must inquire what you mean by that. If monarchy seems to you to be strong in proportion as it is absolute, the governments of Naples, Madrid, and Lisbon must, in your eyes, appear very vigorous. Yet you know, and

* First applied to Maistre by Ballanche. This clever French and very descriptive expression has been extended to a whole group of men who follow him.

everybody knows, that those monsters of weakness only exist thanks to their equilibrium. Rest assured that to strengthen monarchy you must base it on the laws, and that all that is arbitrary—military tribunals, continual change of office, and ministerial jobs and messes—must be avoided. Consider, I pray, what we had come to, and how your plans were rejected, moderate as they were, and though in no way infringing on the royal prerogative."

Bonaparte had fallen, the house of Capet was restored, the last sparks of revolution seemed trampled out by kaiser and king; but still the unlimited monarchy of the eighteenth century came not back. Perhaps he felt in his heart that the spirit against which he had struggled was invincible. Perhaps, too, he may have been shaken in his opinion of it more than once—as he expressed it to a friend in private: "Like Diomed before Troy, I have perhaps wounded a divinity while pursuing my enemies." But outwardly there was no faltering, no retraction. He continued to the last the bitter enemy to all restrictions on kingly prerogative, to all charters, or constitutions that are written, to protect the people, and sternly refused to sanction governments which allowed the people any voice in them. He viewed the rapidly advancing waves of democracy with rage and mortification, though in comparative silence. Personal success, which he reaped to the full on his return to Italy, could not console him. Just after the applause which greeted the publication of his later works, and while honors were being showered upon him, he writes to M. de Marcellus: "D'autres épines s'enfoncent dans mon cœur; mon esprit s'en ressent; de petit il est devenu nul: *hic jacet;* mais je meurs avec l'Europe; je suis en bonne compagnie!" * The enemy he had wrestled with for life was triumphant. Prostrated for a moment, it rose again stronger than before, its foes now its friends, and charters and constitutions flew broadcast over Europe. At this dread vision of victorious democracy Maistre could only stare in silence; but it weighed upon his heart like a rock. Family sorrows were added to his load, slow paralysis sapped his once vigorous constitution, and the poor, old, broken-hearted man lay down and died at Turin on the 26th of February, 1821.

* "Other thorns have buried themselves in my heart; my mind feels them: *hic jacet;* but I die with Europe; I am in good company!" *Lettres*, etc., quoted before. Paris. 1851.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

A close watch had been set upon McDonell from the evening on which he had declared his intention of sending for Father Leonard and making over a certain amount of property to him for the benefit of the orphans he had wronged, or, in consequence of their non-appearance, for the benefit of the poor. He had given to his valet the next morning a note for his reverence, which, being safely placed in Nano's hands, found its way speedily into the fire. He had been advised by Killany to remain within doors for a few days. The excitement of his last interview with Nano had injured him. Continual brooding since was wasting him slowly. He felt the necessity of quiet for a time, and obeyed the physician's instructions so honestly that he did not discover at once the position in which his daughter had placed him. He wondered and fretted at the priest's apparent delay, and sent other notes urgently demanding his presence. They elicited a message to the effect that his reverence was not in the city. This did not satisfy him; and, the suspicion that his daughter might be intercepting his letters occurring to him at the same time, his life was rendered still more unhappy and miserable. He had dwelt on the last scene with his daughter more with the petulance of an old man than with the quiet, dignified grief of a wronged and disappointed father. He raged and wept by turns. He accused himself, and justly, for the sad deformity of character which she displayed. He spent the hours in self-reproach, or in prayer, or in wandering aimlessly through the rooms of his own suite; sometimes vowing vengeance against any who would dare to oppose him, and again crying weakly for humility and patience in his sufferings. The world without was so beautiful, the sky so clear, the sun so bright, everything that breathed or grew so full of life's cheery activity and fascinating movement, that, pressing his face against the window—his old, withered, pallid face against the cold pane, he laughed from the bitterness of his heart. It was horrible that the contrast between his loved world

and himself should be so much in his disfavor; that in his heart and home misery, sin, and disease should reign so triumphantly, while the inanimate world and the vulgar rabble rejoiced. If his daughter had remained faithful the day would not have lost its brightness for him. His last hold on the beauty and satisfaction of life went with her affection. Riches had brought him nothing but curses, as ill-gotten riches must always bring, and he had neither health, nor spirit, nor mind to enjoy the power and station which he had won. It threw him into a dumb, enervating rage to suspect Nano of holding him a prisoner. He remarked that he had received no visitors within two days, that none had so much as sent in their cards. Yet this might be attributed to the prevailing belief of his madness. That thought was overwhelming. It pressed him to the ground as if a heavy burden had been placed upon his shoulders, and left him helpless to think or move. Mad! They might as well have said buried. He was like a man attending his own funeral—certain of his existence and his own identity, yet ousted from his rightful place by the dead thing called by his name, pressed down under the force of a prevailing opinion, and conscious only of his utter helplessness.

He determined to watch his servants and at every opportunity test their fidelity. They were acting in the interest of his enemies, and had already deserted the waning sovereign to transfer their allegiance to his fortunate successor. It was bitter but natural, and he did not complain of it. It added to his sufferings that these troubles were not purely domestic. The world had his insanity on its tongue-tip, and poked among the ashes through its representative, Killany. His hand was everywhere, planning and executing, prompting and encouraging. It was not to his daughter but to this villain that he was giving the victory. It was not his daughter who would possess the spoils, but the adventurer. The honest and the dishonest wealth would go alike to fatten his pocket, and those whom he had robbed and she for whom he had sinned would be left in equal destitution. Whatever was to be done to defeat the schemers must be done quickly; and without any fixed plan of action, dazed by the evils which surrounded him, he began by watching his servant. Late on that evening which had taken Nano to the carnival he gave to his valet a note for the priest. He followed the man with noiseless steps to the hall, and had the mournful satisfaction of seeing him read it and then fling it contemptuously into the stove with a laugh and a joke for one lean little figure which sat comfortably near to the fire.

"Old man still hangs to the one idea," said Mr. Quip, who had been placed in his present position as Dr. Killany's representative.

"Yes; he is bound to see the priest, and waits with fine patience his return home. Wouldn't have done it, though, but for Killany, who told him that it would be dangerous to stir abroad in his present state of health and irritation. The old man is that careful of himself, you know, that he'll do any foolish thing to keep from getting ill again. Thank Heaven if they can but get him into the asylum!"

"That's a spot where dull care will never visit him," said Quip meditatively. "Between the choruses of his neighbors and the strait-waistcoats and shower-baths of the institution he will not have much leisure for thought. He will be violent, and will get his share of all these punishments. He is nervous, and they will affect him more than others. I would not be afraid to bet that he is dead within six months. The grave is a smoother and softer bed. It is circumscribed, but you have the satisfaction of knowing that by your own desire you were put there, and, being dead, that it was the very best place for you."

And both laughed at this sally.

McDonell's desire to rush out upon them and strangle them in their scornful mood was so strong that he shrank away in terror from himself. Was he really mad or going mad, as these men said and people imagined?

"It would not be hard to make me so," he thought, with a shiver of uncontrollable fear; "and that, perhaps, is the game. If they knew how little it would avail they would not be so cruel. But there are other means to bend the stubborn, and they who do not stop at this will stop at nothing. O God! this is now thy time of vengeance."

He stole away to think over this new evidence of his danger and his daughter's perfidy, and stole back again, overpowered with peevish rage, when the door-bell rang. He was not himself, and it would have been better to have remained secluded for a time instead of irritating his mind still more by every fresh proof of his sad misfortunes. He could not, however, control himself so much. From his position he saw that a gentleman, a friend, had entered and presented his card to the servant with the request that he might see Mr. McDonell immediately. The servant sighed and shook his head mournfully.

"Very sorry, sir, but he be that bad as how the doctors say no one can go near him."

"Ah! is it true what I have heard, that he is becoming more confirmed in his weakness of mind?"

"I fear me, sir, too true. It is not known as yet, not even to Miss McDonell, how very bad he is."

"Liar! villain!" cried the unwise and enraged McDonell, rushing upon the man from his place of concealment with flaming eyes and a face distorted with the passion he could not control. "You dare to repeat to my friends those calumnies! I will choke you till the eyes start from your lying head. Run, you villain, run!"

And the servant did run, with howls of terror so genuine that the whole kitchen, headed by the valet and Quip, came tumbling into the hall. The visitor, with a very pale, embarrassed countenance, was backing dignifiedly to the door. This movement brought the madman to his senses partially.

"Sir," he said, controlling his voice with a great and visible effort, "pardon me for this unseemly behavior; but these villains, as you see, would make me mad in spite of myself. There is no need, I hope, to tell you it is a calumny."

"Not at all," said the gentleman soothingly. "I regret having disturbed you exceedingly, and I—"

"Ah! you believe as the rest," cried the merchant, half in scorn and half in agony. "Then do not go until you have convinced yourself of my sanity. I am not mad."

"We all knows that, sir," said the valet behind him. "Not mad, sir, but only irritated, sir, and forgetting that the doctor wished you to keep your room and not excite yourself, sir."

"Away, wretch!" roared McDonell, bursting again into a white rage at sight of his jailer. "Though you are the tool of greater villains, you have betrayed me."

The man retired precipitately before the anger of his master, and was received into the bosom of the crowd with a chorus of screams and expressions of sympathy. The merchant was about to make a second appeal to his visitor, who was now at the door, when Quip touched his arm.

"You would make these men believe you sane," he said, fixing his beady eyes on the restless ones of the invalid, and holding them to his own, "and yet you are taking the surest means to convince them of your insanity. This is not the time nor the place to proclaim it. You look like a madman now. Retire to your room, sir, and be careful to act, not as an ordinary man would act under the circumstances, but with the devil's own

cunning. You will need it to get people out of the notions they have concerning you."

"Who you are I know not," said McDonell, impressed by Quip's words, "but you speak wisely. I shall follow your advice. And my visitor is gone; that shows me how I have blundered, for he will surely think I am mad."

The servants stood at a distance, whispering and wondering, their fears quite overcome by their curiosity. Mr. Quip winked at them and smiled, and they answered with a nodding of heads and a noiseless clapping of hands to indicate their approbation of his coolness and dexterity.

"Go to your places," said the merchant, waving his hand towards them; and he would have said more, but that they vanished pell-mell into the kitchen regions, and made that part of the house echo for some moments afterwards with the screaming of the more sensitive females and the rattling of tins and dishes. Fearful that he would assail them there and then, the more coolheaded ones barricaded the door. In the hall were left only the valet and Mr. Quip, to the former of whom the master gave his particular attention.

"You may consider yourself discharged," he said, "and without a character. You are my servant no longer. Having betrayed me, it is not safe to give you the opportunity of betraying other unfortunates."

He was going to his room when Nano entered from the carnival in her dress of the celestial huntress, gay with the glitter of silk and gold, and even light-hearted. The shrinking attitude of the valet, the important airs of Mr. Quip, and the wild glances and appearance and manner of her father gave her immediate insight into the scenes which lately had taken place. The kitchen echoes had not yet subsided. She paled slightly, and was going on to her own apartments when her father stopped her.

"Come with me," he said imperiously. She followed him into the library with a sinking heart, but with resolute and unmoved exterior, and for a few moments they stood quietly facing each other, his hands nervously twitching together, his eyes reading her face as if to find there some hope of which he had not yet dreamed.

"Are you my daughter?" he asked sneeringly when his scrutiny was finished.

"You have better grounds to call me that, sir, than I to call you father. Why do you ask?"

"Father, father!" he repeated, with a broader sneer. "That

comes trippingly from your tongue, does it not? And yet you have lost all right to that honored title. You have made me a madman—me, your father, who schemed and sinned to make you what you are, who in his misery and repentance made you his first thought, who shaped every action in your regard, preferring to desert his God and his salvation, almost, for your sake. You have repaid me for my old indifference. You have made me a madman. I am, if you can make good this vile calumny, as good as dead and buried. And yet, before God, my sin is not so great as yours. I gave you part of a father's love and care, and you have never looked with love on me. You now add crime to indifference. Tell me, is it your intention to put me in an asylum?"

She did not answer, for she could not.

"Tell me, tell me," he repeated fiercely, bringing his wild eyes close to her face and seizing her violently by the arms, "do you meditate that sin?"

"Am I safe," she answered boldly, "with one who, sane or not, chooses to act the madman? Am I to be blamed for confining one who treats his own not even as the dogs of the street would treat them?"

"I am always forgetting," he said mournfully, releasing his hold; "and there is the apology of my enemies."

He stood for a moment with his hands clasped to his forehead, the picture of woe and helplessness; then he went over to the mantel and took down a crucifix that hung there veiled. Pressing it to his bosom, he said: "I submit, and I acknowledge the justice of my punishment. I submit, I submit. Only remember, my God, that I am deserted by the one whom I most loved. You had mother and friend in your affliction. I have no one. Be my support, and be merciful to my pitiless persecutors.

"You, unfortunate woman, since you are determined to go on in your sinful path, bear in mind one thing: your sin will recoil on you, as mine has recoiled on me. Perhaps you are already judged and condemned. See what my punishment is. You have added to my pride and my injustice the ingratitude of hell, and your punishment will be in proportion. Go now and think upon my words." He turned from her and continued to walk the length of the room with the crucifix in his hands, entirely oblivious of her presence. She bore herself with wonderful self-command. During his denunciation she stood calm as a marble statue, with her eyes fixed on him, and seemed to derive comfort and strength from the looking. She was moved and frightened

by his appeal. She thought he was becoming what she had desired him to be—a madman. His whole appearance, lean, shrivelled, pallid, his hair dishevelled and his eyes burning, was that of one insane; and insane he was, poor old man! with grief and disappointment.

She left him presently and sent for Quip.

"Go to the office in the morning, and inform Dr. Killany of what you have seen and heard to-night. He will know what to do afterwards."

"Your servant, ma'am," replied the gentleman, and, agreeably to instructions received from Killany, went immediately upon his errand.

Dr. Fullerton found him in quiet raptures the next morning in the outer office. He was perched, as usual, on the arm of his chair, deeply engaged in reading up a most profound work on insanity. With every new discovery he slapped his leg, or, closing the book, cried of the author:

"What a genius! One would think he had this particular case in his eye when he wrote this work."

"You seem interested, Quip," said the doctor. "What's the object?"

"Lunacy," answered Mr. Quip, with a knowing wink. "It was delirium tremens before, spontaneous combustion next, and now it is lunacy, which throws every other in the shade. I never paid much attention to it up to this, but our respected superior has a case on hand which has given me a grand insight into the business. Some rich old nabob on Wilton Avenue, with an only daughter, has sent his brains to parts unknown. What's left of him is not even animal."

"I was not aware of that. Who is the gentleman?"

"He whom they call McDonell. He had paralysis some time ago, and it touched his brain."

The doctor rose in astonishment, and the whispered words of Killany on that day when he had ridden with him from McDonell's to the office came back to his memory. He had heard rumors, but nothing so decided as Quip's information.

"Are you sure of the man, Quip—quite sure?"

"Morally certain, sir. Wasn't I there last night at the prettiest row that ever took place outside of an asylum? They have had the old gentleman under guard for some days. Only yesterday he began to suspect that all wasn't well with him in the upper regions, and he gets suspicious of every one in an instant. The doctors had forbidden visitors. One came just after I got

back from the carnival, and was inquiring of the servant all about it, when out bounced the old chap like a fury, choked the servant, kicked the visitor because he was slow in admitting his sanity, and was rushing at his valet when I tapped his arm, caught him as he turned, and laid him on his back. Then I sat on him.

"'You're not mad,' says I.

"'I know it, villain!' says he.

"'But you're acting mad,' says I again, 'and that is just as foolish. Now, if you will go to your room sensible, and even gay, I will let you up.'

"'You're right,' says he. 'I'll do it.'

"And so he did quite reasonably. It was a sight to see the servants, who had been looking on, skurry through the door when he shook his finger at them, and the valet's knees tremble when he looked at him. His daughter came in then, and he called her into the library. She was rigged out—oh! but I remember you were her escort and don't stand in need of a description. At any rate she didn't look so sweet coming out as when she went in, and the upshot of it is that there is to be an examination today by the doctors, and you are one of the gang. Then, I suppose, comes a writ *de lunatico*, and our old gentleman is whipped off to the asylum. Fine thing, this insanity."

Mr. Quip returned to his book and the doctor withdrew to the inner office, unaccountably troubled and disturbed. He had no idea of the extremity to which Nano's father had been reduced, and it smote on him awkwardly that she should have accompanied them to the carnival while he was in such a sad condition at home. He had not known from Olivia the exact relations which these two held to each other, or he might not have allowed the fact to make such an impression on him; but having some rigid notions on the Fourth Commandment, even the admiration he felt for her could not lessen the imprudence of her conduct in his eyes. A note came from Killany after office-hours, requesting him to come to McDonell House without delay. It was noon, and he hastened away directly. He knew that the examination was to take place, and he felt some anxiety and considerable curiosity as to the result. In the drawing-room of McDonell House he met two medical gentlemen, experts in detecting the presence of insanity, and of some fame in their own districts. Killany was in the upper rooms with Nano, and Olivia too, for he heard her voice on the stairs. Presently Killany entered, bland, smooth, and dignified as usual.

"A rather sad case, gentlemen," he said in tones of studied professional grief; "violent at times even to his daughter, but for the most part melancholy."

The experts looked at each other significantly.

"He could not be in a worse condition," said Doctor B.

"Melancholy madness is the rock of our profession," echoed Doctor C.

"We have thought it best," continued Killany, as if in explanation to Fullerton, "that but one of us should visit him at a time. We can compare notes afterwards. Will you be so kind, Doctor B., as to take precedence?"

"If you wish it," replied the doctor, and under the guidance of a servant he proceeded to the library.

McDonell showed no surprise, or interest, or alarm at the appearance of the visitor. He was not aware of the object of the visit, and was not prepared to give the matter the attention it deserved. It so happened that the moment chosen for the examination was most fortunate for Killany and most disastrous to McDonell. A combination of circumstances had arisen to aid the devil in the crime to be committed that day. The appearance of the invalid, worn and exhausted as he had been by disease, was not favorable. His thin, pallid face and trembling, unsettled manner, his frequent sighs and moody expression, his inattention and discourtesy, his rapid, shifting, sidelong glances, his neglected toilet, were circumstances not calculated to remove preconceived notions of insanity. The sorrows and dangers pressing around him, surging at his feet like the waves of an angry ocean, had driven him into a state of mind for the time akin to madness. He was cunning enough to have defeated the malice of his enemies in this examination, had he suspected its ultimate object. He paid no attention to his visitor, and to his cautious questions gave gruff, incoherent, and inapposite answers, staring at him sometimes insolently, burying himself in the papers for a moment, wringing his hands convulsively as if in strong mental agony, and altogether behaving as much like a madman as a sane man could. Doctor B. left him with a decided conviction of his insanity, but he classed it as a mild though obstinate species. The second expert returned with a similar opinion, as he met with a similar reception.

Since Dr. Fullerton's opinion went for little or nothing against the testimony already given by the experts, Killany cared not what he thought or said; but for the sake of appearances he followed the example of the others and proceeded to interview the

patient. It was a surprise to him that he had been appointed an examiner, and he felt that it was less out of good-will to himself than to give an air of strict legality and impartiality to all the proceedings. However, he determined to do in all honesty and earnestness his share of the work. McDonell paid no attention to him until it occurred to his sensitive but dazed mind that the number of his medical visitors was strangely increasing, when he said, without looking up:

"Are there any more of you?"

"I am the last," answered the doctor in tones of the gravest, most respectful pity. "I hope you do not consider my presence an intrusion."

The merchant did not at once reply. A spasm of pain for an instant contracted his face and a shiver crept through his half-dead limbs. He turned his head toward the doctor with a dilating horror in his eyes. A glance at his examiner did not seem to reassure him. He put out his hands feebly, as if to wave him from his sight.

"Away, away!" he said hoarsely. "It is enough to disturb my sleeping hours with your dread presence; do not make the day hideous. I will do justice to your children, if they live. Have I not been trying hard—hard—hard? But the devil, who sends you to torment me, is plotting against me. Why do you come too? There are many who will make me mad without your assistance. Away, away!"

And he groaned and pushed his hands against the empty air, as if thrusting from him a heavy body.

"You mistake," said the doctor gently, "if you think there is here another besides myself."

"Do I not know your voice? How often have you stood beside my bed when I was weak and helpless, and mocked me! Go! in Heaven's name, go! Do I not suffer enough with my daughter and the devil leagued against me? Away!"

He had worked himself into a frightful state of feeling. His eyes were starting, his face was flushed and swollen. The doctor rose hastily and left the room.

"Well?" said Killany, when he entered the parlor.

"Mad," said Fullerton briefly—"violently mad."

"Ah!" And Killany smiled in an ambiguous manner, and turned to the other physicians: "Let us compare notes, gentlemen, and then settle on our report."

It was very neatly and even facetiously done over a decanter of Burgundy. The four medical gentlemen gave it as their

opinion that McDonell was hopelessly insane, and recommended immediate consignment to an asylum.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

KILLANY came up-stairs, after the consultation was over, to announce the result to Nano. As she was quite prepared for it, there was no display of emotion. Her face was pale enough to suit the rôle of grief-stricken daughter, and its helpless, blind despair was gracefully interpreted by Olivia from her Christian standpoint. It would be a thankless task to follow the drift of Nano's thoughts for the last few weeks. They had been like rudderless vessels on a stormy sea and she the watcher on the shore, seeing them vacantly wander one by one into the harbor or founder in mid-ocean, and keeping no account. She tried hard to be gay, to act as if the most ordinary events were happening, and she one on whom sorrow, having lightly touched, passed by and left behind no traces. In vain, all in vain. At no time or place could she have been or felt more desolate. A great gulf—the gulf of crime, which no repentance could ever close and make as if it had not been—lay between her and Olivia and Olivia's brother; between her and the society she worshipped; between her and everything that was good and beautiful on earth. If there were devils she had kinship with them. She had taken her place with Killany, and in that rested her condemnation. The high-born lady had stooped to the worthless adventurer. Yet she had done no legal sin. Her father had been pronounced mad and sent into retirement by responsible physicians. The law could not reach her, but conscience could and did. It tore at her heart like a vulture, and the agony threw a mist over whatever her eyes fell upon. Her books and her philosophies seemed fit only for the fire. They had not helped her one iota in her fight with temptation. Her theories had lost their foundation—pride in her own virtue. The virtue being fled, pride and its superstructure of deceit and rambling, cultured falsities tumbled to the ground. Human beings, even jail-birds, had got into an extraordinary perspective, and towered down from an unusual moral height upon her littleness.

Olivia, her brother, and her lover seemed high as the heavens compared to her. Killany alone preserved his proper dimen-

sions, and she had reached his level. There was more meaning and more humiliation almost in that simple, disgusting fact than in her sin.

"In a few days," Killany said, "the legal formalities will be ended."

"It is all in your hands," she replied shortly, and with so evident a desire to be rid of him that he took his leave forthwith.

"I cannot resist," she said afterwards to Olivia, "the temptation to show likes and dislikes after your blunt fashion. I am utterly unstrung, and have not the patience to do these things with society tact and discretion. Perhaps I am more sincere."

"I am afraid not," said Olivia. "It is so much to your taste and so much a part of your nature to do things after a society model that any new departure savors of hypocrisy. I give you credit for sincerity in this case. But, O Nano! is not this a terrible misfortune which has befallen you?"

"Terrible is not the word," answered the lady, clasping her hands with convulsive strength. "It is crushing. It has lain on me as a mountain would ever since the awful possibility first appeared, and, though I have tried to shake it off, it still clings to me with fatal stubbornness. I doubt if I ever recover from it."

They were speaking, and Nano alone knew it, of very different things. Olivia alluded to McDonell's insanity, the lady to her own crime.

"There is nothing in it so bitter," Olivia hastily replied, struck by the expression of her friend's countenance, "that you need mourn for ever. It is very painful, and you don't know how sorry I am for your trouble."

"It is not so much a trouble as it is a stain on our name. You know what absurd prejudices the world has on this point. In a measure they are behind the savages, our cultured citizens. If they can say, 'Her father is in an asylum, crazy as a loon,' they are satisfied. I do not give a snap of my finger for their criticisms or cynicism. They will always be civil enough to me personally, but it takes considerably from one's standing. It was only since his sickness that I began to have a real affection for my father, and I could now wish that it had remained as it had been. I would not endure such suffering as I endure at this moment."

Again she spoke with a meaning hidden to Olivia.

"Sentiments of this kind," said the fearless girl, "sound very meanly in my ears, Nano—"

"What sentiments do not when uttered by one of our school?"

"It is your misfortune, and quite often your fault, that you choose for admiration some of the very worst kind. It is a fatality among you. But I didn't come here to scold, only to cry with you."

"I have no tears," said she, with a chilly smile. "I cannot weep, unless it be for myself. Often the bars of an asylum hold more satisfaction, and peace, and goodness than the plate-glass of a mansion like this. I wonder would my father change places with me?"

"With you, Nano!" cried her friend, quite shocked.

"Ah! I was rambling, was I not? Yet, crazy and all as he is—"

"No, not crazy," said a cold, quiet, hard voice from the door, "but wronged, cruelly, deeply wronged, and by his own child."

McDonell was standing there with his fiery eyes glaring upon them, but his face was calm in expression, his manner was no longer nervous and hurried, and altogether he looked more like the cool-headed business man of old than he had done since his illness. Nano's presence of mind did not forsake her at this untoward incident. She retained her seat, determined to face the present danger with all her nerve and impudence. But Olivia, startled beyond measure by his appearance and his words, grew pale and flushed by turns, and stood looking helplessly from one to the other.

"If you wish to speak to me, father," said Nano gently, "pray return to your own room, and I will follow at once. For the present respect our guest, Miss Fullerton, so much as to leave instantly."

"I do respect her so much," he answered calmly, "that I shall not go till I have made known to her what a wretched thing it is she loves and regards in you. I beg of you to be calm, Miss Fullerton, and to fear nothing from me. A commission of some kind is about to make me out crazy, I believe, and in a few days I shall be consigned to an asylum, there to end a very miserable life. It is her doing," and he pointed his outstretched arm at the defiant and indifferent woman. "She, my child, my daughter, to retain this ill-gotten wealth of mine, has put me in such a position that no word or writing of mine can have the least value before the law. Oh! beware of her, young lady. Never did serpent wear a smoother guise than this. Never did a sepulchre look more beautiful. Beware of her!"

"You are not yourself, father," said the lady, still calm and unmoved. "You have told my friends this same story many times in a few days, and it has but injured yourself. You wish to appear reasonable, and your mad words carry only a surer conviction of your insanity to those who know you. Pray retire to your room."

He would have spoken had not his attendants suddenly entered and forced him out of his daughter's presence. True to a certain line of conduct which he seemed to have adopted, the old gentleman did not attempt to resist this violence, but went away with the attendants quietly, leaving two frightened women behind him.

"You see, Olivia," said Nano, with a dejected air, "what I am called on to endure daily. Regularly I have had those reproaches flung at me. He has gone over the same catalogue of my offences—it is very long when given in full—sometimes in his own room or mine, and often before witnesses. I have concealed it as much as possible from the outside world. I did wish very much to conceal it from you."

"I will forget," said Olivia quickly. "But that he should turn on you of all others!"

"It is the worst feature of his madness, and through all his sickness I was his most devoted and tireless attendant. He would have none other. But let us dismiss so sad a subject."

"And myself at the same time," said Olivia, rising to go. "Good-by, dear, and God give you strength to bear this suffering! Ah! Nano, if you knew him as you should, this hour would not seem so dark. The sympathy which men cannot give, which would reach into the depths of your soul as rain into the earth, would be yours. You seem to go further from him every day. Good-by."

As before, Nano managed to avoid kiss and hand-clasp from her friend. Smiling, she said:

"If it would please you I could almost believe in your beautiful superstitions. But I know that you want conviction of their truth as well as of their beauty, which in all honesty I cannot give."

Olivia went away sadly troubled about many ill-defined things. The scene with McDonell left a dark impression on her mind and gave rise to an unconscious suspicion against her friend.

"His own daughter!" she thought. "Oh! if my father were alive"—and a sudden pang shot through her heart at the recollection of Killany's slanders—"and he should fall into the same state,

I think that, no matter how fierce he might be towards others, with me he would be always gentle. And yet I have heard that the insane do the most shocking things even to those whom they have best loved."

Three days later the arrangements, legal and otherwise, for McDonell's removal to the asylum were completed, and Nano and Killany were appointed administrators and guardians of the estate. Killany himself, in his graceful and delicate fashion, had informed McDonell of the decision of the law and of the hour of his departure, and the unfortunate man had asked mildly to see his daughter once again before he set out for his new home. He made no outcry, uttered no reproaches. His resignation was complete. He had thought deeply since the first intimation of his enemies' designs. They had the start in the race. He knew that no violence of his could now undo their work, no court would make him sane again under the damning evidence of the last few weeks. Therefore the wisest and best plan of action was to proceed with extraordinary patience and caution; as he had been accustomed to do in the height of his business fame, to perform every act with almost superhuman carefulness and precision, and thus force upon observers the truth of his sanity. At first he could not think with equanimity of accepting his dreadful fate and the degradation of being housed with madmen. When that feeling had worn away a hope sprang up in his heart that his daughter might yet be merciful, and, pitying his age and his many infirmities, refuse at the last to send him to the prison of despair. It was rather chimerical, and so he understood it. He forced himself to accept his coming imprisonment as an accomplished fact, and formed in detail the scheme by which he was to liberate himself from the toils. It was the bite of the serpent to him that he had rejected the great opportunity of confessing to the priest during his illness. He felt that his present suffering was the first and perhaps final instalment of the vengeance of God for that insult, and he prepared to receive it with resignation, filled with a sense of its justice and necessity. The calmness of that day was his first step towards liberty. He felt hope's sweet assurance in his breast. If he could but maintain that demeanor through every trial, carrying it to the extraordinary degree which his position demanded, he might reasonably expect to be restored to freedom in a very short time. The thought of the intervening days of horror would have been too much for him had he allowed his mind to dwell on them, but he resolutely turned away when they presented themselves.

As he had requested, Nano came to the library a few moments before his departure. Her great self-command was never more severely tried than on this day. Her face still wore its old pallor, but her eyes and features were expressive of no emotion, and she took a seat before him as if the circumstances were the most ordinary of her life. This would have angered him had he been open to passion. Since passion was forcibly dead in him, he passed it over in silence.

"I know scarcely why I have called you," he said, with an ease of manner and expression that staggered her, "and hardly know what I am to say to you, except it be to say farewell. I can imagine that you have thought long and carefully on the deed which is to be consummated to-day. One does not deliberately settle down to the commission of a desperate act without long consideration of the difficulties which may surround it. I did not when I stole from two little orphans the thousands which you steal again at this later date. Among my many apprehensions was not that of imprisonment in a lunatic asylum. You have done well. You are as successful as I was, and you may be as unsuccessful as I am. In me see the end of all iniquity. You triumph for to-day, and to-morrow your hour will come. But you have thought of these things, no doubt, and I but waste breath in pointing out to you the future consequences of your crime. I wish to tell you from my very heart I forgive you for all you have done. I was wicked, and God has chosen to punish me in a most terribly just way through you. I submit to his will. You and I will never meet again. The grave is my next resting-place. I wish to assure you of one thing, and to warn you against another. I shall never raise my hand against you nor speak one word that could result in harm to you. The secret of our sins and misfortunes shall never have mouth with me, except in so far as it is necessary to right the wronged. Beware of Killany. He has lured you into a great snare, and, although I have confidence in your ability to match him, I tremble knowing to what lengths he can dare to go. Guard your good name and your fortune securely from him. Prepare yourself also for suffering. You have only staved off, after my foolish manner, the evil day. May you never know a jot of the suffering I have known!"

He did not say farewell, nor look at her, nor motion her to go. It required a strong effort to keep his emotions in check, and he did not dare to note the effect of his words. She was amazed at his language, and a very tempest of feeling seemed threatening to overpower her resolution.

"You need not go," said she in a low voice. "It is in your power to remain. Say that this idea of restitution was only a fancy, consent to such conditions as I may impose, and you have freedom, and home, and daughter left to you still."

"That cannot be," he answered grimly. "I go to the asylum."

"It is a terrible place," she continued, hopefully attempting to work on his fears—"a place of hideous sights and sounds, where the old and enfeebled, and often the strong, though never so sane, are sure to lose their wits in time. Its mournful silences, broken only by yells, and howls, and wailings, its hopelessness—for he who enters there leaves hope behind—are appalling. Can you think of enduring all this when one word might save you?"

"You make a good tempter," he said, with a smiling, sidelong, cynical glance at her. "Respect yourself and your pride, which I once thought strong enough to support the devil. In the silence of that place I shall have sweeter peace than you in the midst of a ball-room rout. I shall take hope with me, for it never deserts the Christian. And I can think of enduring it all even with the knowledge of what would save me. It is you who condemn me to all this misery."

"Rather it is yourself. The law has been my champion against your madness."

"Do you think that will save you from remorse? Not if every judge and physician in the land ratified your conduct."

"You do not wish, then, to save yourself?"

"Not wish! If it must be at the cost of a soul, no. It is horrible to think of the life I shall lead there—I, a poor old man, weighed down with age and disease—but it is not the greatest of misfortunes. I had no pity on others, nor did I spare them. Why, then, should I be pitied or spared?"

"There is pity for you, father," she said in tones so sweet, and tremulous, and loving that he turned towards her quickly. "You are pitiless with yourself."

She seemed stirred, and there was a nameless something in her glance that inspired him with a mad hope.

"I can never say what you want said," he half whispered. "You know my beliefs. But, O Nano! do not be so cruel; you—"

The encouraging light fled from her eyes, and she walked to the door. A fearful struggle was going on in his breast. His last sole hope was leaving him. His pallor grew deeper and his breath came in gasps. At that moment the jingle of sleigh-bells was heard on the avenue. The carriage was driving up to the

door, the carriage in which he was to be taken to prison, and with that fatal sound all his resolutions fled. Down on his knees he fell, the father before his child, his face streaming with tears, his hands clasped towards her, his old face agonized beyond the power of words to tell.

"Nano, my child, I cannot say that word, but oh! have mercy on your father."

The words went out to the walls. She had rushed from his presence like one demented, passing blindly the doctors and asylum officers in the hall, flinging aside the outstretched arms of Olivia waiting with pitiful face and eager heart to address and comfort her, and burying herself in the refuge of her own room. She took her station at the window, and watched with wild eyes the emaciated man who stood for a moment on the step awaiting with quiet dignity the disposition of the officers who had him in charge. Curious eyes were upon him, and he was not disturbed. There was no trace of the late trying emotion in his countenance. He stepped into the carriage with scarcely a glance around him, and so was led away to his dreadful prison, while she, with mad tossings and ravings, flung herself on the floor, crying:

"What have I done? what have I done?"

She lay there moaning as strong natures moan when once they have hopelessly burst their bounds, leaving a grief-stricken girl to stand amazed at the open door, then to close it with a pale countenance, and to go away abhorring that house on which seemed to have fallen the curse of God.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LULL AFTER THE STORM.

It was near the end of the month of February, and the winter began to show signs of breaking up its encampment in Canada. The Canadian world bore the event with composure. They were skilled in the peculiarities of their blustering friend, and knew that he would not, like the Arabs, fold his tents in the night and silently steal away. He gave long, comfortable warnings. If a sleighing-party was projected in early March it might be proceeded with as leisurely as in the depths of the season. There was no need of making all arrangements and completing them within two days. If the snow was scarce in the city the country could still afford enough for a cutter, and not infrequently, after a seemingly pronounced departure, the frosty old joker returned

suddenly for a positively last appearance, and played the mischief with Canadian tempers and Canadian spring costumes. The whirl and rush of pleasure still went on. The snow lay thick and the days were clear and sunshiny; parties and balls were as numerous as in the early season, and were quite as vigorously attended; the theatres were in full blast; the Saturday promenades distinguished by the usual number of well-dressed people, male and female simpletons being plentifully sprinkled about; and altogether the sea of fashionable society was tossing and raging with old-time audacity, bearing on its bosom the gayest of travellers, whose voices could be heard from ten o'clock of this morning until three o'clock of the next, and sometimes longer, if the champagne chanced to be plentiful.

The noise only of the tumult, the last ridge of the breakers, reached the highland of desolation and portentous quiet where the houses of the Fullertons and the McDonells stood. Sorrow and crime had drawn a cordon around those fated dwellings, beyond which the votaries of pleasure were not to go. Deeply they regretted it, so far as McDonell House was concerned; but the little dwelling which had been Olivia's pride was passed by with a supercilious stare or never approached at all. The transcendentalists were down in the mouth again. Destiny was at work to keep the goddess shut up in her shrine for that winter, and, having a high respect for the modern Fate, they bore the privation without a murmur. Nano was not at home for days after her father's departure for the asylum. How she spent the hours in the loneliness of the great house, unvisited even by Killany, God only knows. What sorrowful images must have surrounded her bedside in the darkness of night! What gloomy spectres and harsh meditations must have thrust themselves upon her by day! What bitter, hopeless regret for the past must have been hers; what hopelessness for the future, with the recollection of what she was, with the memory of what she had done, weighing upon her! The disgust which the sensitive soul suffers after a humiliating fall her soul enjoyed to its full measure, and the mournful consciousness that her crime could never be undone was the spectre which pointed and sneered at her from every side. Like Lady Macbeth, she washed her hands with dreadful persistency, rubbing, and moaning as she rubbed, dreading and knowing that they never would be clean; and, like the same strong-minded lady, she had unsexed herself and been filled from crown to toe with direst cruelty.

The last picture of an old man kneeling with streaming eyes,

agonized face, outstretched hands, and pleading voice would never be effaced from her brain. She saw it everywhere. In her sleep the sad cry, "Have mercy, my child, have mercy!" rang in her ears, and woke her to shiver and tremble and cower for the rest of the night. So the days passed by, full of untold misery and self-abasement.

When nature was exhausted with its own battlings she got relief. A dull indifference or stupor wrapped up thought and sensibility. Her frightful dreams departed; she began her old trick of sleeping like a child through the whole night; her appetite improved, and as a consequence her color came back and the old sweet gravity of her manner, which had been driven off for a time by the feverish gayety of despair. She put away her skeleton. It was obtrusive yet, but was growing stale from custom. A crime cannot haunt the criminal always. Physical weakness or repetition may bring it to the doors again; but bury the chances of ill-health and relapse into sin, and the blunted nature, like any deformed thing, will soon find relief. Perpetual dread, or fear, or sorrow is as impossible to man's animal nature as continual joy. Nano had found the relief of pure exhaustion, which would in time become perhaps more natural, and, mistaking it for the real article, congratulated herself on thus suddenly overcoming conscience, and began her preparations for enjoying to the utmost that wealth which she had so deeply sinned to save to herself. Her thoughts naturally turned to Olivia at the outset—her ideal of the beautiful and true in woman, and now become almost divine to her humiliated mind. Her friend had not called since—well, she could not remember the exact date, but it did not matter. Not matter? Stop! Was not Olivia in the hall that day when she came rushing like a madwoman from her father's presence? And Olivia, she recollected, had held out her arms, her pretty face all cast down with a friend's sorrow, and she had paid no attention to the offered sympathy. Was there any connection between that scene and Olivia's prolonged absence? Could she have any suspicion as to the true state of affairs with regard to McDonell? Her heart stood still. The only creature in the world that loved her to know of her guiltiness! Oh! it could not be; and her breath came in gasps, and she found herself suddenly brought back again to a consciousness of crime and of life in its present altered circumstances.

"If she knows," was her murmured comment on this painful suspicion, "then all is over between us. I can lay that dream of *love,* and friendship, and sisterhood aside for ever."

Then she tried to persuade herself that, with her wealth and power and personal qualities, she did not stand in need of the friendship of the Fullertons, that she was not dependent on any human creature for comfort or happiness; and she despised herself for the pangs which troubled her at the mere thought of losing Olivia. Pride was the lady's stumbling-block to faith and salvation. She felt but would not know the emptiness of her own utterances, and spoke them aloud, and tried to feel as if the great master of transcendentalism had himself spoken them.

That day, the sixth from her father's departure, Sir Stanley Dashington sent up his card. "Urgent" was marked on it, and she went down to the drawing-room at once to meet him, arrayed in a half-mourning costume, her lips and cheeks faintly touched with rouge to hide the evidences of long suffering.

"I am delighted to see you, Sir Stanley," said she, with an assumed lightness of tone and manner. "Do you know, you are the first of my friends to call on me since my late misfortune."

"I am glad to have the honor," replied the baronet, "and I assure you I was sorry to hear of that calamity to which you refer. It is a pleasure to see that you bear it with proper resignation. Will you pardon me if I say that I have another burden to lay upon your shoulders, and if I ask you to use your womanly instinct and influence in a case interesting to yourself, and to me doubly interesting?"

"Olivia?" said the lady, with quick comprehension and a change of color as rapid and marked as rouge would permit.

"Olivia," the baronet answered, "whose mysterious behavior during the past week has thrown her brother and me into consternation. What do you think of a naturally lively young lady, given to pleasure, to visiting, shopping, and gossiping, who retires suddenly from the world, receives no visits and makes none, remains obstinately enclosed within four walls, loses her appetite and probably her sleep, grows in consequence pale, nervous, and hysterical, yet pretends all the time that there is nothing wrong, and won't submit to cross-examination from brother or friend?"

The symptoms were so much her own that, struck with the similarity, Nano remained silent long enough to collect her wits together and make a suitable reply.

"We must get at the causes, of course," she said at last. "There must be reasons for so startling a change in the young lady. Perhaps, Sir Stanley, a good part of the remedy is in your hands."

The baronet shook his head mournfully.

"Do you think, if it were, I would not have discovered it before now and have used it to advantage? I offered her all I had—myself—and would you credit the result, Miss McDonell?"

"That she refused?—no."

"Oh! she did not refuse. I would have been in heaven now, if she had, or in Ireland. Nor did she consent. There were conditions, she said, and I must wait until circumstances in a certain case had decided one way or another. According to their going, so was mine to be. And the worst of it is, if I knew the circumstances I might give them the favorable turn; but I don't."

Again Nano was silent and disturbed. Could Olivia's distress be in any way connected with late events in her own household? It was difficult to see where any connection could exist, yet her mind, awaked to suspicion, was running after phantoms and hindered in its action by straws. She had forgotten the incident of the reception.

"I can suggest nothing, except that I go to her myself, and try to draw her from her seclusion and get her to confess the reason of this masquerading. In her case I can call it by no other name."

"Your plan is excellent, and the very one we wished to propose," said Sir Stanley. "In the doing of it I beg of you not to forget me."

"You have deserved too well of me to be forgotten."

"Accept my thanks; and when may we look for you? We are anxious that an end be put to this matter speedily."

"Ah! do not look upon my success as certain. I may fail more ignominiously than you. I shall go within two days."

"How can we ever thank you enough! Let me beg pardon for intruding upon you at such a time."

"You have done me a favor rather. I shall expect to see you soon again. Good-morning."

They parted with very different sentiments regarding the gentle girl whose condition occasioned them so much alarm.

From the night of the carnival Olivia had not ventured to walk abroad. The doctor's poison had already worked through the circles of the city, and as a consequence callers dropped off one by one, invitations dwindled down to nothing, and bows were so cool and cuts direct so numerous that she gave up her walks altogether in fear of meeting any of her acquaintances. Her brother was so wrapped up in his profession as rarely to enter society, and she thanked Heaven for that, he was so quick to discover any change in the countenance of Dame Society. It was

natural that the strain on her feelings should in a short time have an effect on her outward appearance. When she grew pale and heavy-eyed her brother wondered, commanded, scolded. When he saw her appetite failing, and discovered that she walked of nights or sat up in her room till the morning hours, he was positively furious; but neither affection nor authority could move this obstinate maid, and she continued her downward and dissipating courses. He tried strategy, and failed. He suggested removal to a fairer climate, and she refused to budge. In his despair, after consulting with the distracted Sir Stanley, he left the matter in the hands of Nano McDonell.

Olivia suffered still more under this well-meant persecution. Her object was to discover of herself, as Mrs. Strachan had directed, what papers or proofs her brother had of their legitimacy. If they were satisfactory the affair might be put in Harry's hands to be managed as he pleased, or Killany might be forced, through fear of an exposure, to retract his infamous slanders. If they were not, and none better could be obtained, Mrs. Strachan had no further advice to give. Her reticence was more suggestive than words. It meant social oblivion and disgrace for the Fullertons. The intentional slight which had been put upon Harry the night of the carnival, and which he, poor fellow! then misunderstood and afterwards forgot, delayed for a time her investigations. She was fearful of arousing his suspicions. He had suffered so much in his life that now, when Fortune seemed to smile on him, she dreaded anything occurring which might bring the care-worn lines into his handsome face again.

If it were possible she was determined to right the affair herself; but until matters had assumed a more tranquil appearance she did not venture to approach him on so delicate a subject. Continual anxiety, in the meantime, had brought about the change in her appearance. The doubt, and dread, and suspense of her position were harder to bear than actual disgrace, and she could not control her feelings or conceal them so thoroughly as Nano McDonell. And this elegant lady was another source of sorrow and anxiety for her tried heart. She did not exactly know what she feared. She was not sure of anything, and she hardly dared whisper to herself the awful suspicion which Nano's wild words and actions on a certain sad day had raised in her mind. A commission, of which her brother had been a member, had declared the merchant insane. She had not spoken to Harry about it. He seemed to take the affair as an ordinarily sorrowful event, and never alluded to it in a particular fashion. Yet the strange

words of Mr. McDonell on that morning when in her presence he had accused his daughter of being his enemy; the authoritative airs of Killany, and Nano's remark that the man was distasteful but useful; and, lastly, Nano's demeanor and mysterious agony and self-accusation on the day of her father's departure for the asylum, were links in a chain of premises whose conclusion forced itself upon her irresistibly, horror-stricken as she was at the thought of such unfaithfulness to her friend. That Nano, proud, beautiful Nano, could be guilty of so heinous a crime was almost impossible! And yet—and yet! The racking doubts never left her day or night, and an overpowering disgust for the friend who had loved and cherished her for many years began to steal into her heart. The dream of a union between her and Harry, formerly so pleasant and frequently indulged in, inspired her with the same feelings of revulsion. She wept over her unreasoning haste in thus condemning her friend unheard.

The opportunity of speaking to Harry on the all-important topic came at last on the evening of that day on which Sir Stanley had called upon Nano. Harry and she were sitting in the drawing-room, the doctor reading in high good-humor some magazine sketches, and she engaged with her sewing. Her thoughts were not on the reading, however, but on the conversation she was about to begin; and her heart beat almost to suffocation as the fated moment drew near. When the doctor had finished his article, and was commenting on it, she said in her quietest and most ordinary tone of voice:

"You never told me about that commission, Harry, of which you were a member a week ago, in the case of Mr. McDonell."

"What was there to tell?" said Harry, in bantering mood. "You know the result. He went off to the asylum a few days later, and it was the safest place for him, I should judge."

"I know. But you never told me of your own interview with him, and how he acted, and all those little particulars."

"You are after the gossip, I see. Well, I was greeted by the gentleman precisely as you would like to greet Killany. He never looked at me. When I began to speak a change came over his face. He seemed like one struck with mortal fear, accused me of haunting him at night and of being in league with his daughter, and cried, 'Go, go!' until I was forced to leave from a fear that he would injure himself by his excitement. Nothing was plainer than his madness, although he went off to his prison with much dignity. His attacks may be only periodic. There is hope for him in that case."

"Poor Nano!" sighed Olivia, much relieved, yet with doubt still tugging at her heart-strings. "To be so utterly alone!"

"I know others that were left most utterly alone," said the doctor, with a shadow on his face, "and there wasn't so much as a drop of sympathy ever given them. You never knew father, or mother, or fortune, child."

"Ah! but that fact makes my sorrow more easily borne," said this sweet diplomat, as if falling into a reverie. "How much I would give, though, to have a miniature of them, or a bit of writing, or some other memento!"

"Our good, mysterious guardian," answered the doctor savagely, "took care to remove all evidences of who and what we were, and several other things of equal value, if my child's memory serves me rightly."

"Do you remember *them*, Harry, and the guardian?" she asked with cunning indifference.

"Pretty well," he said musingly. "And we resemble our father mostly, for our mother was a dark-haired, sweet-eyed woman, very gentle, and loving, and commanding. She died very soon after our arrival in New York. I have a dim, confused recollection of the street we lived on, and of one shady spot in particular where I took you every day and cried quietly over our dead mother and dying father. It amused you, a two-year-old, so much that you forgot your own sorrows and vigorous yelling, and put up your pretty baby-hands to catch the tears and smooth and pet my wrinkled countenance. Boy-like, I laughed a minute later. Then a friend or relative came along, whom my father was very glad to see. He arranged matters, took all the papers and valuables, placed us a few hundred miles apart, and made himself invisible and unapproachable till this day. I would like to meet him."

"Do you think he took anything of value, Harry? Do you think there was anything of value to take?"

"I feel quite certain of it, and our guardian's manner since is conclusive. Why was he afraid to come forward as an honest man and claim his friend's children, whom he had voluntarily taken it upon himself to support and educate? He has hidden like a thief. He gave us a good education out of funds that were not his own, I'll be bound, since it is unfair to suspect him of so much generosity. Then he sent us adrift. He concealed his name and residence, and was careful to keep all avenues to discovery closed. We are not of noble birth, nor the victims of a romantic episode, nor likely to trouble him for what was not

owing to us from justice. Why, then, did he remain unknown, except through fear that we might make it hot for him hereafter? He took away all hopes of proving our own position to the world as the children of a Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton, who came from a southern country where they had been married, and died in New York. Olivia, we are not even sure of our names."

The color was not deep in her cheek at any time during these past few days, but it fled altogether at this crushing announcement. In vain she bent lower over her work to conceal the telltale expression of utter despair, and the pain that looked from her eyes. The doctor saw it, and, though excited in his grave way, mistook the cause of her emotion.

"There, I have frightened you," he said, with a sigh of relief, "and worked myself up to enthusiasm. But the consequences of our guardian's doings are not serious, and never will be. We shall get along quite as well, perhaps, as if burdened by exhaustive particulars with regard to our family. Perhaps our name was Sykes, or Wiggins, or Trigginbotham, or some other hideous combination of Anglo-Saxon roots, and our relatives might have been the veriest rascals that ever trod the earth. There is consolation to be derived from so frightful a negation as having no family."

She could not laugh at his absurd remarks. They had too much sorrowful meaning for her, lightly as they were uttered; but having recovered somewhat of her color and confidence, she asked:

"But if our good name were ever called in question, Harry? Suppose an instance in which we would be required to prove our legitimacy, and our relationship to those we call father and mother? If we were unable to do so would not the consequences then be frightful?"

"That is a different matter, and I have occasionally thought of it as a possibility. I have thought, too, of searching up the records, but want of time and want of money are great obstacles. And the search might prove fruitless. There was a neighbor in New York who attended on our father and mother in their last moments, and might know many useful things. But is she alive or dead? Proving our right to the name we carry would be a difficult but not impossible matter. I even doubt if we could do it at all, unless under very favorable circumstances."

This was the judge's sentence. She said nothing, and an icy feeling seemed crowding around her heart as if to shut off from it all warmth and joy for ever. There was, then, no answer for Killany's slanders, and before long Harry would learn the full

force of the calamity that had befallen them. The love which she had cherished in her bosom for the bright, bold Irish baronet had become a thorn to rankle there; and as for her brother, he need never turn his thoughts again to the woman who had won his heart. The doctor was musing and did not observe her silence or expression. Her pallor was deepening with every moment. Only the glow of the firelight and the shadow in which she partly sat availed to hide her mortal agony from his eyes.

"Ah! but these troubles," he said at last, "are only visionary. They are nothing compared to those which have passed or to those which are, and we can lay them aside until they present themselves. Olivia, I want your advice. My greatest trouble at present is that I am hopelessly in love."

"Have I not known that since the night on which I discovered the photograph you carried next your heart? If *she* knew that!"

"If she did," sighed he, "and appreciated it rightly, what a happy man this city would hold! I have hope."

"Of course. What lover has not, even where the differences are more telling? Income of the lover, two thousand; income of the lady, thirty thousand a year. According to reason, what are his chances?"

"Two out of thirty," he answered, "and that is very good."

"I have not compared your qualities with hers yet. Put them side by side, and what are your chances then?"

"Zero," he said humbly. "How you do pour on the cold water, Olivia!"

"It is best for you to know the worst before you feel it. I would not discourage you in your efforts, but do not be hasty. And now, if you will excuse, I will retire to bed. The clock is striking ten."

She had risen with averted face, put away her work, and tottered as far as the door, in hopes to escape without being observed.

"What a hurry you are in, when you know I wish to talk of the lady of my heart! Are you afraid that I shall make odious comparisons? What are you more than I that a baronet should stoop to honor you with a title and a rent-roll? Why could not Miss McDonell stoop to the poor physician as well?"

"The comparison does not exist," said she, opening the door. "I shall never marry Sir Stanley Dashington."

The door closed, and he heard her steps die away on the stairs and in the upper hall; and if ever a man was thunderstruck and completely overwhelmed it was Doctor Henry Fullerton.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ETHNOLOGIC STUDIES AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

THE Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute has been for the last decade doing good work in ferreting out, and reducing to a form in which the subject can be properly studied, the habits and customs of the aboriginal inhabitants of our broad continent. Three modest volumes have been issued lately, styled by their authors *Introduction to the Study of* 1, *The Languages of the Indians*, by Major J. W. Powell; 2, *The Sign-Languages of the Indians*, by Col. Garrick Mallery, U.S.A.; and 3, *The Mortuary Customs among the North American Indians*, by Dr. H. C. Yarrow, U.S.A.

In his preface to one of the volumes Major Powell, who is the chief of the Bureau, tells us that—

"Eleven years ago only, ethnological researches among the North American Indians were commenced by myself and my assistants while making explorations on the Colorado River and its tributaries. From that time to the present such investigations have been in progress." Besides his own labors, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institute has placed in the major's hands much material, collected by the collaborators of the Institute, relating to Indian languages and customs, to be used with his own researches in a series of publications. "The work," he says, "begun incidentally to a geographical and geological survey, has grown to such proportions that a large number of assistants are engaged. More than five hundred languages, belonging to seventy distinct stocks or families, are spoken by these Indians, and a like variety of subject-matter exists in other branches of ethnic research."

The brochure of Major Powell, the first of the series, is, he tells us, an enlarged edition of what was issued in 1877. It is not, he says, a philosophic treatment of the subject of language, nor is it a comparative grammar of Indian tongues; it is simply a series of explanations of certain characteristics almost universal in Indian languages.

The difficulty attending the study of an unwritten language is very great, inasmuch as the sounds must first be mastered and then committed to writing, and the simplest elements into which the sounds of a savage or barbaric language can be resolved are

often more complex than the elementary sounds of the English. Therefore in writing out an Indian tongue the Roman alphabet must be used without additions, each sound must have a letter of its own, and each character must be used to represent but one sound. Another requirement in this study is patience, as it is difficult to hold the attention of an Indian for any length of time, and, again, all has to be verified most carefully, lest some grim jesting of these sons of the forest pass undetected.

It has been the habit to decry the Indian languages as wanting in value as instruments for the expression of thought; but the student is soon surprised by the discovery that many of the characteristics of the classic languages which have been to a greater or lesser extent lost in the modern tongues have been preserved, and not only preserved but more highly developed than in the originals in the Indian. Major Powell sets forth the value of the Indian languages by comparing them with the English. In the former the nouns are connotive—*i.e.*, the name does something more than simply indicate the object to which it belongs: it also assigns it some quality or characteristic. As, for instance, the Ute name for bear is "he seizes" or "the hugger." In Seneca the north is "the sun never goes there." In the Pavänt language a school-house is called Pó-kûnt-ĭn-ĭñ-yĭ-kăn. The first part of the word, pó-kûnt, signifies "sorcery is practised," and is the name given by the Indians to any writing, because they first supposed it a method of practising sorcery; ĭn-ĭñ-yĭ is the verb signifying "to count," and the meaning of the word has been extended so as to signify "to read"; "kăn" signifies wigwam, and is derived from the word "kări," "to stay." Thus the literal meaning of the word is "a staying place where sorcery is counted."

Indian tongues are highly synthetic, for we find adverbs incorporated with verbs, and prepositions also so used. The voice, mood, and tense of verbs are expressed by the use of inflections or agglutinated particles. Pronouns also are incorporated in verbs. A Ponca Indian, remarking that "a man killed a rabbit," would be forced to utter the following rigmarole: The man, he, one, animate, standing (in the nominative case), purposely killed, by shooting an arrow, the rabbit, he, the one, animate, sitting (in the objective case). For the form of a verb "to kill" would have to be selected, and the verb changes its form by inflection and incorporated particles to denote person, number, and gender as animate or inanimate, and gender as standing, sitting, or lying, and case; and the form of the verb would also express whether the

killing was done accidentally or purposely, and whether it was by shooting or by some other process, and, if by shooting, whether by bow and arrow or with a gun; and the form of the verb would in like manner have to express all of these things relating to the object—that is, the person, number, gender, and case of the object; and from the multiplicity of paradigmatic forms of the verb "to kill" this particular one would have to be selected. When we consider the expenditure of breath and time it requires to make a simple remark like the above we cease to wonder at the taciturnity of the red man; on the contrary, we would be surprised that he could find listeners with sufficient leisure to keep up an ordinary conversation.

The second of the series of brochures is, Col. Mallery tells us, intended to indicate the scope of a future publication upon the same subject now in course of preparation by the Bureau, presumably under his direction. These few pages will give a glimpse of what is to come, and are an indication or suggestion of material and *modus operandi* to those to whom he looks for subject-matter. In glancing over them a vista of great interest in itself and relatively, as it brings before us other points to which the minds of most of us would never otherwise have turned, is opened. As Hamlet tersely puts it (slightly altered), "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy"; and having made that discovery, we should be unwilling to rest there, but at once set about mastering a field of research so near home before turning to others.

After a few pages serving as *l'envoi*, from which we shall epitomize, and which is such charming reading that we are tempted to resolve ourselves into Olivers and cry for "more!" Col. Mallery sinks himself in the editor of the vocabulary. He thinks, in opposition to an opinion generally claimed, "that the Indian sign-language is not a mere semaphoric repetition of traditional signals, whether or not purely arbitrary in their origin, but is a cultivated art founded upon principles which can be readily applied by travellers and officials so as to give them much independence of professional interpreters." Therefore an adept in this art should be able to make himself comprehended, without understanding a word of their language, by several different wild tribes of the plains, as did a professor in a deaf-mute college. And, of course, this advantage would extend to the savages of Africa and Asia.

Sign-language is the mother-language of Nature. Some of the enthusiasts in this study hold that it is superior to spoken lan-

guage in reality, and only seemingly inferior because it has not been brought to its final perfection. It certainly must be admitted that the elements of the sign-language are truly natural and universal; it also is self-interpreting, and in this power has an advantage over the spoken language, inasmuch as the latter requires it to assist in its interpretation to a great extent. Although it cannot be available without light, it is useful without sound; thus the one inconvenience is outbalanced by the advantage. Rapid as thought itself, when used by a proficient it is marvellous to witness the readiness with which it can be understood.

Picture-writing is another form of sign-language, and the only form in which the aborigines kept their records.

Of the grammar of signs Col. Mallery says:

"While the gesture-utterance presents no other part of grammar to the philologist besides syntax, or the grouping and sequence of its ideographic pictures, the arrangement of signs, when in connected succession, affords an interesting comparison with the early syntax of vocal language, and the analysis of their original conceptions, studied together with the holophrastic roots in the speech of the gestures, may aid to ascertain some relation between concrete ideas and words. Meaning does not adhere to the phonetic presentation of thought, while it does to signs. The latter are doubtless more flexible and, in that sense, more mutable than words, but the ideas attached to them are persistent, and, therefore, there is not much greater metamorphosis in the signs than in the cognitions. The further a language has been developed from its primordial roots, which have been twisted into forms no longer suggesting any reason for their original selection, and the more primitive significance of its words has disappeared, the fewer points of contact can it retain with signs. The higher languages are more precise because the consciousness of the derivation of most of their words is lost, so that they have become counters, good for any sense agreed upon; but in our native dialects, which have not advanced in that direction to the degree exhibited by those of civilized man, the connection between the idea and the word is only less obvious than that still unbroken between the idea and the sign, and they remain strongly affected by the concepts of outline, form, place, position, and feature on which gesture is founded, while they are similar in their fertile combination of radicals. For these reasons the forms of sign-language adopted by our Indians will be of special value to the student of American linguistics."

Col. Mallery contradicts the generally received idea that all the tribes of North America have had and still use a common and identical sign-language, of ancient origin, in which they can communicate freely without oral assistance. He continues:

"The fact that this statement is at variance with some of the principles and use of signs set forth by Dr. Tylor, whose chapters on gesture-speech

in his *Researches into the Early History of Mankind* have in a great degree prompted the present inquiries, does not appear to have attracted the attention of that eminent authority. He receives the report without question, and formulates it, that 'the same signs serve as a medium of converse from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico.' Its truth can only be established by careful comparison of lists or vocabularies of signs taken under test conditions at widely different times and places."

The result of his (Col. Mallery's) inquiries proves that the idea of *one* universal and absolute sign-language is, in its general assertion, one of many popular errors regarding the aborigines.

The writer closes with a long list of signs showing how many different ones indicate the same object, and giving the names of the tribes which use them. He also gives an anecdote which very amusingly illustrates the readiness with which some natures are willing to draw conclusions flattering to their self-love, or, as they believe, proving the truth of their own pet theories.

James I. of England, desiring to play a trick upon the Spanish ambassador, who was daft on the subject of sign-language, told him that there was a distinguished professor of that science in the university at Aberdeen. The ambassador set out at once for the place, but the king had sent instructions before. A butcher, one Gendy, in the town was blind of one eye; he was, however, a fellow of much wit. Him they dressed in wig and gown, and told that he must not open his lips; they placed him upon the professor's chair, and then introduced the ambassador, leaving them alone together. Presently the latter came out much pleased, claiming that his theory was demonstrated. "When I entered the room," said he, "I raised one finger to signify there is but one God. He replied by raising two fingers to signify that this Being rules over two worlds, the material and spiritual. Then I raised three fingers to say there are three persons in the Godhead. He then closed his fingers, evidently to say these three are *one*." The professors then sent for the butcher, who appeared very angry, and when questioned said: "When the crazy man entered the room he raised one finger, as much as to say I had but one eye; and I raised two fingers to signify that I could see out of my one eye as well as he could out of both of his. When he raised *three* fingers, as much as to say there were but three eyes between us, I doubled my fist, and, if he had not gone out of that room in a hurry I'd have knocked him down!"

In conclusion Col. Mallery says:

"In no other part of the thoroughly explored world has there been

spread over so vast a space so small a number of individuals divided by so many linguistic and dialectic boundaries as in North America. Many wholly distinct tongues have for a long, indefinite time been confined to a few scores of speeches verbally incomprehensible to all others on the face of the earth, who did not, from some rarely operating motive, laboriously acquire their language."

This multiplicity of tongues rendered a sign-language an absolute necessity—something which presented ideas in a tangible shape; and that this sign-language was copious and satisfactory Col. Mallery has shown in a most interesting manner. His larger work is to be looked for with much interest by those who have had the pleasure of glancing over this introductory, while the labor involved in its production can be approximately estimated.

THE VALLEY OF THE ARIÉGE.

Many delightful excursions can be made from the Baths of Ussat, a small watering-place in the Pyrenees, on the Ariége. The beauty of the fresh valleys secluded among the mountains, the pastoral character of the inhabitants and the poetic simplicity of their manners, the legendary chapels that consecrate so many picturesque spots and the unusual number of ruined castles on the mountain-spurs are constantly tempting you to explore in every direction. The castle of Lordat, for instance, so long the bulwark of this frontier, is not far off. It stands on the very top of a lofty, isolated peak, seemingly inaccessible, overlooking a wild gorge in whose gloomy depths rushes a fierce mountain torrent. Nothing could be more romantic than these majestic ruins, which bespeak the wealth and power of the ancient barons. The crumbling towers are often wrapped in clouds, and from their perilous height you look down through the rifts of the fleecy veil into delicious glens and valleys, now peaceful as the calm pastoral life of the inhabitants, but which resounded more or less with the din of arms for a thousand years. The valley of the Ariége, in fact, from its source at the foot of Pic Lanoux, on the confines of Andorre, to its junction with the Garonne not far from Toulouse, was the theatre of bloody wars not only in the

time of the Huguenots and the Albigenses, but as far back as the age of Charlemagne and the Moors. Not a walled town in all this region that has not undergone a siege; not a defile that has not witnessed a hand-to-hand fight for its possession. The ploughman, as he turns up the soil, still finds fragments of old armor once worn by Christian knights, and of weapons that, from their shape, were evidently fashioned by the Saracens. Everything speaks of past warfare. There are the remains of over a hundred castles that once defended these valleys, dismantled in the time of Richelieu. The very churches used to be fortified, and the cloisters rang not only with holy psalmody, but with the blast of trumpets and clang of arms. Many of the caverns still to be seen in the mountain-sides were also fortified, such as the Spoulgas * of Arnoulac.

The upper part of the Ariége is full of wild beauty, shut in as it is by the everlasting mountains. Ussat itself is walled in by precipitous cliffs of limestone, whose bare sides contrast admirably with the green valley kept fresh by the swift-running stream. In them are numerous caves, some with beautiful stalactites, others containing human remains and the bones of wild animals. Many of them were once occupied as a place of refuge from the enemy, and some are still inhabited, as may be seen from the windows here and there cut through the rock, and the smoke issuing from the crevices.

Below Ussat the river winds around the base of the lofty Mount St. Bartholomew, beyond which is Tarascon-sur-Ariége in a basin formed by the union of several valleys. This has been considered an important post ever since the Roman conquest, because it commands three roads to Spain by the ports of Siguer, Auzat, and Mérens, as well as the control of the iron-mines up the Vicdessos, which have been worked ever since the time of the Phœnicians. Here the Romans established a colony and set up defences on the heights, showing themselves by no means indifferent to the temperature and beauty of the places they selected. The basin itself is lovely, being watered by four mountain streams that go wandering off 'mid clumps of alders, willows, and poplars. Through the very town flows the *gave* of Vicdessos, spanned by a bridge with three bold arches. At the north is a mountain sheltering it from pernicious winds. The mountains at the south are now bare of all vegetation, but were once covered by the oak, holly, and box. One gray detached peak of limestone rises near the town, on which are the remains of the

* A name derived from *spelunca*, signifying a cave.

massive Celtiberian castle of Quié, a gloomy hold bespeaking the primitive rudeness of the old mountaineers. In the distance you can see the ruins of the castles of Calames and Miramont, two ancient sentinels of the mountain-passes. Calames is on the cone-like mountain of Rabat, the top of which is shaped like the ancient *calamus*, or pipe, whence the name. This castle is said to have been founded by the Romans, and has played an important *rôle* in the history of the country, especially during the Carlovingian period. All the castles of this region are on precipitous heights admirably situated for hurling down showers of stones on the enemy—a favorite mode of defence in former times.

The valley of the Vicdessos is also most interesting to explore. It is hedged in by bare, calcareous cliffs, with feudal towers here and there on the summits, such as the castle of Miglos, whose frowning walls hang over a deep ravine very striking to the imagination. Everywhere are forges and iron-works, giving a peculiar physiognomy to the landscape, as well as life and activity, greatly increased by the advent of railways. At the junction of the Vicdessos and Ariége, just south of Tarascon, where you enter the gorges of Ax and Niaux, the mountains gradually descend, and at the foot, where the rivers unite, the Romans are said to have erected an altar or temple, and beyond is the grotto of Sabar, one of those caves sacred to the Iberians, who counted among their divinities the *peyros roüsados*, or cliffs hollowed out by the action of water. The ancient inhabitants of the Pyrenees, in fact, not only honored the great features of nature, such as mountains, torrents, and lakes, but the action of water on the rocks and the winds in the forest, which impressed their imagination and filled them with awe. They paid homage to all that was threatening and imposing in this sublime region, and, with the instinct of self-preservation, sought to propitiate the mysterious power of the elements. Many of their religious rites were performed in the mountain-caves, like that of Lombribo near the Pass of Sabar—a name that recalls the worship of Ilhumber, associated with mystery and horror on account of the human remains found in the cavern, though they might have been those of refugees from the Moors.

Several old legendary writers, and Silius Italicus after them, have related how Hercules, crossing the mountains on his way to Spain to vanquish Geryon and bear off his cattle, arrived at the court of Bébryx, king of these valleys, who received him with great honor in the cave of Tarascon—that is, in the grotto of Lombribo. Hercules became enamored of Pyrène, the king's

fair daughter, and won her affections, but soon abandoned her to continue his journey with as much obduracy as if frightful Caucasus had brought him forth amid its hard rocks, and Hyrcanian tigers had given him suck. *Infelix Dido!* The forsaken princess hid herself from the anger of her father among the gloomy forests, which she made resound with her woes. She called upon the trees beneath which she had wandered with her perfidious lover, the caves that bore testimony to his secret vows, and the sun that witnessed her wrongs. The raging winds bore her cries across the mountains over which he had gone. The remembrance of the abandoned princess haunted the guilty soul of Hercules, and at his return he was desirous of repairing her wrongs. But it was too late. She had fallen a prey to the wild beasts. In his rage he uprooted the very forest, slew the ferocious animals, and disembowelled the mountains, filling them with his cries of despair and making them resound with the name of his lost Pyrène—a name succeeding ages have taken up, giving it to the entire range. This is, of course, a lingering tradition of ancient Phœnician enterprise in this region.

A great number of places in the valley of the Ariége perpetuate the remembrance of its occupation by the Moors, such as the tower of Maoü Nègre on a height near Tarascon, and the Moorish hold of Roquemaure, called Roco Marlo by the people, now in ruins, on the top of the bare peak of Génat up the Vicdessos, lost, as it were, in the clouds. The Moors held possession of this region about seventy years, and not only swept away the villages, churches, and convents of the despised Christians, but nearly every vestige of the temples, villas, and monuments left by the Romans. The people took refuge in the caves and fastnesses of the mountains. No wonder that Charlemagne, who delivered them from the Saracens and restored them to their valleys, should be regarded as the type of civilization and progress, as Hercules was long before him. From the abbey of La Grasse to the pass of Roncesvaux the name of this great deliverer is still repeated—the hero of a thousand legends. Everywhere is found the name of Carol, as the Tour de Carol among the mountains; Carolcast, where he had an encampment, near Celles; and the cone-like Roc de Carol beside the meadow of Amplaing, where stands a votive church to celebrate his victory. On the right shore of the Ariége, opposite Sabar, is a meadow called the Prat, or Pré, Lombard, where, according to tradition, the Lombards in the service of Charlemagne encamped. Here is

a spring that issues from a rock beneath the chapel of St. Pierre, where pilgrims come to make ablutions as salutary to the body, if not to the soul.

The night after Charlemagne's great victory over the Moors in the plain of Tarascon, unable to sleep, he went forth, in spite of the storm and pitch-darkness, armed and mounted on his steed, to visit the outposts. A faithful squire accompanied him. All at once his horse refused to move in spite of rein and spur, and, looking up, the mighty conqueror beheld Our Lady, luminous and radiant with beauty. But the vision was only vouchsafed for a moment. The next morning a statue of brass was found buried on the spot, which they set up on a stone inscribed by some mysterious hand with the name of Our Lady of Victory. The king carried it to Foix, but it returned to the lonely place where it was first discovered, and here a church was built and an annual rejoicing appointed on the 8th of September to commemorate the great victory of Tarascon. Such is the legend of the noted church of Sabar, which is reckoned among the historic monuments of France. Three other churches were founded by Charlemagne in this region to perpetuate the memory of his victory over the Moors—at Amplaing, Celles, and Foix, where likewise a yearly festival was appointed in thanksgiving on the 8th of September. In the middle ages a victory was generally commemorated, not by some monument to human glory, but by a church or monastery wherein He to whom belongeth victory might be continually praised. So it was with any deliverance. Here at Tarascon, for instance, was built the chapel of St. Roch, once only fifteen feet square, but now a spacious edifice, out of gratitude for the cessation of a pestilence called the *Maichant mal.* The church of Notre Dame de Sabar was so popular from its foundation in the eighth century that it became the centre or capital of the surrounding valleys, which soon acquired the name of Pagus Sabartensis. A military post was established at Sabar to watch over the passes to Spain. Some say Charlemagne confided these defiles to the guardianship of a kind of military monks, who exerted a civilizing influence over the people. From them the Templars were afterwards modelled. Excavations around the church of Sabar have brought to light such a number of old stone sarcophagi as to make some suppose it once a populous town; but it was, in fact, the favorite burial-place of the whole country around. A large basilica in the Roman style was built here in the eleventh century, and acquired such pre-eminence that several popes conferred on it special privileges, and the incumbent was

styled arch-priest. Pope Honorius III. made it a place of refuge and exemption during the religious wars, even should the country be laid under an interdict. This was done by a bull to Robert of Foix in 1224:

> "Should the country be smitten with a general interdict, the church and village of Sabar, with their dependencies, shall be exempt. The divine offices may be celebrated in the church after excluding the excommunicated and those under the interdict, but in a low tone, with closed doors, and without ringing the bells. . . . We also decree that any one, according to his wish or devotion, may receive funeral honors unhindered in this church, provided that while living he was not under interdict or excommunication, and reserving the rights of the church to which the body of the defunct belongs."

Everything contributed to make the church of Sabar popular and attractive: its origin, its legend, the splendor of the majestic edifice, the imposing ceremonies, the papal privileges, and the miraculous Madonna. It was surrounded by wild cliffs, and the ceaseless roar of the torrent of Vicdessos, which almost encircled it, could be heard in the church. There were picturesque processions from the mountains on certain festivals, as at the Annunciation. On Christmas eve the shepherds used to come to offer the firstlings of their flocks. The pious peasants of the valleys of Vicdessos, Ax, and Massat came in throngs to pray the Bonne Dame de Sabar. They used to ascend the rampe of the church on their knees. Throughout the country the people only swore by Nostro Dameto de Sabar.

This venerable church was pillaged by the Albigenses in the thirteenth century, and again by the Huguenots in the sixteenth. The latter not only stripped it of all its valuable ornaments and artistic riches, but sapped the walls and profaned the tombs, and for a long time the ruins were a refuge for banditti, who made it a place of terror. The Huguenots had previously got possession of the castle of Tarascon by treacherous means, and before the Catholics could arm themselves they were overpowered and slaughtered. This was September 27, 1568. The streets were heaped with dead bodies weltering in their blood. A holy priest from Ornolac, celebrated as a preacher, was at prayer in the church of Notre Dame de la Daurade. His friends warned him of his danger, but he wished to celebrate Mass in order to gain strength for whatever might befall him. He completed the Holy Sacrifice, and, still clothed in his alb, was making his thanksgiving on the steps of the altar when he was seized by the collar, dragged into the street, and thrown into prison, where he was

tightly bound with cords, beaten, sentenced to death, and finally carried to the top of the frightful peak on which stands the ancient castle of Tarascon overlooking the Ariége. Here they tied up the skirt of his alb, filled it with stones, and precipitated him with a kick into the gulf of Las Madres. Three days after his body reappeared on the surface of the water, bloody and lifeless, and was secretly borne away by some pious Catholics at the risk of their lives, and buried in the church of Sabar. We are sorry to say that when the royalists regained the castle they slaughtered the Huguenots and cast a large number into the gulf to avenge the death of the holy priest of Ornolac.

The people wept over the ruins of the church of Sabar, and, as soon as it was restored, flocked as of old to the venerated sanctuary to feast, as it were, the Virgin so long exiled. The ancient customs revived, and the reputation of the church as a place of peculiar sanctity spread far and near. Père Amillat, a regular canon of St. Augustine in the seventeenth century, composed a graceful, naïve ballad in the idiom of the people which embodies the legend and history of the church. It begins thus:

> "Bel noum que réjouis
> Tout aqueste pays,
> Damo de la bictorio,
> S' aben pax et santat,
> A Diou ne sio la glorio
> Et à bostro bountat!"

The church of Notre Dame de Sabar was never more popular than in these days. There is a wild, picturesque beauty about the spot, and the rural processions issuing from the fresh, shadowy valleys in the early mornings of spring-time, with their gay banners and touching canticles, are extremely poetic. But the great festival of the year is on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, which generation after generation have come here to celebrate, with a few sad intervals, in commemoration of the victory of Charlemagne over a thousand years ago.

M. Garrigou, the learned historian of the Pays de Foix, shows a striking similarity between the early history of this region and that of the adjacent country of Andorre, and the identity of their political traditions. The Pagus Sabartensis was also a kind of republic with its own laws and customs. Charlemagne respected the rights of both these provinces, and guaranteed their independence as a reward for their supplies in his war with the Moors. Louis le Débonnaire confirmed his decrees. For sev-

eral centuries the country of the Sabartes, sheltered by the mountains and almost impenetrable forests, enjoyed their liberties, but was finally absorbed into the Comté of Foix.

The counts of Foix, so celebrated for their chivalric deeds, descended from the old kings of France, to an offshoot of whom Charlemagne confided the Marches of Gascony. This was Artagalard, a direct descendant of Clotaire II., from whose son Wandrille sprang, in a direct line, Arnaud of Comminges, lord of the castle of Foix in the twelfth century. He married Arsinda, heiress of Carcassonne. It was their grandson who swept away the independence of this region and made it a part of the new Comté of Foix.

The valley of the Ariége between Tarascon and the town of Foix loses somewhat of its wild, Alpine character. The roads are excellent and dazzling white from the limestone rocks that macadamize them. The slopes of the hills are covered with grain. The vines are trained over great heaps of boulders with a pole set up in the centre, producing the effect of so many leafy bowers, charming to the eye. On the way you should turn aside to pay homage to Our Lady in the votive chapel in the meadow of Amplaing where Charlemagne set up an encampment. Not far off, on a lofty peak, stands Castelpennent, noted in the history of the country. About six miles from Foix, a little to the right, is the antique chapel of Notre Dame de Celles on the declivity of a mountain that shuts in the charming valley of St. Paul de Jarrat at the southeast, overlooked by the ruined towers of Carolcast and St. Paul. Pilgrims used to ascend the flinty path on their knees, stopping to pray at the fourteen oratories on the way. Now there is a good road, and people walk up at their ease; but it is still considered a place unusually favored by God, and there is a crowd here every morning from St. Ann's day till the first of November, sometimes amounting to twenty thousand people in a season. There is also a sacred fountain.

The town of Foix itself is not remarkable, but a feudal, picturesque aspect is given it by the old castle which towers above on an enormous cliff, inaccessible on every side except by a winding path hewn along the edge of the rock. It has three towers. The most ancient ones, at the north, are said by some to owe their foundation to the Phoceans, and by others to Fuxée, the daughter of the unfortunate Pyrène. Less pretentious writers go no further back than the reign of Dagobert. The great round tower, a veritable donjon, was built in the fourteenth century by the chivalric Gaston Phœbus, famous for his interminable wars with

the Count of Armagnac. It is of whitish limestone, preserved from all stain by the dryness of the atmosphere, and one hundred and thirty-six feet high. From the top there is a superb view. The cliff stands at the junction of the Larget and Ariége, and at the base three valleys open among the hills, one in the direction of Toulouse, another along the Ariége towards Tarascon, and the third to the southwest, where the valley of Barguillière opens to give passage to the Larget, an impetuous stream that comes down from the mountains, bringing freshness and verdure in its course. Directly beneath the castle is the town with its half-decayed ramparts, its rock-built houses of antique aspect, and streets so narrow that a horseman could easily strike either wall with his spurs.

As we do not wish to impose on the reader our profound conviction that Foix owes its name to its foundress, Fuxée, we generously acknowledge it is commonly supposed to be derived from Fouich, the ancient capital of the Sotiates, mentioned by Cæsar, whose downfall under the assaults of Crassus excited a cry of despair among the inhabitants that has descended from age to age, and is now embodied in the common expression, *Es à fouich*—all is lost—the last sigh of the race that fought in defence of the mountain-passes, still echoed after two thousand years.

St. Nazaire, held in such veneration at Béziers and Carcassonne, was the first apostle of Foix, and gave his name to a church known to have been here in the year 498. The abbey of St. Volusien, which superseded the house of military monks established here by Charlemagne, owes its name to a martyr in the time of the Arians. An old manuscript of 1458 says St. Volusien, or St. Boulzia, as the peasants call him, was of Roman origin, the son of a senator of the Orsini race, who came to Gaul to preach the Gospel and was martyred by the Visigoths between Frédélas and Varilhes. The lances wherewith he was pierced were changed into ash-trees, which became objects of veneration, and when cut down always sprang up again, and were still flourishing at the time the chronicle was written. A contest having arisen between the people of Frédélas and Varilhes as to the possession of the martyr's body, it was agreed to place it on a car drawn by two young bullocks and leave it to their instinct. They set off towards Foix; and as the way was rough and dangerous along the shore of the Ariége, the rocks softened and the waters of the river dried up, that the holy remains might pass along its bed. The marks of the bullocks' feet on the rocks were still to be seen in 1720, especially at the Pas de Lous Latras beyond the Larget.

St. Volusien's body was deposited in the church of St. Nazaire at Foix.

The abbey of St. Volusien was founded by Roger, the second Count of Foix, in fulfilment of a vow if brought safely back from Palestine, where the first count had died. It was he who, when the remains of St. Antoine were removed at Lézat, bore them himself in his mantle at the head of the procession. He made a great rejoicing, too, on the 4th of January, 1111, when the body of St. Volusien was transferred to the new abbatial church in presence of an immense crowd in which were many bishops, lords, and knights. His wife, the Countess Arsinda, gave St. Volusien the town of Ganac and certain lands at Amplaing. Count Roger entered Jerusalem Delivered with Godfrey and Tancred. Other counts of Foix were likewise devout after the old knightly fashion. One of them had such devotion to St. Nicholas that on his festival he used to "departe all afote from his castell and go with the clergy in processyon to the churche, where they sang a psalm of the Psalter: Benedictus Dominus Deus meus qui docet manus meas ad prælium, et digitos meos ad bellum." Gaston Phœbus, who figures so brilliantly in the pages of Froissart, used to recite every day the office of Our Lady, and he solemnly began his treatise on hunting "in the name and honor of God, the Creator and Lord of all things, and of his blessed Son Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit, one holy Trinity, and of the Virgin Mary, and all the saints in the grace of God."

Two of the counts of Foix, however, were drawn to the side of the Albigenses, partly because they were allies of the Count of Toulouse, and partly owing to their wives. It was especially by woman—woman ever eager for forbidden fruit—that heresy got a foothold at Foix. Countess Philippa, wife of Raymond Roger, took a fancy to the new doctrines, and her son, Roger Bernard, was weakly fluctuating. When a conference was held at Pamiers in 1208 between the Cistercians and the Waldensian preachers, Esclamonde, sister of the Count of Foix, finding the Cistercians victorious after six days' debate, took the chair and mastered the assembly in spite of the papal legate, who bade her betake herself to her spindle and distaff. Count Roger Bernard, however, confessed his error and received solemn absolution at St. Jean de Verges in presence of the legate, the archbishop of Narbonne, the bishops of Toulouse, Carcassonne, and Couserans, and six abbots, as well as the civil deputies and most of the nobility of the province.

The castle of Foix is now used as a prison, and the abbey of

St. Volusien as a prefecture. The little town beneath the overhanging cliff is no longer alive with the prancing of war-steeds, the din of arms, and the songs of gay knights, but is the most quiet of provincial towns. We like, however, these old places that have nothing to hope for in the future, but, like some of us, sit looking with melancholy eyes into the past. Perhaps the prettiest feature of the town is the promenade of Villote on a high terrace overlooking the Ariége. There are seats beneath the trees, where you can sit and inhale the fresh mountain air and enjoy the delightful view of the valley through which the river goes winding its noisy way. It was on this esplanade the famous Frère Illyricus, in May, 1520, preached for the last time at Foix to a crowd too great to find room in the nave of the abbatial church. He was called in France the *sainct homme*, and was greatly beloved by Pope Clement VII. He preached boldly against the vices of the clergy, and predicted the heresy of Luther many years before it broke out. He is described as a man of extensive knowledge and holy life, who practised all kinds of austerities and made goodness attractive. He spent his life going to and fro in the world as moved by the Spirit of God, endeavoring to convert sinners. It was with these ominous words he took leave of Foix:

"Land of Foix, land of Foix! which turnest a deaf ear to my admonitions, fresh rivers of tears will surely flow from thy eyes; thou wilt see my predictions accomplished, and the fires flickering among thy rich mountains and in thy populous valleys. These beautiful sacred edifices, marks of the piety and devotion of thy ancestors, will be given as prey to the enemies of the church of God, and to the heresies that will be received and fostered in thy bosom. Thou wilt behold the executioners of divine Justice driving out, one after another, the traffickers in the temple. Wolves will enter into the fold to devour sheep and shepherd alike, as much on account of the lukewarmness of the clergy as want of devotion among the people, the greater part of whom only attend Mass out of habit or human respect. Farewell, land of Foix. This is my last visit. I now leave you, unable to continue on account of the numberless sobs and groans that oppress my heart at beholding so many offences against God, the horror of which makes me depart with regret at effecting so little for the salvation of souls. Farewell. Be converted speedily, in order to avert thy misfortunes."

The prophetic eye of the holy friar only saw too clearly the evils at hand. Not many years after the Huguenots swept over the land, destroying everything sacred. The abbey of St. Volusien was seized, the canons were put to flight, and the holy relics carried off together with the chalices, crosses, censers, chandeliers,

lamps, and curious wrought iron-work. The church was then abandoned to the rabble usually in the train of such reformers, who overthrew the altars, made desolate the sanctuary, and silenced the bells, which they broke in pieces. The building was then ready to be used as a conventicle. Among the other churches they likewise pillaged was Notre Dame de Montgauzy, close to the town, a fine Gothic church, noted for its Madonna, which still bears marks of their violence.

Beyond Foix, on the right bank of the Ariége, is St. Jean de Verges, now only a hamlet, but connected with some of the chief events of this region. The Romans had a military post here, with a tower on the calcareous Pech of Opio, whence they could overlook the plain and keep an eye on the defile that leads to the Pyrenees. There are a great many places among the mountains bearing the name of St. John, most of which are along the border, commanding the passes to Spain, like St. Jean de Luz, St. Jean Pied de Port, etc. M. Garrigou supposes them originally dedicated to Janus, who presided over gates and thoroughfares, and changed, by an easy transition, to the name of St. John when the country was Christianized. On the right bank of the Ariége are five places bearing the name of this saint: St. Jean d'Aigues-vives, St. Jean de Verges, St. Jean de Falga, St. Jean de Pamiers, and St. Jean du Crieux.

Beyond St. Jean de Verges the hills open and you come to a broad, semicircular basin where the Romans built the Villa Petrosa, now Varilhes. It was in this vicinity St. Volusien was martyred. You next come to Pamiers, an episcopal see. It is in a quiet green valley sheltered by mountains, but for a long time it was the theatre of political and religious contests. Its early history is identified with that of the abbey of St. Antonin, of which it was once a mere seigneurie. St. Antonin, one of the most popular saints in this region, was an ancient martyr to the faith, whose body was thrown into a bark and set afloat on the Ariége. An angel descended from heaven to take the helm and conducted the boat to a more peaceful shore. The bark of St. Antonin figures on the old consular seal of Pamiers and that of the cathedral chapter.

Further on is the pretty village of Bonnac, that belonged at one time to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. A Seigneur de Bonnac played quite an important *rólc* in the last century. He accompanied Charles XII. through Poland, was with Stanislaus at the battle of Poltava, received the collar of St. Andrew from the czar and the mantle of honor from the sultan.

While at Constantinople he induced the latter to consent to the reparation of the Holy Sepulchre and to send the first Ottoman embassy to France. He was in correspondence, too, with all the literary people of his day. His son afterwards employed La Fontaine's grandson as his secretary, and while here the latter thus wrote a friend: "Who would have thought of my coming across a pile of my grandfather's letters at the foot of the Pyrenees? I have some on my table now, part in verse, and part in prose. There are also about two hundred from Racine, forty from Madame de la Sablière, and, indeed, letters from all the illustrious people of the reign of Louis XIV. from 1676 to 1716."

Lower down the river is the village of Labatut, near which, on a hill covered with oaks, was born Jacques Fournier, afterwards Pope Benedict XII., who was the son of a miller in the adjoining town of Saverdun. It is said he learned to read in his boyhood by spelling out the Psalms in a book of Hours while watching his flock. The monks of the neighboring abbey of Boulbonne, meeting him often in their rounds, were struck by his intelligence and encouraged him in his efforts to learn. They afterwards received him in their convent, and, after he became a professed monk, sent him to Paris to complete his studies. Some years later he was appointed bishop of his native province, and was finally raised to the Papacy. He was over seven years in the chair of St. Peter, and showed himself a wise pontiff, rigid to himself, zealous in reforming abuses, and never seeking to enrich his relatives. His family is still represented at Saverdun, where there is a small country-house on one of the hills bearing the name of Fournier.

The Ariége is joined a little further on by the Lers, a stream that comes down from the pine forest of Bélesta. In the angle between them is Tramesaygues (from *intra ambas aquas*), a small village approached by roads bordered with oaks, elms, and hawthorn hedges. Fish are abundant in the Lers, and taken by means of a fork called *fouchino*, a kind of trident similar to the ancient *fuscina* to be seen among the frescoes at Pompeii. This way of fishing, if not so animated and exciting as the spearing of the fish in the Solway by the laird of Redgauntlet and his band, is not without its picturesque features, as it is done by torchlight in the early autumn nights. The fishermen always go three together. The one in the middle carries the *fouchino*, another has a great bundle of straw which the third twists into torches and holds lighted over the water. The blaze attracts the fish in great numbers, which are rapidly speared and thrust into an open sack.

Complete silence is observed. These torches, seen through the dark, overhanging trees at different intervals along the winding river, are not without a striking effect.

The fine abbey of Boulbonne is not far off, and is well worthy of a visit on account of the spacious cloister and vaulted refectory. The original building, which stood at some distance, was founded in the twelfth century by the counts of Foix, who enriched it and made it their burial-place. Two kings received hospitality here in one day—James of Aragon and Philippe le Hardi of France, with a great number of prelates and barons in their suite. Simon de Montfort offered his sword in the abbey church before the battle of Muret.

At Cintegabelle, lower down the valley, you are struck by an isolated peak with a path winding up among gloomy cypresses to a Calvary on the top, where stands a huge cross like a sign in the heavens. From it is a lovely view of great extent. The old town at the foot with its tall, octagon church-tower, the ruined fortress on the cliff, the rapid Ariége with its bridge of six arches, the forests of oak at the south, with Mount St. Bartholomew in full sight, the Pic du Midi at the right, and the bald head of Mt. Canigou at the left, make up a striking landscape.

Some attribute the name of Cintegabelle to its exemption from the odious gabelle, or tax on salt, being on the confines of the Pays de Foix; but old cartularies mention it expressly as Sancta Gabella, after a saint of this name, whose remains are known to have been here as far back as the year 960.

The Ariége is soon joined by the Hize, and at the confluence is Venerque on a height overlooking their windings. There is an interesting little church here of the Romanesque style—a remnant of the old Carlovingian abbey of St. Pierre, which a cartulary of Louis le Débonnaire, dated July, 817, speaks of as bound to contribute neither soldiers nor money to the government, but to aid it solely by prayers for the royal family and the needs of the realm. In this church are the remains of St. Phébade, Bishop of Agen, in a fine *châsse* of bronze. He was noted in his day as a defender of the faith against Arianism. His relics were probably transported here for safety in some of the wars, but popular tradition says they were stolen in the night from the cathedral of Agen by brigands, who, on their way to Spain, encamped on a lonely hill near Venerque. The next morning, when they resumed their march, the relics could not be moved, and they had to content themselves with the silver vessels and other booty they had accumulated. The people carried the relics to the

church of Venerque, where they are still carefully preserved, though the authorities at Agen have repeatedly demanded their restoration. In the annual procession of St. Phébade four fusiliers, arms in hand, used to march beside the *châsse* to prevent its being seized and carried off—a custom continued almost to our own day.

On the other side of the Ariége is Vernet, associated with the legend of St. Luperce, whose statue is to be seen at the church door, clad as a Roman soldier. Near by is a fountain trickling from a mossy bed where Lupertius, after fighting bravely for the faith, went to bathe his wounds. This was in the third century, but the waters have never lost the virtue imparted thereby. The peasantry still come here for relief, particularly in fevers, saying five Paters and five Aves, but otherwise observing profound silence.

We have by this time come to a lowland region with a broader horizon, a more luxuriant vegetation, and a different race from the home-abiding mountaineers, and with a different idiom. Here at Pinsaguel the Ariége empties into the Garonne.

SCIENTIFIC DOGMATISM.*

In a well-known passage, St. Paul warns St. Timothy against the "oppositions of knowledge falsely so called." The word which we translate "knowledge" is in the Vulgate "scientia," and is rendered in the Protestant version by the corresponding English term "science." One would think, on reading this warning of the apostle, especially in King James' Bible, that the times in which it was given were, like our own, full of great discoveries in what are now called scientific matters, and that St. Paul's object was to put his disciple on his guard against apparent contradictions between this physical science and revelation; to prevent his being led away, as so many are now led away, from the faith by a too ready acceptance of such conclusions of this physical science as might seem irreconcilable with it.

But, in point of fact, the apostolic age, though certainly one of a high mental cultivation in many ways, was not what we should now call a specially scientific one. The study of nature was not

* *The Past in the Present. What is Civilization?* By Arthur Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. 1881.

widely or in general very intelligently pursued; there was not then the accumulation of facts, and of theories built with at least apparent solidity on facts, which has now risen to such an extensive and, on the whole, harmonious structure as to seem in many minds to be the sum total of all knowledge possible to man.

It could not, then, well have been science of this kind that St. Paul had in his mind or considered as in any way dangerous. Moreover, there is another reason why we are sure that it was not; and that reason is a very good one: it is because we know that it was something else. It was not real science, such as much of that now so called is; no, it was that arrogant and pretended knowledge which had taken for itself the Greek name "gnosis," which St. Paul himself gives to it in the original, and of which the Latin "scientia" is a translation. There can hardly be a doubt that the apostle was speaking of the false, self-asserted "gnosis" or "knowledge" of the Gnostics, who were perhaps the most formidable of all the opponents with which early Christianity had to contend.

This "gnosis" was a theory; in that respect it was like our modern scientific theories. It was well enough put together, it had a system constructed with some considerable ability, and it professed to account for and to include all facts, both of the natural and supernatural order; and here also it was like what our modern scientific theories are, or at least are promised to be by those who most strongly advocate them. But, viewed in the light of the present day, it certainly would not be considered to bear much resemblance to what this age, with equal but on the whole more reasonable assurance, calls by the same name. Most people would now regard it as a mere freak of the imagination, and would even, though not accepting the Gospel, wonder at the impudence of those who attempted to substitute such a tissue of absurdities for it. The resemblance between this ancient science and our modern one would not seem to go very far.

And indeed it really does not go far. The science, or "gnosis," of the present day rests for the most part on the solid foundation of observed facts and logical reasoning; and this is just where it principally differs from that former one. It is generally real, not false; and if it were, as a mass, in opposition to Christianity, it would be a far more formidable opponent than Gnosticism was even in its own time. But it is not in such opposition; and of the genuine and solidly-founded part of it the Christian Church has no jealousy and no fear. On the other hand, it welcomes it for its own sake and also as a most valuable

auxiliary. For its own sake, for we really believe; we accept the faith because we regard it as the truth, and because we love it as such. We therefore must love the truth, under whatever form it appears and to whatever matters it relates. And also we welcome modern science as a most valuable auxiliary, for we know that truth not only is not inconsistent with itself, but that any one part of it will be quite likely to positively confirm and support every other. We are glad to find it, as a lawyer who is sure of the justice of his case is glad to find any new and trustworthy witness, however remotely his testimony may seem to be connected with its most important points.

The Catholic Church is not, then, opposed to science, as some of its opponents pretend. The pretence is simply an insult to it and to its members; for if we were opposed in general to the science of the present day, so much of which is true, it could only be because we believed either it or our own teaching to be false; but the first belief would prove us to be fools, the second would make us knaves. We are, however, accustomed to these wholesale slanders, and are willing to admit that those who join in them often do not see the full force of their words.

The Catholic Church is not opposed, on the whole, to modern science, for the simple reason that, as we have said, this science is not on the whole falsely so called, like that of which St. Paul spoke, which was a mere product of the imagination of those who maintained it or of those who had gone before them. But it is opposed to certain parts of it and to certain tendencies in it, for very similar reasons to those which influenced the apostle in his day.

Which are those parts and those tendencies? We shall see by considering in what way true natural science is formed, and in what spirit its formation is conducted.

The basis of natural science, simply as such, is the collection of observed facts. These facts are examined for the indications of law which they may contain; these indications point out the direction in which experiments or observations should be made, so far as is possible; and these judiciously-made experiments or observations confirm, refute, or modify the theory by the guidance of which they have been made. Observed facts, or laws previously securely deduced from them, are throughout the criterion of truth; nothing else is appealed to as a test, except the absolute certainties of mathematical reasoning, which comes more fully into play as the science advances toward perfection; and nothing else is used as a foundation, except some simple philo-

sophical principles which are admitted, at least practically, by all sane men. Without such principles we could not believe in the existence of nature, or trust the evidence of our senses in experiments or observations on it.

This, then, is the way in which true natural science is formed. And the spirit in which it is formed is that of perfect sincerity, and readiness to submit to the verdict of observation or experiment. As soon as a determination is formed to vindicate some preconceived opinion, to force the facts to fit in with it, that moment the man adopting such a course ceases to be truly a scientific man; he ceases to be an investigator and becomes an advocate. The conclusions of one who manifests such a spirit lose the dignity and weight of a genuine scientific result; they may, indeed, be true, but our estimate of them must depend very much on our belief or disbelief in the theory to which they are due.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are far from holding what would be an obvious absurdity, that convictions or opinions, even though coming from sources outside of the domain of natural science, must be entirely put aside when one enters the observatory or the laboratory; on the contrary, such convictions or opinions may help and guide the scientific investigator very materially. When they come from outside of the scientific field they are not necessary to him and do not enter into the regular course of proceeding above described, though they have their use in that case as well as when they have been formed on his own basis. But a fatal mistake is made when a system is constructed on the ground of such convictions or opinions, from whatever source derived, and claimed as being the result of observation before it has been thoroughly and sincerely submitted to the test of observed facts.

The true scientist, though holding, whether on extraneous grounds or otherwise, the firmest beliefs on the subjects with which he is concerned, is not precipitate; he trusts Nature, and does not fear to interrogate her thoroughly, feeling confident that her final answer will be in accord not only with her previous ones, but also with truth elsewhere obtained. The false scientist, on the other hand, is determined that she shall speak at once in his favor, and forces himself, and others as far as possible, to believe that she has thus spoken.

This premature formation and announcement of what may be called scientific creeds is what may rightly be termed "science falsely so called." Even if for other reasons they should be

known by all to be true, they cannot be called scientific conclusions until unquestionable results of observation and experiment come to their support. Still less has any one a right to palm anything off under the name of certain science while as yet not conclusively proved by observation, when the grounds on which it rests are such as are not universally accepted; to say, "This is science," when in point of fact it is his own religious or irreligious creed, or part of some system of philosophy which he confidently holds. Such a course is not only unwise, it is unfair; it is a deception, a false invoking of an authority which will be respected, to prove what only rests on one not so generally received. Such assertions are not only unscientific (of course here, as elsewhere, we speak only of science in the physical sense); they are morally wrong.

It is quite common at the present day to accuse our ancestors of forming a false science in this way on merely philosophical or religious grounds. The accusation, on the principles just laid down, is a reasonable one, though as actually made it is not always reasonable or true; for they did not generally use or pretend to use our modern method of scientific investigation. But it might apply to them, or to us who believe with them. It would not do for us, even on our theological basis that all mankind are descended from one pair, to take a hasty survey of the field and claim that ethnology proves this conclusively. We have no doubt that ethnology, if it ever reaches a sufficient development, will prove it; but we cannot say that it has as yet placed it beyond question. Still less would it do for us to take philosophical principles which are not certain, or points of doctrine which are controverted by theologians, and claim any physical results from them as conclusions of science, especially if we had to work a good deal in the dark, and with much liability to error, in the application of these principles or opinions.

Of course if the premises, of whatever kind they may be, are such as we are bound to accept, and the reasoning from them conclusive, we have a right to hold, and to insist on others who agree with us in the premises also holding, the conclusion; but not as a matter of science—that is the point—when in reality it is not.

This, however, is just the mistake, the unfairness, the deception, with which we have a right to some extent to charge the scientific world of the present day. That world is, as we all know, largely imbued with infidel opinions. It has, in a great measure, abandoned religion; it has also largely adopted a false

philosophy, or at least rejected that which is true. Many of its members have specially a prejudice in favor of such scientific views as are in opposition to revelation; they wish to demolish Christianity, and hope to find in science arguments against it. Consequently they make of hypotheses established systems; of scientific possibilities certain facts. They boldly announce that science has proved that man has descended in very remote antiquity from an ape, or perhaps even from a clam; they assert that, such as he is, he has been on the earth for a hundred thousand years or more; anything will do, as long as it is, or even seems, contrary to the Mosaic record. They exultingly state that there can be no doubt that the various forms of life on the earth required incalculable ages for their evolution, and ask, "How about your six days now?" If they find we are not much alarmed on one point they try another.

Now, the fact is that none of these points are really scientifically proved. They have not, like the Newtonian theory of gravitation, stood the careful tests of observations made impartially and with a simple desire to find the truth and to improve or modify the theory, if need there should be. Their proofs do not contrast favorably with the careful determinations of atomic weights by chemists, with a perfect readiness to accept the result of the balance, no matter if not in accordance with present chemical theories. Their confident advocates would do well to consider, if not to imitate, the humility and simplicity of Newton, who dropped his whole theory for a long time on account of an apparent fault in it coming from an erroneous measurement of the earth's dimensions; for they have already had some settings-back like his. Their sciences are as yet in an inchoate state; they are constantly changed and modified; much time has to elapse, much more work to be done, before they will approach completion. When they do, we have no fear of the result.

A good instance of the haste with which confident conclusions are often reached is that of the division of man's history into the stone, bronze, and iron ages. This division has certainly many arguments in its favor; it is quite likely that it has existed, at least in some parts of the world. There is nothing in it, when it is not pushed too far, against the faith of Christians; but it is adopted with eagerness in some quarters as a general result of science, for the reason that it fits in well with the theory of man's evolution from a lower form of being. The man who uses only stone implements is welcomed, because his immediate ancestor may be supposed to be a baboon. The more the theory of the

various ages is established, the more, as it is thought, will the Christian doctrine of man's original creation in integrity be undermined; and for this reason there is a tendency to set down these ages as forming a certain and universal part of the history of the world.

We have no objection to the stone man; we open our doors to him gladly, so far as he is shown to exist. There is nothing contrary to Christianity in any real facts about him, as is quite evident. But we want all the real facts, and a genuine science formed on them, not a hypothesis assuming that name.

A book bearing on this subject, called *The Past in the Present*, has lately been written by Dr. Arthur Mitchell, who is professor of ancient history to the Royal Scottish Academy and secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and therefore quite well qualified to speak on matters in which antiquity is concerned. He shows that the stone age may be found even now in Scotland and the adjacent islands; that stone implements are made and used by persons who have access to civilization and employ its products, and who are themselves intelligent and fairly educated; that cave-life even now exists; and brings out many other facts little known, but having a decided bearing on the general theory of progress and evolution. His own view is that an art, as it dies out, deteriorates, and that greater perfection is no conclusive argument for more recent age; and this view is not only a common-sense one in itself, it is supported by facts. He shows by sound arguments that the use of stone, bronze, or iron has no necessary connection with man's culture or development, and that the division of antiquities into the classes corresponding to these materials has, to use his own words, "no absolute chronological signification."

The book is a very interesting one and well repays reading. We have not space to give an adequate idea of it. We only refer to it and recommend it as a partial exposure of the premature and ill-grounded conclusions into which the falsely so-called science indulged in by modern infidels is apt to run. It reminds one of Edie Ochiltree, in Scott's *Antiquary*, bursting the "Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens" bubble with his authentic interpretation, "Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle." The antiquary had a preconceived theory; facts had to fit it, and would have fitted it had not Edie come on the scene.

The more real science we have the better, whether about evolution, the stone age, or anything else. But let us have as little as possible of this crude scientific dogmatism which has lately

been so common. And let us be on our guard against it. St. Paul's warning was never more in place than now. Let us beware of oppositions, not of real science—these we do not fear—but of science falsely so called, of atheistic prejudice and hatred concealing itself under that venerable name.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE TRIALS OF THE CHURCH; or, The Persecutions of Religion. By the Rev. W. Gleeson, Rector of St. Anthony's Church, California; author of *The History of the Catholic Church in California.* Two vols. N. Y.: Catholic Protectory, Westchester. 1880.

The scope of Father Gleeson's history of persecutions is one quite universal, embracing the whole period of Christianity down to our own times, and including persecutions by pagans, heretics, and false Catholics against the church. It has been compiled with great industry and care, and presents an immense array of facts and testimonies drawn from the documents of all ages and countries. The most extraordinary fact in all history is the propagation and final victory of Christianity in the Roman Empire in face of the persecutions of the first three centuries. We have been particularly interested in Father Gleeson's argument against the view of Gibbon and some other writers respecting the number of the martyrs in these early ages. The inquiry into the rate of increase and numerical extent of Christianity in different epochs from the beginning of the apostolic age is a very curious one. Father Gleeson appears to us very reasonable and moderate in his estimates. He considers the lowest estimate which can be made with probability of the population of the Roman Empire at the beginning of the fourth century to give the number 120,000,000. He estimates the number of Christians at one-fourth of the whole population, or at least 30,000,000. The number massacred during the persecution of Diocletian is estimated at 10,000,000.

The careful reader of these volumes will be convinced that the spirit of persecution with which heretics and false Catholics have been animated since the era of the definitive triumph of the cross through Constantine, has been identical with that of the original persecutors of Christ in Judea, and of his disciples in the heathen empire of Rome. The same atrocities have been repeated in all ages, even in our own, and Father Gleeson might have added to his list out of the record of modern Mahometan outrages many sad and tragical narratives equalling the most bloody pages of ancient history.

The history of the persecutions of the Catholic Church in all ages proves most conclusively that these trials have really been the most salutary and efficient means of the preservation, improvement, and intensification of genuine Christianity in the world—in fact, morally necessary to the

triumphs it has achieved. There is nothing more evident than the danger of degeneracy and corruption which attends on worldly success and prosperity in respect to individuals and great corporate societies of men, but especially the church. A certain measure of this prosperity is necessary, and in itself it is good, but it is liable to abuse. The real, intrinsic element of destruction working in the Christian body is that which is created by degenerate and bad Christians, whether belonging to the laity or the priesthood. External enemies and trials rather serve as a wholesome medicine and stimulant to counteract inward diseases and increase all the vital forces of the Catholic Church. Up to the present time conflict with evil has been one of the conditions of the actual realization of all the good which we can find in the history of mankind. While the necessity for this state of warfare lasts, we may reconcile ourselves to its continuance and take courage by considering the victory which good has always been gaining in the times which are past, and the sovereign rule of Divine Providence which regulates and controls all the evil which is permitted for the sake of the greatest good in the end.

THE LIFE OF FATHER JOHN GERARD, S.J. By John Morris, of the same Society. Third edition, rewritten and enlarged. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

The history of the Catholic Church in England during the period between the schism of Henry VIII. and the accession of James II. is full of records of the most heroic persons and the most heroic acts of virtue. It is much to be desired that it should be written in a complete and adequate manner. Meanwhile, several contributions to this history appear from time to time which have great value and interest, among which are to be reckoned those of Father Morris, S.J. One of his former volumes, entitled *The Condition of Catholics under James I.*, contains a biography of Father Gerard in connection with the history of the criminal, and happily unsuccessful, attempt of a few Catholic gentlemen known as the Gunpowder Plot. In the present work we have a more complete Life, published in a very neat and attractive form, with several curious and well-executed illustrations.

The narrative has, in common with all the Catholic histories of that time, all the elements of romantic interest belonging to an age of persecution: the celebration of Mass in private chapels at the risk of life, hiding in concealed chambers, hair-breadth escapes, captures, imprisonments, tortures, perpetual conflicts of wit and stratagem between the persecutors and the persecuted, an undying struggle of faith, valor, and endurance against power and malice. It has its peculiar interest from the marked individuality of character in the subject of the memoir. Father Gerard was a gentleman of rank and of uncommonly prepossessing character and manners, entirely devoted and single-minded in his religious and apostolical zeal, and at the same time of most remarkable skill, address, and adroitness in carrying out his difficult and dangerous mission. He was not as thoroughly educated and learned a man as were most of the principal men of the Society. He had, however, remarkable zeal, tact, and success in making converts among persons of the higher class, and in encouraging and leading on to perfection the persecuted remnant of Catholics to whom he ministered. Many of these were among the best and noblest Christian men

and women who have ever lived. It is most interesting to see what beautiful and costly vestments and sacred vessels they provided, how their private chapels were so devoutly cared for, and the offices of the church so sedulously performed and frequented, and all the virtues of the old ages of martyrdom renewed. There were, nevertheless, some weak and unworthy, base and false brethren among them, priests as well as laymen, who joined in the false witness, treachery, and cruelty of the heretical persecutors against the faithful confessors and martyrs of the faith.

Father Gerard is chiefly known by his history of the Gunpowder Plot. This is one of many famous instances of the criminal and disastrous consequences of false zeal in private persons who undertake the remedy of evils under which they are suffering in an unlawful way and in disregard or disobedience to lawful authority. The persons engaged in this plot were gentlemen of good character, some of them remarkable for their piety and virtue—for example, Mr. Catesby and Sir Everard Digby. The condition of Catholics was one which seemed to them unbearable and to justify the most extreme measures for retaliation and deliverance. Their mad scheme was happily frustrated. Its sole effect was to bring those engaged in it to a death without honor or utility, to aggravate the evils it was intended to remedy, to entail obloquy on the Catholic religion, and to involve several innocent persons with the guilty ones in the punishment of torture and death. Father Gerard was one of those who were sought for under the false pretence of implication in this plot, but he escaped from England in the suite of the Spanish ambassador. He had already been once apprehended, subjected to torture, and imprisoned in the Tower, from which he escaped in a remarkable way. After six or seven years spent in England as a missionary in his youth, he lived to a good old age on the Continent, chiefly employed in training up young missionaries and martyrs for England, and died happily after a long and holy life.

On Thinking. An Address delivered to the Senior Class of Rock Hill College. By Brother Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, President of Rock Hill College. New York : E. Steiger & Co. 1881.

"I would have you all learn how to think. If you leave college knowing this, and this alone, your time will have been well spent." These are words of truth and reason upon which the whole address of Brother Azarias is a comment. The obligation and importance of a due cultivation and right use of reason for an educated man, in respect to all the affairs of life, and especially those whose nature is the highest, together with some directions about the way to cultivate and use reason in the best manner, are discoursed of with that sound good sense, moral and religious elevation of sentiment, purity and elegance of diction, which characterize all the writings of the distinguished author of the address. Most readers will find, we think, the two most interesting passages in the two episodes on the characteristics of Ralph Waldo Emerson and John Henry Newman as thinkers. We recommend the perusal of this excellent address in a special manner to all young students. They will find it to their great advantage not merely to read it over once, but to keep it and make it their rule and guide in their studies and reading.

THE LIFE'S WORK IN IRELAND OF A LANDLORD WHO TRIED TO DO HIS DUTY. By W. Bence Jones, of Lisselan. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

NEW VIEWS ON IRELAND; or, Irish Land: Grievances; Remedies. By Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P. Second edition. London: Macmillan & Co.; Dublin: Gill & Son. 1880.

DISTURBED IRELAND: being the Letters written during the winter of 1880–81 by Bernard H. Becker, Special Commissioner of the *Daily News.* With route maps. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

THE IRISH LAND-LAWS. By Alexander G. Richey, Q.C., LL.D., Deputy Regius Professor of Feudal and English Law in the University of Dublin. Second edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

Mr. Bence Jones is the English landlord who was last year "Boycotted" out of the County Cork because he had made himself obnoxious to the Land League. Upon finding himself safe back in England he gave to the English public this curious history of his experiences as an "improving" landlord. Some of the chapters of the volume had already appeared as articles in *Macmillan's Magazine.* Though Mr. Bence Jones is evidently devoid of humor, his jeremiad is nevertheless amusing from the wholesale way in which he attempts to belittle the Irish character. The Irish Celt he puts down as a being of remarkable perception and of clearness of understanding, but completely dishonest. This dishonesty he very impartially charges upon Catholics and Protestants alike, and he instances the fact that the Protestant clergy at the time of the Disestablishment—in 1870—by a species of jobbing increased their personal incomes at the expense of their somewhat impoverished church. Still, he is "thankful to add" that there have been "a few cases of clergymen who refused to take a shilling of such gains. . . . All honor to them!" He thinks the Irish "are not an industrious people. They will work hard by fits and starts, but the steady backbone is not there." He believes that government interference in behalf of the tenants is nonsensical and injurious, conveniently forgetting, as do most of his class, that it was government interference which by fraud and violence reduced almost the entire people to the condition of tenants-at-will of foreign, and for a great part absentee, landlords. According to him, the landlords of Ireland, especially those of them who are Englishmen, are a public-spirited, long-suffering class, who are terribly imposed upon by the keen-witted Celtic rabble who are their tenants. He cannot understand why the Irish dislike to leave their own homes for the profitable experiments of "improving" English landlords. "Is it realized," he asks, "what a patch of bog and rock in Connaught really is, to which such patriotic attachment is supposed, and which, therefore, will be clung to in preference to the magnificent land of Manitoba and Northwest America, where splendid crops of corn grow in succession without manure?" His book is, in truth, the narrative, and an interesting and instructive one, of an observing, well-meaning, but thoroughly narrow-minded man, who would perhaps have made an excellent gentleman farmer in his own country, but was altogether unadapted for life among a race so different from his own as the Irish.

A very good antidote to Mr. Bence Jones is Mr. Russell, the substance of whose volume appeared last year in the shape of letters from the disaf-

fected regions of Ireland to the London *Daily Telegraph* and the Dublin *Freeman's Journal.* Mr. Russell says of the land troubles: "Variations of opinion as to the remedy undoubtedly exist; but when you find the Orange meetings in Ulster called to denounce the agitation of Mr. Parnell not less strong in their condemnation of the existing land-law, nor less emphatic as to the necessity of thorough remedial legislation, it is plain enough that Ulsterman and Munsterman, Catholic and Protestant, alike recognize the necessity for prompt legislation on the subject." Mr. Russell's investigations into the iniquities perpetrated under the present landlord system were mainly confined to the county of Kerry, and they again brought to light the shocking condition of affairs on the estates of Lord Ventry, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and on those belonging to the corporation of Trinity College, Dublin. The Lansdowne estates have long been a scandal to civilization, and though their owner has always derived from them a large yearly rental, they have at every season of distress launched crowds of emigrants for the United States—who mostly arrive here complete paupers. The able agent or steward of the estate is the gentleman who favored the public a few years ago with a book called *The Realities of Irish Life*, a diatribe against the people whose sufferings his class have helped to aggravate.

Disturbed Ireland first appeared as letters to the London *Daily News.* Mr. Becker, on Irish affairs at least, is a real Jingo. But he evidently has a keen pair of eyes, and where he describes what he has himself seen his honesty and good sense get the better of the prejudices he imbibed from the landlord partisans in whose company confessedly most of his time was spent during his tour as a special correspondent. He has the sense of humor and apparently much good nature, and he is thus able to espouse very warmly the side of those in whose company he happens to be.

Dr. Richey's little manual of the Irish land-laws will be an aid to all who seriously desire to understand the Irish difficulty. Whether his reflections be in all cases accepted or not, his clear statement of the legal aspects of Irish land-tenure is timely and useful.

REMINISCENCES BY THOMAS CARLYLE. Edited by James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

This is a book which no admirer of Carlyle or of his school should fail to read. Mr. Froude's editing has apparently been confined to giving to the public Carlyle's reminiscences in their integrity as they came into his hands, for which all who are acquainted with Mr. Froude's usual methods will feel grateful. The volume consists of Carlyle's recollections of his own father, James Carlyle, a stone-mason of Ecclefechan (Eccles or Eglais Fechan —*i.e.*, St. Fechan's church or shrine), in Annandale; of Edward Irving, the eccentric founder of the Irvingites; of Lord Jeffrey; and of his wife, Jane Welsh Carlyle, besides an appendix in which Southey and Wordsworth are handled in characteristic fashion.

No one ever suspected Carlyle of gayety, yet few, it is to be supposed, would be prepared for the revelation of these *Reminiscences.* During most of his life—he was eighty-five when he died—Carlyle was the victim of disease. As far back as 1818, he says, he had begun the "long curriculum of dyspepsia." In hopes of relief he once consulted a physician, but con-

cluded, after an interview, that he might as well have recounted his "sorrows into the long, hairy ear of the first jackass" he met! But his indescribably sad narrative is the tale of the unending and unsatisfactory conflict between a brave, resolute, but ill-directed will and the religious dyspepsia that was the result of the sour Calvinism prevailing in Carlyle's Lowland Scotch home. A more despairing confession of misanthropy than the pages of these *Reminiscences* contain it would be difficult to find.

THESAURUS BIBLICUS; or, Hand-Book of Scripture Reference. Compiled from the Latin of Philip Paul Merz. By the Rev. L. A. Lambert. Waterloo, N. Y.: *Observer* Book Publication Co. 1880.

The original work of Father Merz was published in 1731. It is an interesting, though by no means a solitary, fact that its author was converted to the Catholic Church by the study of the Scriptures. He was a Lutheran minister, and was ordained to the priesthood in the Catholic Church after his conversion. Father Lambert, the editor of the American edition in an English version, has amended and improved the original in his translation. The plan of the work is alphabetical. For example, under the letter A a number of words are selected, such as Abstinence, Adultery, Alms, Angel, Apostle, etc., and the principal texts relating to each of these headings are quoted in full. The headings are also frequently subdivided. One who desires to find texts relating to any particular topic, by referring to the index will find the page in the book where these texts are quoted, without difficulty. The convenience and utility of such a collection are obvious, and we have no doubt that the great service Father Lambert has rendered to the clergy will be fully appreciated.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION. What it involves, and how alone it can be settled. An appeal to the Land Leagues. By Henry George, author of *Progress and Poverty*. Newark, N. J.: J. J. O'Connor & Co. 1881.

The title of Mr. George's interesting pamphlet is misleading. The Irish question is merely a hook on which the writer hangs a programme of land reform which he thinks should be applied in this country. Some of Mr. George's first principles are sound enough, and he might have found in St. Thomas full warrant for his axiom that there is properly no absolute proprietorship of land distinct from that possessed by the commonwealth. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Man made the town (that is, the houses), but God made the country (that is, the land), is an old adage that can be read in another sense than the ordinary one: that rural life is better than city life. What man made man may own and dispose of; but the land, which man did not make, man can only consider himself a tenant of. The land belongs, under God, to the whole human race, and every individual is entitled to his share, and only his share, of it. This theory is, in fact, the principal source of love for one's fatherland. To assert that a limited number of persons—be the number never so large—can have a right to an absolute possession of the soil is to divide the inhabitants of a nation into two classes, the *populus* and the *plebs*. But the difficulty lies in the practical limitation of landed rights. Mr. George would make the state practically as well as theoretically the only landlord, dispossessing all individual landlords, destroying all vested rights in land, and

compelling all who occupy the land, whether in town or country, to pay rent for it to the state. This rent would also supply the place of *all* taxes. Of course this is philosophical communism, and there is little danger of any serious attempt being made to put it into practice in this country.

Like other schemes of communism, it is an indication of a reaction from the ill-founded theories that, under the name of political economy, have reduced selfishness to a system. The real political economy is to be found only in the equity that comes from a strict adherence to the teachings of Christianity. In the Christian republic there is a love of God and of man which will effect much more to secure the greatest amount of happiness for the greatest number than the political-economist's so-called laws of supply and demand.

So far as Mr. George's pamphlet has any bearing at all on the Irish question it is mischievous, for in the furtherance of his theories he ignores some great facts and exaggerates others.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL: HIS LIFE AND WORKS. By Edward S. Holden, United States Naval Observatory. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

The life of a specialist in science is little else than a record of his works. The truths which he demonstrates are physical facts, the order of their occurrence, and those relations of proximate causes and effects which are called laws of nature. They are of great moment to the development of his special science, and sometimes, incidentally, to the discussion of questions of higher philosophy. But the scientist is not a philosopher; and to paint him as such is to assert the identity instead of the harmony of physical and moral truths. The author has wisely confined his labors to a brief memoir of Sir William Herschel and an historical record of his successive contributions to astronomical science.

The work before us is not a biography, but a memorial of the great astronomer and an interesting contribution to the history of astronomical discoveries. The sketch of the life of Herschel, tracing the earlier steps of his career from the humbler labors of the musician, untrained in physical science, to the high eminence of a Royal Astronomer, is briefly though clearly drawn, and the enumeration of his great discoveries, following the history of difficulties overcome by great genius and untiring industry, seems to say, *Si monumentum quœris, respice.* The book is one of that small class entitled to success, because well conceived and well executed in the interest of its subject rather than that of its author.

THE WORKINGS OF THE DIVINE WILL. Gleanings from Père Caussade, S.J. From the French. Revised by a Father of the Society of Jesus. Second edition. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

These gleanings from Père Caussade are placed under several heads, and read as though they had been written consecutively. Who is there that will not be benefited by a better knowledge of "the workings of the Divine Will"? But souls somewhat advanced in the ways of spiritual life will be helped not a little by the directions and counsels of Père Caussade.

The size of the volume is convenient. It will go easily into one's vest-pocket. We are pleased to see that this is a second edition, and would be more pleased with an entire translation of the original in the same style.

These gleanings may prepare the way for the publication of the complete translation of the volume as edited by Père Ramière.

THE PRIEST OF THE EUCHARIST : or, A Sketch of the Life of the Very Rev. Peter J. Eymard, founder of the Society of the Most Holy Sacrament. London : Burns & Oates. 1881.

This is an interesting sketch by Lady Herbert of the edifying life of Father Eymard, whose devotion sprang from a fresh, lively, and enlightened faith in the Blessed Sacrament. The Catholic reader will find in its attentive perusal much that will stimulate anew his love towards our Lord in this great mystery of his divine love.

THE HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES. By Joseph François Michaud. Translated by W. Robson. A new edition, with preface and supplementary chapter by Hamilton W. Mabie. In three volumes. New York : A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway. 1881.

We shall give an extended notice of this work soon.

WE are glad to see the first number (March, 1881) of the *Catholic Literary Circular*, a monthly guide for Catholic readers. It is published by Messrs. Burns & Oates, London, and is a monthly glance at recent Catholic publications, giving a good idea of what is going on in the Catholic literary world. As the introductory article in this number says : "It is of great, of singular importance to the literature of a small and struggling body like that of the English-speaking Catholics that they should know what their brethren are striving to do, and should be encouraged to help them."

A MANUAL OF SCRIPTURE HISTORY : being an Analysis of the Historical Books of the Old Testament. By the Rev. W. J. B. Richards, D.D., Oblate of St. Charles. Part I. From the creation to the giving of the law. London : Burns & Oates. 1880.

THE COMPANY OF THE HOLY WOMEN COMPANIONS OF JESUS. A drama, with chorus and music. (A short Easter mystery-play.) By the Rev. H. Formby. New York : The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1881.

FREVILLE CHASE. By E. H. Dering, author of *Sherborne ; or, The House at the Four Ways*, *Memoirs of Georgiana Lady Chatterton*, etc., etc. In two volumes. London : Burns & Oates. 1880.

NINTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Le Couteulx St. Mary's Institution for the Instruction of Deaf Mutes, to the Legislature of the State of New York. From September 30, 1879, to September 30, 1880. Buffalo : Catholic Publication Company.

CONTEMPLATIONS AND MEDITATIONS ON THE PASSION AND DEATH, AND ON THE GLORIOUS LIFE of our Lord Jesus Christ, according to the Method of St. Ignatius. Translated from the French by a Sister of Mercy. Revised by a priest S.J. Third edition. London : Burns & Oates. 1881.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE METTERNICH. 1815–1829. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. Vols. iii., iv. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

FAMILIAR INSTRUCTIONS AND EVENING LECTURES ON ALL THE TRUTHS OF RELIGION. By Monseigneur de Ségur. Translated from the French. Vol. ii. London : Burns & Oates. 1881.

THE MYSTIC KEY TO IRELAND'S HISTORY. A lecture delivered on St. Patrick's Day, 1881, by the Rev. James J. Moriarty, A.M., Pastor of Chatham, N. Y., and author of *Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones*, *Wayside Pencillings*, etc. Chatham, N. Y. : The *Courier* Printing-house.

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THE TRUE AND THE FALSE FRIENDS OF REASON.

ONE can scarcely take up a volume on any branch of knowledge, or read an article in a quarterly review, or a monthly magazine, or a weekly religious or a daily secular newspaper, which touches on the question of the value of human reason, if written by a non-Catholic—it matters not whether he be a Calvinist, Unitarian, or infidel—in which it is not unblushingly asserted, or assumed as an axiom, that the Catholic Church always has been and is opposed to human reason, repudiates its authority, and above all discourages its exercise and application to religion. However these writers may differ on other topics, on this one they all agree: Reason and the Catholic Church are irreconcilable.

Whence has sprung this egregious error? Why is it repeated so often in every variety of form and expression, and by many who would wish to be esteemed as just and unprejudiced?

How does it happen that persons who are learned and distinguished for their accuracy in other respects betray such gross ignorance in this branch of knowledge? What does it mean that a calumny of so serious a nature—for this charge against the Catholic Church is nothing else—can be uttered and reuttered, printed and reprinted, in a community which claims to be enlightened, and against so false and flagrant an accusation not a single voice be heard?

Is it because those who make this grave charge presume on

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the ignorance of the public and fear no exposure? Or is there no intellectual or moral conscience in the community to which one can make an appeal with a reasonable hope for justice? Time and its events alone can tell, and to them we leave the answer.

Whatever that may be, it is not for us to keep silence under so heavy a load of infamy. Our sense of loyalty to truth and the obligation which we owe to the sacred Spouse of Christ compel us to raise our voice to the utmost of our strength and to the extent of our ability against her false accusers. Perchance in showing their groundlessness some may be led to stop their railing accusations, and the eyes of others may be opened to see the truth and acknowledge and embrace it.

Whence, then, has arisen this widespread and monstrous error? Did the Catholic Church fail to disavow and condemn the fundamental tenet of the religious movement set on foot by Martin Luther, John Calvin, Henry VIII., and others, and which tenet one and all of the evangelical sects hold and maintain—namely, the entire corruption and total depravity of human nature?

Do Protestants need to be informed that this doctrine of the total depravity of human nature in consequence of Adam's fall is embodied in all their creeds, and is the premise from which all and each of the distinctive doctrines of their religion logically depend? that the only real difference between Presbyterianism and Lutheranism and Episcopalianism is not in fundamentals, but in this: John Calvin made a logical system of Protestant doctrines from the common premise of total depravity, which they had either not the intelligence or courage to accomplish? No well-informed theologian in our day will dispute that Calvinism is the complete scientific statement of Protestantism as a distinct religion. And who is so ignorant as not to know that if its essential dogma were carried out to its logical consequences, the basis of all religion, morals, human society both social and political, would be sapped and destroyed?

For this dogma of total depravity necessarily denies to man his God-like reason and the noble faculty of his free-will, and hence leaves no ground upon which religion, morals, law, or human society can stand. Of all errors since the birth of the Christian era none has been so fertile in producing dishonorable ideas of God and of human nature as this leading dogma of Protestantism, and its influence over men's minds has made, and will continue to make where it prevails, more inveterate infidels and bit-

terer enemies of the Christian religion than all other heresies combined.

Were those Protestant ministers who seem to be and probably are disturbed about the decline of faith in Christianity among their followers, and their neglect of attendance on public worship, to inquire fearlessly into the causes of this falling away, they might find one of the principal reasons to be the conviction, which is gaining ground among the more intelligent and younger members of their congregations, that the exposition of Christianity by Protestantism contradicts the plain dictates of reason, shocks the clear convictions of conscience, and is subversive of all ideas of human dignity. Hence Protestantism, as a system of religion, is rapidly losing its hold upon the conviction of intellectual minds, and no longer commands their reverence or even retains their respect. Under the erroneous impression that what is so repugnant to reason in Protestantism is taught by the Catholic Church also, this class of persons cease any longer to look for that reasonable satisfaction which their religious nature craves in Christianity, and either endeavor to make a sort of religion of their own or give the subject up altogether.

How false this impression is may be seen in the fact that the Catholic Church did not fail, by the decrees of the Council of Trent, to condemn Calvinism when it first arose, with all its progeny of errors; and subsequently, when it was introduced into her own communion in a modified form, under the cloak of Jansenius, who pretended to find his doctrines in the writings of St. Augustine, the church pronounced this semi-Calvinism heretical and false. It is a matter of course that orthodox Protestants should take the part of the originators of Calvinistic Jansenism, since birds of a feather flock together; but that Unitarians should volunteer as their eulogists, this is a surprise. What strange misery is it that constrains Evangelicals and Unitarians to sink their antagonism, and that transforms these deadly foes into congenial bed-fellows?

If any one need more evidence to convince him of the abhorrence of the Catholic Church for all that smacks even of Calvinism and its doctrines, he will find it in her condemnation of a certain class of publicists and philosophers called traditionalists. Among these were some of her most zealous defenders; but their defence consisted in depreciating the natural powers of human reason in favor of, as they erroneously supposed, the interests of faith. The Catholic Church, ever jealous and vigilant over the rights of reason, could not allow this disparagement, even though

employed, not, after the example of the so-called Reformers, in opposition, but in her support. These otherwise able and highly distinguished men and excellent Catholics were called to account for their errors, and were required, if they would teach as the representatives of her doctrine, to assent to the following propositions: "The use of reason precedes faith, and by the aid of revelation and grace leads man to faith. Reason can demonstrate with certitude the existence of God, the spirituality of the soul, and the liberty of man." What better test can one demand of the doctrines of the Catholic Church touching the value and powers of human reason than this? Reason and the Catholic faith are inseparably united, and the Catholic Church appeals with entire trust and unswerving steadfastness to the decisions of reason for her support and defence, and it would be on her part suicidal to accept the services of those who undervalue its dignity and powers.

Still, in spite of these notorious facts of ecclesiastical history, the public is informed by infidels, positivists, agnostics, *et hoc omne genus*—men who relegate God to the region of the unknowable, if they do not deny outright his existence; men who reject the spirituality of the soul, and teach that thought is the result of the molecular action of the nerve-tissues of the brain, especially its gray cortex, and the liberty of the will a fiction of dreamers, since man, like all things else, is governed by the fixed laws of nature—the public is informed with effrontery by men of this stamp that the issue is, "Rome or Reason"! And the Unitarians, and the Transcendentalists, and the free-religionists join with these deniers of the loftiest aspirations and deepest convictions of reason, these subverters of all human dignity, in accusing the Catholic Church of discouraging the exercise of reason and repudiating its authority! At the end of this procession of sophists comes a mob of railers, followers of a leader who in contempt called human reason "a jackass," "a strumpet," "a blind, silly fool," and made this one of his grievous charges against the church: that she cultivated philosophy, founded universities and schools for learning, stimulated the progress of sciences, and fostered the fine arts; and this motley crowd unites, with its jargon voice, with the atheists and Unitarians in accusing Catholics with opposition to reason, to education, and enlightenment! What honest man can listen to these false accusations and not burn with indignation? In olden times the heathen charged the Christians with their own crimes of idolatry and superstition; and her modern foes reproach her with their own errors, against

which, under every disguise, she has resolutely pronounced her condemnation. If these hypocritical accusers of the Catholic Church in our day had not forgotten how to blush, their guilt should cause to mantle to their cheeks a dye of crimson shame.

It is a great mistake to suppose that they have a shadow of ground for their imputations against the church either in the decisions of her councils—from the first, that of Jerusalem, to the one recently held in the Vatican—or in any consensus of the Fathers, or in her doctors or approved theologians. They can find nothing in any one or all of these, or in the decrees of her pontiffs, to countenance their censures, would they only take the trouble to learn their sense or cease to garble them or pervert their meaning. The church courts honest inquiry and fair play, and it is high time that her calumniators were publicly rebuked. For Catholics to rest quietly under false imputations like these is to encourage them and participate in the guilt of their fabricators.

For those who do not know it already it is well for them to know it now, once for all and explicitly, that the Catholic Church proceeds on the principle, in addressing those who are not yet convinced of the truth of Christianity, that the exercise of reason goes before faith; that this exercise consists in the knowledge with certitude of certain fundamental truths, and that without this knowledge no science, as well as no faith, is possible—for genuine science and genuine faith, though diverse in their procedure, spring from the same divine source and are based on the primary truths of reason: hence they aid and confirm each other mutually; that man is in possession of all the powers of his reason, without exception; that the effect of Adam's sin did not rob any of his posterity of their natural capacities, powers, or rights, or essentially corrupt or deprave their nature: hence man is born now essentially good, and sin is no part of his nature; sin is contrary to nature; that the natural light of human reason is the light of God shining into the soul. And it is in this light the acquisition of these certain fundamental truths is acquired, and in this knowledge reason cannot be deceived, nor in its immediate deductions from these first truths.

Thus the value of human reason is absolute, and its knowledge of first principles, and the truths which flow immediately from them, is accompanied with unerring certitude. Hence, in accordance with the teachings of sound Catholic philosophy and faith, it is the prerogative and province of reason to establish religion, morals, science, and social and political society upon a real, true, and eternal basis. These doctrines impart to a Catho-

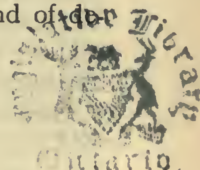
lic perfectly honorable ideas of God, the most worthy conceptions of the dignity of man, and give an immovable firmness to his religious convictions.

In the above statement we have given the doctrines of St. Thomas in a free but at the same time a correct version, and he does not hesitate to place that important branch of the science of theology to which these truths properly belong under the head of philosophy.

Moreover, let no one make the great mistake of supposing that these are only the private opinions of the Angelic Doctor. St. Thomas was a diligent student of philosophy, and familiar with the great masters of that science, pagan and Christian, for whom he had a profound respect. The philosophical doctrines of St. Thomas embodied the discoveries of the noblest intellects of the human race for at least twenty centuries, with the addition of the fruits of his own pre-eminent gifts in that line. Moreover, St. Thomas was a diligent and profound student of the Holy Scriptures, as well as of the decrees of the councils and the writings of the pontiffs, doctors, and approved theologians of the church. He was a man gifted with the greatest powers of intellect, crowned with the highest sanctity, and among all her distinguished theologians and saints St. Thomas was incomparably the most perfect exponent of the doctrines and spirit of the holy church. He who would deny this would display in his denial less learning than presumption. Luther did not go as far out of the way as usual when he said: "Take away Thomas and I will destroy the church." No Catholic need fear going astray in following St. Thomas, and a non-Catholic who would doubt the orthodoxy of his doctrine would entertain a groundless suspicion. So much we have felt called upon to say in the way of explanation of our statement.

Nor is it out of place, but pertinent to our subject, to inquire what was the aim of St. Thomas and the schoolmen. This inquiry will show the inconsistency of Protestantism in a new aspect. Every one acquainted with its history knows that Luther and his associates were bitterly opposed to the schoolmen. This, at least, was consistent with their denial to man, in consequence of original sin, of both reason and free-will; while, on the other hand, the schoolmen maintained and defended the continuance of these divine gifts to man as he is now born, and as necessary to the knowledge and practice of religion. What was more, the schoolmen aimed at producing by the full play of the light of natural reason, with the aid of philosophy, a complete and a strictly logi-

cal exposition and defence of the divinely-revealed truths of Christianity. Was not such an intellectual effort worthy of all praise? For man's nature is essentially intellectual, and his spirit cannot rest until he has acquired to the utmost extent of his abilities an intelligent grasp of the truths which religion proposes to his belief as necessary to reach the great end of his being. It is the obligation of religion to demonstrate to reason, by irrefragable testimony, that these truths are revealed by God, who cannot deceive or be deceived, before she has the right to claim from man his assent; "for the assent of faith is not by any means," as the Vatican Council teaches, "a blind movement of the mind." But this reasonable assent to divinely-revealed truths is by no means all; it is only the first but all-important step. These truths, in addition, must come in immediate contact with man's intelligence, heart, and will, in order to be assimilated and influence his conduct and life aright. Hence they are susceptible of discernment and penetration by the human intelligence, and above all when it is elevated, and illuminated, and strengthened by divine grace. They are also capable of admitting proofs drawn from the relation of one revealed truth with another, and of demonstration by analogous truths found everywhere:



> "Whate'er we hear or see, whate'er doth lie
> Round us in nature—all that the structure of
> Science, or of art, hath found or wrought."

What nobler intellectual effort can the mind of man conceive than to seek, and strive to find, the synthesis between natural and revealed truth, between science and faith? This was the work to which the Christian schoolmen lent themselves, and the baptized genius of the Angel of the Schools, St. Thomas, with all the light and knowledge of his age, wonderfully accomplished this great task! Let Protestants who would be considered sincere and consistent go back on their records and reverse the wrong judgments passed by their leaders on the schoolmen; then they will deserve some credit for their present professions in favor of reason and a reasonable Christianity—then, but not till then.

Is not this very enterprise, which the schoolmen fearlessly undertook and fairly succeeded in, what the serious and intelligent minds of our day are looking for, and, in earnest tones which betray their interior struggles, are publicly entreating for? What else is it that Mr. Tyndall calls for in his Bristol address when he says: "The problem of problems of this hour is, how to

yield the religious sentiment reasonable satisfaction"? The poet reveals the dark regions into which he has been betrayed by a false creed, and gives utterance to the wail of kindred souls, when he asks:

> "But what am I?
> An infant in the night:
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

Is it a matter for surprise that men who would be Christians, but consistently with reason, driven to despair of finding a reasonable satisfaction for their needs in a religion that starts with the doctrine of total depravity and like tenets, should reject all revelation and become rationalists, or sceptics, or agnostics? Is it a matter to wonder at that men of highly-gifted intellects, who labor under the false impression that the Catholic Church holds what was so offensive to their reason and conscience in Protestantism, should sink all the finer feelings of the soul into the investigation of the structure of fishes, the study of the habits of insects, or into searches after the chemical constituents of matter? O Protestantism! this is thy dismal and soul-destroying work; and the writer of these pages knows it full well and from bitter experience. Would to heaven he had the ability to induce these sincere men to abandon the ways which an unsound philosophy and a false version of Christianity has forced them, so to speak, to enter, and which can never give them the satisfaction their souls crave! When will they escape from that thraldom imposed upon their minds by a perverse and bigoted education, and have the intellectual independence and fairness to examine the just claims which the Catholic Church makes on their intelligence and conscience? How long will they deprive their striving souls of that blissful vision in which the truths of Christianity are seen placed in evident relations with reason and the whole universe?

But who can conceive the foolhardiness of those who join in with the repudiators of reason, or the deniers of its power to rise above the senses, in imputing to the Catholic Church the errors of Protestantism—errors which she could not endure, as we have seen, even in their most attenuated forms! Here is a specimen of the language of this class of persons, as published in a recent weekly religious newspaper:*

"There are," he says, "only two things in the future, in my opinion—a fair reason in religion on the one side, and what you might call the papal dog-

* *The Christian Union*, April 6.

ma on the other; men will go to these two extremes. Dr. Hodge said years ago it would come to that. But, as men are thinking for themselves and education is spreading, I do not think the Church of Rome is going to grow any stronger, but always weaker, and that those who stand by reason in religion and insist on a reasonable faith are going to be in the enormous majority."

How coolly he takes it for granted that his readers will accept as true his misrepresentation of the Catholic religion! "A fair reason" on the one side and "the papal dogma" on the other! The Rev. Robert Collyer, the author of this language, has the reputation of being able to make a respectable horseshoe, and we do not doubt it. His mechanical skill, however, nowise lowers him in our estimation, for we remember that St. Paul—not to go higher, for his example is more than sufficient—was a tent-maker, and no doubt a skilful one, and while working at tent-making was the great apostle of Christ. What Catholics desiderate is not that the Rev. Robert Collyer should know less about making horseshoes, but that he should know more about the science of philosophy and theology, and possess a little better acquaintance with their true history. Surely this is not too much to expect from one occupying the position of the minister of the Unitarian congregation of the "Church of the Messiah," which is supposed to be composed of men and women of more than common intellectual culture. But he backs up his erroneous opinion with the authority of Dr. Hodge. Who is this Dr. Hodge? Is he the late Presbyterian professor of Princeton? It may be, but we have our doubts about it. It is more likely Dr. Hedge, a Unitarian and a professor of Harvard. It sounds very much like his rhetoric. There lies before us on our table a volume of Dr. Hedge's entitled *Reason and Religion*, in which there is no little display of like sophistry on the same subject. "Rome or Reason," he says; "there is no middle ground." But whether it be Dr. Hodge or Dr. Hedge, it is a matter of little consequence, for Mr. Collyer might quote easily scores upon scores of Protestant, Unitarian, and other doctors in favor of his unfounded opinion. But what help would he gain other than what the blind lend to the blind? It would only serve to lead him further into the ditch of error. The proper answer to the Rev. Robert Collyer's declamation is the one Dr. Crosby gave in reply to the same question when he said: "A good deal of modern thought is a modern humbug," and "a great deal said about this nineteenth century is bosh."

Be this as it may, it is high time that the public should know

that the issue is not, as these traducers of the Catholic Church disingenuously put it, "Rome or Reason," but Rome and Reason against Unreason and Protestantism. Let them cease to deceive themselves; in spite of their efforts, this issue is approaching nearer and nearer to all intelligent minds of our times, and the day is not far distant when the only choice left will be between, on the one hand, entrance into the fold of the Catholic Church, which knows how to reconcile reason with Christianity, and, on the other, being swept off into the dark abyss of atheism.

IL SANTO.

> "Great desire I had
> To see fair Padua, nursery of arts."
>
> —Shakspere.

Half an hour by railway from Venice brought me to Padua, one of the oldest towns in northern Italy, triangular in shape, with seven gates in its walls, standing in the midst of a broad plain covered with gardens and vineyards, with the lovely Euganean hills in the background, rising like purple isles out of a waving ocean of verdure. On alighting from the train amid the usual hubbub of a railway station I was startled at finding myself instantly surrounded by a crowd, apparently in a great state of excitement, who, with extreme vehemence of gesture, proceeded to cry in the sonorous Italian tongue: "*Il Santo! Il Santo!*"—The saint! the saint! I was extremely puzzled at this unanimous exclamation from those who had never seen me before. I had but recently arrived in Italy, and was by no means used to the language, but there was no mistaking the words, echoed in every note of the gamut. Whatever might be my personal merit, my looks did not, I felt sure, bespeak any unusual commercing with the skies. I had read of saints of the olden time, luminous and resplendent with sanctity; but looking down at my travelling garb, I saw it was as sable and rayless as that usually ascribed to the very incarnation of evil. I thought of Sir John Falstaff, who wished he knew where a commodity of good names could be bought. Had some happy gale only blown him to Padua, where they seemed thrust upon one unsought and without price! Every eye was fastened on me. The cry went on with increased

vehemence: "*Il Santo! Il Santo!*" They were certainly addressing me. They seemed to put me on a level with the sainted dead—me who still lived in the flesh. I felt canonized, as it were, by the popular voice. It was like being unexpectedly placed among the stars—in Ariadne's crown, for instance, or among the signs of the zodiac. I felt somewhat like Sancho Panza when he arrived at the island of Barataria, and the bells were rung, and the people cried out with joy, and the magistrates came out to meet him, and he was saluted by the honorable title of Señor Don.

> "Take notice, brethren," said honest Sancho, "Don doesn't belong to me, nor ever did to any of my family. I am called plain Sancho Panza. My father was a Sancho. My grandfather, a Sancho. And they were all Panzas without the addition of Don or Donna."

While thus standing, doubtless with an inane look of perplexity on my face, and on the point of disclaiming, like honest Sancho, the premature honor conferred on me, I was suddenly roused to a true sense of the case by some *avvocato del diavolo*, who made me at last comprehend that these frantic men, besieging me with their cries, were merely hackmen and valets-de-place proposing to take me to the church of San Antonio, popularly known at Padua as *il Santo*, as if there were but one saint in the world. How quickly my star, for a moment so bright, paled and fell from the heavens! I was like Queen Christina, who, when she arrived at Rome and saw the fountains sending forth their sparkling waters on every square, thought they were set playing solely in her honor, whereas they flow without ever ceasing, as the glory of St. Anthony never wanes at Padua.

Padua, in fact, is a city pervaded by one great memory, like Assisi, Avila, and so many other places in the Catholic world. Here St. Anthony is "the saint" *par excellence.* It is at once evident he is the glory of the place. He stands with his lily at the corners of the streets. His image is to be sold in all the shops. The street of San Antonio leads to the magnificent church where he is enshrined, and from which he looks benignly down on the city he loved and that has so honored his memory. Going another way, you see at a corner, pointing in the same direction, the simple words *il Santo*, at first so inexplicable to the stranger. The square around the church is called the Piazza del Santo. The church itself is the Chiesa del Santo, or simply *il Santo.* And there is the Scuola del Santo, filled with gems of art by Titian and other great painters. The saint's tomb has rendered

the place for ever glorious, and though it has many other great memories, his fame rises above them all. Although born in another land, and but for a short time a resident here, he is only known in the church universal as St. Anthony of Padua.

Padua strikes you very pleasantly, especially if you approach it, as I did, on a beautiful morning in spring, walking through the avenue of plane-trees that leads into the city. The numerous domes and towers that inspired Shelley's epithet of "many-domed Padua" give it an oriental aspect, and they rise with fine effect from the tender green verdure into a sky as radiant as the golden Eastern air. The city is full of interest and novelty. It is pleasant to walk around the ramparts to take in its aspect and look down into the now cultivated moat and over the wide plain husbanded with care; pleasant, too, to wander through the arcades that overshadow the streets, affording a grateful refuge from the glowing sun and giving a sense of seclusion not out of place at a seat of learning. Just after entering the town you see a statue of Petrarch, who spent part of his youth here, a *protégé* of the Carrara family. In the baptistery, in a fresco of the year 1378, he is represented kneeling before the Madonna with several members of that family. His bust is in the cathedral, of which he was a prebendary. And if you ascend the observatory you can see the many-folded hills, covered with orchards and vineyards, amid which Arqua is embosomed, where the poet died. Among the numerous things of interest are the extensive library, to which Petrarch contributed; the immense Palazzo della Ragione, resting on arcades, designed by an Augustinian friar; the clock of 1344, celebrated as the first striking clock, which gave its name to the inventor's family; the botanical garden, the oldest in Europe, with its fourteen thousand plants, and fragrant with countless roses and geraniums; the broad squares where tournaments used to be held, but now lonely and deserted; and the stately old palaces with armorial bearings over the wide portals, and courts adorned with statues and fountains gushing and sparkling among flowers as luxuriant and deep-hued as Dr. Rappaccini's fatal blossoms. Every one, of course, visits the famous university, which has existed over six hundred years, where Albertus Magnus, Petrarch, Tasso, Cardinal Pole, Columbus himself, studied, and where Galileo taught. Here, too, lived and taught the great Pietro d'Abano, famed in the thirteenth century as a magician and astrologer—for this was the fountain-head of the occult sciences. And in its halls we cannot forget the wondrous Michael Scott, who

"Learned the art that none may name
In Padua far beyond the sea."

The university is no longer thronged as in the days when it had eighteen thousand students from all parts of the world, but it is still prosperous.

The convents with their paintings, and the cloisters with their rich marble tombs, are worthy of study, but, above all, the churches, which are of the greatest value in the history of art, filled as they are with sculptures by such artists as Donatello and Sansovino, and paintings by Giotto, Titian, and Mantegna. Among these is the world-renowned chapel of the Arena, founded in 1303 by Enrico Scrovegno, whose father is consigned to hell by Dante for his avarice. Its walls are covered with marvellous paintings by Giotto, which are, as Ruskin says, "a continuous meditation on the mystery of the Incarnation, the acts of the Redemption, the vices and virtues of mankind as proceeding from their scorn or acceptance of that Redemption, and the final judgment." The latter is said to have been painted from the inspiration of the artist's friend, Dante.

Going along the Via San Francesco, you see at one corner the ancient tomb of Antenor, the founder of Padua, set up on pillars. He was, it will be remembered, a Trojan prince, related to Priam, who kept up a traitorous correspondence with the Greeks and encouraged the introduction of the wooden horse, which one would think he brought with him to Padua from the huge model of Gattamelata's steed to be seen in the Palazzo della Ragione. The inscription on the tomb contains a profound lesson:

"Id quod es ante fui; quid sim post funera queris?
Quod sum, quidquid est, tu quoque lector eris";

—What thou art I was before death. Dost thou seek to know what I have become in the grave? What I am, be sure, reader, thou wilt one day also be.

Turning down by Antenor's tomb, you come to the Prato della Valle, in the centre of which is an island laid out as a garden—or a garden converted into an island by surrounding it with a canal—which is bordered with statues of illustrious Paduans and members of the university, and encircled by a course where used to take place the races, and which is still a popular drive. Close at hand is the Moorish-looking church of Santa Giustina, with its domes and minaret-like towers standing out against the clear blue sky. It is an immense church of the sixteenth century, on the

site of one erected in 453 where St. Justina was martyred. The unfinished façade stamps it as one of those "broken promises of God" not uncommon in Italy, to be reckoned among the consequences of the "Reformation," which must be a great comfort to Protestant travellers. It is spacious, lofty, and flooded with light. The proportions are grand and the arches remarkably bold, and there are many solemn chapels where it is good to weep and pray and smite the breast. In one of them is the dead Christ surrounded by the Maries and the loved apostle John—him who fathomed most deeply the mysteries of the Sacred Heart. In another is a miraculous Madonna brought from the East, one of those imposing, large-eyed Virgins before which one bends instinctively in reverence. In the richly-carved choir stands the tomb of St. Justina, on which are sculptured the principal scenes in her short life. In one compartment she and her father, King Vitalicino, are baptized by St. Prosdocimo, a disciple of St. Peter and the first bishop of Padua. In another you see her torn from her chariot, and further on she is put to death with the sword at the tender age of sixteen. The bishop, aided by his clergy, bears her body to the grave. Over the high altar is a painting of her martyrdom by Paul Veronese. She was a favorite subject in the Venetian school of art, for Venice, as well as Padua, regards her as a patroness. The latter graved on its money in former times: *Memor ero tui, Justina virgo.* She is generally represented with the emblematic unicorn beside her, as may be seen in Moretto's celebrated painting at Vienna with the Duke of Ferrara at her feet. Beneath the church you are shown the ancient prison in which she was immured and martyred—a place that speaks more loudly to the heart than the sumptuous edifice above. In one of the transepts is a mortuary chest or shrine containing a portion of St. Luke's remains. It is of serpentine marble inlaid with oriental alabaster and ornamented with heads of the symbolic ox.

This church belonged to the Benedictines, whose large convent adjoining is now used as a barrack. Helena Cornaro Piscopia had such a veneration for the lives and learned pursuits of the monks that she requested to be buried here among them. The cloister, once adorned with beautiful frescoes of the life of St. Benedict, has been sadly defaced by the soldiers—a desecration very painful to witness, but which we found only too common before completing the tour of "United Italy."

Not far from Santa Giustina is the clean, sunny Piazza del Santo, large enough, indeed, for a tournament. At the first glance

you imagine one of the victorious knights is still surveying the field of his triumph, but it is only Donatello's life-like equestrian statue of Gattamelata, the Venetian general. On one side of this square is the church of San Antonio, with its six domes and as many tall pinnacles and spires, on the highest of which is poised a golden angel with a trumpet in his hands, seemingly just descended from the soft blue heavens to summon all the world to the tomb of the sainted Anthony. This church is his mausoleum, and it is one of the most splendid in Italy, enriched by one generation after another, anxious, as it were, to pay tribute to so great a saint. It was begun in 1259 by Nicolò Pisano, the greatest architect of the time, and includes part of a more ancient church in which was incorporated a portion of an old temple of Juno. In 1307 the University of Padua contributed four thousand livres towards its adornment. In 1424 the grand dome was built by the voluntary offerings of the people. The façade is by no means remarkable, but on entering the church you are at once struck by the numerous tombs, paintings, bronzes, and sculptures. One great dome after another swells up over the nave, supported by enormous pilasters that have tombs on every side, some high up with knights lying on them, others with clerkly figures holding a written scroll. There are holy images, too, that touch the devout heart. One near the entrance is the Madonna dei Ciecchi, a painting of the fourteenth century in a framework of silver, with gentle, almond-shaped eyes and a sweet face against which the Child presses his, so like unto it. Two lamps burn before it.

Against the third pillar at the left is a monument to the celebrated Cardinal Bembo, the confidential friend of Pope Leo X., near whom he is buried in the church of the Minerva at Rome. It is a marble pediment supported by Corinthian colonnettes, with his bust in a niche. Cardinal Bembo was illustrious by birth, but still more so for his genius and elegant tastes, and he devoted the greater part of his life to literary pursuits. After the death of Leo X. he retired to Padua, where he drew around him the most eminent men of learning. In the sixty-ninth year of his age Pope Paul III. conferred on him the cardinal's hat, and he removed to Rome, where he laid aside the classical studies for which he has been so often reproached, and devoted himself henceforth to pursuits strictly befitting his sacred office. His beautiful poem, "Turning to God," expresses his sentiments at this crowning period of his life. It has been happily translated as follows:

> "If, gracious God, in life's green, ardent year,
> A thousand times thy patient love I tried,
> With reckless heart, with conscience hard and sere
> Thy gifts perverted and thy power defied,
> Oh! grant me, now that wintry snows appear
> Around my brow, and youth's bright promise hide—
> Grant me with reverential awe to hear
> Thy holy voice and in thy word confide!
> Blot from my book of life its early stains!
> Since days misspent will never more return,
> My future path do thou in mercy trace;
> So cause my soul with pious zeal to burn
> That all the trust which in thy name I place,
> Frail as I am, may not prove wholly vain."

The chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, which it seems natural to visit first, has beautiful gates of bronze. On one is represented the Samaritan woman at the well, with a statue of Faith above; on the other the devout centurion surmounted by Hope —figures of deep significance to the soul approaching the sacred tabernacle. On the sides of the chapel Donatello has sculptured some of the miracles of St. Anthony, such as the mule adoring the Holy Eucharist when his more stubborn master refused to bend the knee.

Beneath the Cappella del Crocefisso is buried an offshoot of the White Rose of York, the favorite of two queens of England, and yet a captive the greater part of his life. This was Edward Courtenay, a grandson of the Princess Catharine, daughter of Edward IV. The Courtenays were a chivalric race and counted many Crusaders and paladins in their long line. They descended from the old kings of France, and had intermarried with the Capets and Plantagenets. A daughter of this house married a son of Louis le Gros, and a son married Yolande of Constantinople. In England they held the earldom of Devon, and some of them were kings of Jerusalem. It was William Courtenay, the eighteenth Earl of Devon, who married the Princess Catharine. All these alliances with royalty seemed to be fatal to the race, especially the last. When the White Rose of York, crushed on the field of Bosworth, began to revive once more, it found a support in Henry Courtenay, son of William and the Princess Catharine. He was a friend of Cardinal Pole and a Catholic. Henry VIII. suspected him of aiming at the crown of England, as he stood near in the order of succession and was regarded as a leader by the adherents of the ancient church—by no means a small party, numbering as it did most of the great barons and the greater

part of the common people, for it was the ever-turbulent middle class that espoused the cause of the self-styled Reformers. Two leaders like Courtenay and Pole might have proved formidable, and on the eve of a general rising in the west Courtenay and his son Edward, a boy of twelve, were thrown into the Tower, and the former was beheaded. The boy, as it were forgotten, remained a captive in the Tower fifteen years, and ran about the garden and the house of the lieutenant. When he grew older he was confined in the belfry, where his chief amusement was to watch the vessels going up and down the Thames. After Queen Mary came to the throne she visited the Tower with a train of prelates and nobles, and when she saw the young Lord Courtenay kneeling among others at the postern she alighted from her palfrey, and embraced and kissed him. The aged Duke of Norfolk and other loyal captives were with him. She called them "her prisoners" and took them away with her. Young Courtenay was pale from long imprisonment, and had a pensive style of beauty that was pleasing. Many were desirous he should marry the queen, and he evidently stood high in her favor. The York party called him the True White Rose. After Mary was affianced to the King of Spain those opposed to that measure wished Courtenay to marry Elizabeth. The queen's suspicions were excited against him. She hesitated to crush the youth she had regarded with favor, but his enemies prevailed and he was again sent to the Tower. Wyatt, however, denied that Courtenay was privy to his conspiracy, and after Philip and Mary were married he was sent abroad into what is called an honorable exile. Elizabeth is said to have regarded him with favor, but he died suddenly two years after, before she had the power to give any proofs of it.

Beneath the grand dome of the church is the high altar with its colonnettes of marble, erected in 1482, and ornamented with bas-reliefs and statues of bronze by Donatello, the celebrated Florentine artist. The tabernacle, of precious stones, is adorned with figures of bronze, the work of Girolamo Campagna of Verona, and Cesare Franco of Padua. The altar and tabernacle cost ten thousand crowns in gold. Near by stands a superb bronze candlestick eleven feet high, adorned with one hundred and four figures wrought with wondrous art by Andrea Riccio. The bronze screen has twelve bas-reliefs of scenes from the Old Testament, executed chiefly by Tiziano Bellano, of Padua, in 1488. There are eighty stalls in the choir, that were beautifully carved in 1468 by Canozio da Lendinara, an artist of exquisite taste, and there are four organs in the church in highly decorated lofts.

The chapel in which St. Anthony is enshrined was built by the republic of Padua between 1310 and 1350, but the final decorations that render it one of the most magnificent sanctuaries of Italy were not completed till the sixteenth century. It occupies the north transept, and opens into the church by five great archways supporting an entablature of sculptured marble of dazzling whiteness, with cornices and frieze beautifully wrought, and medallions of the four Evangelists in the spandrels. Along the top are five saints dear to Padua, among them St. Prosdocimo and St. Justina. Over the central arch of this beautiful façade is graven: "*Divo Antonio Confessori Sacrum,* RP. PA. PO.," rendered thus: The Republic of Padua to St. Anthony, Confessor.

You ascend by two steps into this sanctuary as into a holier place. It is touching to see how the pavement has been worn in deep indentures by the feet of the faithful. In the very centre of the chapel is the shrine of St. Anthony, of *verde antico* with gilt mouldings, surrounded by lamps and tapers perpetually burning. Four angels with lilies in their hands hold branched candlesticks, and around hang twenty-four silver and golden lamps of elegant form and workmanship, given by princes and nobles. On the top is a bronze statue of St. Anthony with golden lilies in his hand, between St. Bonaventure and St. Louis of Toulouse, both of the order of St. Francis. In front is an altar to which you ascend by seven steps, protected by two gates of bronze, executed by Aspetti in 1590. The back of the shrine is unprotected, and we found a good many people kneeling devoutly around, soldiers among them, who, as they entered and left, passed their hands caressingly over the shrine, touched it with their rosaries, and leaned their faces against it with a confiding, loving expression, as if whispering their secret joy or anguish. Votive offerings hung around, sketches in oil and water-colors, not of any value as works of art, but affecting from their stories of human woe and divine succor. Each one was inscribed P. G. R.—*per grazia ricevuta,* for grace received. The ceiling was panelled and richly gilded in 1859, at the cost of five hundred Napoleons in gold, through the pious liberality of the Empress Marianna, wife of Ferdinand of Austria. A dome rises above the shrine, and around it may be read in great letters: *Gaude, felix Padua, quæ thesaurum possedes*—Rejoice, O happy Padua! thou that possessest so rich a treasure!

Around the walls of this holy sanctuary are great arches, or sunken panels of white marble, with *alti-rilievi* of scenes from the life and legends of St. Anthony, executed by Sansovino, Tullio

Lombardo, Minello of Padua, and other celebrated sculptors. These reliefs are of great beauty and value as works of art, but to comprehend them one must know something of the life of Anthony, who is not only one of the most popular saints in the church, but a favorite subject among artists. St. Anthony of Padua sprang from the heroic race of Godfrey of Bouillon, the immortal hero of the Crusades. His grandfather, Vincent de Bouillon, went to Portugal to fight against the Moors under Affonso I., and greatly contributed to the victory of Castro Verde, so famous in the annals of the Portuguese nation. Anthony's father was Martin de Bouillon, a distinguished officer in the Portuguese army, and his mother was Teresa de Tavera, descended from the old kings of the Asturias. The greatest scion of this illustrious race was our saint, Fernandez de Bouillon, who was born at Lisbon on Assumption day, 1195, in a palace close to the cathedral. From his very childhood he was vowed to God and holy celibacy. He was appointed to a canonicate at Coimbra in early life, but when the remains of the five Franciscan protomartyrs were brought from Morocco to Lisbon he was so affected by the account of their sufferings and heroic endurance that he entered the order of St. Francis, hoping likewise to obtain the crown of martyrdom. It was on this occasion he took the name of Anthony. He actually went to Morocco to win the coveted palm, but a severe illness obliged him to return, and, being driven by adverse winds to the coast of Italy, he attended a chapter of the order at Assisi, where his eminent qualities were at once perceived by St. Francis, who commissioned him to teach theology in these words:

"Brother Anthony, I desire you to give lectures on theology to our brethren, on condition that you neither extinguish the spirit of devotion in yourself nor in others."

Sent to France, he taught successively at Montpellier, Toulouse, and Limoges. It was at Limoges occurred the vision of the infant Jesus which Murillo and other artists have rendered so famous. He had accepted the hospitality of a wealthy man whose house was quiet and favored his union with God. The owner, perceiving a brilliant light in the middle of the night, approached the saint's chamber and saw him contemplating with ecstatic devotion the glory of the divine Child descending from the heavens.

At Toulouse took place the incident, depicted more than once in this church, of the mule adoring the Host which St. Anthony

was carrying in procession, though the owner tried to entice it away by a measure of oats. This led to the man's conversion, and his descendants erected a chapel on which they placed an inscription to perpetuate the memory of the event.

It was at Montpellier St. Anthony silenced by a word the frogs in a neighboring lake, now called Lac St. Antoine, because they disturbed the studies and meditations of the brethren by their continual croaking. He is said to have bowed his head in the cathedral pulpit one day and sung to himself the Alleluia, which was distinctly heard in the choir of the Franciscans at some distance, and this before the invention of the telephone. But the saints often seemed to anticipate the sciences.

It was at Rimini he went down and preached to the fish of the sea when sinners refused to listen to him. The sermon he delivered is sold at Padua and is well worth reading. Addison gives the following translation:

"Do you think that, without a mystery, the first present that God Almighty made to man was of you, O ye fishes? Do you think that, without a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye fishes? Do you think there was nothing meant by our Saviour, Christ, that next to the paschal lamb he took so much pleasure in the food of you, O ye fishes? Do you think it was by mere chance that when the Redeemer of the world was to pay a tribute to Cæsar he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a fish? These are all of them so many mysteries and sacraments that oblige you in a more particular manner to the praises of your Creator.

"In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that perished in the universal deluge! You only were insensible of the mischief that laid waste the whole world.

"All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise towards the divine Majesty that has done so great things for you, granted you such particular graces and privileges, and heaped upon you so many distinguished favors. And since for all this you cannot employ your tongues in the praises of your Benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude, make at least some sign of reverence; bow yourself at his name; give some sign of gratitude according to the best of your capacities; express your thanks in the most becoming manner you are able, and be not unmindful of all the benefits he has bestowed on you."

And when St. Anthony saw the fish open their mouths and bow their heads to show forth their reverence to the Creator, he rejoiced greatly and cried with a loud voice:

"Blessed be the Eternal God, for the fish of the sea honor him more

than men without faith, and animals without reason listen to his word with greater attention than sinful heretics."

He used to call the fish his brethren, after the manner of St. Francis. He was, in fact, a great lover and observer of nature, and in his sermons drew many of his most effective images from the natural world around—the birds of the air, insects, the flowers of the field with their beauty and odor, the sun in the heavens, etc.

"It is well to resemble the lily on the running waters," said he in one of his sermons. "The lily is the pure soul; the passing water is worldly prosperity."

Tullio Lombardo has sculptured one scene on the walls of St. Anthony's Chapel that took place at Florence when the saint went there to preach during the Lent of 1228. Requested to deliver a eulogy over the remains of a wealthy man noted for his avarice, with his usual fearlessness he chose for his text: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." There is an ancient predella at the Belle Arti at Florence, representing St. Anthony in the pulpit, with one hand pointing to the miser, who lies on his bier surrounded by his relatives. A surgeon, as if to test the preacher's words, is examining the body and finds the heart is gone, and through the open door you see a man in a green dress and blue cap open a chest full of money, and there among his bags of gold is the heart of the miser, as St. Anthony had said.

Antonio de Escobar says St. Anthony is specially invoked to recover things lost because he entered the order of St. Francis under the name of Anthony instead of Fernandez, in order to conceal himself from his friends. Therefore he who wished not to be found for the glory of God received the gift that by his intercession lost objects should be recovered. A French author says the custom arose from an incident that occurred while St. Anthony was guardian of the Franciscan convent at Montpellier. It happened that a novice, tired of his vocation, made his escape from the convent, taking with him the New Testament in which St. Anthony had written some notes for his sermons. Afflicted at the conduct of the novice and the loss of his Testament, the saint had recourse to prayer. The fugitive novice, in crossing a bridge, saw at the other end an apparition similar to that which beset Luther while translating the Bible at the Wartburg, and he was so terrified at the aspect of the demon that he fled back to the convent, carrying the Testament with him.

"I heartily approve that recourse should be had to this saint when one has suffered loss or affliction," says St. Francis of Sales. "God has shown that such is his pleasure by hundreds of miracles wrought at the intercession of the saint." And to a person who had criticised the practice he said: "Let us unite in a vow to this saint to recover what we have both lost—you, Christian simplicity; and I, humility."

St. Anthony had a pleasing exterior and polished, easy manners. His attitudes and gestures were full of grace, and yet so grave that his very deportment in the street was in itself a sermon. His voice was clear and harmonious, and he modulated it at his pleasure. He was so eloquent in the pulpit that when he was to preach all labor was suspended and the very shops closed. When he delivered the Lenten sermons of 1231 at Padua no church was large enough to contain the audience, and he had to preach in the open air without the city walls, where more than thirty thousand people assembled to hear him. The roads in every direction were filled with men, women, and children. Lords and ladies, knights and peasants, flocked to hear him. The wealthy took off their rich garments and went in simple attire. At night they went by the light of torches. The bishop himself attended. Utter silence prevailed. Every eye was fastened on St. Anthony, and when he descended from the pulpit the people rushed to kiss his hands and feet and tear off fragments of his garments. On more than one occasion he would have been crushed to death had he not been stoutly protected. The Duke of Padua was converted by one of these sermons near Campo San Pietro, and the family became so attached to the place as to make it their favorite residence and assume the name, since corrupted into Campisamperio. Tiso the Great, a member of this family, delivered his country from the tyranny of Eccelino.

But to return to the church of San Antonio. Opposite the chapel of *il Santo* is that of San Felice in the south transept. It is similarly constructed, with five archways resting on columns of yellow marble, and rich with paintings, marbles, and tombs. This chapel was built in 1376, in honor of St. James the Great, by Bonifazio dei Lupi, Marquis of Soragna, who had an hereditary devotion to the great protector of Spain, as he claimed descent from Queen Lupa, who reigned over Galicia when the body of St. James arrived from Palestine on that idolatrous shore. This chapel was afterwards consecrated to St. Felix when the remains of this pope were enshrined here in 1504. The walls are admirably frescoed by Jacopo Avanzi, a painter of such tender

devotion that he long shrank from depicting the Crucifixion. In the lunettes of the arches he recounts the poetic legend of St. Jago. Here may be seen his holy remains in a marble boat, with an angel at the helm, just arrived at Iria Flavia in Galicia. The disciples deposit the body on a great rock near the shore, which yields like wax to its pressure and closes around it. Lupa with her handmaidens is looking over a balustrade, refusing the request of St. James' disciples to have his body buried. She orders two wild bulls to be attached to the rock on which it lies, hoping they will dash it into the water; but the fierce animals, instantly tamed by the sign of the cross, carry it into her own palace. The queen with all her household embraces Christianity and consecrates her palace to the service of God.

There is an immense painting of the Crucifixion on the wall beneath, with a throng of soldiers and spectators that renders the scene exceedingly dramatic, if one may use the expression. On one side, let into the wall, is the tomb of Queen Lupa's descendant, buried here in 1380, with the risen Christ above him holding the banner of the resurrection, as if to express his hope of a better life. Behind the altar is the tomb of Bartolommea Scrovegno, sister of the founder of the Arena chapel, who was poisoned soon after her marriage by her husband, one of the Carraras.

The chapel of San Antonio opens into the picturesque chapel of the Madonna Mora, one of those black Virgins Giotto loved to pay his devotions to. It is under a Gothic canopy and belonged to the church of Santa Maria Nuova that formerly stood here. St. Anthony himself often prayed before it, and in this chapel he was first buried. The walls are covered with frescoes, and there are some old tombs, among them one of Raphael Fulgoso, a celebrated advocate, sent to the Council of Constance by the republic of Venice—a tomb of the fourteenth century resting on lions. This was the mortuary chapel of the Obizzo family, and here was buried Lucretia Orologio, the famous victim of conjugal fidelity celebrated in song, and story, and romance.

Beyond is the chapel of the Beato Luca Belludi. He was a nobleman of Padua, who received the religious habit from St. Francis himself. He attached himself to St. Anthony, and accompanied him in his apostolic rounds. On him the mantle of the saint seemed to fall, and after the death of St. Anthony he acquired so great a reputation for sanctity that he was revered almost as much, and in 1382 the people erected this sumptuous chapel to his memory near the tomb of his friend and fellow-laborer. The walls are frescoed with scenes from the life of the Beato Luca and the history of St. Philip, in whose Crucifixion por-

traits of the Conti family, benefactors to the chapel, are introduced.

An aisle leads around the choir, and in the chapel at the apsis we found a bier with tall candles burning around it, and one solitary woman praying and weeping beside it. In the treasury is a beautiful monstrance given to the church by Victor Emanuel in 1866. Here is kept the reliquary containing the tongue of St. Anthony, found entire thirty years after his death. St. Bonaventure, who opened the tomb, took it in his hands, kissed it with veneration, and exclaimed: "O blessed tongue! that always praised God and caused him to be praised by others, how precious art thou before him." And he placed it in a case of gold. It is now in a beautiful reliquary of the fifteenth century like a domed chapel with open arches guarded by angels, set up on a tall pedestal artistically wrought.

Great Dalmatian dogs used to guard the church and shrine of St. Anthony, as of old dogs guarded the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket. It is related that a servant on one occasion, having fallen asleep, was shut up in the church all night. The dogs stationed themselves at his side and did not suffer him to move till morning. They did not, however, prevent the spoliation of the gold and gems belonging to the church in 1797.

The adjoining convent has been taken possession of by the government, which is trying to convert it into a museum. It has three quiet cloisters, with tombs, Madonnas, and Christs in the arcades, and grassy courts adorned with shrubs.

Every pilgrim should visit the little convent of the Arcella, built in the time of St. Francis. It is half a mile from Padua, and has a cell which five saints have sanctified, with *Supplex ingredere* over the door. Here Christ appeared to the dying Anthony, and on the walls is depicted the scene of his death and the transportation of his remains to Padua in a car drawn by oxen. It is enclosed as a holy sanctuary within the present church. St. Anthony died a little before sunset, June 13, 1231, singing his favorite hymn, "O gloriosa Domina," composed by St. Ambrose, or, as some will have it, by Venantius Fortunatus.

In one of his sermons, delivered on the banks of a great river of northern Italy frequented by white swans, St. Anthony said: "O my brethren! let us be like the swan. By its whiteness it is the image of the converted sinner, who has become whiter than snow. And when the hour of death arrives the only sound that escapes from its breast is the harmonious accent of its suffering joy. O my brethren! let us imitate the swan, that dies a-singing."

CHARITY CHILDREN GOING TO MASS.

LITTLE children, sinless yet,
  Knowing naught of wrong or shame,
Safe from worldly care and fret,
  Loving still the Master's name.
Little children, sinless yet.

Leading these, the Sisters go,
  Convoying their tiny fleet,
All demure and saintly slow,
  Through the busy city street.
Leading these, the Sisters go.

Thus the galleons sailed from Spain
  Through the waste ways of the sea,
With the war-ships in their train—
  Pirates skulking down the lee!
Thus the galleons sailed from Spain.

Guarded by the caravels,
  Safe they crossed the trackless sea
Braved the surges and the swells—
  Scorned the pirates down the lee!
Guarded by the caravels.

Gentle caravels are these,
  These the Sisters, sweet and grave;
Great the dangers of the seas
  Over which they sail to save.
Gentle caravels are these.

Yet their faith has made them strong,
  And the fleet of fair white souls
Naught need fear of hurt or wrong—
  Evil rocks or hidden shoals,
For their faith has made them strong.

Under shelter of God's grace
  Safe they'll harbor make at last
In the saintly dwelling-place,
  Doubts and fear for ever past!
Under shelter of God's grace.

RACHEL'S FATE.

A TALE OF CAPE ANN.

ONCE upon a time there lived on Cape Ann, in the old colony of Massachusetts, a widow named Phebe Scudder. Her husband, a bold fisherman, had been lost at sea, leaving her, besides a small farm of forty acres, three little children to care for.

The house in which the widow dwelt had been built from the timbers of a wreck, and a snug, substantial abode it was. In front of the door in summer-time bloomed a wilderness of hollyhocks and sunflowers, encircled by a gravelly path bordered with shells of various colors; morning-glories clambered all about the quaint, diamond-shaped windows; while inside the dwelling was a huge fireplace, broad enough for a bench on either side of the backlog, where one might sit and spin yarns and gaze up at the stars.

In this chimney one winter evening in the year 1749 were ensconced two boys and three girls listening to a story which one of their number was telling. The speaker was a sunburnt urchin of twelve years of age, whose real name nobody knew; for he had been the only being saved from the ill-fated ship whose timbers, as we have said, had gone to make this humble home, and at the time of his rescue he was merely an infant. But his playfellows had christened him Dick, and so the rest of the world called him Dick, too. By his side sat Rachel, the prettiest of Mrs. Scudder's daughters, while on the opposite bench were her sisters, Grace and Phebe, squeezing between them another boy named Sam Bowline.

It must have been an interesting tale that Dick was telling, for the widow ever and anon would stop her spinning-wheel to listen; and when by and by he came to the end she shook her head and exclaimed: "Dick! Dick! you are incorrigible—always talking about distant lands and undiscovered islands, horrid monsters of the deep and wicked pirates. Why can't you keep your fancy on dry land—on some pretty farm where the corn grows and the birds sing?"

"Oh! but, mother, it was so interesting," cried the three little girls at one breath. "And I shall dream about your story

all night long," added Rachel, a blue-eyed, gentle creature, Dick's very contrast in everything; perhaps for this very reason she was his favorite.

"And the bark was never heard of again—never heard of again," put in Sam Bowline, in a musing tone, like one who thinks aloud.

"And what a big serpent was chasing the bark!" spoke Phebe, with a shudder. Here they were interrupted by an odd, croaking voice which proceeded from a dark corner of the room, while at the same moment a broad flame leaped up from beneath the backlog, revealing the figure of a raven perched on top of a clock. "Old Harry is right," said Mrs. Scudder—"'no place like home.' And if your dear father, girls, had not loved the stormy sea so much, if he had remained ashore and cultivated his farm, I might not have been a widow to-day." Presently the clock struck nine, and with the exclamation, "Bless me! how late it is," the good woman hurried her daughters to bed, and Dick likewise; for the boy had been adopted by her, and she treated him as one of her own children. "And if you wish, Sam Bowline," she said, "you may have a bed here to-night, for it is snowing and blowing great guns."

"Oh! I can find my way home in spite of the storm," replied Sam, a good-natured lad with red hair and a freckled face. So saying, he quitted his comfortable nook in the chimney-corner and moved towards the door. But before he got to it the raven flew down from its perch and overtook him. Then, while Sam stooped to scratch the bird's head, it again croaked, "No place like home, no place like home." "Old Harry likes you," said Mrs. Scudder, as she opened the door for Sam to pass out. "Many and many an hour did I spend teaching him to articulate these words, in the hope that they might influence my dear husband to stay at home. O Sam! I hope you will be wise: stay on your father's farm; do not go to sea—no place like home."

Sam grinned, but made no response. Then, pulling his cap far over his ears and thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, "Good night, dame," he said. And off he went.

The story which Dick had related this evening was only one of many stories wherewith he entertained his young friends during the winter; and by the time spring came round, and the sunflowers and morning-glories began to bud, Mrs. Scudder had pretty well made up her mind that nothing she might say or Old Harry might croak would keep this restless mortal from going to sea.

Dreary as the widow's homestead might appear in the winter-time, it was not wanting in loveliness when the meadow behind the house became green and the air was full of the sweet warbling of bobolinks. Thither from a row of old-fashioned straw hives flew the busy bees, and in this meadow Sam Bowline and the girls loved to chase the butterflies. But sometimes the bees chased them, for Dick now and then threw stones at the hives. And whenever Sam, or Phebe, or Grace got stung he would laugh and clap his hands; it was only when they hurt blue-eyed Rachel that he felt sorry for his mischief.

One May morning, while the sisters were waiting for their playfellow Sam to arrive—it was a Saturday, and he always came of a Saturday—Phebe said: "I wonder where Dick is?" Scarcely had she spoken when her mother's voice was heard crying out: "Dick! Dick! don't destroy the fish-hawk's nest. Let it be, let it be, you naughty boy!" But it was too late. At the risk of his neck Dick had climbed to the top of the dead pine-tree which stood on a sandy knoll between the house and the ocean, and, after stealing the eggs, had wantonly pulled the nest apart just for the fun of seeing it tumble to the ground.

"Alas! that may bring ill-luck," sighed Mrs. Scudder, as she went back to her churn. "I almost wish Dick were gone from here."

"These eggs are for you, Rachel," said Dick, when presently the three girls arrived at the tree.

"But mother will scold you for destroying the nest," answered Rachel. "It was ever so old, and every year the birds came back to it—every year."

"I've heard pop say that it brought bad luck to destroy a fish-hawk's nest," spoke a voice behind them, and, turning, they saw Sam Bowline approaching.

"Bad luck? bad luck? Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Dick, who seemed to care little what was said to him.

The five playmates now bent their steps towards the beach; they advanced hand-in-hand, kicking up the sand with their bare feet and laughing merrily at a couple of snipe which they drove before them, and which Dick declared he liked ten times better than the bobolinks. "For snipe," he said, "are fond of wading in the water, just as I am."

But Sam and the girls were as fond of this sport as he was; and this morning, as soon as they reached the strand, into the surf they dashed after venturesome Dick, who always led the way. Backwards and forwards they skipped and played for about a

quarter of an hour, chased by the breakers, which sometimes nearly overtook them.

At length came a wave higher than any of the others. "Be quick! be quick! Don't let it catch you," shouted Rachel to Grace. But Grace was the youngest—the weakest; she was too slow; in another moment the breaker curled over her and knocked her off her feet. Then when the seething waters receded they drew the child with them. She called for help; Phebe and Rachel shrieked, while Sam and Dick hastened to the rescue. But before they could reach poor Grace another huge billow had completed the work of the first and carried her still further away. Indeed, the brave boys were well-nigh drowned themselves in trying to save her.

It was a mournful procession which in a little while wended its way to the widow's home; and as Dick passed beneath the dead pine-tree the fish-hawk was screaming wildly for her ravished nest. But he was too exhausted even to fling a stone at the angry bird.

Poor Mrs. Scudder! At first she could scarcely believe her senses when she counted only four children returning. Where was the fifth? Where was her darling Grace? How suddenly this new woe had come upon her!

"I hate the ocean!" she moaned. "I hate it, I hate it! It robbed me of my husband; now it has taken away my Grace." Dick tried to utter something in defence of the sea, but he could not. He dropped on the floor, and so did Sam; while Old Harry hopped between them, croaking, "No place like home—no place like home."

"How time does fly!" spoke Phebe to Sam Bowline, as they were seated one morning side by side on a fallen tree—the same old pine which Dick had once climbed to plunder and destroy the fish-hawk's nest.

"Yes, it is now almost nine years since Grace was drowned," answered Sam, "yet it seems only yesterday." "What happy days those were before dear Grace left us!" pursued Phebe.

"Very. But these days are happier still," said her companion, turning his freckled face towards her and striving to catch her glance. But Phebe's dark eye had fallen on a wild cranberry vine at her feet, and you might have thought that she had not heard his words, except for a crimson spot which suddenly glowed on her cheek.

"What a sunburnt hand you have!" continued Sam, now

taking one of her hands in his and holding it up as if to examine it. . .

"It is not so pretty as the soft, white hands of the girls you meet in Marblehead," said Phebe.

"Not so pretty!" exclaimed Sam indignantly. "Why, it is worth them all put together. This hand can pull an oar, haul in a bluefish, and has helped me take in a reef when a squall was coming up." Then, after a pause during which Phebe's heart beat very fast, "Phebe," he said, "I met a namesake of yours in Marblehead last week."

"Indeed!" said Phebe, lifting her eyebrows but not her eyes. "Well, pray what sort of a girl is she?" "She is deaf, dumb, and blind," replied Sam, trying his best not to laugh.

"Poor creature! And how old is she? Has she a happy home?" "She is very young and has no home, unless it be the ocean."

"Oh! you are quizzing me. What do you mean?" said Phebe impatiently. "No, I am not quizzing. And, what is more, I kissed her just because she bore your name."

"Naughty boy!" exclaimed Phebe, bending to pluck a leaf off the vine. "And when I kissed her I could not see her blush for the paint that was on her cheek," said Sam. At this Phebe laughed.

"But now, to stop joking," he added, "the *Phebe Scudder* that I kissed is a schooner which I have built and called after the girl I love best in the world." Here Sam placed his other hand upon Phebe's hand, which he tremblingly clasped. Then, as she remained silent and with eyes still cast down, "You used to make fun of my red hair and big freckles," he continued, "and once you called me ugly. But, believe me, there is not a man in the whole colony of Massachusetts who would do as much for you as Sam Bowline would. And now, before I put to sea, I want to know if you will be my wife?"

"I don't mind your red hair and freckles any more," answered Phebe in tremulous accents.

"Does this mean that you are willing to sail with me along life's sea?" continued Sam, waxing poetic in his rapture. "Yes," replied Phebe, now lifting her eyes and gazing frankly at him. Then, while Sam pressed his lips to her glowing cheek, "Why, I declare!" she added, "here is Old Harry." And almost before the words were out of her mouth the raven—somewhat grayer than when we first saw him on top of the clock—hopped upon Sam's shoulder.

"What a pet you are!" said Sam, scratching the bird's head. "He likes you and dislikes Dick," went on Phebe. "And I must confess I do not like Dick either." "Why not, my love?" inquired Sam. "Because—because I know Dick has persuaded you not to be a farmer." Here the young woman paused a moment, while her bosom heaved. "O Sam, Sam!" she continued, "why won't you stay ashore and raise corn and pumpkins? Why must you sail off to distant lands—perhaps never come back?"

"Never come back! Oh! have no fear of that," said Sam. "The *Phebe Scudder* is a stanch craft, well built and wholesome, exactly like her namesake; and I am sure she will be lucky, too. Why, who knows, I may discover a new island like the one Dick told us about in one of his stories, where the pebbles on the beach were all gold." "Might not your father's farm be a better gold-mine?" inquired Phebe. "And then I could help you work it, and we should see each other every hour of the day."

"Dear Phebe," answered Sam, kissing away a tear, "let us not make this happy hour unhappy by talking about my departure. Of one thing be assured: I will make short cruises; I will try to visit you every six months; and you must let me take Old Harry with me—for the words which your mother has taught him to pronounce will keep reminding me of home."

"Yes, you may take Old Harry," said Phebe. "But now let us move away from this spot. We have been sitting too long on this fatal, lightning-blasted pine-tree where Dick once brought bad luck upon us. I am superstitious. Let us go!" So saying, they rose and proceeded towards Phebe's home.

During this interesting interview between Sam Bowline and Phebe another couple might have been observed conversing together about a quarter of a mile away. These two were Dick and Rachel. But first let us tell how they had met this morning. Rachel, we know, had been Dick's favorite as a child. But now, when she was just budding into womanhood, her beauty surpassed even his most extravagant dreams. She was not bronzed by the sun like Phebe—her cheek resembled a peach; her eyes were blue as the summer sky, and her golden hair was like the hair of the mermaids whom Dick used to tell of in his romantic tales. But Rachel had never appeared so bewitching to Dick as she did to-day, when he arrived from Marblehead after an absence of several months and discovered her swimming just within the outer breaker. Carried away by admiration, he waded in the water up to his waist. But he could not reach her, while Rachel shook the spray off her tresses and laughed merrily at

him. "Come ashore! come ashore!" cried the enchanted youth. Whereupon Rachel, taking pity on him, and looking never so graceful in her chaste, home-made bathing-robe, went ashore, and together they walked in the direction of a clump of cedars.

"I am glad to see you back," spoke Rachel. "And I am overjoyed to see *you*," answered Dick, feasting his strange eyes upon her; they seemed to have grown wilder and more piercing during his absence.

"Did Sam Bowline come with you?" inquired Rachel. "Yes; look at him yonder, sauntering towards the house hand-in-hand with Phebe." "Hand-in-hand, sure enough," murmured Rachel, with a faint smile. Then, after watching them a moment, "Well, what have you both been doing in Marblehead?" "Building two of the prettiest schooners that ever sailed," answered Dick. "And mine is called the *Shark*."

"What a name!" exclaimed Rachel.

"Does it frighten you?" said Dick, with an almost savage grin. "Well, you might have called it the—the—"

"The Bobolink, I suppose," interrupted Dick. "No, indeed, no land name for my schooner." Presently he halted and stared at Rachel with an expression which puzzled her; his lips were firmly compressed; he seemed wrought upon by some violent emotion. And when, to her astonishment, he seized her by both wrists, although his grasp was powerful, she felt him trembling. "O Dick! what is the matter?" said Rachel. "Would you like to become a queen?" he answered—"a queen with obedient subjects under you and plenty of gold and diamonds?"

"Heavens! Dick, what do you mean?" "I mean that I can make you a queen, if you will," pursued Dick, still holding fast to her wrists. "And I shall be a king."

"Dick, Dick, are you sober? Are you mad?" exclaimed Rachel, who was tempted to scream for help—Sam and Phebe were still within hearing. "Mad? Not in the least. But you must know that I have met lately many rovers of the sea; and I have heard them say that far off in the Pacific Ocean are many beautiful islands, where the sky is ever blue and where the inhabitants are a simple, innocent race, living on cocoanuts and bread-fruit. Now, suppose I sailed with a bold and jovial crew to one of those islands and proclaimed myself monarch, would you accompany me and be my queen?"

"What a strange idea!" ejaculated Rachel. "But it is just what I might have expected. You were always fond of telling us impossible stories."

"But it need not be impossible," went on Dick. "I vow to do my part. I will conquer one of those islands. But you must sail with me to my dominion and be my queen."

"What! Leave dear mother, who is growing old and infirm? Go and dwell on the other side of the globe?"

"My love, my burning love, would make up for all your loss," said Dick in passionate accents. "Oh! I cannot leave my mother," said Rachel; "and, Dick, if you truly love me, I beg you to free my wrists, let me go home." "Well, then, go!" cried Dick, flinging her away. "Go! But I—I will make you my queen whether you will or no."

"Why, my daughter, you look pale. What ails you?" said the widow when a few minutes later Rachel made her appearance. "You were so long absent that I began to fear something had happened. I wish you would not go a-swimming all by yourself."

For once in her life Rachel refused to tell her mother what troubled her. Nor would she tell Phebe, who presently drew near, with Sam Bowline's arm twined around her waist, and looking as radiant as the June sky.

"You must not be downcast to-day," spoke Phebe; "for a little while ago I promised this dear fellow to be his wife, and I want you to rejoice with us." "You have done wisely," answered Rachel. "Here, Sam, let me shake your hand."

After this kindly greeting Sam asked where Dick was: "He and I journeyed together from Marblehead. I told him this morning that I was going to propose to Phebe. He wished me luck, then disappeared. Where can he be?" "Have you seen him, Rachel?" inquired Mrs. Scudder.

"I have just left Dick by the clump of cedars between the beach and the fallen pine-tree," replied Rachel. "But now let me go to my room; I must dress." With this Rachel withdrew. But when she had made her toilet, instead of rejoining the others, she knelt by her bedside and prayed for Dick—Dick, whose pet she had always been—Dick, who had been her child-lover. Now here he was a full-grown man, much handsomer than Sam Bowline, with an eye whose passion pierced her through. But, alas! he seemed bent on a hare brained scheme. How would it end? What might be Dick's fate? "May the gracious Lord protect him!" said Rachel. "He asks me to sail with him thousands of miles away—to leave Cape Ann, and mother, and Phebe. O Dick! I love you, I love you, but I cannot grant you this boon. No, no, I cannot."

In the meanwhile Sam Bowline had gone in quest of his friend. But no voice had answered to his repeated calls, and he returned in half an hour without having found him.

"Something has surely happened between my sister and Dick," spoke Phebe in an undertone to her betrothed. "Rachel will not quit her room. And did you notice how flurried she looked when she came back from her bath?"

"Well, Dick intends to put to sea in a few days," answered Sam. "I guess he came here purposely to ask Rachel to marry him before he sailed, for I know he adores her. Now, if she has refused him he has doubtless returned to Marblehead and may weigh anchor before to-morrow."

"Will his cruises be short, like yours?" said Phebe.

"I think not. He speaks of sailing round the world."

"Well, you were always a better fellow than Dick," pursued Phebe, smiling fondly on her lover; "and now I—I detest him, for I am sure it is he who persuaded you to follow the sea."

"Be not too severe on Dick," said Sam. "With all his odd notions, his roving temperament, his love of adventure, he has a golden heart."

Phebe shook her head, then made Sam promise that he would bring Old Harry home once or twice a year. "I will keep my promise," said Sam; "and before many years I will give up the sea and settle down on a farm."

"Yes, yes, on this dear old farm where I was born," said Phebe; then presently, with swelling bosom, she added: "O Sam, Sam! how impatiently I shall watch from the highest sand-knoll for the first glimpse of the *Phebe Scudder* on the horizon." "And I shall never open my chart without turning my eyes on Cape Ann," answered Sam. Here there was a pause. Phebe, albeit this was the day of her betrothal, already keenly felt the approaching separation. Sam might tarry a few golden weeks with her; but these weeks would pass like one day; and then—

"Well, Sam," spoke Phebe, after brushing away a tear, "I want you to make me another promise—a solemn promise." "What is it?" said Sam.

"Whenever night comes on take in sail," said Phebe. "I have heard that my dear father always carried too much canvas at night. It probably cost him his life. So take in sail at night."

Within a week the young couple were married. Then, when the brief honeymoon was ended, Sam gave Phebe a long, silent, lingering embrace and went away. To judge by the tears that

were shed on this occasion, Rachel and Mrs. Scudder felt the parting even more than Phebe. The latter did not weep nor utter a word. Only her pale visage and the way she fell back against the wall told of her poignant grief.

Nor did Sam breathe a syllable either. But when he was out of sight he pressed Old Harry again and again to his lips. The raven did not seem surprised; it made no attempt to escape. Old Harry and Sam had always been good friends. Now that both were bidding adieu to Cape Ann, which was never again to be their home, they appeared to like each other more than ever.

One moonlight night, not long after Sam Bowline had sailed, a large, rakish schooner might have been observed lying-to about half a mile from the beach, directly opposite the Widow Scudder's abode.

For once in his life the captain of this craft felt nervous, as, accompanied by five other men, he rowed towards a narrow cove that was sheltered from the breakers by a rocky islet.

"How will she take it? Will she faint? Will she heap maledictions upon me? Will she die of fright in my arms?" were questions which bold, reckless Dick asked himself a score of times as his skiff drew near to the shore.

In a little while he came to Rachel's home, and, peeping through the west window, which was partly open, he beheld the object of his affections seated between her parent and Phebe. The old lady had been reading the Bible, but at this moment she was listening to something that Rachel was saying.

"Well, I own that Dick was always a hard boy to manage—disobedient and ever so saucy," observed the latter; "but for all that he was not really bad. As far back as I can remember he was kind to me; his hand was ever ready to lift me on the pillion; he brought me the earliest wild flowers; and once, when I was lost among the sand-hills, he stayed out a whole night till he found me. O Phebe! say what you may against Dick, I will take his part." "Humph! I know that he thinks more of you than of any other girl on the Cape," answered Phebe, "and what puzzles me is that you did not accept him when he proposed; for I am pretty sure that he did propose."

"I refused his offer because I love mother more than I love him," replied Rachel. "He wished me to go far, far, far from mother—to where I might never see her again." At this moment the door opened, and lo! the very one of whom they were speaking stood before them. He was armed with a cutlass and

a pair of pistols, and never had Dick looked so like a dare-devil as now—except for his eyes, which, strange to relate, were moistened with tears.

The widow and her daughters quickly rose to their feet. "Dick, Dick, what has happened? What brings you here at this hour?" cried Rachel, who recalled with throbbing heart his last, ominous words—"I will make you my queen whether you will or no." She had often thought of these words since he uttered them. Had he come now to carry out his threat? "And who is that man I see gliding behind you?" she continued. "Who is he? Speak!"

"And there is a face gazing in at the window," said Phebe, trembling. "You surely would not steal my child from me?" exclaimed the widow, boldly stepping between Rachel and the intruder. "Calm yourself, dame. There is nothing to fear. The wicked spirit has left me," answered Dick—"it has left me, thank the Lord, and not for all the world would I rob you of dear Rachel. Moreover, for her sake I here solemnly vow never to shed a drop of human blood; and in the end I will make her the richest woman in the colony." At these words, to their surprise, Dick fell on his knees and kissed Rachel's feet. Then, rising up, "Blessed angel!" he continued, "if any being could have persuaded me to live ashore that being would have been yourself. But an impulse which I cannot resist drives me from Cape Ann. Farewell! farewell!" Here he turned and rushed out of the house.

"I verily believe that Dick is possessed by Satan. The Lord be praised, he is gone!" said Phebe. "Alas! alas!" ejaculated Mrs. Scudder, shaking her head, "his pistols and cutlass are things of evil omen. I hope my fears may not come true." Presently, without speaking a word, Rachel went to the door and listened. All was still save the roar of the ocean. "He is gone—gone. Shall I ever see him again?" she murmured. Then, before her mother could prevent her, she hastened out into the night and sped with winged feet towards the beach.

"Is that you, my beloved?" exclaimed Dick, turning round when he heard her footsteps.

Rachel made no response, but paused and bowed her head; for there were strange men present. Dick bade his companions continue their way to the boat. Then, taking Rachel by the wrists, as he had done once before—but now it was a gentle, loving grasp—"Dear girl," he said, "you are my good angel. If you would only come with me my whole life might be changed.

I shall be on the wide sea like a lost bark without you." "Oh! I cannot leave my mother," answered Rachel. "But for mother I might go with you." "True, true," said Dick; "and she has been like a mother to me. It was an evil spirit which prompted me to take you from her. But not all the train-bands in the colony could make you safer than you are here at this moment—here with Dick, who loves you with his whole heart and soul, who would die for you."

"I know you would not harm me," said Rachel, looking confidingly at him; while the moon, which peeped from behind a cloud, revealed plainly enough what her fond heart was whispering. "And, Dick, I could not bear to think that I might never see you again. It is why I have followed you." "Well, if some day I returned with plenty of gold—some day, perhaps years hence—would you then sail away to my dominion and be my queen?" inquired Dick earnestly.

"I would marry you if you came back penniless," answered Rachel. "But we must live here, on dear Cape Ann."

"Impossible!" murmured Dick in a voice too low to be heard.

He now gazed on her a moment in silence. It was a solemn moment; then, flinging his arms about her neck, he gave Rachel one passionate embrace and disappeared.

A few minutes later his skiff was gliding swiftly towards the schooner.

The young woman lingered where she stood, listening to the sound of the oars; nor was it until Phebe had called her a dozen times that she answered.

"May the Lord bring him back to me!" sobbed Rachel, as she bowed her head on her sister's shoulder; and Phebe inwardly repeated the words—for she was thinking of Sam Bowline—"May the Lord bring him back to me!"

"Goodness gracious! How it did blow last night!" said Mrs. Scudder one October morning—the first October after Dick and Sam's departure.

"I did not sleep very soundly," answered Phebe. "Nor I," said Rachel.

"I had a dream," went on Phebe, "in which I saw Sam's schooner off Cape Hatteras. She was scudding under bare poles, and—would you believe it?—in spite of the hurricane, Old Harry was perched on top of the mainmast."

"Well, I saw the *Shark* with her jib and mainsail blown to

ribbons," said Rachel. "Dick was lashed to the wheel. The big waves were sweeping the deck. He called to me, and just then I awoke."

"I remember the time when I had exactly such dreams," observed the widow. "They used to come during the equinoctial storm. And one night in a vision I saw your dear father's schooner foundering. Sure enough, he never came home; and I solemnly believe that the Almighty, in his goodness, did vouchsafe to his poor wife one last glimpse of him before the ocean swallowed him up."

"I pray the Lord that that horrid pirate whom we heard about last week may not catch my Sam!" said Phebe.

"They say the pirate's vessel can outsail anything that floats," remarked Mrs. Scudder. "Well, he'll not capture the *Shark*," said Rachel.

"The *Shark!* Ugh! don't breathe that name," said Phebe. "It is just the name one might expect Dick to give his schooner."

"You are always picking at poor Dick. Pray be more charitable," said Rachel, a little nettled.

"Well, the last time Dick was here he certainly looked like a desperado, and I am very glad that you did not marry him," continued Phebe.

"Hush! hush! Do not wax hot over Dick," interposed the widow. Rachel made no reply to her sister's speech. She merely bowed her head on the table, and if a tear fell to the floor it fell unseen.

But if this night had been tempestuous the day which followed was calm and beautiful. And the day was made more beautiful still by the return of Sam Bowline, who entered without rapping on the door.

"I was expecting you ere long, but hardly so soon as this; you are truer than your word," cried the joyous Phebe, as he clasped her to his heart. "Alas! I can be with you, my darling wife, only a few days," answered Sam. "For you must know that a terrible buccaneer has suddenly appeared on the Spanish main. The villain is creating great havoc among the shipping, and I have been commissioned by some merchants of Boston—who know how nimble my schooner is—to go in pursuit of him. They have armed me with four twelve-pounders; and should I get within range of the pirate, let him beware!"

"Quite a compliment to the good qualities of my namesake," said Phebe, smiling.

"Well, I can barely outsail Kidd on a wind. Going free, I think he may have the smarter craft," continued Sam.

"You have seen him, then?" said Rachel. "Yes, once when I was steering for Charleston with a cargo of pineapples; and if a fog had not hidden me from view Sam Bowline might not have been here to-day."

"What dreadful creatures pirates are!" exclaimed Phebe. Then, dropping her voice to a whisper and glancing at Rachel, she added: "May it be possible that this new sea-robber is—is Dick?"

"Oh! I understand—you need not whisper. You will say anything against Dick. But I love him!" broke out Rachel. With this the latter withdrew to her chamber to mourn unseen; for down deep in her heart Rachel had some misgiving about her lover. "And yet," she murmured, "Dick solemnly promised never to stain his hands with blood. No, no, this Kidd cannot be my Dick."

"Phebe, you should not hurt poor Rachel's feelings as you do," spoke Mrs. Scudder. "Although she is your sister, she may get to hate you; and then think of me living with two daughters who are enemies!"

"Well, mother, I cannot help disliking Dick," answered Phebe; "and I wish that I could set Rachel against him, for Dick is a bad egg. Hard as you begged him to live ashore and mind the farm, he ungratefully refused; and, what is more, but for him my dear Sam would have remained on his father's farm, and my heart would not have been torn with anxiety every time the wind howls and the sea rises." "Well, dear Phebe," interposed Sam Bowline, patting her gently on the cheek, "your mother is right: let us not accuse Dick without better proof. The pirate's vessel is indeed very like the *Shark;* but for all that it may not be the *Shark.*"

As Sam had said, he was able to tarry only a brief space with his young spouse; in less than a week he was again bounding over the billows, steering south in quest of the much-dreaded Kidd.

Long and lonesome was the winter which followed, and it was made all the more lonesome by the coldness which sprang up between Rachel and Phebe. They were still fond of sitting in the big chimney as when they were children; but now they sat apart instead of side by side. They seldom exchanged a word, and heavy grew their mother's heart at this estrangement between them.

Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of this dreary winter. Towards the middle of February Mrs. Scudder and her daughters went to a corn-husking. They were gone several days, and on their return home imagine their surprise to find a bagful of Spanish doubloons concealed under Rachel's bed. How did it get there?

During the same month the merchants of Boston were greatly alarmed by the appearance of Kidd off the coast of Massachusetts.

When the long-wished-for spring arrived Phebe confidently expected another visit from her husband. But, alas! spring and summer passed away, likewise another autumn and another winter, and still Sam Bowline returned not. But now and again came news from Marblehead, telling how the *Phebe Scudder* was ever in close pursuit of the buccaneer; and this cheered Phebe's heart a little, for it proved that Sam was alive and doing his duty.

"Why does he not come, not for my sake only, but for the sake of his baby boy?" sighed the pining Phebe when a whole eighteen months had elapsed without her laying eyes on Sam Bowline.

Quite as often, too, but in a low tone to herself, Rachel would mourn for her absent lover. "I cannot believe that Dick is the pirate whom every skipper is cursing," she would say inwardly; and whenever Rachel heard a word breathed against him she boldly took his part. But this cost Rachel the good-will of more than one gossipy dame; for the story of the bag of gold had got abroad, and there was a skipper's wife who openly asserted that Rachel knew more about Kidd than she cared to reveal.

"Well, depend on it, Phebe, Sam will come home when least expected, perhaps in the middle of the night," spoke Mrs. Scudder as she was trimming her lamp one evening. Hardly were the words uttered when in he strode—at least so Phebe fondly hoped and believed; for, as once before, the door swung swiftly open without any warning tap. Yes, in came a man; but, alas! it was not Sam Bowline.

"My Dick! my Dick!" cried Rachel, flying to meet the apparition.

"You know me, then? I am not so changed?" answered the pirate, taking Rachel's cheeks between his palms and giving her lips a vigorous kiss.

"Oh! how I have waited and prayed for you," continued Rachel as he fondled her; "and now at last here you are. But

I see blood on your brow, dear boy. What has happened?" "Nothing, nothing; only a scratch," replied Dick. Then, while Rachel turned pale, "You must know," he added, "that I am hotly pursued; but I could not resist coming to see you even at the risk of my head."

"Well, dear Dick, let me lave the blood off your forehead and put a bandage on the wound," said Rachel tenderly; "for I see that it is something more than a scratch."

In this good work Phebe assisted her; for Phebe's heart melted at the sight of her old-time playmate in this woful condition. While the young women and their mother were thus occupied Dick gave them a hurried account of how he had been wounded in a fray with the officers of the law. "It was only an hour ago," he said; "and they are now on my track. But I could not resist stopping here—I really could not." "Dear boy!" answered Rachel in faltering accents, "great as my joy is, perhaps it had been wiser if you had not paused in your flight."

"Oh! they'll never get me in their clutches," continued Dick; "for you must know that I am Kidd the pirate, and Kidd is not afraid of five to one. Why, look, I carry four pistols in my belt, and a dirk and a cutlass."

"Mercy on me! Dick, Dick, what have you come to?" ejaculated Mrs. Scudder, clasping her hands. Dick grinned, then went on: "Many a sack of silver and gold have I buried in the sand along the coast, and one bag I hid under your bed, dear Rachel. Did you find it?" "To be sure I did," answered Rachel. "But, my beloved, how came you by all this money? By plundering honest, peaceful merchantmen? O Dick, for shame! for shame!"

"Well, not one drop of blood have I shed—not one drop," continued Dick, who felt keenly Rachel's words. "Thank God for saying that!" pursued the latter. "At least you are not a murderer. But, I repeat, for shame! for shame! Oh! I implore you to abandon your wicked life. Do! do! Come and dwell again on dear old Cape Ann."

"Too late," spoke Dick. "A high price has been set on my head and— But hark! Here they are. Well, I'll die, but they shall never take me prisoner."

"Who are here? What mean you? The officers?" cried Rachel excitedly.

While she was trembling the door turned on its hinges, and lo! Sam Bowline entered. What a meeting! How strange! how touching! Here beneath the very roof where they had so

often played in childhood! "Oh! this is terrible," exclaimed Sam, while his wife rushed into his arms. "Phebe! Phebe! do not hold me; I must do my duty. Surrender, surrender, Dick." So saying, he drew a pistol. Dick drew one also and levelled it. For a moment the young men stood eyeing each other.

"I hear footsteps outside. They are surrounding the house. Flee, Dick, flee!" cried Rachel. "Don't fire, don't fire!" pleaded Mrs. Scudder. Both Dick and Sam were loath to pull the trigger. Suddenly, while they were hesitating what to do, Rachel stretched out her arms, and before they could prevent her she had snatched away their pistols.

"Quick! out of the window like a bird," she said to Dick in a hurried whisper; and almost at the same instant she discharged both weapons in the air. Then, while the room was black with smoke, and her mother and sister were screaming, Rachel grasped Sam Bowline tightly round the neck, and, making believe that she mistook him for Dick, she hugged the poor fellow so hard that he was well-nigh choked.

In the meanwhile three or four armed men ran into the house. But Kidd had been too nimble for them. Out through the west window he had leaped, shivering the glass into a thousand pieces; and when presently the smoke cleared away they discovered poor Phebe lying in a swoon at Sam's feet, who, with his neck squeezed as in a vise, could do nothing but gasp for breath.

It is needless to say that this discovery of Kidd under the widow's roof was soon noised about and afforded the choicest bit of gossip that the township had ever known. Mrs. Scudder's best friends now shook their heads, and even Solomon Barebones, the ruling elder, looked askance at poor Rachel. Had Sam Bowline been ashore he would certainly have defended the widow, and Rachel would not have had so many taunts flung at her. But the *Phebe Scudder* had once more sailed in pursuit of the *Shark*, and Sam was far, far away.

One evening, a twelvemonth after the pirate's narrow escape, Phebe and Rachel were watching a little boy toddling across the floor. "If his father were only here to see him!" sighed Phebe. "Well, it is hard to be a sailor's wife," said Rachel. "When the birds leave us in the autumn we know that they will return in spring-time; but when a sailor will come home from sea only the Almighty can tell." "Alas! too true," murmured Phebe, a tear rolling down her cheek. "Will my Sam ever come home

again?" Nor was Rachel's heart less anxious than her sister's, and more than once the horrible fear came over her that Dick and Sam might have met in mid-ocean and fought and gone to the bottom together.

The sisters were now without a mother; the good Mrs. Scudder was dead, and a common grief had brought Rachel and Phebe's hearts together anew. Indeed, to judge by the kisses which they were showering on little Sam this evening, it was difficult to say who loved him the more, his mother or his aunt.

"Come in," spoke Phebe, when presently she heard the door shake. "Did anybody knock? I guess it was only the wind," said Rachel.

"Oh! if it were my husband," thought Phebe. While her heart was fluttering, in somebody came and into somebody's embrace her sister flew. "Dick! Dick! Dick!" was all that Rachel could utter; and for more than a minute Dick could only murmur, "Rachel! Rachel!"

"O strange, vagabond being that you are! tell me, have you come back to stay?" said Rachel as soon as her emotion had subsided a little. "Have you come to live contentedly on Cape Ann, or are you still a hateful pirate? Are the officers of the law still on your track?"

"Well, my love," answered Dick, "I dare not tarry long ashore. But now listen, for I have something wonderful to relate, and something which will greatly interest Phebe." "Indeed!" ejaculated the latter, drawing nearer and placing her hand on his shoulder. "Is it about my Sam? Oh! pray go on—speak!"

"You must know," continued Dick, "that after I had given my pursuers the slip here a year ago I steered for the Indian Ocean. The *Phebe Scudder* kept ever in my wake. But, although I had resolved to be no longer a buccaneer, I durst not surrender. Well, on and on I sailed, with Sam almost within gunshot. If my guns had been heavier I should have stopped to fight; but I had only nine-pounders and was short of powder.

"At length a violent tempest arose and the *Shark* came very near foundering; indeed, she would have gone to the bottom, only that she was built in Marblehead.

"Well, a couple of months after this hurricane I spied a wreck in the distance. I made for it, and, lo! found that it was the *Phebe Scudder*. Both masts were gone, the rudder too; the waves were washing over her deck, and not a soul was on board, except Old Harry, the raven, who sat on the stump of the main-

mast. He was exceedingly thin and so exhausted that I had to force food down his throat."

Here Dick was interrupted a moment by a loud wail from Phebe.

"Well, the sight of Old Harry touched my heart; it brought so vividly before me this hallowed spot that I made up my mind to return and take my chances of the gibbet. Ay, return I would, in order to give my Rachel one more kiss, even if it cost my life. Accordingly, I altered my course and steered for the North Atlantic, the raven in the meanwhile never uttering a croak.

"But one day, after I had crossed the equator, he startled me by saying thrice, 'Latitude 11 south, longitude 100 west.' Ay, thrice he pronounced these words; but I was so taken aback that perhaps my ears deceived me. I listened attentively, in hopes that he might speak again; but since then he has kept perfectly mute."

"What can Old Harry have meant?" said Rachel. "Well, I will tell you what I think has happened," continued Dick. "Sam Bowline, finding his vessel dismantled by the hurricane, has taken to his small boat and sought refuge on some island in the Pacific Ocean. There he has repeated to Old Harry over and over again the latitude and longitude of the island, until by and by the bird has been able to pronounce the words. Then away Old Harry has flown to bring the message to Cape Ann. There was little likelihood of his reaching here; but it was Sam's only chance of a rescue. But the raven's wings must have given out, for he is a pretty old bird, and, finding himself hovering nigh the abandoned *Phebe Scudder*, he alighted on the mainmast stump, and would soon have died there had I not discovered him."

"Can this be possible? What a singular providence!" exclaimed Phebe, a gleam of joy lighting up her countenance.

"Well, I have given you my notion of what has occurred," went on Dick, "and I would wager a hundred to one that I am correct." "Then, I beseech you, make haste and bring relief to my dear Sam," said Phebe.

"Precisely what I mean to do," answered Dick. "And I will go with you," added Phebe.

"Just what I was about to propose," said Dick. "You shall not leave me behind," spoke Rachel.

"Good! good!" exclaimed Dick. "And as I dare not live again in this part of the globe, let us all make a new home in

a far-off island, in a lovely land where there is everlasting sunshine, where you, Phebe, will find your lost husband, and where I shall find my queen." Here Dick glanced at Rachel, who smiled and said, "Amen."

Late as the hour was, the young women began forthwith to prepare for their departure. Before midnight they had filled Dick's skiff with many articles which would prove useful during the voyage; and then Dick rowed them to his schooner, which lay half a mile outside the breakers. Down in the cabin they found Old Harry, now quite gray, and who seemed to recognize them; for he lifted his drooping head and hopped toward Phebe.

"Latitude 11 south, longitude 100 west," he spoke while she was bending over him. But he spoke only once, and there was something weird in his tone. Phebe fancied that she heard what Old Harry had uttered repeated by a voice in the air, and she glanced at Rachel, whose countenance likewise wore an expression of awe. Then, turning her eyes again on the raven, she discovered that he was dead.

Happily for the success of Dick's enterprise, a heavy fog enveloped the Cape for the space of three days, so that nobody perceived the *Shark* at anchor. By the end of this time the sisters were quite ready to depart. Ay, Rachel had even contrived to get wedded to Dick, thanks to a disguise which he assumed.

Nevertheless, the ruling elder, who performed the ceremony, had a faint suspicion that all was not right; and in less than an hour after the *Shark* had spread her sails to the breeze, the abandoned home was visited by a curious throng, who shook their heads and wondered very much what had become of Phebe and Rachel.

The long voyage to the Pacific was safely accomplished; and, just as Dick had surmised, Sam Bowline was found dwelling on an enchanting isle, where the balmy air, the birds, and the flowers might have made a scene from the Garden of Eden.

Sam never returned to his native land, nor did Phebe, Dick, or Rachel. But a generation later, when the American war of independence broke out, Commodore Paul Jones had no braver lieutenants under him than two young men who called themselves Americans, but who hailed from the far South Sea. One of these was the son of Phebe, the other of Rachel.

What became of Kidd the pirate did always remain a mystery. It was said by some that he died on the gibbet. He vanished, at all events, as suddenly as he had appeared.

NATIONAL UNITY.*

I.

YOU are attacking the national unity! This is one of the reproaches most frequently addressed to the Catholics, and, to my mind, the one that wounds the deepest. I wish to examine here the soundness of this accusation. I wish, without personalities, without bitterness, to inquire how our unity was founded, developed, and, after traversing inevitable periods of crisis, perpetuated. History has been called the wise counsellor of princes; she must become also the wise counsellor of nations, and we may invoke her to-day to shed her light on this grave subject.

"We are born," says Bossuet, "all of us, with a powerful inclination to do that which is pleasing to us." He might have added: To do what pleases ourselves is not enough to content us; we want also to impose our pleasure on our neighbor, and when we are the stronger we like to subject even the very thought of the weaker to our own. Most nations include conquerors and conquered, and unity is then formed by the encroachments of the conqueror. The conquered disappears, or at least is effaced, before the conqueror, and that continues so long as lasts the empire of force; but often that which had been bent to the earth rises again, what was deemed dead revives, and the history of the world records as many reprisals as defeats. Not to overstrain victory is the best way of using it, and the surest guarantee of its duration. In the long run nations have understood, and statesmen, worthy of the name, have endeavored to impress upon power, the wisdom of reserve and moderation. When they have succeeded in this they have been crowned with the respect of posterity; and it is one of the characteristics of our civilization that we have from period to period better and better understood, better and better practised, the conditions of modern unity by advancing, stage by stage, from national unity by constraint to national unity in liberty.

France has been, in this as in so much else, a great initiator. The Very Christian kingdom founded by a conversion, enlightened by apostles, governed and made illustrious by bishops,

* This article is a translation by Mrs. J. L. O'Sullivan of a recent pamphlet by the Count de Falloux, of the French Academy, *De l'Unité Nationale.*

found in Christianity at the outset the inspiration of her progress. Charlemagne and St. Louis were her legislators and her heroes. Down to the sixteenth century the national unity was one with the Catholic unity.

[M. de Falloux then devotes the rest of this first section, which we shall here summarize, to a rapid review of the course of French history from the point of view of his work. That unity, at once national and Catholic, strove to defend itself against the Huguenots—that is to say, as an unity of coercion—the consequences of which long devastated France by civil war, in which both parties invoked the aid of foreign nations: the Huguenots that of England and Germany, the League that of Spain and Italy. The unquestionable rightful heir to the throne had to fight and negotiate his way to it for five years, during which the unity of the nation was seriously imperilled and France threatened with dismemberment. Henry IV., the hero-statesman, saved the country through the unity of peace and of liberty guaranteed by the Edict of Nantes, which even the great statesman-priest Richelieu had the wisdom to maintain. It was not till the sun of Louis XIV. approached its setting that he was persuaded to revert to the false policy of unity in coercion, and for a hundred years France suffered from the depletion of her population, industry, and skill through the effects of the revocation of that great edict of pacification. Louis XVI. took the first steps in the direction of the restoration of liberty to the Protestants; but first the mistakes of the Constituante in its dealings with the clergy, and then the mad fury of the Convention, which swung round to the opposite extreme of force against liberty, again put in peril the national unity by arousing the insurrection of La Vendée. As two hundred years before blood had freely flowed for religion, in '93 it flowed for the overthrow of all religion, and the horrors of the Terror threw into the shade those of the sixteenth century. The parts were reversed; but the character of tyranny is not changed by a change of its flag. A great statesman as well as soldier then came on the scene, and by the Concordat and the Civil Code the First Consul drew order out of the revolutionary chaos, and reconstituted the unity and the moral life of France on the granite foundation of liberty of religion. Napoleon perished, self-destroyed by his own infidelity to his own earlier wisdom; but the work has survived the architect. After the Empire the Restoration and Louis Philippe inaugurated political liberty, and developed after having compromised it; but the sentiment of unity by liberty has remained, strengthened by the very trials it has passed through. No more inequality of rights, no more subordination of all to some, and the national unity is now more secure beyond attack than ever before.

M. de Falloux also illustrates his argument by the case of England, who found herself morally compelled, after three centuries of religious tyranny on her part and of martyrdom on the part of Ireland, to establish a real national unity in liberty by conceding Catholic Emancipation to O'Connell, "the tribune who became the liberator because he embodied in himself all the moderation with all the energy of the Christian."

In France the question of public education did not come to the front at the epochs of the Restoration and of 1830. The state monopoly under the

régime of the University subsisted. Freedom of instruction had been inserted in the charter of 1830 without much attention to it; but the claims of the fathers of families began to be put forward and to seriously occupy the public mind. After the republican revolution of 1848 M. Thiers reached the highest point of his career of statesmanship in the law of liberty of 1850, in regard to which M. de Falloux concludes his first section as follows:]

It has worked for twenty-nine years; what complaint has it aroused among competent judges? What conflict has arisen between the University and the clergy, whether in Paris or in the provinces, whether in the Superior Council of Public Instruction or in the Departmental Councils? All the reverse: the bonds of reciprocal esteem and confidence have drawn together closer from day to day, and the two rivals have never rendered each other better justice than when they have come to a closer view of each other engaged in a common work. And it is this which, in the midst of an entire peace of minds and consciences, you come to attack abruptly, violently, insultingly! What! The national unity has for three centuries become consolidated through liberty; it has had but its momentary disturbances through despotism; and you—you, the republic of tranquillization and hope in the future—you repudiate the traditions of liberty to recommence the ill-starred work of despotism! What! The sixteenth century could allow Sully and the Père Cotton to live together in good harmony, and the nineteenth cannot endure side by side, under the same sky, rationalism and faith! Malesherbes was ahead of his time, and you would bid ours to retrograde! The First Consul signed the treaty of peace of the French Republic with Pius VII., and you cannot get along with Leo XIII.! The Duke of Wellington clasped hands with O'Connell, and you cannot leave yours in that of M. Thiers! M. Guizot felt honored in receiving the Père Lacordaire into the Academy, and you, at two steps from La Roquette and Arcueil—you can persecute to extremity all that bears a religious name or habit!

II.

So be it, say our most moderate adversaries. From the schoolmaster point of view the laws of 1850 and of 1875 give no cause for recrimination—we are forced to confess it; but Catholics are wanting both in patriotism and liberalism; we cannot, therefore, tolerate their intrusion into education.

Catholics wanting in patriotism! This accusation is surely not a serious one, and, if necessary, even you yourselves would

repel it. Our old France, the eldest daughter of the church, has from age to age been aggrandized or defended by the blood and the sword of the most fervent Christians. The marshals of the empire did not find the conscripts of the Vendée inferior to their other recruits. In our late disasters who surpassed the Pontifical Zouaves Charette, Bouillé, Cazenove, and their friends? Who has not admired the sexagenarian devotion of the Marquis of Coriolis and the Marquis of Coislin? And Lamoricière!—if God had spared him to us, who does not see him, with the roar of a lion, bounding to the frontier, at all risks, at any price, to rejoin his old companions-in-arms? And the Sisters of Charity in the ambulances! And the heroic litter-bearers of Brother Philippe!* You have seen all that; you have been eloquently reminded of it. It is useless to repeat it. No, that is not your difficulty.

Your dread is lest political education should be given by others than yourselves; your fear is not that a brave and charitable generation should be brought up before your eyes—that is not your anxiety; but you fear a generation hesitating or hostile to that bundle of ideas which you wrongfully call the conquests of the Revolution; a generation which caresses another ideal than the Convention, and does not, like yourselves, worship exclusively all that, whether true or false, good or bad, bears the revolutionary stamp.

Yes, differences of opinion exist among the French people; grave problems are proposed. But do not deceive yourselves; this matter concerns men, and not children. Whether in lay or priestly hands, schools cannot affect it. You believe that in taking possession of childhood you obtain possession of the nation.† This is a capital error. The generation brought up under the educational monopoly—is it, then, of one mind? Does M. Taine understand the Revolution as M. Mignet does? Do M. Henri Martin and Michelet paint it in the same colors that M. Laurentie or M. Poujoulat do? There would be but one means of satisfying you: to suppress not the schools but history and the historians. Is this your desire? Can you stifle this incessant travail, this perpetual parturition of the human mind, this inexhaustible activity of the tribune, of literature, of the bar, of the press—that terrible whirling machinery which seizes us all, whatever we may be or whatever was our origin?

* See the speeches made at the private meetings in Paris by Messrs. De Mun, Chesnelong, Depeyre, and Baragnon.

† See M. Jules Favre's article in the *République Française* of October 14, 1879.

Yes, that is the nightmare of all absolute rulers; yes, there is the danger; but there is also the merit and the honor of all liberties. Pupils of the normal school, pupils of Catholic universities, make up your minds all alike to deal with it as it is. For a long time to come, Christians and free-thinkers, you will encounter each other in a confused *mêlée*. Under penalty of being the renegades of your time, enter into the combat resolutely, some with confidence in liberty, others with confidence in truth.

Have I any idea of denying or depreciating the fundamental interest of all society, education? God forbid!

The education of youth is a moral interest of the highest order, but it is in no sense a political arena or a means of domination.

This thesis is not a temporary expedient to escape a difficulty; I have no intention of lowering the importance of my cause to make it excite less umbrage. What I now venture to affirm I have steadily affirmed from the beginning. I have sustained it against my friends themselves.

It is no secret that twenty-five years ago public dissensions arose, not in the midst of the episcopate, who in large majority remained outside of these sad disputes, but in the Catholic press. This is no moment to revive these recollections. They have an unfortunate side; they might, perhaps, have a useful one; in any case it is my desire to avoid them now. I shall, therefore, recall one page of 1856 only to attach to my opinion its anterior date, and consequently its character of sincerity. To those Catholics who wished, contrary to the advice of Bossuet, "not to lead men to good, but to drag them to it," and who seemed to believe with the *République Française* that to obtain possession of education was to obtain possession of the nation, I dared to say:

"No, we cannot checkmate society by the school, the man by the child, and it would be useless to place them face to face in a sort of permanent duel. Though by dint of care and sacrifice some thousands of chosen youths were sheltered from the pervading corruption of the age, they could not, without a miracle, accomplish the reform of their country. And could we even be sure of these reformers themselves? When these young recluses, so laboriously preserved in their youth, should attain the age and liberty of manhood, how would they preserve themselves if all they meet in life should combine to cast discredit on the principles of their education? Will they not be affected by the fear of seeing themselves shut out from the public service, from promotion, and from cordial relations of comradeship? Will the parents themselves be more exempt from this weakness than the children? It is, therefore, not enough for the safety of a nation that the education of its better families should be irreproachable from the religious

point of view, but in all that is lawful education should be in harmony with the social position that awaits the youth when he passes into manhood. Let him never have to blush for his teachers, or to attribute to them his inferiority in the magistracy, the army, or any other career. To bring up young men in the nineteenth century as if they were to step from the threshold of their school into the society of Gregory VII. or St. Louis would be as childish as if the young officers of Saint-Cyr were exercised in the management of the battering-ram and catapult, while the use of gunpowder was concealed from them." *

I therefore appeal boldly to the experience of all. Education is the great, the indispensable initiation to moral life, but it leaves untouched the final preference and choice of political opinions. Charles de Montalembert, Hènri Lacordaire, Augustin Cochin, were pupils of the University; many republicans now conspicuous have been educated by the Jesuits. M. de Morny and I followed the course of the same *lycée* in Paris, and I did not perceive on the 2d of December that we had embraced the same party. Republicans and royalists begin to quarrel even at school, and young Cavaignac rose from the bench of an imperial *lycée* to refuse a prize tainted with Bonapartism.

Political opinions are drawn from two springs: first of all, in the family; would you, then, suppress family life? In the spectacle which society presents us on our entry into life can you suppress the young man's first impressions and the conclusions he draws from them? Montesquieu, † who cared but little for the effect of religious education on the soul, went still further and said: "Nowadays we receive three different or opposite educations: that of our parents, that of our tutors, that of the world. What we are told in the last overthrows all the ideas of the two former."

If all life were regulated by the school how could we explain the striking contrast existing between two centuries in which education belonged exclusively to the religious corporations? In the seventeenth century everything is firmly Christian; in the eighteenth all becomes impious, and yet it is the Oratorians and the Jesuits who successively educate the generation of the great reign and the generation of the Encyclopædia with Voltaire at its head. The two phenomena are explained in the same manner: by the different aspect, the different morality of the two societies. At the dawn of the seventeenth century St. Francis de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul frequented the court with Cardinal de Bérulle and M. Olier. Shortly afterwards, under Louis

* *Le Parti Catholique: Ce qu'il a été, ce qu'il est devenu*, p. 92.

† *Esprit des Lois*, l. iv. chap. iv.

XIV., a young man coming from college saw greatness everywhere; he looked from Bossuet to Fénelon, from Pascal to Malebranche, from Condé to Catinat; he heard the fine remark of the Duke of Burgundy repeated by Saint-Simon: "Kings are made for the nations, and not the nations for kings." This was the time when Vauban, claiming justice from Louvois, held this proud language to him: "Examine boldly and severely; away with all tenderness! for I dare to assure you, on the strength of a very exact probity and a sincere fidelity, that I fear neither the king, nor you, nor the whole human race together!" *

The stage itself—the stage of "Polyeucte" and "Saint-Genest," of the "Misanthrope" and "Athalie"—was a great school. All was not irreproachable at this period—far from it; but at least when youth had had its irregularities an austere old age and admirable death raised expiation to a height corresponding with the scandal.

What a contrast in the eighteenth century! Instruction is still in the same hands, but, except instruction, everything is about to change.

The Abbé Dubois occupies the chair of Fénelon; luxury in velvet and impiety under the straight collar display themselves on every side; too often military reverses proclaim the incapacity of those in command, and the groans of public misery accuse the faults of the government. The theatre, in unison, accelerates the social decay. Amid the applause of the pit Voltaire gives to Jocaste this transparent allusion:

> "Our priests are not what a vain people believe them"; †

and, anticipating the Revolution, he exclaims:

> "I am the son of Brutus, and my heart
> Bears liberty engraven with the hate of kings." ‡

Aristocracy was not more spared than royalty: it was the eve of the "Mariage de Figaro."

One grand voice, however, still echoed in the pulpit where Massillon was saying to a nine-year-old king:

"Sire, you whom the hand of God, protecting this kingdom, has withdrawn from the ruins and wreck of the royal house to place you over our heads; you whom he has kindled as a precious spark in the very midst of the gloomy darkness of death in which he had just extinguished all your

* *History of Louvois.* By M. Camille Rousset, of the French Academy.

† "Œdipe," act iv. scene i.

‡ "Brutus," act ii. scene ii.

august race, and in which you were on the point of being yourself extinguished—you are, you and your great men, established for the destruction as well as for the salvation of many. Never forget those last moments when your august great-grandfather, holding you in his arms, bathing you with his fatherly tears, joyfully yielded up his life because his eyes beheld the miraculous child whom God still reserved to be the saving of the nation and the glory of Israel!"

To this royal child the orator courageously presented the picture he had under his eyes: high places occupied by corrupt men; authority, established to maintain the order and purity of law, justified in its severity by the excesses which violated them; the stars which should guide us in the right path changed into *ignes fatui* which lead us astray; licentiousness set free even from the constraint of the preservation of appearances; moderation in vice become almost as ridiculous as virtue.* Alas! it was Louis XV. whom Massillon thus addressed; the picture he drew was that of France during sixty years—a great warning for those who desire to mingle superstition with fidelity, to those who think they can emancipate themselves from human wisdom and leave all to Providence. Louis XVI. was born and reigned too late. Who would sustain nowadays that any school instruction, however irreproachable it might have been, would have been able to roll back the torrent and hold indignation in check?

We must repeat it, then, the education of the child will ever remain the first interest and the most imperious duty of the family; but for that to prepare or to oppose the republic, to prepare or to oppose the monarchy, is not the question. The language of Cicero and that of Demosthenes, Greek history and Roman, rhetoric and philosophy, this classical programme the same as that of Rollin, the religious corporations, the University—all this is designed to form just, enlightened, and, if possible, elevated minds. The aim of education is to form with care an uprightness and purity of heart not less necessary to the republic than to the monarchy; instruction and education have one sole and identical mission: to neutralize the bad leaven which is everywhere fermenting, to conquer the enemy which is born and grows with each one of us—original sin. Even when government puts forth all its strength to combat it, it is not always sure of victory; but if government puts itself in union with original sin and becomes its accomplice, then all equilibrium between good and evil is broken, the very germ of virtue is crushed, and social dissolution is imminent. Ah! have but one fear in the matter of

* *Petit Carême* of Massillon: *Sermon sur les Exemples des Grands.*

religious education—that, however solid, however deep this education may be made, it may be found powerless against the seduction, the ambition, and the pride of life. You consider the Jesuits not liberal enough. That may be so. Well, lead them back more gently to liberalism, and do not take pleasure in justifying their complaints or their mistrust. You fear that Catholics do not love the republic enough? Force them to admire it! Renew the seventeenth century in your own style, offer noble examples and fine models to the generations who are about to pass from the school-room into the world, and you will not lack adhesions from all quarters. Few persons will refuse to render to the republic * that which is the republic's when the republic shall be willing to render to God that which is God's. If, on the contrary, you persist in a different path, if you exact submission without gaining conviction, and impose esteem without deserving it, you have gone astray, and those who wish the most harm to the republic will never do it so much injury as the exclusive republicans in striving to show that the republic can and will live by the help of persecution only.

III.

Persecution! Do not count upon it, answer those who endeavor to moderate the movement. We have not lost our memory, and we will not do you this service: we will not persecute.

Yes, you will persecute. Those who wish for it will carry the day over those who do not wish for it. That is as sure as fate.

You will persecute because you are impelled by passion; and passion has its logic as well as reason has; sometimes even more of it. You will persecute because that is written in your own history, because it is the inevitable destiny of party men, who when risen to power still continue party men. M. de Serre, minister of the Restoration, said in the tribune of the Palais-Bourbon:

> "The triumph of a party fatal to the country would not be long before it proved equally so to the party itself. We are all Frenchmen. There is, there can be, no exclusion, no disinheritance for any one. You begin by exclusion; you end by banishment." †

* See the speech of the Duke of Fitz James to an agricultural committee, *Gazette de France*, September 28, 1879.

† *Le Comte de Serre*, by M. Charles de Lacombe, *Correspondant* of September 10, 1879.

Why should you not persecute? Only consider your own past. The Jesuits were banished from France, and even from the greater part of Europe; papal assent was given to their leaving, and the Revolution began before a church free from all ultramontane alloy. Did that disarm your fathers? Not the least in the world. In 1790 they dreamed of the civil constitution of the clergy; in 1793 they dreamed no longer—they had reached a Supreme Being and the guillotine. In 1828 they obtained from King Charles X. what they had obtained sixty years before from Clement XIV. None the less did the revolution of 1830 break out two years later, and every effort of popular hate, every calumny, every caricature was directed against the clergy. The churches of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and Notre Dame de Paris were plundered, and M. de Quélen, notoriously Gallican, as were nearly all the clergy of the Restoration, died in a cell which for ten years had served him as an episcopal palace.

Thus, putting aside the threats and sinister confessions with which so many newspapers are filled, we may boldly predict that you will not long stop short at clericalism or ultramontanism. These are convenient words which may mean whatever may be required, and every Catholic, when it suits you, will be justly convicted of being either clerical or ultramontane. Men of intelligence and knowledge, as are so many of you, are not ignorant of that; they know perfectly what they want, what they aim at, and the immolation of a few poor monks or nuns will not console them for finding themselves to-morrow, even as yesterday, ever in presence of the church in her unity, her hierarchy, her discipline, her teaching, and her works.

What you are beginning to-day is a war without quarter; a war which has already lasted eighteen hundred years; an old attempt, ever sterile even when it triumphs, but ever renewed even when it fails, which we must neither dread nor despise overmuch, but to which in any case we must give its true name. Either you will pause while there is yet time or you will make your prefects play again the part of the younger Pliny, who tortured two women in order to discover the alleged superstitions of the Christians and denounce them to Trajan. Do not exclaim against this approximation; it is but too well justified by the distance so rapidly travelled since the opening of the campaign.

As for your terror of ultramontanism, is it really sincere? You know perfectly well that ultramontanism does not date from yesterday, and that Pius IX. did not invent it. You know perfectly well that the religious orders are an integral part of the

church, and that we cannot logically admit one and repulse others. Do you make Protestantism submit to a similar dissection? Do you strike the Lutherans for the advantage of the Calvinists? Do you favor the pietists at the expense of the Quakers? Every founder of a religious order has professed the love of Jesus Christ and submission to his vicar, inseparably; St. Benedict, St. Bruno, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Dominic on this point had no other doctrine than St. Ignatius Loyola or St. Alphonsus Liguori. Ultramontanism is only a phantom; it is so confessed among yourselves in moments of justice or forgetfulness. Besides, are you, then, more Gallican than ultramontane? Which of you, affecting the most profound respect for the Gallican Church, would adopt its *Credo* and recite its *Confiteor?* Listen to this extract from Bossuet—one among a thousand similar: "God has placed a work in the midst of us which, having no other origin nor support than himself, fills all times and all places, and bears over the whole earth the character of his authority with the impression of his hand—it is Jesus Christ and his church. He has placed in this church the only authority capable of humbling pride and exalting simplicity, and which, equally adapted to the learned and the ignorant, impresses each with the same respect; it is against this authority that libertines revolt with an air of contempt." * Will you sign this page? You willingly borrow from the Jansenists their accusations against the Jesuits, but which of you would kneel at the feet of M. Singlier or M. de Saint-Cyran, who would shut himself up at Port Royal des Champs with the great Arnaud, or translate the Fathers of the Desert with M. d'Andilly? You like to boast of some of the severities of the old parliaments, but you would espouse neither their royalism, their jurisprudence, nor their penalties. All these appeals to the past are but stratagems of war, and not professions of faith. One is induced, therefore, to remind you of the advice of a man of genius, who was also supremely a man of good sense:

> "Quand sur une personne on prêtend se régler,
> C'est par les beaux côtés qu'il lui faut ressembler,
> Et ce n'est pas du tout la prendre pour modèle,
> Ma sœur, que de tousser ou de cracher comme elle." †

Will you listen to Molière? No. We borrow from the old

* Funeral oration of Anne of Gonzaga.

† When for our model we another take,
His nobler aspects we our own should make;
'Tis not enough, when from him we would shine,
To copy him in taking snuff or wine.

régimes their iniquities, their violences, their weaknesses, their faults, and their mistakes, without troubling ourselves with the principles, the virtues, or the repentances of those we bring on the scene. We choose what is of use to us; we cast away what condemns us; we build up a false statement out of true particulars; we bring forward the great periods and their famous names to transform them into false witnesses; we enlist them, in their own despite, in a work which would have horrified them could they have foreseen it. And what does all this miserable work hide? There must surely be a design corresponding to the disturbance thrown into all hearts and consciences. It is not conceivable that all this clamor was raised, all these arbitrary acts done, simply in consequence of the trifling grounds of complaint so lately brought to the tribune. What! has Christianity triumphed over the pagan world and planted the cross on the tomb of the Cæsars; has it destroyed the old bondage and endowed the new world with chastity and charity; has it from the extreme East to the uttermost West introduced civilization, converted and instructed barbarians, built schools and universities side by side with monasteries; has it drawn out of them the men of learning, the statesmen, and the saints who have ennobled the modern world; has it been the first to profess and to practise equality in seating humble priests on the steps of all the thrones, and placing the triple crown on the heads of shepherds and beggars; has it created the great monarchies and the great republics of the middle ages, recovered and saved the treasures of antique poetry and philosophy; has it carried letters and art to their most sublime expression, given in its councils the model of the highest and broadest deliberations; in a word, has it founded or regenerated everything about us for the last eighteen centuries for it to be treated as though it had not been? Is all this to be put in check, and even in peril, because a casuist too fascinated with his art gave himself up to childish subtleties? Are all these grandeurs, all these benefits to be denied, rejected, and despised, that an unknown theologian may be scourged,* that the cow or the goat of an imaginary shepherd may be avenged? No, no; you would not wish to be taken at your own word; you would not wish to be believed so mean in your ingratitude! No, you lay claim to more honor and greater baseness. Neither the sacrifice of the casuists nor the sacrifice of the Jesuits will satisfy you; it is the old war against Christ which is recommencing. No doubt some of you

* Chamber of Deputies, sessions of July 5 and 7, 1879.

would like to begin this war by a surprise; but your army is too numerous not to be seen from afar, and too noisy not to be heard on the march. It is not ultramontanism alone that you attack, it is not even Catholicism alone; what you would destroy is all Christianity itself.

Do not cry out against this. Rather accept frankly the part you seek to play, together with German free-thinkers and atheists of every land, in the great campaign which is opening against the church.

An observer* of rare insight said to us: "I cannot forget a confession wrung from one of the most powerful intelligences I have ever met—from a man who, born a Protestant, had become a pantheist, and dried up in the service of this system all the treasures of a rich and fruitful imagination. This man, as so often happens, rejected or distorted everything in the Christian system, but he hated only Catholicity, one of whose glories is ever to receive the homage of hatred when that of love is wanting. In the midst of a long discussion, in which all the prejudices of his former error had reappeared under the later layer of pantheism, I stopped him to ask him if he seriously admitted, supposing the Catholic form had not existed in the world, that, after eighteen hundred years of struggle, anything of Christianity would have remained beyond a system of morality, like the Porch or Stoicism. After some moments of silence, which gave to the face of my interlocutor an expression I can still see, he replied: 'No, Christianity would not have survived as a religion; it would only have held its place as a system of moral philosophy.'"

To destroy Catholicity and reduce Christianity to a state of purely speculative theory—that is the bottom of their thought; this thought is the only one that can explain all we see.

But let them reflect well upon it! Some demolitions that appear seductive at a distance involve more ruin than we had at first imagined. Sometimes we are glad that we have caused more fright than harm; stop there, then. We often may escape a great conflagration in extinguishing a household fire. Believe others beside myself; despise not this precaution.

The powerful are ever prone to shake off all yokes, and especially the yoke of God; many have undertaken it, but not one has obtained full content—Philippe le Bel not more than Frederick Barbarossa, the Hussites not more than the Albigenses. And that does not result from what you willingly call the barbarism of the middle ages, for our modern times do not bear a

* Professor Raupach.

different testimony. You certainly will scarcely claim to be stronger than your predecessors of the Convention, nor abler than Napoleon I.; you will not have more contempt of others than those great despisers of law, nor more confidence in yourselves than this grand favorite of fortune. Manuel, Attorney-General of the Commune of Paris, proposed to write on the front of the Church of the Carmelites, after the massacre of the priests: "HERE LIE THE LATE CLERGY OF FRANCE"; and the inscription was not yet engraven on the marble before the Terrorists were already cutting each other's throats.

On the 16th of June, 1811, the emperor used the following language to the Corps Législatif:

"The peace concluded with the empire of Austria has since been cemented by the happy alliance I have contracted; the birth of the king of Rome has crowned all my wishes and secured the future of my people.

"The affairs of religion have been too often mingled with, and sacrificed to, the interests of a third-class state. If half of Europe has separated itself from the Church of Rome we may attribute it especially to the contradiction which has never ceased to exist between the truths and principles of religion which are for the whole universe, and those claims and interests which concern only a very small corner of Italy. *I have put an end to these scandals for ever;* I have reunited Rome to the empire; I have granted palaces to the popes in Paris and Rome. If they have the interests of religion at heart they will desire often to reside at the centre of the affairs of Christendom.

"It was thus that St. Peter preferred Rome even to a residence in the Holy Land.

"Holland has been reunited to the empire, of which she is but an offshoot. Without her the empire would be incomplete."

Is it possible to carry further the blind and proud arrogance of presumption, the ignorance of all things human and divine? Scarcely had four years elapsed when Pius VII. was restored to Rome by entire Europe, while Napoleon was slowly dying in St. Helena under the charge of a jailer.

This is a formidable subject of meditation; here is another, less grand and imposing, but even for that very reason more applicable to each one of us.

In an article on the memoirs of Étienne Delécluse, editor of the *Débats*,* M. Sainte-Beuve introduces us into the atelier of David at the time of the Directory; it was the reign of full moral

* Sainte-Beuve, *Nouveaux Lundis*, vol. iii. pp. 95, 96.

anarchy, when they were in open insurrection against God. "A student introduced the name of Jesus Christ into a grotesque story; one of his comrades, Maurice, head of the sect of the *Penseurs*, imperiously ordered him to be silent.

"'Fine invention, truly,' said he, going on in the meantime with his painting, 'to take Jesus Christ as the subject for jesting. Have none of all of you, then, ever read the Gospel? The Gospel is finer than Homer or than Ossian! Jesus Christ in the midst of a cornfield against a background of blue sky; Jesus Christ saying, Let little children come unto me—can you find grander, more sublime subjects for a picture than those? Fool!' added he in a tone of friendly superiority, 'buy the Gospel, and read it before you talk about Jesus Christ.'

"When Maurice ceased speaking there was rather a long interval of silence, in which each one looked at the other to see how the thing was to be taken. Good Morier, an elder student, who had been a soldier, settled the difficulty. 'That was well said, Maurice,' said he in a firm voice, and scarcely had he uttered the words when all the students shouted repeatedly: '*Vive Maurice!*'"

M. Sainte-Beuve continues in his own name: "Here was a reflection in epitome of the moral crisis through which society was struggling: Parmy's *Guerre des Dieux*, which triumphs in the beginning, is repulsed and beats a retreat; the *Génie du Christianisme* draws near, it is in the air!"

You will see all this when you least expect it. You may banish Christianity from its temples and from our codes, but when it is in the air how can you reach it? Beware! Deliberately to wound and irritate the most deeply-rooted and independent sentiment of the human heart is to take a very serious matter upon yourselves. Let us put aside for a moment all appeal to Providence and divine promises, and only take up the question from a political point of view. For a large number of serious and decided republicans the republic is, as it were, in the process of acclimatization; for a large number of resigned conservatives the republic reigns in France, as the sultan does in Constantinople, from the impossibility of agreeing on a substitute. This is, then, the time for prudence, not for great adventures. Can you wrest from a people its religion without stirring it down to its very deepest depths? Believe it not! Do not flatter yourselves that you can. It would be to misunderstand not France alone; it would be to misunderstand the human heart in its most universal instinct. Despair and joy, discouragement and hope, all bring

back man to God, and against man you can never bar that road. When you shall have closed the asylums of consolation shall you have dried the source of tears? Sooner or later, cruel and blind that you are, you will rally against you the innumerable multitude of those who suffer through their lives and those who love after death. And if Christianity did not come back through the saddest trials of humanity it would be brought back by poetry and the arts. The thirst for the infinite, the homesick longing for a better world, which consume the heart of man will never be appeased, nor even cheated, by materialism, and the scene of David's atelier will perpetually be reproduced.

These monks and nuns, these children of the cloister, who are at the same time children of the people, will always find popularity returning to them, sometimes by one sympathy, sometimes by another. The manliest and healthiest part of the French people will never long abandon those benefactors whom the poor and the sick do not call in vain, My brother! my sister!

The *war against the gods* only triumphs for an hour; the reign of God always returns.

And even if we must foresee your transient success (alas! we are not forbidden to fear it, since Fénelon warns us that the gift of faith may be transferred from one country to another by mysterious decrees), then we should again see those deplorable times which wrung from St. Jerome that despairing cry: "The world is crumbling, and we know not how to bow our heads."

To what good purpose, moreover, are so many of these ruins? For the protection of the republic? But who endangers it, if not yourselves? General Cavaignac said to you thirty years ago, and it is not less true at this moment: "If the republic were to perish, remember well that we should lay it at the door of your exaggeration and your violence."

Is not the disorder of parties complete enough? Do you not behold the most conspicuous, the most eminent of your adversaries conspiring for the republic infinitely better than you serve it yourselves? Could any government that bears in itself initiative and real progress desire an accession with less opposition or more widely scattered adversaries? If your hand is full of benefits why do you not open it? Surely the final word of French society is not yet spoken; the final word of a Christian society is never spoken. We are ready to second you; we only ask something beyond plans which have ten times proved abortive, hollow, empty declamations, a philosophy without works because it is without devotion, without abnegation, without sacri-

fice. If you do not find enough of the Gospel in our laws and manners introduce more of it, but do not begin by suppressing the Gospel. Innovate, improve, seriously, really, without mutilating anything, without garroting anybody. If we have timid minds among us who would retard progress, stimulate us by emulation; if we have prejudices, make us blush for them; if we have points of injustice, turn them into ingratitudes; but no proscription, no calumny, no insults. "Baptize the wild heroine," as Father Ventura suggested to you in the full basilica of Rome when speaking of modern democracy. Take this word for your programme, and you will not lack auxiliaries. National unity can be reconstituted as solid and as indissoluble as ever. We may repeat the ancient saying, *Justitia et pax osculatæ sunt*—Justice and peace have kissed each other. Justice brings back peace; peace is the reward of justice. But if you remain deaf to the authoritative voice of some of your friends, if you remain blind to the evidence, if you continue incessantly, perseveringly to make the civilized world the target for your attacks, then happy the eyes that close and the hearts that cease to beat! It is difficult for the mind to imagine what name will be appropriate for this future society. Christian preachers, orators, writers, savants, you who have believed, you who have taught, you who have celebrated the eternal truths, you who have ardently sought for the natural alliance between religion and liberty—Chateaubriand and Lacordaire, Montalembert and Ravignan, Ozanam and Tocqueville, Biot and Cauchy, be covered with shame! You will have been (it is daily repeated to you) the corrupters of the nineteenth century. And you, systematic utopians, who would leave human nature out of the account; fomenters of atheism, nourished with idle dreams and hates; emancipators of woman, destroyers of the family, genealogists of the simian race, you whose very name was formerly an insult, be satisfied! You will have been the prophets, and your disciples will be the high-priests, of an abominable future.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

IV.

THE PUBLIC MINISTRY OF JESUS.

FIRST YEAR.

THE whole time of the public ministry of Our Blessed Lord extended from the midwinter of the year of Rome 779–80, A.D. 26–27, according to M. Fouard's reckoning, to the April of 783, A.D. 30, embracing a period of three years and about three months, in which were included four Jewish Passovers. It is naturally divided into three parts; the first of one year and three months, from the baptism of Jesus to the second Passover, the second and third of one year each.

The baptism of Jesus is supposed to have taken place in January.* It was followed by a retreat and fast of forty days on a neighboring mountain, ending with the Temptation, which we must pass over without comment from want of space. From the latter part of the autumn or winter until the following spring, *i.e.*, until the first Passover, Jesus was employed in selecting and privately instructing several of his first disciples, and in making a journey to the upper part of Galilee and then back to Jerusalem. The one great event of this epoch was the miracle at Cana. By looking at a map of Palestine, one will see that Jericho, where John was baptizing, is very near Jerusalem, while Capharnaüm, Cana and Nazareth are at a very considerable distance northwards. Jesus did not at once commence his public preaching, and, as he must have had some particular motive for taking so long a journey away from Jerusalem just at the time when his immediate object was to keep the Feast of the Passover in the Holy City and then properly begin the fulfilment of his office, we naturally look for something in the narrative to explain what this motive was. It appears to have been one which was private and personal, belonging to the duty which our Lord owed to his blessed Mother and to his family. In fact, not long after we find that Jesus

* Unless the climate of Palestine has very much changed, it seems difficult to suppose that John could have continued to baptize in the Jordan during the winter season. Dr. Sepp, therefore, assigns October as the time of Christ's baptism.

had removed his own home and the residence of Mary and her near relatives to Capharnaüm. Jesus wrought some other miracles at this latter city after the miracle of Cana, and his fame began to pervade Galilee, yet his stay was short, and as the caravans for the feast soon began to form, he undoubtedly accompanied one of them to Jerusalem, going by the route through Perea on the eastern side of the Jordan, and not by the nearest road through Samaria, on account of the hostility of the Samaritans.

Only two remarkable incidents of the first Passover are recorded. The first is the expulsion of the men who sold victims for the sacrifices and of the money-changers, from the courts of the temple. This first act of authority occasioned the first movements of suspicion and hostility on the part of the Jewish rulers. The general sentiment of the people, however, at this time, the effect of the teaching and miracles of Jesus, was favorable to him. The people believed on him in a certain way, as a prophet and a man of wonderful sanctity, yet not so as to merit his confidence in the depth and stability of their convictions.

The second incident is the interview with Nicodemus which laid the foundation of his conversion.

The ensuing eight months were spent in preaching through Judea, in that part which lies south of Jerusalem, and in the upper part of Idumea. At this time Jesus began to baptize, ordinarily, if not always, deputing this office to his principal disciples. It is not absolutely certain and indisputable that the sacrament of baptism was thus early instituted and administered. It is nevertheless very probable, and it seems reasonable to suppose that Jesus himself did with his own hands baptize his own blessed Mother and those who were to become his apostles, and through the ministry of these latter all such proselytes as were found worthy of the sacrament of regeneration. Hebrew, Mamre, Youttah and Kerioth, the village from which Judas came who was thence called Iscariot, all lie in the line of the route which Our Lord would naturally follow in this journey through Judea. John, who was still preaching and baptizing, gave at this time a new testimony to Jesus before his own disciples, whose jealousy for their own master had been awakened. He had left Jericho and gone further up the Jordan into the territory of Herod Antipas. It was probably near the beginning of December of this year that he was arrested by Herod's order and imprisoned, it is supposed, in the fortress of Machaeris, until the time when he was put to death, one year from the next ensuing

Passover. The arrest of the great Precursor of Jesus appears to have threatened some impending danger to himself; for he immediately set out for Galilee through the country of the Samaritans. At this time, when there were no crowds of persons going to Jerusalem for a feast, and when Jesus and his disciples were travelling in a contrary direction, there was no great difficulty to be apprehended in travelling through Samaria, whereas a real danger beset the way through Perea. During this journey occurred the interview with the Samaritan woman and the stay of two days at Schechem where the people gave to Jesus a hospitable reception and listened with readiness to his preaching. After leaving Samaria, Our Lord went on toward Nazareth, preaching in the synagogues of the villages which lay on his way. On his arrival at Nazareth, he preached in their synagogue on the Sabbath, where he encountered the first act of open violence and the first attempt upon his life, on the part of his own townsmen. Escaping in a miraculous manner from the enraged crowd who sought to throw him down from a precipitous eminence in the neighborhood of the village, he went to Cana, where he cured the son of a royal officer who was probably attached to Herod's court, and soon after to Capharnaüm which became, from this time, the centre of his missionary work in Galilee.

Simon, Andrew, James and John, the four fishermen of Bethsaïda who had become disciples of Jesus immediately after the Temptation, having gone home after the return to Galilee, Jesus went immediately to seek them and call them to a final abandonment of their secular calling that they might henceforth devote themselves exclusively to his service. Returning in their company to Capharnaüm, he began the mission in Galilee on the next Sabbath in the principal synagogue. This Sabbath is one of special interest and importance from the fact that it affords us the solitary instance of a day in the public ministry of Our Lord which is minutely described in all its incidents from morning until night and even to the dawn of the next morning. It was crowded with remarkable incidents, and may be taken as a sample of the laborious days of Our Lord's active life. At the morning service Jesus preached to a great crowd of attentive and well-disposed hearers. The sermon was interrupted by the cries of a demoniac whom Jesus delivered and healed. After leaving the synagogue he went to the house of the mother-in-law of Simon Peter and cured her of a violent fever. He remained to dine in the same house with his disciples, and at sunset the people of the city, who were much excited by the two great miracles of that day, surrounded

the house in crowds, bringing all the sick persons of their respective families to be healed. The whole night was spent in the ministry of mercy, and it was towards morning when the last group had departed. Jesus then left the city and went to some lonely place in the neighborhood for solitude and prayer, where he was found early in the day by the disciples and a crowd of other persons who had gone in search of him.

From this time until the ensuing Passover Jesus was constantly employed in preaching and working miracles throughout the numerous cities, villages and small hamlets of Galilee. His fame had rapidly spread through all Palestine and Syria. There was yet no organized opposition or persecution to impede his mission. He was recognized as a teacher and admitted with honor and respect into the synagogues. The popular sentiment was in his favor, and he had some supporters and even genuine disciples among persons of a higher class. Very few particular events of this period are recorded in the sacred narrative. One of these few is the miraculous draught of fishes in Lake Gennesareth. Another is the healing of the leper. A third event of more importance occurred after the return of Our Lord to Capharnaüm. Every reader of the gospels must have noticed how frequently and strictly he charged the demons whom he cast out and the subjects of his most extraordinary miracles not to proclaim his name and power among the people. There was a good reason for this, viz., because an excitement of the people which should lead them to make demonstrations offensive to the local princes or to the members of the Sanhedrim would be sure to bring on a persecution of Jesus and his disciples. In point of fact, when the Lord returned to Capharnaüm he found the city awaiting his arrival with the greatest emotion, and emissaries from Jerusalem already concerting with the Scribes and Pharisees of Galilee measures of opposition. Since the cure of the leper, he had avoided all publicity, kept away from the crowd and from villages, and gone back to Capharnaüm by unfrequented roads. It is probable that he never entered Tiberias, the capital of Herod; he was in all ways most careful not to awaken his jealousy, and he both used himself and enjoined on his disciples the utmost prudence in checking or evading the first movements of popular excitement in his own favor. He would leave his enemies without excuse or pretext for their plots against him. Nevertheless, they made the mere fact of his teaching and working miracles without any direct sanction from the Sanhedrim, and his steadfast disregard of the unwarranted additions which they had made to the Law, a pretext for disputing and denying his di-

vine mission, and he was obliged to face them openly, and maintain his authority against their declared hostility.

The miracle of the cure of the paralytic, accompanied by the solemn declaration of the power of the Son of Man to forgive sins, was the event to which we have referred above, which was at once a decisive moral triumph of Jesus over the Scribes and Pharisees who were present as spies and hostile observers, and also an occasion for a more virulent and declared enmity on their part for the future.

The calling of Matthew the publican is the last recorded incident of this first year, and soon after Jesus went up to Jerusalem for the Feast of the Passover.

SECOND YEAR.

This second Passover was the last which Jesus was able to spend in Jerusalem without exposing himself to certain death. It marks, therefore, a crisis and a change in his position toward the Jewish rulers. His own opposition to Pharisaism was more declared and positive, their hostility more malicious and deadly from this epoch. The first striking incident of this Passover recorded is the healing of a paralytic on the Sabbath at the pool of Bethesda, who was commanded also to carry his bed away immediately to his own house, in open despite of the Pharisaical interpretation of the law of the Sabbath. This was followed by a distinct assertion which Jesus made, in face of those who accused him of violating the law, of his own divine character and power as the lawgiver and the interpreter of his own law. From this moment the rulers determined to compass his death, although they postponed taking any immediate measures of violence through fear of the people. Resolved to act with cunning and to devise means of alienating the people from him, they from this time forth surrounded him continually with spies and watched for a chance of misrepresenting his words and actions, so as to make him appear to be a violator of the law and a blasphemer against the doctrines of the Mosaic religion. On the next Sabbath after the Feast they surprised his disciples plucking some ears of wheat while passing through a field and made this the subject of a second accusation of violating the law of the Sabbath, when Jesus condemned and refuted their narrow and pitiable rigorism, and laid down the true doctrine concerning the object and true spirit of this law. Jesus had already begun his journey back to Galilee when this incident occurred, and in a synagogue of one

of the towns on the road, he again wrought a miracle on the Sabbath, healing by a word, without any external act or movement which could be considered as a work done in violation of the Pharisaical prescriptions, a man who had a withered hand; thus baffling, though by no means subduing the malice of his enemies, who immediately consulted together "what they should do to Jesus."

The Galileans were far less imbued with Pharisaical superstition than the Jews of Jerusalem and Judea, and they were as yet completely under the influence of the charm of the teaching of Jesus and the reverence and gratitude awakened by his numberless and beneficent miracles. Besides, the Sanhedrim had but little power in Herod's dominions and could effect nothing without his permission and sanction. It was necessary, therefore, that they should lay aside their habitual contempt for the Herodians and enter into an alliance with them in the hope of arousing the suspicion and hostility of Herod against Jesus. Their plots were so menacing that the Lord withdrew out of their reach to that part of the lake shore which was close by the domain of Philip. There he received, instructed and healed those who came to him, until, the storm having blown over for a time, he was able to reappear publicly and continue his mission with freedom. He was now followed by greater crowds from all Palestine than ever before. This was the period when he preached his wonderful Sermon on the Mount, probably on Kourn Hattin between Tiberias and Capharnaüm. On the morning of that day, after a whole night spent in prayer, he appointed his Twelve Apostles. Returning immediately after to Capharnaüm, he healed the servant of the Roman centurion commanding there, and made his first pagan converts of this officer and his household. The next day he raised to life the son of the widow of Naïm, and in the evening was the guest of a Pharisee named Simon, where occurred the well-known incident of the conversion of St. Mary Magdalene, an event which stirred up afresh the hostility of the Pharisees. Continuing the mission of the preceding year he went again through the towns and villages of Galilee, accompanied by a numerous group of disciples and everywhere followed by crowds. A change is, however, manifest from this time in the disposition of the people, effected by the continual efforts of the emissaries of the Sanhedrim and their new Galilean allies. Their plots begin to surround his ministry with impediments, and their ambuscades gradually close in around him during the rest of this year and the whole of the next, until their fell purpose is at

last consummated. Many grievous insults which he received, the frequent vindications of himself which he addresses to the multitude, and the alarm of his relatives in which even his blessed Mother seems to have shared, show that even in Capharnaüm, a change of sentiment had begun and made considerable progress. The malice of the enemies of Christ had become at this time more envenomed and obstinate, so that they began openly to ascribe the miracles which they could not deny, and particularly the authority which Jesus exercised over the demons, to a secret compact with Satan, and accused him of having "an impure spirit." This blasphemy brought upon them the denunciation of an irremissible sin against the Holy Spirit and of eternal death.

It seems to have been partly on account of this change for the worse not only in the enemies of Christ but also in the people at large, that he now began to veil his doctrine under the form of parables. Another reason was that he now began to teach those things which related to the constitution of the church, which there was a special need of setting forth obscurely in figurative language, as being specially obnoxious. This new mode of teaching by parables, which is one extremely agreeable to the Oriental mind, had the effect of increasing the curiosity of the multitude to hear him, and they beset his steps in throngs wherever he went. On one of these evenings he crossed the lake to escape the crowd for a time in the solitudes of Perea, and it was on this occasion that the incident occurred of the sudden storm when he was asleep in the stern of the boat and was awakened by his terror-stricken disciples. At Gergesa on the opposite shore occurred the incident of the healing of the demoniac and the drowning of the herd of swine. Hindered from finding any solitude or repose in Perea by the excitement caused by this event, the Lord returned on the same day to Capharnaüm where the crowd again awaited him. The feast of Matthew where Jesus ate with publicans and sinners to the great scandal of the Pharisees, the healing of the woman having an issue of blood, and the resurrection of the daughter of Jaïrus the ruler of the chief synagogue of Capharnaüm, are all regarded by the author as having taken place at this time and in immediate connection with each other. The remainder of this year until the Passover was taken up by the third and last mission of Jesus in Galilee, and by the mission of the twelve apostles who were sent out two by two to preach in the towns and villages. In his instruction before their setting out, Jesus foretold the sufferings and persecu-

tions which awaited them in their apostolate, and obscurely hinted at his own approaching passion and death.

The murder of John the Baptist after a year's imprisonment made it necessary for Jesus to withdraw with his disciples from Herod's territory. Haunted by remorse and the perpetual image of the murdered prophet, the tyrant conceived the suspicion that Jesus was John risen from the dead, and was seized with a morbid curiosity and jealousy respecting him which portended an interference with his liberty. The apostles having returned at the close of their mission, the Lord went with them to Bethsaïda-Julias, in the domain of Philip at the northeastern corner of Lake Gennesareth, and withdrew into the desert in the vicinity of that city. He was followed by a great crowd of people who came around the head of the lake by land and arrived before the vessel in which he crossed the water. They were joined by a great number of the inhabitants of neighboring villages and of pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem. It was now the time when caravans were going to the Holy City to keep the Passover. This was the time and place of the feeding of five thousand men with a proportionate number of women and children with the five loaves and two fishes. The effect of this miracle on the people was such, that the symptoms of a sudden movement to proclaim Jesus as their expected king showed themselves in a marked manner. Probably the disciples were carried away by this excitement and disposed to put themselves at the head of the movement. Therefore, Jesus gave them a peremptory order, which they obeyed with reluctance, to embark at once and return to the opposite side of the lake. He was obliged to silence their objections by his authority, and when they had obeyed his command he withdrew unperceived into the recesses of a neighboring mountain, alone. It was night. A tempest broke upon the lake, and after three o'clock in the morning the disciples were still in the middle of the sea, in great danger, and vainly striving to row towards Capharnaüm. It seems probable that Jesus had sent them alone into this danger in order to punish their want of prompt obedience, and to give them a new lesson of his own divine power and their own dependence. He came to them walking on the water, stilled the tempest and brought them subdued and awed in mind to Capharnaüm, which he re-entered, surrounded by a great multitude and welcomed by the last applauses which he was to receive from that fickle and faithless people.

The next Sabbath was chosen by Our Lord for a crucial test

of the faith of the multitude who had been thus far listening with admiration to his preaching and witnessing with wonder and pleasure his miracles, and of the faith of his disciples as well. In a discourse preached in the chief synagogue of Capharnaüm he set forth first the mystery of the Incarnation and then the mystery of the Holy Eucharist, in such a way as to manifest the spiritual and heavenly nature of his kingdom in contrast with the carnal and earthly notions prevalent among the Jews respecting the character and office of the Messiah. The effect was a general alienation of their hearts from him, and even of a considerable number of his disciples. This was so marked and obvious that Jesus solemnly demanded of the twelve whether they also would abandon him. They all at least tacitly concurred in the asseveration of fidelity which Simon Peter made in their name. Yet, it is evident that one of their number, Judas, had lost all faith in Christ, probably through the revulsion of a heart strongly attached to the goods of this life from the elevated and spiritual ideas which were now so clearly and distinctly set before his mind. For, it was on this occasion that Jesus said: "Behold I have chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil."

THIRD YEAR.

During this third Paschal season of our Lord's public life he remained at Capharnaüm. He could not go up to the Feast or preach in Judea on account of the determination which the Jewish rulers had taken to put him to death. The Galileans, though not hostile, had become alienated, and there was no longer a field open to his ministry among them. The return of the caravans from Jerusalem brought down emissaries from the Sanhedrim, the Pharisees of Galilee and the Herodians were in league with them, and an active opposition to Jesus and his teaching recommenced with increased malice. Retreating before this storm, he withdrew into the pagan or half-pagan region on the eastern side of the Jordan and on the coast of the Mediterranean, where he remained from April until September, passing from city to city and desert to desert, the little company of wanderers no doubt gaining their scanty subsistence by the product of their fishing, and finding a lodging where they could. The gospels furnish very few details of this period. From Galilee, Jesus went first to Tyre and Sidon, then going inland from the Mediterranean coast he passed down through Decapolis to the shore of Lake Gennesareth, then up the valley of the Jordan northward

from the lake, returning to Capharnaüm at the end of September. He did not preach or show himself in public, seeking rather to remain unknown and in solitude, chiefly occupied with the instruction and preparation of the apostles for the great work which was to devolve upon them after the next Passover. Still, his fame spread abroad through those regions, numbers of the people sought him out, and he did not refuse to give them instruction and to work miracles for their solace, as the occasion offered. To this period belong the healing of the Canaanitish woman's daughter, of the deaf-and-dumb man, the second multiplication of the loaves and fishes, the healing of a blind man near Bethsaida-Julias, and the confession of Peter followed by the promise of the primacy, which took place at Cæsarea Philippi. After this promise, Jesus made the first clear announcement of his approaching passion and death, which he had before foretold obscurely. During the week following this prediction the Master descended the valley of the Jordan, crossed in secret the hills which lie to the west of Lake Gennesareth, and on the eighth day ascended a mountain believed to be Mt. Thabor, where occurred the Transfiguration in the presence of three of the apostles. This was intended as a solemn testimony from Moses and Elijah that the law and the prophets were fulfilled in Jesus, and as an encouragement of the three chief leaders among the apostles, who were soon to be exposed to such severe trials of their constancy. After this he returned to Capharnaüm where he was received with cold indifference, the tribute-money exacted from him and paid with the coin which Peter found in the mouth of a fish. Some of his near relatives, even, accosted him with murmurs and reproaches manifesting plainly that they did not believe in him. The feast of Tabernacles was at hand, but he could not go up to it in their company with the usual caravan, or in public, and he went to Jerusalem with the apostles, later and in secret, through Samaria where he received fresh insults.

A few days after the beginning of the feast Jesus appeared quietly and unexpectedly in the temple and resumed his teaching. During this stay in Jerusalem there was much division of sentiment concerning him among the people and there were signs of a popular reaction in his favor, which only alarmed the rulers more and increased their desire to arrest and put him to death. Once there was a sudden and riotous movement made to stone him to death, and several times attempts were made for his arrest by officers of the law. These efforts were all baffled, and Jesus continued for several days preaching and working miracles. The

principal incidents recorded are the case of the woman taken in adultery and the healing of the man born blind who was excommunicated from the synagogue.

The feast being over, Jesus returned to Galilee and sent from there seventy-two of his most trusted disciples into that part of the territory of Herod Antipas which was situated on the eastern side of the Jordan. He himself soon after bade farewell to ungrateful Galilee, leaving behind him that sad prediction of woe which was so terribly executed thirty years later by the Roman armies. Going back into Judea he came unexpectedly to the house of Lazarus at Bethany, where Martha cumbered herself with much serving and Mary chose the best part of sitting at the feet of Jesus to hear his heavenly doctrine. The seventy-two whom Jesus had sent to prepare the way for him in Perea had already returned after a short and successful mission, and thither Jesus now went in person to evangelize that portion of the people, who received him well and were at this time, and afterwards under the apostles, converted to the faith of Christ in great numbers. The synagogues were still open to him in Perea and he enjoyed full liberty in his ministry, though the Pharisees continued to embarrass him and carry out their system of espionage and artifice with a view of finally drawing him within the meshes of their plot for his destruction. They were obliged, for the present, to mask their designs, and we even find that Jesus was invited to a banquet in the house of a Pharisee, where he took occasion to denounce the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees in strong language. During this time, Jesus is recorded to have cured two blind men, cast out a dumb demon, and healed the woman afflicted with a chronic curvature. While Jesus was evangelizing Perea news arrived of a sedition of Galileans at Jerusalem which Pilate had suppressed by massacring all the insurgents during the time of a sacrifice which they offered. The Pharisees also endeavored to alarm Jesus with a report that Herod was seeking his life, that they might persuade him to leave that region. "Go, tell that fox," was his reply, "that I will cast out demons and heal the sick to-day and to-morrow, and that on the third day I shall be consummated." Nothing could hinder him from completing the three years and a half of his ministry, and when the time came he would voluntarily deliver himself up to death. Choosing his own time, the Lord quitted Herod's dominions and went leisurely toward Jerusalem, where he kept the Feast of the Dedication. Approaching the city he foretold its ruin; the attempt was again made during his short sojourn there to stone him and to apprehend him, but in vain. Withdraw-

ing again into Perea he went as far as Jericho preaching among a people who seem to have remained faithful to him to the end. Another banquet was offered to him on a Sabbath day by a Pharisee, when he healed a dropsical man, confuting at the same time the rigorous sabbatical doctrine of the Pharisees.

From Perea the Lord was recalled to Bethany by the illness and death of Lazarus, and wrought his wonderful miracle of the resurrection of his friend in presence of a great number of the higher class of Jews as well as of the people from Jerusalem and its vicinity. Such was the notoriety and influence of this miracle that the chief priests and members of the council held a special consultation in which they adopted anew the determination to put Jesus to death, and resolved to do so as soon as possible. He withdrew into a more distant part of Judea, to a village called Ephraim, supposed by Robinson to be the modern village of Et-Tayibeh on the borders of Samaria, where he remained for a few weeks in retirement, devoting himself to the instruction of his apostles. Then, leaving Ephraim, he returned through Samaria into Galilee and on the frontier performed one of his last miracles, the healing of the ten lepers, and without remaining long in Galilee passed the Jordan again into Perea.

During this journey occurred the incident of the rich young man whom Jesus invited to follow him but who went away sorrowful. When, descending the eastern bank of the Jordan, he had arrived at the place where the road turns toward Jerusalem and crosses the river, his disciples saw with terror that he took that route, and although the twelve resolved to follow him it was with fear and trembling, and at a distance. Here, for the third time (the second was after the Transfiguration), Jesus foretold distinctly his passion and death, and his ensuing resurrection. Notwithstanding their first reluctance to encounter the dangers of the Passover at Jerusalem, and this prediction of the Master, they seem to have concluded among themselves that the triumphant inauguration of a temporal Messianic kingdom was now at hand. For it was just now that James and John through their mother Salome preferred their ambitious request to be made the first in this kingdom. Passing on toward Jericho, Jesus healed the blind man Bartimeus, and as he was entering the new city of Archelaüs, distant a half hour's journey from the old city, he saw Zacchæus in the sycamore-tree and called him down to become his host for the night.

On the Friday evening before the Passover week Jesus arrived in Bethany. On the evening of the next day, the last Sab-

bath before the Passion, occurred the incidents of the banquet in Simon's house, the anointing by Mary Magdalene and the murmuring of Judas, who was about to consummate his faithlessness by the betrayal of his Master. The day following was Palm Sunday, the first day of the Holy Week.

Here we must bring to a close this synopsis, which we have been obliged to make a very hasty one, in order to confine ourselves to reasonable limits. For the same reason we must omit a synopsis of the exposition of the Parables. We have endeavored to give to readers of the Gospels a thread which may guide them to a consecutive arrangement of the order of events in the public life of our Lord. Taking the Gospel of St. Luke as an Itinerary with a map of Palestine, and referring to St. Matthew and St. John for the parts which St. Luke has not recorded, with the help of this thread which we have put into their hands, we think they will find that they will gain a much more distinct conception of the history of Christ than they have before possessed.

We conclude with repeating our desire and hope that M. l'Abbé Fouard's *Life of Christ* may be speedily and adequately translated and published in the English language.

SERAPION THE ANCHORITE AND THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

SERAPION, who had given his cloak and his coat to two beggars whom he found nearly frozen with cold, met in the evening some compassionate people, who gave him shelter; and when they asked him who could have so robbed him, Serapion pointed to the book of the Gospels and said: "It was this book that did it." But even that book did not long remain in his possession. In the neighboring town he sold it for the benefit of a family who had fallen into great distress. It was bought by an ecclesiastic, who gently rebuked Serapion for parting with such a treasure. He answered humbly: "You will hardly believe it, my father, but it seemed to me as if the Gospel was constantly crying out to me, 'Go sell all that thou hast and give it to the poor.' Now, this very book was all that I had, and therefore I sold it."

THE CHILDREN OF LIR.

PART THE SECOND.

WHAT time, forth sliding from the Eternal Gates,
The centuries three on earth had lived and died,
Thus spake Finola to her snowy mates,
"No more in this soft haven may we bide:
The second Woe succeeds—that heavier toil
On Alba's waves, the black sea-strait of Moyle."

Then wept to her in turn the younger three;
"Alas the sharp rocks and the salt sea-foam!
Thou therefore make the lay, ere yet we flee
From this our exile's cradle, sweet as home!"
And thus Finola sang, while, far and near,
The men of Erin wept that strain to hear:

"Farewell, Lough Darvra, with thine isles of bloom!
Farewell, familiar tribes that grace her shore!
The penance deepens on us, and the doom:
Farewell! The voice of man we hear no more
Till he, the Tailkenn, comes to sound the knell
Of darkness, and we hear his Christian bell."

Thus singing, 'mid their dirge the sentenced soared
Heaven-high; then hanging mute on plumes outspread,
With downcast eye long time that lake explored;
And lastly with a great cry northward sped:
Then was it Erin's sons, listening that cry,
Decreed: "the man who slays a swan shall die."

Three days against the northern blast on-flying
To fate obedient and the Will Divine,
They reached, what time the crimson eve was lying
On Alba's isles, and ocean's utmost line,
That huge sea-strait whose racing eddies boil
'Twixt Erin and the cloud-girt headland Moyle.*

* "The term *Mael*, Mull (or Moyle, as Moore calls it), does not properly apply to the current itself, but to the *Mael*, or bald headland by which it runs."—*Professor Eugene O'Curry.*

There anguish fell on them: they heard the booming
  Of league-long breakers white, and gazed on waves
Wreck-strewn, themselves entombed, and all-entombing,
  On-rolled to labyrinths dim of red-roofed caves;
And streaming waters broad, as with one will
In cataracts from gray shelves descending still.

There, day by day, the sun more early set;
  And through the hollows of the high-ridged sea
Which foamed around their rocky cabinet
  The whirlwinds beat them more remorselessly:
And winter followed soon: and ofttimes storms
Shrouded for weeks the mountains' frowning forms.

In time all ocean omens they had learned;
  And once, as o'er the darkening deep they roved,
Finola, who the advancing scourge discerned,
  Addressed them: "Little brothers, well beloved,
Though many a storm hath tried us, yet the worst
Comes up this night against us: ere it burst

"Devise we swiftly if, through God's high Will,
  Billow or blast divides us, each from each,
Some refuge-house wherein, when winds are still,
  To meet once more—low rock or sandy beach":
And answer thus they made: "One spot alone
This night can yield us refuge—Carickrone."

They spake, and sudden thunder shook the world,
  And blackness wrapped the seas, and lightnings rent;
And each from each abroad those swans were hurled
  By drifting water-scud. Outworn and spent,
At last, that direful tempest over-blown,
Finola scaled their trysting-rock—alone.

But when she found no gentle brother near,
  And heard the great storm roaring far away,
Anguish of anguish pierced her heart, and fear,
  And thus she made her moan and sang her lay:
"Death-cold they drift along the far sea-tide:
Would that as cold I drifted at their side!"

Thus as she sang, behold, the sun uprose,
  And smote a swan that on a wave's smooth crest
Exhausted lay, like one by pitiless foes
  Trampled, and looking but to death for rest:
He also clomb that rock, though weak and worn,
With bleeding feet, and pinions tempest-torn.

Aodh was he! He placed him by her side;
  Above him straight her wing Finola spread:
Ere long beneath the rock Fiacre she spied;
  Wounded yet more was he; yet laid his head
'Neath her left wing, her nestling's wonted place,
And slept content in that beloved embrace.

But still Finola mused with many a tear,
  "Alas for us, of little Conn bereft!"
Then Conn came floating by, full blithe of cheer,
  For he, secure within a craggy cleft,
Had slept all night; and now once more his nest
He found beneath his snowy sister's breast

And as they slept she sang: "Among the flowers
  Of old we played where princes quaffed their wine;
But now for flowery fields sea-floods are ours;
  And now our wine-cup is the bitter brine:
Yet, brothers, fear no ill; for God will send
At last his Tailkenn, and our woes find end."

And God, Who of least things has tenderest thought,
  Looked down on them benignly from on high,
And bade that bitter brine to enter not
  Their scars, unhealed as yet, lest they should die;
And nearer sent their choicest food full oft,
And clothed their wings anew with plumage soft.

And ever as the spring advanced, the sea
  Put on a kindlier aspect. Cliffs deep-scarred
To milder airs gave welcome festively
  Upon their iron breasts and foreheads hard,
And, while about their feet the ripples played,
Cast o'er the glaring deep a welcomer shade.

And when at last the full midsummer panted
  Upon the austere main, and high-peaked isles,
And hills that, like some elfin land enchanted,
  Now charmed, now mocked the eye with phantom smiles,
More far round Alba's shores the swans made way
To Islay's beach, and thence to Colonsay.

The growths beside their native lake oft noted
  In that sublimer clime no more they missed;
Jewels, not flowers, they found where'er they floated,
  Emerald and sapphire, opal, amethyst,
Far-kenned through watery depths or magic air,
Or trails of broken rainbows, here and there.

Likewise round Erin's coasts they drifted on
  From Rathlin isle to Fanad's beetling crest,
And where, in frowning sunset steeped, forth shone
  The "Bloody Foreland," gazing t'ward the west;
Yet still with duteous hearts to Moyle returned—
To love their place of penance they had learned.

Yet once it chanced that, onward as they drifted,
  Where Banna's current joins that northern sea,
A princely company with banners lifted
  Rode past on snow-white steeds and sang for glee:
Instant they knew those horsemen, form and face,
Their native stock—the famed Tuatha race!

T'ward them they sped: their sorrows they recounted:
  The warriors could not aid them, and rode by:
Then higher than of old their anguish mounted;
  And farther rang through heaven their piteous cry;
And when it ceased, this lay Finola sang,
While all the echoing rocks and caverns rang:

"Whilome in purple clad we sat elate:
  The warriors watched us at their nut-brown mead:
But now we roam the waters desolate,
  And like some dead maid's funeral-plumes our weed.
Our food was then fine bread; our drink was wine:
This day on sea-plants sour we peak and pine.

"Whilome our four small cots of pearl and gold
  Were ranged at foot of Lir's high-curtained bed,
And silken bed-clothes kept us from the cold:
  But now on restless waves our couch is spread;
And now our bed-clothes are the white sea-foam·
And now by night the sea-rock is our home."

Not less from them such sorrows swiftly passed
  Since evermore one thought their bosoms filled—
Their father's home. In memory's mirror glassed
  That haunt its quiet o'er their lives distilled:
And, coast what shore they might, green vale and plain
Bred whiter flocks, men said—more golden grain.

The years ran on: the centuries three went by:—
  Finola sang: "The second Woe is ended!"
Obedient then once more they soared on high;
  Next morn on Erin's western coast descended,
While sunrise flashed from misty isles far seen,
Now gold, now flecked with streaks of gem-like green.

And there for many a winter they abode,
  Harboring in precincts of the setting sun;
And mourned by day, yet sang at night their ode
  As though in praise of some great victory won;
Some conqueror more than man; some heavenly crown
Slowly o'er all creation settling down.

There once—what time a great sun in decline
  Had changed to gold the green back of a wave
That showered a pasture fair with diamond brine,
  Then sank, anon uprising from its grave,
Went shouldering onward, higher and more high,
And hid far lands, and half eclipsed the sky—

There once a shepherd, Aibhric, high of race,
  Marked them far off, and marking them so loved
That to the ocean's marge he rushed apace
  With hands outspread. Shoreward the creatures moved;
And when he heard them speak with human tongue
That love he felt grew tenderer and more strong.

Day after day they told that youth their tale:
  Wide-eyed he stood, and inly drank their words;
And later, harping still in wood and vale,
  He fitted oft their sorrow to his chords;
And thus to him in part we owe the lore*
Of all those patient sufferers bare of yore.

For bard he was; and still the bard-like nature
  Hath reverence, as for virtue, so for woe,
And ever finds in trials of the creature
  The great Creator's purpose here below
To lift by lowering, and through anguish strange
To fit for thrones exempt from chance or change.

There first the four had met that sympathy
  Yearned for so long: and yet, that treasure found,
So much the more ere long calamity
  Tasked them, thus strengthened; tasked and closed them
    round,
And higher far fierce winds and watery shocks
Dashed them thenceforth upon the pitiless rocks.

At last from heaven's dark vault a night there fell
  The worst they yet had known. The high-heaped seas,
Vanquished by frost, beneath her iron spell
  Abased their haughty crests by slow degrees:—
The swans were frozen upon that ice-plain frore;
Yet still Finola sang, as oft before,

"Beneath my right wing, Aodh, make thy rest!
  Beneath my left, Fiacre! My little Conn,
Find thou a warmer shelter 'neath my breast,
  As thou art wont: thou art my little son!
Thou God that all things madest, and lovest all,
Subdue things great! Protect the weak, the small!"

But evermore the younger three made moan;
  And still their moans more loud and louder grew;
And still Finola o'er that sea of stone
  For their sake fragments of wild wailings threw;

*"They met a young man of good family whose name was Aibhric, and his attention was often attracted to the birds, and their singing was sweet to him, so that he came to love them greatly, and that they loved him; and it was this young man that afterwards arranged in order and narrated all their adventures."—*The Fate of the Children of Lir*, prose version by Professor O'Curry.

Full often as she sang, the on-driving snow
Choked the sweet strain; yet still she warbled low.

Then louder when she heard those others grieve,
  And found that song might now no more avail,
She said: " Believe, O brothers young, believe
  In that great God whose help can never fail!
Have faith in God, since God can ne'er deceive."
And lo, those weepers answered: "We believe!"

So thus those babes, in God's predestined hour,
  Through help of Him, the Lord of Life and Death,
Inly fulfilled with light and prophet power,
  Believed in God, and made their Act of Faith,
And thenceforth all things, both in shade and shine,
To them came softly and with touch benign.

First, from the southern stars there came a breeze
  On-wafting happy mist of moonlit rain;
And when the sun ascended o'er the seas
  The ice was vanquished; and the watery plain
And every cloud with rapture thrilled and stirred:
And lo, at noon the cuckoo's voice was heard!

And since with that rough ice their feet were sore,
  God for their sake a breeze from Eden sent
That gently raised them from the ocean's floor
  And in its bosom, as an ambient tent,
Held them suspense: and with a dew of balm
God, while they slept, made air and ocean calm.

Likewise a beam auroral forth he sped
  That flushed that tent aerial like a rose
Each morn, and roseate odors o'er it shed
  The long day through. And still, at evening's close,
They dreamed of those rich bowers and alleys green
Wherein with Lir their childish sports had been.

And thrice they dreamed that in the morning gray
  They gathered there red roses drenched with dew:
But lo! a serpent 'neath the roses lay:
  Then came the Tailkenn, and that serpent slew;
And round the Tailkenn's tonsured head was light
That made that morning more than noonday bright.

Thus rapt, thus kindled, in sublimer mood
  Heaven-high they soared, and flung abroad their strain,
O'er-sailing huge Croagh-Patrick swathed in wood,
  Or Aichnil, warder of the western main,
Or Arran Isle, even then heroic haunt,
Since Enda's day Religion's holier vaunt.

And many a time they floated farther south
  Where milder airs embalm each headland bleak,
To that dim Head far seen o'er Shenan's mouth,
  Or Smerwick's ill-famed cliff and winding creek,
Or where on Brandon sleeps Milesius' son
With all his shipwrecked warriors round him—Donn.

The centuries passed: her loud, exultant lay
  Finola sang, their time of penance done,
And ended: "Lo, to us it seems a day;
  Not less the dread nine hundred years are gone:
Now, brothers, homeward be our flight!" And they
Chanted triumphant: "Home, to Finnahá!"

Up from the sea they rose in widening gyre,
  And hung suspended 'mid the ethereal blue,
And saw, far-flashing in the sunset's fire,
  A wood-girt lake whose splendor well they knew;
And flew all night; and reached at dawn its shore—
Ah, then rang out that wail ne'er heard before!

There where the towers of Lir of old had stood
  Lay now the stony heap and rain-washed rath;
And through the ruin-mantling alder-wood
  The forest beast had stamped in mire his path;
And wasted were their mother's happy bowers,
So fair of old with fountains and with flowers!

More closely drew the orphans, each to each:
  'Twas then Finola raised her dirge on high,
As nearer yet they drifted to the beach
  In hope one fragment of past days to spy—
"Upon our father's house hath fallen a change;
And as a dead man's face this place is strange!

"No more the hound and horse; no more the horn!
  No more the warriors winding down the glen!
Behold, the place of pleasaunce is forlorn,
  And emptied of fair women and brave men;
The wine-cup is run dry; the music fled:—
Now know we that our father, Lir, is dead!"

She sang, and ceased, though long the feathered throat
  Panted with passion of the unuttered song:
At last she spake with voice that seemed remote,
  Like echoed voice of one the tombs among:
"Depart we hence! Better the exile's pain!"
And they: "Return we to rough waves again!"

Yet still along that silver mere they lingered
  Oaring their weeping way by lawn and cape,
Till evening, purple-stoled and dewy-fingered,
  'Twixt heaven and earth had woven its veil of crape;
And tenderer came from darkening wood and wild
The voice far off of woman or of child.

And when, far travelling through the fields of ether,
  The stars successive filled their thrones of light,
Still to that heaven the glimmering lake beneath her
  Gave meet response, with music answering light;
For still, wherever sailed the mystic four,
With elfin minstrelsy that lake ran o'er.

But when the rising sun made visible
  The night-mist hovering long o'er banks of reed,
They cast their broad wings on a gathering swell
  Of wind that, late from eastern sea-caves freed,
Waved all the Island's oakwoods t'ward the west;
And seaward swooped at eve, and there found rest.

And since they knew their penance now was over,
  Penance that tasks true hearts to purify,
Happier were they than e'er was mortal lover,
  Happy as Spirits cleansed that, near the sky,
Feel, 'mid that shadowy realm expiatory,
Warm on their lids the unseen yet nearing glory.

Thenceforth they roamed no more, at Inisglaire
  Their change awaiting. In its blissful prime
That island was, men say, as Eden fair,
  The swan-soft nursling of a changeful clime,
With amaranth-lighted glades, and tremulous sheen
Of trees full-flowered on earth no longer seen.

Not then the waves with that soft isle contended;
  On its warm sandhills pansies always bloomed;
And ever with the inspiring sea-wind blended
  The breath of gardens violet-perfumed;
And daisies whitened lawn and dell, and spread
At sunset o'er green hills their under red;

Faint as that blush which lights some matron's cheek
  Tenderly pleased by gentle praise deserved—
That island's curving coast from creek to creek
  Like lines of shells with dream-like beauty swerved:
And midmost spread a lake; from mortal eyes
Vanished this day, like man's lost paradise.

Around that lake with oldest oakwoods shaded
  Were all things that to eye are witching most,
Green slopes, dew-drenched, and gray rocks ivy-braided;
  Yet speechless was the region as a ghost:
No whisper shook those woods; no tendril stirred;
Nor e'er beside the cave was ripple heard.

A home for Spirits, not home for man, it seemed;
  Some Limbo meet for body-waiting Souls
(Of such in Pagan times the poets dreamed):—
  That stillness which invests the unmoving poles
Above it brooded. In its circuit wide
A second Darvra lived—but glorified.

Upon that scene perpetual light there lay,
  Undazzling beam, and uncreated light;
For lake and wood the sunshine drank all day,
  And breathed it forth once more to cheer the night,
A silver twilight, clear from cloud or taint,
Like aureole round the forehead of a saint.

There dwelt those Swans; their music there they chanted—
Then first they sang by day—rapt song and hymn,
Till all those birds the western isles that haunted
Came flying far o'er ocean's purple rim,
Scorning thenceforth wild cliff and beds of foam;
And made—then first—that sacred site their home.

So passed three years. When dawned the third May morn
The four, while slowly rose the kindling mist,
Showing the first white on the earliest thorn,
Heard music o'er the waters. List, O list!
'Twas sweet as theirs—more sweet—yet terrible
At first; and sudden trembling on them fell.

A second time it sounded. Terror died,
And rapture came instead, and mystic mirth,
They knew not whence: and thus Finola cried:
"Brothers! the Tailkenn treads our Erin's earth!"
And as the lifted mist gave view more large
They saw a blue bay with a fair green marge.

On that green marge there rose an altar-stone;
And by it, robed in white, with tonsured head,
Stood up the kingly Tailkenn all alone:
Not far behind, in reverence not in dread,
With low bent brows a princely senate knelt,
Girding that altar as with golden belt.

Marvelling, the on-sailing four that ritual saw:
But, when a third time pealed St. Patrick's bell,
They too their halleluias, though with awe,
Blended with his. The Ill Spirits heard their knell,
And shrieking fled to penal dungeons drear;
And straight, since now those blissful birds drew near,

The Tailkenn stretched above the wave his hand
And thus he spake—and wind and wave were stilled—
"Children of Lir, re-tread your native land,
For now your long sea-penance is fulfilled!'
Then lo! Finola raised the funeral cry:
"We tread our native land that we may die!"

And thus she made the lay, and thus she sang:
  " Baptize us, priest, while living yet we be!"
And louder soon her dirge-like anthem rang:
  " Lo, thus our rites of burial I decree:
Make fair our grave where Land and Ocean meet;
And t'ward thy holy altar place our feet.

" Upon my left, Fiacre; upon my right
  Let Aodh sleep; for such their place of rest,
The couch of each by usage and by right:
  And lay my little Conn upon my breast:
Then on a low sand pillow raise my head,
That I may see his face though I be dead."

She spake; and on the sands they stept—the four—
  Then lo, from heaven there came a miracle:
Soon as those swans had stood on Erin's shore
  The weight of bygone centuries on them fell:
To human forms they changed, yet human none;
Dread, shapeless weights of wrinkles and of bone.

A moment on their faces prone they lay;
  Then slowly up that breadth of tawny sand,
Like wounded beast that can but crawl, made way
  With knee convulsed, and closed and clutching hand,
Nine-centuried forms, still breathing mortal breath,
Though shrouded in the searments pale of death.

On them that concourse gazed with many a tear;
  Yet no man uttered speech or motion made,
Till now the four had reached that altar-bier,
  Their ghastly pilgrimage's goal, and laid
Before its base their bodies, one by one,
And faces glistening in the rising sun.

There lying, loud they raised the self-same cry,
  As Patrick o'er them signed the conquering sign,
" Baptize us, holy Tailkenn, for we die!"
  The saint baptized them in the Name Divine,
And, swift as thought, their happy spirits at last
To God's high feast and singing angels passed.

Now hear the latest wonder. While, low-bowed,
That concourse gazed upon the reverend dead,
Behold, like changeful shapes in evening cloud,
Vanished those time-worn bodies ; and, instead,
Inwoven lay four children, white and young,
With silver-lidded eyes and lashes long.

Finola lay, once more a six years' child :
Upon her right hand Aodh took his rest,
Upon her left Fiacre, and sleeping smiled :
Her little Conn was cradled on her breast :
And all their saintly raiment shone as bright
As sea-foam sparkling on a moonlit night ;

Or as their snowy night-clothes shone of old
When now the night was past, and Lir, their sire,
Upraised them from the warm cot's silken fold,
And bade them watch the sun's ascending fire,
And watched himself its beam, now here, now there,
Flashed from white foot, blue eyes, or golden hair.

The men who saw that deathbed did not weep,
But gazed till sunset upon each fair face ;
And then with funeral psalm, and anthems deep,
Interred them at that sacred altar's base,
And graved their names in Oghaim characters
On one white tomb ; and, close beside it, Lir's.

Those Babes were Erin's Holy Innocents,
And first-fruits of the land to Christ their Lord,
Though born within the unbelievers' tents:—
Figured in them the Gael his God adored,
That later-coming, holier Gael, who won
Through Faith the birthright, though the younger son.

MEDIÆVAL FEMALE EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

WHILE education among men during the middle ages was chiefly confined to ecclesiastics of various grades, it was more evenly distributed among women. The nuns had more leisure for study, and the needs of an abbey or smaller monastery, the obligation of singing the office and reading the Scriptures, and the territorial cares that devolved on monastic property-owners or trustees were so many incentives to knowledge among a large number of religious women; but a good many women in the world were both educated, as far as the standards of the time allowed, and patrons of education among their sex. Half of them were brought up in monasteries, whether as day-scholars (a practice that was altered in the eleventh century, as tending to disturb the quiet and relax the rule of the teaching nuns) or as permanent boarders, under the name of *oblates—i.e.*, offered—which character was at first merely nominal, but early became nearly synonymous with actual entrance into the order. There were diversities of opinion and of custom, however, and the rule of St. Basil, followed by many convents, discountenanced this premature destination of children to a life which they had not chosen, while that of St. Benedict largely accepted the principle of this vicarious offering by parents. The "age of reason" was in some convents considered the time of choice, in others the specified age of twelve—the canonical marriageable age—was the one appointed for a final decision; but it is needless to point out that the tendency of the middle ages in all matters of "choice" as to a woman's destiny made these technical safeguards practically nugatory. Broadly speaking, girls neither chose marriage nor the convent, as also they had little choice, in our sense of the word, either of the person they married or of the order or convent they entered. To the accident of infant betrothal some girls would owe their proficiency in an uncommon language or other branch of knowledge; their destiny would be changed several times during their childhood as family or national circumstances changed, and the original career they were to have followed was often entirely reversed when they at last reached an actually marriageable age. Education was the one serious interest on whose permanence they could count; it afforded them comfort and pleasure, and the only individual life to which they had

access; it was useful to them as mothers, mistresses of large households, and nurses; it kept many from frivolous temptations during the long absences at war of husbands and sons; it enabled them to appreciate learning for its own sake and to promote its diffusion. The mistress read to her maids almost as regularly as the abbess and others read to their communities. Although Italy was for many centuries after the tenth the most educated and civilized country of Europe, still Germany and Great Britain had a fair share of female education, lay as well as monastic; and the Netherlands were particularly noted for their middle-class schools, and the level to which burghers' and merchants' wives and daughters had risen in the intellectual scale. The south of France was, until the thirteenth century, a peculiarly well-educated region, chiefly as regards literature; the nuns under the famous Heloïse studied Greek, Arabic, and Hebrew. Almost all the medical, and especially the surgical, knowledge of the times was as much diffused among women as among professional "leeches." The prominence of Scripture as a subject of study had the happy effect of bringing before the mind of a student many things which, by or for themselves, would have been otherwise left out of the scheme of education; so that Biblical knowledge, from the eleventh to the fourteenth century at least, implied some notion of ancient history and geography, of the manners of peoples more remote than the Greeks and Romans, of maritime discovery, of elementary astronomy, and of the progress of various domestic and higher arts. Every book was scarcer than the Bible, so that people gathered most of their knowledge and all their material for speculation from its assertions or its hints. The constant transcribing of parts of the Scripture, which was a recognized profession no less among nuns than among monks, steeped the minds of a large part of the population in a poetical mould. In Germany this, mingled with the influence of the ritual of the church, gave the tone to much of the early national poetry. A good deal of the imagery common to the Minnesingers and Meistersingers can be traced to Biblical influence, while the monastic writers exhibit the same tendency in a stronger degree. There went on, ever since the dawn of a new German revival under Charlemagne to the days of the Renaissance, a controversy as to the use of classic learning, its influence, its intrinsic worth, and its fitness for Christian schools. In Italy national predilections gave it a larger place than in Germany; it was not so tabooed by even rigid moralists as it was in the north. Mythology of the bright southern kind was repug-

nant to the national even more than to the religious spirit in Germany; the Teutonic ideal of woman was antagonistic to the part played by the female sex in Greek myths.

The piety of Frankish, Saxon, and northern Celtic women was essentially self-respecting. There was less social indulgence to foibles and less light-hearted inattention to the spirit of the Commandments where the forms of religion were tolerably followed than was common in the south, and this reacted on the estimate of classic literature. German scholars, however, were not wanting who read and admired Cicero, Horace, and Seneca, and among these were a few women. The mode of teaching girls of good birth was early changed from the convent-school, whence the "oblates" were bound to enter the order, to a sort of annexed school taught by a few sisters with special permission to mix more with the world. Again, some of the yet surviving German institutes of Canonesses date from the days when such communities of noble ladies, belonging to the "third order" of some popular monastic rule, undertook the education of girls of their own class. The Canonesses had various rules: some were almost nuns, though the vows were not perpetual; others were nearly as free as the laity, retaining each her own fortune and disposing of it independently. Many of them were free to marry when they pleased, but received meanwhile from their dress and their vows a social protection which at that time was a valuable equivalent. The Netherlands, which were the chief field for the educational labors of the "Brethren of the Common Life"—men whose first aim was to evangelize and educate the lower classes—developed also a kindred community of teaching sisters named Béguines; village schools were fitfully held either by the lady of the manor, by some widow resembling the "dame" of English country life, or by itinerant school-mistresses who carried about regular advertisements and licenses from priests and magistrates. There was, of course, no permanence, no organization, and no great depth in such educational methods; the higher classes were tolerably taught—the exceptions taught themselves by individual effort and intercourse with foreign scholars; the burgher girls of good position imitated closely the life and customs of the nobility, and were generally quite as well taught, while between the educational status of the peasantry then and now there was less disparity than between that of the classes above and the corresponding ranks at present. The reason of this lay chiefly in the after-life of peasant-girls, and somewhat in the different tests which gauged education before and after the

diffusion of printed books. Reading and writing (after a fashion) are our common tests now; learning by heart was the corresponding test in older times. What an utterly untaught girl did not know in the fourteenth century is balanced by what a roughly-taught girl at present forgets three years after she has left school.* The spelling and writing of all below the commercial classes is lamentable; the reading of people (proudly called "scholards" in England) of village education means a painful, slow, laborious, and unconsecutive enunciation of word after word out of a book or paper. They are not at home with their knowledge; it is unfamiliar and foreign, an external possession of which they are proud, but which stiffly resists every-day use. The after-life of the lower classes in Germany and elsewhere is hard and prosaic, above all it is busy; and no pursuit can become natural unless it is habitual. The small stock of knowledge brought from school—and the highest even, among people of leisure, is nothing but a foundation—soon disappears under the wearing burden of daily cares, which increase as life goes on; so that one fails to see how the school-taught peasantry of to-day is more favorably situated, intellectually speaking, than the mass of their untaught ancestors four and six hundred years ago. Oral teaching of various kinds was commoner then than now; parents taught their children more directly than at present, when they fancy that education is the business of the professional teacher; preaching was more popular than now, more picturesque and less confined to theological subjects. Even the marvellous tales of pilgrims and crusaders were channels of instruction, and Bible plays and shows, however arbitrary in detail and costume, taught the people a great deal. Such things constantly recurred in the life of even remote country populations, and the impressions thus often revived were probably more lasting than those which a child of our day is supposed to receive, once for all, during three or four years' schooling.

A few details as to educated German women of the middle ages will serve to illustrate the general state of female advance in those times. A recent pamphlet, or rather sketch, of some of these furnishes examples, taken, it is true, from the lives of prominent and exceptional women; but allusions occur, in the works to which the author refers, to the ordinary amount of education which it was taken for granted existed among the average of the

* The comparison is confined to European peasant-schooling, although we have more rural ignorance even in this country than we like to admit.

well-to-do classes. This sketch is due to the researches of a rural parish priest in the diocese of Mayence.*

The convents naturally present themselves first to the mind, as their history is easiest of access. A few instances of appreciation of learning go pretty far back into the "dark ages." The Christianity of much of northern Germany was due to British (including Irish) apostles, and the rules of British synods were applied by and by to the new schools of Germany. The public and private reading of the Scriptures was enjoined by the synod of Cloveshove (747), in Yorkshire, on female communities, who were directed to see to it that the majority of their members should be fair scholars. Earlier than that by nearly a century a Flemish convent under the guidance of Gertrude of Nivelles imported its teachers from Britain; and in 806, about the date of Charlemagne's revival, rules in the diocese of Metz were given to convents concerning the diligent use of the Bible, the learning by heart of the Psalms, Proverbs, the Book of Job, the four Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles. In order that due attention should be paid to the reading in common in convents (as distinct from the services in church), it was enacted in 1190, in the German house of Lower Prüm, that the sisters should lift their veils, that the one in authority might see that they were not asleep or inattentive. In the Chronicles of the Benedictine Order in Germany it is incidentally mentioned that the nuns of St. Peter's at Metz studied under a learned priest the Old and New Testaments, the calendar with its modes and reasons of computation, the homilies of the Church Fathers, canon law, and the local municipal statutes. The usual mediæval *curriculum*, called the *trivium* and *quadrivium*, though not universally followed by religious women, was nevertheless the aim of a good many students among them. St. Lioba, the friend and companion of St. Boniface in his Christianizing mission to Germany, and the correspondent of various learned people in England, was well grounded in all the "arts" which at that time represented the sum of knowledge, whether in philosophy, literature, or natural science, and in her German foundations made these the final aim of the higher education which she encouraged.

In the middle of the tenth century Hroswitha of Gandersheim wrote a series of plays in the style of Terence, in Latin, on religious and moral subjects, chiefly the lives of martyrs of the early church. In her preface she alludes to the demoralizing ten-

* *Frauenbildung im Mittelalter.* Friedrich Kösterus. Leo Woerl & Co., Würzburg und Vienna. 1877.

dency of the ancient classic plays, which, for the sake of their style, some Christian scholars still studied, and to the difference of opinion which existed among ecclesiastics as to the permissibility of such reading. With many apologies, in the elegant style of the *literati* of the time, for her "poor unwisdom" and her "humble patchwork of a few threads and rags from the mantle of philosophy," she puts forth her *Comedies* as a corrective or substitute to dangerous and alluring ancient plays. They are six in number, short and spirited, in long rhymed verses (the metre is not mentioned by Kösterus), and the fifth especially displays her acquaintance with classic models and the forms of correctly-developed plays. These pieces have been translated, and were published in Paris by Charles Magnin in 1845 as a noteworthy contribution to early dramatic literature.

A more remarkable and ambitious work was the "Garden of Delights" (*Hortus Deliciarum*) of Herrad von Landsperg, the abbess of the Alsatian monastery of Hohenburg, or St. Ottilia, on the Rhine. This is of the nature of an encyclopædia, put together, as the author says, "by a bee from many flowers of spiritual and philosophical writings, under the guidance of God and in honor of Christ our Lord, to encourage her sisters in the pursuit of a honey-distilling learning." This was written in the middle of the twelfth century, in flowing Latin prose, and contained three hundred and forty-two pages, illustrated by miniatures from the hand of artists among the author's community. A synopsis of Bible history was given, and a description or prophecy, on Bible lines, of the end of the world and the last judgment. The interpretation of many details of prophecy was a favorite study at the time, and is faithfully reflected here; the opinions of mystical writers are quoted; the patristic literature is largely drawn from, and moral precepts from contemporary authors are given. One of the illustrations is very curious. Philosophy, as a woman, sits enthroned in the middle of a perfect circle, Ethics, Logic, and Metaphysics forming a threefold crown on her head; on the volume in her hand is written the text, "All wisdom is of God." From her breast proceed the seven sources or fountains representing the "liberal arts," which are allegorically personified in a larger circle outside: Grammar with a book and a rod, Rhetoric with writing-tablets and style, Dialectics with an open-mouthed dog's head, Music with an organ, a lyre, and a guitar, Arithmetic with a reckoning-line, Geometry with a circle and a rule, Astronomy with stars and a telescope. Socrates and Plato sit at the feet of Philosophy, but "Poets and Magicians" are portrayed

outside the circle, with unclean spirits in the shape of ravens whispering into their ears. The usual theological and philosophical authorities are quoted throughout this comprehensive work, while on chronological, cosmological, geographical, astronomical, and even a few agricultural subjects quotations are made from the "Golden Casket" (*Aurea Gemma*). The pictures contain hints of domestic life very valuable in themselves. Fortunately, a correct folio reprint with twelve copperplate engravings was published by Engelhardt, of Stuttgart and Tübingen, in 1818; the original was destroyed by fire during the siege of Strassburg in 1870. Herrad's work, like many others, was furnished with an interlinear glossary, almost a translation into the vulgar tongue, where the greater part of the sentences are turned into German. The psalm and hymn books in use in some monasteries were written in Latin and German in separate columns or pages, and a few books of devotion had the translation of every unfamiliar word appended. German prayer-books, portions of Scripture, and devotional poetry abounded among all those who could read at all, and the poetry of the Minnesingers, half of which was on religious subjects, was well known in the convents. Women themselves tried their hand at poetry as well as other styles of composition; and while ladies in the world naturally chose love-themes, or, like the poetess known as the "Lady of Winsbecke" (though as to her actual existence there is much doubt), domestic lessons and moral axioms addressed to young maidens, the nuns chose religious subjects. In the beginning of the twelfth century Ava, an Austrian nun, wrote a metrical life of the Saviour, ending with the last day of the world, which Kurz, in a history of early German literature, notices and criticises. Other literary nuns were Elizabeth of Schönau, in the diocese of Trèves, in 1165; Hildegarde of Rupertsberg, at the convent of Bingen on the Rhine, in 1179; and Gertrude of Rodalsdorf in 1292. Those who did not become authors were commonly transcribers and copyists, and each monastery, in its own neighborhood, served the purpose of a publishing-house and book-store, besides that of a library of reference. It was the rule in most convents for the inmates to learn regularly, as people in the world learnt their trades, some useful occupation, which henceforth became, as it were, their profession. The Statutes of Lower Prüm, for instance, enjoined this on the nuns of that house, and enumerated the best occupations—to spin, to sew, to weave, to embroider, to paint, and to copy out books, the latter being, as they say, the best, because it comes nearest to the occupations

of the clergy. In many convents teaching was in itself a business. Of course the romances of chivalry also spread to the female communities, and many ecclesiastical and monastic laws were passed from time to time against the reading of them by nuns.

The Minnesingers' poetry was almost entirely based on subjects connected with women, and through them with nature, birds, summer, flowers, bees, etc. A branch of German poetry preceding that of the Minnesingers was represented by Ottfried of Weissenburg's harmony of the Gospels, and the *Legends of Saints*, by Hermann of Fritzlar. The *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin gave occasion to some of the German poets to put forth their greatest powers. Among all the productions of the Minnesingers few match the *Great Hymn*, attributed to Gottfried of Strassburg, a burgher poet, on the Blessed Virgin. It is sometimes called the "Divine Minnesong." Conrad of Würzburg wrote another marvellous poem.

The extravagances, not only of fancy but of deed, that passed for common homage to the chosen "lady-love" of a minstrel are such as to make even Quixote seem tame. In all good faith did these wandering poets, often younger sons of poor knights who had no portion to give them, choose a "*dame de ses pensées*" and celebrate her—it was etiquette never to write or pronounce her name—by songs and challenges; and more often than not the fair one was a married woman, as the minstrel himself was generally a good husband and father. The challenges were purely gratuitous—part of the business, as it were; they usually took place at tournaments, and if any disputes arose these were settled by regular "Courts of Love," presided over by noble ladies. Declarations of poetical love were made in public by these singers, who often spent in further picturesque homage to their "ladies" what little money they gained by their songs. Ulrich of Lichtenstein was the most grotesque of these hyperbolic lovers, and is famous for the "Progress of Venus" from Venice to Vienna, he himself personating Venus according to every mediæval conception of the goddess, for he rode a white horse and was dressed all in white, with twelve servants in white on white saddles and white horses and bearing white lances. He was veiled, and spent his time kissing the women on his line of march and challenging each knight whose castle he passed, all the while proclaiming that *his* lady-love was the most peerless under heaven. He subsequently quarrelled with her because she would not believe that he had had his finger cut off in her service, and he chose another queen

of his heart, equally unreal as far as actual relations with her were concerned.

The attendants—as distinguished from servants—of ladies of high position were in some sort the pupils of their patrons. The wives of reigning princes and great feudal lords, and, in a lesser degree, most German women of the nobility, had young girls of good birth in their train, as well as pages, to whom a kind of literary and domestic education was given. Boys of noble birth were sometimes educated in convent-schools. In Quedlinburg, in Saxony, the historian Thietmar von Merseburg was thus brought up. The education was various—from sewing and the Psalter up to Latin plays and music. Sometimes convents bargained to provide other necessaries besides learning, as when Ulrich von Dahlsberg gave a monastery in Unterstorff eight yoke of arable land (as much as eight yoke of oxen could plough in one day) on condition of furnishing bread to his wife's household during his long absences on distant pilgrimages, and of boarding his daughter Ottilia until she had learned the Psalter by heart. Charlemagne's well-known palace school was for girls as well as youths, and Alcuin dedicated to one of his female pupils his commentary on St. John's Gospel, and to another his work on the nature of the soul. A daughter of Desiderius, an early Lombard king, wrote a Roman history and dedicated it to her teacher, Paul Warnefried; the daughter of William the Conqueror kept up a literary correspondence in Latin with several bishops and abbots of Germany and France; a Greek princess married to the Emperor Otto II. had her son educated by Gerbert, who was known as the most learned man of his time; the wife of Henry the Lion introduced the *Chanson de Roland* into Germany.

The ten last chapters of Vincent of Beauvais' *Manual of Instruction*, written in the thirteenth century, treat of the education of women, and refer a good deal to the domestic lessons of the Old Testament and to the maxims of St. Jerome addressed to his learned and cultivated female friends and disciples. With the rise of commercial free cities or towns, where the burghers were practically masters, came an improvement in girls' schools for the richer middle classes. The merchants of the Hanseatic towns sent their daughters to convents; Lübeck in particular patronized two Mecklenburg monasteries, Rene and Zerenthin, until 1502, when the burghers contributed to the foundation of a teaching order in their own town. In Brussels, before its chief prosperity, there was a school for girls, where the vernacular and religious teaching, a smattering of geography and

history, etc., were imparted; regular burgher schools existed in Gravezande, Leyden, Rotterdam, Schiedam, Delft, Haarlem, Oudenarde, and Alkmaar at various dates from 1322 to 1390. Some of the earliest Dutch miniatures and panel-pictures represent, incidentally, little girls being taught to read, and the portraits of mothers were sometimes taken in this attitude. Even lay schools existed in a few of the larger towns of Germany and the Netherlands. Two spinsters, the daughters of John of Geisenheim, kept one in the Gräfenstrasse, in Mayence, in 1290, and the register of the purchase of the house for this purpose may be found in the town archives. In Spires in 1368 the Abbey of Schönau leased a house belonging to it in the Jakobsgasse to a teaching-woman, name not given, for her lifetime, for the sum of seventeen pieces of gold currency, for the purpose of a girls' school.

That private schools existed here and there, and women taught boys as well as girls, is to be inferred from the complaints made by town-appointed masters against these inroads on their income; the Reformers sometimes found much fault with the women whose schools were too conservative to welcome the "new preaching," and in Uberlingen, where boys were sent to the girls' school, the master appointed by the magistracy to the Latin Grammar-School claimed compensation from the mistress for each male scholar whom she admitted. The Béguines—a society of women not unlike Canonesses—in the Netherlands taught not only burgher girls but those of the artisan class. There were also in most cities public writers, female as well as male, who either taught writing or wrote letters for the unlearned. The itinerant teachers of elementary knowledge have been already alluded to. Even small places, like St. Goar on the Rhine, had a girls' school. It is surprising to meet with an advocate of compulsory education in the sixteenth century, but no less a person than Luther recommended it. Nuremberg and such German centres, however, can scarcely be supposed to have needed it when one reads of four thousand children being entertained, on a visit of the Emperor Frederick III. to the former city, at a gigantic school feast, with games, gold coins being distributed to them at the end of the festivities.

Charitas Pirkheimer, the German counterpart of Margaret Roper, the sister of Willibald Pirkheimer, scholar and collector, the friend of Erasmus and Albert Dürer, represents the highest degree of mediæval cultivation. She translated parts of Plutarch into Latin and commented on ancient philosophers. As

abbess of St. Clara in Nuremberg at the time of the Reformation she sustained a public disputation on theology with Melanchthon, and her personal influence saved her convent from secularization for many years after her native city had accepted Lutheran doctrines. The girls of the town were not seldom taught in her convent, and altogether the Nuremberg standard of education was high enough to warrant the scholar Celtes in saying that "the women (of that town) understand arithmetic, writing, music, and Latin; they are gay, gentle, affable, and well-bred." Christopher Scheurl dedicated his translation of Cicero's *Republic* to her, calling her the equal of the daughters of Lælius and of the mother of the Gracchi. About the same date the two Welser sisters, Veronica, a nun in Augsburg, and Margaret, the wife of Conrad Peutinger, a classical scholar, distinguished themselves as learned women, and the latter's daughter, Juliana, began her career of learning at the age of four, when she was chosen to welcome the Emperor Sigismund in Latin verses on his entrance into Augsburg. In 1501 the island convent of Rolandswerth, on the Rhine, possessed two clever women, one an elegant Latin scholar, Aleydis Raiskop, and the other a miniature-painter, Gertrude of Büchel, to whom respectively John Butzbach, of Laachen, dedicated his works on *Learned Women* and *Renowned Painters.* Christina von der Leyen, an Augustinian nun at Marienthal, and Barbara von Dalberg, a Benedictine of Marienberg at Boppard, also contributed to the reputation of the Rhine neighborhood for solid education. At Spires the well-known Abbot Trithemius, of Sponheim, had a Latin correspondent in the person of Richmondis von der Horst, who also wrote short independent treatises; and Butzbach mentions another nun, Ursula Cantor, who, he says, had not her equal in the sixteenth century for theological and classical knowledge. Two universities, Freiburg and Tübingen, directly owed their foundation to Mathilda, the daughter of Louis VII., Count of Pfalz, through her influence over their founders, the son of her first marriage and her second husband, while she also collected ninety-four pieces of vernacular court-poetry, and encouraged the composition of new *Volkslieder* (people's songs) on the old models, as well as the translations from Latin sources by the Chancellor of Würtemberg, Nicholas von Wyle. A Rhenish lady, Margaret of Staffel, after a course of Latin literature under her domestic chaplain, composed short Latin poems and German songs, besides historical sketches in prose. In 1472 the brothers Albert and Louis von Eyb, the latter a poet, the former an historian, celebrated their mother,

Margaret of Wolmershausen, as a most learned woman and their best teacher. In 1508 a female historian and chronicler appears in the person of Catherine of Ostheim, married to a citizen of Limburg; the Frankfort town library possesses her manuscript annotations and collations on some parts of the Limburg town archives. Still more curious specimens of female education, because presumably denoting an average level of cultivation, are a petition by a female prisoner of the fourteenth century to the Frankfort magistracy, and several ledgers or accounts of small tradespeople and artisans, kept by women. After printing was invented the thirst for books was increased; but even before the first years of the sixteenth century it was a matter of complaint and reproach by some that the people, "the senseless old gossips, the pert sophists, any one and every one claims to read and to write, yea, and will not have it that any one but themselves understand the sense of this or appreciate the beauty of that." In the province of Utrecht John Busch notices the German books daily read, both in public and in private, in more than a hundred convents and Béguines' houses, while common people and women are mentioned along with scholars and men as possessing many German books, and this in a Flemish province. The complaints of the clergy as to the prevalence of romances, folk-lore, and worldly poems, displacing the reading of books of instruction and devotion, are an index to the taste of the time and the widespread custom of reading among the masses; but what is still more conclusive evidence is the description of an itinerant bookseller, Diepold Lauber, of Hagenau, who, like all of his trade in the early sixteenth century, set up bookstalls at all the various fairs and markets held within a large neighborhood. He says that "not only was there a sale for Latin prayer-books and famous editions of the Bible in German, but also a great demand for High-German poetry, the greater epics (probably the Nibelungen, which were popular from very early times), popular tales, fables, travels, medical books and others treating of physical phenomena, natural history, etc."

At the same time a man might be a poet and yet unable to read and write, as was the case with one of the Minnesingers, Wolfram von Eschenbach, who pleaded that he was always too busy fighting to have time to learn these arts. He dictated his poems to his squire or any young disciple who attached himself to him for a time—a common custom among the chivalrous poets. He had a thorough control of all the forms of versification, and was as skilful in construction as he was rich in fancy; and as it was

with him, so too with many a man and woman of lesser gifts, but still educated and appreciative, and not uncommon types of the culture of the middle ages in Germany.

Two or three years ago the diary and correspondence of a German burgher woman was published in an English magazine and reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*. It dated from the fourteenth century, and described wholly the daily life of that time; domestic details filled the letters, and two romances, that of a first and a second marriage, were contained in them. Except the directness of style which characterizes all private writing up to the seventeenth century, there was little difference between those letters and any German home-correspondence of to-day. The writer mentions, however, that in all the towns where she lived she was the only woman who could write. Her letters were addressed week by week to a friend of her own age and sex, a married woman. They are certainly, on account of their date, the most interesting productions in connection with female life in Germany that have been printed for a long time.

MY TREASURES.

No rubies that burn in kingly crest,
No pearls that nestle on queenly breast
Or sleep in the Eastern sea,
Can buy my treasures from me.
        In many a fold
        Of snowy silk they lie,
Safe hidden from the vulgar eye—
        A cross of gold,
Loosed from the grasp of the dead;
A rosary whose grains in vain
Cold, nerveless fingers strove to press;
And, dearest of all, a silken tress
Shorn from a bonny head
Mine eyes will ne'er behold again.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XXI.

"WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT."

That the clouds are always heaviest before their breaking is one way of expressing a very trite consolation on occasions offered to the afflicted, but which has probably never been known to perform its office for any single individual. For just how heavy and black the moral clouds which hover around life's horizon can become is a matter of speculation even to those who have tasted life's sorrows to the utmost. We know that when a man is called on to endure for years a certain amount of suffering, when the agony has been piled on day after day and nature seems at its last gasp, at the right moment comes a break of some kind. The water, having risen to the brim of the vessel, flows over. The clouds, having heaped themselves on one another, break of their own weight. The break is very often a doubtful benefit. You find yourself looking for the silver lining of the cloud, or the proverbial turn in the lane, or the dawn which it is popularly supposed the deeper darkness foretold, and you are mightily disappointed. As a rule it rains for two or three days when the storm has been long fomenting, and he who is burdened with pain finds that it continues an interminable time after the summit of endurance has apparently been reached. Death often enough steps in to crown the edifice, and leaves worldly mankind wondering at the present application of the proverbs. He must be a wretched one indeed who, having endured years of earthly misery, has not found therein the material for his future blessedness, has not seen with his dying eyes, peeping through the gloom of the world's night, the encouraging rays of another and endless morning.

Aside from all reflections on the probable turning-point of misery stands the plain fact of Olivia's distress and sorrow. It had seized hold of her with the violent suddenness of a tornado, and was ploughing through her nature after the same fashion, scattering ruin and devastation far and wide, and bringing dread fear into the three hearts that loved her most. But its very violence had doomed it to a short existence. To lose lover, friend,

and good name within a few days is not often the lot of a young lady, although there are likely instances on record. So severe a succession of misfortunes is unnatural. Even at this moment Providence was interfering in her behalf, and its agent was the volatile, the unconquerable, the ubiquitous and omniscient Quip, sometime physician of doctor-making Michigan, and present confidant and clerk of Doctor Killany. Providence is not partial in its employment of means and knows no distinction of persons. A civil war and a petty conflagration may serve equally well its purposes. Mr. Darwin, anxious as he is to make his remote ancestors baboons, would receive no less attention than the aristocrat who labors through his misty pedigree, sometimes vainly, in the hope of finding a man at the root, and who is indignant at the suggestion of his being highly undeveloped in intellect and too much so in his backbone. Mr. Quip was no better than his neighbors; in truth, it must be said he was considerably worse; but his wickedness did not stand in the way of his appointment to the office of liberating Olivia from her many woes. Mr. Quip had no suspicion that any other than himself was connected with the matter. He would scorn the idea that he was but the agent of another. He had thought his plan out by himself in the loneliness of the night or in the mid-day silence of the office. Unless his eyes could reveal his thoughts he was certain that he had not revealed them to any one, even by an inadvertent soliloquy, and he was not given to walking or talking in his sleep. What he knew but one other man living knew. Killany's knowledge was mostly pretence. McDonell alone held the secret. Killany had sold his knowledge to the latter, and the merchant was beyond buying and selling for ever.

"It was fortunate he escaped with his life," soliloquized Mr. Quip, half-conscious that if he had stood in Killany's shoes he would have used surer means of quieting the old gentleman than a lunatic asylum.

Mr. Quip was a Bohemian, like his master, but of a purer and more highly developed type. He stopped at nothing which the occasion or his own necessity demanded. His plans were bolder, his views more daring, penetrative, and far-reaching, his means more unscrupulous. He was not a success since he had chosen to go beyond the bounds of respectability. In many things, however, and in one particular thing, he was more than a match for Killany. He had overreached him in the Juniper affair, and had plunged more deeply into the secrets of the McDonell household. The extent of Mr. Quip's knowledge in this regard would have

been alarming to some of our characters. He had used the sparing confidence which his master had placed in him to get possession of a groundwork of facts, inferences, and surmises, working upon which he had obtained the secret of McDonell's life and had followed it out to its uttermost ramifications. He had an eye on Juniper as the son of that woman who knew the Fullertons while they were in New York. He had interviewed the same lady. He had full knowledge of the parentage of the Fullertons and of their claims on the estate of McDonell, and he followed to the minutest particular the deep-laid plans of Killany. How he learned it all is at present unimportant. Dr. Killany's cabinets were not a mystery to Mr. Quip, and he had the powers of a sleuth-hound in smelling out and pursuing a scent that promised heavy game. On that evening which witnessed the shattering of Olivia's last hope Mr. Quip was perched on the arm of his chair, debating the question to which of the rival parties would he be the most useful and costly. Olivia's fate hung for a time in the balance.

"On the principle," said Mr. Quip, "that rats desert a sinking ship I shall steer clear of our friends Killany and McDonell. The truth must come out sooner or later, and I am impelled to assist in bringing it out sooner through a regard for my personal safety. I have a presentiment that Killany would not hesitate to poison me or have me flung from the long dock, if he knew what I know about his doings. It is not often I do tell the truth, it must be confessed, and on moral grounds I don't receive much credit for telling it now. Still, there is no denying of the fact that I might conceal it if I wished, and get paid as well. But I might not be so safe in the long run. Yes, I shall sell my services and my knowledge to the Fullertons."

A knock at the office-door cut short his soliloquy. Whether the sound was familiar and he knew the person without, or from some other inscrutable cause, Mr. Quip, instead of rushing to the door, calmly opened his book and paid no further attention to external incidents. Presently Mr. Juniper made his appearance with a white face and an ominous frown. He stood at the door, and, making an opera-glass of his hands, surveyed his friend from top to toe in contemptuous silence, turning his head on one side and clucking like a hen in spiteful allusion to Mr. Quip's sobriquet of the "Hawk." This had no effect on the interested student, and Mr. Juniper, who evidently came with an object, was compelled to open the conversation. Flinging a missile which knocked the book from Quip's hands, he sat down.

" Well ? " said Quip coolly, without glancing at him.

"Well," mimicked Juniper as well as his growling voice would permit, " my wealthy friend, you are becoming more studious the more gold you have flung into your pockets."

" I am become a man of leisure," returned Mr. Quip, with an owlish, upward turn of his eyes, " and men of leisure with any pretensions to taste are devoted to books and to the fine arts."

" They've got an acquisition in you," growled Juniper, " these men of leisure. I'd like to know what fine arts you pay attention to outside of lying and cheating."

"There is music, for one. I am studying the guitar," continued Mr. Quip, giving a pantomime of having the instrument in his hands, and at the same time studiously avoiding his friend's wicked glances, " and I expect to make a hit at the next symposium. I always had a great taste for music. I began at three years old by tearing up my mamma's music. At four I had dissected several mouth-organs, and there is a tradition that at five I played the hand-organ. That is doubtful, however. Genius may go far, but never so far as that, Juniper."

" None of your chaff," said Juniper. " You know what I came here for, and you may as well pony up straight. Are them dollars that I spoke of forthcoming ? "

Mr. Quip put his hands to his ears in horror.

" You are not only slangy, Juniper, but you are ungrammatical. This is abominable, more especially for you, who live among kings and queens, and retired greatness generally, at the asylum."

The disgusted listener stood up defiantly, with his hands in his pockets, while Quip was speaking. When the " Hawk " had finished there was such an ominous quiet about him that Quip's unwilling, beady, treacherous eyes were forced to turn themselves upon him.

" Have you done ? " said he.

" Hardly, Juniper. Wouldn't you like to hear me play on the guitar ? Wouldn't you wish for just five minutes to have your senses borne on a gushing stream of music into an elysium of sensual delights ? You don't get such chances at the asylum. There is little music there, and it is all staccato and not distinguished for its melody."

" Have you done ? " said again the immovable youth, without a sign of relenting.

" Well, I must say that I have—almost. It is very discouraging that I can find no way of rendering your call pleasant. But

when you must talk at a man, and can elicit nothing in return, I would rather sit by the sea on the long wharf—"

"Don't mention that, for God's sake!" cried Juniper, putting his trembling hands before his eyes. "I have dreamed of it often enough since to make my hair white."

"How did you come to be gifted with so much imagination, Juniper? It is a superfluity, a danger, to a man so fond of gold and whiskey as you."

"Give me my money," cried Juniper angrily—"give me my money and let me go, so that I may never see your face again."

"Will you be rid ever of seeing it?" said Quip, with a sneering laugh. "When you part from me it will haunt you for ever."

He shook his bony finger, and wagged his elfish head, and rolled his cruel eyes at Juniper in a way that made the superstitious man tremble at the knees and turn all the colors of the rainbow. Juniper began to swear frightfully, and heaped the oaths on Quip's head until the latter sprang up, caught him by the throat, and thrust him into a chair.

"Sit there, fool," he said, "and hear what I say to you on this matter for the last time. How much money did you get from me for your lying testimony?"

"Seventy-five dollars," said Juniper submissively.

"How much were you at first promised?"

"One hundred and fifty."

"Fifty per cent. gone from the original sum," laughed the daring Quip—"ten per cent. for my services, five per cent. for your first insolences, and the remaining thirty-five for your snivelling threats of exposure. You paltry idiot! you received one hundred per cent. more than you deserved for your services. I could have hired less troublesome and more useful men at five dollars a head, but that I wished, forsooth, to befriend you. How much more do you expect to get, you grasping miser? Seventy-five dollars, you say. What modesty! What disinterestedness! I shall give you one cent. There it is, and go."

He flung the coin at him with superb scorn, adding: "And look that it does not poison you."

Juniper had always a superstitious fear of his elfish friend, and his present manner and words did not tend to diminish the feeling. He humbly picked up the cent, much to Quip's surprise, and began to retire. At the door he stopped and looked back. Quip was laughing as the charlatan laughs over the credulity of his victims, with his hands to his sides and his face purpled in the effort to restrain his mirth. This gratuitous scorn broke the

spell and roused all the courage that was left in Juniper's breast. With another series of oaths he flung back the coin at the giver and declared his immediate intention of revealing all that he knew of the late conspiracy to Miss McDonell. Then he departed.

"Which makes it all the more necessary," soliloquized Mr. Quip, referring to Juniper's proposed treason, "that I at once proceed to the right party. Events are thickening. The air is full of portents and omens. If I don't coin some of them into gold, then farewell to all my greatness. I have not got into my proper sphere to make myself as great an ass as I did in others."

When Dr. Fullerton was returning home the next day after office hours, Quip accosted him mysteriously in the hall.

"Will you be at home to-night," he asked, "and prepared to receive visitors?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," said the puzzled doctor. "Why do you ask?"

"I am going to call," Quip replied, "and I want to have a little conversation with you on family matters. There is some money in it, and I am anxious to get a share."

"You speak in enigmas, Quip."

"I'll speak literally to-night. You will understand that I come to talk of family matters and gold, and you will be at home."

He slipped away into the waiting-room, leaving a mystified gentleman on the stairs. The doctor did not think it necessary to speak to Olivia about their visitor until he had arrived and was seated owlishly in the drawing-room. Mr. Quip was more bird-like than ever in his motions, and set Olivia laughing at his queer fashion of sitting on the edge of his chair and twisting his whole head around to look at an object. But Mr. Quip's first deliberate and chosen words, after he had been introduced by the doctor, rudely drove all merriment out of doors.

Said he: "I come to sell to you for a fair price a clear knowledge of your antecedents, the means of getting again the property which a slippery guardian stole from you, and of establishing you in your proper position before the world."

Olivia trembled, and the doctor, less susceptible, only smiled. The magnitude of Mr. Quip's design was equalled only by the assurance with which he declared his ability to execute it, and, though surprise was uppermost, incredulity and distrust were the ruling feelings in the doctor's mind.

"You are going to attempt a great deal, Mr. Quip," he said

quietly, yet anxious to tell the man he was mad and to drive him from the room.

"I have had remarkable opportunities," returned the gentleman modestly, "and I have used them. I know," he continued, "that you are surprised and not inclined to believe in extraordinary good fortune. But what I propose is simply this: I have the certificate of marriage of your father and mother. I can point out to you the man who took your father's money. I can prove that your father had this money and that your guardian stole it. I have my witnesses and documents, and they are so strong that no court can break them down. You are worth some three hundred thousand dollars, and for putting you in possession of it I ask the sum of five thousand dollars, not to be paid until you have come into possession of your own."

This was open and decided, and the doctor found it impossible to maintain his scepticism and his composure. Olivia was pale and quite frightened at the prospect of becoming an heiress.

"I know," continued Mr. Quip, "that my proposal is somewhat astonishing and my demand perhaps a trifle large—"

"No, oh! no," cried impulsive Olivia, and the doctor said gravely:

"If you can do all you say it is little enough for the service. Before we accept your offer we must consult with friends; before we can even consent to examine your statements we must take means to secure ourselves from imposition."

"Here is a pledge of my faith and earnestness," said Quip, placing a paper on the table. "It is the marriage certificate. I give it to you as an earnest of what is to come."

The orphans read it with varying emotions. To Olivia it was the blessed shore after long tossings on the stormy ocean, and her heart was filled with a noble gratitude to Him who had brought her safely out of the tempest.

"The name on this certificate is Hamilton," said the doctor suspiciously.

"It is a part of my work to prove you both Hamiltons," Mr. Quip said, rising to go. "I must bid you good-evening and leave you to meditate on my proposals. I may expect an answer—"

"In two or three days," said Harry. And Mr. Quip departed.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FIRST FRUITS.

THE social atmosphere after the consummation of the long-planned scheme of McDonell's incarceration possessed for Dr. Killany a clearness and brightness that for many a day it had not known. He was no longer in the maze of a conspiracy, meditating, struggling, hoping, fearing, filled with chagrin one moment, too lifted with hope the next; and although there was yet much to do and more to be troubled about, still the great obstacle was removed; he could breathe, and wait with comparative indifference for whatever fate was destined to follow. He was manager of Nano's estate in conjunction with two nonentities. That position his intriguing had assured him. It was imperative that one who had made himself so important and necessary a factor in late events should have an immediate reward, which would not bear the outward character of a price and yet be quite as substantial. He held his office by virtue of his conventional relationship, the world said. Nano knew as well as he that it was the sop to Cerberus, the opiate to still dangerous importunings and outbreaks, and both appreciated it accordingly. It occurred to her often, and not vaguely, but impertinently clear, that he was looking for higher emoluments—her hand in marriage, perhaps. She had never taken pains to let him understand the hopelessness of his expectations. If he wanted money a fair fifty thousand was at his disposal when she came into the property. Considering what he knew and what he was able and unable to do, this was heavy compensation; but she did not intend to offer it at any time. He might ask for it himself. She knew that to one of his disposition this was but a drop in the bucket. That, however, was not her affâir. He might choose to be troublesome. She was prepared for that emergency likewise, and was ready to dismiss at the first sign of insubordination. It never caused her a moment of pain or alarm. She could do many brave, dangerously brave things, and one of them was to resist, and even attack, so deadly, so ravenous, so disgusting an animal as this scheming doctor.

The doctor himself spent many quiet hours communing on this very subject. It was now the nearest to his heart. He had time and was lavish of it, and he thought with leisurely care and diligence on his next move. He had, no doubt, passed the most

dangerous period of his scheme; he was now to pass the most delicate. If boldness and skill were needed in the first instance, unequalled diplomacy and gentle cunning were now the requisite qualities. He had to admit to himself—and with himself he was the most candid, least flattering man in existence—that the outlook was not cheering. She had not the slightest affection for him. Her manner very frequently savored of dislike and disgust, and she was always distant, cold, haughty, repelling. These feelings had deepened since the crime of her life had been consummated. It was natural that the one person who knew of her sin should be looked at with eyes of distrust when previous love was not in the question. He had it in his power to show to blind admirers the crack in the perfect vase, the flaw in the long-prized diamond, the rottenness of the sepulchre which was without a miracle of art and nature. He rejoiced in it that it gave him control over her, so haughty and daring in her fall; and it pained him, too, that she should know and feel her bondage, as it lessened the chances of affection towards himself. He loved her, indeed, as much as he ever could love at all. His heart and his interests were inseparable. Where both went together his passion was honorable and strong. What hopes did he cherish of ever attaining to the perpetual control of the noble estate which lay temporarily in his hands? He could hardly tell. The possibility of failure so confused the clear-headed Bohemian that for some days he dared not discuss the question. Its imperativeness he never forgot, and he came down to it before very long and reasoned about it in this wise:

She was proud, intensely and morbidly proud, and, like a certain well-known lady, proud of many things that would not have borne dissection. She was proud of her position in the world, of her natural and acquired perfections, and principally of her position as leader of the cultured disciples of transcendentalism. It was in his power to dash her at a single blow from the height of these honors into an abyss of misery and shame whose only redeeming point would be its oblivion. Oblivion she dreaded with the insane, shrinking fear of those who know no God, no belief, no life to come, and who take refuge from this fear in that falsest of refuges, their human pride. A whisper, cunning and sweet as Satan's in the ear of Eve, and it would be known that she had imprisoned her father; another, and the disgraceful reasons would spread abroad like a blaze in the thicket of a summer forest. Supposing that proofs were asked, there arose the necessity of liberating McDonell, of wringing or coaxing from him the con-

fession of his early crime, of finding the children whom he had wronged, and of showing the truth of all the outlying circumstances. However, he did not need proofs. He was sure it would never come to that. She would surrender, under fear of such results, unconditionally. A woman who did not scruple to wrong her own father so fearfully for the sake of wealth and position would not find it hard to wed an accomplished gentleman for the same reason, when by the act she would put away all danger for ever. What if her heart belonged to another? There could be no serious obstacle in such an event, since interest, according to Killany's philosophy, was infallibly stronger than love. If from pure malice, dislike, or pettishness the lady still refused to look to her own welfare—rejected him, in fact—it was not to be supposed that he would bring his own name into infamy for the sake of revenge. But he had for the last desperate condition a remedy which, if decidedly hurtful to the other party, would be of the highest benefit to himself.

In his calm, professional way the doctor brushed aside the cobwebs of obstruction to his pretty scheme, and set about devising the means which, like a well-made avenue, would lead up naturally, easily, gradually to the culmination of his grand design. He had already decided that the event must come off at an early date. Delays are proverbially dangerous. He was ready then to lay the question before Nano, but he was not so sure as to the time most acceptable to her. He set himself to work, therefore, to prepare her for its reception. In his career he had often played in the rôle of the serpent and the bird. The snares and tricks to lure the innocent practised among vulgar Bohemians were not unknown to him. The nature of the bird to be trapped in this case forbade the employment of ordinary methods. He became, under cover of his position as manager of the estate, her most devoted cavalier, and endeavored so to arrange his comings and goings that the world would put upon them its most favorable construction. He whispered in the ears of his friends the most mysterious hints of coming good fortune, smiled ambiguously, and shrugged his shoulders meaningly when bantered on the subject of his growing attachment. He gossiped with the gossips to an extent that set these estimable persons at loggerheads with one another as to the truth of the varying tales they told about the matter. On the whole, he managed to impress society with the belief that his marriage with Nano was but a matter of time and expediency. Nano, being a haughty individual who brooked no meddling in her affairs, was never troubled with wit-

ticisms or innuendoes on the subject. Dr. Killany felt and saw that he was getting on famously. Nano suffered his extraordinary attentions with wonderful meekness. In the rebound which her spirits had taken she was become sprightly, cheerful, and approachable to an extreme degree. Even Killany came in for a share of this generosity of feeling. By degrees he won her from her usual reserve with him. The freedom of old friends seemed to prevail between them, and his confidence and his smiles grew broader day by day.

His scheming was as patent to Nano as if he had traced it on paper for her amusement. Like the garrison of a beleaguered city, she watched with interest the gradual advances of the enemy; the contracting of the lines; the building of forts and batteries; read hopefulness, nay, certainty, of success in the besieger's eyes; felt the anticipation of triumph in his cautious and seductive manner. She actually led him on to his doom. In the first days of her trial she had foreseen that herself might be the subject of Killany's demands. His manner during these two weeks which succeeded a never-to-be-forgotten morning had confirmed her suspicions and made conjecture fact. She yielded to the stream, was gracious and kind always, and waited indifferently for the hour when, with a relentless and determined hand, she would demolish the fabric of his dreams as completely as he thought of destroying hers if she refused to listen to his solicitations. She was fully conscious of the power which he held, but was also sure that it was not absolute and that enough remained to her to limit it within proper grounds. She was resolute that she would not be the slave of her crime, a modern lamp which, at the rubbing of the medical Aladdin, would bring her humbly to his knees.

Two weeks of patient working and waiting the doctor gave himself. Then he judged the proper moment to have come, and on one evening, at the hour which in good society is supposed to be given only to familiar friends, he set out for McDonell House with the intention of offering himself to the mistress as a husband of a superfine quality. It was an unparticular evening, distinguished by its wintry bleakness and loneliness. A lover would have noted, perhaps, every feature of the time in which he was to stake his present happiness on the yes or no of a woman, that in after-years no incident of the night or day might be omitted in the picture of brightness or misery. Killany was not actually so nervous as to the result. It was purely a gaming transaction, and any turn of the die was to be met with philosophi-

cal composure. Disappointment was not going to break his heart. Failure was with him only a possibility. He had made provision, however, for the possibility, and he had in any event a safe retreat. In one quarter of the city through which he passed, famous for its dirty children and brutish men, there seemed to exist some great but subdued excitement. Knots of idlers on the corners, stalwart and mannish women in the doorways, discussed in low, earnest tones on some topic, and so interested were they that Killany's dainty, perfumed passing earned neither a look nor a comment from them.

"A fight, is it?" he said to a heavy-browed, brutish boy.

"A fight it be, perhaps," answered the surly lad, "but it an't begun yet as I knows of."

The doctor proceeded leisurely on his way and was soon at McDonell House.

The conversation promised to be interesting and as artificial as the chatting of two diplomats intent on gaining admissions from each other and not quite sure of opposing methods. It was a game of skill in which neither party was to be ultimately beaten. Nano knew from Killany's manner that the important hour had arrived, and rejoiced exceedingly. The doctor saw and understood her feelings partly, knew that he no longer had a secret, and was anxious to plunge into his business without delay. The usual fencing took place, however, and the regular skirmishings which always precede a great battle. He touched upon the main point when he said:

"I never call lately without a matter of business which requires your attention. I have one for you to-night. You will learn to shudder at my footstep or at the sound of my voice, either is so apt to suggest disagreeable ideas."

"Business," said she in return, "has rather an interest for me, and, provided you do not come too often or give me too difficult problems to solve, I shall not learn to dread footstep or voice any more than I dread them at this moment. And I dread them now not at all," she added, because he looked at her as if there were a double meaning in her words.

"Well, you are very kind, Nano, and I promise you that in this affair I shall never trouble you again, unless at your own wish. The fact is, I wish to make you my wife. I offer you myself and my estate. The full value of both you understand, and I do not think it necessary to expatiate on my devotion. Time will show that very plainly."

The murder was out, and she had remained as indifferent as if

he had proposed a sleigh-ride, looking straight into his face, while he spoke, with her frank, sweet eyes.

"You are calm, very calm, doctor, over this matter. I had heard it was the custom—but everything one hears is not true."

"I might remark, too," said Killany, with inward uneasiness, "that you are as calm as myself. I love you, but I have no wish to gush over what should be a plain matter of business. That I have loved you for years is clear to you, but, being poor, I did not presume to show it. Still, if you require assurances—"

"Oh! none; I require none. They would not sway me one way or another. My mind has been made up on this matter since I first discovered your intention of letting your heart run away with your head. I did not think you could be guilty of such a thing."

"Indeed!" he said, not quite sure if she was laughing at him.

"I am glad that we can have an understanding at this early date," she went on glibly. "It will make our business relations more settled and less constrained in the future. I do not like to live with a cloud over my head ready to burst upon me, yet never bursting."

"Ah! you are going to refuse me," he murmured, with a quiver of pain in his voice quite touching from its very unexpectedness.

"You might have expected it. Yes, I refuse. Gratitude is not love, you know; and grateful enough as I am to you for your services, I cannot make your reward as substantial and sweeping as you would wish."

"You believe, then, in that folly—love. And have you considered—alas! I know that you have. And yet am I not a dangerous person to be permitted to stray from your side?"

"Dangerous?" she answered smilingly. "I cannot think so. I would as soon accuse you of a desire to bite yourself as to bite me."

"Some animals do both when hard-pressed, Nano."

"That sounds like a threat, doctor, of which I know you would never be guilty. As you said yourself, this is a pure matter of business given to me to settle. I have settled it, and you may accept your fate kindly or not. We shall continue to be very good friends, and shall take up and lay aside other businesses as gracefully. If it is any consolation to you to know that I refuse you from inclination, and not from affection for any other, take it. It is not much, but it will save you from jealousy until the force of this disappointment wears off."

He was silent for some minutes. He could not decide upon what course to adopt in this unexpected turn of affairs. She was not defying him, he thought, and yet her cool, friendly manner might hide the cunningest dissimulation. She was a puzzle to him still, and it vexed him to think how completely he was baffled. This was not the conversation he had planned, nor had his and this a shadow of resemblance. A bitterness rushed over him like the surge of an ocean that she should act as if dealing with a very ordinary event, and not as if her very existence was concerned.

"I am averse to creating a scene—"

"Why should you think of that?" she said sharply.

"But, to tell the truth, I expected something different, not on the strength of my services but of my knowledge. There is no money could pay me for that, and I hoped it was understood that my services were given only in the hope of receiving yourself some day as a reward. I am tempted not to let you go. Do I not know enough to make it necessary for you to marry me?"

"No," she answered boldly. "There is no man on earth could force me to that. The alternatives might be disgrace and ruin, as they are not in this instance, but I could endure both."

"As they are not in this instance?" he repeated significantly, as if communing with himself. She laid one delicate hand impressively on his arm.

"Let us understand one another, doctor, at once and for ever. I will never marry you. Bury your dangerous knowledge in that fact. It is more to your interest to accept our present relations than to attempt anything like an exposure of our recent doings. We shall not discuss what it is in your power or mine to do, but let it be conceded that just now we are evenly matched, and that only very favorable circumstances may make us open enemies in the future. Make out when you please the amount to which your services are entitled, and it shall be paid. Then we cry, Quits. What do you say? Remember, I shall never marry you, whatever be the alternative. Be guided accordingly."

He listened with increasing despair, wonder, and admiration. She was a little more earnest than at the beginning of the conversation, but still business-like and indifferent. There was determination in her looks, in her tones, and a world of it in her words, and he was forced unwillingly to believe that she spoke as she felt. It was all over with his planning and scheming on that line of action. He had hoped to fall into the possession of a

beautiful wife and a fine fortune, and to take his stand for ever on a solid and assured basis of respectability and wealth. The game was against him. He yielded, as the gambler yields, with philosophic heroism, and took up again the old and never-to-be-shaken-off Bohemian life.

"Let it be as you say," he said quietly, and, after refusing an invitation to dinner, took his leave. Out in the streets, in that same quarter which had shown a trifling disturbance an hour before, unwonted excitement reigned. Workmen home from the day's labors now formed the corner throngs, and the talk was louder and quite violent.

"In a few days, lads," he heard one say boastingly, "and if one dares to show his head we'll split it though an army tried to save him."

He paid little attention to their language, so deeply was he thinking of his own misery.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE IRISH COLLEGE AT PARIS.

THREE hundred and three years ago there arrived in the city of Paris an Irish priest, the Rev. John Lee, with a band of students, exiles from their native land for the faith of their fathers. They were poor and shabbily dressed. They landed on the northwest coast in a fishing-boat known as a hooker, a species of craft well known from Arklow banks to the Claddagh quay, Galway. They had been more than a week at sea. It was a perilous voyage, because it was necessary to keep out of the track of the English cruisers. They did not think of presenting themselves as pensioners to any of the great colleges; there was one of unpretending appearance, built upon charitable foundations, to which they applied for admission. They were received kindly in the name of charity. It was the College of Montaigu, the first that offered an asylum to the Irish priest and his beloved levites. This took place in the autumn of 1578; Elizabeth was on the throne of England, Henry III. was King of France, and Gregory XIII. was Pope.

There is no chapter in the ecclesiastical annals of Ireland or France more interesting than the story of the impecunious priest

and the poor students who left the former, and the history of the Irish colleges founded in the latter: at Douai by the Rev. Christopher Cusack, a priest from the County Meath, who assisted also in the founding of similar houses at Lille, Antwerp, Tournai, and at St. Omer, where Daniel O'Connell was educated.

What is known to-day as the Collége des Irlandais is only one hundred and eleven years old. It was built by the then prefect of studies, the Rev. Lawrence Kelly, in the Rue de Cheval Vert, now Rue des Irlandais, or Irish Street, in 1770. The Collége de Montaigu was founded in 1314. In 1485 it was placed under the direction of the celebrated Jean Standone, regent of the faculty of theology of Paris. He founded a community of ecclesiastics distinct from the college, who were chosen from amongst the poor, the conditions for admission being poverty and good ability. He drew up a rule so strict as to rival in many respects the most austere Orders. Their diet was poor. Meat and wine seem to have been unknown amongst them, but beans, or *haricots*, and herrings were the principal food. The rule was, half a herring to the younger boys, a whole one to the more advanced students, for dinner. In point of sleep there was as little indulgence as at table. The community was divided into four parts, and each part took its turn to rise at midnight for a week to recite Matins; the others, who were not on duty, rose always at three o'clock to recite the Office of the Blessed Virgin and other prayers.

> "They thank'd their Maker for a pittance sent,
> Supped on a turnip, slept upon content."

The meagre fare and austere life did not interfere with their proficiency in studies; on the contrary, the students of Montaigu were distinguished above all other scholars in Paris for their profound learning and brilliant theses. It is recorded, among other literary achievements, that in the year 1619 they had three debates in philosophy, in which the arguments were maintained in the Greek language. No other college then could have attempted such an exhibition.

The next abode of the Irish colony was the aristocratic College of Navarre. When or why they quitted Montaigu College we cannot tell. But its benefactors, all French, required that the students should be taken from Auvergne, France. It was always in straitened circumstances, and its pecuniary difficulties perhaps obliged the students from Ireland to seek other quarters. One can well imagine what a change it must have been for

the Irish to be suddenly transplanted from the dilapidated buildings of old Montaigu, with its herrings and *haricots*, to the finest and best-appointed college in Paris, and to exchange their old friends the charity students of Auvergne for the nobility of France and the princes of the house of Bourbon. This college was founded in 1304. It was the favorite school of the French nobility and was particularly honored by the kings of France. It was called *L'école de la noblesse Française, l'honneur de l'université*—the school of the French nobility and the honor of the university.

About the year 1605 Baron de Lescalopier, president of the Parliament of Paris, rented a house for the Irish students in the St. Germain quarter. To this establishment were transferred all those who had received the order of priesthood and those advanced in their studies. The younger students remained in the College of Navarre.

Permission had been obtained from the Holy Father to ordain young men of exemplary lives who had attained the canonical age, although they had not completed their studies, on condition that they should go abroad to finish them. By their studies was meant philosophy and theology. Their classics were learned at any place in Ireland the Catholic schoolmaster dared show his face. Many of Ireland's noblest priests and bishops were so educated.

Let us visit one of the small seaports from Wexford to Donegal. From there was the safest route to France. The young men arrived by twos in the vicinity of the designated seaport. They repaired to the priest of the parish at a convenient time, who billeted them on some of the neighbors, by whom they were joyfully received. A fishing-smack, or hooker, was procured; provisions were secretly put on board. Before setting out they were united not far from the sea in the barn of some trusty friend, in front of a temporary altar, at the foot of which they received from the hands of the priest the Blessed Sacrament. The boat was moored a short distance from the land. It had been thoroughly overhauled and made clean as was possible to make craft of the kind. It appeared in its holiday attire, as it were, and as it swung with the tide at its flowing and ebbing one would think that the little vessel was aware of the important journey it was about to begin. The punt carried two or three persons at a time from the shore to the hooker. This operation continued perhaps for two or three days. All are on board and wait anxiously for a fair wind. A signal from the vessel to the watcher on shore an-

nounces that the crew are preparing to go to sea; the latter hasten to apprise the friends of those on board. The friends come to the water's edge, the red-brown jib flaps in the fresh breeze, the anchor is up, the little craft moves seaward, the patched main-sail is hoisted. Out upon the ocean the taut vessel dashes with its wings all set, bending its bow now and then to the swell of the ocean, or clearing a white-capped breaker as it comes rolling from Labrador to expire on the rocks of Ireland, and to cast its spray among the tears of the friends who are anxiously gazing from the beach at the transport which is to convey their beloved ones from home. They return murmuring prayers for a safe voyage, and congratulate each other that the wind is fair, and that soon their young darlings will be in generous France.

The Rev. John Lee, who had conducted his countrymen to Paris some thirty years before, was appointed superior of the new house in the Rue de Sèvres. After his death he was succeeded by Dr. Messingham, author of *Florilegium*, or Lives of Irish Saints. To the pen of this pious and scholarly man we are indebted for a sketch of the Baron de Lescalopier. He writes:

> "He was great in authority, profound in humility, merciful to the poor, kind to strangers—in fine, he was all to all. For we poor exiles for the cause of religion shall long remember how he transferred us to a magnificent house from the obscure place where through poverty we were obliged to dwell, and, having increased our means and the number of our students, brought us forth into public notice. We remember, too, what delight it afforded this most religious president to live with us, poor exiles for the faith, and what pleasure he seemed to take in our conversation; he even humbled himself to that excess that he, who was wont to sit in the Supreme Council of France amongst the nobles of the land, would not unfrequently place himself last at the table of the Irish exiles. He would remain with us many days together, and he often said if he survived his wife he would remain always amongst us and found a seminary for us with a fixed yearly income, which he long since would have done had not death anticipated his designs. When the priests of our seminary had completed their studies, and were about to return to their country to break the bread of life to the famishing people, and to draw from the Sacred Scriptures the waters of sound doctrine to refresh their parched souls, this pious and provident nobleman had them thoroughly examined by an able theologian, and to those who were found duly qualified for the pastoral duties this most liberal friend presented a suitable outfit and a sufficient provision for their journey. He then presented them to Cardinal de Betz, Archbishop of Paris. These things, although truly rare and wonderful, nevertheless are true and have often been witnessed by me."

The baron's good intention of founding a college for the Irish with a fixed revenue was never carried out. Death prevented

an accomplishment of his design. It was a serious loss to the establishment.

In the course of the year 1865 the administrator of the Irish College, Monsieur Lacroix, wishing to purchase some ground which bordered on the villa of the Irish College at Arcueil, discovered that one of the proprietors was the Count Lescalopier. Upon inquiry the gentleman informed him that he was of the family of the good president who more than two hundred and fifty years before had proved so kind a friend to the Irish, and that he was happy to renew old acquaintance by presenting as a gift to the Irish the portion of land they now desired.

After the baron's death the college struggled on, supported by the generosity of Mme. de Lescalopier and some other friends. In 1624 it was threatened with destruction. The bishops of Ireland wrote a strong letter to the Catholics of France, recommending to their charity this interesting institution and its distinguished head, Dr. Messingham. This letter was written at a time of great distress. It bears the impress of sorrow, and is a touching appeal to their friends beyond the sea in favor of a cherished establishment. It is dated September 4, 1624, and is signed by David Roothe, Bishop of Ossory and vice-primate of all Ireland; Maurice O'Hurly, Bishop of Emly; Thomas Deare, Bishop of Meath; Richard Arthur, Bishop of Limerick; and Maurice Qualy, Vicar-Apostolic of Leenane, Killaloe, who was soon after made Archbishop of Tuam. Notwithstanding this appeal the little community was obliged soon after to leave the house in the Rue de Sèvres. Their next abode was at the corner of Rue St. Thomas and Rue d'Enfer, and there they remained till the priests were transferred to the Lombards' College, when the students removed to another building in Rue Traversine immediately behind their old quarters, the Collége de Navarre.

In those days the hardships of all the Irish studying in Paris were very severe; several of the priests could not find rooms in the house at St. Thomas Street, and were glad to be received again in the old Collége de Montaigu, with its beans and herrings, in order to acquire the learning necessary to fit them for their great labor.

Louis XIII. in 1623 granted the Irish permission to receive donations and alms to support them during their studies. In 1672 Louis XIV. renewed this permission, and added, moreover, that of purchasing a house, which might serve as a college or hospice, in the city of Paris. This was considered at the time a special favor, and gave the Irish faculty a certain legal position,

as regarded the university, by permitting them to enter into possession of the ancient Collége des Lombards, which had been founded in 1333. It was almost in ruins in 1677 when the Irish superior applied to the king for permission to occupy it. The request was granted. The king, Louis le Grand, was glad of the opportunity to mark his appreciation of the services rendered by his faithful Irish soldiers, who were very numerous in his army. The building was dilapidated, a mere shell, and it had to be rebuilt. Who was to bear the expense of this was the next question. The king was very kind, but it was impossible to live in an old ruin that had been untenanted for years.

At this time there were at Paris two Irish ecclesiastics, who came forward most providentially in the present crisis. They were Patrick Maguire, Abbot of Tuley, who had been chaplain to the Queen of England, and Malachi Kelly, prior of St. Nicholas de Chapouin and chaplain to the Queen of Poland. They placed the means they had acquired during many years of hard labor in rebuilding the old College of the Lombards. On application Cardinal de Bonzy, Archbishop of Narbonne and Grand Almoner of France; John Bentivoglio, Abbot of St. Valerius; and the Abbé Valenti waived their respective rights and handed over to the Irish the eleven original bourses which remained in existence after the lapse of three hundred and fifty years. When the building was completed the following inscription was placed over the door:

COLLEGIUM B. M. VIRGINIS,
PRO CLERICIS HIBERNICIS,
IN ACADEMIA PARISIENSI
STUDENTIBUS,
INSTAURATUM ANNO 1681,
PRO ITALICIS FUNDATUM
ANNO 1330.

The generosity of Fathers Maguire and Kelly was rewarded by their being appointed provisors of the college for life, with power to nominate their successors, which power, however, was to cease with them. They also, besides rebuilding the house, bequeathed to the community an annual income of one hundred pounds—a large sum in those days. It was in this way that the College of the Lombards was transferred to the Irish and became the first regular college which they possessed in Paris. It was received with great gratitude, and continued for over a hundred years to afford shelter and tuition to the sons of Erin.

In 1732 a Rev. Father Farrelly, one of the provisors, purchased with his own money two houses which joined the college, and presented them as a gift for the accommodation of the priests who were residing outside. When furnished all the rooms, sixty in number, were occupied in twenty-four hours. It was on this occasion the Irish bade adieu to Montaigu College, which had been the first to open its doors to them one hundred and fifty years before, and had never been closed against them afterwards. Hundreds of priests had been trained within its walls for the arduous mission of Ireland.

At this time the sufferings of the Catholics of Ireland exciting the sympathy of the king and nobility of France, Louis XV. ordered that eighteen hundred francs should be paid yearly to assist the priests who had finished their course and were about to return to their country; he also contributed handsomely to the college chapel.

There were many things to endear the College of the Lombards to the Irish student, and chiefly the fact that many great men and noble benefactors were interred in the vaults beneath the chapel. Amongst them were Dr. Maguire, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland; the learned Mories, Regent of the University of Paris, who had died in the College of Navarre, and requested that his remains might rest amongst the Irish in the Lombards' College; the venerable Abbé Bailli, a man of great learning and saintly life, who had always been a friend in need to the institution. In his will he had bequeathed his heart to the college, as the best testimony he could offer of his affection towards a people whom he regarded as confessors of the faith.

The affectionate interest taken in the exiled students by the bishops of Ireland never ceased. Bernard O'Gara, the Archbishop of Tuam, wrote under date of July 3, 1735, in Latin, to Cardinal de Fleury, imploring him for the mercy of God to exert himself for the benefit of the little colony, and he graphically described the state of religion in *hoc miserabile regno*—in this miserable kingdom. May 7, 1736, he writes to the Irish priests in the Lombards' College, addressed to the Abbé MacGeoghegan,* a long letter on the state of religion in this *deplorabilis patria*—deplorable fatherland.

In 1770 the community in the Lombards' College amounted to one hundred and sixty, of whom one hundred were priests and sixty were ecclesiastical students. This number being too large

* Chaplain of the Irish Brigade in France and author of the *History of Ireland.*

for the limited accommodations, the Rev. Lawrence Kelly, then prefect of studies, purchased a house and garden, Rue de Cheval Vert, now Rue des Irlandais, and built a college, since known as the Collége des Irlandais. In this college were collected all the students, while the rest remained in the College of the Lombards. Dr. Kelly's undertaking was a herculean task and cost him great labor and anxiety. When he had completed the buildings—*his monument*—he sank under his exertions and died July 14, 1777, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. His remains rest amongst the successors of his cultured children under the altar of the handsome chapel. Unselfish, self-denying was he. The comforts of life, and even life itself, he sacrificed to build the hallowed and historic Irish College. The two communities continued to flourish till 1792, when they were scattered.

It was fortunate for the Irish establishments in France at the time of the Revolution that the administratorship of the Lombards' College was held by Dr. Walsh. He was superior of the Irish College at Nantes in 1779. In 1794 the Archbishop of Paris consulted the bishops on a fitting person to take charge of the Irish establishments in the capital, and at their request Dr. Walsh was transferred from Nantes to Paris and placed in the Lombards' College, which was occupied by Irish priests. At this time Dr. Kearney was in charge of the Irish College proper.

The fury of the Revolution had extended all over the kingdom, and the massacres of the capital were repeated in the various cities of France. Numbers of ecclesiastics fled to Paris for protection. There were few who would venture to receive them. In this melancholy state, despairing of their safety, the brave man and priest, the generous Irishman, moved to compassion, and laughing to scorn human prudence, opened the doors of his college and took in a number of French priests and religious who had fled from various parts of France. Well was the bread cast upon the waters by old Montaigu College in 1578, when the Rev. John Lee, with his band of Irish students, knocked at her doors and asked for shelter and tuition to uphold the religion of their fathers in their native land. It was magnanimously returned by Dr. Walsh, at the risk of his life and of that of his community, two hundred and twenty-eight years after the arrival of Father Lee in Montaigu College.

There was a law passed about this time ordering the sale of all property belonging to the subjects of nations at war with France. In consequence the Irish colleges of Toulouse, Douai, Lille, and Ivry, and the church of St. Eutrope, Bordeaux, which

was also Irish property, were sold. It seems providential that the Irish colleges of Nantes, Bordeaux, and the two houses of Paris remained undisturbed. It is hard to explain how they escaped. Over one of the principal doors of the Lombards' College a few years ago one could see, printed in large letters, "*Propriété nationale; à vendre*"—National property; for sale.

Order was restored at last; the storm of blood had gone by; the vigilant superior took advantage of the first moments of the calm to collect the scattered remains of the Irish foundations. Part of the property had been sold. Compensation was made, however, by France, which placed a very large sum of money in the hands of the English commissioners. The claim of the superiors of the Irish College amounted to £90,000. The just claim was refused by the commissioners on the ground that the French exercised control over the Irish foundations. But was the money returned to France? It ought to have been, and would have been if in honest hands; but it never was, and is still in the possession of England. Thus the Irish suffered from both parties: from the revolutionists as British subjects, and from the English as being under French control.

From 1792 to 1800 may be considered an interregnum as regards the Irish College in Paris. When it was taken possession of in the name of the Republic, and the students expelled, there existed at St. Germain-en-Laye an academy for the education of young men, at the head of which was the estimable Abbé McDermott. Later it was broken up; the abbé was allowed to enter into possession of the Irish College and to carry on his academy, in which the *élite* of Parisian society had their sons, among whom were Eugène de Beauharnais (Josephine's son), Jérôme Bonaparte, and Champagny (afterwards Duke de Cadorre).

From 1801 to 1815 the disturbed state of France caused the college many inconveniences, but towards 1816 it began to assume a more regular appearance. In 1818 a royal ordinance was passed (December 17) declaring that the seminaries of the Irish, English, and Scotch should no longer exist. The English and Scotch departed. Dr. Walsh defended the Irish College, appealing to the king in the council of state, and was successful. The college was never again threatened.

How well it has flourished during the past seventy years under the administration of Dr. Kearney, Dr. Ryan, Dean of Cashel, Dr. McGrath, of Kilkenny, Dr. McSweeney, Dr. Miley, the Rev. James Lynch, and its present most efficient superior, the Rev. John McNamara, Congregation of the Mission, one need

only read the names of its alumni, who have been distinguished in almost all parts of the world. Among its modern archbishops and bishops in Ireland were Bishops Plunkett, of Meath; Murphy, of Cork, many years dead; Keane, of Cloyne, dead a few years past; O'Hea, of Ross; Power, of Killaloe; McCabe, of Ardagh; Moriarty, of Kerry, recently deceased; Archbishop Croke, of Cashel; Bishops Ryan, coadjutor of Killaloe; Lynch, coadjutor of Kildare and Leighlin; Donnelly, of Clogher; Gillooly, of Elphin, now living. Its benefactors other than founders of bourses were Louis XIV., King of France; the Rev. John Lee, the Rev. Patrick Maguire, the Rev. Malachi Kelly; Baron de Lescalopier; M. Luttrell, military officer in France; Mr. O'Crowley, military officer in France; the Right Rev. Dr. O'Maloney, Bishop of Limerick; M. Bonfield, merchant of Bordeaux; the Most Rev. Dr. Maguire, Archbishop of Armagh; M. de Batru de Vaubien, M. Lubin, M. Brown, M. Maury, the Very Rev. Lawrence Kelly, the Very Rev. Patrick McSweeney.

At present the Irish College possesses eighty-three bourses, well endowed by Irishmen for the benefit of their countrymen, and a contingent interest in the £90,000 retained by England. Of the four colleges which remained at the beginning of this century one only, the Collége des Irlandais, of Paris, is occupied by Irish students. The college at Bordeaux and the old Lombards' College are let to merchants. The college at Nantes was sold by Dr. Miley.

The house built by Dr. Lawrence Kelly one hundred and eleven years ago remains; old Montaigu has passed away; the celebrated Abbey of St. Victor, where the university commenced, and in which St. Bernard, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and many other saints resided when they came to Paris, has been demolished to make room for the great wine-stores; the Abbey of St. Genevieve has been transformed into a government school; the famous Carmelite abbey has disappeared, and its site is occupied by a new market; the ancient priory of the Dominicans, where the royal family of France sought their confessors for over three hundred years, and in whose church St. Thomas preached, and which contained more royal tombs than the abbey at St. Denis, is no longer to be found.

These abodes of learning were close to the Irish College. As one passes along the narrow streets he finds that he is treading in the very footsteps of Sts. Bernard, Louis, Bonaventure, Thomas, Ignatius Loyola, Francis Xavier, Francis de Sales, and Vincent de Paul. All the religious communities which dwelt

there three hundred years ago when Father Lee and his companions arrived are gone; not one remains. The Irish alone have held their ground, and were never so prosperous.

How their foundation has succeeded I might say, *Circumspice orbem*—look around the world. Wherever there is a cross in air in the eastern or western hemisphere, to the Irish missionary more is due for its erection than to any other; and he owes more for the preservation of the faith in his native land, after God, to the Irish College in Paris than to any other institution of learning in the world. The College of Montaigu gave him good teachers but poor fare—beans and herrings; wealthy Navarre gave him rank with the nobles of France and generous entertainment. The illustrious president of the French Senate placed the better part of his fortune at his disposal, and the French people have always taken pains to show the Irish student that he is not in a foreign land, but in that of France, where his race is honored and respected.

REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE

MADE TO A DEVOUT SERVANT OF OUR LORD, CALLED MOTHER JULIANA,

An anchorete of Norwich, who lived in the days of King Edward III.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER AND THE FIRST REVELATION.

LO! as I looked in the Face of the Crucifix held up before me,
Tearfullie gazing, soudeinlie saw I running the red blood
Down from under the garland borne for the sins of all people;
Trickling down both hott and freshlie, livelie and plenteous,
Right * as it was in the time that the garland was pressed on his forehead;
So saw I both the same God and man who for me had suffered.
Trulie and mightilie I conceavèd that it was Jesu,
Who without meane,† of his graciousness, witsafed to make me this shewing.
In this my heart was uplifted, soudeinlie fulfilled of gladness
By the most blessedful Trinitie. So I understood ever,
Without ending, it shall be in Heaven to all that come there.
God is the Trinitie. He is our Maker, our Keeper, our Lover;

* Right as—*just as*. † Without meane—*directly, without medium.*

He is trulie our joye everlasting and blisse without ending,
By and in our Lord Jesu Christ, our all worshippful Saviour.
As this was shewed in the first sight, so it was shewed in all others:
For when Jesu appeareth, there is the Trinitie shewèd.
Then I said, "Benedicite Dominus!" * This in my meaning
Said I for reverence, lifting my voice up full of emotion.
Great was my wounder and marveile that He who is so rev'rent,
Dreedful, and mightie, high above all the works of creation,
Will be so homelie † with a poor creature so far below him.
Thus I took it our Lord Jesu shewed me this comfort
First to prepare me and strengthen me fore ‡ the time of temptation.
For me thought by his courteous sufferance, and with his keeping
Ere I should die, by fiendes and their wiles I well might be tempted.
With this sight of the blessedful Passion, and of the Godhead,
That was shewed to my understanding, I conceaved trulie
That to me it was strength enough, and to all who be savèd,
To overcome all fiendes of hell and all our enemies ghostlie.
In this he brought to my understanding our Ladie Saint Marie,
Whom I beheld in bodilie likenes, ghostelie seeming
As a faire maiden, young and meeke, of simple behaviour,
Waxen a litle above a child, and of lovesome appearance;
Having the stature she was possessed of when she conceavèd.
Also I saw of her blessedful soule the truth and the wisdom,
Wherin I understood the rev'rence beholding § that moved her
Seeing her God, who like is her Maker, marvailing greatlie
Over God's choosing her who was onlie his pitiful creature.
Marveillous mysterie! She who was made giving birth to her Maker!
It was her truth and her wisdom, seeing and knowing God's greatnes
And of her self the litlehead, ‖ made her saie meeklie
Unto Gabriel: "Lo! me here, God's litle hand-maiden!"
Verilie in this sight I saw she more is in beautie,
Fullhead, ¶ sweetnes, and worthines than all God made beneath her.
Saving the blessed manhood of Christ, there be nothing above her.

* Benedicite Dominus—*an exclamation answering to our "Lord, bless us!"*
† Homelie—*familiar, friendly.* ‡ Fore—*before.* § Beholding—*befitting.*
‖ Litlehead—*littleness, insignificance.*
¶ Fullhead—*fulness, excellency;* head or hood, used as in *Godhead, Motherhood* = *state or condition of anything.*

BISHOP SEYMOUR'S REASON WHY.

THE Chicago *Times* of April 3 gives a verbatim report of a lecture delivered in Bloomington, Illinois, by Bishop Seymour, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Springfield in that State. The purpose of the lecturer is to show the difference between Catholicity and "Romanism." As he is a representative man among the High-Church party, and as his theory is somewhat original, it is worth while to offer a summary of it, together with some comments.

The lecture opens with the statement that the external organization of the church is divine, and that the external union of all true believers in Christ under their legitimate pastors, bishops, priests, and deacons is a bond of divine origin and sanction, just as sacred and divine in the order of grace as the union among the members of the natural family, parents and children, brothers and sisters, in the order of nature. He further holds that to this external spiritual society God confided his revelation to be preserved for all ages and infallibly expounded to all mankind. "This revelation, then," says the lecturer, "is given to the church of God; it is put into her hands, which were created by God for this reason among others, expressly that she might receive that revelation, that she might hold it fast, that she might guard it, that she might instruct men as to what it means, that she might not go wrong and lead men to their own ruin." As to any visible authority in the church which shall be supreme over all bishops the lecturer says nothing, though we surmise he believes a general council has such authority. Of course he rejects the doctrine of the supremacy of the see of Peter. Indeed, it is that see's claim to supremacy which deprives Roman Catholics "in this land" of the note of Catholicity. His lecture is given to apply the test of catholicity, or universality, to the Roman communion. It is to be regretted, however, that he does not more clearly define the term Catholicity. "It is universality as distinguished from locality." "It is at home in every land." He compares it to the sunlight or the moonlight, shining directly on all lands—not on one land alone and through it reflected on the others; it is, like the air, everywhere diffused. As these figures of speech seem the lecturer's chief reliance for conveying his idea of Catholicity (for he uses them more than

once), it is a pity that they were not better chosen. For the sun does give its light through a medium—the atmosphere—and for that reason all the more beneficially, and even shines with a reflected light by the moon.

Furthermore, the lecturer's own theory of Catholicity will not let Christ shine directly on the Christian soul, but only through the reflection or medium of bishops. When, therefore, we ask the lecturer how is the church Catholic, or universal, and he answers, By being at home in every land, shining like the sun's rays and diffused like the air, we confess that we are not satisfied with this definition. If we ask any Catholic child of the "Roman obedience," How is the church Catholic, or universal? he answers from his little catechism, "Because she subsists in all ages, teaches all nations, and maintains all truth." Here we get something definite and intelligible.

At any rate, the lecturer sets out to prove that the Roman communion is not truly Catholic. But at the very outset he is met with a distressing fact: he finds that she has got the exclusive name and repute of Catholicity. It is lamentable that Episcopalians "hear all around them Romanism called Catholicity; hear Roman churches called Catholic churches, Roman institutions called Catholic institutions." He says: "The great mass of men play into the hands of Romanism. Our newspapers, our ordinary people, call them Catholics. They call their churches Catholic; they do all they can by voice to acknowledge their claims." "Ordinary people" justify themselves by saying that pretty much the whole Christian Church of any living power which claims catholicity belongs to the Roman communion; hence Rome might as well have the name, since she seems to have the substance. Of course this seemingly universal power of Rome must be accounted for. The lecturer professes to be able to account for it by an exposition of history. By some exposition or argument it *must* be explained; for the present state of things in the Christian world is so much in favor of Rome's Catholicity that the "great mass of men" call her Catholic and refuse to call any other church Catholic. How did this ever come to pass, and why was it ever permitted by God or man, is the terrible How and the dreadful Why tormenting our Episcopalian brethren. How could God ever permit it? How could it maintain itself among men after men began to find it out and set against it every engine of destruction? How is it able to flourish so much at this day, deprived of all external support and in the midst of the light of the nineteenth century? Persecuted all over

Europe, it yet hangs on, and even increases in life and power; cast into this land, too, in the midst of a chaotic mass of English, and French, and Germans, and Spanish, and Irish, and Poles, and Bohemians, rich, poor, ignorant, and learned, it feels as much at home as the sunlight and the atmosphere; and having quickly formed its motley following into a most orderly array, well officered with numerous and able bishops and priests, supplied with colleges and seminaries and countless schools, an efficient press and pulpit, and having smilingly avoided every snare and rejected every bait, and having settled its own household here in the unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace, it turns now with eager eyes and burning words, offering to the free American people to convert them all to the true religion—how is all this spectacle to be explained, if Rome really be only a monstrous usurpation? What is the reason of Rome's supremacy?

The lecturer is not the first one who has undertaken to solve this problem. Luther blamed it on the devil, and many of Bishop Seymour's brethren agree with Luther; and it was once all but an article of faith in the English Church that the pope is Antichrist. Macaulay's theory is that Rome's triumph was a stupendous work of human genius. Others say that it all comes from the inherited tradition of imperial organization among the Roman people. But Bishop Seymour's theory is in effect that the whole miserable business is to be blamed on Divine Providence. Let us give a fair summary of his opinion.

In the first place, there was St. Peter, an apostle like the other apostles, no more and no less, only with a sort of honorary primacy, a kind of a right to preside at their meetings, with perhaps a casting vote in case of a tie. But it so happened that Christ the Lord had uttered words concerning this particular apostle which, to the superficial observer ("ordinary people"), sounded like the charter of a supreme authority. Christ had solemnly and publicly named Peter the foundation-rock of the church, the bearer of the keys to open and shut with divine authority, the shepherd of sheep and lambs, the strengthener of his brethren, even the apostles. Peter himself, of course, knew that all this was figurative, or limited to himself alone, and he was doubtless aware that men learned in Greek and Hebrew (like Bishop Seymour) would not be deceived by it. But it might be a cause of temptation to the common run of men, plain, ordinary people, who are apt to think the plain meaning of Scripture the real meaning; but especially was it going to be a temptation to Peter's successors, if any sad accident, such as possession and

control of some powerful city, should arouse their ambition by giving them undue prominence in the church. And, alas! see what a mysterious dispensation. Peter, having chosen Antioch for his episcopal throne, a city destined to no great career, should have remained there. But the Holy Ghost tears Peter away and sends him off to take possession of Rome, "the regal city," says the bishop, "of the whole world"—the very last place he should have pitched on. Why was it not plain to Peter that his successors having in those unfortunate words of Scripture a semblance of supreme power, the very place he should have shunned was that supreme metropolis to which all roads led, where all authority centred, and where persecution was going to have its fiercest focus of rage on the one hand and of glorious endurance and victory on the other? "When Christianity was born," says the lecturer, "Rome was the regal city of the world." What a lamentable misfortune it was that the bishops who succeeded to the apostle who was called Rock, Key-bearer, Shepherd, and Strengthener of all the church should be permitted, nay, caused, by the Holy Spirit of God to get possession of that city! And then to obtain undivided possession of it! For Divine Providence removed the very first Christian emperor out of the pope's way to a new regal city in the East. Then even their perverse ambition would have led the popes to leave Rome for the new Rome on the Bosphorus. Had that happened the world would have been saved from Romanism, for Constantinople was going to be overwhelmed first with Arianism and then with Mohammedanism. But Peter's successors stayed at Rome. This explains, as the lecturer tells us, how it began that

"the patriarchate of Rome occupies the position that she does to-day in making these monstrous claims. I said awhile ago that it was because she fell under a temptation, and a temptation that was so strong that it would seem almost impossible that she could resist it."

The removal of the seat of empire to the East

"left the Pope without a rival. He was the head of the Christian world, and all looked to him, because in Rome were the elements of knowledge, of influence, and all looked to Rome for government." "This, then, was the temptation that presented itself to the Bishop of Rome, that he was the bishop of the greatest city in the world. He was without a rival, because the political pontiff had gone to the far East and was dwelling in Constantinople."

Then followed another "temptation." Providence, having first laid a snare for the church by those singular words of Holy

Writ about Peter's office, and again by giving Peter's successors possession, and undivided possession, of something like supreme dominion, makes another mistake by permitting Rome to save the whole church from heresy.

"Then, in the next place," says the lecturer, "during the centuries that followed the persecutions the great heresies arose: the heresy of Arianism, the heresy of Nestorius, the heresy of Eutychius—the heresy that denied that Christ was God, the heresy that denied the intellectual person of Christ, the heresy that divided Christ into two persons. During these heresies Rome successively saved the church, and all the Eastern patriarchates fell under their influence. But during all this time, by God's mercy, the bishops of Rome, with one or two exceptions [what exceptions ?], remained orthodox. Now, you know what the prestige is of a man or a woman who has stood firm for the right when under temptation and trials. It increases in geometrical progression as the years go by. And when, therefore, Rome in the midst of heresies saved the church and was for the most part orthodox and sound, it gave her a wonderful prestige and she was indeed conservative of the faith."

Now, God proves men by their works, and our Lord bids us try each other by the same test. How very singular, then, that the Holy Ghost should cause (for it was all "by God's mercy") the ambitious, scheming, tempted, fated Rome to wrestle with the most gigantic heresy the church ever met, conquer it, overthrow it, exterminate it, and become "conservative of the faith" of the whole world! No wonder that men would begin to think that our Lord really meant what he said when he made Peter's office the chief one, and declared it the Rock against which the gates of hell should not prevail.

The next "temptation" was that Rome became the ark of the true religion in the Moslem deluge. That scourge of God "in the East," says the lecturer,

"was triumphant, and it crushed under its iron heel Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem. Three of the patriarchates were overthrown, leaving Rome and Constantinople alone, and then in a later day the Mohammedan power crushed Constantinople. Consequently the great patriarchates that alone could contest with Rome were gone, and she stood alone, representing the historical continuity of the church from the first. Think, then, of the advantage which this gave her in a human point of view. She stands untrammelled by any rival influence through the ages," etc.

"Human point of view," indeed! And is there no divine point of view from which to study history? The Scripture claim of Rome's power is, we maintain, manifestly just; but not even a Protestant Episcopal bishop can deny that it gives at least a kind of a doubtful title, or a title to some sort, of supre-

macy in the church. And what better way, what other way at all, if we believe revelation to have been finished when St. John wrote the last of the inspired books of the New Testament, could God choose to settle all doubts about it than, as a matter of fact, to extinguish all rivalry to that claim and to display through the ages the most startling interposition of his power in favor of Rome's supremacy?

But let us follow the lecturer:

"Again, the fourth reason: During the middle ages Northern barbarians swept down upon the Roman Empire and overthrew it, and out of its ruins grew up the modern nations that now dot the map of Europe. Out of this blending of the northern German races and the southern races came our modern Italians, Austrians, Prussians, Germans. They have replaced the old nations of antiquity. During this dismal period, when might made right, when the strong arm did its own sweet will without reference to law or order—remember that there was no police then, remember that the career of those mediæval knights and barons was a career of lust, and cruelty, and rapine, and ruin—in those days of sad disaster and dreadful havoc men looked around to see if there was any power to stay the barbarian and bid him spare the weak, bid him respect the innocent. Where was that power? It was only to be found in Christianity. And where was Christianity strong enough to make itself heard and felt in such a day? Only in the arm of its mightiest bishop. Consequently during the middle ages the Bishop of Rome was the succor of the defenceless, the helper of the weak, the protector of the innocent."

Then the lecturer instances how Rome quarrelled with Philip Augustus for his adultery and compelled him to repentance; and he might have instanced the many other crowned robbers and adulterers whom she fought—some without avail, and some to their repentance, but always in the end to her own greater eminence—from the old Roman emperors down to Victor Emmanuel; not forgetting Henry VIII. of England, the founder of "our own pure apostolic branch." He might have told us, too, of the great modern heresies of Luther and Calvin (for he seems to think them heresies); how, with a great brood of other heresies, they swarmed into the "English branch," and there, even unto this their feeble old age, have ever found a comfortable home; whereas Rome fought them bitterly and long, and now beholds their gradual extinction in the fogs of unbelief, in the perplexities of chronic doubt—all to her greater glory.

Such were the stupendous events, extending over fifteen or sixteen hundred years, on which the bishops of Rome, according to the lecturer, built their usurpation—providential causes, marking the epochs in the life of the human race, each one lifting Rome

ever higher among men until at last she became the very symbol of the true religion. Is not this a most singular theory of usurpation to be advanced by one who believes in Divine Providence?

Ingersoll has a lecture entitled "The Mistakes of Moses." In view of his exhibit of history Bishop Seymour might call his lecture "The Mistakes of Divine Providence."

The bishop's objection to Rome is that her religion is local, belongs to Italy, is Judaizing in its tendency. The Catholic Church, he says, is at home in every land; but Rome is foreign. Our answer is that if any external organization is going to hold supreme spiritual sway among all men it must be foreign to every nation—foreign in the seat of its chief officer, that he may be free of allegiance to any human power. That is why Catholics maintain that the Bishop of Rome should be subject of no prince and citizen of no state, but a prince and state unto himself. The true religion is the divine majesty manifest among men, and it is the duty of the nations to find themselves at home in her bosom rather than her duty to seek to fit herself into their narrower compass and link herself to their temporal destiny. No Catholicity can be in its formative principles a national church. National Catholicity is a contradiction in terms. In religious matters any man of sense, Catholic or Protestant, is a citizen of the world; the good fortune of the Catholic is that he has an external organization which is adequate to a cosmopolitan religious society; the misfortune of the Protestant is that he has no society at all, or a national—that is, an uncatholic—society. To say that the unit of the church's organization is the bishop, and the aggregate all the bishops under Peter's infallible presidency, is to catholicize the church. To say that the unit is the bishop, and the aggregate the nation's bishops, is to decatholicize the church, to localize it, nationalize, Judaize it.

That the church of Christ should not be like the Jewish it must not be national. The lecturer objects to the name *Roman.* But the church is only named from Rome because Peter set up his supreme authority there. Peter, and not Rome, makes the Roman communion Catholic.

And, saving in this essential note of Catholicity, can the lecturer say that our religion is not "at home" here in our republic? What is the one great moral truth underlying American institutions? That man is capable of self-government. Now, the innate dignity of human nature has always been taught by the Catholic Church. On the other hand, the ninth article of Bishop Seymour's own Thirty-nine Articles says that every person born

into this world deserves God's wrath and damnation, and that this infection of nature remains even in those that are regenerate. Many orthodox Episcopalians hold to the total depravity of human nature and its incapacity to do any good act. Such a doctrine is plainly against the power of human self-government. No man can hold such a doctrine and be a Roman Catholic. No man can believe in total human depravity and be a consistent believer in American institutions. Which doctrine, then, is most at home under a government built on human dignity? Can he say that we do not love this nation and the free ways of this people? that we are not sincerely interested in its public welfare in time of peace, or are not willing to risk our lives for it in time of war? Pius IX. certainly felt himself "at home" here, for he said that in no part of the world was he so much Pope as in the United States. John Carroll, the first American "Roman" bishop, was the friend and adviser of the founders of this republic, and felt quite at home here. Bishop Seabury, the first bishop of the lecturer's American church, was a rank Tory during the Revolutionary war, and wrote and worked against the patriots, and, no doubt, was far from feeling "at home" here.

The lecturer is fond of saying that the Roman Church is an intruder in America. Now, if this accusation has any force at all it must be a practical one; it must mean that all the clergy and people calling themselves Catholic in his diocese of Springfield should pay him obedience as their bishop. The very statement of the case reveals its absurdity. Why will not Bishop Seymour respect the consciences of his poor erring subjects? The unfortunate Illinois Catholics are sincerely convinced that he is no bishop at all. And then the "Roman" clergy fancy that they have a prior claim. The "Roman patriarchate" had missionaries all through that region two hundred years ago, and never have lost their grip either on soil or people. Its bishops in Louisiana and California have priority of possession. And how shall Catholics of the lecturer's type—"national Catholics—" settle this matter? By vote of bishops? The Romans are in the majority. By vote of people? The Romans are in an overwhelming majority. And what shall be said of the bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church in Illinois? He disputes the lecturer's claim; who shall decide? And what shall be said on the score of doctrine? In this very lecture the bishop utters various heresies, according to the belief of Illinois Catholics. If we put aside imagining and theorizing on the subject of jurisdiction, and look at things just as they are, it comes to this: if the Catholic

clergy and people of Illinois are intruders what ought they to do? Submit to Bishops McLaren and Seymour; enter a communion which is not agreed on its own name or character, rent into a score of factions, and always the boasted home of every kind of religious opinion. Well, it must be said of our Presbyterian and Methodist and Baptist brethren that, however erroneous their doctrines may be, they would neither ask nor permit any man, layman, bishop, or pope, to join their communions, unless he had some substantial agreement with them on essential points of belief. With the average High-Churchman jurisdiction, titles, orders, succession—these are the essential things. Bible, reason, tradition, Trinity, Incarnation, heaven, hell—in such matters let each man decide for himself. We do not say that the lecturer means it, but in effect the theory of the Protestant Episcopal Church, as seen in the actual state of things, is this: You may deny reason, revelation, tradition, God, conscience, eternity, and I shall commune with you, as I do with many others of such opinions; but, sir, you shall not deny that I am a bishop.

The fundamental error of Bishop Seymour is deeper than any mistaken historical theory. His great error is this: he does not realize that a man cannot save his soul simply by union with an external society. The human soul is saved by what it knows of divine truth and what it lives of divine life. The good of a church is to anchor the uneasy human intellect to divine truth and to lead the wayward human heart to a participation in the divine sanctity; in plain words, to bring a man out of the state of ignorance and keep him out of it, and to get him and keep him out of the state of mortal sin—this is the business of the true religion. One of the special functions of an external religious authority is that it shall be a divine criterion of the possession of truth and innocence. The working of the Holy Spirit in the interior and exterior life of man must appear on the face of any visible society claiming to be divine. Their action, though distinguishable, is inseparable.

The primary, the vital question is not what church has true bishops, but what is the good of bishops anyway? The Catholic Church answers that the episcopal order, in its head and members, has been given by the Spirit of God a public and ever-enduring life, in order to secure by public teaching and external ministry an outward test of inward truth and innocence—a test rendered necessary by the external character of man's life. Unless, therefore, any external religious body claiming a divine origin can claim and prove the inerrancy of its teaching and the

sanctity of its ordinances, it cannot so much as enter the field of controversy.

Now, in this view of the case the difficulty with the bishop's church is, first of all, a practical difficulty. In its actual working it cannot and does not teach with divine authority. It does not even claim to be able to do so. It has publicly and solemnly in its Thirty-nine Articles disclaimed infallibility. It admits to membership and invests with high honors men like Dean Stanley, who are professed unbelievers. Furthermore, its external discipline of a moral life is far lighter than that of the evangelical societies, who assume no divine external order at all. The lecturer said that God gave his revelation into the hands of the church. But, practically speaking, what, according to the lecturer, is the real body of bishops to whose hands God committed divine truth with a promise that they "might not go wrong and lead men to their ruin"? Is it the Anglican and Protestant Episcopal? No; for they frankly admit that they may go wrong. Is it the Greeks? No. Is it the Romans? Least of all. Is it all of them together? No; for they are not all together, have not been for many hundred years. Then, as a practical matter of fact, God has dropped revelation into hands too weak to hold it, and it has fallen from between them among swine. The real church of the lecturer is a failure; after all, that is clear; the bishop may live, if he pleases, upon his ideal church, but the honest Illinois farmer craves something more substantial. He extends his arms to them in vain. Practically, again, what right has the bishop, *as* a bishop, in his representative capacity, to advance a theory of a divine episcopal society? The claim of a society is the joint claim of all its members. If there is dissension the hearer has a right to know it beforehand, and is likely to say: Gentlemen, before you present the credentials of your association please agree among yourselves as to what your association really is. Not the least misfortune of the lecturer is that his church has no accepted notion of its own character. His own extreme High-Church opinion is hopelessly in the minority, and by many of his brethren is fairly detested. Unto this day kings and queens, parliaments and courts and prime ministers, convocations and synods and conventions, have never been able to make men understand whether Bishop Seymour's church be really Protestant or really Catholic, content with a purely spiritual and invisible church and having the external merely for its utility and convenience, or insisting on the external order as necessary and divine. The bishop, indeed, is for the latter opin-

ion, but the vast mass of the rank and file of clergy and laity are for the former; and all sections admit or retain in membership, yes, and in high places, men who doubt church, and creed, and Scripture, and even future life.

While the bishop blandly, and we believe honestly, invites entrance to his fold as the one true abode of peace and love, a perfect Bedlam of controversy on every point, from the dignity of reason to the swing of a censer, roars and rages around him.

It really seems to us that if we had to argue for the divinity of a church which hundreds of years ago had quite slipped down from the high throne of all ecclesiastical pre-eminence, and had been ever since mingled in familiar companionship with the warring throng of human sects, we should hardly dare to claim actual universality as one of its notes. The truth is that the difficulties of the bishop's own branch he seeks to saddle on the whole Christian religion.

As to the lecturer's objection to the name "Catholic" being given us, it is a naïve admission of a popular suffrage. If the plebiscite of the human race has any authority, then "Rome" is the Catholic Church. "Say there is no church at all, if you will," says Cardinal Newman, "and at least I shall understand you; but do not meddle with a fact attested by mankind." If "ordinary people" cannot tell what is the true Catholic, or universal, Church, what is the good of the note of Catholicity?

The truth is that the Roman Church is the only one that excites any genuine emotion in the bosoms of unbelievers. And this emotion, whether of amazement or dread, or hatred or admiration, is aroused not simply by numbers however vast, or extent of sway however world-wide, or by the fact that an old man shut up in Rome rules all this vastness and yet seems to rule not at all; nor is the feeling of wonder born of the spectacle of the peculiar life of so many men and women containing themselves in chastity, though license riot in high places and low; nor is the feeling born of the spectacle of an organized benevolence adequate to the relief of every human misery; but men wonder at the Church of Rome because her members, who are living members, in truth and unity, in liberty and obedience, in chastity and in charity, are really set apart from the world. Their lives are more than natural. They are men and women really born again in a spiritual re-birth. They form a real, existing, present spiritual society. They are evidently informed with an influence which is above the world. That is why men willingly call us Catholics.

The bishop's lecture proves that an honest man who is a true student of history makes a poor advocate of a bad cause. As a student of history he tells us of transformations and revolutions, heresies and schisms, barbarians and "dismal periods," whirlpools and earthquakes, tempests and destruction, and Rome always and through it all the only conservator of the faith, Rome the only representative of the divine continuity in the external manifestation of God through the ages, Rome the only succor of the defenceless and reprover of the guilty. So much he tells us as a witness of history. After that he may say what he pleases; any man who believes in God's overruling providence will find in Bishop Seymour's facts a divine commentary which decides the real meaning of the Petrine texts of the New Testament.

SPRING.

GENTLE Spring has come, and now
Blossoms fringe each spreading bough.
'Tis the time of joy and singing;
Hope in every heart is springing,
Hope to all fresh promise bringing—
Spring and Hope are come.

Welcome to each heart, fair Spring,
Is thy early blossoming:
Infancy with babbling glee,
Youth with fervent ecstasy,
Manhood calm, rejoice to see
Spring and flowers come.

Visions of the future bright
Fill the fancy with delight;
Yet perchance such visions teeming
Are but idle, empty dreaming;
All unreal, naught but seeming,
Though with Spring they come.

Soon will Spring's bright hour of promise
Fade away and vanish from us;
Ah! not all its blossoms, surely,
Will survive the change securely,

And expand to meet maturely.
Spring will soon be gone.

Yet when Spring and Hope are gone
Faith and duty still hold on,
Humbly trusting, firm, confiding,
Looking for those joys abiding
When, all fear of change subsiding,
Heaven's Spring shall come.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Une Annee de Meditations. Madame Augustus Craven. Paris: Didier, 1881; New York: F. W. Christern, 37 W. Twenty-third Street.

Madame Craven wrote these pious meditations for her own use. The circumstance that a perusal of them in manuscript made a great and pleasing impression on some Protestant friends, and the advice of persons of weight whom she consulted, induced her to publish them. They begin with Christmas and come back again to December, following in great measure the events of our Lord's life and the mysteries commemorated by the church at different seasons. They are delightful spiritual reading, in Madame Craven's own charming style and manner, and will also suggest thoughts for those who wish to meditate for themselves, yet need a good deal of help from a book. The thoughts are not commonplace or dull, neither are they repetitions from other books. They sparkle brightly, they flow in a pure, fresh current from the mind and heart of the author one who is familiar to us through her former exquisite productions, and who will be a welcome companion to many through this book of meditations in their most sacred hours of retirement and devotion. C. Kegan Paul & Co., of London, have published an English translation.

Institutiones Theologicæ ad Usum Seminariorum. Editio xiii. Juxta Conc. Vaticanum, sive recentiores Constitutiones Apostolicas, necnon animadversiones a nonnullis S. C. Indicis consultoribus propositas, accurate recognita. Auctore A. Bonal, S.S.S., Presbytero. Tolosæ: Douladoure, Via Saint-Rome, 39. 1879. 6 vols. Paris: Berche et Tralin, Rue de Rennes, 69. Prix fort, 18 fr.; net, 13 fr.

This latest edition of Bonal's Theology has been already two years out, but we have seen it only very recently, having heretofore only had access to the eleventh edition, the one which has been on sale in New York. Not having as yet had time to examine the improvements introduced into this latest edition, we borrow from M. l'Abbé Sabathier, canon and vicar-general of Rodez (critical notice in the *Univers* of June 17, 1879), an account of the same. The ameliorations are numerous, consisting chiefly in additions to the part which treats of moral theology. The new censures decreed since 1869 are inserted, with other decisions, in all more than two hundred in

number, the greater part being of recent date, and there is also a discussion of the authority of the Syllabus and of certain questions connected with Probabilism. M. Bonal's Theology contains both the dogmatic and moral. The dogmatic part, which is included in the first four volumes, is the one in which we have taken the most interest, and of which alone we can profess to speak from personal knowledge and examination. The special value of the Theology consists, in our opinion, in its adaptation to the present need of a dogmatic text-book in seminaries—a need which has arisen since the Council of the Vatican rendered Perrone, and the other older books formerly in general use, in some measure obsolete. We cannot complain of a paucity of excellent treatises on the entire dogma or particular topics, published within a recent period. The names of Kleutgen, Franzelin, Gatti, Schrader, Mazzella, De Augustinis, Schouppe, Katschthaler, Jungmann, Hurter, Heinrich, Scheeben, and others, are all more or less renowned in this branch of sacred science. Some of these authors have prepared text-books which are expressly fitted for the use of ecclesiastical students, and which are held in high estimation. M. Bonal is to be ranked among these, and, we think, has at least succeeded in producing a work which amply suffices for its purpose.

The great success of the work is a guarantee of its excellence. It has been adopted by the majority of the seminaries of France, and by a number of others in Europe and America. The testimonies in its favor from the highest authorities are numerous. It was carefully examined at Rome by consultors of the Sacred Congregation of the Index, and several of the most important treatises by the Master of the Sacred Palace, the learned theologian and celebrated author, Father Gatti. Their testimonies in its favor, and similar ones by several bishops and theologians of France, are very strong. There can be no question, therefore, of its strict Roman orthodoxy. The late illustrious Dom Guéranger wrote in 1874: "I recognize in the Theology of M. Bonal, in its present form, a very great superiority over all the other manuals or compendiums of theology actually in use in seminaries." The Bishop of Rodez writes: "This work, which the ablest men, and, I may add, those who are most difficult to please, have examined with the greatest care, is at this present moment the most complete manual of theology, and the one most suited to the actual needs, which can be put into the hands of pupils and professors. It is in harmony with the most recent decisions of the Council of the Vatican and the Roman congregations, and combines throughout orthodoxy of doctrine with unquestionable learning. I cannot but desire to see a teaching so correct, and animated in all respects with the genuine spirit of the Roman Church, adopted more and more extensively in the seminaries."

In treating of those numerous questions of importance which are not categorically determined by the church, M. Bonal is quite free and independent in his spirit, and not devoted to an exclusive advocacy of the opinions of any one master or school. Some very excellent authors are, in our view, too closely fettered by the shackles of system, and do not think and argue with sufficient mental freedom. M. Bonal has studied St. Thomas, and the greater part of his doctrine is derived from him. He is a moderate adherent of the Dominican school of expositors. He writes, however, with a judicial calmness and impartiality, and devotes most of his time to a development of

the deep, interior ideas and principles of the Catholic faith and doctrine from the Scriptures, the Fathers, and reason. As a text-book his work has many advantages. The size of the volumes is convenient. The treatises are not too long or the texts cited too numerous. The treatment is compendious and brief, as it should be, yet combining in a remarkable way comprehensiveness with clearness, and furnishing the teacher with ample basis for fuller exposition. The distinction between doctrines which are of faith, those which are theological conclusions determined by the church, those which are certain and those which are probable, is carefully marked.

The same qualities which make this Theology such a serviceable text-book make it also a most useful companion for the priest who is in the active duties of his sacred calling and lacks the time or opportunity of studying more extensive works. Since it embraces both parts of theology, the dogmatic and the moral, it is in this respect doubly useful. It is, however, much more than a mere elementary compendium. The author has deeply studied St. Thomas and has caught something of his spirit and style. We can adopt with full personal assent the words of M. l'Abbé Sabathier: "Ce manuel de théologie ne ressemble à aucun autre. La doctrine la plus forte, la plus substantielle coule à pleins bords dans ces 4,000 pages. St. Thomas s'y retrouve partout avec ses plus illustres commentateurs. Ce n'est pas une collection plus ou moins aride de textes: c'est la doctrine elle-même, dans ses principes et ses conclusions spéculatives et pratiques, qui se déroule sans interruption, qui édifie le cœur autant qu'elle illumine l'esprit."

PROSPECTUS OF THE DESCRIPTIVE AND PICTORIAL ATLAS OF THE CESNOLA COLLECTION. Prepared under the direction and supervision of General L. P. di Cesnola, LL.D., Member of the Royal Academy of Science, Turin; Honorary Member of the Royal Society of Literature, London; Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, etc. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. (211 Tremont Street).

This Prospectus is a sample of the magnificent and costly work which it announces. It is printed in the best style of typographic art, on superfine paper fourteen by seventeen inches in size, and contains a Historical Notice of the collection with six pages of illustrations, and the description of the proposed Descriptive and Pictorial Atlas, its terms of subscription, etc. The atlas will be commenced as soon as the subscriptions received give adequate security to the publishers, and is intended to comprise three volumes of the same large size with the prospectus, each volume containing one hundred and fifty plates of illustrations, with a page of description accompanying each plate. One-third of the illustrations will be colored chromo-lithographs, and the remainder heliotypes from negatives taken directly from the objects. Monthly numbers will be issued during fifteen months, the price of each number being $10, and of the whole $150. The edition is to be limited to five hundred copies, obtainable only by subscription, and after the complete issue of the edition the plates will be destroyed. Subscriptions are received by Mr. Osgood in Boston, and by General di Cesnola in New York.

The majority of persons capable of appreciating and enjoying such a splendid work of art as this atlas promises to be are of course precluded, by its great costliness, from all hope of ever possessing a copy. We venture to call the attention of those who have the direction of universities

where great libraries are collected, and of other great public libraries, to the importance of securing copies for the benefit of students and others who resort to their treasures of learning and art. We trust that our great Catholic colleges will not suffer themselves to be left out in the cold on this occasion. One hundred and fifty dollars is not such a vast sum that a prosperous college need shrink from expending it for so valuable a work, which in a short time will be beyond the reach of all who have not seized on the present opportunity of subscribing for it.

NICOLAI LANCICII, S.J. Opusculum spiritale. De piis erga Deum et cœlites affectibus insinuatis in quaternis punctis meditationum pro singulis diebus totius anni. Novam editionem curavit et textum recognovit Carolus Moser, presbyter curatus in Pill. Cum approbatione reverendissimi et celsissimi Episcopi Bruxinensis, Joannis de Leiss. Œniponte: Typis et sumptibus Feliciani Rauch.

This is a new and revised edition of the old and well-known *Meditations* of Father Lancicius. It is designed especially as a book of meditations for priests. It is peculiarly fitted for this end, because Father Lancicius, instead of instituting a new order of subjects for himself, has been content to follow the order laid down by the church in the Breviary and Missal. In using these meditations priests will find the subjects that are proposed for daily consideration by the church in her offices enlarged on and developed by one who is a master in the spiritual life.

According to a pious custom, Father Lancicius also devotes a meditation every Saturday to the Blessed Virgin.

GRADUALE DE TEMPORE ET DE SANCTIS, etc. Curante Sacr. Rituum Congregatione. Editio stereotypa. F. Pustet, Ratisbon, New York, and Cincinnati. 1881.

A new and very elegant edition of the *Gradual* published by Mr. Pustet in 1871. Several important improvements have been made: 1. The change of clef in the course of the same piece has been avoided. 2. The final and dominant are indicated by the syllables *ut, re, mi*, etc., as is also the verbal accent by the form of the notes. 3. In the *Commune Sanctorum* the several proper parts of the Mass are given in full. 4. The *Alleluias* for Paschal time are inserted in their place. 5. The new feast of SS. Cyril and Methodius is found on the appointed day. 6. A fly-sheet gives the *Gloria Patri* at the Introits for all the tones, and the *Alleluias* at the Introit, Gradual, Offertory, and Communion of Paschal time. And the index is revised with especial care. The all-leather binding is a serviceable improvement.

We are very glad to see that some person having knowledge as well as authority has struck out the *Si* ♭ in the last phrase of the *Alleluia* for the first Sunday in Advent, and from the same phrase wherever it occurs on other days.

THE STORY OF ST. FRIDESWIDE, VIRGIN AND PATRONESS OF OXFORD. By Francis Goldie, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

A delightful little memoir of one of England's saints, whose memory still survives and is cherished even at Oxford after a thousand years. There is also good evidence that her memory was feared as well as loved, since for

five hundred years after her death no English king dared set foot in Oxford, for fear he would be struck blind, as was the Saxon noble Algar, who came thither with intent to ravish the holy nun. We join with the pious biographer in his concluding prayer: "May her memory once more become glorious in the city which once gloried in her name, and may young men and maidens try to emulate, in days of self-indulgence, St. Frideswide's love of God and her fear of sin and stain!"

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN. From the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. London: Burns & Oates. 1880.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey has written some readable novels, but she has shown herself to be at fault in her choice of the translation she offers to the public under the title of *What Might Have Been.* Like the majority of French stories, at least such as come to us here, it hovers on the verge of—what ought not to be. We have the usual melodramatic plot: two ill-matched couples, an unfaithful wife, ditto husband, the fashionable libertine with charming manners, etc. The hero and heroine are supposed to be highly moral personages, and it is somewhat difficult to say just where the great harm lies; nevertheless it is there, and the book leaves a bad taste in the mouth, so to speak.

When two people have unhappily made a mistake in marriage there is only one thing to be done—viz., make the best of it and bear the brunt of the consequences. It is absurd, if not sinful, to waste sympathy on the woes of such unfortunates in their virtuous (?) sighings for what might have been.

Catholic writers cannot be too particular in their choice of subject, nor Catholic publishers exercise too rigid a censorship on what they present to the public. They should be the salt of the earth.

The book is neatly printed and bound, and the translation worthy a nobler theme.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880. Washington: Government Printing-Office. 1880.

Government documents are not usually interesting to any but those who have a special professional interest in them, but Mr. Kimball's annual report of his benevolent bureau is an exception. Particularly will the reader be taken by the narratives of hair-breadth escapes, on all the navigable waters of the country where life-saving stations are found, that are given in the nearly one hundred pages devoted to the exploits of the various life-saving crews during a period of twelve months.

FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. Statement by Foreign Missions and Livingstonia Committees relative to Reports on the Blantyre Mission of the Established Church of Scotland. 1880.

MARRIAGE IN THE PRE-CHRISTIAN AND CHRISTIAN DISPENSATIONS. A tract by the Rev. R. Belaney, M.A. Cam. (No. 1), and an Address by Mgr. Mermillod on the occasion of the marriage of Viscount de Sèze to Mlle. Berthe de la Gravière. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

THE COMPANY OF THE HOLY WOMEN, COMPANIONS OF JESUS. A drama, with chorus and music. By the Rev. Henry Formby. The Catholic Publication Society Co.

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DR. HAMMOND ON MIRACLES.*

AN article on "The Scientific Relations of Modern Miracles," by Dr. William A. Hammond, has lately appeared in the *International Review.* It is for the most part an attempt to disprove the miraculous virtue of the water of Lourdes, but it has a general and much wider aim—namely, to convince those who may read it that all phenomena, or at least all modern ones, known as miraculous, are to be attributed to the effect of imagination, or what the author calls "expectant attention," joined in some cases with special physical conditions tending to produce visions or ecstatic states not in any way supernatural or beyond explanation by medical men.

There could hardly be a better instance of what in a recent number of this magazine we have called "scientific dogmatism" than this ill-considered and, as it would seem, hastily-written article. As a prominent specimen of this spirit, so foreign to the truly scientific man, we select one paragraph. "When the time comes," says Dr. Hammond, "if ever it should, in which our knowledge of natural law will be complete, the supernatural will have ceased to exist. Experience teaches us the absolute truth of this view. What were considered miraculous phenomena five hundred years ago are to-day known to be within the operation of natural law; and things which many among us now conceive to be supernatural will, with the advance of science, be no more regarded as the special and exceptional acts of a superior being

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than are eclipses, comets, shooting-stars, epidemics, etc., which, not very many years ago, were looked upon as miraculous warnings or punishments. The belief in miracles is only another mode of expressing ignorance ; and man instinctively takes refuge in the supernatural till his knowledge of the natural is sufficient to explain the events which are passing around him."

This extraordinary passage is, we say, a remarkable instance of "science falsely so called." If Dr. Hammond stood, or even claimed to stand, as the church does, on an elevation illumined by another light in addition to that of physical observation and natural reason, if he claimed to be a prophet and to know all that natural science has to reveal in the future, then his words would be bold, but that would be all. As he does not, however, make any such claim, they must be taken as an attempt at logical reasoning ; and as such they are certainly amusing. The argument is as follows : Many events formerly supposed to belong to the supernatural order are now known to be the result of natural laws ; but all so-called miracles are supposed to belong to the supernatural order, therefore all so-called miracles will hereafter be known to be the result of natural laws.

Just before this ludicrous slip Dr. Hammond somewhat imprudently remarks that theology and logic have very little in common ; we venture to think, however, that if he had studied the works of the great theologians, which are probably the best specimens of reasoning that the world has seen, his own logic would have been somewhat improved.

The real conclusion from his premises, which are admitted by all intelligent persons, would have been, so far as any conclusion could be drawn from them, that we ought not to hastily ascribe every strange phenomenon to a supernatural interference, but to take warning by past experience and consider whether some as yet unknown natural law might not have produced it. That is to say, we ought to use the caution which the church is always careful to use, and of which most evident examples are to be found in the very book which Dr. Hammond takes as his text, and must therefore be supposed to have read, giving an account of the apparition and miracles of Lourdes, but which it is possible he may have perused rather carelessly, as he invariably drops one "r" from the name of M. Lasserre, its author. That, however, may be the way it is spelled in his edition. Yes, we say, experience does teach us this : that we should be, like the church, careful and slow in resorting to a miraculous explanation of extraordinary and seemingly supernatural phenomena. But it is equal-

ly plain that there are cases in which, when we are sure that we have the facts, nothing but a supernatural interference is admissible as an explanation. For instance, let it be established that a man is really dead, and that he afterward returns to life, it is hardly probable that Dr. Hammond or any of his school will claim that there is a natural law by which the dead can be resuscitated, and that we only need to wait for its complete development in order to prolong our life indefinitely. It is plain, therefore, not only that Dr. Hammond's reasoning is false, and that we are far from being absolutely certain that even a single phenomenon now physically unaccountable will ultimately be referred to natural law simply because some have already been so referred; but also that there are some such phenomena not merely supposable but historical, and lying at the basis of the Christian religion, which we are sure can never admit of a natural explanation, and which must be denied as matters of fact by any one who holds the conclusion which he pretends to deduce.

We need not, however, spend more time on this point, though it is an important one. We will pass to another, not introduced so prominently in the article, but still deserving of special notice. A few words may be said on it without reducing too much the space we must devote to the main question.

In speaking of it we will begin, as before, with Dr. Hammond's own words. "Undoubtedly," he says, "a great many persons have recovered, some instantly, after using the water of Lourdes. It is equally a fact that many more have received no benefit whatever, and there are still more in which the improvement has been but temporary. These two latter classes are not regarded by the faithful, or even by themselves" (the patients are probably meant by this last word), "as proper tests of the curative influence of the water. When it fails it is from the depth of iniquity of the patient or a lack of sufficient faith. When a relapse takes place in the physical condition of the apparently cured person, it is because that person has committed some sin or otherwise fallen from grace."

Now, it seems almost incredible that a man informed as Dr. Hammond should be could make a statement like this; that he could present such an explanation as the one which would be given by even an ordinarily-instructed Catholic for the total or partial refusal of a miraculous favor. There is no more reason for ascribing such a refusal to a lack either of faith or of grace than there would be if the favor asked were not miraculous in its character. We doubt if there is any Catholic who believes that

a prayer for any temporal object will be infallibly answered as the suppliant desires, though of course the words of our Lord might be understood as conveying such a promise. Every one of the faithful knows that such prayers must always be made conditionally; that an apparent blessing must be asked for under the condition that it is real as well as apparent, that it is conducive to the best and highest interests of the one who asks it. When a Christian asks for any ordinary temporal boon, and does not receive it, he probably simply says to himself: "God knows best; most likely this which I have asked for would be bad for me instead of good." And of course he says the same if the thing asked for would require a miracle for its attainment.

This statement of Dr. Hammond seems, then, extraordinary enough; but the conclusion which he draws from it is even more so. "Hence," he goes on to say, "it is difficult, if not impossible, to convince superstitious and ignorant persons that all the effects ascribed to the water of Lourdes can be just as readily obtained in like cases by other apparently inactive means if the subject will bring to bear the same amount of faith in the one case which is exercised in the other."

Dr. Bowditch said, we believe, that when, in translating Laplace's *Mécanique céleste*, he came, as he frequently did, on the expression "hence we easily see," he got out several sheets of foolscap and prepared for a good day's work, the result of which was put in a note to the text. Dr. Hammond may be a second Laplace, but we doubt if Dr. Bowditch or any one else, with any number of sheets of foolscap, could supply the "missing links" between the previous statement which we have quoted and this conclusion which is drawn from it. What he means is, of course, apparent on a little study. It is, that it is hard to prove to Catholics (as of course, also, to any one else) that the water has no special virtue of its own; because, as is plain, its failures may be ascribed to other causes. But the absurd idea that Catholics always attribute these failures to a lack of faith or grace would show that they ought to be more ready than others, who might perhaps explain them differently, to ascribe efficacy to faith even, without the water; instead of being slow to do so, as Dr. Hammond imagines.

These will serve as choice specimens of Dr. Hammond's logical power. We must proceed to the main question—namely, whether all modern miracles at Lourdes or elsewhere can be accounted for on his theory of "expectant attention," combined

with physical conditions more or less capable of naturally producing the desired effects.

Dr. Hammond does not distinctly formulate his argument to prove this, but we will do it for him. It is as follows: There is a large class of events which, though considered by some people as miraculous, can be accounted for on this theory; but modern miracles at Lourdes and elsewhere all belong to this class; hence they can all be thus accounted for.

He takes great pains to establish his major premise, which nobody doubts. He wastes a great deal of valuable time and paper in showing that abnormal physical conditions may produce false visions or illusions, which are, as we all know, from whatever cause they may proceed, naturally liable to take a form corresponding to an idea pre-existing in the mind of the subject. He also labors much to show that what he calls "expectant attention" may have a good deal of effect in the cure of some functional disorders, especially those of a nervous character, and narrates at some length an experiment of his own, in which he cured a person of an affection of the muscles of the neck by the use of Croton water, pretending that it had come from Lourdes; the genuine Lourdes water having previously been given under the name of "*aqua Crotonis*" without effect. He seems to imagine that this proves his point; though there is really no evidence that the cure was not a true miracle, worked by our Lord in reward of the faith and piety of the patient. In his little attempt at argument he innocently assumes that Almighty God cannot work a miracle without genuine Lourdes water, or at least would not for fear of Dr. Hammond. What a pity that he did not select some person who could be induced to put faith in powdered snakes and lizards or the dried blood of a witch—for he says it makes no difference in what faith is put, and mentions these as objects for it—or, better still, in bread pills, which are said to be often efficacious; he would have had a much stronger case.

However, as has been said, no one doubts that some apparent or even real functional diseases which resist other means of treatment may be cured by the help of favorable mental influences; confidence that health will be restored is sometimes as good as any other means to restore it. And as it is often hard to know exactly the amount and character of the disorder in the cases of which Dr. Hammond speaks, or to be sure that it is beyond the reach of physical remedies and confidence on the part of the patient, we willingly admit that cures may be and have been by some considered miraculous when in point of fact coming from

natural causes. And it is for this reason that the church is suspicious of alleged miraculous cures of this kind, in which, according to common medical science, the imagination may have played a prominent part.

Every one who knows anything about the conduct of the Catholic Church or of her ministers knows how stories of visions, particularly when coming from the more impressible and imaginative sex, are, as a rule, received. The reception that Bernadette's account met with even from her family, but especially from the parish-priest, is a good example of this; but we do not need to go to France to find it: alleged visions are always and everywhere required to show extraordinary and peculiar proofs before they can be accepted as genuine.

So much, then, for Dr. Hammond's major premise. There are many events which, though considered by some people as miraculous, can be accounted for on his theory; and in this class come many visions and some cures of functional diseases. Granted, notwithstanding his bungling in trying to show it.

But now for the minor; that is, that modern miracles at Lourdes and elsewhere—but we will take Lourdes, for that is what he specially attacks—all belong to this class.

First, then, as to visions. Bernadette certainly claimed to have a vision; that was the beginning of all the talk about Lourdes. Can this vision be naturally accounted for?

Dr. Hammond says that it can, and that he can account for it. He would undertake, we presume, to account for all visions. But he gives a particular theory for hers which is amusing and worthy of special mention, as it is the only thing like an original idea in his article.

It is that the vision came from her taking off her stockings before crossing the stream. Taking off stockings, packing trunks, and buttoning boots are actions likely, according to him, to bring on a sort of temporary cerebral congestion; and cerebral congestion, he says, is one of the principal causes of visions. It would have been a beautiful confirmation of this theory if Moses had taken off his shoes before the vision of the burning bush, instead of afterwards. Modern infidel research, however, with its indifference to testimony, and to facts in general, may no doubt soon establish to its own satisfaction that such was the case.

This is quite a plausible theory; we must again compliment Dr. Hammond on it. There is, to be sure, one trifling argument against it which is likely to occur to any one who has read at all

about Lourdes; it is that the vision occurred eighteen times, and that there seems to be no probability that at any time except the first the little peasant girl was taking off her stockings, nor even that she was packing her trunk or buttoning her gaiter-boots. In fact, she had, we fear, neither trunk to pack nor gaiter-boots to button. But here again the modern savant of Dr. Hammond's school will find no difficulty. The mere remembrance that she once had taken off her stockings at the place would, on the principles of that school, be quite enough, in an imaginative and hysterical temperament, to bring on congestion of the brain.

But this is not the whole of the theory of the learned doctor. No, it remains to be shown why it was the Blessed Virgin that appeared to Bernadette. This, however, is readily explained. It is for the general reason previously laid down, that visions take a form familiar to, or expected by, the seer. Bernadette, of course, being a Catholic, was far more familiar with representations of Our Lady than of her divine Son. Dr. Hammond takes particular pains, both here and in a story which he tells about a young person who saw Mary while she was a Catholic, and Christ after she had apostatized, to insinuate the stale calumny that the Mother has the place in the Catholic system which the Son has in the Protestant one.

This explanation would be quite conclusive for those who did not know better, had not Dr. Hammond himself, in his eagerness to sneer at Catholic devotion, unfortunately demolished it. This he does by incautiously remarking that the vision had not the ornaments which have been assigned to our Blessed Mother by what he calls "human vanity," and with which Bernadette was accustomed to see her represented, and which it would have had had it been formed by the little girl's imagination. The fact was that it so far failed to correspond to her idea of Our Lady that Bernadette did not even suspect for quite a long time who it was that had appeared to her; she was not enlightened even when the answer, "I am the Immaculate Conception," was given to her earnest questioning, the term being to her an unfamiliar one.

But, after all, may not Dr. Hammond be right at least in supposing some natural explanation of this vision, though not very happy in the particular one which he selects?

On general principles we might be inclined to think so. Alleged visions, as has been said, particularly if alleged by women or girls, are somewhat liable to suspicion of illusion. They require special evidences to prove their genuineness. So we should

ask ourselves whether this had any special marks of a real supernatural character.

We shall find that it had; and it had one mark above all which alone was sufficient to put it beyond question, so that we need not discuss the others. This mark or sign was not, indeed, the one which the parish-priest ventured to suggest, but one of a similar character, and as a more practical and permanent one, substituted by the wisdom of God for that which had occurred to the mind of his minister.

This sign, as all the world knows, was the formation of an abundant spring of water where none had existed before, by means which the vision itself directed. It is the wildest flight of imagination not only to suppose that Bernadette herself could by any knowledge of her own or by accident have hit on such a spring, but also to believe it possible that, if she had happened to strike the place where it was, it could in any natural way have been set running by the means which she adopted.

Dr. Hammond, with the disingenuousness which he shares with others of greater ability whom he imitates, omits to give any description of the way in which the fountain of Lourdes was formed. "A spring," he says, "began to be developed." What were the facts?

They were that Bernadette, in obedience, as she said, to a command received from the apparition of the grotto, dug a hole with her little hands in the dry ground at its base. The bottom of the hole became damp; a tiny rill flowed from it, which soon increased till it gave, as Dr. Hammond himself admits, a hundred thousand litres a day. (A litre, we may remark, is a little more than a quart.)

Now, if Dr. Hammond, with his decidedly larger hands and greater strength, will, by grubbing in the earth for all the rest of his life, produce a similar fountain, and will restrain the fountain of Lourdes or any other one of the same volume and pressure by a few handfuls of earth packed ever so tight, then the intelligent world will admit that this stream may have had a purely natural origin. Till then, however, all who have examined into the facts, and have not obstinately made up their minds that the Creator has no control over the world which he has made, will see in the spring of Lourdes, even without inquiring if it has ever worked a single miracle, satisfactory evidence that it was formed by more than human power, and found by more than human wisdom.

Dr. Hammond, as a last resource, clutches at the fact that the

water had only the usual ingredients of waters of that district. Here, as usual, he trips himself up. If the water had contained any unusual chemical element or compound—he almost seems to think that if it were supernatural some supernatural substances should have been found in it—then indeed its virtue might, in desperation, have been ascribed, for a time at least, to that chemical element or compound. He actually fails to see that the crowning proof that its cures are not natural ones lies in its absolutely ordinary composition.

But we must come to these cures. Here Dr. Hammond, in the vain struggle to establish his minor premise, resorts to a bold assertion. He says that the water of Lourdes has never "healed an ulcer sooner than any other water, or removed a tumor except those phantom ones to which hysterical women are subject, or cured a case of organic disease of the heart," or done a number of other things which he has selected because he thought he was safe. He means, however, to say that it has never cured any real organic disease or lesion at all.

There is but one remark to make on this assertion. It is that its author either absolutely refuses to believe or acknowledge what he knows to be attested facts; that he says "these things have not been cured by the water of Lourdes, because they cannot be"; that evidence against his theory goes for nothing with him; or that he closes his eyes and ears to the evidence, and refuses even to examine it, because he does not wish to be forced to accept it. In the first case he makes a scientific and logical blunder, as usual; he argues in a circle; he judges of his theory by evidence determined by that theory. In the second case he simply acts dishonestly—dishonestly to his own soul, that is; but in both cases he acts so to others by giving the impression that no such cures as those above mentioned have been claimed.

He cannot plead that no evidence contrary to his statement has come before him; for in the very book from which he quotes cures are narrated as having been worked by the water of Lourdes which are of the character of those which he says it has never produced.

We pass over the first miracle due to the water of the fountain—that of Louis Bourriette. This poor man was immediately cured of an almost entire blindness of his right eye, coming from an organic lesion produced by a blast of rock some twenty years previous to the cure. But as the difficulty was said by Dr. Dozous, who had attended him, to be amaurosis, we presume that Dr. Hammond will maintain that the nerve was restored to

proper action in a natural manner—perhaps by a violent excitement of his nervous system generally. For the credulity of unbelievers is greater than that of those who have faith. Dr. Dozous, however, could not go so far. He preferred to take the easier course of believing that a miracle had occurred.

Passing over this case, then, and others in themselves clearly showing miraculous agency, let us take several here and there—that of Blaise Maumus, for instance, who, on plunging his hand into the spring, saw the disappearance of an enormous wen which he had in the joint of his wrist. This might have been a "phantom" tumor, whatever that may be; but unfortunately Blaise was not a hysterical woman; in fact, he was not a woman of any kind.

Blaisette Soupenne, however, undoubtedly belonged to the gentler sex. She was at the impressible and imaginative age of fifty, and hysteria had taken in her the form of warts, eversion of the eyelids, and total disappearance of the lashes. *The warts vanished* on the application of the water, the eyelids resumed their natural form, and the eyelashes began to grow. Dr. Hammond, perhaps, would not count a wart as a tumor; he could get out of this little trouble without much tax on his inventive powers. He says, it is true, in the end of the passage already quoted, that the water of Lourdes has never produced an eversion of an ingrowing toe-nail; but neither does this commit him hopelessly. A toe-nail is not an eyelid; anybody can straighten out an eyelid, you know, but when it comes to a toe-nail, that is a very different sort of a job.

Let us take a case recorded a little farther on by M. Lasserre—that of Henry Busquet. This young man had, at the time of using the water, a large, suppurating ulcer on his chest and neck, with two glandular swellings near it. The baths of Cauterets had proved more prejudicial than useful to him. He bathed his sores with the water of Lourdes before going to sleep. On awaking *the ulcer had become a solid scar and the glandular swellings had disappeared.*

And yet, in the face of this statement of M. Lasserre, this man, who pretends to have read his book, has the impudence to say, as we have quoted him just above word for word, that the water of Lourdes has never "healed an ulcer sooner than any other water." This is simply telling M. Lasserre that he lies. It would have been far better if he had said it in so many words; then, instead of a concealment of facts, we should merely have had Dr. Hammond's opinion against M. Lasserre's veracity. Readers could have taken their choice.

Once more. Mme. Rizan, of Nay, was on October 16, 1858, lying at the point of death. She had been suffering for about twenty-five years from an almost entire paralysis of the left side, with a partial atrophy. For more than a year the paralysis had become total, and her limbs were much swelled, as in cases of dropsy. She had two painful bed-sores, and her skin was worn away in several places, leaving the flesh bare and bleeding. She was spitting blood. The color of death was on her face and her eyes were glazed. She had been given up by the doctor, who said that she would certainly die before morning.

That night she drank of the water of Lourdes, and was washed with it by her daughter. In *two minutes* she was entirely restored to health. The swellings subsided under the very hand which applied the water to her. She got up, dressed herself without assistance, and ate heartily.

This is one of the most aggravated cases of "hysteria" on record. Why not call everything hysteria at once and be done with it?

So much for the present on the character of the diseases cured at Lourdes. As an additional and convincing evidence to show how utterly Dr. Hammond's "expectant attention" theory fails to explain the cures at Lourdes, it will be sufficient to adduce one case, also from M. Lasserre's book. It is the second one detailed by him, the next after that of Bourriette. It is that of the two-year-old boy of Croisine Bouhohorts, who had always been sickly, and was now actually dying of a slow fever, when the mother, with an intensity of faith which seemed to those around her like insanity, determined to plunge him into the miraculous spring. It was in the month of February. She kept him there for a quarter of an hour, then brought him home and laid him in the cradle. Dead, one would suppose. No; the agony of death had changed to a quiet sleep. Next morning he awoke bright and well; before night he was travelling around the room and pushing the chairs about. *He had never been able to walk before.*

Expectant attention, indeed, in a baby two years old! Dr. Hammond's pages should blush, if he himself is incapable of shame, at such a transparent absurdity or barefaced pretence uttered by one before whose eyes the account of this case in all its particulars must or should have come.

But one loophole is open to him. The cure was, he may perhaps venture to say, in this case a natural one. The reaction after the bath was what saved the child. If he maintains this

we congratulate him on his discovery. Here is a new method of curing all diseases. Wait till a patient nears the gates of death, then do what you can to push him through; nature, however exhausted, will rebel at this treatment, and convalescence will ensue. This is a new course of procedure, of great scientific value; let him persuade some one to try it, and let him try it himself, if he dares.

It may be well, though it can hardly be necessary, to say that Drs. Peyrus, Vergez, and Dozous, who examined this case, all regarded a natural explanation of it as quite impossible. We give a short extract from the report of Dr. Vergez, from which M. Lasserre quotes more at length. He says:

> "She" (the mother) "sought the cure of her son by means absolutely condemned by experience and by medical science, and yet she did not on that account obtain it less immediately; for a few moments later he fell into a calm and deep sleep which lasted for about twelve hours. And, in order that this fact should stand out in the clearest light, and that not the slightest uncertainty should remain about the reality and instantaneousness of its production, the child, *who had never walked*, escaped from his cradle, and began to walk about with the confidence which comes from practice, showing by this that the cure was effected without any intermediate state of convalescence, *in an altogether supernatural way.*"

Now, all these facts which we have mentioned, and many others given by M. Lasserre, are, we must repeat, in Dr. Hammond's possession. Let him deny them if he will, or disprove them if he can; but let him, if he does not wish to lose altogether the esteem some may still have for his opinion, take care how he coolly selects out of the evidence before him such things as he fancies he can explain, pretending that no claim has been made for anything else.

So much, then, for M. Lasserre's book. We will proceed to give briefly a few others from a small collection called the *Wonders of Lourdes*, made by Mgr. de Ségur, a translation of which is to be easily had in this city. The first we shall take from this collection is similar to the one just given, but even more conclusive.

It is that of a little baby of two months, whose "mouth, lips, and throat were covered with purulent pimples, which were rapidly turning to gangrene. It was all one fearful sore, exhaling a most offensive odor."

This child was taken by his *Protestant* mother to a doctor. The doctor was away. The mother went home in despair. The child's aunt, however, took him to a Catholic lady who happened

to have some of the water of Lourdes. Hardly willing to recommend it under that name to a Protestant, this lady said:

"Would you like us to give the child some water which I have here, and which will refresh him?"

The aunt assented gladly. A little of the water was administered then and there, and more from time to time during the night. *Next day there was no trace whatever of the sore.*

The next is also one which utterly precludes any idea of "expectant attention." It is that of a Protestant free-thinker, on whose hand a tumor had formed nearly as large as an egg, which medicine and surgery were unable to remove, and on which he wore a leaden plate to compress it as much as possible.

He was persuaded to accompany his wife and a friend of hers to Lourdes, not to be cured, but merely to enjoy the excursion. When at the grotto he stood with his hat on and smoking his cigar.

His wife's friend insisted on his trying the water. Forced by her importunity, he drank a glass of it. The tumor *instantly and absolutely disappeared.* He was, though not converted, persuaded to leave the plate as an offering in the grotto, where it remained at the date of Mgr. de Ségur's writing. The particulars of this case were given to him by one of the missionaries of Lourdes.

The third case is that of Francis Macary, a joiner at Lavaur, sixty years of age, for thirty years a sufferer from varicose veins, frequently breaking into large, deep ulcers. In one night, after applying the water, the varicose swelling and the ulcers vanished.

We select from others the following medical testimony to this cure:

"I, the undersigned, certify that for about thirty years M. Macary, joiner at Lavaur, was afflicted with varicose legs with enormous nodes, frequently complicated by large ulcers, in spite of the constant compression caused by gaiters or appropriate bandages; that these accidents have disappeared suddenly (*tout à coup*), and that to-day there remains only a sensibly diminished node on the inner and upper part of the right leg.

"Lavaur, Aug. 25, 1871. Rossignol, M.D.

"Certificate of the above signature.

"Lavaur, Sept. 3, 1871." Et. de Voisin, *Mayor.*

The fourth case is that of Pierre Hanquet, a master-mason of Liège, from whose testimony, given under oath, but too long to quote in full, we take the following: "*All my troubles vanished in an instant, like a dream. The stooping, consumption, erysipelas, swelling, and other afflictions of the body and of the mind, all had disappeared. I hardly knew myself.*"

He had been ill for more than ten years, and bedridden for five. His complete cure occupied, as he estimates, about one minute and a half. Drs. Termonia and Davreux certified to his naturally incurable state, and to the suddenness and completeness of his actual cure.

We give one more attestation of a cure of a disease which is organic, if any one is:

> "I, the undersigned, declare that Madeleine Latapie, of the village of Julos, aged eighteen, was afflicted with anæmia and consumption (*phthisie au deuxième degré*) for four years, and was in such a state of prostration that all the resources of medicine were powerless to arrest the progress of the disease, as several other physicians have agreed with me in declaring.
>
> "Without knowing from what cause, I see her suddenly cured. I declare that this cure excites my astonishment in the highest degree, as well as that of the whole community. C. Larre.
>
> "Ade, May 19, 1869."

Dr. Larré had attended Madeleine throughout her illness. It is perhaps worthy of mention that she had gone to Lourdes before without obtaining relief, and that, naturally, her "expectant attention" must have been less on the second than on the first occasion.

But we are overrunning our limits. We have space only to allude to the cures of Françoise Pailhes, of Maquens, at the point of death from *disease of the heart;* of Marie Lassabe, afflicted with *cancer* of the tongue; of Marie Faget, with a terrible cancer of the breast, which vanished entirely and suddenly; of Eulalia Bourge, in the third stage of consumption; and, finally, of hundreds of persons, not only at the grotto but elsewhere, cured of almost every disease that human flesh is heir to, by the power of God, by the intercession of his holy Mother, and by the water of Lourdes.

These cures and their character are known to the world. These things have not been done in a corner. The same is to be said of those worked at Knock and elsewhere by means of the cement of the church where the apparition occurred. At these, also, this pseudo-scientist Hammond imprudently ventures to sneer. He says it plays a "part in the therapeutics of certain nervous diseases." We have before our eyes at this moment, and will give as a comment on this foolish statement, an account (one out of the many), signed by a sergeant of the English army, describing the cure of his infant child. The disease was dysentery—nervous, of course. Really, however, it is a waste of time to go on ex-

posing the absurdity of this bungling attempt at disproving the miraculous.

We have a little friendly advice to give in parting to Dr. Hammond. It is that he has got on the wrong track. If he really wants to deny his God, and do his cause some injury in a small way, let him follow the only practicable line—the line which all (comparatively) sensible infidels have followed. That is, of course, simply to say that a miracle is out of the question; that no amount of evidence will establish it. Entrench yourself, learned doctor, in this position, and no amount of argument will drive you out of it. Reject all the ordinary laws of evidence and certainty; that is your only resource. Of course you will not appear very sensible in the eyes of those who adhere to ordinary rational principles, but we are sure you will not mind that. Do not, however, betray the cause of your companions by attempting to construct a positive theory; you will always find that facts will not fit it. Pull down, but do not try to build up; it is not the infidel's forte. And one word more: read some book on logic —any one will do—before writing your next article.

Very well, then. There are imaginary visions and miracles, as everybody knows; but Dr. Hammond fails most signally in trying to stamp those at Lourdes or Knock as such on the whole. Here and there among them such may, perhaps, be found; but the mass of them will stand, and all his "scientific relations of modern miracles" will not explain them away.

And now one naturally asks why it is that Dr. Hammond and his co-laborers in the same cause should make such desperate attempts to show that God does not exist, or that if he does he can do nothing in the world which he has created.

For such is the real object of these attempts to discredit miracles.* The human mind instinctively and correctly presumes, that if a miraculous event really has occurred, God must be its author; though it may, of course, happen that, if such an event is examined, it will be found to have the mark of Satan on it. But there are few to whom this is likely to suggest itself, especially in this age, in which the devil has managed, for obvious reasons, to get his own existence so generally denied; and in cases like those we have examined it could not be seriously considered by any one.

These attempts to deny miracles are therefore made, as we have said, in order to get rid of Almighty God, from whom mira-

* We are not speaking of the efforts of Protestants to evade the proof of Catholic miracles as such. This is not one of them.

cles must be supposed to come, or at least to make him a mere impersonal abstraction, inactive and powerless. And what motive is there for that? Why should man want to get rid of his Creator?

There is only one answer. It is to banish, as far as possible, uneasiness about those moral laws which man has always known in his inmost heart to be sanctioned or established by him; to put out of sight the idea of personal responsibility to him. This is plain to all, even to infidels themselves in their more lucid intervals. To the world at large it is as clearly and continuously evident as the body of the ostrich is when its head is hid in the sand. It is on this account that poor human nature tries not to see God, and, to gain this end, rejects evidence, throws reason and common sense away, and finally takes refuge, as the wisest course left to it, in Ingersollian silliness.

It has, however, been suggested to us that Dr. Hammond may not be an infidel after all; that he may have taken his extraordinary and erratic course in order to bring out what evidence for miracles there might be. This is possible; and, as charity is a great virtue, we gladly offer him this mantle which it furnishes to shield him from the criticisms to which he may at any time be exposed.

UPON THE SHORE.

A long, low stretch of gray, receding sands;
A wide expanse of waves, where streaks of spray
And sun-gold gleamings on the surface play,
Tinting the dark-hued sea. A maiden stands
The water's edge beside; her slender hands
Clasp wild-flower blossoms; rippling tresses stray
Around her neck; sweet eyes look far away,
As if their gaze sought dreamed-of, distant lands.

Ah! thus how oft we stand upon the shore
And glance along life's fair but dang'rous sea,
Yearning to know what lies beyond the wave;
How oft forget that He whom saints adore
Can calm the storm as once on Galilee,—
That fervent Faith alone can guide and save.

AN EPISODE OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Of late years so much has been written of "war-correspondents"—by themselves, of course—one might almost suppose that war is carried on by them, and that generals and soldiers are merely puppets to be manœuvred for the amusement of the readers of the great journals. In fact, a conspicuous part of the despatches sent to their journals by these fluent gentlemen is little more than a vehicle for the recital of their own adventures—which rival Falstaff's—and of how they snub or bully incompetent generals, and of how they hound skulking soldiers forward to the field of duty. The arrogant self-glorification of the average war-correspondent's bulletins has nearly succeeded in hiding under a commonplace sham the history of the fatigues, and self-denial, and generous daring of the men who make or save the destiny of a country, yet are seldom fortunate enough to be able to compete in descriptions of their own exciting work with the deft cavaliers of the pencil—who live in the wagon-train or in the general's kitchen-squad, and send off grand accounts from beyond the range of the enemy's farthest-reaching rifle-cannon. War-correspondents there have been who were worthy to chronicle heroic actions, for they were themselves of heroic mould; but these are, with a few exceptions, for some reason not usually among the famous of their profession.

July 3 was the third and last day of the battle of Gettysburg. The skirmish-lines at the centre had lain all night within sixty or seventy yards of one another. After hours of watchfulness dawn had found both sides still watchful if not wakeful; for the veterans, even if scarcely able to unglue their eyelids, quivered with instinctive readiness in every part of their tired bodies at the first shot or at the least sign of a movement in the opposite line. But as the July morning sun thawed away the chilliness of the last hours of night and sent its rays upon unprotected faces and into blinking eyes, a humping of shoulders and a stretching of limbs were at once followed by a curious peering forward to see what the enemy, beginning to stir too, might be about. The horses at the batteries on the ridge behind set up an angry neighing, and gave impatient and rattling shakes to the harness that for more than two days they had constantly worn. Here

and there, in friend and enemy's lines alike, little whiffs of blue smoke ascended from hollow places where some determined spirits were striving to get a cup of hot coffee while there was yet an opportunity.

Before the sun was visible from all parts of the battlefield the third and memorable day's decisive work was begun. Fast and furious became the musketry fire at the centre—from near the foot of the cemetery hill, and following the direction of the Emmittsburg Pike almost to the peach-orchard in front of Little Round Top. And deadly it was as well as fast, for it was the fire of skirmishers only, and, though loud and rapid in the aggregate, was slow and studied as far as each individual skirmisher was concerned. Every few seconds a heavy report, followed by the skurrying flit and the explosion of a shell, told that the artillery, too, of both sides was getting its mouth, if not its eyes, open, and was testing the range for the serious business in store. If a skirmisher stood up he could see his line extending far to the right and left of him, puffs of smoke darting forward from it at intervals; but had he been allowed to live long enough to try and arouse the recumbent figures in that line he would have found that many, very many, had gone to sleep for ever; for daylight of the 3d already showed a field of dead.

A fine Pennsylvania-Dutch barn to the left and front was a strong point for the Confederate skirmishers, who made the most of its advantages. But at last, harried by the singing of the bullets that issued from it, a New York regiment, with colors flying, dashed ahead across the meadow to the barn, took it, and set it on fire. With the advance of the New-Yorkers the whole Federal skirmish-line of the centre bounded forward, but was soon forced slowly back to its original ground, and the green sward between it and the Confederates was strewn with another layer of dead and wounded. To be slain on the field of battle for one's country is glorious; to be wounded and left to lie helpless and in pain where the bullets of friend and foe hiss through the air or strike with a wicked thud into the ground near by, and to have a summer's sun burning the already fevered body and adding to the horrible thirst, is pitiful in the extreme.

What I am trying to describe is not the famous charge of Pickett's brave columns, famously repulsed by Hancock's tried veterans. That came later in the day. I am relating an episode only in the grand tragedy—one of those episodes that in other countries and other times have been immortalized by art.

The skirmishers on both sides lay very close to the ground,

making the most economical use of any little depression, of a fence-rail or two from the fences thrown down during the night or the day before, or, as in many cases, relying on the doubtful shelter of their knapsacks, which they unslung and pushed out before them. Little groups were gradually and spontaneously formed along the line, and these groups acted together, firing by volley into any puff of white smoke that would be thrust out by the enemy, with the fair chance in this way that one bullet at least of the volley would count.

Midway between the contending lines was a solitary tree that in peaceful days had given shade to the harvest hands at their nooning. Early in the morning some Confederate sharpshooters had crawled out to this tree, where they lay at its roots and were able to reckon their game with every shot. So destructive, in fact, did their fire become that the wildest imprecations were shouted at them by the Federals, and threats were made that if taken they would get no quarter. All at once there came a lull in the firing at this part of the line. A Confederate was seen to rise up from the base of the tree and advance toward the Federals with his hand raised. Shots were fired at him, but there was curiosity at his approach, and the word was, "Wait till we see what he wants to do." Some thought he had a mind to desert and encouraged him with shouts of "Come over, Johnny! We won't fire."

But if the Confederate spoke, what he said could not be heard in the din of the cannonading and musketry, then growing heavy and continuous as the day wore on. Forward he still came, and all eyes were now strained to see what it could be that he meant to do. There can be no truce on a battlefield till the battle is lost or won. The man who raises a white flag then, or gives any signal of the kind, has no right to look for its recognition by the other side. He may only trust to their shrewdness to understand an emergency. It might be merely a trick to deceive. Suddenly the Confederate dropped upon the grass and for an instant was lost to the sight. It was thought he had been hit. But only for an instant, for a thrill of enthusiasm passed through the Federals, murmurs of admiration were heard, and then a cheer, as hearty as if given in a charge, burst forth from their throats, and the cheer, repeated and increased in volume, proved that unselfish, noble actions are possible, and that there are noble hearts to appreciate and to respond.

The Confederate sharpshooter, who had been doing his best to destroy his antagonists, had seen in front of him a wounded

Federal lying helplessly on the ground between the lines and begging in his agonizing thirst for a drink, and, at the almost certain risk of his own life, had gone forward to give some comfort to his distressed enemy. This it was that caused the Federal cheer and for a few moments checked the work of death in that neighborhood. When the sharpshooter had performed his act of mercy he hastened back to the tree, and with a warning cry of "Down, Yanks; we're going to fire!" the little, unpremeditated truce was ended, and was soon forgotten in the grand events that followed almost immediately after.

The next day—the Fourth of July—a heap of Confederates was found under that tree. Whether the hero of the day before was one of the ghastly dead will probably never be known.

CHRISTIAN JERUSALEM.

PART I.—FROM A.D. 29–33.

JERUSALEM is the most sacred and interesting spot in the world for all that portion of the human race which looks back upon Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, with special reverence as the patriarch of Monotheism in the second period of human history. Jews, Mohammedans and Christians have a common feeling of intense desire to make good their claims of inheritance from Abraham and of rightful possession of the privileges of the sons of God, by holding sovereign dominion in Jerusalem, the chosen sanctuary of the Most High. The Moslem will not abandon the dominion which he holds so long as he can maintain it. The Israelite cannot abandon his claim without giving up Judaism altogether. No true Christian can be willing that his religion should be expelled from the holy places where the mysteries of redemption were accomplished, or be subject to insult and oppression from either Jew or Moslem. Jerusalem must, therefore, continue to be an object of contention between the disciples of the three religions until the one which is destined to prevail shall obtain the decisive and final victory over its antagonists.

The present and prospective condition of Jerusalem and Palestine tends to enhance and intensify the sentiments of the Christian world toward the Holy City. Everything relating to it is regarded with the deepest interest by all who think or feel

at all seriously about Christianity. We have, therefore, thought it likely to prove an acceptable topic to our readers, if we should take up the Christian history of Jerusalem, presenting a summary of the principal facts relating to the beginning and the subsequent fortunes of the church founded there by the apostles, together with the great secular events connected with the history of Christianity in the city and land of its divine Founder.

The first period of the history of Christianity terminated when Jesus Christ withdrew his natural and visible presence in the body from Jerusalem and the Holy Land. The second period began when the administration of Christ's spiritual kingdom, the church, was left by him in the hands of the apostles, under his invisible control through the Holy Spirit. Its solemn inauguration occurred on the Day of Pentecost, ten days after the Ascension. These ten days were spent by the disciples of Jesus in prayer and preparation for the descent of the Holy Spirit.

"All these were persevering with one mind in prayer with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and his brethren. Now the number of persons together was about a hundred and twenty" (Acts i. 14, 15). These first living foundation-stones in the new temple of God had been carefully prepared by Jesus Christ himself during the time of his public ministry. There were the eleven apostles, the seventy-two disciples, and above thirty other trusty men admitted to their fellowship, actually present in Jerusalem, besides the women, the young people, the absent members of the flock, and others, who were in all at least five hundred in number, and probably much more than that, since we are informed by St. Paul (1 Cor. xv. 6) that Jesus "was seen by more than five hundred brethren at once," after his resurrection. The names of the seventy-two are not known with certainty. There is an early and probable tradition, however, that Matthias, Joseph Barsabas, Barnabas, Cephas, and Sosthenes were of the number. Besides the eleven, and the two candidates for the place of Judas, the sacred narrative furnishes us with the names of Lazarus, Simon of Bethany, Jairus, ruler of a synagogue in Capharnaüm, Zachæus of Jericho, Mark, Nicodemus, a member of the Sanhedrim, Joseph of Arimathea, Joseph Barnabas, a Levite born in Cyprus who sold a piece of land and gave the price to the apostles, Simon and Joseph sons of Cleophas; the latter of whom may have been identical with Joseph Barsabas, Menahem the foster-brother of Herod Antipas, and Mnason. The seven deacons, also, or some of them, were probably of this

original number. The narrative of the gospels makes it certain that a considerable number in Judea, Samaria and Perea had been solidly converted by the preaching of our Lord. It is probable that the apostles and principal disciples were baptized before the last Passover, as well as a certain number of others who believed in Christ during his public preaching, some by the Lord himself, and the rest by the apostles. All who had not received the sacrament already were certainly baptized after the ascension. There must have been some thousands who had been seriously and piously affected by the sermons they had heard and the miracles they had seen, and who were therefore well disposed to believe in the reality of the resurrection when it was announced to them on credible testimony, and to be received into the church by the apostles and evangelists. The preaching of our Lord was not, therefore, without effect among the Jews. For, although the princes of the people and the majority of the nation rejected him, the elect portion were imbued with the faith, were sanctified, and became the fruitful germ from which sprang the great tree of Christianity bearing fruit for the healing of the nations.

A great number of the believers in Christ who did not live in or near Jerusalem would naturally have remained there during the time of Christ's tarrying on the earth among his disciples, or have come up again to the city with the other Jews to keep the Feast of Pentecost. The one hundred and twenty men who were called together by St. Peter to constitute the first solemn, deliberative assembly of the Christian Church were the heads and chiefs of the young community. The assembly was composed in great part of those who were already bishops, or, if not actually set apart by our Lord to the office of bishops or presbyters, yet designated by him as fit candidates for these offices, and eventually associated with the apostles in some one of the three grades of the ministry. The rest were chiefs of the laity, men of character and probity, who were therefore very properly invited to participate with the apostles in consultations for the common good, as has often been practised since this first occasion in the Catholic Church. The first act of this assembly was the election of an apostle in the room of Judas. St. John Chrysostom says that St. Peter might have acted alone by virtue of his supreme authority. He chose, however, to act in and with the assembly of the apostles and brethren. Two candidates were selected by common consent. One of these was Joseph Barsabas, who was, perhaps, a brother of James the Less. He is commemorated in the Roman Martyrology on July 20 as one who, "having served

in the ministry of preaching with great holiness and suffered much persecution from the Jews, finished his career victoriously in Judea." The other was Matthias. Having prayed to God to direct the issue, lots were cast, as had often before been done by their Jewish forefathers, and the lot fell upon Matthias.

On the seventh Sunday after the Resurrection, which was the fiftieth day, and which was the Sunday immediately following the Jewish Feast of Pentecost, the sensible manifestation of the gifts of the Holy Spirit which were conferred at that time upon the church took place, as minutely related by St. Luke. The city was still full of strangers who had come for the feast. Crowds were assembled in the Temple at nine o'clock in the morning for the morning sacrifice. The signs and wonders which occurred in the assembly of the disciples at about the same hour drew a great multitude of these worshippers to the spot. They saw the signs and heard the discourse of St. Peter, they heard the other apostles and disciples speaking and praising God under the influence of divine inspiration, and three thousand were converted who were all in due time baptized and added to the church.

The oratory where the apostles and disciples were wont to assemble for the mystic sacrifice of the New Law, for prayer and psalmody, for pious conferences and fraternal counsel, the mother and model of all Christian churches throughout the world, was the same upper room in the house of a wealthy disciple where Christ celebrated his last Passover and the first Eucharistic Oblation. This house was on Mt. Sion, and over the spot where the sepulchre of David was supposed to lie. After the destruction of Jerusalem a church was built on the same spot, which gave place to the larger church of Sion in later times, which was restored and beautified by the Crusaders. At the present time the Cœnaculum is a Turkish mosque. This small domestic chapel sufficed for the one hundred and twenty disciples, and the women and children belonging to their society, as a place of assembly and worship. It could not have been large enough, however, for more than a few hundred persons to meet in. We are naturally curious, therefore, to know in what place and manner the apostles could address the multitude who came together on the Day of Pentecost. The descent of the Holy Spirit undoubtedly took place within this little church of Sion. Probably the multitude crowded the neighboring street and the disciples came out among them. They may have gone up to the Temple and listened to St. Peter's sermon in one of its great courts, or in some other public and open place at no great distance from the

Cœnaculum. St. Luke informs us that this numerous community "continuing daily with one accord in the Temple, and *breaking bread from house to house*, took their meat with gladness and simplicity of heart: praising God together and having favor with all the people. And the Lord *added daily to their society* such as should be saved" (Acts ii. 46, 47). St. Luke says in another place: "And they were all with one accord in Solomon's porch" (v. 12); and again: "And they ceased not, every day *in the Temple* and from house to house, to teach and preach Jesus Christ" (v. 42). Some have supposed that a place was given to the apostles within the precincts of the Temple where they could celebrate all the offices of Christian worship. This seems a very unlikely supposition. The disciples of Christ certainly took part with the other Jews in the regular Temple worship, and resorted thither for private devotions. So long as the priests and rulers were forced to tolerate them, they could avail themselves of the liberty they enjoyed to address the people assembled in the courts of the Temple. Baptism was probably administered at some one of the pools of Jerusalem in the open air, before persecution rendered this impossible. But for the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and all other purposes of the special worship to which only disciples were admitted, the apostles must have made use of the Cœnaculum and of similar Oratories in private houses. If all who were baptized remained in Jerusalem, their means of supplying church-room were certainly very limited, for we are told that new conversions were made in such numbers that "the number of the men was made five thousand" (Acts iv. 4). Many suppose that this number of five thousand must be added to the previous one of three thousand, and that, in any case, it is to be considered as including only men, and not women or children, so that the whole number may be estimated as at least amounting to fifteen thousand. It would appear, however, that a large part of these were inhabitants of Palestine or more remote regions who were only staying at Jerusalem on the occasion of the great Feasts. Still, it is likely that the church of Jerusalem, during its first period, numbered some thousands of men, women and children, and that a great many little particular assemblies had to be held in the most convenient private rooms which could be found in various parts of the city. This first period lasted about three years, *i.e.*, according to what seems the more probable reckoning, from A.D. 29 to A.D. 32. Without venturing to affirm anything as positively certain about the disputed question concerning the date of our

Lord's crucifixion, we simply express our opinion, founded on the best examination we have been able to make, that it took place in the month of April of the year 29 of the vulgar era, so that the first Christian Pentecost, the proper date of the New Law of Mt. Sion, fell in the month of June of the same year. The date of Saul's conversion may be probably assigned to the beginning of 33, and that of the stoning of St. Stephen and the persecution which followed to the latter part of 32. During these three years, although the apostles were more than once severely molested by the Jewish rulers, the general esteem and favor of the better part of the people for them, aided by the powerful influence of Gamaliel in the Sanhedrim, secured for them a great degree of immunity from any steady and organized persecution, and opened a wide door for their activity in preaching and making converts. The sudden change which was wrought in the popular sentiment by the events which took place between the Passover and the Pentecost of the year of the crucifixion is most remarkable. It can be ascribed to no other cause than to the actual fact of the resurrection of Christ, and the utter inability of his enemies and murderers to rebut the evidence of this fact contained in the testimony of the centurion and soldiers who guarded the sepulchre to the supernatural phenomena of which they were eyewitnesses, and of the disciples of Christ, including such men as Nicodemus and Joseph, to his visible appearance among them. The party of Caiphas and that of the leading Pharisees were paralyzed by the effect of their unexpectedly sudden and apparently successful and decisive stroke at the time of the Passover, and doubtless the temporary alliance between them, cemented only by their common hatred of Jesus, was succeeded by renewed mutual animosity, when they found that its only result was ignominy to themselves, increased zeal and influence to the disciples of the crucified Christ. It does not seem to us evident from the narrative of the gospels that the violent and infuriated mob which actively co-operated with the chief priests in the tumultuary proceedings by which the condemnation of Jesus was extorted from Pilate, embraced the whole body or even a majority of the people assembled in Jerusalem at the Passover; and even of this mob, the greater number were probably carried away by a temporary excitement which soon cooled down and left them disposed to a reaction of sentiment. This reaction certainly did set in, and resulted not only in the conversion of some tens of thousands of Jews during the first thirty years of the apostolic age, but in a considerable immediate accession in Judea and the rest of Palestine to the Christian Church

and in a temporary sentiment of favor toward the apostles which was much more general, and was only later changed into the fierce and sullen hatred into which the obstinate Jewish race was at length hardened after their day of grace was over. The counsel of Gamaliel to the Sanhedrim was : "Refrain from these men and let them alone: for if this design, or work, be of men, it will fall to nothing : but if it be of God, you are not able to destroy it: lest perhaps you be found to oppose God. And they consented to him" (Acts v. 38, 39). Besides the passages already quoted from St. Luke respecting the great increase of believers, we are also told that "the number of the disciples increasing" made the appointment of seven deacons necessary, and that after their ordination "the word of the Lord increased; and the number of the disciples was multiplied very much in Jerusalem: *a great multitude also of the priests* obeyed the faith" (vi. 7). These were doubtless priests of an inferior order, and we have never met with any notice of any of them as having become Christian priests or otherwise remarkable, and, in fact, they were not specially fitted by their education for the ministry of the gospel. They may have continued to exercise the functions of the priesthood in the Temple, if they were permitted by the chief priests to do so, since there could have been nothing more incompatible with the Christian law in sacrificing than there was in assisting at the sacrifices, which was habitually practised by the Christian Jews. There were also Pharisees who believed, for, besides the notable Pharisee Saul of Tarsus, we read that at a later epoch "there rose up some of the sect of the Pharisees that believed, saying: They must be circumcised, and be commanded to keep the law of Moses" (Acts xv. 5). Lucian and St. Augustine report that Gamaliel was baptized shortly before his death, with one of his sons.

St. Luke, moreover, says that the general effect of the signs and miracles which accompanied the preaching of the apostles was that "fear came upon every soul: and there was great fear in all. And all they that believed were praising God together and having *favor with all the people.* And by the hands of the apostles many signs and wonders were done among the people. But of the rest no one durst join himself to them : but the people magnified them. And the multitude of men and women that believed in the Lord was more increased, and there came also together to Jerusalem *a multitude out of the neighboring cities,* bringing sick persons, etc." (Acts ii. 43–47, v. 12–26). Josephus was a Pharisee and had the blood of the Asmonean pontifical race in his veins. His parents were adults at this time and he was born

soon after. His own opinion concerning Christ and his followers is expressed in the following remarkable testimony: "Now there was about this time Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man; for he was a doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such men as receive truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews and many of the Gentiles. He was Christ. And when Pilate, at the instigation of the principal men amongst us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at the first did not forsake him; for he appeared to them alive again the third day; as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him" (Whiston's Josephus, vol. ii. p. 535). We do not interpret the meaning of Josephus when he says, "He was Christ," to be that he was truly, in the belief of the historian himself, the great Messiah of the Jews, but that he was the person called Christ by his disciples. Yet, Josephus evidently regarded him as a holy man, a prophet, one unjustly persecuted, and it is well known that he ascribes the great misfortunes which befell Jerusalem to God's vengeance upon priests and people for their sins, especially the wicked assassination of James the Just.

The great increase of the faithful, the multiplication of the labors of the apostles, and the obvious necessity of giving a systematic organization to the growing infant church were the occasion of the appointment and ordination of seven deacons during the first year of this epoch, and of the designation of St. James the Less—called the brother of the Lord because of the near relationship of one or both of his parents Cleophas and Mary to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and the close intimacy in which their respective families had lived at Nazareth—as the local bishop of the church of Jerusalem. Nicephorus and Photius assert that this was done by the express command of our Lord.* Eusebius says that "James first received the Bishopric of the church of Jerusalem," and that his chair had been preserved with great veneration as a relic, and St. Cyril of Jerusalem in his Catechetical Lectures refers to the same well-known, indisputable fact (Catech. iv. and xiv.) St. Jerome says that this was done "immediately after the Passion of the Lord" (Catal. Script.) The commemoration of the institution of the See of James, which was called the *Thronos Theadelphicos*, is assigned, however, in the most ancient *Fasti* to December 27, from which it seems probable that St. Peter and the apostles governed the church and fulfilled all the offices of the ministry in common for several months be-

* See Marshall's *Notes on Episcopacy*, p. 40.

fore establishing its permanent and local hierarchy. There is no account in the Acts of the first ordination of presbyters, but we find them existing in the church of Jerusalem at the time of the council of the year 49. Undoubtedly they were ordained as soon as the time arrived when the wants of the faithful required priestly ministrations for which the apostles actually present in the city did not suffice. It is easy to infer from the circumstances of the case that special reasons determined St. Peter not to assume himself the episcopal rule of the local church of Jerusalem, and dictated to him and his colleagues the propriety of confiding it to St. James, even supposing that the Lord did not give them a positive commandment to that effect. Although Jerusalem would appear to have had a prior claim to become the seat of the primacy, yet this claim had been forfeited by the crime of rejecting Christ. It was the cradle of the Christian Church, the point of departure for the apostolate to the nations, but not the centre and head of Christendom. It was at Antioch that the catholic character of the church first distinctly manifested itself, and there the disciples were first called Christians. Antioch was a more suitable see for Peter as a provisional seat of the primacy, until the time came for him to establish his chair permanently in Rome. During the time which elapsed between Christ's Passion and the destruction of the Temple, the Christians of Palestine were in many respects a peculiar community within the church, not yet emancipated from the observances of the Old Law. The same was true to a considerable degree of the Hellenistic Jewish Christian everywhere. It was, therefore, a most wise and prudent measure, to set over Jerusalem and its affiliated churches a special bishop, patriarch and apostle, to whose immediate care they were confided. St. James was especially fitted for this office. He was a descendant of David, a kinsman of Christ, a strict observer of the Law and of the most ascetic mode of life practised among the Jews from his childhood up. He was held in the highest honor by all Jews and was known by the cognomen of "The Just," that is, the holy or righteous man. He passed a great part of his time in the Temple in prayer, and is said to have been even permitted to enter as often as he pleased the Holy of Holies. This is asserted by Metaphrastes and by the Lesson in the Office of the apostles St. Philip and St. James in the Roman Breviary. It is far more probable, however, that it was only into the Holy Place he had free access, for the earliest authentic statement is made by Hegesippus, who merely says that he went into the Holy Places, *i.e.*, the Court of the Priests and the outer

Sanctuary where incense was daily offered on the golden altar before the veil of the inner Sanctuary. The episcopate of St. James continued for thirty years. During the first ten or twelve years, the other apostles were often at Jerusalem for longer or shorter periods, and while the Jewish rulers were obliged to be very tolerant of the Christians it seems that the faithful from all parts made their abode during at least certain parts of the year at Jerusalem. It was only after the dispersion of the faithful by persecution, and the final departure of the apostles for their respective missions, that the church settled down into the ordinary condition of a local parish or diocese. When this took place, and St. James was left with his presbyters and deacons and his stationary flock comprising only the permanent Christian inhabitants of the city, it does not seem likely that the number of the people was very great or the pastoral duties unusually onerous. Probably, the bishop, aided by a small body of clergy, could easily supply all the spiritual wants of the faithful, and thus St. James had abundant leisure for that life of prayer and contemplation to which he was specially inclined. Yet, he was also an apostle, evangelizing places outside of Jerusalem, and a patriarch, superintending the other bishops and churches in Palestine, looked up to in general by the faithful of the circumcision as their head.

The beginnings of the church in Jerusalem during the first three years from the ascension of Christ are so wonderful and deeply interesting that, although St. Luke has given a fuller account of events during this time than any which has been preserved of a future period, we naturally regret that it is not even more complete and minute. We could wish to know all the particulars respecting the preaching of the apostles, the common and private worship and devotions of those primitive disciples of Christ, their daily manner of life, the personal history of each one, especially of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. John, of Lazarus, Mary, Martha, Simon, Nicodemus, Joseph, the other Mary, Salome, and all those whom we have learned to know and love through the unparalleled history of the gospels. If we could see a picture of those first Christian assemblies, obtain a glimpse into those domestic interiors where families of saints lived an ideal life, listen to those conversations which apostles held with one another before they went forth to conquer the world, look into the minds and hearts of those holy men, women and children who had been glorified by the light of the countenance of the risen Lord and rapt into heaven with him when he ascended to his

throne of glory, we should see a spectacle unlike any other ever seen in this world. The Son of God, the Light of the world, who had made a temporary heaven about him on the earth while he made it his place of sojourn, left an after-glow at his departure like the mystic twilight which succeeds the setting of the sun. His memory was vivid, the love for him was intense, the wonderful scenes which had passed before those favored eyes caused all earthly things to be forgotten. The Holy Ghost had filled the hearts of the faithful with his most perfect gifts. The greatest saints, endowed with the greatest graces, those who are now the brightest constellation in the highest of the heavens, were gathered together in one society around the Queen of Saints, the Prince of the Apostles, the evangelists and prophets of the New Law, on the spot where David chanted of the Messiah to come, where Isaiah prophesied, where Christ preached, died, rose again, and ascended into heaven. In such a society, the whole body of the faithful became animated with the desire of perfection, all spontaneously practised those counsels of perfection which were suited to their respective states, and lived according to the most spiritual and sublime teachings of Christ. Klopstock in his great epic poem, "The Messiah," has imagined, in a way worthy of a Christian poet of the highest order of genius, the scenes of the great forty days between the resurrection and the ascension. A poet equally gifted and inspired by the spirit of faith might find the theme of another epic poem in the first three years of the Christian Church in Jerusalem.

One sad episode in the very earliest history of the apostolic church gave only too clear evidence that sin cannot be shut out from any society composed of men in the state of probation, even though founded and directed by God. The wealthy members of the church, as is well known to all, gave up their private property for the common good, and all lived according to the mode of a religious community, sharing alike in a distribution made by their superiors. Ananias and Sapphira attempted to practise deception in this matter, by giving only a part of the proceeds of a sale of property, while professing to have surrendered all, and were punished by a sudden and preternatural death. How long the community of goods lasted in the church of Jerusalem we are not informed. Neither can we know with certainty how universal this voluntary surrender of private property was among the faithful. The sudden and terrible punishment of the two delinquents had for its effect, we are told in a passage which has been cited above, that "of the rest no one durst join himself

to them." This is a difficult passage and has been variously interpreted. It cannot mean that all were deterred from becoming members of the church, for this would contradict the express statement that the number of the disciples was continually increased. Neither does it seem probable that such persons as were disposed to renounce their property with perfect sincerity would have been afraid of incurring the punishment of hypocrisy and double-dealing. The meaning seems rather to be that there were no other persons like Ananias and Sapphira who dared to intrude themselves from bad motives into the society of the apostles and the other more perfect Christians who were most intimately associated with them, and to make false pretences to wish to imitate their life of voluntary poverty and self-abnegation. This entirely unworldly life of the primitive and most fervent period of the apostolic church could not possibly be exacted as obligatory on all Christians, or be even recommended as a model for the majority. It was essentially a special and peculiar mode of life suitable only for the smaller number. It was perpetuated, and has existed at all times and everywhere in the Catholic Church in particular communities founded for this express intent, and in the solitary life of hermits, or of persons living in the world yet separated from the ways of ordinary life.

The infant church of Jerusalem was not exempted from outward as well as inward trials, the beginning and foreshadowing of greater tribulations which were to come. On the occasion of a notable miracle which caused a great public excitement, St. Peter and some other apostles were arrested and imprisoned. Released by an angel, they were again arrested, brought before the tribunal, and scourged, with threats and prohibitions which for the time being went no further, and had no effect to hinder the liberty and success with which the apostles preached the gospel to the people. This great and increasing zeal and success of the apostles could not, from the very nature of the case, however, permit the chief priests and princes of Judaism to remain permanently in a state of irresolute inaction. It was inevitable that a persecution should break out sooner or later, and after three years had elapsed it began with the martyrdom of St. Stephen.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE COLLEEN DHYAS.*

It was the "edge of the evenin'," although the dusk had long shut in with the mist and rain of the afternoon upon a small hamlet under the shadow of the Galtee mountains in the County Tipperary. The time of the year was the late fall, and for several days there had been "soft weather" alternating with down-pours of rain and "spates" from the hills, so that the small stream on which the village was situated, and which turned the mill and gave it its only industry beyond that of the spade, was making itself heard in the darkness with a dull, rushing sound and hoarse murmur. The night itself, however, was damp rather than rainy, and there was even a faint relief to the sky along the dark, undulating rim of the hill which shouldered above the village and crowded it into a single street of low stone houses and cabins between itself and the stream. The air was so warm that the upper half-door of the village inn, which stood in the centre of one side of the row of houses, of which it was the largest and most comfortable, was thrown back and streamed with a soft yellow light into the veil of the mist. It would have revealed to any passer-by the tap-room and kitchen in one, a low-browed but warm and comfortable apartment with a floor of stone flags, and on one end the spirit-counter and on the other the large open fireplace. The candle on the counter lit up the buxom form and features of the landlady—"herself," as she was called in the household which she ruled with thrifty and energetic sway; "Anty," as she was known to her gossips; and as the respectable and well-to-do Mrs. Anastasia O'Hara to her parish priest and the neighborhood. Mrs. O'Hara was nearly sixty years of age, but her hair had no more than a tinge of gray under the white frill of the cap that rested upon it; her eyes were still bright, and the deep color of her cheeks was like the healthy red of the john-apple, and only darkened and made permanent from the bloom of youth; nor was her stout figure solid beyond a matronly comfort, as it was revealed by the jacket that was all that was visible above the counter. She was occupying herself somewhat uneasily but softly, so as rather to disguise her intent and interest in the figure of a young man who sat on the settle in the wide chimney-place

* Correct Gaelic form, *Cailin deas.*

at the other end of the room, than with any definite purpose, dusting a bottle and putting it back among the rest on the shelves behind her, and singing in a low voice, with the melancholy ballad accent of the Irish peasantry, the scrap of an air:

> "His eyes were black, his coat was blue,
> His hair was fair, his heart was true;
> I wish in my heart I was with you:
> *Shule, shule, shule, agra.*"

The young man on whom she looked with kindly and compassionate regard rather than curiosity was a handsome, tall young fellow of some twenty-three or twenty-four. The red glow of the turf fire lit his features, which were clouded and indicated by their alternations a struggle with indecision rather than abstraction. The countenance was handsome, with clearly-cut features, closely-curling hair, and vigorous neck, and gave the impression of one who in his normal condition was a gay and spirited youth, although doubt and a touch of despondency for the moment had drawn lines between the brows and tightened the lips beneath the soft blonde moustache. They were not refined with any particular intellectuality, but had the impression of good-breeding. His garments as well as his features indicated that he was one of the gentry; a gold ring confined his necktie, and there were other signs and tokens of accustomed wealth and fashion in his belongings. He had not taken off his light caped overcoat, which was still damp with moisture, and a Glengarry cap and a stout stick lay on the settle beside him. A fine setter-bitch rested her head on his knee and watched his face, occasionally snuggling her head under his hand in the endeavor to attract more attention than he was disposed to give.

The young man was Arthur Dillon Blake Barrington, of Templeowen House, as his cards read, the younger son of a resident landlord with an encumbered estate and a tenantry tending upon revolt. He had passed his youth in the region, where he had been a favorite for his high spirit and good humor, although now sharing the unpopularity of his class and of his father, who had gone on from a reckless and profuse youth to the necessity and then to the habit of grinding hardness and oppression. The past few years he had spent in Dublin, nominally in preparing for the bar as the only profession suited to his taste and position in life, but for the most part in careless idleness and racketing, so that his knowledge of the statutes was much more limited than that of social life, the fashionable ball-rooms of Merrion Square,

and the unfashionable ball-rooms of the Liberties. The famine had brought a nearly fatal reduction in the rents, and there were signs of the beginning of that tenant revolt which threatened bankruptcy and dispossession in its train. His allowance was no longer possible, and the past summer he had been at home, trying to find solace for his exile in field-sports and in seeking amusement among the people, whose life was daily growing harder and duller around him with want and the spread of the spirit of conspiracy and revolt. With the approach of winter his position had become intolerable. His father's financial condition had become more straitened and hopeless, and gloom settled within as well as without. He was one of a large family, and it was evident that there was no future for him in Ireland. America opened itself as a vista of unknown possibilities, where labor, if necessary, would not be degrading to his social condition, and there were friends of the family there who would help him to a start in life. Since his determination had been made time had brought him to the edge of departure, and the next day was to be his last in Templeowen. It might have been supposed that he would have spent the evening at home; but there was no mother there, and its atmosphere of affection was not warm, so that his excuse in going out was not considered impossible. He had made his way to his old and kindly favorite's inn, and was sitting there, not downcast with his approaching exile so much as struggling with a deeper feeling and a more indeterminate purpose.

The evident gloom and depression of her "white-headed boy" were too much for the sympathetic heart of Mrs. O'Hara. Her song ceased crooning itself and her sympathy took the active form of her profession. She poured some whiskey into a tumbler, dropped into it a lump of sugar, and stepped over to the kettle that was simmering on the hob by the fire. With the steaming tumbler of punch in one hand, she laid the other kindly on the shoulder of the young man and said:

"Drink this, Master Arthur, and try and raise your heart, *agra bawn*," dropping into Irish expressions of endearment, as was her habit in moments of familiar affection.

He took it, and his countenance cleared with an answering smile; whereupon the tender-hearted Mrs. O'Hara immediately became in need of consolation herself, and she said: "Oh! dear, and you're goin' to leave us for ever. O the cruel times! Nothing but starvin' now, and troubles comin', and nobody with a good word or a comfortable look."

"Take a drop of this yourself, Anty," said Arthur, "and keep up your spirits. I'll be back before many years to see you, and the country will pick up again when this is over."

"Not till I'm laid in Templeowen churchyard beside the old man and my little Thomasheen. But, plase God, you're full of life and strength, and you'll come back and take a look around the old place. There was more than one that went to America since I was a girleen did that; but there were none of them that came back to stay. They are like children when they are weaned from the mother: they're never the same again. But it was kind of you, Master Arthur, to come down and see me before you go, this wet night an' all."

"As if I could go without a parting glass of your whiskey-punch!" said Arthur, with a more careless gayety. "I'll get nothing like it in the States, where they say, 'Come, poison yourself,' when they invite a fellow to take a drink."

"Poison yourself, *yerra wisha!* You're jokin'." But Mrs. O'Hara's thoughts immediately became busy with the idea of doing up several bottles of her best Roscrea to be sent up to the great house in the morning for a place in Arthur's trunk.

"But are you going back home?" she continued, as he rose and put on his cap.

"No; I'm going down to the wedding at Morrison's. I mean to shake my foot in a reel once more before I leave Ireland. Good-night, Anty. I'll say good-by as I drive through town to the station to-morrow. Have my *deuch an dorruish*—if that's what you call the parting glass—ready."

So saying, he went out into the night, his dog following and pressing for attention, which she did not receive.

Mrs. O'Hara listened for a moment to his footsteps on the road, which the rains had stripped and hardened, and then, with a sigh and a shake of the head, sat down on the hob and crossed her hands below her knee. She had an idea that it was not a desire to shake a foot in a reel that took Arthur Barrington to the wedding at Morrison's on his last night in Ireland, when he ought to have been at home with his family. She knew that he was wild and thoughtless, but hardly enough for that.

Peter Morrison was a tenant-farmer on the Templeowen estate, with his house about three miles from the village. His eldest son was married to the daughter of a neighboring farmer that day, and the wedding-feast and dance were to be given at his house that evening. He had other children, among them a daughter just budding into womanhood—Alecia, otherwise Alley, Mor-

rison. It was her image that caused Mrs. O'Hara's sigh of doubt and foreboding.

The road crossed the bridge over the stream and climbed an upland across whose bare expanse the damp wind sighed in mournful and faint whispers in the darkness. The young man's indecision hung about his footsteps, and he walked slowly even after his eyes had become accustomed to the darkness and his feet were sure of the familiar way. The cry of a belated curlew flying overhead startled him, and he drew to one side and climbed the wall as a noisy and joyful party of young men and young women on their way to the wedding festival approached from behind, and they passed without observing him. His steps grew even slower as he turned up the narrow *boreen* that led to the house of Morrison, and he whirled the stick in his hand with a motion of hesitation. But he came at last to the small field that formed the steading to the house of Peter Morrison, with its haggard of hay-ricks and barn adjoining. The house was a low one with a thatched roof. Its windows streamed with hospitable light, and around it stood the jaunting-car or two of the richer neighbors and the low-backed cars of the poorer. The door was open, and from it came the noise of talk and laughter.

Peter Morrison, as his name indicated, was not one of the original Celtic race, but a descendant of the colony of Cromwellian troopers who settled in Tipperary, but whose sturdy fibre even was not able to resist the solvent influence of the Celtic nature, and merely added strength and stubbornness to national and caste vindictiveness. He was the tenant of a small and unfruitful farm belonging to old Barrington, and his life had been a hard struggle to pay the rent and maintain himself on the place, which had been the home of his ancestors, and, as he considered, rightfully his own, as with his inheritance of Irish nationality there had come also that of intense longing for the possession of the soil and for material as well as political independence. He had a fiery passion in his nature, the more violent for having been long repressed and never worked off by any powerful explosion. He hated old Barrington as a landlord and a Saxon, and he regarded with grave and vindictive distrust the occasional presence of young Arthur about his house. On this occasion his sullen sternness had been somewhat exorcised by the festivity, and perhaps also by the knowledge that the handsome, reckless young man would find opportunities to be about his house and speak to his daughter no more. His suspicions had not become definite, but he was glad that Arthur Barrington was

about to leave the country. He was about sixty years of age, with a severe and hard countenance, gaunt in its outline, marked by heavy, grizzled brows and overshadowed by a sort of helmet of iron-gray hair. His tall frame was somewhat bowed by age and toil, but still strong and enduring, and even active under passion. On this occasion he was seated in the low parlor in the circle of more intimate guests that lined the walls, dressed in the somewhat rusty suit and small-clothes which he kept for Sunday wear, relaxed in countenance, and even somewhat gay, as he listened to the familiar and official jocosities of the rubicund Father Flynn, the parish priest, whose superannuated bloom was that of healthy living and the smooth lines of whose countenance were those of benignant good-will. The priest occupied the central position between the father, who had on his right his stout and rather stolid son and the bride, and the daughter of the house, Alley Morrison, who sat in a low chair, the hand of the priest resting on its back.

Alley Morrison was an Irish beauty of the purest national type. About eighteen years of age, she was a woman in development, although slighter in form than the usually vigorous type of Tipperary maidens. Her thick, dark hair shaded a low and softly white forehead, parting over it with a natural waviness. Dark eyebrows shaded dark gray eyes of a liquid softness. She had inherited just the least cast of Celtic upwardness to her features from her Hibernian mother, but her cheeks had a softened outline and a firm and healthy bloom; her mouth was warm and gay, and her chin, with a dimple in it, was as smooth as a china cup. She was listening with a smile, half timid and half droll, to the bantering jokes of Father Flynn, and if there was a slight droop to her figure and a slight shade under her eyes it would not have been noticed in the picture of beauty in youth and health which she presented. She had early lost her mother, and her father, both from affection and poverty, had been unable to send her to a convent school, so that she had grown up in ignorance at home, with no knowledge of the world and no guide wiser or safer than the poorer sort of woman-servants who had succeeded each other in keeping the house and working in the fields of Peter Morrison. Across her horizon within a few months had come the gallant and gay Arthur Barrington with all the charm of his personal good looks, his fine clothes and acquired good manners. Him she had seen, brilliant in his scarlet coat, riding his chestnut mare to the meet. Him she had met as with fishing-rod he had haunted the stream or traversed the up-

land fields with a gun, and smiles and greetings had passed to talk and accidental meetings by day to trysts in the dusk and dark of the evening. He called her the *Colleen Dhyas*, from the old song, as he had found her one evening milking her favorite black and white cow ; and a pretty picture she was beside the docile animal in the sunset light on the green field and hedge of flowery thorn.

When Arthur stepped across the threshold into the room he was greeted with a gloomy look and a spark of anger in the eye of Peter Morrison, and they survived in the formal welcome which could not be refused to the landlord's son. Morrison was obliged to receive the affected heartiness of greeting and good wishes, which Arthur uttered with the ease and assurance of superiority, with a decorous if constrained response. Alley cast down her eyes and paled and slightly trembled. Father Flynn was hearty in his greeting to Mr. Arthur, and the circle of relatives and neighbors were cordial in deferential welcome. Arthur drank a good health to the happy pair in a sip of the port-wine negus that had been prepared with gentility for the parlor company, although there was a decided preference in the male palates present for the more satisfying whiskey-punch which they expected to come in after the supper and with the dance. There was a slight struggle with the hilarity and something of a formal difficulty and stiffness to the talk under the influence of best garments and politeness in the parlor, and the conversation had a tendency to strike and bump on the generalities of the weather and the hard times, while the frequent sounds of laughter and the occasional preliminary squeak of the violin or drone of the bagpipes came from the kitchen, where the younger and less formal portion of the company had gathered. But the supper, which had been making itself apparent in a plenteous and fragrant steam from the kitchen for some time, was soon brought in and placed on the extended tables. The fat goose, the bacon smothered in cabbage, the smoking potatoes, and the soft bread made a feast of profusion and luxury, and Father Flynn having carved and distributed the bird to an accompaniment of jocosity, the jaws and spirits of the company were loosened and the humor of the race and occasion began to come forth. Arthur occupied a place at the table and was determined in his efforts of good humor. The thin crust of stiffness in the company was entirely broken when the supper was cleared away, and a blue jug of whiskey-punch succeeded to the place of honor in the centre of the table, and the steaming glasses occupied the hands of the men

—a mild sip not being refused by the ladies. As a part of the more formal opening of the post-prandial festivity a fine old farmer, without any diffident hesitation, sang in a mellow voice the "*Cruiscin Lân*,"* with appropriate falsetto to the Celtic chorus, which nobody chorussed but himself; and from that time the parlor company was fully merry and unconstrained, unless it was that Alley said little and laughed less, that Peter's face retained a shadow of gloom, and that Arthur's high spirits seemed not altogether easy, and he once or twice appeared to have recourse to the punch in a serious way.

At length there was a summons for the bride and groom to open the dance in the barn, and the rest of the parlor company followed. This had been cleared for the occasion and a new clay floor beaten down. The rude walls of small stones had received a fresh coat of whitewash, and were illuminated with candles stuck around in wooden sconces. At the upper end there was a platform on barrel-heads, and on this were the fiddler and the piper, both blind by right of their profession, and both in a stimulated condition, impatient to put power into their elbows. Around the room were the young and the old, crowded so that the girls sat on the knees of the young men and the urchins and girleens were wedged in every available space. The bride and groom, and Arthur and Alley, were by ceremonial demand set for the first reel, and the musicians dashed into the gay notes of "The Hare in the Corn" with more power than harmony. The bride was a handsome peasant girl, and the groom a stout, comely young fellow; but they were somewhat constrained in their new garments and new honors; and the admiration of the company was for Arthur and Alley. Arthur had cultivated his skill in the old-fashioned dances assiduously in the process of seeing life in Dublin and at wakes and weddings in the country-side, and kept his determined gayety, though without familiarity or boisterousness. Alley felt, too, the spirit of the occasion, or the necessity of appearing to do so, and the grace and ease with which the two carried themselves made them the object of admiring eyes and drew forth subdued ejaculations of "'Deed, she's a fine girl," and "He's a purty figure of a man." When the first reel was over there was an indiscriminate occupation of the space, and fours of all sorts and kinds were taking their turn at welting it out on the floor. The young fellows took extra steps in the exuberance of their vigor, giving an occasional "whooh" as they turned their partners with a vigorous whirl; and the young girls, with gay

* Pro. Crooskeen lawn=the full jug.

silk handkerchiefs across their shoulders, and the dress pinned in a roll behind to show the colored petticoat and the vigorous foot in a heavy shoe, kept up the balance with an energy that made their eyes glisten and their cheeks grow red beneath their shining dark locks. The old men and old women took their turns, and stepped it out gaily with as real if not as prolonged enjoyment as their sons and daughters, to the hearty plaudits of the company, who inspired them to hold it out with the best. In the midst of one of these exhibitions, in which an old man, with his caubeen on one side, was dancing with the variety and precision of step, if not with the lightness and vigor, which had made him in his youth the glory of the parish, before his fat and laughing wife, and the hubbub of attention and talk was directed toward them, Arthur managed to convey to Alley's ear, as she stood near the platform, and with a manner as though speaking of the dancers:

"Meet me by the white-thorn in the farther field. I'll wait for you."

Then he edged his way out without attracting attention, got his cap and coat from the empty parlor, and, with his dog flouncing against him once or twice, passed out of the range of the lighted door into the darkness.

Alley stood where he had spoken to her, a paleness fixing itself in her face and little shudderings passing through her form, while a few lingering moments passed away. Then she, too, furtively glided out and to the house, where she wrapped herself in her long cloak with the hood over her head, and stepped out of the back door to keep her tryst. The mist had blown away, and through the heavy and driving scud of the sky a glimpse of the moon appeared as she stepped along the path beyond the byre and over the stile to the field in which was the white-thorn. Arthur's dark figure stood beside the twisted stem. Alley flung herself upon his breast, but, with an impatient and masterful motion, Arthur put her off, and, holding her at once in his possession and aloof by a grasp upon her shoulder, he said:

"Alley, you know I start for America to-morrow. You must go with me."

"Oh! how can I, Arthur? How can you leave me? Oh! what will become of a misfortunate girl?" And once more she would have clung to him.

Again Arthur held her off and muttered an oath. "I'll do the best I can for you, Alley. I can't stay, and you must come."

"And will you marry me, Arthur?"

"May be, if you're a good girl and don't vex me with your whinings. Here's a ten-pound note, and it isn't many of them I have, either. Slip away to the station so as to take the night train. It leaves at eight o'clock. I'll meet you in Cork, and the next day we'll be aboard the steamer in Queenstown Harbor."

Then, half good-naturedly, but still with a perceptible touch of vexation, he put her off to go dazed and tremblingly back.

When she reached the barn she looked terrifiedly around, but her father was not there. She waited and watched with growing anxiety, but he was not seen again; and as a groups of friends and neighbors left the dance they accompanied their farewells to the married pair with ejaculations and inquiries as to where was Peter.

There were footprints in the soft earth on the other side of the hedge of the field in which was the white-thorn, and he who had stood in them might have heard the conversation between Arthur Barrington and Alley Morrison.

Arthur never reached home that night. His body was found in the avenue where, if he had gone by the usual way, he might have been intercepted by a short cut across the fields, if his assassin had left Peter Morrison's house at the same time. His breast was riddled with a charge of slugs, as if fired by a blunderbuss. His dog Bess remained with the body. She had licked her master's face, but there were stains on her mouth, as if she had tasted the warm pool ere it sank to a stain on the damp ground. She was a good and affectionate dog, but she loved after her master's fashion.

Peter was arrested, and there were inquiries about a brass-mounted blunderbuss that he had been known to keep hid in the thatch, and which could not be found. But numerous witnesses swore that he had never left the barn on the night of the murder, and the juror who ventured to make a doubt as to a unanimous acquittal found the neighborhood very uncomfortable for him. The incident was reported in the English papers as an agrarian murder of the most outrageous kind, and in the Irish as the vengeance for agricultural tyranny and as a warning to all landlords. Peter said little and seemed to care nothing for the result of the trial on his own fate. After the acquittal he left the neighborhood and it was reported that he had gone to America.

Some months after a neighbor, who had some business in Dublin, told on his return, in a whispering way, how he saw a creature like Alley Morrison at night under a gaslight on the slimy pavement. "She was half drunk," he said, "and she looked the very moral of despair." *Poor Colleen Dhyas!*

CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

It is not strange that American and English writers of plays should steal their material as they do, considering that Shakspere and Calderon, and even Dante—who owes as much to St. Thomas as to himself—"appropriated" with truly poetical grace and dignity; but it is amazing that our modern dramatists should appropriate with such little discretion. While every tyro in the dramatic art rushes to Feuillet and Dumas for situations and motives, and forgotten comedies written when Fargueil was in her prime are dismembered by the scissors of the modern dramatist, Lope de Vega and Calderon, who left innumerable treasures, and Hartzenbusch, a late Spanish dramatist of great merit, are neglected. As the rage for play-writing is now at its height—indeed, the lack of an international copyright has left literary men small resource except journalism and the theatre—the seeker after dramatic situations would do well to drop his search for French novelties and turn his attention towards that magnificent national outgrowth of the most magnificent nation of Europe—the Spanish drama. It contains everything. Beside it French dramatic art is stilted and colorless; *Faust* loses much, because it eternally questions and never answers; Greek dramatic art, individual and strong, does not dwarf it; for Calderon, the greatest dramatic poet of Spain, lacked only the humor of Shakspere to have been the greatest dramatic poet of the world.

Protestantism has done infinite intellectual harm to all of us who have inherited the English tongue by narrowing our literary sympathies. Literature, as received by us, has made us feel rather than believe that the English language was invented by Luther and used by Shakspere in defiance of Rome, and that no real literature ever existed outside of England, and no literature in England until Shakspere's time. In fact, many Americans seem to have the impression that Luther invented Shakspere and the printing-press. This sectarian narrowness has caused Calderon to be only a name, more or less connected with the Inquisition, and consequently disreputable, and made us content with a small portion of the glorious inheritance which Catholic Spain has left us. It would be absurd to claim that Calderon was a poet because he was a Catholic, but it is certain that Dante and he would never have been great poets had they not been Catholics.

They were glorious flowers blooming at the end of a glorious summer. Around them were the tinted leaves of decay which hid in false splendor the track of death; their roots were not nourished by the sun-dried soil around them; they struck deeper and were vivified by eternal springs. The influences around them would have made Dante a weaver of conceits and Calderon an inventor of court spectacles. The church strengthened their inspiration, and to her we owe them. Calderon is, above all, a Catholic poet. As Emerson has it:

> "The litanies of nations came,
> Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
> Up from the burning care below—
> The canticles of love and woe;
> The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
> Wrought in a sad sincerity:
> Himself from God he could not free."

God, the Trinity, our Lord, true God and true man, His Blessed Mother, and the saints, are always with Calderon. The teaching of the church was the pivot upon which all the world swung. Her life filled his heart and his soul. Humanity might ask questions and nature present problems, but Calderon always found their answer and solution in the church. It is this characteristic of the great Spanish poet which causes Frederick Schlegel to exclaim: "In this great and divine master the enigma of life is not only expressed but solved." But the Schlegels were smitten with that Calderon fever against which Goethe protested, and their indiscriminate praise has done his reputation as much harm as the coldness, prejudice, and ignorance of Sismondi and Hallam. Hallam, however, was only ignorant of Calderon's real merit, while Sismondi was evidently prejudiced and maliciously bigoted. Catholics, as well as Protestants, are apt to have their judgment in matters of art influenced by religious feeling; but Catholics, when capable of judging, are more likely to give praise to beauty in art, as art, than Protestants, who nevertheless pride themselves on the catholicity of their tastes. It may seem ridiculous, but it is nevertheless true, that if the fact that Dante put a pope into the *Inferno* had not given the Italian master a schismatical flavor he would not have become so well known among us. Protestantism never accepted art as art or poetry as poetry, and never encouraged either. Puritanism accepted Milton because of his un-Christian theology rather than of his sublime

poetry, and, if its blighting breath had not been tempered, it would have taken from Shakspere much of his beauty and freshness. The opinions of Calderon that one finds in English books show that minds imbued with the influences of Protestantism cannot free themselves from its prejudices. Even Dean Trench, who has written a valuable and appreciative essay on Calderon, approaches his "autos," or religious dramas, hesitatingly, and, broad-minded as the dean is, he constantly offers apologies to his prejudices by carefully explaining that he does not admire Calderon's "Romanism." After having made this plain he says: "And it is not too much to say of the greater number of these marvellous compositions that they are hymns of loftiest praise to redeeming love, summonses to all things which have breath to praise the Lord; and he, too, that writes, writes as one that has seen Satan fall like lightning from heaven, and rejoices in spirit with his Lord." Calderon's "autos" were the perfection of the miracle-play, or "mystery," which was the national drama of Spain. With the skill of a trained dramatist—he was manager of the court theatre in the palace of the Buen Retiro—and the insight of a poet he seized the parables of the Scriptures, the doctrines of the church, the religious legends of the people, and even the heathen myths, and wrought them into these "autos" for the salvation of his countrymen. They might, indeed, rather be called moralities than mysteries. Every incident is arranged with almost mathematical precision, to the end that a moral may be taught. Lope de Vega, Calderon's predecessor, had done much to elevate the stage of the people; but Calderon, at once priest and dramatist, found both his vocations joined in the compositions of his "autos." He could preach his sermons more effectively to the eye than to the ear. The Germans recognized the genius of Calderon with great cordiality, and Schiller regretted that he had not read him earlier in life. For a long time the only translations of any of these "autos" were in German. Until Denis Florence MacCarthy translated "The Sorceries of Sin" none of the "autos" of Calderon had appeared in an English garb. Dean Trench had given an analysis of "The Great Theatre of the World," and several scenes, and Mr. Ticknor and others had given analyses of "autos"; "but," as Mr. MacCarthy says in his introduction to "The Sorceries," "the 'autos,' the most wonderful of all his productions, and the only ones (with but two exceptions) which the great poet himself thought worthy of revision, have been passed over, I may say, in almost utter silence." The Germans, enthusiastic as they have shown them-

selves over the secular plays of Calderon, shrank from the task which Mr. MacCarthy completed with such thorough success. The characters in "Los Encantos de la Culpa," which is called a "sacramental allegorical auto," are the Man, Sin, Voluptuousness, Flattery, the Understanding, Penance, the Smell, the Hearing, the Touch, the Taste, musicians, and chorus. The scene opens to the sound of a trumpet. A ship is discovered at sea. In it are the Man, the Understanding, and the Five Senses. The Understanding warns the Man that he is afloat on the world's wide sea and that a mighty tempest threatens him. The Senses then declare their characters and act the part of the crew during the tempest, with wonderful dramatic spirit. The character of the play and its motive, in the hands of so religious a poet as Calderon, may be gathered from the title and the names of the *dramatis personæ.* But no analysis could do justice to the originality, the beauty, the simplicity, and the intense dramatic quality of this poetical drama. In this "auto," as in several others, Calderon uses the Greek mythology in a manner which shows his skill and his deep religious feeling. His fervor fuses the Christian religion and the myths, so that their pagan character is entirely lost. In the hands of a poet like Camoëns the myths, intermingled with Christian personages and symbols, produce a grotesque and profane effect. Calderon seizes them boldly, as if by the divine right of a Christian. He illumines the faces of the gods with a new glory; he causes the pipe of Pan to join in the heavenly chorus, and makes Orpheus, whose music gives a new sense to the beasts, a figure of our Lord. "The True God Pan" is the title of one; another is founded on the story of Cupid and Psyche, and another on Ulysses and Circe. Most of his "autos" rest, however, on a Scriptural basis, such as "The Vineyard of the Lord," "The Wheat and the Tares," and "The Hid Treasures"; others on Old-Testament facts—"The Brazen Serpent," "Gedeon's Fleece," "The Sheaves of Ruth," and "Baltassar's Feast"; others, while strictly moral, are somewhat less Scriptural—for instance, "Love the Greatest Enchantment" and "The Sorceries of Sin" are Christian dramatic allegories, both founded on the myth of Ulysses and Circe. The richness of imagery, the wealth of fancy, and the firmness of grasp which the poet shows in working out these marvellous acts make each a precious heritage to poetry as well as to dramatic art. They are unique, and they merit a thorough study. A Catholic alone can sympathize with their spirit and revel in the deep religious life which fills

them. A speech of Penance to Sin in "Los Encantos de la Culpa" will give an idea of the beauty of the drama. This passage loses nothing of its beauty in Mr. MacCarthy's interpretation:

I,*
Erst who wore the rainbow's dress,
Who if in a car triumphal
Thou to-day behold'st me seated
'Neath a canopy, wherein
Purple, pearl, and gold are blended,
'Tis because I come to triumph
Over thee; for whensoever
Calleth me Man's Understanding,
Never is the call neglected.
All the virtues which he squandered
In his ignorance demented
I have here regathered, since
Certain 'tis that when presented
By the hand of Grace they've been,
He who turneth back repentant,
Ever findeth them again,
Safely guarded and preservèd.
And that Man may know that they
Can alone thy sorceries render
Powerless, thou wilt now behold
All the viands here collected
Vanish into air, and leave
Naught behind to tell their presence;
Showing thus how human glory
Is as false as evanescent,
Since the only food that lasteth
Is the food for souls intended—
Is the eternal Bread of Life
Which now fills this table's centre.
It is Penance that presents it,
Since without her (naught more certain)
Man deserveth not to witness
So much glory manifested.
Yet, ye Senses, 'tis not bread,
But a substance most transcendent:
It is Flesh and Blood; because
When the substance is dissevered
From the species, the White Host [*Hostia blanca*] then
But the accidents preserveth.

* "Yo
Que el Arco de paz he ſido,
Que ſi oy en Carro Triunfal," etc.

Sin.

How canst thou expect to gain
Credence from thy outraged Senses,
When they come to understand
How you wrong them and offend them?
Smell, come here, and with thy sense
Taste this bread, this substance; tell me,
Is it bread or flesh?

The Senses Approach.

The Smell. Its smell
Is the smell of bread.
Sin. Taste, enter. Try it thou.
The Taste. Its taste is plainly
That of bread.
Sin. Touch, come. Why tremble?
Say what's this thou touchest?
The Touch. Bread.
Sin. Sight, declare what thou discernest
In this object?
The Sight. Bread alone.
Sin. Hearing, thou, too, break in pieces
This material, which, as flesh,
Faith proclaims and Penance preacheth;
Let the fraction, by its noise,
Of their error undeceive them.
Say, is it so?
The Hearing. Ungrateful Sin,
Though the noise in truth resembles
That of bread when broken, yet
Faith and Penance teach us better
It is flesh, and what they call it
I believe: that Faith asserteth
Aught is proof enough thereof.
The Understanding. This one reason brings contentment
Unto me.
Penance. O Man! why linger
Now that Hearing hath firm fettered
To the Faith thy Understanding?
Quick! regain the saving vessel
Of the Sovereign Church, and leave
Sin's so briefly sweet excesses.
Thou, Ulysses, Circe's slave,
Fly this false and fleeting revel,
Since how great her power may be,
Greater is the power of Heaven,
And the true Jove's mightier magic
Will thy virtuous purpose strengthen.

The Man. Yes, thou 'rt right, O Understanding!
Lead in safety hence my Senses,
All. Let us to our ship; for here
All is shadowy and unsettled.
Sin. What imports it, woe is me!—
What imports it that my sceptre
Thus you seem to 'scape from, since
My enchantments will attend ye?
I shall rouse the waves to madness.
Penance. I shall follow and appease them.

(*Trumpets peal. The Ship is discovered, and all go on board.*)

The "auto" ends with the triumph of Penance over the enchantments of Circe, and, this new Ulysses having escaped, the *dramatis personæ* sing:

"Let this mightiest miracle
Over all the world be fêted,
Specially within Madrid,
City where Spain's proud heart swelleth,
Which, in honoring God's body
Takes the foremost place for ever."

In another "auto," "The Great Theatre of the World," Calderon takes for his theme,

"En el teatro del mundo
Todos son representados,"

which Shakspere had already rendered:

"All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

In the beginning the Author summons his people, the Rich Man, the Beggar, the King, the Husbandman, the Beauty, the Hermit, or Discretion, and the Infant. They receive their parts from him, with the words,

"ACT YOUR BEST, FOR GOD IS GOD,"

and a sublime drama of life goes on. Dean Trench* has given an interesting analysis of this "auto," to which we refer the reader who is too indolent to rub up his Spanish.

Calderon was born in 1600, either in the beginning of January or February, although his friend Vera Tassis makes the year of his birth 1601. *Los Hijos de Madrid*—Calderon first saw the light in Madrid—gives February 14, 1600, as the day of his baptism. An-

* *Calderon.* By R. C. Trench.

other work, quoted by Dean Trench, *Obelisco Funebre*, states, on the authority of the poet himself, that he was born January 17, 1600. His parents, according to the chronicles of the time, were Christian and prudent people, who, being of illustrious lineage, gave their children an education in conformity with it. His father held a state office under Philip II. and Philip III. Don Pedro, the poet, was the youngest of four children. His brother, Diego, succeeded to the family estate, his sister entered the Order of St. Clare, and Josef fell in battle in 1645. He learned the rudiments in the Jesuit College of Madrid. Afterwards he studied—some biographers say for five years—philosophy and theology at the famous University of Salamanca. No one can read any play of Calderon's without being impressed with the deeply religious bent of his mind, and with the evidence of theological study which each of them displays. To the *Summa* of St. Thomas he owed all that certainty and firmness in grasping the great questions of life which was the despair of Schiller and the admiration of Goethe. Well might Augustus Schlegel, who, unlike his brother Frederick, had not accepted the church, exclaim: "Blessed man! he had escaped from the wild labyrinths of doubt into the stronghold of belief; thence, with undisturbed tranquillity of soul, he beheld and portrayed the storms of the world. To him human life was no longer a dark riddle."

When the crown fell from Shakspere's dying head in England Calderon had scarcely begun to sing in Spain. But the whole chorus of Elizabethan poets, like birds in a glorious May-time, were singing nobly or warbling pretty conceits. He lived to pass the three score and ten allotted to man by eleven years; while the drama degenerated into spectacular and intellectually valueless shows in Spain, it likewise degenerated in England into the bastard, the soulless, the heartless comedy of the Restoration. He lived to see the Spanish theatre, which he had built, following Lope de Vega, to a most noble height, become a mere vehicle for *tours de force* of scenic effects. And he does not seem to have been conscious of this degradation. He even helped it along. Nothing could have been more repellant to his nature than the polished yet open obscenity of the English comedies in vogue in his latter years. He would have been quick to perceive the evil tendency of the wit of Congreve and Wycherly, and to raise his voice against it; but he failed to see that the splendid spectacles which he offered to the eyes of the court on the great pond of the Buen Retiro were as ruinous to the intellectual enjoyment of the drama as licentiousness and frivolity. To the glory of this most

noble-minded of poets it must be said that no *double entente*, no vile allusion or coarse pun such as Shakspere felt himself too often bound to introduce, often making of great passages "sweet bells jangled," ever appears in the works of Calderon. Yet Calderon was the boldest of dramatists—bolder, because purer and without any self-conscious delight in shocking his audience, than the boldest of the French Romanticists. "The Devotion of the Cross," a powerful drama, contains scenes which in a less firm and pure hand would have left that sense of despair which we feel at the end of a great Greek play when the Fates have done their work. The impression derived from Sismondi that this sublime play turns on the crime of incest is false; and it is surprising that even the most careless reader could have failed to see that Eusebio and Julia, guilty though they were, were saved from this unutterable crime. And in the scene, as translated by Mr. MacCarthy, in which they are saved the masterly character of Calderon's art shows itself. It requires the highest purity of purpose and the aid of great genius to produce the effect of horror on the spectator's mind—the horror which the witness of a great crime feels—without vulgarizing the intensity of the horror or degrading the audience by forcing them to sympathize momentarily with the crime. Another Spanish writer possessed this high purpose and this art, though in her case talent supplied the place of genius. Readers of *La Gaviota* of Fernan Caballero will remember instances of it. It is easy to make an audience thrill with sympathy for passion, or crime which is the result of passion, and the effects of too many of the romantic dramatists have been produced in this cheap way; but it is not easy to cause the sin to be abhorred while the audience is still in sympathy with those who are on the verge of committing it. Calderon, of all dramatists, was master of the means of producing this effect. Pure as his intent always was, and thoroughly Catholic as he everywhere shows himself to be, yet he did not hesitate to touch the most secret springs of passion. A skilful master of stage tricks, he was never misled into vulgar and easy effects. All his situations were planned most artfully, nothing was left to chance; and consequently the interest lies in the action of the drama, not in its characters. Calderon was a court poet and dramatist, and the result of habitual contact with the members of the most ceremonious and stately court in Europe is often apparent in his plays. It is, therefore, amusing to read Voltaire's complaints of the natural and uncultivated nature of the Spanish drama; and Voltaire's opinion of the Spanish drama is as valu-

able as his allusion to Hamlet as "a drunken Dane." Nothing could be more artificial than the structure of Calderon's dramas. They are geometrical in their precision; some of them seem to be founded on a scholastic formula; but nevertheless Calderon probes the depth of the human heart and holds in his disciplined hand the key to all the passions. French critics, always having the reverence for their Louis Quatorze imitations of the Greek drama before their eyes, could not appreciate Calderon. They found him too spontaneous, almost savage, because his rules of dramatic art differed from theirs. Dean Trench quotes a critical opinion from a book published in Paris in 1669, *Journal de Voyage d'Espàgne*, in which the complacent French traveller says: "Yesterday came the Marquis of Eliche, eldest son of Don Luis de Haro, and Monsieur de Barrière, and took me to the theatre. The play, which had been before brought forward but was newly revived, was naught, although it had Don Pedro Calderon for author. At a later hour I made a visit to this Calderon, who is held the greatest poet and most illustrious genius in Spain at the present day. He is knight of the Order of Santiago and chaplain to the Chapel of the Kings at Toledo; but I gathered from his conversation that his head-piece was furnished poorly enough. We disputed a good while on the rules of the drama, which in this land are not recognized, and about which the Spaniards make themselves merry." But the critic of to-day, recalling how Calderon, in spite of his strict rules and courtly elegance, touched the hearts of the common people, will differ from the French interviewer and thank Heaven that this Spanish poet triumphed over more hampering regulations than ever bound Racine or Corneille. The boldness with which he handled his *motifs* and characters excited the ill-nature and reckless censure of Sismondi, who finds in "The Devotion of the Cross" much that would be, if it were there, abominable. "On devine sans peine," says another and more appreciative French critic, "que Julia est la sœur d'Eusèbe; et cette invention dramatique augmentant d'intensité irait coudoyer l'horreur et l'insoutenable, si Calderon n'etait doué de ce vrai génie dont l'essence est pure. Nous allons le voir, dans une occasion si difficile retrouver la moralité qui lui est, propre la sublime pudeur qui ne l'abandonne jamais. Ses ailes blanches et vierges trempent dans l'orage sans le flétrir, et effleurent la foudre sans se brûler." The truth of this last beautiful sentence is often forced upon the reader. The "white and spotless wings" of his genius flutter amid darkness and storm, unsullied and unruffled. In a turmoil of passion and jealousy, such as the "Phy-

sician of his Own Honor," of which there is a French version, he remains calm and pure while his hearers shudder with horror. His plays of which jealousy is the theme seem to have been torn from a living and burning heart. They are almost unendurably horrible, yet they are wonders of dramatic art; and in the warring of the elements Calderon never changes his plan or loses his grasp. Either the taste of the Spanish court was much less coarse than that of the English, or Calderon's elevating studies of the *Summa* must have made him disdain low things; for although Cervantes and, it is said, the pleasant *farceur*, Tirso de Molina, often made allusions which, in any age, would be considered indecent, Calderon's works are free from these blots.

Señor Hartzenbusch tells us that Calderon was nineteen when he left Salamanca, and surmises that "The Devotion of the Cross" was written before he left the university. In it he expresses the difficulty of pleasing an audience variously composed, in the speech beginning—

> "Copla hay tambien para ti," etc.
>
> "Take this rhyme along with thee:
> Since, howe'er the poet tries,
> Doubtful is his drama's fate,
> For what may the crowd elate
> The judicious may despise.
> If you're seeking for fame's prizes
> Try some method less remote,
> For 'tis hard to cut a coat
> That will suit all sorts of sizes."

Calderon did not despise the applause of the populace because he wrote for the approbation of the knights. He pleased both. He interested the people, in spite of themselves, in the heroism that the Moors had displayed; this was not the least of his triumphs. "The Chariot of Heaven," his first play, written when he was fourteen, has not come down to us. At the age of twenty-five we find him serving in the Low Countries as a soldier, as Cervantes and Garcilasso, the lyric poet, and other Spanish writers had served. In 1625 he was still in the army, if his "Siege of Breda," a military drama, may stand as evidence of his presence at the taking of that town. Philip IV., a *littérateur* and a lover of the drama, summoned him to court. In 1630 Lope de Vega acknowledged that his mantle had fallen upon the poet-soldier, and on Lope's death, five years later, there was no one left to dispute the bays with Calderon. Calderon was a favorite

at court. His lines were cast in pleasant places. The light of the courtly glare in which he lived did not wither his genius; it was good for him; he throve in the splendor and flourished. Unlike so many of his brethren, he had no struggles with fate. The spectacular pieces which his position as director of the court theatre in the palace of the Buen Retiro forced him to prepare are the weakest and most unsatisfactory of his productions. Ben Jonson's masques, which were fashionable at the English court at this time, were somewhat similar, but in some respects more meritorious. Calderon, who doubtless felt the arrangement of these magnificent shows a heavy task, avenged himself by torturing the stage machinist. "Circe," which was represented on the great pond of the Buen Retiro on St. John's Night, 1635, is accompanied with most elaborate directions which would drive the very modern stage-manager to despair. Here is a sample: "In the midst of this island will be situated a very lofty mountain of rugged ascent, with precipices and caverns, surrounded by a thick and darksome wood of tall trees, some of which will be seen to exhibit the appearance of the human form covered with a rough bark, from the heads and arms of which will issue green boughs and branches, having suspended from them various trophies of war and of the chase, the theatre, during the opening of the scene, being scantily lit with concealed lights; and, to make a beginning of the festival, a murmuring and a rippling noise of water having been heard, a great and magnificent car will be seen to advance along the pond, plated over with silver, and drawn by two monstrous fishes, from whose mouth will continually issue great jets of water, the light of the theatre increasing according as they advance; and on the summit of it will be seen seated in great pomp and majesty the goddess Aqua, from whose head and curious vesture will issue an infinite abundance of little conduits of water; and at the same time will be seen another great supply flowing from an urn which the goddess will hold reversed, and which, filled with a variety of fishes, that, leaping and playing in the torrent as it descends, and gliding over all the car, will fall into the pond." This is only a glimmer of the wonders to follow. Calderon spared no expense on these spectacles, and the king seems to have been lavish in his expenditures for adding decorations and mechanism of the newest pattern to the paraphernalia of the court theatre. Being a member of the military order of Santiago, Calderon entered the field in 1637 to help suppress a revolt in one of the provinces. How long he remained in the army is not certain; it is plain, how-

ever, that Philip IV. preferred that he should remain at court. He gave up the pursuit of arms, although he still clung to that of literature, and received Holy Orders. His genius was of so solemn and sacred a kind that he needed not to throw aside his pen to take up the cross. His works had been psalms, and he only needed the added grace of the Christian priesthood to make him a perfect symbol of Catholic art. His life had been calm and happy—or as calm and happy as the life of such a man, whose eyes were fixed on God, and who knew no real contentment not seeing God, could be. On Whitsunday, May 25, 1681, he died, no longer a court favorite—for Philip had died in 1665—but revered and loved by the nation as no other Spaniard had been revered and loved. He was buried in the church of San Salvadore at Madrid. The glimpses which we get of him from his contemporaries are few, but they make us feel that his life was noble and that his works reflected it. His relations with Lope de Vega and Cervantes—he dramatized *Don Quixote*—were friendly and cordial. Not much is known of his ways among men, but what is known shows him to be a high type of a high and noble people.

With Calderon died the century and the glory of Spain. Lope de Vega had modelled the statue out of rude stone, which Calderon had completed. Out of the national life of Spain had come the strong impulse which gave a new drama to the world, to take its place proudly beside the drama of Greece and the drama of England; which gave a New World to the Old, and drew from this New World those glittering streams that gilded but could not revive it. Materialism had hidden the cross and dimmed the old Spanish ideal. The body, in its gorgeous trappings, had almost smothered the soul. Calderon making spectacles for the court, while the enemies of Spain were dismembering her, and her soldiers in new lands sowing the seeds of hatred in the name of God, whom their lust outraged, was a symbol of his country forgetting the ideal of other days and substituting for it empty splendor and worthless gold.

Calderon's fame, though eclipsed for a time, has never died in Spain. On May 25—the second centenary of this greatest poet of Spain and, after Shakspere, of the world—was celebrated, with all the pomp and splendor that religious and patriotic feeling could give it, in his beloved city of Madrid. This city, which he so proudly named as first in honoring God's body, has not forgotten to honor his as that of a servant of God and an inspired

singer. The cable despatches tell us that, in the church of San José,

"Thousands of tapers on the catafalque pointed to an imitation white marble tomb, on the top of which lay a cloak bearing the red cross of the Knights of Santiago, and a canon's robes and the cap which is still worn by the orders to which Calderon belonged. The cardinal primate, assisted by seven bishops, the royal canons, the rectors of every parish in the capital, and nearly five hundred priests with their banners, crosses, incense-bearers, and choristers in surplices and full robes, assembled for Mass; and in the procession not only the king, infantas, and court were present, but delegations of both houses of the Cortes, the provincial deputies, the town council, the civil, military, and ecclesiastical authorities of the capital, the diplomatic corps, and the grandees, judges, scientific and literary corporations of Spain and of foreign countries."

What other poet has been so honored in our time? What other poet could secure the unanimous homage of all the estates of a whole nation? Shakspere has been honored, but not like this. The representatives of the church—particularly the order to which Calderon belonged—royalty, the people of all ranks and political opinions, unite in honoring him who gave a new world of thought not only to Castile and Leon, but to all nations. Calderon de la Barca belongs to the world. Until a poet greater than Shakspere arises there can be none greater than Calderon.

HADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallida, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

TRANSLATION.

Soul! ever roving, gentle sprite,
Long this body's friend and guest,
Whither, far from ken or sight,
Pale, rigid, nude, dost now take flight;
No more, as wont, to laugh or jest.

ST. CATHERINE OF GENOA AND HER CONTEMPORARIES.

On the 13th of January, 1463, the notary Oberto Foglietta, of Genoa, registered the marriage settlements of Catherine Fiesco, in the parish of St. Lawrence, in a house belonging to the bride's family in the lane called "del Filo," and of Giovanni Adorno, also of noble birth, the contracting parties being the widowed mother of the bride and her two brothers on her behalf, and the bridegroom alone on his, while two neighbors signed their names as witnesses. The instrument sets forth the amount of the dowry, a thousand pieces of silver—which, reckoning by the *lira*, or present franc, would come to about $250—two hundred francs of which were given by Adorno and eight hundred by Francesca di Negro, the bride's mother and widow of Giacomo Fiesco, who promised four hundred in jewels, gala-dresses, and cash at once, and the remainder in two years, at present invested in a house in the same street where her own dowry was invested, and which during that time she agreed to give up to the young couple as a residence. The bridegroom, in his turn, swears to settle the amount upon his wife, the security being a house of his own on the street known as that of St. Agnes.

Such complicated documents are not infrequent in the city archives of Genoa, and represent correctly the ordinary legal machinery of marriages and their attendant circumstances. Catherine Adorno, sixteen years of age at the time of her marriage, became the well-known St. Catherine of Genoa, an extraordinary and gifted woman, who, though visited by very wonderful signs of supernatural origin—as her contemporaries and, later on, her canonizers agreed—was for thirty years directress of the city hospital, almoner and visitor of the city poor, and keeper of the accounts, and would have been, with more opportunities, an excellent writer, her spiritual treatises having a remarkable stamp of individuality, being expressed in fluent, elegant, and appropriate language and bearing much likeness to the quaint allegorical poems of Calderon. Yet education in her time was on a low level, that of social intercourse being the only one worth mentioning as an influence in mature life. Girls, whether in convents or at home—and both systems were in full operation during the great days of the Genoese republic—were taught chiefly Bible and

church history and religious dogmas, besides elaborate needlework and polite demeanor. Their future was fixed almost from their birth; one daughter out of several was usually intended to marry and the others to take the veil, a wedding portion being regarded as so much money taken out of the family treasury. Thus, without regard to the inclinations of the children, cross-purposes were often effected, and sometimes disastrously, for scandals would follow and family rapacity was shown up—as, for instance, in the case of Paolina Franzoni, who had been forced into a convent by fraud as well as violence, and whose profession was voided and annulled at Rome by the papal authorities on the facts being represented by her advocate several years later, when her sister, married to a Durazzo, and who had profited by Paolina's loss of worldly goods, was her most strenuous adversary. On the other hand, girls who had a true vocation, or at any rate a decided inclination, towards conventual life, but whose beauty or priority of age made their marriage more convenient to their parents, were more or less forced into alliances which only their sense of duty made bearable to them. Catherine Fiesco was a noteworthy example of this, the more so as her husband's temper proved both eccentric and vexatious and reacted disastrously upon his business affairs. Before ten years of her married life were over he had contrived to fritter away most of his own and her money, and they were reduced to unpleasant straits; while his fits of jealousy were such that, to please and soothe him, she spent the earlier years of her marriage in an unaccustomed seclusion. Genoese customs contained a mingling of outward devotion and actual laxity, and gave occasion to severe repressive statutes from the Council of State and equally stringent remonstrances from preachers, confessors, and episcopal authorities. The domestic annals of the middle ages, on the one hand fruitful in lives of extraordinary sanctity, are also distinguished on the other by perpetual abuses of sacred things and occasions, and among the literary productions remaining to us from mediæval times social satires by indignant reformers, chiefly priests, form an important part. A social sketch recently published in Italian by a Genoese notary, * familiar with the state archives and the details of domestic life revealed in them, gives interesting and abundant proof that human nature was not more heroic and self-restrained in days gone by than it is at present, although the temper of the special people among whom Catherine Adorno spent her life was

* Marcello Staglieno, *Le Donne nell' antica società genovese.* Printed by the Deaf and Dumb Institute Press, Genoa, 1879.

fervid enough to explain the thoroughness with which they entered upon any occupation, whether worldly or spiritual.

The little pamphlet above mentioned vividly reproduces the background of the picture in which she forms an exceptional and admirable feature. Outside of the circle of the really pious and devoted women, whose number in all places and ages has been a minority, society in mediæval Genoa was intensely frivolous, and well justified the horror which "the world" inspires among saints of that time. Society, though it made festivals an excuse for dissipation, never questioned the principle of festivals; the state gravely and effectually supported the church, but quite as much by policy as by conviction. The half-oriental seclusion of women found a counterpoise in the exceptional liberty allowed under the pretexts of collecting alms or attending processions, when marriageable girls and married women were both allowed by custom to wear such disguises as afforded them chances for escapades, whether innocent or otherwise. The penitential processions known as *casaccie*, peculiar to Genoa, took place long after their original character and aim were lost sight of, and the sackcloth with holes for the eyes and mouth only, which had been the dress consecrated to this particular occasion, became a convenient mask for gadding and gossiping women visiting their acquaintance on the pretence of making distant "stations" at country churches or even within the city limits. Again, the collection of alms in church, known as *bacili*, became, like the similar French custom in modern times, and like our own too frequent church-fairs, etc., occasions for scandal and abuse; women in rich, and not seldom immodest, dresses, bedecked with flowers and jewelry, sat, wand in hand, at the door of the church and solicited alms, touching the heads and shoulders of their friends, either playfully or gallantly, in somewhat profane imitation of the forms of bestowing certain indulgences—forms still kept up in St. Peter's at Rome. The synod of 1567 forbids women under fifty to collect alms in this fashion. Archbishops, popular preachers, and state councillors alike inveighed against the dress and manners of women in church, enacting penalties and maintaining spies to report upon the conduct of women, generally of high rank, and to guard the young from actual dangers; ecclesiastical orders were issued against the opening of churches before daylight or the prolonging of ceremonies far into the night; and some sorrowing and indignant persons, at the time of a French invasion, petitioned both the council and the archbishop to revert to the apostolical custom of dividing the sexes in church, believing, as they did, that the

national calamities of the war were a punishment from Heaven. At one time there was a decree of the council, or *Signoria*, bidding the clergy of San Siro remove the special chairs, desks, and carpets which a Princess Doria had insisted upon keeping for her individual use in a chapel belonging to her family, and there was again a similar decree in the case of a Princess Orsini who had upholstered her pew in San Francesco with velvet benches and cushions, while unseemly quarrels of precedence often took place between noble ladies and the wives of rich and rising citizens. While the fixed seats were thus prohibited, sacristans and others managed to elude the law by providing removable ones of various degrees for various prices, and so arose the present custom of piling chairs for use at Mass in a corner or chapel of a church and renting them out. Many churches, however, have modified the latter detail by making the chairs free; and no one can accuse these seats of coarse straw and ill-planed wood of luxury.

Outside of the regular ceremonies, whose frequent recurrence gave life and animation to the female world of Genoa, there were particular "functions," special festivals, processions, and also private or popular devotions in house-oratories or at street-shrines; and for all this, for the oil or candles which supplied the only street-lighting of the city, for the flowers and ribbons destined for a favorite image, or for the money to be distributed among certain favored poor, special collections from door to door were made by women, or windows were adorned and balconies turned into temporary shrines with rich hangings, fresh garlands, and multitudinous little lamps. Youth and high spirits could not but often turn these opportunities to worldly account; and an education which, restricted as it generally was to the catechism and needlework, was supplemented by the legend-lore and superstitious influence of old servants not too severe on clandestine love-affairs, resulted in a disposition to Romeo-and-Juliet love-making. What was innocent was crushed by an artificial standard of manners, while what was disreputable was unfortunately condoned with less severity. Public opinion was everywhere more lenient than civil and ecclesiastical authority, which it too often set at defiance. Such a world necessarily seemed to enthusiastic souls too corrupt to be reformed, while an individual refuge was afforded by open renunciation of it and isolation from its customs and concerns. Many of the convents maintained an honorable reputation from their foundation, the Capuchin nuns and the *Turchine* being especially exemplary and never having

deviated from their original strictness; while others became scarcely less worldly than the world itself, and needed the hand of a St. Teresa to bring them out of the state which the Prior Silvestro Priério, one of the consulting theologians of the Council of Trent, described in forcible terms. Neither was there any lack of vulgar contentions and small, feminine spite in ancient Genoese society, whether among nuns or lay women. Again, want of education and of serious interests was to blame for the vehement partisanship of women for such and such an individual or order, in the choice of a confessor; in one convent a dispute about the organ resulted in a disintegration of the instrument, of which each sister retained one pipe as a memento or trophy; in another a ludicrous assault in the garden resulted from a personal preference for a *regular* over a *secular* spiritual adviser.

The city life of young girls was comparatively dull, excepting such occasions for display as have been mentioned already or the excitements of a friend's wedding, which, however, were confined to visiting and gossiping among their own sex; for unmarried girls (and such is the custom in Italy even at present) did not appear at marriage festivities. Little children were never taken beyond the walls of the house (a garden was attached to every house of any note and size) after their baptism until the age of seven, when they were taken to church to hear Mass; but even grown women frequented the streets very little, and of course never alone. The occasional infraction of this rule—which is another still practically surviving in Italy—was generally the cause of deplorable incidents; for at one time it became a custom for young men of inferior station to use violence or offer rude liberties in public to girls of noble birth and reputed wealth, with a view to compromising them sufficiently to make a marriage likely between the maiden and her rough suitor, the object being generally not the girl but her dowry. Of more villanous practices also, in the reversed case of an unprotected girl of low position and a dissipated young noble, there was no lack in a city which, like all the rest, had its hired ruffians and complaisant go-betweens in the favor and pay of its best families.

A peculiarity of Italian marriages before the Council of Trent was what we should call their civil character, although in intention they were legitimate religious ceremonies and were always styled "according to the rites and custom of the Holy Roman Church," although as a matter of fact there was seldom any church ceremony. The betrothal and wedding were both performed in private, and generally, but not necessarily, in the pre-

sence of a notary-public, who registered them as well as the accompanying settlements. Sometimes an old friend of the family took the place of a notary, and an ecclesiastic not seldom appears on the registers in the character of this friend, his clerical capacity, however, being simply an accident. After the Council of Trent this custom was changed and the ceremony with which we are familiar substituted under pain of severe religious penalties. What really served as a proof of marriage in the earlier middle ages, in Genoa and many other Italian cities, was the public passage of a bride to her husband's house, witnessed by the large concourse of people usually crowding the streets. The receipt for the dowry was also taken as legal evidence. These bridal processions were gay and picturesque, and gave occasion to so much display that the council, time after time, enacted sumptuary laws limiting the number of cavaliers and servants attending the bride, and the sum total expended in the ornamentation of her saddle, harness, litter, or other trappings. In the twelfth century her dresses even were carried in public behind her, hung on frames or lay figures, much as our milliners now exhibit their goods; but the council deemed this an abuse and forbade it, though as soon as one technical point was struck at the ingenuity of private luxury devised another vent. The bridal procession was known as the "*traductio*," and took place sometimes on the same day as the wedding, though almost as often two or three days after. Sunday was the favorite day for marriages, because a state rule allowed wedding banquets on the three first days of the week only; at times the dissipation consequent on these suppers called forth still more repressive legislation, and the bridegroom was required to limit the number of the friends he might ask to the feasts at his father-in-law's to two for the first and to eight for the second. If the *traductio* did not occur the same day as the marriage the bridegroom returned alone to his own house and waited the bride's arrival, which in other Italian and some Spanish cities, if not in Genoa itself, was occasionally delayed by the performance of a counter ceremony called the *serraglio*, consisting of a make-believe carrying off of the bride by her relations. The savage ideal of a bridal being an affair of force and sale survived in this odd custom long after any significance but that of a rough game remained to it in the mind of the people. However little reality there was in this fashion, it still gave opportunity at times for unpleasant practical jokes or other unseemly disturbances, and the local authorities in most cities repeatedly put bounds to these excesses or forbade the

continuance of the custom, till at last a commutation came to occupy its place, and the bride gave a ring or other costly pledge, which was presented by her relations next day at the bridegroom's house, and redeemed by the groom with a sum of money to be spent in a convivial meeting by the supposed protectors of the bride. The morning after the bride's entrance was also marked by the custom of a public offering of broth or cordial, carried to the door of the bridal couple's room by the mother-in-law, or some ancient female relation of the groom if his mother were dead; and various other requirements of etiquette marked the days on which she received congratulatory visits, and the first day on which she went out in state to return them. Our notion of honeymoon privacy did not make its way to Italy until the beginning of the present century, when a few rich and travelled people began to escape from the old tedious publicity by retiring for a week or two to their country villas, and thereby much scandalizing the conservative members of society, who saw nothing but perfection in those "good old times" which were really rather coarse. Marriages have gradually come to be, even among antiquated circles in Italian society, something more than "alliances"—not universally so, by any means, for personal experience recalls to my mind many cases, not twenty years ago, in which these old fashions were closely followed; but still the principle of love-matches is not wholly ignored, and it follows that where there is inclination a natural desire for retirement accompanies it. But in republican Genoa of old it would have been somewhat of a contradiction to shut up together for a month two young strangers, one of whom had been looking forward to her marriage as the period of her comparative social emancipation. All that the bridegroom rejoiced in having secured was a suitable bearer and transmitter of his name, while the bride's special subject of joy was her possession of so much jewelry, lace, and gold cloth, and the appropriate display of them to her intimates. Although the people were practically less ceremonious, even their marriages were the subject of diplomatic arrangements, and contracts of great solemnity are registered concerning business and family matters combined, though the amount of money involved is often very small. An exceptional arrangement was one recorded as occurring between a smith, Domenico Deferrari, in 1488, with another smith betrothed to his daughter, in which he promises in cash, clothes, and jewelry a dowry of four hundred francs, but fixes the date of the marriage at four years hence, admitting his future son-in-law to his home, table, and business part-

nership during the interval, subject to the latter forfeiting all these advantages if he should misbehave himself towards his future bride, or even persuade her to a clandestine marriage. Though exceptional, such an arrangement is explained by the fact that, to make a marriage tolerably certain, girls of tender age were sometimes given away on paper, and such promises, and virtually marriages, were considered legal after the child, either boy or girl, had attained the age of seven, though twelve was the actual age required by the canon law for a real marriage. Such facilities for laying hands on important estates or dowries also explains the frequent trials, resulting in a dissolution of marriage between the two parties, which occur in the records of Genoa. Marriage-brokers, also, were a peculiarity of the middle ages, and something not unlike them, though no longer legally recognized, exists to this day. In old times it was a legitimate profession, and poor men, both lay and ecclesiastics, kept regular registers of marriageable youths and maidens, with personal and genealogical details, and especially commercial ones touching their possessions or prospects. "Fast" women, too, were not unknown even among the jealously watched and guarded wives of the rich; a Princess Doria who figured somewhat disreputably in a divorce suit in the lax times of the eighteenth century was stated in the evidence given at the trial to have ridden on horseback in a man's dress, attended by her male friends and admirers, several times back and forth between her villa and the city. But turning from mere social effervescence—such as processions, serenades, *mattinatas* (the song at dawn under a bride's window), or the less poetical and derisive welcome of tins, pots, horns, and mocking laughter which awaited a second marriage and still survives in Spanish popular custom, and which in Genoa went by the name of *tenebræ*—to the more substantial consequences of marriage, it is curious to see how, as far back as the eleventh century, a wife's right to a third of her husband's property was maintained by law, whether she had children or not; and how, in the case of the husband's bankruptcy, her dowry was the first *lien* on his estate, and might be redeemed by application to the council before other creditors could touch anything. Also, before her first child was born, a woman had the absolute right of willing her property—the only instance in which she could act by and for herself; for in all these documents the signatures are almost invariably those of male relations acting for their sisters, daughters, nieces, etc. But ignorance often deprived a woman of her few privileges, and young widows sometimes had almost a

valid excuse for a second marriage—in spite of the popular prejudice against such unions—in the rapacity of relations of their first husband who would try to cheat her out of her share. Dress was considered of so much importance in mediæval times that a provision was made by law for the widow's weeds out of the husband's estate, and bridegrooms, as they do still in France, presented gala-dresses to their brides. In fact, it is chiefly the English-speaking nations who have evolved the independent ideal of a bride who scorns to receive necessaries from a man before he is actually her husband. A good many women, not at all given to nonsense about woman's sphere and duties, are highly shocked and offended at the notion of even their *trousseau* linen being marked in their new name, and resent it as suggesting the idea that "they never had any clothes worth speaking of before they were married." Artificial scruples had less weight with the Genoese women, who cared little whence came the supply of finery which they craved. Indeed, as a rule, the parents and husband divided the burden of supporting the bride, and her property was duly secured on certain real estate, often house property, belonging to the bridegroom.

The country—or rather the autumn *villeggiatura*, for Italians know nothing corresponding to what we call the country—was the chief delight of Genoese women, and especially of unmarried girls, who were there given a dangerous liberty in foolish contrast to the equally dangerous repression in the city. The daughters of the rich enjoyed dances, suppers, concerts, and gossiping leisure in their beautiful villas, where young men had opportunities, unchecked by custom, to make love. This, however, even with the most honorable intentions, generally came to an abrupt and disastrous ending through the pressure of the arbitrary code of social life. But of genuine country life and its healthy pursuits as we know them the Genoese were ignorant, as are most Italians of any position even at present. Conviviality was the amusement of the older men, gossip and gambling that of the older women, the latter passion being strangely intense in Genoa. Women of high rank were always the foremost, and, before the present lottery system was invented, vied with the men in betting on public, social, or domestic events. They had fortune-telling wheels and sundry like devices, and gathered together round tables covered with embroidered carpets of rich stuff representing numbers and combinations of figures; in the sixteenth century loto was introduced, and from that came the present popular Italian lotteries which have done so much mischief. The eccle-

siastical as well as civil laws recorded in the Genoese archives were constantly prohibiting such abuses, and signalize the dangerous consequences of betting on births in illustrious families (this was prohibited under pain of mortal sin), and many other details on which the gambling propensity spent itself, both among men and women. Politics and municipal elections, as well as domestic events, were favorite betting subjects. Again, drunkenness and license—we are accustomed too lightly to suppose that the former does not exist in wine-growing countries—are often mentioned in these warnings, pastorals, laws, and regulations. At marriages the old Greek custom of libations, and a symbolic participation of the same cup by the bride and groom, was early perverted into an excuse for drinking and noise, and repeated injunctions under pain of mortal sin were issued against the custom by the church authorities. The use of sweetmeats of various kinds at weddings goes at least as far back as the later Roman times; nuts being the *sine-qua-non* of Genoese marriages, as cake is of ours, though at present fashion has tabooed these as vulgar, and boxes of French sugar-plums are the correct substitute, so that, except in country districts among the mountains, the saying, "When will you send me the nuts?" as equivalent to the query, "When are you going to be married?" has lost its meaning. At the ceremony of the taking of the veil or the profession of a nun similar customs were kept up, and the archbishop received certain vials of syrup and boxes of home-made sweets and candies as part of his fees, the vicar-apostolic and others sharing the latter. In later times the presents of candies were commuted for money contributions, paid out of the dowry of the novice or *professa.*

Such was the society in which Catherine Adorno found herself at the time of her marriage. Her early childhood had been, say her biographers, remarkable for devotion, bodily mortification, and obedience; her health was always delicate and precarious. Her style—she wrote several spiritual dialogues and a treatise on purgatory—was pure, elegant, and impassioned. St. Francis of Sales was accustomed to read the treatise twice a year, admiring its literary merit as well as its religious import; and Schlegel, who translated the dialogues into German, considered them models of style. Her life, which was that of a Sœur Rosalie transported into mediæval conditions, is chiefly associated in the minds of Catholics with her work and services at the city hospital, where, before becoming the head, she labored some years as a subordinate, her husband living there with her. It is quite possible,

though her historians do not say so, that Adorno's circumstances were such as to make such a home desirable; for he was both extravagant, careless, and eccentric, while her executive abilities and her peculiar tact had long been known to her large circle of friends. The hospital was very likely an honorable retreat as well as an important charge. St. Catherine had the care of the accounts as well as of the patients, and kept them accurately and faithfully. Brought up as she had been in the use of devout practices, she experienced, nevertheless, so passionate a spiritual change some years after her marriage that she always dated from her "conversion"; but this event was only the culminating-point of a long and painful trial of mind. Her Italian biographer says that one day toward the climax of her suspense and uneasiness of mind, and her nervous depression at the vexations of her husband, she went into the church of St. Benedict and prayed, in a species of desperation, "that for three months God would keep her sick in bed." For five years after the first years of her married life, when she secluded herself to please her exacting husband, she "sought solace for her hard life, as women are prone to do, in the diversions and vanities of the world, . . . external affairs and feminine amusements, . . . yet not to a sinful extent . . ."; and in connection with this brief indication the foregoing social details of Genoese female life are interesting. It is a pleasure to reconstruct in fancy the ordinary and legitimate surroundings of great or holy personages, and the few glimpses afforded of St. Catherine's gatherings of friends at her own house, when she would discourse on holy things to them; or of her own absent-mindedness, her trances, her extraordinary fasts while still living with a household of her relations and receiving visits, walking in her garden, superintending her servants, according to the domestic programme of her rank, are very interesting.

After the culminating moment of her "conversion," which was during a confession she was making at the suggestion of her sister, who was a nun, she experienced a singular self-knowledge of her smallest sins, which state lasted fourteen months, but which she took to be in itself an intellectual expiation of those sins, so that she tells us herself that, this satisfaction having been made, God "relieved her of the sight of her sins so entirely that she never beheld again the least of them." She gathered about her a devoted knot of spiritual followers, forming a society apart, a guild of charity and devotion, who helped her in her outer works, and forced her to give them advice and guidance in their own daily life and troubles. She began her life of self-denial by

visiting the poor of the city under the auspices of "the Ladies of Mercy," who, according to the custom of her day, gave certain moneys and provisions into her charge for the purpose of distribution, something after the fashion of modern district-visitors or of the members of the Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul. She was deputed to cleanse the houses of the poor and to cook their food, to tend the sick in their own homes, and to take home ragged and filthy clothes to be cleansed, pieced, and mended by her own hands. Spiritual teaching formed part of her duties as visitor, and naturally she continued these ministrations when attached to the hospital. Many years after she had been there a rector was appointed, who became her spiritual friend and director; but for the greater part of her life she says that God allowed her no special spiritual help but such as he directly gave her in internal visitations. Her dialogues, exalting and celebrating divine love, remind one very much of the fourth book of the *Imitation*. While remaining within the church's limits of doctrine concerning grace and free-will, she was strangely and deeply impressed with the natural perversity of human nature, and its helplessness unless assisted by God, and she repeatedly dwells upon the superior sinfulness of man as a being possessed of a double instrument of rebellion; "for," she says, "the devil is a spirit without a body, while man, without the grace of God, is a devil incarnate. Man has a free-will, . . . so that he can do all the evil that he wills; to the devil this is impossible, . . . and when man surrenders to him his evil will the devil employs it as the instrument of his temptation." She was as acutely distrustful of self-love as it was natural considering her intimate union with God, and, in the quaint, direct way that characterizes mediæval literature, she says in one of the dialogues: "Self-love is so subtle a robber that it commits its thefts even upon God himself, without fear or shame, employing his goods as if they were its own, and assigning as a reason that it cannot live without them. And this robbery is hidden under so many veils of apparent good that it can hardly be detected. . . ." In many of the dialogues she treats "Self" as a separate being and a born enemy, Humanity appearing as a sort of Caliban, hindering the soul's perfection and acting as a clog, even when only asking for toleration of its physical needs.

Some time before his death Catherine Adorno's husband became a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, as many pious laymen were used to do from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century; but his natural impatience was far from quelled, and broke out in excusable though vexatious bitterness during his last illness.

He was sick for a long time, and bore his sufferings as most men do; but as his death became more and more certain his wife grew very anxious about his salvation. She prayed incessantly for him, and some inner warning seemed to tell her that her prayers were heard—at least so she once hinted to one of her younger followers in the path of holiness. Her friends firmly believed in the omnipotence of her prayers, so much so that they went to her as to a spiritual physician, and even strangers to her followed their example. The story of her adoption of a young widow, Argentina del Sale, illustrates this trait. Marco del Sale was sick of a cancer, and became so impatient over his hopeless disease that his wife, as a last resort, went to the hospital and begged St. Catherine to go and see him, which the latter did at once, and marvellously calmed him by "a few humble and devout words." Argentina then accompanied her back, and on their way they stopped at the church of Our Lady of Grace, and there prayed for the sick man. When the poor wife returned home she found a great change for the better in her husband's temper; he felt resigned to whatever might be God's will, and was anxious to see Catherine again, which was readily granted him next day. But the saint and the sufferer alike had forebodings of the fatal end of the disease, and Marco, telling Catherine of a vision he believed he had had, revealing to him his approaching death, said: "Therefore I pray you, most kind mother, that you may be pleased to accept Argentina as your spiritual daughter, retaining her always near you; and I pray you, Argentina, to consent to this." He died the eve of Ascension day, as he expected he would, and the legend adds that "his spirit knocked at the window of his confessor's cell, crying, '*Ecce Homo*,' which when the confessor heard he knew that Marco had passed to his Lord." Argentina attached herself to St. Catherine and became her constant companion. A lady friend of St. Catherine, and a great contrast to her, was Tommasa, a cousin of her own, and, like herself, a married woman anxious to live a more than commonly devout life. She prudently gave up by degrees the ordinary and legitimate occupations of her rank, and dedicated her many talents to devout purposes; but Catherine, in her superior fervor, wondered how Tommasa could make such slow progress and could dream of the possibility of turning back. "If I should turn back" (by which she meant only a return to blameless and somewhat dull occupations), "I should not only wish my eyes to be put out, but that every kind of punishment and insult should be inflicted upon me." Madonna Tommasa, however, wrought a

good work in a frivolous world, and, after the death of her husband, became a nun in an Observantine (Franciscan) convent, whence, after twenty years, she was sent to another convent of the same order, to reform it by introducing the strict observance which she had contributed to restore in her first monastery. She was a skilful writer, painter, and embroiderer, had exquisite and affable manners, and, though zealous, was never either fanatical or inconsiderate. Her prudence and discretion won her many disciples. Among her writings were two treatises, one on the Apocalypse and the other on Dionysius the Areopagite; her paintings and needlework were delicate and dignified representations of holy scenes, Biblical allegories, etc.; she illustrated manuscripts and copied the text with great skill. In her we see another exceptional specimen of Genoese education. Another of Catherine's friends, an unmarried woman, who lived some years in her house and is said by the biographer to have had "a powerful intellect," was, to the belief of those about her, possessed by the devil; at any rate, she was subject to violent paroxysms which lasted till her death. Catherine's presence always soothed her, and she called the saint Serafina, from her fervent spirit of heavenly love.

Catherine's writings partook of some of the qualities that distinguish those of St. Thomas, and abound in pleasing diversities as well as literary merit. Here they sound like a theological treatise, there like a sweet poem such as the Minnesingers of Germany in previous centuries had composed. Of the action of grace she says: "Grace increases in proportion as man makes use of it. Hence it is evident that God gives man from day to day all that he needs, no more and no less, and to each according to his condition and capacity; . . . because we are so cold and neglectful, and because the instinct of the spirit is to arrive quickly at perfection, it seems as if grace were insufficient." Poetical fancy was not wanting in St. Catherine's writings, but among similes common to most poets the following appears original: "At length that befell the soul which happens to a bombshell when, the fire being applied to it, it explodes and loses both fire and powder; thus the soul, having conceived the fire of pure, divine love, suddenly lost that which had before inflamed her, and, deprived of all sensibility, could never more return to it." The language of the *Imitation* continually occurs to one's memory.

She constantly interchanges the personal for the abstract in her allegorical account of the journey of the Soul, the Body, and

Self-Love, which reads very like some of Calderon's poems. Occasionally the Spirit, meaning the higher part of human nature, is distinguished from the Soul, though not systematically. The Soul and Body agree to call in Self-Love as an arbiter, so that neither shall be wholly starved or confined, but both enjoy some part of the delights peculiar to each. This partnership, however, fails to work satisfactorily, and the Body, after much fasting and subjection, breaks loose and asserts itself so as to cripple the Soul, who sorrowfully allows it for a time to have its way, but subsequently is allured by earthly delights and comes down to the level of the Body. Then follows a period of sin, in which Remorse plays an occasional part as Mentor, but is often stifled, and at last, after much conversation in the mediæval style, the light of God is restored to the Soul, who gains definitive mastery over her companion and dismisses their common arbiter. The conceit is entirely foreign to our notions, the nearest thing to it in later English being some of Herbert's poetry.

St. Catherine's treatise on purgatory has some very poetical similes, and the leading idea—namely, that the soul's consciousness of the requirements of divine purity is such that it voluntarily casts itself out of God's presence until purified—is almost identical with that of Cardinal Newman's poem on death, "The Dream of Gerontius." A rather original simile is that of the single loaf destined for the satisfaction of the hunger of mankind. Purgatory is likened to the pains of the hungry man who is detained from possession of the loaf, the sight of which alone is supposed to appease hunger, while hell is portrayed by the despair of the man who is certain that he never will possess the mystic bread. This has a flavor of the legends of the Round Table, and would serve well for Tennyson's pen. One thing more is worthy of remark in St. Catherine's writings on this subject. She warns devout persons to rely upon daily watchfulness against sin rather than upon the gaining of plenary indulgences and the precarious fact of actually possessing perfect contrition, for she says: "Did you know how hardly it is come by you would tremble with fear and be more sure of losing than of gaining it."

SUMMER READING.

MILTON tells us that his poetical vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal. As kindly Nature flatters many of us with the fancy that *we* are only mute, inglorious Miltons, we find a point of sympathy with the bard in our indisposition, during the summer months, to very profound thinking or deep reading. This disinclination to æstival study we complacently take as the relaxing of the bent bow. We of course are aware that the power of concentrating our thoughts is the one and only infallible sign of genius. We have read how St. Thomas, following out a chain of reasoning, startled the guests at a royal banquet, and made the dishes shiver, by bringing down his clenched hand upon the table and crying out, after a long and most unsociable silence: *Conclusum est contra Manichæos.* Socrates stood motionless in thought during a storm which drove the hardy Greek warriors into shelter. Sir Isaac Newton would pass whole days *en déshabille* in his room, working out the mathematical calculations which changed astronomy; and his old prototype, Archimedes, shouted to the soldier about to slay him: "Do not tread out my circles!" It is comforting to think, however, that these giants found intellectual recreation just as we do: that St. Thomas was fond of poetry and pleasant tales, and that Socrates dearly loved his joke. It is funny to think of Napoleon I. finding mental delight in working out logarithms, especially as he liked chess; but, after all, no funnier than Cardinal Richelieu's liking for jumping, or the pleasure which a greater man, Francisco Suarez, took in winning a game of football for his "side" among the students of Salamanca. We must have recreation, and mental recreation is far more necessary that that which is only and merely physical.

What this exordium is designed to lead up to is the first-rate summer reading which we Catholics now have in the shape of all sorts of good novels, charming biographies, and well-written religious books. Our young folk are really to be envied; for who of us that has passed even the sixth lustrum does not remember the grim Catholic literature which our fond parents put into our hands? Not that the dear old "governor" would not gladly buy for the youngsters all the Catholic tales current, but the trouble was that the tales were chiefly dogmatic theology under a

very thin disguise. As it would be heresy to make any complaint about the interest of the story, especially as the governor aforesaid professed to be delighted with it, we used to content ourselves with the story proper and do an unconscionable amount of skipping. The turned-down leaf at page 17 frequently bore testimony to an heroic struggle to reach a *stadium*, attained at last with the feeling of relief similar to that described so often in Xenophon's *Retreat*. Not every Catholic Sunday-school in those days had a library—and we are sorry to say that few of them have one now—and our Catholic papers were mainly occupied with controversy, very acceptable, no doubt, to the old folk, but we children sighed for a larger instalment of the story. The family Bible, we fear, was chiefly consulted for its engravings, or for determining beyond the possibility of evasion the birthday of one of our number with a view to a feast not altogether spiritual. There it stood, however, a monumental disproof of the Protestant calumny that Catholics dare not read the blessed Book.

Since "Rome or Reason" has become the thesis, absurd as it is, the controversial literature of our youth seems somewhat antiquated. The discussions of controverted points between Catholic and Protestant form, nevertheless, a very interesting portion of the older Catholic library. People nowadays seldom have the fun and the instruction we used to have in reading the answers and rejoinders of two famous divines. The healthy and bracing old-school polemic has given place to a sickly investigation of the origin and evolution of primitive man. Instead of the exciting cut and slash, we have long processes of chemical experiment and endless comparison of geological data. The Duke of Argyll's essays in the current *Contemporary* are, no doubt, very scientific in their analysis of the religious motive which prompts the worship of serpents, etc.; but both Catholic and Protestant divines, in the old polemical days, would cordially agree in denouncing the *Hibbert Lectures* and burying the whole school under the Tables of the Law. The profound confidence, or rather faith, of Catholics in the truth of their side in these discussions invariably led them to publish them fully and fairly, somewhat to the chagrin of Protestants, who did not show the like eagerness for publication, and who in time began to fight shy of our champions, especially as the latter, like Wellington's soldiers, did not seem to know when they were beaten. Through the dint of the brave old controvertists the salient points of Catholic teaching became known to wide circles. England, Hughes, and

Purcell brought before the American the truths of the faith just in that form in which we have been educated; for there is nothing which the American loves more dearly than a speech. Theoretically he admits the greater permanence of writing and its ultimate supremacy over all spoken language, which, indeed, depends for its continuance in the world upon the pen of the scribe; but practically the "*talk's* the thing." It is said that the ablest men in Congress are those who never make a speech, and that the best scholars in the Protestant Church are very dull in the pulpit. At the same time it remains true for us that the man who is keen in debate and ready in speech commands the attention of a people who count such orators as Webster and Choate, Clay and Calhoun. Our very primers thrill with oratory in its highest sense. Of our Webster, Sydney Smith, who lived in a splendor of English oratory second only to that of Brinsley Sheridan and Edmund Burke, and who knew and had heard O'Connell, said in his shrewd, humorous way: "This American beats them all. He is a steam-engine in breeches. For the sake of our cherished British oratory don't invite Webster to make an address in the House. It would be letting the lion into his native forests. We keep him in the drawing-room and pat him on the head."

It was through the sound historical studies of Catholic controvertists that Protestants became enlightened upon the character of the Reformers and the consequent untenableness of their professions to a special divine mission and call to "reform" the church. At present many Protestants go further in their denunciation of the Reformers than the most redoubtable of our old champions. The Protestant divine is also at present nonplussed by the vindication of the maligned character of Pope Alexander VI. Voltaire disproves the famous old lie about his attempt to poison the cardinals, and, as Roscoe has shown, our idea of Lucrezia Borgia rests on nothing more solid than the *libretto* of the opera. Blondel, a Calvinist divine, has torn into tatters the fable about the Popess Joan; and, in short, a broader historical method and discipline has shown us the Church of Rome in all ages as indeed the City upon the hill, and the Candle giving light to the entire household of mankind. Like Mr. Froude in his injudicious publication of the Carlyle *Reminiscences*, leisurely scholars in Germany are yearly editing tomes about the Reformation which Protestantism would willingly let die. Those indefatigable antiquaries that abound in England and belong to wealthy literary societies are publishing monastic records which

quite dissipate the century-credited lies about the corruptions of the religious orders. Your genuine antiquary is frightfully touchy about the accuracy of his facts and figures, and he is just about the last man in the world to get into a dispute with upon his special themes. He smiles contemptuously at Scott's and Dickens' attempt to identify his noble study with the associations suggested by Ochiltree or Bill Stubbs, especially in our day, when his library resembles a chemist's laboratory, and when palimpsests and varnished and bedaubed "old masters" are submitted to his scientific manipulation with unquestioning confidence. He indulges in a loud guffaw when he detects the clumsy interpolation in a monastic chronicle or register of a passage by one of Henry VIII.'s troopers. One by one the Protestant lights are going out. If you deny Luther's statement about his conference with the devil (and there was precious little hallucination or mental unsoundness about Martin), you will be favored with a dozen incontrovertible books on the subject, and very likely you will receive several long letters from German-European librarians, written in that perplexing script and the smallest of characters, and containing extracts from original documents. If you quote Llorente's *Spanish Inquisition* as an authority upon the "unnumbered victims," you will be confounded with a letter from another librarian, couched in the most exalted terms of respect, but giving you plainly to understand that, while kissing your hands, your correspondent proves that as an authority Llorente of himself most miserable shipwreck has made, as the attested documents cited (four pages of Spanish abbreviated text) will abundantly convince you. Although we have many Protestant divines with a Pangloss string of D.D.s and LL.D.s after their names (the colored ministry in particular delighting in these mystic letters), it is singular that but few of them are known to the scholars of Europe, notwithstanding vigorous advertisements, for a quotation from them does not appear to carry much weight. But then they are known at home, unlike Ueberweg, who was famous throughout both continents, while his landlord knew him only as a student with more books than clothes.

We confess to a kindly regard and affection for the old controversial books, even if the polemical ground in our day has somewhat shifted. Eventually we shall return to the ancient battle-field, for we think the present scientism is only a scare. There is a vast deal of solid learning in such books as Bishop Trevern's *Amicable Discussion*, in *Hughes and Breckinridge's Discussion*—now, we believe, out of print—and in fact in *hoc genere omni.*

The trained search for leading principles which so distinctively marks Catholic theology stimulates and refreshes the mind, and we think that just such books would make better summer reading than half the novels and three-fourths of the poetry which seem to be *de rigueur* at summer resorts. Besides, Catholics are sure of meeting many Protestant friends at these places, and perhaps of deepening friendships and acquaintances which always require the leisure and intercourse that only the vacation may afford. It is a real pleasure to listen to an intelligent gentleman or a lady simply and unheatedly explaining a doctrine or a practice of Catholicity. Religion in our land comes in for a large share of discussion, and the helpless dependence of Protestants upon mere human authority—what this minister says, or that—seems to make them long for the complete order and synthesis of Catholic doctrinal authority. They quickly see the beauty of the *Ecclesia Docens* and the *Ecclesia Discens.*

It may sound ungracious, but it is true, that many people at the summer resorts take to religious theorizing and discussion almost as a novelty. Most of the year business men are too busy to give much heed to religion, for their spare time is taken up with our everlasting politics. The only way for them to escape this double pressure, at least for a season, is a run to a watering-place, where they promise themselves a chance to do a little reading while relaxing. They quickly see that reading in some form is absolutely necessary to "pull through" the day. Billiards at ninety-four degrees lose all attractions. One cannot bathe all day, and Saratoga water becomes mighty insipid. If you have been once in the Cave of the Winds at Niagara you will never enter it again, except under violent protest; and if people see you clambering up the White Mountains they may say that you are an advertisement-painter for a medical firm. You become tired of reading the local journal with its long lists of arrivals, and think it would be just as well to read a few pages in the New York Directory. You don't know any of the "arrivals"; and as for going out to see distinguished visitors, you remember the summer you nearly got trampled to death while waiting at the depot for the arrival of Major-General Smashem, who after all didn't come on that train. You stroll to the newspaper-stand and see the dismal array of tiresome old novels, joke-books, and flame-backed society sketches and poetry. Your doctor has warned you not to read the "unleaded" cheap library-books with their triple columns and what a printer would call their generally "pi" appearance; for you know you'd rather wear old Grimes' coat than

prematurely put on spectacles. Besides, the only refuge from the mosquito at night, when he has compelled you to rise after heroic struggles, is to sit down and read—a procedure which infuriates your insect enemy and lures him to destruction. Take the advice of a friend and stuff a few *Catholic* books into your trunk or valise; for if you have not done much reading in the religious line you will make a grand discovery. Lamb envied the man who had never read Shakspere, because of the pleasure in store for him. That apparently gloomy old book, Father Nierenberg's *Temporal and Eternal*, is simply delightful. History, romance, tale, humor, exquisite allegory, and above all supreme truth abound throughout its pages, and the very quaintness of the English translation gives it a piquancy and a charm most relished by those who are doomed to read the English of daily editorials. And as for Father Faber's books, any young lady will tell you that in point of interest and of style no novel can touch them. Try as a Catholic to inform yourself, by way of recreation if you like, in regard to the church in your own country. Take, for instance, Bayley's Life of Bishop Bruté and his History of the Church in New York, Shea's Catholic Missions and his Church History, Spalding's Life of Archbishop Spalding, or other similar books.

How often of an evening upon the porch a Protestant gentleman, in our days of much-wandering Ulysses, delights attentive listeners with a description of trips to Europe and even Asia! Hardly one you meet has not been in Rome, and, with American polite insistance, has not seen the Holy Father. These men can meet you on a broader plane than their Sabbath-school training. We once formed one of a group around a fine old American farmer who had visited Rome, and his words suggested to every one present something of our reading or seeing. The good man knew little about art or architecture, except as these glorious forms impress every human spirit as created and, at least *ex quadam convenientia*, destined to the vision of the Infinite Beauty. "Most other churches," said he, expressing a conception as sublime in its way as Byron's, "seemed to me dark and gloomy; but when I got into St. Peter's I felt like shouting, 'Glory hallelujah!' My poor wife cried like a baby, and said: 'John, if we ever get into heaven it will be something like this.'"

It is in the nature of things that we cannot talk incessantly about our neighbors, not even maliciously—which God forbid!—and a day comes when we view with glowering rage the man who asks us if it is hot enough for us. The pleasure of yachting

is threatened with extinction, as ladies *will* persist in getting aboard, screaming at every billow, jumping up at every lurch, and keeping everybody in a state of nervous excitement, until, disgusted, your true yachter insists upon putting back to shore. You cannot pace the beach with any poetical feeling without meeting the man who knew your grandfather, but is otherwise at sea regarding the family into which your brother married. If you are at a country house, and pick up a farmer's book on the horse—say Youatt's, for example—and express a desire to see the stables, you will come off safely with a broad grin of contempt from the farmer's boy, who sees "city chap" written all over you; and you will groan in spirit over a few old almanacs or a stray "reading-book." Away from the city you will resent the intrusion of the newspapers as so many couriers sent to fetch you back. In your *ennui* you will fiercely buy *all* the papers and find them all stupid. You will envy your amiable wife her placidity, for she at least can spend some time in dressing, and those long conversations with her feminine friends, from which you escape, appear to be interesting. Again, *experto crede*, and steady the Saratoga trunk with books and magazines which can be read when the mountains grow monotonous and old Ocean is more than usually sad.

AMONG THE MOORS.*

In the early years of the last century Count Bourke, of an Irish family, was ambassador extraordinary from the king of Spain to the Swedish court. In 1719 he was at Madrid, and his wife, Countess Bourke, daughter of the Marquis de Varennes, lieutenant-general of the king's armies and governor of Bouchain, resolved to join him there. She therefore procured a passport for herself and all her family, with the exception of a boy, three or four years old, whom she left with her mother, the Marquise de Varennes.

At Avignon she was met by her brother, a naval officer, who accompanied her as far as Montpellier. Here a change took place in her plans: she was dissuaded from undertaking the jour-

* Translated from a book published at Paris in 1721, entitled *Voyage pour la Rédemption des Captifs, aux Royaumes d'Alger et de Tunis, fait en* 1720. Par les PP. François Comelin, Philémon de la Motte, et Joseph Bernard, de l'Ordre de la Sainte Trinité, dits Mathurins.

ney by land, as it would have obliged her to pass through the French and Spanish armies. Marshal Berwick had indeed promised her his protection as far as the Spanish frontier, and his son, the Marquis of Berwick, had offered to give her escort from the frontier to Girône, where he was in command of the troops of his Catholic Majesty; but her fear of the armies, and the fact that she had already made several voyages, unfortunately induced her to accept the advice of her friends, who considered that the safest, shortest, and least expensive course would be to go by sea from Cette to Barcelona, and thence proceed to Madrid. The voyage from Cette to Barcelona was expected to take twenty-four hours.

Countess Bourke, therefore, got her passport changed and went to Cette. Many French vessels were in the harbor, but all had already their cargoes on board, and not one was destined for any Spanish port; she was therefore obliged to charter a Genoese tartan which was ready to set sail for Barcelona.

The countess' party consisted of a son and daughter, aged respectively eight and nearly ten years, Father Bourke, a waiting-maid from Valence in Dauphiné, a governess for the children, a young girl whom she had taken in charity from the nuns of Villefranche near Lyons, a fourth maid from Strassburg, a *maître d'hôtel*, and a footman. She sent on board her effects, amongst which were some costly plate, a portrait of the king of Spain set in a hand of massive gold and ornamented with diamonds, three beautiful chalices, rich altar vestments, and six sets of court dresses. The valuables were contained in seventeen bales or sealed cases.

The tartan set sail on the 22d of October, 1719, and on the 25th at daybreak an Algerian corsair with fourteen guns was seen seaward about two leagues from the tartan, which was then opposite to and within sight of the coast of Palamos. The captain of the corsair sent his long-boat with twenty armed Turks to take possession of the tartan. The Turks fired seven or eight times, but no one was wounded, the crew having hidden themselves or lain down flat on their faces. The Turks boarded the tartan, sword in hand. One of them struck a servant of Countess Bourke's twice with his sword; they then went to the poop-cabin, where the lady was, posted four sentinels there, and brought the tartan to the corsair vessel. On their way the Turks pillaged right and left. They found some hams, which they threw into the sea; the pies were not treated in the same way, for they devoured them greedily, only throwing overboard what lit-

tle they left; they drank the wine and brandy as freely as they ate the provisions.

All the Genoese crew were compelled to go on board the corsair and were at once put in chains. The corsair captain boarded the tartan, went to Mme. Bourke's cabin, asked her who she was, what was her nation, whence she came, and whither she was going. She replied that she was French and was travelling from France to Spain. He asked for her passport, which she showed him, keeping it in her own hands for fear the barbarians should tear it; on the corsair's assurance that he would restore it when he had examined it she let him have it. He read it with his interpreter and gave it back, saying that it was good and that she had nothing to fear for herself, her suite, or her property. She represented to him that, as she was free in virtue of her passport and by birth, he might send her in his long-boat to the Spanish shore, which was near at hand; that such respect was due to the French passport; that by acting thus he would spare her from much fatigue and her husband from mortal anxiety; that if he rendered her this service she would know how to repay it when the opportunity should arise. He replied that, being a renegade, he could not do what she wished; that his head was at stake; that the dey of Algiers would easily imagine that under pretext of the French passport he had taken ransom for a family inimical to his state and restored them to a Christian land; that it was absolutely necessary that she should follow him to Algiers and be presented with her passport to the dey, after which she should be handed over to the keeping of the French consul, who would have her conveyed to Spain by whatever means he and she might think fit; that he gave her the option of coming on board his vessel or remaining in the tartan, where she would be quieter and more at liberty, as he had with him nearly two hundred Turks or Moors, who were not fit associates for her and the women who accompanied her. Mme. de Bourke agreed to remain in the tartan, and the captain put seven Turks or Moors to manage the vessel, which he fastened to his own so as to tow it. He took from the tartan three anchors, and all the provisions excepting those which belonged to Mme. de Bourke, and the corsair then steered for Algiers. Mme. de Bourke gave her watch to the captain, and another watch, with four gold louis, to the Turkish commandant of the tartan. On the 28th and the two following days there was a furious tempest, during which the towing-cable was broken and the tartan was separated from the other vessel. Its compass had been destroyed in the fury of the attack. The

commandant and the other Turks were very ignorant of the art of navigation, for the corsair had not sent his best sailors on board; they therefore gave themselves up to the will of the winds and of the sea. The tartan, however, was driven safely to shore on the 1st of November, in a gulf called Colo, east of Gigery, on the coast of Barbary. The anchor was cast, and the commandant, who did not know the coast, sent two Moors to swim ashore and find out from the natives where they were.

The Moors of the neighborhood had seen the tartan and came in great numbers to the shore to oppose a landing, believing that she was a Christian vessel come to carry them or their cattle away; but they were undeceived by these Moors, who told them that she was a prize taken from the Christians, and that a great French princess was on board and was being conveyed to Algiers. One of the two Moors remained on shore while the other swam back to fulfil his commission, and informed the commandant of the name of the place where he had anchored, and of the distance from Algiers, near which town, it was evident from the direction of the wind prevalent for some days, they must have passed. These tidings made the commandant anxious to go there and rejoin his corsair; so, without even taking time to weigh anchor, he cut the cable and set sail, without anchor, ship's boat, or compass. About half a league from the gulf he paid dearly for his imprudence, meeting a contrary wind, against which he could not make way, and being driven back towards the shore. He wished to take to the oars, but the weakness of the crew made them useless, and, spite of all his efforts, the tartan struck on a rock and was shattered; the poop was immediately under water, and Mme. de Bourke, who was praying in the cabin, was drowned, together with her son and her maids. Those who were at the prow, and amongst them Father Bourke, Sir Arthur, an Irishman, the *maître d'hôtel*, one of the maids, and the footman, clung to the remains of the ship which were on the rock. Sir Arthur, seeing something in the water struggling with the waves, went in and found that it was Mlle. de Bourke; caught hold of her and saved her, and, handing her to the *maître d'hôtel*, charged him to take care of her, adding that as for himself he would cast himself into the sea, being the only one of the party who could swim. It had been better for him if he had not trusted to his skill, for from that moment he was seen no more. The priest was the first to get down from the fragments of the tartan to the rock on which she had struck; he held on for some time by his knife, which he had stuck in a crevice of the rock, but he was often covered by

the waves, and ultimately cast on a dry rock separated from the shore by a small arm of the sea. He endeavored to seize a plank which was near him, but it was carried away, and at length by means of an oar he reached the land.

The Moors who were there seized him, stripped him, cutting away his garments even to his shirt, and otherwise ill-treated him. A great many of them went into the sea, hoping to find rich spoil; the *maître d'hôtel*, who had Mlle. de Bourke in his arms, beckoned to two of these barbarians, who approached, and when they were about four steps off he threw her to them with all his strength; they received her, and, taking her one by the hand and the other by the foot, they brought her to shore, where they took off one shoe and one stocking in token of servitude. The *maître d'hôtel*, from whom I learned all details of this tragic event, told me that while still in his arms, seeing the barbarians coming, she said with an air beyond her years: "I am not afraid that those people will kill me, but I dread lest they should make me change my religion. However, I will suffer death rather than fail to keep what I have promised to God." He confirmed her in this generous sentiment, assuring her that he was of the same purpose, and she earnestly exhorted him to hold fast.

The maid and the footman both threw themselves into the sea and were taken by the Moors, who brought them to the shore and stripped them. The *maître d'hôtel* was the last to trust himself to the waves, and used a rope to get from rock to rock; before he could land a Moor met him and took everything from him.

In this pitiful plight the captives were at first taken to the cabins on the neighboring mountain. The Moors drove them with blows along difficult and rugged paths which cut their feet; the maid was worst off, having wounded herself in several places on the rocks and being almost covered with blood. They had each a bundle of wet garments, and by turns they carried the young lady. Half-dead they reached the mountain, and here they were received by the shouts of the Moors and the cries of their children. Numerous dogs, excited by the tumult, joined it by barking; one of them bit the footman's leg badly and another took a piece out of the maid's thigh.

A division was now made; the maid and the footman were given to one man, Providence permitting that Mlle. de Bourke should remain with the abbé and the *maître d'hôtel* under the same master. He began by giving to each a bad cloak covered with vermin; and, after their fatigues, their only food was a very

small piece of bread, made of buckwheat, kneaded without leaven, and baked under the ashes, and a little water; their resting-place was the bare ground. The *maître d'hôtel*, seeing that the child was benumbed with cold from her soaking garments, got a fire lighted with some difficulty and wrung them out before it; so in half-dried clothing she spent the first night with great discomfort and many alarms.

In this place there were about fifty inhabitants, living in five or six cabins made of reeds and branches of trees—men, women, children, and cattle of all sorts together. The barbarians assembled in the cabin where were the three captives, and held a council as to their fate. Some voted for their death, believing that they would secure an entrance into Mohammed's Paradise by the sacrifice of these Christians; others from interested motives opposed this idea, hoping to obtain a great ransom, and the assembly broke up without coming to a decision. The next day they summoned many Moors from the vicinity and threatened the captives, some showing them fire and making signs that they would burn them alive, others drawing their swords as if they would behead them; one seized Mlle. de Bourke by the hair and held his sword to her throat; others loaded their guns in their presence and pointed them at them. The *maître d'hôtel* made them understand by signs that he and the other captives would deem it a great happiness to die for their religion, while the loss would fall on their captors, who would get no ransom for them. The most ardent were a little softened, but the women and children redoubled their insults. A strict watch was kept lest the Christians should attempt to escape or should be forcibly carried off; and, in fact, some days after the bey of Constantine desired the Moors to send them to him, unless they wished him to come and take them. The Moors replied that they did not fear him or his camp, not even if he was leagued with that of Algiers. This tribe does not acknowledge the authority of Algiers, though living in that kingdom and naturally among its subjects. They are independent and bear the name of Cabails, which means men of *cabal*,* or rebels; in the mountains of Coucou they find an impregnable rampart against the Algerian forces. Such was the state of our poor victims, worn out with fatigue, without rest or food, bereft of all human aid, in the hands of barbarians who were so full of hatred that fire flashed from their eyes when they spoke to them, and the white, which is so remarkable in the eyes of Moors and blacks,

* Of course this etymology of *Cabail* or *Kabyle* will not stand in our day.—Ed. C. W.

was no more to be seen. The maid and the other servant were suffering equal hardships in the same village, and were without the consolation of seeing their mistress or hearing any tidings of her.

These dreadful hardships, which they had to bear without any consolation, save that which they found in their religion, seemed little compared to the fearful spectacle which met their eyes. The Moors, not satisfied with the possession of the Christian captives, wished also to seize the treasures which the sea had swallowed and which they believed to be of value. These hardy mountaineers are also good divers, and they soon recovered the bales and chests which had been lost, as well as the dead bodies; they made the *maître d'hôtel* and the footman accompany them to the sea-shore, in order to help to carry back to the mountain whatever spoils they could save. Drawing the corpses to shore, they took their clothing and cut Mme. de Bourke's fingers to get off her rings; for this purpose they used sharp stones, fearing to profane their knives by the touch of a Christian body.

The sight of the dead bodies of those so dear to them thus exposed to the effects of the weather, the attacks of wild beasts, and the horrible insults of the Moors, who amused themselves by throwing stones at them, was one calculated to fill our captives with grief and dismay. The *maître d'hôtel* endeavored to represent to them as best he could amidst his consternation that their conduct was an outrage on humanity, and that at least they might allow the dead to be buried; but the barbarians told him they did not bury dogs. One of the Moors, having laden the footman with a bale of goods, wished to make him take the shortest way, passing close to the bodies; but it was impossible to induce the poor man to do so, and, rather than look on a sight so full of misery, he climbed the steep rock.

The *maître d'hôtel* returned sorrowfully to the mountain, not venturing to tell Mlle. de Bourke of what he had seen.

The Moors divided the spoil. The richest stuffs were cut in pieces and given to the children to ornament their heads, the plate was sold by auction, and the three chalices, of which one alone was worth at least four hundred livres, were sold together for less than five livres; being tarnished by the sea-water, they were supposed to be of copper and of little value. The books were deemed useless, and were therefore ceded to the *maître d'hôtel* and the footman, who had been compelled to help in carrying the burdens; the *maître d'hôtel* also recovered his writing-case, which, as we shall see, proved of great service.

During the three weeks spent in this place Mlle. de Bourke

profound respect for their marabouts; they fear them more than any other power; their malediction is more dreaded than the menaces of Algerian force; and the poor ask alms not in the name of God, but in that of the marabout. The marabout summoned the commander of the mountains and the chiefs of the cabins of the village; he told them that his object in coming was to claim five French people who had escaped from shipwreck; that France being at peace with all the kingdom of Algiers, they ought not, against the faith of treaties, to detain these French subjects, who had suffered enough in losing their family and their goods, without also being deprived of life and liberty; that, although the Moors were not subject to the authority of Algiers, they nevertheless enjoyed the advantage of peace with France, and that they would commit an act of great injustice if they did not release them, having gained enough by the rich spoils they had taken. The Moors did their best to defend themselves by bad reasons, and while these arguments were going on our captives gradually lost the joy they had felt in the prospect of immediate deliverance. Trouble followed the momentary consolation; but what was their consternation when the interpreter informed them that the Moors, in submission to the authority and reasoning of the marabout, consented to restore the abbé and the servants to liberty, but that the sheik, or commandant, insisted on keeping the young lady, saying that he meant her to be the wife of his son, who was fourteen years old; that he was not unworthy of her, and that even if she were the daughter of the king of France the son of the king of the mountains was quite her equal. This new incident was more grievous than all that had passed; captivity seemed less cruel than the necessity of leaving their young lady unprotected in such hands.

Sad was their position and great the alarm of Mlle. de Bourke while the sheik remained inflexible; but at length the marabout having drawn him aside, put some gold-pieces in his hand and promised him a greater quantity, he became more tractable. It was agreed that the sum of nine hundred piastres should be paid at once as a ransom for the five captives; and the marabout, leaving a Turk as hostage, together with several jewels belonging to his wives, took the whole party with him. They took their way towards Bougiah, halting in the cabins of the Moors when they could meet with them. Amongst other places they lodged in the dwelling of an old Moorish woman, who was most indignant that the barbarians had not put these Christians to death, saying that they were fools not to have sacrificed them to Mohammed, inas-

much as they could thus have gained his Paradise ; she went on, in her fury, to affirm that if such a chance had happened in her village, and these Christians had been in her power, they should not have escaped, and that if her husband would not have killed them she would have cut their throats with her own hands. While in this rage the old woman was preparing couscoussou to regale the marabouts, but in so dirty a manner that the very sight of it was enough to cure the most urgent hunger and to disgust the least fastidious taste.

At Bougiah, where the captives arrived on the 9th of December, shirts were given to them to wear under their cloaks ; for the garments which had been bought and sent to them by the ambassador had served as presents to induce their captors to give them liberty. On the evening of the 10th they were taken on board the vessel, which brought them to Algiers at daybreak on the 13th.

The captain of M. Dusault's ship having caused a cannon to be fired, the tartan replied by four guns, thus announcing their arrival, which was most anxiously expected. The ship's boat was sent to convey them to land, and the consul and all the principal people of their nation met them and accompanied them from the port to the ambassador's hotel, which was crowded with Christians and Turks, and even Jews. The ambassador received the young lady at the entrance of the court, and, taking her by the hand, led her to the chapel, where she heard Mass, and when it was ended we sang a *Te Deum* as a thanksgiving for this happy deliverance.

Those present could hardly refrain from tears ; the Turks even and the Jews seemed touched. This child, who was not yet ten years old, after having passed through all the miseries and alarms which we have related, had yet a certain air of nobility and of good breeding. She bore the impress of that constant soul which had been proved in her misfortunes. Her servants told me that she was the first to encourage them ; that she often exhorted them to die rather than be unfaithful to God. Like young Tobias in his captivity, she gave them lessons of salvation ; and like him she abhorred not only the abominations of the unbelievers, but even the least things which savored of superstition. Many attempts were made to anoint her head with oil, after the custom of the Moors, who are in the habit of doing this to their children. But whatever force was used, she would never permit it, fearing lest it might be some practice of the law of Mohammed.

After a little repose the first thing to be thought of was the fulfilment of the engagement by which her liberty had been obtained. We gladly took the nine hundred piastres from our coffers, and they were immediately sent to the Jews to be whitened according to the taste of the Moors of the mountains. M. Dusault added presents for the grand marabout and the others who had done such good service. These were sent by a Moor who had come from the marabout and was only waiting for an opportunity to return to Bougiah.

Mlle. de Bourke and the waiting-maid returned to France early in 1720 with M. Dusault, the ambassador.

The abbé and the two men, with P. Philémon and P. Comelin, and about sixty other captives, left Algiers on the 4th of January, 1720, were obliged to put back till the 15th, and finally, after many and great perils, reached Marseilles on the 20th of March. Their journey through France to Rouen, where the order had a house, was a triumphal procession. Everywhere they were received with rejoicing, bells were rung, processions were formed, solemn functions took place in the churches, and presents were heaped on the ransomed captives.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)

THERE stood, in days long vanished, a castle high and grand;
Low glanced it down to the ocean, wide looked it over the land;
Around about it circled bright beds of fragrant flowers,
Amidst them sprang fresh fountains in sparkling rainbow showers.

There dwelt a haughty monarch by wealth and conquest known;
Gloomy, with pallid visage, he sat upon his throne,
For all his thoughts were Terror, Fear trembled where he stood,
And what he spake was Fortune, and what he wrote was Blood.

Once journeyed to this castle a noble minstrel pair,
One with bright golden ringlets, and one with thin gray hair;
The old man, harp on shoulder, did gallant steed bestride,
The while his youthful comrade walked briskly by his side.

Spake the graybeard to the stripling: "Now valiant be my son;
Think of our fondest ballads, sing in thy sweetest tone
Of love, and joy, and sorrow, with all thy wondrous art;
Be ours to-day to soften the monarch's stony heart."

Now stand the twain together in the lofty audience-hall,
The king and queen in grandeur enthronèd above all—
The king in fearful splendor, like the bloody Northern light;
The lady mild and gentle, and as the full moon bright.

The old man sweeps the harp-strings so grandly and so well
That richer, ever richer upon the ear they swell;
Then bursts with heavenly clearness the young voice from its thrall:
A distant spirit-chorus it seems to rise and fall.

They sing of love and spring-time, of happy, buoyant youth,
Of freedom, manly valor, of holiness and truth;
They sing of every sweetness that stirs in human breast;
They sing of all ambitions by human heart confessed.

Forget their scorn and mocking the circling courtiers round;
The monarch's fiercest warrior bends, humbled, to the ground;
The queen, her soul dissolving, half sadly, half in joy,
Takes the rose that decks her bosom and gives it to the boy.

"Ye have bewitched my people; my wife enthrall ye now?"
Shouts the proud monarch, rising with dark and angry brow.
He draws his sword; it glistens with treacherous, deadly gleam,
And from the singer's bosom bursts forth a crimson stream.

As if by storm-winds scattered flee all the courtier swarm.
The smitten youth has fallen upon the graybeard's arm;
He wraps his cloak about him, fast binds him to his horse,
Then turns to leave the castle with harp and bleeding corse.

Before the lofty portal he halts, that minstrel old,
And takes his harp so priceless, more precious far than gold;
Against a marble column he shatters it in twain,
Then cries, while hall and garden re-echo him again:

"Woe to thee, mighty castle! May never harp or song
Ring with melodious sweetness thy blighted walls among—
Naught but despair and sorrow, and desolate decay.
Thou art to grief and ruin by vengeance doomed to-day.

"Bright gardens sweetly blooming in the May-light, woe to thee!
Unto that desolation shalt thou a witness be;
Beholding, may'st thou wither, thy fountains all run dry,
And so, in days to follow, uncared for, fade and die.

"Woe to thee, cruel murderer, accursed of minstrelsy!
Thy strife for bloody wreaths of fame be all in vain for thee;
Thy very name forgotten, the cry of thy despair
Be, like a dying heart-groan, lost on the empty air."

The gray-haired man has spoken; the heavens have heard his woe:
The mighty halls are ruins, the walls are lying low,
Only one lofty column to tell of grandeur past—
One shaft, half-broken, tottering, headlong to fall at last.

And lies within that garden a waste and desert land;
No tree its shade dispenses, no fountains pierce the sand.
The monarch's name has vanished; song, legend know it not.
The minstrel's curse has fallen: "unhonored and forgot."

THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF THE CANON AND INSPIRATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

THE writer of this article proposes to make a brief and simple statement of the dogma of Catholic faith and the interpretation of the same which is given by approved theologians, for the information of Catholic readers. The peculiar and general interest just now felt in the Bible, its several parts, the genuineness, authority, correct text and translation of the sacred books, although originating with and principally affecting Protestants, necessarily must attract the attention of Catholics, and excite in their minds a curiosity and desire for information respecting the doctrine of the church which the most of them have not previously felt. They have the advantage of possessing a sure rule of their belief in regard to all which is of practical importance. Their immediate and infallible rule of faith is the teaching of the church, which is easily ascertained. The sense and meaning of the terms used in the definitions of faith can be learned from the exposition given by competent authorities in a secure and satisfactory manner, precisely as in questions of law or science, and without much trouble. Those who have the capacity and desire for more extensive and minute information, concerning those matters which are outside the circle of faith, can do the same that is done in the instance of any other branch of human knowledge: read and reflect upon the books of the learned and wise. For a further explanation of the distinction between matters strictly of divine and Catholic faith, and those which fall under another category, although certain or probable by authority or reasonable proof, the reader is referred to two articles on "The Genesis of Faith," in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for January and February, 1881.

To begin, now, with the statement of what the dogma of faith is, concerning the Canon of Scripture and its inspiration, it may suffice to cite the last solemn definition of the church, that of the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican. This definition clearly and distinctly sums up the doctrine revealed by God through the apostles and by them delivered to the church, and all the preceding teaching and definitions of the church from the times of the apostles, whether by her ordinary magisterial teaching, the decisions of Popes, or those of General Councils.

In respect to the Canon and the Inspiration of Holy Scripture, the definition of the council is contained in the Fourth Canon of the Second Chapter of the Dogmatic Decree on Catholic Faith:

"If any one shall refuse to receive for sacred and canonical the books of Holy Scripture in their integrity, with all their parts, according as they were enumerated by the Holy Council of Trent;

"Or shall deny that they are inspired by God; let him be anathema." *

In the Declaration which precedes the Canons, the council teaches that "the church does hold them as sacred and canonical, not for the reason that they have been compiled by human industry alone, and afterward approved by her authority; nor only because they contain revelation without error, but because, having been written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their author, and as such have been delivered to the church herself." † The enumeration of the canonical books is found in every copy of the English Version commonly called *The Douay Bible.* We need not speak further on this point, since it is so clear that it requires no explanation.

There are two other points which do require some further explanation, in order to make the meaning of the council clear; first, what is intended by the term "inspiration," and, second, what is intended by the phrase "in their integrity, with all their parts."

In regard to the first point, the council very explicitly declares what it means, negatively, that is, by condemning and rejecting certain loose explanations of inspiration which have been before now advanced by particular authors. It is not enough to consider any canonical book to be sacred and inspired because, although a merely human work in itself, the church has approved it, or because it contains in it an unerring statement or record of revealed truths. This very Dogmatic Decree was drawn up by human industry and approved by the church, and it contains unerring statements of revealed truths. It is not, however, reckoned among the inspired documents of the sacred Canon. The same is true of the Creeds, and of all dogmatic decrees of Popes and Œcumenical Councils. Inspiration must, therefore, denote something more than actual freedom from error or infallibility. It is something which justifies and verifies the affirmation that God is the

* Bishop Lynch's translation, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, September, 1870, and in *The Vicar of Christ*, by Father Preston, p. 399.

† Ibid. pp. 389, 390.

author of every book written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

"In their integrity, with all their parts" evidently means that each book as a complete whole has God for its author, and not in certain parts only, other parts being purely human and having the sacred writer himself and not God as their author.

It is equally evident that inspiration denotes that action of God upon the human agent whom he uses as his instrument and medium in the composition of a book of Holy Scripture, by virtue of which the book written by the man who is inspired, *e.g.* Moses, Matthew, or Paul, has for its author God himself. The word "inspiration" is used to denote this action because it is an action especially appropriated to the Holy Spirit. Spiration is the specific name denoting by what kind of procession the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity proceeds from the First and Second Persons. Inspiration, or breathing into, denotes, with special reference to the Holy Spirit "The Lord and Life-giver," the creative act which gave rational being and life to the first man. It denotes in general every action and influence of the Holy Spirit on the human soul which awakens in it some new vital activity, especially that which is supernatural, either in the mind or in the emotions. In the present instance, it is that divine motion whose result and effect in each particular case was the writing of some portion of the Holy Scripture, and whose complete permanent effect has been produced in the total collection of sacred books contained in the Canon of Holy Scripture.

This may suffice as a presentation of the dogma of Catholic Faith defined by the Council of the Vatican, that "the books of Holy Scripture are inspired by God," as explained by the Sovereign Pontiff with the Fathers of the council in their dogmatic decree.

It is easy to show by testimony that, from the time of Moses to Christ, the Books of the Law, the Prophets, and other sacred writings admitted by competent authority into the Canon were regarded as the Word of God. Moses continually affirms that the Lord spoke to him, dictating the laws which he should enact and prescribe. The prophets always speak in the name of God. The language of Christ, of the Apostles, and of the other Evangelists, recorded in the New Testament, explicitly sanctions and confirms the belief of the Jews that their sacred writings contained the Word of God. For instance, St. Matthew says (ii. 15): "And he was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the prophet," etc. The Lord said: "How, then, doth David, *in the Spirit*, call him Lord?" (ib. xxii.

43). St. Peter said: "The Scripture must be fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost foretold by the mouth of David" (Acts i. 16). And again: "We have the word of prophecy more sure: to which ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a lamp shining in a dark place, until the day dawn and the daystar arise in your hearts: knowing this first, that no prophecy of the scripture is of private interpretation. For no prophecy ever was brought by the will of man, but holy men of God spoke, being moved [Latin *inspirati*] by the Holy Ghost" (2 Ep. ii. 19–21). St. Paul writes to Timothy: "But abide thou in the things which thou hast learned and which have been committed to thee: knowing from whom thou hast learned them; and that from infancy thou hast known the sacred writings which can instruct thee to salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. Every scripture divinely inspired is useful for teaching," etc. (2 Tim. iii. 14–17). St. John says: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and I heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet saying, What thou seest write in a book, and send it to the seven churches; . . . he that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith to the churches" (Apoc. i. 10, 11; ii. 7).

One testimony from Josephus will suffice to represent the belief of all Jews who have adhered to the traditions of their nation: "With us there is not an innumerable multitude of books differing from and contradicting one another, but there are twenty-two books only, containing a description of the whole time, which are deservedly believed *to be divine*. . . . Moreover, facts show what reverence we accord to our books. For although so many ages have passed, no one has dared to add to or take from them anything or to make any change in them. But it is innate from birth in all Jews to esteem these writings as divine teachings, and that they should persist in them, and, if necessary, willingly suffer death for them" (Against Appion, lib. i. sect. 8).

The Christian Fathers and ecclesiastical writers from the earliest period give unanimous and multifarious testimony to the primitive and universal belief of the church. Origen says it is a part of the manifest teaching of the church that "the Scriptures were written by the aid of the Holy Spirit" (*De Princip. Pref.*) Clement of Rome calls them "true utterances of the Holy Spirit" (1 Cor. 45), and Irenæus says: "The Scriptures are perfect because spoken by the Word of God and his Spirit" (lib. ii. c. 28, vel 47, n. 2). St. Augustine says that a Christian must receive all things which are written in the gospels, "as if he had seen the very hand of the Lord which belonged to his own proper body writing them" (*De Consens.*

Evang., i. 35). St. Gregory Nazianzen writes: "We who extend the perfect veracity of the Spirit even to each minute point and line, do not concede, nor is it lawful to do so, that even the smallest matters have been laid down by the sacred writers without good reason" (Orat. xi. *De Fugâ*, 105). Such testimonies are only specimens from a multitude. They are single voices from an unbroken chorus of thirty-five centuries. James of Jerusalem, in the Apostolic Council, said in his speech recorded by St. Luke: "Moses from generations of old hath in every city them that preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath" (Acts xv. 21); and this continuous reading of the books of the Hebrew Canon still goes on. All the other books of the Catholic Canon have been read in the public and private offices of the church, throughout the world, together with these more ancient ones, from the time when they were first delivered to her keeping. It is the testimony of apostolic and universal tradition, in which the tradition of the foregoing ages and the divine doctrine of Christ and his apostles is embodied, expressed, and transmitted, which the Councils of Trent and the Vatican have defined and proposed to all the faithful as a dogma of divine and catholic faith, revealed by God.

For an explanation of the notion of inspiration we must go to the theologians. As we are obliged to be brief, and do not attempt a learned but only a popular explanation, we must beg of the reader to be satisfied with a simple statement of the doctrine commonly held and taught in the schools, as we find it in those text-books which are approved by ecclesiastical authority and commonly regarded as the best, omitting for the most part citations and references, which we could easily give in great number.

Since it is Catholic doctrine that God is the author of Holy Scripture in all its parts, we must explain inspiration in such a way as to include everything necessary, in order that this proposition may be verified and justified, and need not hold anything more than this. That God is not the author of the sacred books by the immediate production of the text of Holy Scripture, but by the mediate instrumentality of their human composers, is evident. Now, that any person may properly be called the author of a work actually written out by another, it is requisite that the conception of the work should be his own, and that its execution should be so supervised and directed by him, that it may really express that which he intends and exclude whatever is foreign to or different from this intention. The person employed as an instrument of the principal author writes at

the instigation and from the suggestion or command of his principal, according to the concepts which he communicates, and under the direction of his judgment and will. In order, therefore, that the sacred books may be ascribed to the Holy Spirit as their principal author, all that has just been stated must be verified in them. In the words of Hurter (*Theol. De S. S.*, th. xxv.), "A fourfold element is therefore requisite for inspiration: 1. An efficacious *movement of the will* to write; 2. An *illumination of the intellect*, in virtue of which the mind of the writer may conceive all those things which God wills that he should write; 3. Divine *direction*, that the writer who is inspired may omit nothing which God wills to have written, much less add anything alien from it; 4. *Assistance*, that the writer may not use words unfit to express the sense of the concepts which are from God."

If we consider the work of an inspired writer in respect to his own human agency and operation, in the sense in which it is ascribed to him as its secondary author, it is not necessary, according to the notion of inspiration given above, that he should be regarded as a mere *amanuensis* of the Holy Spirit, writing down words dictated to him in a supernatural manner. Such a view has been held both by Catholic and Protestant authors. It is noticed in the theological treatises, but it is not adopted by the best modern writers, and may be regarded as an antiquated theory. Human study, thought, labor, application and use of acquired knowledge, exercise of the poetic, rhetorical, or descriptive faculty, the free play of native intellectual gifts, of spontaneous emotions, selection of words and images, construction of sentences and style of writing in general, in accordance with the writer's own idiosyncrasy, are in no wise excluded by inspiration. When it is question of committing to writing those things which the writer knows by personal experience, testimony, or research and study, revelation, or supernatural communication of knowledge which could not be or has not been acquired by the writer by natural means, or a communication in a new and supernatural mode of what is already known otherwise, is not requisite, and there is no reason for supposing it granted. Revelation is to be supposed only in those things in which it is necessary; viz., in the making known of divine mysteries and truths which God wills to disclose and teach to men, of divine laws and precepts which God imposes, of facts which are beyond the human ken, prophecies of future events, and whatever may be of similar kind to these. Divine or angelic locutions in words of distinct human speech are not requisite, unless there is a particular reason why God should send a message by an angel, or speak to men himself,

or dictate secretly in the spirit of his inspired messenger certain words expressive of divine ideas. In all cases where the sacred writer was competent to write what was already known to him in a natural way, and to select the words expressive of the sense which he intended to convey, and where the Holy Spirit moved him to commit only such matters as these to writing, it suffices to admit only that divine illustration and direction by virtue of which he writes all and only that which falls in with the divine counsel and fulfils the divine intention.

This divine influence on the inspired writers most assuredly did not supply them with a supernatural instruction and education in natural science, rhetoric and the art of composition. Their natural defects in these respects were left in them, although, of course, God did not select instruments so defective as to be unfit for the purpose for which he employed them. It was God's intention to give mankind in the Holy Scriptures one of the principal means of becoming wise unto salvation, not to satisfy the curiosity of the human mind, or to furnish perfect models of classical writing. Doctrinal and moral instruction and prophecy constitute the most important contents of the Bible. The history of God's supernatural providence and of the way of salvation, with examples from the lives of individual persons, underlies the whole complex texture; and thus incidentally the Bible becomes a literature, a treasury of various kinds of knowledge, in a thousand ways a book of extraordinary interest and value to all sorts of readers and students, apart from its highest value as a source and vehicle of divine revelation and sacred instruction. But, in all these things, God has, as it were, left things to take their natural course. There are great gaps and omissions in respect to all things which pertain to the realm of nature, and to the course of events, which God did not fill up. It was no part of God's intention to teach us natural science. Therefore, the sacred writers were left in just the amount of knowledge or ignorance which belonged to their time and condition, and speak of things according to their phenomenal appearance. It was not the purpose of God to furnish us with a complete secular history, or even with a fuller record of sacred history than was sufficient for the end and scope of his written word.

According to the same law, God has not preserved in a supernatural way the sacred books from the accidents to which they were naturally liable like other books, except so far as was necessary to the end for which he has provided the church with the Holy Scriptures. Possibly, some inspired books, chiefly important for one particular time or number of persons, have perished.

Certainly, some parts of the text have undergone such accidental variations in transcription that the original reading cannot be determined, and many others can only be made certain or probable by the most careful criticism. It would be impossible now, without a miracle, to present the text of the books of Holy Scripture in a form absolutely perfect and certain, as it was in the authentic originals. There are a thousand natural causes operating to prevent substantial and essential alteration or corruption of the text, to hinder wilful or accidental changes of any kind from being multiplied indefinitely or incurably, and to preserve the sacred books in their pristine integrity; as well as numerous opposite causes tending to their injury. It is certain from criticism alone, that these sacred books have been preserved in their substantial integrity.

But a Catholic has another and higher ground for his confidence in the Scriptures as the Word of God. It is the infallible authority of the church. The dogmatic decree of the church defining that the books of the sacred Canon are to be received in their integrity and with all their parts, refers, of course, primarily and in the absolute sense to the original, authentic Scriptures as they existed in their first autographs. It can apply to modern copies only in so far as these are correct and unchanged. There is no Hebrew or Greek text of any edition or in any ancient MSS. which the church guarantees as absolutely perfect. Before the Christian Church was founded it belonged to the Jewish ecclesiastical authorities to approve of the rolls which were prepared to be used in the public service, in schools, and in tribunals, from which the copies were taken for private use which were in general circulation. In like manner, it belonged to the prelates of the Catholic Church to approve of the manuscript books of Holy Scripture in the Greek language for public use, from which private copies were transcribed. The collation of manuscripts and the determination of the correct text by criticism belongs to learned men. Competent human and scientific authority must settle the question of the value and accuracy of any edition of the Old and New Testaments in their original languages. Where Greek has been the ecclesiastical language, the Septuagint Version of the proto-canonical books, and the Greek text of Alexandria of the other books of the Old Testament, with the original Greek text of the books of the New Testament, have been those which have been used in public acts; and, while Greek remained a living language, in private reading also. Where the Latin language prevailed, as it was the language of the Liturgy, it became necessary to provide Latin versions of the Scriptures.

Approbation of these was left to local prelates. The Roman Church had one, and this was the foundation of the version called the Latin Vulgate, edited by St. Jerome at the express desire of the Pope. This most ancient Latin Version still remains in the Psalter, and the text of the remainder is extant, although no care was taken to preserve either this or any of the other Latin versions preceding St. Jerome's revision, and these others have all perished. St. Jerome's Revised Vulgate, the Psalter excepted, was universally adopted in the Latin portion of the church, by degrees and by common consent, without any formal edict of the Holy See, or any decrees of councils. The Council of Trent formally sanctioned and prescribed it as the one authentic Latin version, but without prejudice of the Hebrew and Greek originals, or the Septuagint Version of the Hebrew books.

This introduces the question of the authority of versions, which we must lightly touch on, though not fully discuss. The Bible in Hebrew and Greek is a dead letter for all except a small number of scholars. If it ceases to be God's Word when translated into other tongues, the vast majority of Christians are deprived of the use of the Written Word. But is this so? By no means. The spoken and written signs are the lesser and material part of the Word. Ideas are its formal, life-giving principle. The change of certain words for their equivalents does not change the inner word or transfer the authorship of books to their translator. Macbeth in Schiller's version is the Macbeth of Shakspere, and not the German poet's drama. The Alexandrian Jews had their sacred scriptures in Greek, and these were received by the Hellenistic Jews in general, by the apostles, and by the Christian Church, as the Word of God; and as such are quoted in the New Testament. Ancient and faithful versions may even better represent their originals than more recent texts of the very originals which have become altered by design or by accident in a long series of transcriptions.

The ancient Latin version of the Scriptures called the *Itala*, revised and corrected by St. Jerome, was made and perfected under the most favorable circumstances for correctness, and possesses the great advantage of being in a language which has undergone no subsequent alteration, and is, nevertheless, learned with comparative ease, widely known, and in continuous usage in the schools of the learned. It has received the solemn sanction of the Holy See and the Œcumenical Councils of the church, and all Catholics not only may but must receive it as the Word of God. It is *authentic*, that is, really in conformity with the first authentic originals in respect to the sense conveyed by its lan-

guage, and externally attested by all kinds of traditional and critical evidence and by the supreme authority of the church. In the words of Hurter (*ut supra*, th. xxx. prop. 3), "The Vulgate is authentic in this sense, that, negatively, no pernicious error can follow from it; and that, positively, it is conformed to the original Scriptures in those things which of their own nature pertain to faith and the rule of morals, and in which the sum of history and prophecy is contained." The official sanction of the actual printed text as it stands in Latin Bibles, Missals, Breviaries, etc., goes no further than this: that it must be printed without alteration by inferior or private authority, and made use of in all public ecclesiastical acts. But in all lesser matters it is open to criticism, discussion and dispute by scholars, and, moreover, the authority of the Hebrew and Greek originals remains undisputed.

Vernacular versions are left to the approbation of local authorities. We have no space left for any remarks upon the English Version in common use among Catholics or any others in the English language. Our common version is one which is trustworthy and sufficient for all practical purposes. The version of Archbishop Kenrick, the work of a prelate of great learning and holiness, remarkable for his critical accuracy and cautious, unbiassed judgment, is correct and faithful in the highest degree, according to the text of the Vulgate, though somewhat stiff and ungainly in style. For any one who wishes to study the Bible carefully in English it is the best edition which can be used, particularly on account of the numerous learned and critical notes, and the prefaces to single books. It has also the advantage of being published in separate parts which can be purchased singly.

We are obliged to sum up and close in very few words the answer we have intended to give in this article to a question which many Catholics may be supposed to ask: How are we to know what is the genuine Written Word of God, and to understand its true sense when we read it?

The answer is: Catholics know which are the inspired books by the Canon which the church has determined by her infallible authority. The learned have the original texts of the canonical books in those editions which are approved by the most competent scholars; and the Latin Version which has a special ecclesiastical sanction as an authentic rendering of the genuine originals, unerring in respect to faith, morals, and all other essentials. Those who can only read vernacular versions have a sufficient guarantee of the conformity of such versions to the authentic

text, in all essential things, in the approbation given to them by their bishops, and the testimony of competent scholars to their trustworthiness. In the case of variant or doubtful readings, those who are capable must determine for themselves by study if they can, and if not, they must be contented to remain in doubt. Others must take the opinion of orthodox commentators of the best repute, and, if these disagree, be satisfied to let the matter rest where it is.

In regard to the sense of Holy Scripture the church gives to the faithful by her own direct teaching an unerring rule of belief and criterion of truth in respect to all things pertaining to Catholic faith and doctrine and to morals. In these things, the true sense and interpretation of the Written Word are given together with the Letter, and there is no room for doubt. In all other things, nothing more is required than divine faith in all which is contained in the Holy Scripture, according to that sense which the Holy Spirit intended when he inspired the sacred writers. If that sense is plain and obvious, then the Scripture explains itself. If it is not plain to the reader, he must look for an explanation from orthodox and approved expositors. Where there is room for difference of opinion, each one may adopt the opinion which seems to him to be preferable, or dismiss the difficulty as, for him, insoluble.

It is not only permissible, but commendable and desirable, that the laity should read the Bible frequently, carefully, and devoutly, in so far as they can read different parts of it, or the whole, understandingly. It has its obscurities and difficulties, but it is full of sacred history, of devout praises of God, of doctrinal and moral instruction, of exhortation, and of everything that is sublime, consoling, edifying and salutary to devout believers. Considered merely as a world of literature in itself, it is the most excellent and interesting of books. The most learned, enlightened and assiduous students can never exhaust its treasures. It has God for its author; and like the visible universe, it bears on its surface and in its depths innumerable, unmistakable vestiges of the Creator who made the worlds by his Word; "Who formerly spake to the fathers by the prophets, at different times and in various ways: *and* lastly in these days hath spoken to us by his Son" (Heb. i. 1, 2).*

* The curious reader is referred to a series of articles by the eminent Biblical scholar, Dr. Corcoran, on "Vernacular Versions," etc., in the *American Catholic Quarterly*, April, July, and October, 1879; and to an article on the Douay Version, etc., in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, November, 1870, entitled "English Translations of the Bible." This article, which is full of information, was written by Dr. John Gilmary Shea.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ASYLUM.

In affliction the weak soul goes to the bottom, however strong may be its physical casing, but the soul of the brave grows only stronger from its conflict with the storm. And the brave soul is he whose courage springs from the bosom of God; who puts on the armor of a divine patience to battle with his foes; who offers submission to the fury of the blast, bending but not breaking; who is powerful with the consciousness of living faith, the knowledge that, though he may be harrowed and ploughed with anguish and wrong and misery, bent down in slavery before the eyes of the world, there is yet One who will crown him as a victor when the struggle is over, even while the crowd are applauding his conquerors and deeming him the poorest wretch that ever perished.

McDonell the madman had put on the armor of this patience, and thanked God, as the dark asylum gates closed behind him, that the divine will had taken this violent means to bring him mercifully to his senses again. For his eyes were at last opened, and the wicked malice of his late tamperings with justice and grace seemed scarcely less heinous to him than the crime which had indirectly brought about all his wanderings from the truth. His whole life now stood out before him mountain-like, and the prospect was not cheering. If he were not prepared against melancholy and gloom of any kind, the dark deed of spoliation in his early life, his desertion of his faith, his carelessness towards his wife, and his criminal neglect of his own child would have pressed him into the shadow of death with the anguish of remorse. The opportunity had again been given him, for a last time perhaps, of repenting and atoning for these misdeeds. With the eagerness of a true penitent he seized on the means of salvation, determined to bear every trial with a sublime patience until such time as it pleased God to release him by death or otherwise from his imprisonment. One thing he thought upon most frequently and hugged to his heart with a fond conviction of its coming to pass: he would find means to restore the property

he had stolen. God would give him that happiness, for he would pray hourly for the favor. Yet not one word against his daughter would ever escape him, not one act which could endanger her or cause her a moment's undeserved pain. He would win his freedom, as he had lost it, legally, and the physicians who pronounced him mad should pronounce him sane.

With such thoughts and prayers and resolutions he heard the great gates clang behind him. He thanked God in his heart for the wretchedness which had come upon him with the violence of a tempest, for tempests purify the air and leave the earth prettier than before. The gloomy walls of the asylum, with their barred windows, were in sight as they drove up the winding avenue, and he could not resist the involuntary chill which ran through his body when his eyes first rested on them. His determination soon overcame that. His body was weak from disease, and would not obey the iron will that ruled so easily in days of health. Yet he schooled his countenance and his heart, that the one might possess resignation and tranquillity and the other express them clearly. The portals of the establishment were open to receive him, and the officials were waiting there to confer upon him the honor of a formal reception as befitted his importance in the world. Everything that could offend the sensitive nerves of the mad was absent. The wide halls, polished, echoing, and rank with the smell which prevails in all these institutions, could not, however, be got rid of, and they gave another chill to the old man who with trembling step descended from the carriage. His slim, stately form, graceful yet, and honorable with its coronet of silver hair; his handsome, shrewd, manly features, beaming just then with affected cheerfulness; his calm, commanding eye, clear, steady, and reasonable enough to give any but practised ones no doubt of his sanity, made an evident impression on those who saw him. He noticed it himself with a great bounding of the heart, careful, too, that no sign of extraordinary emotion should escape him.

It is not a pleasant office which the chief of an asylum has to welcome a patient of a mildly insane disposition, with reason enough to understand the peculiarities of his case and resent any familiarities. Dr. Stirling had never found the office more difficult than in the present instance; and as his patient offered him no occasion for any extended remarks, he was forced to content himself with the ordinary salutations between host and guest in every-day life. The gentleman's manner was neither hurried nor slow, and had about it no unusual flourishes. He took the whole

proceeding as a matter of fact, talked with the courtesy and gentleness of a sane man, and altogether so behaved himself that the officials were left in considerable doubt as to the man they had to deal with. The superintendent, desirous of having some manifestations of insanity, took him first into his own apartment and introduced him to his wife and daughter. Luncheon was just taking place, and the patient sat down with them, forcing himself to take a little tea and to eat a few tidbits, though his appetite revolted against the food, and to talk with the gravity and cheerfulness becoming one of his years. How hard it was to do that little! What sobs he smothered as he sat there, what bursts of rage and grief he controlled, as incident after incident reminded him of the liberty he had lost and the misery he had won! He would not allow himself to think of these things. He restrained even the ordinary freedom of his manner through fear of appearing too gay of disposition for an old man. He was a good conversationalist, and used his powers now to great advantage, venturing even to talk of the asylum and the peculiarities of its crazy inmates.

"You have a little paradise here," he said, looking around the sitting-room, "and one that I would not expect to find in this neighborhood. Are you never troubled with the cries of the inmates, or other disagreeable sounds that must be heard within these walls?"

"Oh! never," the doctor said, glad to have his patient himself come to the point he was so anxious to touch upon. "The more violent cases are too far from this part of the building to occasion us any disturbance. Mrs. Stirling could not endure such a trial. Your apartments are not distant from these, and we shall always be happy to have the pleasure of your company. What do you say, Trixy?"

"Why, papa," answered his daughter, a sprightly young lady of eighteen, "I am charmed with Mr. McDonell already, and I should be very sorry if after this we were to see no more of him."

"Thank you, young lady," said the complimented; "I am very much pleased at your good-will towards me. Are you not afraid to trust yourself much in the company of those who are mad?"

"As for that," answered the doctor, "Trixy is the angel of the institution, and can intrude where others often fear to go."

"Besides," said Trixy, with a blush for her own boldness, "you are too much of a cavalier ever to do harm to a young lady."

"Ah! you have already so well read me that you begin to flatter. I confess I am helpless in a coaxing woman's hands."

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Stirling, "that your gray hairs will not save you from the experiencing of Trixy's humors. She is an outrageous flirt, has half the asylum at her feet, receives proposals every day, and does so many graceless things that you would be surprised to know them all. Do be careful, sir, in dealing with her."

"Ah! that I shall," said Mr. McDonell. "Yet I can scarcely be responsible if some day I should go on my knees to her. I am eligible almost, or hope to be in time; and there is something poetic, if curious, in the union of May and December."

"Too poetical ever to come to pass," laughed Trixy, and then they rose from the table.

"I do not believe you are mad," whispered the impulsive girl as he was leaving to follow the superintendent to his own apartments. He would have thanked her there and then with a mad, feverish gratitude for that blessed declaration; but recalling himself, he only smiled, saying with a shrug of the shoulders:

"Have you not seen the commission of lunacy? Four learned and eminent physicians signed their names to that document, and, whatever I may have been before, I am surely mad now. Ah! young lady, do not let your likings run away with your reason, as mine did."

And he smiled again, and spoke with such a gentle sarcasm that the young lady was more than ever persuaded of his sanity.

The rooms assigned to him at the asylum were furnished as became his position and the state of his reason—three apartments decked out with taste and luxury, containing books and means of amusement in abundance, with every appointment that belonged to the suite of a modern wealthy gentleman. The cage was gilded enough to suit any captive. But its bars showed all the more hideously for the elegance so inconsistent with their ugliness. The sun threw their shadows against the rep curtains with mournful significance for him. Yet his hopeful heart did not fail him, and he expressed his satisfaction to the doctor, and looked through the hateful window out on a wild bit of lake scenery frozen and snow-rimmed as his own life.

"Whenever it pleases you to dine with our family," said the doctor, "remember that the hour is five and that you are always welcome; otherwise your meals will be sent up to you at your request. A valet has been sent, whose only office is to attend upon you. And I would caution you to avoid as much as pos-

sible the other parts of the asylum. The sights there are not cheering, and would not have the best effect on your delicate health. You will find in your neighbors amusement enough for years of leisure."

"Thank you, doctor. I shall follow your instructions, and shall avail myself of your invitation to dine with you every day. If my valet has arrived I beg that you will let him come to me immediately."

The doctor withdrew, and presently the man whom his enemies had employed as valet appeared. The sight of him instantly confirmed his suspicion that this valet was but a paid spy. He was a carefully-dressed individual, a Scotchman, with some evidences of good breeding around him, but hard and forbidding in feature as a devil. To this humiliation the merchant also submitted. It was part of his punishment, and he was anxious to suffer even unto death.

"Your name?" he said curtly.

"Alexander Buchan—commonly called Sandy."

"Well, Sandy, I suppose you understand your business. The first thing I shall require of you is that you will keep out of sight until I send for you, and these rooms are forbidden to you during my absence from them."

"I understand, sir," said Sandy, bowing himself out of his presence.

McDonell knew very well that Sandy's chief office would be to keep his eye on him and to have cognizance of everything of importance going on; but he thought it well to limit at once his range of excuses, and confine his powers of deviltry to the narrowest possible scope.

He was settled at last, caged, imprisoned—in the eyes of men, made mad. And, after all, the bitter draught was not so bitter as he had imagined. In that very home of despair sympathy had met him at the doors, and walked with him through its dreary halls, and consoled him with its sweet assurance in his sanity. He looked out of the prison-windows across the waste of forest and ice that stretched to the horizon. The sun lay like a veil of tissue over its dreariness, softening the rougher places, hiding the meanest, and giving a wild beauty to the homely scene. Its warm radiance fell around him, and kissed his white hair and his trembling hands as a daughter should have done, and brought new strength to his heart. It seemed as if God were looking down upon him with a great, resistless eye, applauding his resignation and his penitence, bidding him be of good cheer and have

the will to suffer on for His sake and his own. Overcome, he raised his eyes and his hands heavenwards and prayed for his daughter—prayed that she might be saved from the evil consequences of her sin and his neglect, that God might be to her the father which he had not been, and, pitying her misfortune and her ignorance, bring her to faith and repentance. Thus ended the first day at the asylum.

Early the next morning, when his breakfast and his valet had both been dismissed, and he was preparing for a ramble about the institution, his door opened and a tall, dignified lady entered. She had a gilt crown on her head, a sceptre in her hand, and a veil reaching to her feet about her form, and was preceded by a stout, merry-looking gentleman in corduroys. The latter carried an umbrella, and a handkerchief which he was constantly applying with great care and gentleness to his nose. He bowed profoundly to McDonell, winking and smiling, and announced in a loud, dignified tone:

"Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland."

This apparition would have set McDonell a-laughing but for the serious expression of Her Majesty's countenance and the warning gestures of the merry-looking attendant, who still applied his handkerchief, and, being compelled to stand where the sun shone on him, hoisted his umbrella with great dignity and waited the proceeding of events. The lady stretched out her sceptre towards McDonell, who kissed it respectfully.

"Gracefully done," said she. "You have been bred in courts, I am certain, though I cannot recall having seen your face during my short and mournful reign. You are aware, then, that it is not etiquette for a queen to visit her subjects; but knowing your inexperience in the rules of this vile institution, I thought it proper to concede a point or two until you had become better acquainted with us."

McDonell said that he was highly honored.

"Some day," she went on, "you shall know how I was deprived of my throne by an impostor who rules in my name. Perhaps you may help me to recover my rights, though I see that, like myself, you are a prisoner here, perhaps unjustly so; for you have not the usual appearance of a mad person any more than myself. I assure you of our royal favor."

McDonell thanked her again for her kindness.

"You see," she whispered, becoming more familiar and more forgetful of her royal dignity, "though you may not be aware of

it, they are all crazy here, even the doctor and his wife, although I may make an exception for his daughter. This little fellow here is such a fool as to believe his nose is made of sugar. I have tweaked it often enough to prove the contrary; but you see he still holds to the opinion, and uses a handkerchief to keep off moisture, his umbrella to keep off the sun, and for the world he wouldn't wash his face or go out in the rain. The very thought throws him into agonies."

"How very strange, your Majesty!"

"What are *you* here for?" said Her Majesty sharply.

"I was too lavish with my money, ma'am."

"A very grave fault, but not necessarily springing from insanity. I suppose they have invented new forms of the disease since I was last in the world."

"Very many," said McDonell, checking a rising indignation.

"Ah! well, I pity you from my heart. You do not look or act crazy. Be assured of our royal favor."

She gave him her hand to kiss, and departed with her attendant, who came back directly to disabuse his mind of any impression the royal lady might have left there concerning him.

"She is hopelessly mad," said the little gentleman, with an application of his handkerchief, "and I humor her. We all humor her, in fact, and I am her lord high chamberlain. She probably told you about my nose. It's my weak point. My friends tried to persuade me that I was infatuated—darn the whole lot of 'em! They would get me into the rain, and would try to souse my nose with water, regretting only that my whole head wasn't sugar. I am afraid of that calamity, but by care and the virtue in this silk kerchief I think I can keep the disease from spreading. Well, when I wouldn't be persuaded my friends sent me here. All the loons of this institution laugh at me, of course. Each one is sure that his neighbors are the mad people of the place. I could not tell you in an hour all their tricks to wet my nose. I woke up once in time to catch Victoria preparing to moisten my nose. Another built quite a bonfire under it. All of 'em threaten, if the establishment runs short of sugar, to soak it for general use. They would do it, sir, and I visit the kitchen daily to see that sugar is not wanting. The doctor, who is the only one with any belief in the fact, and that dear sprite of his, Trixy, have issued very, *very* stern prohibitions against any interference with my nose. Now, my dear sir, what do you think of it? I would like to have your opinion."

"It certainly has not the appearance of sugar," replied

McDonell, "but appearances are deceptive. If you would kindly allow me to feel it—"

"Oh! by all means, dear sir; only be sure that there is no moisture on your fingers, and handle it carefully."

After the examination had been cautiously proceeded with, "Your nose is sugar, or of a similar substance, I think," said the merchant.

"Sugar, or of a similar substance," repeated the delighted gentleman—"the doctor's very words! What a remarkable coincidence! I must tell him of it immediately. But pray, sir, are you crazy?"

"Well, a number of physicians so decided, and it was the general belief of those who knew me. For myself I cannot say, since in matters of that kind outsiders are the best judges."

"Give me your hand, sir," cried the little gentleman warmly. "If there is a sane individual here besides myself and the doctor and Trixy, it is you. Such modesty! Such confidence in the judgment of others! Sir, my judgment is that you are as sane as myself or the doctor, and I put it against the world. Why, the maddest of the fools in this house is the loudest in swearing to his own sanity. I am happy to know you, and, if you wish, I shall introduce you to our circle as my particular friend."

"You honor me too much, and I shall be glad to avail myself of your invitation. Shall we go immediately?"

"Straight, sir. We have a room at the other end—the gentlemen, I mean—where we assemble to spend our hours of leisure in the cold weather. The ladies have another apartment. Twice a week we have reunions in the doctor's pleasant domicile, and every Saturday a meeting of our literary society. You must join it, my dear sir. A man of your sound sense would not surprise me by attaining to the presidency. We are very amicable as a rule, although I must admit there was a little indignation when an obstinate old fool, who fancies that he carries some other body's head on his shoulders, wrote an essay to prove that my nose was solid flesh. Oh-h-h!"

At this point the little gentleman jumped through the door of the room with a yell of terror so keen in its anguish that every nerve in McDonell's body tingled with fright. Before he could follow to learn the cause of this singular proceeding his friend returned to the threshold, peeped cautiously in, with his handkerchief to his nose and his umbrella ready for action, and whispered:

"Wasn't it water, my dear, dear sir—wasn't it water?"

"Not at all," said McDonell, much relieved and decidedly angry.

"Well, well, what a nervous creature I am! You must have been astonished at the rudeness of a lord high chamberlain. But consider to what I am subjected daily, and you will not wonder at my alarm. We shall now go to see our friends."

They went together through the halls to the room where the gentlemen spent their leisure hours in laughing at one another's infirmities. The merry gentleman cut up many amusing capers on the way in his fear of falling into an ambuscade. With his umbrella well in front, and his handkerchief to the sensitive organ, he walked in the exact centre of the corridor, cautiously approaching dark corners and rushing past them at full speed. When they had arrived at their destination these precautions were laid aside. He introduced the stranger to all present, with pompous diction, as "the craziest of the whole lot of you," which assertion he had previously assured McDonell would be infallibly disbelieved and make them all his friends and defenders. So it turned out; for each gentleman privately questioned him as to his sanity, and he, returning the same answer which he had made to Trixy and the others, immediately went up in their estimation like a rocket.

"Mad!" said the gentleman who had the disagreeable office of carrying another man's head on his shoulders—"mad, sir? The only feature of madness about him is that he has been seen walking with a man whose nose is made of sugar."

"He has at least the satisfaction of knowing with whom he is walking," returned the merry gentleman. "My nose is my own, if it is sugar. I warn you, colonel, not to attempt to borrow from him as you borrow from others. I have told him some of your dodges, and he knows that I would no more lend you one cent than I would lend you ten thousand dollars."

"Does he know the reason why?" sneered the colonel—"that you haven't either to lend."

"He does," answered nosey, with a withering smile; "and he knows, too, that the law allows no debts that have been contracted with a man who has lost his head."

The attendants here interfered to prevent a quarrel.

"Crazy, both of 'em," whispered a venerable old man to McDonell, drawing him at the same time to a remote part of the room. "It does not become us to pay attention to their ravings. I understand that you have been a business man of some note in the world, and that you commanded considerable influence. I

was once in a similar position. Now everything is in the past tense with me. Envious competitors and grasping relatives put me here. I turned my attention to literature. I have written a grammar, a most valuable work, and full of new theories respecting the language, etc."

And he rambled on in a crazy way, attacking existing notions of grammar, defending his own, and ending by proposing that McDonell should buy the right to print after allowing him a fair percentage on sales. As the old man got excited over this business matter, an attendant came at once to the rescue.

McDonell passed an amusing hour among them, and saw that the means of diversion at his command were neither few nor uninviting, and that, so far as his own mind was concerned, there was no danger of its giving way through horror of his associations. These were pleasant enough, and so much more pleasant than he had expected as to give him, from their novelty, positive pleasure. However, the confinement, the distressing thoughts from which he was never freed, foretold serious danger to his health if he could not counteract their effects. As the days proceeded he saw, indeed, that, despite the cheerful influences of the Stirlings, the ridiculous and mirth-provoking scenes among his associates, and the gentle resignation to God's will which he cultivated, he was surely failing. He had very little, in fact nothing, that he could afford to lose, and yet the first week had left its broad mark of wasting strength upon him. At the end of the second Dr. Stirling's face plainly showed his anxiety. A change of tactics was necessary. There was no time to be lost, for a month in that establishment meant death. He could not hold out long enough to gain a legal restoration to freedom, and he began to meditate some plan of immediate escape. It was a long time before he could think out anything methodical, and then it seemed impossible to execute without outside assistance. Sandy, the valet, who watched him like a fox, cunning enough never to be caught, might be bought with gold, but his own enemies could buy this man at a higher price. The keepers in that part of the building were unapproachable. With the gardeners and porters the inmates could not have any communication. His thoughts were tumultuous and feverish, and threatened to hasten the catastrophe he was anxious to avoid. As the days passed, and the impossibility of getting a helper still loomed up before him, a numb despair began to take hold on his faculties. Not even his strong confidence in God nor his earnest prayers for strength and patience, could shake off this sinking of overpowered nature.

He had been fifteen days in the asylum when he chanced to come one morning upon Juniper.

"Do I not know you?" he said, taking him by the arm.

"I owe my position here to you," said Juniper in surprised yet grateful accents, "but I was not aware that you were here, sir."

"Thank God that I have met you! I am here unjustly, and I must escape. You must help me. Come to this place again to-night. Your reward will be large enough to make up for the loss of your position. Will you come?"

"Willingly, sir, but not for money," said grateful Juniper.

"We will talk of that another time."

And he went away thanking Heaven for this providential meeting. Sandy, with a puzzled face, stepped out from a place of concealment, and looked first after the keeper and then after his master doubtfully. He had heard nothing, and he was not sure whether it was more than an ordinary meeting.

CHAPTER XXIV.

REVERSES.

Time flies, and criminals with every moment grow more and more at ease with themselves and the world which has not known of their crime. Unless its effects are physical and continual, and, like the ghost of Banquo, rises pale, and bloody even, at the feast, sin cannot well disturb the mental balance of the atheist and the brute man. The one has dulled all the finer sensibilities of nature. Nature's feebleness alone can bring to his mind with anything of pain a recollection of former misdeeds. The other has but to deal with himself. He knows of no judge to hurl a sentence from the tribunal, knows no court of jurisdiction superior to his own, has no idea of an injured superior to haunt his pleasures and his rest. The world cannot know his sin. To self only is he accountable, and never, when properly pampered in his education, can be found a more corrupt and partial personage. There may be present the vague fear of a sudden revealing of the secret, if there exists any evidence of the perpetrated crime. An accomplice may occasion uneasiness, and even alarm, at times. But these fears are shadowy at the most and purely accidental. There is hope of their removal and ultimate destruction. With the fallen Christian the case is different. Remorse is with him an undying flame fed from the possession of faith—of faith in the

existence of a God who will punish and reward, and whose judgments are sure, swift, and unavoidable. Not the depths of the sea, not the bowels of the earth, can hide him from the avenger. The corruption of the grave is no protection, for even out of its rottenness shall his suffering consciousness be evolved, as a plant springs from such a soil to stand under the lightnings of heaven. He has indeed the refuge of the great atonement. But, sin having once entered, remorse sits down at the table, and the sinner thereafter mingles his bread with ashes and his drink with tears.

The relief which the atheist experiences had of course been allowed to Nano, and had brought her a peace similar to the quiet of an ocean immediately after a storm. That is, the waters were troubled yet, and the wind blew, and the sun, though bright enough, had an ugly escort of dark clouds. The undertone of sorrow still continued, and would hardly cease until her death. She enjoyed comparative quiet, and could think with some degree of calmness of the old man who on his knees had cried for mercy from his child. The pleading voice—pleading where it should have commanded—was fresh in her memory, nor was it likely that the scene which had given rise to the words would quickly fade from her mind. It gave her now no uneasiness. Her health had improved since that eventful time, in proportion as her father's had failed, and her nerves were fast resuming their normal steadiness. Society was her judge and tribunal, and its ears probably would never be assailed with the story of her wrong-doing. Killany, for interest's sake, must be silent, and there was no other who might do her injury. Free from troubles of conscience, prospective mistress of a large estate, surrounded by friends and worshipping admirers, love dawning in her heart, she could often fancy herself as happy a woman as the world knew—as happy as she could reasonably expect to be with a ghastly skeleton in her closet.

Right at this period of happy composure there came a doubt and a first reverse—the only means of touching her conscience as to her sin. She had often said, There is no God. These words were always on her lips of late, so frequently uttered that, with her usual quickness, she began to fear there was hypocrisy in her own belief. She was too anxious to fortify it with the form of words. She many times made an effort to break herself of the habit. Like an irrepressible spring the words flew to her lips again and gushed out with blasphemous readiness. Doubt had entered her mind by stealth, and was there in the deep soil, a

tiny, unnoticed plant, with roots struck deep and promising vigor in every part. Her security against remorse was thus broken in upon. She could never make the admission that there existed a supreme Lord of the universe. Her soul revolted at the long train of sequences which followed from such an admission. Romish superstition and dogmatic exclusiveness, or the rigid, hollow, colorless frame of Protestantism, would then force themselves upon her, and hold down in bondage the mind accustomed to wander gipsy-like through the world of speculation. She had seen and understood in a faint measure the connection of the doctrines of revelation with the existence of a God, and with her to admit the one was to admit the other. The admitting of revelation meant the undoing of all that she had done in the past. She shuddered at such an alternative, and fled to culture for refuge and certainty. Doubts are not easily shaken off, and hers was of vigorous growth. It was destined to grow until in its anguish her heart would speak out its native belief, and she would say even more readily than now she denied it, There is a God.

The first reverse came in the shape of a junior partner of the firm over which her father had once presided. He took advantage of the confusion of the time to steal over to the States with sixty thousand dollars of her property, and left a strong probability behind that, in spite of the work of detectives, he would never be discovered. This made a gap in her fortunes of most unpleasant dimensions, and caused her a meditation on the old superstition of a retribution. Perhaps there existed such a thing, and the laws of Nature, working with an intelligence of which man was still ignorant, might take it upon themselves to avenge any departure from their rigid discipline. The sensualist, the glutton, the overworked were Nature's avengers on themselves. Why not also the undutiful child and the robber? There was a law of compensation, and the ledger of the humblest person that breathed could show as even a balance as that of the richest and most powerful. Where was to be her compensation? Was this the first entry on the credit side of nature, the defalcation of one of her own servants? It was hard to say and unpleasant to think of, and she was very fierce with anything that disturbed her peace of mind. Her doubts made her angry, her reverses made her weak. She put away both with resolution, declaring they were vapors in her sky, and a few hours of sunshine would destroy them. Her doubt was an exhalation like those which always surround the sun of truth. Her money losses were incidents which time would undo and make good to her again. It

must be recorded that after this stoical view of the situation she ate heartily and slept soundly for a short time.

Killany, as her business manager, and the other trustees received the sharpest of lectures from the lady for their remissness, and they were compelled, according to law, to supply the deficiency out of their own pockets. This was formal only, since she intended to reimburse them when she came into the estate herself. About this time she began to think of Olivia, and recalled the promise made to Sir Stanley in that young lady's regard. Strangely enough, she had forgotten it, and over a week had elapsed since Sir Stanley's visit. Since one fatal day Olivia had not set foot in McDonell House—a fact which at first had given its mistress great uneasiness until the baronet's explanation had been made. The two weeks that had fled were short enough; but she had lived years of thought in that period. It seemed to her as if she had never seen and known her friend at all, but had only dreamed of the sweet bit of virtuous beauty as she dreamed of ethereal possibilities of culture. In spite of an effort to cast aside the feeling, she believed that something had stolen in between Olivia and her to change the current of their affections. So keen did this impression become that she resolved no longer to put off a visit to her friend.

Her carriage drove up to Olivia's door some days after the bombshell prepared by Mr. Quip had descended on the quiet household, and several ladies of fashion, seeing her, were astonished as at an apparition. It was to be supposed that if any one knew the character of the Fullertons it was Miss McDonell, who thus outraged every principle of etiquette by calling so openly on the ostracized. They could not believe her deliberately guilty of such boldness. There were certain limits beyond which even a leader could not go, and no one was usually more circumspect than Miss McDonell. The incident, not being satisfactorily accounted for, left the ladies and society in a tumult of contradiction and excitement. Nano, unconscious of the stir this visit was creating, found her friend in a very different state of mind and body from that which Sir Stanley had described. She was pale yet from the effects of her nervous suffering, but her eyes were sparkling, and her talk sparkled in unison, as became her cheery nature. She was gay under the strange yet great intelligence which Mr. Quip had brought her. The greetings between her and Nano were about as cordial as between good acquaintances. Hand-clasp and lip-meet were not made, and it struck Nano disagreeably, though it was her own fault mostly, that for

the first time Olivia omitted the offer of hand and cheek. This was the entering wedge of their estrangement. She still felt herself unworthy to touch in affection the pure, stainless girl, who was so utterly unconscious of wickedness like hers. In Olivia's presence, and with Olivia's distant manner like a scroll before her eyes, she knew that a gap had come between them which would not easily, and perhaps never, be closed. This consciousness was dimly shared by her friend, who chid her innocent soul for its instinctive revulsion from one who had so lately been, and still was, her dear and admired friend. With such feelings the young ladies began their conversation.

"It is so long since I saw you last," Nano said, "that I am astonished to see you so cheerful and bright. You have been so exclusive for over two weeks that I feared you were still suffering from those vaguely-hinted sorrows which, by the way, you have never explained, as you promised."

"And I never will explain them now, dear Nano," answered she, with such a heartfelt sigh and such an expression of relief. "They have all fled and have left not a rack behind. But you—you are almost bright, too, for the time. You have got over your suffering very well."

"I suffered more in the time preceding my father's departure than since," the lady said, calmly fixing her clear eyes on Olivia's questioning ones. "You know there never was much love lost between us. What little was aroused by his sickness vanished under the tortures I endured from him. Now I am free to a certain extent, though you may think my freedom has been sadly purchased."

"It was a bitter necessity. You are alone now. You have not a relative in the world."

"That does not disturb me. I have friends who will more than make up for me what I have lost."

"How can you speak so, Nano?"

"I could not speak truthfully otherwise. How is it with you and Sir Stanley, if I may be allowed to ask?"

A gentle blush overspread Olivia's face.

"It is not a fair question, Nano, but I do not deny your right to know. He is well and I am well. He has asked me to marry him, and I have said, Wait a little."

"When you should have said yes, plumply and honestly, if you had followed your own heart. And the surroundings were so favorable—moonlight and ice! Do not say that your emotions ran away with you in so cool a place."

"Rather say that I became more cautious, for I hesitated and laid down conditions."

"Well, when do you intend to give the favorable word?"

"Not just yet, you may feel certain. Perhaps—"

"I will hear no more suppositions. The answer must be an absolute 'yes' this time. You have still your secrets. I recommend open confession, which is good for the soul. For a tiny creature like you to carry mind-burdens is a dangerous task. They will wear your body away, and, like weeds on a grave, sprout from its corruption. Confess, my child, confess."

"I do that regularly. I have no secrets from any one. My mind-troubles are known to my confessor, and from him I get more consolation than any other could give."

"That terrible superstition—confession!" said Nano, raising her hands in affected horror. "How can you endure its humiliation! What has become of your self-respect, Olivia, that you should submit to any one so absolute a power over you? I cannot understand the Catholic infatuation on this point."

"Did you not say just now that open confession was good for the soul?"

"I merely quoted a saying; and, besides, I never could mean confession as you understand it."

"I don't care to discuss the question. I have said so many hard things of your likes and dislikes—that is, *your* doctrines and *other people's* doctrines—that I am not going to offend any more. When you have committed in your life a dark, heavy sin which you would not dare to communicate to a dearest friend even, and when its weight is pressing upon the conscience to the destruction of assured peace of mind and health of body, you may appreciate then what it is to be a Catholic and to have the rest and secrecy of confession at your disposal. No doubt you will consider it a very beautiful superstition, and recommend it as such to your cultured friends."

Nano winced visibly at this innocent yet suggestive reply. It touched rudely on a very tender spot.

"In that case," she replied, "I would prefer to keep my secret to myself."

"And live in the constant fear that it may be discovered? A woman with a secret dread at her heart is but half a woman. There, I shall not be drawn into an argument. I shall discuss these questions no more. They do you no good, and excite me too much."

"You are like a vision when you are in earnest over a thing," said Nano, watching her flushed face with admiration.

"I have never seen you in earnest over anything," said Olivia shortly.

"I keep it for my thoughts, and out of my conversations," returned the lady, and a shadow so deep settled on her countenance that Olivia was startled.

"If you look like that, Nano, your earnestness must be overwhelming."

"I beg your pardon for an inadvertence. And I must go," she said, rising abruptly, "without fulfilling my promise to a friend who believed you to be in the last stages of depression, and was anxious that I should discover the cause."

"Well, thank Heaven! the depression is gone, and its cause with it. Your errand failed of its purpose for want of an object."

"I am very glad it is so, Olivia. So long as you are yourself I am content and happy."

She held out her hand with something of the old manner, and then, as if recollecting herself, drew it away again, and with a formal adieu left the room, leaving Olivia in a state of wonderment and pain at her inexplicable actions. Out in the carriage, away from the eyes of every one, her face grew white with sudden anguish, and she clutched and tore the velvet cushions like one in convulsions.

"Why do I envy her," she moaned, "if not for that purity of hers which I lack, which I never had, and never will have? My remorse is personified in her, and while she lives, oh! while her memory exists in me, so long shall I suffer these intolerable agonies which I thought were for ever gone. My God! shall I ever know peace again? But no, no," she added with a shudder; "there can be, there is, no God."

Unhappy woman! Faith was knocking at her heart, and the sin she would not acknowledge held and barred the entrance.

CHAPTER XXV.

A MERITED PUNISHMENT.

DR. FULLERTON was a grave, studious man, with no love for society, though cheerful enough in his disposition, fond of his books, his home, and his profession, and cherishing only one dream outside of the ordinary aspirations of his life—to wed with Nano

McDonell. He was skilled in men and the world's ways as thoroughly as in their lore. Long years of conflict with the world and its handmaids, poverty and misery, had not been passed in vain. He had conquered, taking away with him a fine touch of cynicism in his nature, strong enough to sweeten, as healthful salt can sweeten, the tenderness, the piety, the cheerful, warm affections of his manly soul. As a student he did not pay much attention to the affairs of that particular social world to which he belonged. His books were of greater interest than its gossip. They were his world, stretching out like vast and limitless prairies, great tracts of wilderness yet to be trodden by the hardy traveller, intellectual Africas peopled with the most wonderful creations. Here he found his entertainment. He was ambitious. His desire was to sit with the famous of the land in the history of the nation. He was willing to work that he might reach the eminence, and he put aside all the allurements of youth, girded himself as the mountain-climber girds, and gave himself to labor and to study in solid earnest.

Hence it was that the causes of Olivia's late mental disturbance were so difficult for him to discover. The cuts direct which he received from the people with whom he was acquainted were as numerous and severe as those which were showered on unfortunate Olivia; but the scholar paid no attention to them, and went on his way serenely unconscious of the events which were transpiring. For this indifference Olivia was extremely thankful. She knew not what she would have to face if Harry became acquainted with the matter, and if the current did not change this must soon happen. We know with what relief she welcomed the astonishing disclosures of Mr. Quip. She considered the danger in a great measure averted if Mr. Quip were able to do but a tithe of what he had promised; and she therefore pressed upon her brother the urgency of closing at once with his offer, lest delay might prove hurtful to their interests.

Fate was hovering, however, over Killany's head. Dr. Fullerton was still inclined to be sceptical over Mr. Quip's revelations, and delayed the promised decision for more than a week. In the meantime Killany, delighted with the success of his villanous slanders, and encouraged, as cowards ever are, by the meekness, all misunderstood, of his victims, became bolder and openly laughed and sneered at what he elegantly termed the bar sinister on the Fullerton escutcheon. He won great praises from his lady friends for his kindness in providing a position for Harry, who, despite his poverty, which was his greatest obstacle,

and his religion, which with wealth was no obstacle at all, had made a great sensation among the ladies by his Saxon figure with its yellow curled head and eyes of violet hue. The hearts of many susceptible ones, bursting open the guards of prudence, fluttered uncontrolled in his presence. They pitied his recent misfortune, and the gentlemen, too, regretted it. In Olivia's regard there was a change of front for one party, the ladies fiercely condemning her, and the gentlemen vowing and swearing (mostly over their punch) that it was a shame anything in the matter of birth should be allowed to affect so divine a young woman. At last society got in quite a rage over the whole subject. The leaders, Mrs. Strachan and Miss McDonell, were yet on terms of intimacy with Olivia, and Sir Stanley Dashington did not in one particular abate his well-known affection for brother and sister.

No one had yet the hardihood to inform Sir Stanley of the position of his friends. Murmurs and whisperings died away at his ears. But it was impossible to conceal it for ever, and when the matter was at its culminating point some miserable little puppy popped it at the baronet, and was choked, and strangled, and shaken out of his five senses for his officiousness—before a number of ladies, too, so excited did the Irishman become. For a few minutes there was a scene of fainting, screaming, cologne-water perfumes, and noisy demonstrations from the gentlemen present, which brought the baronet to his senses and drew forth an apology sufficient to atone for a severer misdeed. He wished to take his frightened victim aside and question him; but the ladies, dear creatures! took it on themselves to give him all particulars, which showed conclusively that the scandal had spread in all directions, and was as common among the interested as the latest song or the latest novel.

He hastened, therefore, to make Harry acquainted with the astonishing fact. The doctor was standing at the door of his office, looking wonderingly down the street. He had just come in from a round of professional calls, and had met that Hughes who on a former occasion had shown him some rudeness which was as yet unexplained. Harry had forgotten it under the pressure of his many duties, until it was recalled to his mind by a second meeting with the gentleman. Having addressed him courteously as he was passing the office, Hughes received the salute in a rather constrained and frightened fashion, stared, seemed surprised, yet afraid to express his surprise, and finally turned away, leaving the doctor as before to wonder what it meant. When the baronet came along he mentioned the matter.

" Come in," said the latter—" come in to the office, and I will explain it. It is simply damnable."

Then it was that the doctor noticed a high color in Sir Stanley's cheek, a sparkle in his eye that was not usually there, and a general excitement of manner which the man of fashion rarely permitted to take hold of him. Once in the inner sanctum the story was soon told, while Mr. Quip kept his ear to the keyhole and made faces at the carpet in his astonishment. The doctor listened quietly with lips that paled at first, and afterwards became swollen and red with compression.

" That explains many things," he said, " which for so long a time have mystified us. Olivia's illness, whose cause we could not discover, her seclusion, and the falling-off of her friends were no doubt owing to this slander. Poor little mistaken woman! How she suffered, and would suffer to the end! Probably she knows the slanderer!"

" What do you propose doing?" said the baronet.

" Wait here until I return," answered the doctor. " I shall have news for you then."

Sir Stanley laid his hand on his arm.

" I know you will punish the traducer," he said, " and I wish you to remember that I claim a hand in it. I am wronged as deeply as yourself, since this slander touches the honor of my wife to be."

" I shall remember," said the doctor, and went away, taking his riding-whip with him. His appearance was composed and grave as usual, and excited no attention on the part of the people in the streets. He was looking for Hughes. He went first to his residence, but, finding him absent, sought him at his office. He was not there, and he would have waited until his return but that his feverish impatience would not permit him to rest. Going out on the street again, he saw the man he wanted in the office of a hotel, talking with friends and acquaintances of the doctor's own. He could not have desired a better opportunity. Stepping up to the group, whom he greeted with a familiar nod and was not astonished to see it coldly returned, he touched Hughes on the arm.

" If you please, I would like from you, sir, an explanation of the manner in which you have lately thought fit to return the salutations which one gentleman is supposed to give another of his acquaintance. Not that I prize particularly your good-will, but I fancy there is a deeper meaning in your actions than the matter itself signifies."

"You may take what meaning you please from it," returned Hughes with stiff composure, and the others laughed softly. "I am not bound to account to any man for my behavior towards him so long as he is treated according to his position."

"Very justly answered," coolly replied the doctor, giving a gratuitous glance of scorn to the chorus, "and for that very reason, that I am unjustly treated not only by you but by many others, do I demand an explanation. I shall have it from each of these gentlemen in turn. I begin with you, because I recall that you were the first to adopt towards me that demeanor which has since become the fashion. Now, sir, do you look upon me as not your equal, and why?"

"I do," said the other, not so confidently, but firmly still, "and the wherefore is that I have been taught to look upon those born out of wedlock as not fit associates."

The coterie seemed very much to expect that the doctor would vanish under this crushing reply, and were surprised to see him standing there determined and unmoved.

"Of course you have the best authority for the assertion you make," he said. "It is a dangerous one to make of any man, and brings often the most serious consequences. I should like to hear the name of the person who gave you this bit of information."

"What I know," was the cold reply, "I know upon good authority. Let that suffice. It ought to suffice for you. I will be catechised no further."

"You will answer one more question, sir. You will tell me the name of him who gave you the office of scandal-monger to the city, who chose the most gossiping fool he knew to spread his slander to the world. I here pronounce it a lie, and him who dares to utter it on no better authority than hearsay a liar. If you refuse to do as I bid, then you take his responsibility upon your own shoulders. You shall suffer now what is only meant for him."

He swung the whip along the mosaic pavement of the office, tilting its swaying top against the colored blocks with nice calculation, while he awaited the gentleman's answer. Hughes stood looking at him irresolutely. If his manner had been fiercer he would not have hesitated as to his action; but the doctor was grave, restrained, cool even to an appearance of weakness, yet decided and earnest, and warm enough in his words.

"I ask you again," said Harry more mildly, "to tell me the name of this person. I do not ask it under threat, but by a right

which is mine in law and in justice. In law you must do this or make good your own statement. In any case your silence will bring upon you the penalty of that other's dishonoring accusations."

"My informant was Dr. Killany," said Hughes.

"Thank you. You have made the task which I have set myself quite easy, and set an example to these gentlemen which I am sure will be followed."

It *was* followed. All volunteered their information. He found that the majority had received the slander at second-hand, and at a considerably later date than Hughes. From the hotel he went direct to his own home to obtain from Olivia her knowledge of the affair. He found with her the general, who was listening delightedly to Olivia's assurances of her own ability to disprove Killany's slanders. Both ladies instinctively jumped at the appearance of the doctor. He was stern and muddy, and still carried the ominous whip in his hand; and he stalked into the parlor with blazing eyes and yellow hair curling viciously close to his head. The general would have departed immediately, but the doctor compelled her to reseat herself and listen to his words.

"You are probably aware of the matter," he said shortly, "and it is because of the foolishness of some of you that the good name of my sister and myself has been bandied about with jest and scorn in every corner of society. Olivia, who is the man that first ventured to start this report concerning us? You know him, and I must know him too."

Olivia hesitated, with pallid cheeks and tear-streaming eyes.

"What would you do, Harry?" she said, terrified.

"What might not have been done," he answered sternly, "if you had not so foolishly concealed it all from me this month past. Come, tell me at once."

"But remember, Harry," she pleaded, "what Mr. Quip has told us, and how soon we may be able to disprove this slander peacefully. I pray you let there be no violence."

"Violence!" he laughed. "No, there shall be no violence. The dog! I shall whip him from the city like the cur that he is. Will you tell me, girl, and undo in part the bitter mischief that has already been occasioned by your silence?"

"Mischief not so serious," broke in the general vigorously, "but that it can be speedily undone. I make myself responsible for restoring to you your old position. Olivia is right: there should be no violence."

"You will not tell me, I see," he exclaimed moodily, and pay-

ing no more attention to tears and sobs than to a rain-storm, in which he never hoisted an umbrella. "You are a pair of conspirators and noodles, and in your mistaken desire to avoid the unavoidable you only heap the mischief higher. Killany so far is responsible."

The cunning fellow! Both women could not help looking at each other, and both started.

"Killany *is* the man," said the doctor, smiling. "Ah! well, it was not improbable."

And he was stalking out of the room when the two rushed at him and flung their arms about him, and declared in chorus that he would never, never leave that room until he had promised to leave the matter in their hands, or at least to do Killany no physical harm. At which he laughed and showed them his whip.

"I shall do no more than beat him," he said.

"And if he has the spirit of a man he will shoot you," cried the general, while Olivia shrieked out "Blood!" in a hysterical way, and, when he shook her off, fell into the general's arms fainting. Very cruelly he left her there and went on his errand of justice.

Mrs. Strachan, after reviving and consoling Olivia as well as was possible under the circumstances, fled to McDonell House with the intention of making the mistress acquainted with the little drama about to be enacted. Killany was coming out of the door and greeted her with his sugary smile. He owed her one for her astonishing patronage of Olivia. The general stood looking at him a moment doubtfully. "No, I will not," she said at last, turning away. "It will be no more than a whipping, and the coward richly deserves it."

The friendly hand that might have saved Killany from disgrace was withheld, and he went on his way to meet his shame, while Mrs. Strachan detailed to the horror-stricken Nano the sufferings of his victims.

In the meantime the baronet was awaiting with exemplary patience the doctor's return. Killany arrived before him, and was engaged in conversation with Sir Stanley when the avenger entered.

"Well?" said the baronet eagerly.

"There stands the man," cried the doctor, for the first time trembling with passion, as he pointed his finger scornfully and hatefully towards the astonished Killany. "See his face whiten, the coward! who would dare to blacken the name of an honest man by his vile slanders."

Sir Stanley hid his surprise in his anger and contempt.

"What is the meaning of this, gentlemen?" said the doctor, comprehending at least the menace of the whip.

"You shall hear, and feel too," said Fullerton, controlling himself by a great effort. "Are not you the man who says that my sister and I have no right to the name we bear?"

"I am," said the physician boldly. "I do not think you can prove your right to it."

"I shall prove it now on you," answered the doctor grimly. "I shall write on your face in blood the marks of your infamy. You are a liar! You have deliberately injured me, and without any motive. You do not deserve the treatment of a gentleman. Take this, and this, my friend." He raised the whip to bring it down across the pale, bold, even smiling countenance; but quick as thought Killany had drawn a pistol and levelled it at his head.

"No violence, if you please, gentlemen," he said coolly. "I have rather the best card in the game."

The whip never stopped in its descent, but swerved enough to strike the weapon from his hand to the floor. It went off just as the whip, raised a second time, fell once, twice, thrice with terrific swiftness and force on the pale, derisive, but desperate face. The doctor fell to the ground backwards, his hands clasped over his disfigured countenance, half-unconscious, and unable to defend himself. Still the pitiless blows rained on him, cutting and merciless, on hands, and shoulders, and body, leaving red or bloody stripes where they touched the white, delicate skin. The report of the pistol brought Quip from the outer office, and with him two other gentlemen. They would have interfered, but the baronet politely declined to permit it until the avenger had been thoroughly satisfied.

"When your master recovers," he whispered to Quip, who was rejoicing inwardly, "you may hint that if he be found in the city within the month I shall have the honor of administering a similar chastisement."

Dr. Fullerton and the baronet then withdrew.

As for Killany, he lay there unconscious, and recovered only to rush into a blasphemous denunciation of his enemies and himself. His disgrace would now become as public as the slander had been. His days of good fortune were over, and he must go forth, as he had so often done before, a branded outcast from society.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEW VERSION OF A PROTESTANT NEW TESTAMENT.

The greatest novelty of the season, far excelling any work produced by even the most popular writer, is undoubtedly the Anglican recast of King James' version of the New Testament. The English-speaking portion of our Protestant fellow-citizens have been fairly on the tiptoe of expectation for an opportunity to judge whether the new spring style of this part of the Bible may suit their preconceived ideal of æsthetic culture, or whether the old and heaven-descended volume, as ninety-nine one-hundredths of devout Protestants have all along singularly believed, is to be rudely displaced by changes made through the iconoclastic hammer of modern research, philology, and progress.

That any one should dare to put forth his hand, like Oza of old, even when the oxen shook the vehicle of God's covenant, certainly seemed an act of appalling impiety; but if that was a crime, what name can be given to the act of making evident changes, chiefly by diminution, in what was proudly called the very compendium of the whole duty of man, and his guide both in faith and morals? In the preface, or title-page, it was duly set forth that the authorized version had been "translated out of the original tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised," and that it was "appointed to be read in churches"; but during this transition state uncertainty takes the place of any rule. Meanwhile private judgment is deemed perfectly competent to sit in an official capacity on the question as to what is the word of God, and we can in some measure understand the following wail of one who appears to hold earnestly and with clinging tenacity to his *fetich*, and writes, in a strain actually touching, as follows:

"Now, the common authority we take to be the approval of the people in the churches. The pride of pedantry may be gratified by finding a translator's blunder here and there; but will religion be served by a breaking down of the old landmarks? Through all the centuries men have been born, and lived and died, and we trust saved, under the old beacon-light. Communities who 'just knew, and knew no more, the Bible true,' have gone on in old faith and old hope—and are these to be asked now to surrender all the teachings of childhood, to tear down from its shelf that old clasped Bible, with the family records on its fly-leaves and the family as-

sociations clinging to it all over, and set up in its stead a strange volume which, though perhaps retaining all the essential teachings of Christianity, takes from their surroundings many of the memories of childhood and weakens faith in all Scripture by denying the truthfulness of parts?"

This gives the gist of what all our Protestant communities think about "the Book," which, to tell plain, unvarnished truth, has been and is the theme or occasion of more nonsense than ever was imagined outside the walls of an insane asylum, not to speak of the grotesque idolatry and superstition of which it was the source and origin.

The cry has been rung with all its changes upon us since we were a boy that "the Bible" (meaning always the above-mentioned version)—"the Bible, and nothing but the Bible, is the religion of Protestants"; but we very soon found out that this clarion shout was a lie, and that each sect forced its members to accept its own preconceived and efformed interpretation, and for this purpose had Procrustean beds of orthodoxy cast, without ever daring to assert the absolute certainty of their fit, into which woe betide those who refused to lay calmly their members and intellect. By the fact of efforming "confessions of faith," "symbols," "discipline-books," etc., they admitted that more than the Scriptures is needed. And as they all, with one accord, appeal to the Scriptures for proof of their different and contradictory teaching, it was well said even of the best version, when interpreted by private judgment, that every man finds *in* the Bible that which he brings *to* the dead letter of Scripture:

> "Hic est liber in quo quærit sua dogmata quisque,
> Invenietque ibi dogmata quisque sua"; *

whilst, on the other hand, the words of St. Augustine are unchangeable and unsullied truth: "Non crederem Evangelio nisi me commoveret auctoritas Ecclesiæ Catholicæ"—"I would not believe the Gospel, were it not for the authority of the Catholic Church."

The new version, however, for Protestants has appeared, and is certainly a widespread disappointment to those who had somehow fondly imagined "a vain thing"—namely, that the apex of perfection had hitherto been attained in the former "most dread sovereign's," or King James', version, which, for the melodious

* Or:

> Each man here seeks for his own view,
> Certain here to find it, too.

harmony of the English then spoken and its dignified solemnity of style, assuredly deserved many of the eulogies which have been scattered like flowers profusely on its conquering path. Among these, for its beauty, we may transcribe the words of Father Faber, who speaks on the power of literary excellence in sustaining tradition:

"If the Arian heresy was propagated and rooted by means of vernacular hymns, so who will say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on in the ear like a music that never can be forgotten, like the sound of church-bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities seem often to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind and the anchor of the national seriousness. Nay, it is worshipped with a positive idolatry, in extenuation of whose grotesque fanaticism its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with the man of letters and the scholar. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt never dimmed and controversy never soiled. It has been to him all along as the silent but oh! how intelligible voice of his guardian angel; and in the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant, with one spark of religiousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible." *

It will require a very long time and, what the new version is still less likely to command, an attentive and devout reading to enable it to displace (among Protestant Bible-readers) the older and more accustomed sounds; for of it people will say emphatically, as was said of the new wine in the unchanged text: "The old is better." This verdict, nevertheless, may be hereafter set aside simply because it will look like culture to leave the majority and be enrolled among the ostensibly better educated.

As we are practical, it may be as well to place just here our estimation of the work and our judgment upon it. We must premise by saying that none of these modern versions, however well made, have of themselves among scholars any real or critical value whatever. Their purity and fidelity must be determined by the grade of learning and other necessary qualifications their translators possessed, and the reliability and number of the ancient codices, or manuscripts, Hebrew, Chaldaic, Greek, and

* *Life and Letters*, 1852, p. 373, ed. Balt.

Latin, to which they had access and which they used in a proper manner. Any and all versions emanating from public or private individuals or societies, having no approbation from the church, "whose it is to judge of the sense of the Scriptures," are purely human productions, to be weighed in the balance as one does the classical authors, with their doubtful and discrepant readings. When, however, these contradictions are presented as the word of God they are simply self-condemned. This version undergoes the fate of any merely human production; and were it ten times as faithful in all its renderings and a thousand times more perfect in its wording, it would still have the original sin on its head of being not the word of God, but merely a human attempt at the task of translating discrepant manuscripts, a work deserving, indeed, some praise for scholarly skill manifested, yet essentially wrong if tending to leave the people (who should be taught, and who have no right or power to teach) under the false impression that they can, by any amount of earthly research and learning, tell what is or what is not the word of God; or, having found the actual text of Sacred Writ, that they can judge, without fear of being deceived, what is the exact sense of the oracles of God.

We are glad to be able to say that the new version in many points (and so far as we have cursorily examined it) approaches much more closely to the best manuscripts in Greek, and consequently to the Latin Vulgate, or Catholic reading, than many, or even the majority, of Protestants will care to hear. These somehow labored under a long delusion that special defectiveness belongs to the Vulgate, whence also our Rheims and Douay translations are chiefly taken. Scholars, however, have given the very greatest praise to the Latin version, concerning which a most apposite testimony may be found in the *London Quarterly*, July, 1878, article "Dr. Martin Joseph Routh" (President of Magdalen College, Oxford). In an authoritative and deliberate manner, and evidently after long study and research, this learned professor of the Sacred Scriptures leaves his judgment as to the value of the Vulgate when critical accuracy is sought. The words of such a witness are worth giving in full:

"Do you remember, sir, about a year ago asking me to recommend to you some commentary on Scripture? . . . Well, sir, I have often thought since that if ever I saw you again I would answer your question. If you will take my advice (that of an old man, but I think you will find the hint worth your notice), whenever you are at a loss about the sense of a passage in the New Testament, you will ascertain how it is rendered *in the*

Vulgate—the Latin Vulgate, sir" (here he kindled and eyed me to ascertain whether there was any chance of my misunderstanding him). "Not that the Latin of the Vulgate is inspired—nothing of the sort; but you will consider that it is a very faithful and admirable version, executed from the original by a very learned man—by Jerome—in the fourth century, certainly made, therefore, from manuscript authority of exceedingly high antiquity, and in consequence entitled to the greatest attention and deference."

The author of the article in which the above occurs also subjoins:

"It is only fair to add that I have since discovered for myself several proofs of the soundness of his advice; and the anecdote is put on record in the hope that other students may profit by it likewise."

In so far, therefore, as this evidently timid revision of the New Testament in English approaches the Vulgate we may congratulate its authors. Yet they always seem to halt between two opinions. They know full well that they stand on exceedingly dangerous ground before their acknowledged judges and superiors—the English-speaking Protestant community, which is not likely to yield important points so readily.

In truth, the previous question still remains and may be condensed in some such formula as this: "At the alleged bidding of manuscripts (some of them recently found) confessedly imperfect, not one of them even professing to be the original, large portions of what we were hitherto taught to venerate as Sacred Scripture have been blotted out, made doubtful, or entirely changed. Have we any likelihood that the work will be left in its present partially expurgated condition? We all know that equally available arguments may be brought against the grammatical accuracy, correct translation, and even the existence of a very large number of texts as yet untouched. When are these revisions to end?" This version is a mere compromise, as may be seen from the unaccepted changes (some of them very good, too) suggested, as it is stated, or said to have been actually presented, by the more radical American correctors, and left, like "errata corrige," at the end of the new version. It is notorious and admitted that the greatest care was exercised on purpose not to infringe on the domain of texts controverted theologically among Protestants, thus leaving an unmeasured margin for future changes. Whatever else has been done in the way of eliminating dogma by actual blotting out of verses or nearly whole chapters, it may be safely asserted that Unitarians and Universalists are those who can most

securely boast. It is still questionable whether this will tend to make the new version more popular, though the inclination among evangelicals has been to rid themselves of any dogmatical teaching whatever, and the broadest views up to the verge of deism are prevalent among those who were formerly sticklers for the letter of so-called Scripture.

But let us for a moment consider the real magnitude of this work of temporary revision, which involves such vast labor and erudition. It has taken these learned men more than ten years to produce the present abbreviated abortion, satisfactory to no man in any of the sects, if he be honest and calmly ask himself the straightforward question: "Does this now fulfil all my desire?" No one man has the time to spend in the reading up of codices, manuscripts, commentaries, and rules of criticism; not many can be found who have the previous learning requisite for such a task; fewer still have the means to meet the expenses implied in making personally such an examination. Yet were all this done it would still be only private judgment, merely human and fallible. How, then, can that be a rule of faith for people at large which is, in the first place, unattainable by the vast majority, and, secondly, when attained utterly indefinite and consequently not worth having? All who have seen the revision, if capable of judging, admit that it is not only not perfect, but that it is susceptible of and demands, from a Protestant standpoint, still further emendations. We do not call in question the learning and conservatism of the English revisers; but we are credibly informed that there are some on the American board who could not, and cannot now, read an ancient codex! These be thy gods, O Protestantism! But supposing that they even could, "with many a weary step and many a groan," drag through a part, would it not after all be the actual fulfilment of the apostolic prophecy: "Always learning, yet never coming to a knowledge of the truth"?

The principle upon which the revision hinges is that private judgment suffices to know, first, what is Scripture, and, secondly, what is the exact meaning of the same. To both of these unwarrantable assumptions we take, of course, the most decided exception. We put forward instead thereof the true theory, a thoroughly reasonable one, which asserts and easily proves that by way of authority, or through the testimony of a perfectly credible and authorized witness *only*, can we know which are the true Scriptures, or, knowing them, understand their meaning.

This witness must be antecedent to the Scriptures, and be able to vouch for their authenticity, genuineness, and substantial incor-

ruption. This the books cannot do for themselves, as is supremely evident in the nature of the case. This witness must be of so credible a character that perfect reliance may be placed in the testimony offered.

In reference to the books of the Old Testament, we have the Jewish synagogue and that singularly scattered yet undying nation everywhere giving a living testimony to the care they always took of the divine records. These books portray their crimes and vices with such frightfully vivid colors that no nation wishing to escape infamy would have paraded them about had they been of merely human origin. Their canon of Scripture was fixed by divine authority; they required a prophet, who proved his authoritative mission in order to determine the canon. Even this, however, was but one step. There was no doubt, no question mooted in the mind of the treasurer of Queen Candace (Acts viii. 27) concerning the authority of the book of the prophet Isaias. The subordinate question came in with all its potency: "Thinkest thou that thou understandest what thou readest?" who said: "And how can I, unless some man show me?" The sense was not, therefore, remarkably clear. The same thing is quite plain from Christ's words to his apostles in St. Luke xxiv. 45: "Then he opened their mind, that they might understand the Scriptures" (of the Old Testament, of course). Evidently they had before not understood "that all things must needs be fulfilled which are written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me."

Now, the books of the New Testament must be vouched for in an equally authoritative manner, first as to what they are, and, secondly, as to their meaning. The founding of the Christian society was antecedent to the writing of any of the books of the New Testament, as may easily be proved historically. Just as we know from the synagogue, as the authoritative witness of the Hebrew religion, what are their records, and their value and sense, so also we can know the true and authentic narratives of the New Testament from that society which is known by the title of Christian, and from it *only*. The existence of such society is as much a matter of fact as is that of any corporate body the members of which are still extant, or their successors, in an organized form or government. Applying this method to the subject-matter before us, we have the definite testimony of a perfectly credible witness to the question, first: "What are the Scriptures of the New Testament?" and, secondly: "What is the sense or meaning of the same?" We do not prove the

Scriptures from the church, and her existence again from them, for we could not know with any certainty what are or what are not inspired, sacred, and canonical writings; but by the testimony of that ever-living witness which as a society, and independent of and antecedent to the Scriptures, was actually instituted to permeate all succeeding ages and never to be ignored. Now, the office or duty of this society is as necessary and authoritative for Christians as was that of the Jewish synagogue, prior to the coming of Christ, to testify to the Hebrew nation what was their sacred canon. The truth of that priority of existence, besides being in the nature of the question, appears manifest by many an opportune admission made by critical scholars. A genuine specimen is the following from Constantine Tischendorf in the preface to the Sinaitic version: "I have no doubt," says the learned writer, "that very shortly after the books of the New Testament were written, and before they were protected by the authority of the church, many arbitrary alterations and additions were made in them." Here he admits, in common with every right-minded thinker, that the church is the protector of the Scriptures as well as the real voucher for them.

Nor should we forget the evident plan laid down and acted upon by Christ, who neither wrote anything himself nor gave even the semblance of an order to do so to any of his disciples. Yet his plan embraced all time, as it took in the uttermost part of the earth. Had the reading of books been essential, how very few during all the ages were able to read; and would not the art of printing have been accelerated, since it was a tardy supplement of the Incarnation?

He chose, on the contrary, to call around him selected disciples, whom he instructed to be witnesses of his teaching and acts. After years of formation and direction he empowered them to go forth and teach. Only a small number, indeed, put in writing any part of the words or works of their Master. Those even who did protested that the writings were incomplete, but that the teaching would be permanent: "Go . . . *teach* all nations, . . . *teaching* them to observe *all things* whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (St. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20). This plan was followed by the apostles and continues to the present day. The church gives testimony of the most direct kind as to what is the teaching of Christ, and she gives it in the most intelligible form. When any reasonable doubt arises she is the supreme teacher, and in this capacity teaches all nations. She acts the very neces-

sary part of the last or supreme court of judicature, making use of her accumulated documents as evidence of what is the law and what must be the application thereof.

This theory commends itself at once to the mind of every one because of its perfect simplicity and universal adaptability. By it all are made equal, whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor; hearing the church as the mouthpiece of Christ, they actually hear him: "He who hears you hears me; and he who hears me hears Him who sent me." Whilst this is clear and definite, the delusion of private judgment must of pure necessity be productive of as many different views as there are diversities of calibre and grades of education in the human mind. It is not worth while to do more than suggest for consideration what is the actual state of society wheresoever this monstrous system has even temporarily obtained a foothold. In our own country, which is the very paradise of sects—increasing also daily—nearly every imaginable view in theological matters has found or may find ready followers. Apparently it seems of little importance to them that their teachings are directly contradictory on almost every point, from a denial of the divine personality of Christ to the rejection of a future life—negation in all things, both in doctrine and practice, from the overthrow of the Commandments to a setting aside portions, verses, whole chapters, or even books of Scripture, as is evident in the new reading.

Unless, therefore, we have an infallible witness we can never know with certainty what is the Scripture. We may have human probability, such as we have for the authentic and genuine classics of Greece and Rome. No doubt, humanly speaking, the church treasured up with even greater care the different parts of the sacred writings. She had them entirely in her hands, and preserved the books of the Old Testament, by the witness of the series of prophets and the traditions of the Jews, during the long interval from the Pentateuch to the historical works, through the Psalms and prophets. The line of high-priests did not fail till the fulfilment came in Christ. He gave testimony concerning the old covenant. His commission to his disciples made them a corporate and perpetual body. This permanent body collected, in the course of time, the testimony committed to writing by a certain number of the immediate followers of Christ. Few, indeed, of these had written anything, as is evident. It can easily be proved, on the other hand, that they all obeyed the command *to go and teach.* They were to be "the witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the utter-

most part of the earth" (Acts i. 8). We do not need to have recourse to a miracle for the preservation of the precise words of Scripture, since that was a practical and living matter in the church, and the letters given for specifically mentioned purposes, or to meet particular exigencies, must have been preserved and venerated very highly. It has been well said that the liturgies, dating from apostolic times and kept with oriental tenacity, retain very accurately the sense of the Scriptures, whilst the material text might be very nearly transcribed from the myriads of references found in the early Fathers of the church. These certainly may be used as a precious legacy of corroborative testimony, and they go far to establish the actual text of the original. Lest, however, any reasonable doubt might be left unanswered, or any room for cavil remain, both the synagogue and church have given in an authoritative manner their attestation as to the canon of Scripture. There is, therefore, no doubt in the church as to the number, authenticity, substantial integrity, and absolute genuineness of these books, which had long passed from hand to hand among the churches, and were finally stamped with the seal of extrinsic authority in council. It would have been impossible to corrupt all the manuscripts of the Old Testament, for the Jews would have made themselves heard; nor could the parts of the New in general use in the liturgies have been essentially changed, since the different nations possessing these ancient documents would have complained not only on religious but on national grounds.

When St. Jerome, by request of Pope Damasus, made a revision of the Latin Vulgate from the oldest manuscripts of the original tongues, the Psalter was left in its present condition, because it was a good translation and by actual use among the religious was endeared to them even in its wording. In the Council of Trent the fathers insist that the ancient and well-known version, approved and recognized by long ages of use, should be printed *quam emendatissime*, and in all services and offices must be followed. They did not assert that the Vulgate had fallen, as it were, from heaven, nor did they forbid scholars to have full recourse to the Hebrew, Chaldaic, Greek, and Latin versions, since the original texts are not extant; but they did assert authoritatively that the Vulgate with all its parts, mentioned book by book *seriatim*, as read in the Catholic Church, is sacred and canonical. That puts an end to disputes so far as Catholics are concerned, and is thoroughly clear and intelligible. "Roma locuta est: causa finita est"—Rome has spoken, and the matter is settled.

For us, therefore, this new version of a corrupt and heretical reading has no special interest, unless in so far as it approaches (where not curtailed) somewhat, by times, nearer the Catholic truth. In this we see some reason for congratulation. It is also an admission that "the Book" was frightfully corrupt, and that Protestants have been fighting for a version confessedly wrong; else why correct it? The differences in readings are patent and obvious. They are, like Falstaff's lies, "gross as a mountain, open, palpable."

The tendency of the revision among thinking Protestants will be either to make them forsake a sinking craft, leaky, untrustworthy, and floundering, in order to make a safe harbor, or they will renounce all semblance of Christianity. It is one of the rudest shocks Protestantism, as such, has been obliged to undergo in this doubting century. Should it bring many to "the ark of worship undefiled" through the principle of authority, we shall be pleased indeed. They can hardly fail to see that they have built their habitations on the shifting sands of ocean's shore. We are fixed on the rock, against which the tempests of time may beat in vain.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Cat. An Introduction to the Study of Backboned Animals, especially Mammals. By St. George Mivart, Ph.D., F.R.S. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

One taking up this book for the first time, and glancing over its pages, would probably wonder for what class of readers it was written. It would seem to him as if it were intended for cat-doctors, if such people there are, so minutely does it describe every part of the feline organism. But a little closer examination, and even a consideration of the title, given above, would put him on the right track, and the scheme of which this work is a part would become evident. This scheme is, indeed, set forth clearly in the preface. "The natural history of animals and plants," says the eminent author, "may be written in two ways: (1) living beings may be treated as one whole, their various powers and the more general facts as to their organization being successively portrayed as they exist in the whole series; or (2) one animal (or plant) may be selected as a type and treated of in detail, other types, successively more divergent in structure from the first, being described afterwards."

He proceeds to say that we may take our type either at the lower or the upper end of the scale of creation; but that the latter course is prefer-

able and has been taken in the actual development of zoölogical science. Man's anatomy was first studied, and that of other animals based on his. But the author has chosen not to treat of the human subject, but to select another of the higher animals, in order that the knowledge derived from reading may be more conveniently supplemented, as it is so important that it should be, by actual examination of the organism in question; since his work "is intended for persons who are interested in zoölogy, and especially in the zoölogy of beasts, birds, reptiles, and fishes, and not merely for those concerned in studies proper to the medical profession."

It is not, then, strictly speaking, a professional book, but one of value and interest to any reader interested, as so many are now, in natural science in general. And to such it aims to present science in its true light, not, as the author remarks at the end, as a knowledge of mere facts and phenomena, but as a knowledge of *causes.* To help on the progress of that true science in this department, "no course," he says, "is perhaps more useful than that of the careful study of a succession of *types* belonging to different families of living beings."

Aside from the value of the work simply as a scientific treatise commending itself by its ability and thoroughness to all readers, it has, together with the other works of its distinguished author (*Lessons from Nature, Genesis of Species, Contemporary Evolution,* etc.), the recommendation of giving an example of science pursued in a reasonable and Christian way, and a proof—much needed nowadays, as it would seem—that to study natural science and to attain a high position among scientific men, it is not necessary to cut adrift from faith or to leave it behind one on coming out of the church-door. Such works coming from such men ought to show, and will show to all who read them, that true religion, instead of hindering natural science, is a help to it, not only by the supernatural light which it sheds on it, but also by the systematic and scientific character which it itself has, and which it cannot fail to impart to those minds which it thoroughly imbues.

CHRIST IN HIS CHURCH. A Catholic Church History. From the original of Rev. L. C. Businger. By Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. Together with a "History of the Church in America." By John Gilmary Shea, LL.D. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1881.

This is not precisely a history according to the usual plan, but rather a series of distinct historical views of particular parts of the Catholic religion. The author is a writer of reputation and his work is instructive and edifying. The name of the translator is a sufficient guarantee that his part of the work is well done. At the end is a chronological table of events, in which there is a lack of critical accuracy in several points. The year A.D. 34 is given as the date of the first Pentecost, whereas it is generally agreed on by authorities in chronology that it was either A.D. 29 or 30. Innocent VII. is marked in the table as having resigned in 1406, whereas he did not resign but died. Gregory XII. is marked as having resigned in 1409, whereas it was only in 1417 at the Council of Constance.

Dr. Shea's "History of the Church in the United States," we need not say, is drawn up with the care and correctness to be expected from its

author. There is an inaccuracy in the names of several American converts which it would be well to correct in the reprinting. These names should be the Rev. C. A. Walworth, the Rev. F. A. Baker, and the Rev. A. F. Hewit. The statement that Father Hewit is editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD is also incorrect. Father Hecker has been from the beginning, and still continues to be, the editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The publishers would have done better to make less effort to produce a showy volume, or else to carry out their design in better taste and with more care than they have done. Some of the portraits, particularly those of Cardinals Manning and Newman, far from adorning, actually disfigure the volume.

CHRISTIAN TRUTHS. Lectures by the Rt. Rev. Francis Silas Chatard, D.D., Bishop of Vincennes. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1881.

It can safely be predicted that this volume will become a favorite manual of controversy on some of the chief points of Catholic doctrine. To speak of it as popular in style might create the false impression that it is superficial and showy—two qualities that have to too great an extent come to be looked upon as necessary for popular success. These lectures are popular, however, in the best sense of the term. They bear every evidence, in their clean and correct language, their fulness and aptness of examples, and their accuracy of quotation, of having been carefully thought out for the instruction, and not for the amusement, of the people. But though they address themselves very decidedly to the intelligent and thoughtful, they are singularly free from dryness. The subjects are: the personality of God, the existence of the soul in man, God and the soul-revelation, faith and its requisites, the rule of faith, infallibility, liturgy and devotions of the church, penance, the Blessed Eucharist, early Christianity.

The first four lectures, as well as the last, were delivered in this country; the others were given during their author's residence in Rome, where he was rector of the American College. The last lecture points out how the symbolical paintings and etchings of the Roman Catacombs testify to the identity of the faith of the Christians under Pope Marcellinus in the third century with that of the Christians under Pope Leo XIII. in our own day.

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS OF THE TUDOR DYNASTY. By Sarsfield Hubert Burke. London: John Hodges, King William Street, Strand. 1881.

We owe to the manly candor of the Scotch historian, Fraser Tytler, an assertion more veracious than complimentary to England—that no writer could, in the opinion of the English people, commit "a greater historical heresy than to tell them the truth." The exemplification of this observation is notably given by the reception which Mr. Burke's book has met with from many sections of the English press. Some of the most respectable papers have admitted the fidelity with which his researches have been set forth and the potency of his proofs; whilst the sectarian press have bitterly attacked the motives of the writer, or contradicted his facts without even an attempt at producing evidence to contravene his statements, so elaborately collected by a researchful industry almost unparalleled in English

history. "Truth does not sell in proud England" was the statement of William Cobbett, whose works, nevertheless, after being sold in millions in Ireland and America, subsequently took possession of the shelves of myriads of English homesteads. Whilst tons of Foxe's falsehoods, fantastically illustrated and multiplied threefold on the original allegations, in modern years have emanated from the Protestant press, the calm, judicious, and proof-sustained exposition of the truth is disregarded by very many who ought to know better, and is placed out of the reach of many inquirers by reason of its price.

The second volume of the *Historical Portraits* presents a varied and most interesting cabinet of written portraits, drawn with a truthfulness substantiated on almost every page by quotation of the authority from which each statement is derived; and whilst the motto of the book, "Time unveils all truth," is conscientiously adhered to, the romance connected with the subject of any of the portraitures is deftly dealt with and picturesquely delineated. Mr. Burke has been accused of eccentricity in the spelling of his names—a proof of the *bona fides* with which he has searched for and obtained from long-neglected *adyta* in the mouldy chambers of London and provincial institutions the veritable manuscripts written by or addressed to the men and women he portrays. The eccentricity of the author consists mainly in his unwonted fashion of writing English history: he does not, like Mr. Froude, ignore, much less misrepresent, documents which he has found or with which he has been furnished, and, clinging to impartial truth, he has no taste for the autocratic caprice of individual dogmatism or a desire to stifle truth under the flowers of a labored but factitious rhetoric.

The editor of one of the most beautiful and fashionable papers in London has declared that the chapter concerning the death of Lady Jane Grey—or, as Mr. Burke more correctly designates her, Lady Jane Dudley (for had she not a right to her husband's name?)—ought alone to establish the fame of the book. The scaffold speech of this poor young victim of her kindred's treasonable ambition was, singular to say, taken by a lady attached to the Spanish embassy, and is for the first time printed in the English tongue, in this volume, from the Spanish notes.

Never, perhaps, has a work been more diversely treated than this. It has been sullenly remarked by some Catholic papers that the author has no right to exhibit the evil-doings of the bishops and clerics who gave way to the licentious tyrant, Henry VIII.—as if all the world did not know, or ought not to know, that it was so-called Catholics who, having aided and shared in the confiscation of the monasteries—the heritage of the poor—established an anti-Roman cultus, which was afterwards made more divergent by the caprice or ingenuity of quasi-Reformers. Because the author has proved that bad Catholics—proved it with an impartiality almost miraculous for its stern directness—were the originators and architects of the present Established Church of England, his work is regarded with horror by the members of the English "Church Association" and by the so-called Evangelicals, and is correspondingly received with greeting and support by High-Churchmen and Ritualists, who have, it is said, more extensively purchased the work than have the Catholics of England. Why should Catholics of the present day be angry to have it proved that there were very bad professors of the olden faith three hundred years ago, as there

may be now? Henry VIII. was, when young, so active and convinced a Catholic that he wrote a book against Luther, and received from a too confiding pope the title of "Fidei Defensor." Then why be irate if it is proved that subordinate spirits had not the courage to resist his will, and imitate, even in the lowest degree, the sublime examples of those grand old confessors, Fisher, More, Warham, and the illustrious Carthusians? Luther, too, was a very bad and sacrilegious Catholic, yet he was adopted as an apostle of a new creed by the robber Ritters of Germany; and how well fitted he was to consort with those monsters, and to be patronized and protected by them, his *Tischreden*, or "table-talk"—that ineffable *mélange* of obscenity and coarseness furnished to us by Audin in his great biography of the "German Reformer"—lamentably proves.

We are glad to see that the third volume of these *Historical Portraits* is in the hands of the printer; and its table of contents indicates a programme of matter which has never been equalled for its importance to the rightful and true understanding of a most eventful phase of English history.

The Servant-Girl Question. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

Mrs. Spofford's book is a résumé of that much-agitated subject, the servant-girl question. It contains nothing new, and its views do not differ materially from what has gone before, save that the author is inclined to be more fair in her judgments than the majority of writers have hitherto been, and, as between mistress and maid, to give honor to each where honor is due. In short, it is not one-sided.

While giving an occasional odd fling at the devotion of the Irish girl to her religion and the inconvenience it entails upon orderly American households, she is yet disposed not to find too great fault with said inconvenience, as well she may, for in the attachment of the Irish girl to the teachings of the church lies the secret of the many virtues for which Mrs. Spofford gives her credit.

The author's remarks are not always consistent. In one chapter she admires the ease and facility with which these children of nature adapt themselves to new circumstances and surroundings, eulogizing their patience, endurance, etc.; but a few pages later on she takes occasion to deprecate their unfaithfulness, wilfulness, and carelessness, referring at the same time to their impudence, and even insolence. Admitting that these charges are true in a measure, the two opposing facts lead one to suspect that the secret of the change must lie in the "fundamental principles" of American housekeeping. The girl that comes to us so willing to do and so eager to learn, so susceptible to good influences and docile as a child in obedience to authority, is very often treated like a machine by the mistress who employs her. The rough edge once worn off, she is left to her own devices and inefficient resources; no thought or care is given to her mental or moral progress; being human, she will necessarily seek companions and amusements—and how many women in a hundred ever know or care to know what friends or what manner of relaxation their servant has? No supervision is exercised over her outgoings or incomings; so much labor, so much wages, is the sum of the relation between the greatest number of employers and employed. With rare exceptions the Irish girl is plastic clay

in our hands, to be moulded as we please, always taking care to remember and respect her religious and filial devotion, which are the paramount virtues of her soul. Add to this the undeniable fact that as a rule most servants in this country have too much to do, and we have the real cause of the growing exigencies of the servant-girl question. An impudent or insolent servant should be an unknown quantity in a respectable household. Presumption of that sort ought not be suffered more than once; no lady need be at the mercy of impertinence, and we confess to feel but little sympathy for those limp females who spend half their lives in fear of Bridget or Nora.

Mrs. Spofford gives a case in point, which, by way of illustration, we quote entire:

"'Julia,' said a kind mistress of our acquaintance lately to her rather superior servant, 'if you had made the fire half an hour earlier this morning the potatoes would have been baked for Mr. Blank's breakfast.' 'I had to use my own judgment about that,' Julia replied loftily. 'Certainly,' said her mistress; 'but you had sleep enough, as you went to bed at eight, to have spared the half-hour this morning.' 'That was my business,' answered the down-trodden one."

The "certainly" of that mistress is the key to her weakness. There is no evidence to show that "Julia" was discharged, or even reproved; but if that fair daughter of Erin and others of like ilk be held as "superior" specimens in certain localities, then we marvel not that American housekeepers in the affected districts have ceased to struggle with the inevitable. We cannot conceive of such impertinence in a servant, nor of a state of relations between mistress and maid that would warrant the thought or implication of the same. Neither has it ever been our misfortune to have been obliged to go about in a condition of grime and discomfort through fear of arousing the temper of an irascible laundress; and we have yet to see the day when such an announcement as "Bridget, we are to have some friends to-morrow" has drawn the suggestion of a frown to the forehead of any Bridget or Nora who has had the privilege or ill-fortune, as the case may be, to officiate at the culinary shrine. With regard to Mrs. Spofford's "last resort"—viz., the introduction of Chinamen into our kitchens, chambers, and nurseries—refinement and delicacy, not to speak of Christianity, shrink from the mention of such a possibility. We do not fear it. It is too disagreeable an alternative.

In conclusion we quote the best passage and the truest in Mrs. Spofford's book, feeling confident that our sentiments will be endorsed by thousands of housekeepers throughout the land:

"Yet if once in a while a kind Providence sends to your door, as it has sent to our own, an Irish girl such as there is a tradition that there used to be, and such as it is not altogether too much to expect now, then the prose seems a better thing than the poetry. Then you have not a servant merely, but a friend—a great-hearted. warm-hearted friend; one who feels your interests as her own; whose industry is faithfulness, whose faithfulness is devotion, whose sympathetic soul and sweet, blarneying tongue are like sunbeams through the house; in the light of whose superiority differences of religion and nationality seem but contemptible trifles; to whom the children run; to whom you turn yourself; whom you counsel with rather than command; whose clean and wholesome ways are ways of pleasantness, while, if all her paths are not paths of peace, she clears off after a

flare-up so brightly that reconciliation is a pleasure; and whom if, when her days of usefulness are over, you forget, then should God forget you."

MOTHERHOOD: A Poem. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1881.

If a mother should take up this little book she would not be likely to lay it aside until she had read every page from beginning to end.

The author has treated the solemn and mysterious theme of motherhood with the greatest dignity and delicacy, and at the same time with a simplicity, a strength and beauty of thought and expression, that shows the true inspiration of the poet.

To give some idea of how the subject is treated we quote some verses from the "Hymn of Motherhood":

"O beautiful new life within my bosom,
New life, love-born, more beautiful than day,
I tremble in thy sacred presence, knowing
What holy miracle attends my way!
My heart is hushed; I hear between its beating
The angel of annunciation say,
'Hail, blessed among women!' while I pray.

"O all creative Love! thy finger touches
My leaping pulses to diviner heat.
What am I, that thy thought of life should blossom
In me, in me thy tide of life should beat?
Beat strong within me God-tide, in high passion,
With quickening spirit earth-born essence greet!
Fountain of life! flow through me pure and sweet.

'O all sustaining Love! come close beside me—
Me, so unworthy of this wondrous gift.
Purge me, refine me, try me as by fire,
Whiten me white as snow in glacier-rift,
That neither spot, nor stain, nor blemish darken
These elements that now to being drift;
Inspire, sustain me, all my soul uplift."

The author, in her preface, begs her readers and critics to respect the incognito of a poem which was written as an expression not of individual but of universal experience, and from a desire to portray in its purity and holiness the most beautiful instinct of humanity.

The book is well gotten up, in a style that is attractive and appropriate.

MY FIRST COMMUNION: the Happiest Day of my Life. A Preparation and Remembrance for First-Communicants. Translated from the German of Rev. J. N. Buchmann, O.S.B. By Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1881.

This is a pretty little book, well got up and illustrated, and containing much valuable matter. It is hardly intended as a formal course of preparation for First Communion to be used by either instructors or instructed, but rather as a book of spiritual reading, to impart to the soul of the young communicant that piety which is even more salutary than knowledge, and which will, above all things, tend to make First Communion, what it should be, the beginning of a new and holy life. It will also serve, as implied in

the title, as a valuable keepsake and reminder through life of that great day, to revive and renew the impressions then received. It contains, however, a great deal of instruction, and for this alone is well worth having. Nothing could be better to give as a present or prize to children on their First-Communion day.

AUS JUNGST VERFLOSSENEN TAGEN. Von E. Arwed. Mainz: F. Kirchheim. 1874.
DER SAPHIR. (The same.) 1876.
MARIO VON MARTIGNY. (The same.) 1880.

These three German novels belong to the same class with those published by the Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn during the later period of her literary life. They have those characteristics of works of fiction which make this species of literature so attractive and enticing, and yet are written with a serious purpose. The principles and convictions of the author are thoroughly Catholic. The scenes and persons he represents are taken from the modern European society in which religious and political revolution shakes the foundation of old Christian states, bringing conflict everywhere, in the bosoms of individuals, in the domestic circles of families, in social and in political life. The author possesses considerable dramatic power, talent for describing scenery, an intimate knowledge of history and society, high moral sense, poetic feeling, and the art of enchaining the attention and keeping up interest in his characters and the development of his plot, while conveying in the most earnest manner the lessons he wishes to instil into the minds of his readers. There can be no doubt that the influence of fictitious writings on the intellectual and moral tone of society is very great. Works of this kind are more or less read even by votaries of the gravest and most solid branches of science and literature, and almost exclusively by tens of thousands who can be reached and affected through no other vehicle. Those who aim at counteracting the noxious effects of bad literature by merely furnishing that which is innocent but only amusing certainly do a good work. It is much better, however, to give instruction with amusement. Those who write well fictitious works of this higher class, for the purpose of illustrating history or contemporary events and of combating error and instilling truth, really accomplish a noble and useful task. We look on it as a thing most desirable to have works of this kind multiplied, and would like to see a considerable number of the best which have been written in Germany translated into English.

THE STORY OF IRELAND. By Dion Boucicault. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

In this little pamphlet of twenty-four pages Mr. Boucicault has with consummate skill, but without the least exaggeration, traced the most tragical career of Ireland under English dominion. There is no fustian, no pathetic appeals are made for sympathy; there is nothing but such a bringing out of the salient points of the "situations," one might say, as might be expected from the accomplished dramatist. The physical, blood-curdling horrors of the tale are not told; they are merely suggested. In one sentence Mr. Boucicault has forcibly and truthfully described with what reluctance England, under the pressure of fear or policy, has from time to

time mitigated her cruel administration of government in Ireland: "*The claws of England had to be torn away from the body of Ireland one by one.*" But the savage hold has not yet been released.

Mr. Boucicault should not have touched the relation of the church in Ireland to the Holy See before the Anglo-Norman invasion. It has nothing to do with the question at issue, and he has only fallen into the sad mistake of giving credit to theories that are altogether opposed to the facts.

The Twelve Annual Reports of St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys of the City of Baltimore, from the year 1869 to 1880. Press of St. Mary's Industrial School, Carroll P. O., Baltimore Co., Md. 1881.

In this volume are bound together all the reports which since its foundation in 1866 have been made of this excellent institution for the care of neglected, abandoned, or unruly boys. The late Archbishop Spalding opened the school on a farm presented by a charitable lady, Mrs. Emily McTavish, and he put it in charge of the Xaverian Brothers, under the control of an executive committee of responsible laymen. Judging by the reports here given, St. Mary's is in a flourishing condition.

Reports of the President and Recording Secretary of St. Mark's Academy, St. Louis University, for the year 1880-81. St. Louis: John J. Daly & Co. 1881.

St. Mark's Academy, an association for discussing the questions of the day, conducted under the patronage of the faculty of St. Louis University, is now in its fourth year, and has had delivered before it seventy-seven essays, lectures, and reviews, the work altogether of its own members.

Rules of the Associates of the Holy Angels. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1881.

National Academy of Design, 1881. American Academy Notes. Second edition. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

Decennial Souvenir of the Literary Society of St. Francis Xavier's Church. New York: Stephen Mearns, No. 73 Barclay Street. 1881.

On the Sunrise Slope. By Katherine E. Conway. With introduction by the Rev. Patrick Cronin. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1881.

Sanctissimi Domini Nostri Leonis XIII. Litteræ Apostolicæ, quibus extraordinarium Jubilæum indicitur in usum cleri practicis notis illustratæ. Neo Eboraci: Benziger Fratres. 1881.

An Examining Chaplain under Examination. A Review of Dr. Stearns' Rejoinder to *The True Faith of our Forefathers.* By the author of the same. Baltimore: John B. Piet. 1881.

Henri Perreyve and his Counsels to the Sick. By Kathleen O'Meara, author of *Life of Frederic Ozanam*, *Bells of the Sanctuary*, etc. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1 Paternoster Square. 1881.

Lectures on Christian Unity. With an appendix on the condition of the Anglican Communion and of the Eastern Churches. By the Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V.G., LL.D. Second edition. New York: Robert Coddington. 1881.

Poems for Children. By Sister Mary Alphonsus Downing, of the Third Order of St. Dominic, author of *Voices from the Heart*, etc. Revised by the Right Rev. Dr. Leahy, Bishop of Dromore. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1881.

Gladstone and Irish Grievances. An essay on the Irish land laws, tenures, and grievances; their proposed solution; the Gladstone Coercion Act and Land-Bill; and the Land League. By Henry A. Brann, of the New York Bar. New York: Benj. H. Tyrrel, Printer, 74 Maiden Lane. 1881.

LITERARY BULLETIN.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY CO. have now ready for delivery: **Christian Truths,** Lectures by Right Rev. F. S. Chatard, D.D., Bishop of Vincennes; and **On the Sunrise Slope,** Poems by Katherine E. Conway, with an introduction by Father Cronin, editor of the *Catholic Union.* Both of these are works most appropriate for premiums. The following is a list of the contents of Bishop Chatard's new book, *Christian Truths:*

I. The Personality of God.
II. The Existence of the Soul in Man; its Simplicity and Spirituality.
III. The Relation between God and the Soul.
IV. Faith and its Requisites.
V. The Rule of Faith.
VI. Infallibility, No. 1.
VII. Infallibility, No. 2.
VIII. The Liturgy of the Church and Catholic Devotions.
IX. Penance.
X. The Blessed Eucharist.
XI. Early Christianity.

The price of the book will be $1 50 retail.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual for 1882 is now in active preparation. Those who advertise, and want their advertisements seen by more than a few thousand persons, should try this MEDIUM. Last year our edition was **30,000** copies. Applications for special pages should be made at once.

THE special attention of our readers is called to our list of new publications, American and foreign. The list of foreign books especially should be examined. The net prices are all given, thus putting them at the lowest possible figures.

THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY CO. have for sale a small edition of **Freville Chase,** by E. H. Dering. It is in *two volumes*, and is sold at $2 *net.* The price of the book in England is $5. It is an excellent story, and will make a fine premium-book. As we have only a limited number of copies, orders should be sent in at once.

The New Orleans *Star* says of **The Will of God:**

"Picking up this little book just after closing the one noticed above, we confess to a feeling of vexation at seeing the name "Paul" used without its proper prefix of saint. But this error attaches to the author, we presume, and not to the translator. However, we think the very best and most learned of men might well afford to call the great Apostle of the Gentiles by the title given him by the church. However, we also perceive that on some pages the name is used as is customary with Catholic writers, and we are very well pleased with every word we have read. Beautiful are the chapters on resignation to the will of God in the distribution of graces, of talents, and of temporal blessings. Also the one on conformity to the will of God in sickness, regarding death, etc."

Tracts—Particular attention is asked to the list of Catholic tracts advertised elsewhere It will be seen that, having a certain number of the old editions of different numbers, THESE are offered at 25 *cents per hundred.* At the same time a new edition of the 73 Tracts of THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY is just published, in paper cover, making a book of 444 pages of the choicest reading-matter, and is offered at the following low prices:

Single copies		$0 50
25	" NET	7 50
50	" "	14 00
100	" "	25 00

Any one or any number of tracts in this volume will be printed to order, in quantities of not less than 1,000 copies of each tract, at the following rates:

1,000 copies of a	4 page Tract.		$3 00
1,000 "	8	" ...	6 00
1,000 "	12	" ...	9 00
1,000 "	16	" ...	12 00

This will give all who would like to distribute these tracts a chance to do so at a small outlay. (See advertisement on last page of cover.)

The *Catholic Mirror* remarks anent the volume of **Tracts** lately published:

" Protestants know the worth of printer's ink. They use it abundantly in their propaganda. They publish books, pamphlets, and papers without number, and are convinced that they could not put their money into anything more productive of the fruits they want to gather.

" They have a special fondness for tracts. They issue tracts doctrinal, tracts moral, tracts polemical, tracts social, by the million, and scatter them broadcast over the land.

" Taking a lesson from the enemy, the Catholic Publication Society Co. began, in 1866, to get out tracts on different subjects, and up to to-day it has issued seventy-three of them. It has sold more than four million copies, and the demand for them continues. In order to put them into a more permanent form than they had as fly-leaves, it has collected them, ranged them in order, and bound them in paper covers.

" These tracts were written mostly by clergymen of the highest ability, who put into them their best work. They are clear, sound, instructive—not only suitable for circulation among Protestants, but apt to edify ill-informed Catholics; and as their cost is small, they should have a wide circulation."

The Richmond *Visitor* calls them:

" A collection of papers on the most important points of daily Catholic religion, and one in which nearly every question that is moved to-day regarding our religion is treated in a clear, solid, and most popular way. Everybody can understand, and what in other books makes dry and heavy reading is here, by its happy style, made pleasing and attractive. Every family ought to procure a copy, and learn how to answer popular objections in a popular way."

The Catholic Publication Society Co. have published a cheap edition, in paper covers, of Bishop Spalding's **Religious Mission of the Irish People and Catholic Colonization.** The prices are as follows:

Single copy		$0 30
25	copies	4 50
50	"	8 50
100	"	16 00

This is surely cheap enough to ensure the sale of one hundred thousand copies, if cheapness makes a book sell. Send in your orders at once.

The first cheap edition of Father Moriarty's book, **Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones,** is sold. Another edition is now ready. Price:

Single copy		$0 30
25	copies	4 50
50	"	8 50
100	"	16 00

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXXIII. AUGUST, 1881. NO. 197.

RESTITUTION! IF NOT, WHY NOT?

THE disestablishment in 1869 of "the church" established in Ireland by

> "Tudor's wrath and Stuart's guile,
> And iron Strafford's tiger jaws,
> And brutal Brunswick's penal laws,"

was considered by many thoughtful men * at the time as the initiative of the reparation due by the English government to the Catholics of Ireland. The elaborate bill of disestablishment put an end to the paying of tithes by Catholics to the rectors and curates of the Protestant Church; but it amply provided for the future of the well-paid shepherds, who had for many dismal decades indifferently tended their small flocks in the cities of Leinster, the villages of Munster, the towns of Ulster, and the parishes of Connaught.

Twelve years have passed since an act of the English Parliament destroyed what it had, during more than two hundred years, taken tons of treasure and cataracts of blood to introduce and protect in Ireland; but not a thing has been done to make the measure popular with the people, whom it was supposed to propitiate, by the harsh government which it was hoped had resolved to make some reparation for the past. The verbiage and tautology of the act have had no influence upon the heart of

* Vide THE CATHOLIC WORLD for July, 1870, page 472 *et seq.*

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Ireland; in sooth, not one man in a thousand knows anything about it.

Twelve years is time enough for the British government to show the Catholics that it was in earnest in the matter of religious equality and religious reparation. But that government has done nothing to heal the wounds of the nation it has so long legislated for, and "in whose feelings and affections, wants and interests, opinions and prejudices"* it has no sympathy, if we except the Land Bill, which is purely secular, now before the House of Commons, and which has been demanded by threats of force, or some kind of legal protection for the toiling tenant's improvements, by the friends of the progress and civilization that Great Britain boasts so much of, but which she impedes, as far as she dare, when they approach the sister-island. The necessity for a change in the land laws was brought about by the poverty and suffering of the people in the west of Ireland during the past two or three years, notwithstanding the Land Act of 1870; but the disestablishment in 1869 of "the church" established by

"Tudor's wrath and Stuart's guile,"

and the Land Bill of 1870, did not, can not, nor will the inchoate bill of 1881, make reparation for the wrong done the religious feelings and affections of the people by the expropriation of their magnificent churches and the destruction of their venerable abbeys, whose spires and ruins are conspicuous on the banks of the Shannon, Boyne, and Liffey, and near "Cashel of the Kings," upon whose rock stands the grandest of all the broken fanes of Ireland, and whose beauty, strength, and simplicity of arch and architrave tell of burning faith and craftsmen of rare skill.

Where are these churches and abbeys existing to-day, or in ruins, in Ireland? Ay, where are they? "There's the rub" to the English statesman, like the late Earl of Beaconsfield, who never saw Ireland. We present in the following table a partial list of a few perfect, and many in ruins:

* Charles James Fox.

CHURCHES, ABBEYS, ETC., TAKEN FROM THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND, NOW IN RUINS OR IN POSSESSION OF PROTESTANTS.

PROVINCE OF LEINSTER.

LOCALITY.	COUNTY.	CHARACTER OF EDIFICE.	ORDER OR INVOCATION.	FOUNDER.	YEAR.
Dublin City.	Dublin.	Church.	St. Patrick's.	St. Patrick.	1190
" "	"	"	St. Audeon's.	....	1014*
" "	"	Cathedral.	Holy Trinity, or "Christ Ch."	Sitric, King of the Danes.	1038†
Malahide.	"	Church.	St. Doulough's.	St. Doulough.	530
Dalkey.	"	"	....	....	....
Tully.	"	"	....	....	....
Glendalough.	Wicklow.	"The Seven Churches."	....	St. Kevin.	540‡
Downs.	"	Church.	....	....	....
Kilbride.	"	"	....	....	....
Slane.	Kildare.	Abbey.§	Franciscans.	Gerald Fitzgerald.	....
New Abbey.	"	"	"	Roland Fitzeustace.	1450
Great Connell.	"	"	....	Myler Fitzhenry.	1202
Kilcullen.	"	Monastery.	Observantines.	Roland Portlester.	1486
Lorum.	Carlow.	Church.	....	....	....
St. Mullin's.	"	"	....	....	....
" "	"	Abbey.	....	....	....
Rahill.	"	Church.	....	....	....
Acaun.	"	Abbey.	....	....	....
"	"	Church.	....	....	....
Clonmines.	Wexford.	Church and Abbey.	Augustinians	....	1358
Dunbrody.	"	Abbey.‖	....	Hervey de Montmarisco.	1182
Bannow.	"	Church.	....	....	....
Glascarrig.	"	Abbey.	Benedictines	Griffin O'Condon and wife.	1363
Carnsore Pt.	"	Church.	....	St. Vogues.	....
Mellifont.	Meath.	Abbey.	Cistercians.	Donoch O'Carroll.	1142
Monasteroris.	"	"	....	....	....
Bective.	"	"	....	O'Melachlin, King of Meath	1146
Ardagh.	Longford.	Church.	....	....	....
Monasterboice.	Louth.	Abbey.	....	....	520
Spillary.	"	Church.	Dominicans.	....	....
Clonmacnoise.	King's.	"	....	The O'Melachlins, Princes of Meath.	....
Durrow.	"	Abbey.	....	St. Colum.	546
Thomastown.	Kilkenny.	Abbey.	Dominicans.	The Butler family.	....

* Only the western end of these noble ruins is used by a score or two of Protestants. They are out of the way of ordinary travel, extending from the high ground at High Street and Corn Market to the low land of Cook Street.

† Like its senior, St. Patrick's, it has been almost entirely rebuilt at an expense of, they say, £700,000, or $3,500,000, by George Roe, Esq., the rich distiller of Thomas Street, Dublin. Like the munificent restorer of St. Patrick's, Mr. Roe is a Protestant. The leading brewers and distillers in Ireland are Protestants.

‡ The famous Seven Churches in Glendalough, County Wicklow, are too well known to be written of in this paper. They are, however, as interesting to-day as they were when Walter Scott and many others carved "their initials upon St. Kevin's bed," which hangs twenty-five feet perpendicularly over the dark, deep lake—

"that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbled o'er."

§ The term "abbey" is in Ireland frequently and somewhat inaccurately applied to religious establishments which belonged to friars, and therefore were not under the jurisdiction of an abbot.

‖ The most beautiful in all Ireland.

PROVINCE OF LEINSTER—*Continued.*

LOCALITY.	COUNTY.	CHARACTER OF EDIFICE.	ORDER OR INVOCATION.	FOUNDER.	YEAR.
Jerpoint.	Kilkenny.	Abbey.	Cistercians.*	Donald, Prince of Ossory.	1180
Graignamanagh.	"	"	"	William Marshall.	1212
Kilkenny.	"	Abbey, Bl'k.	Dominicans.	The Earl of Pembroke.	1225
"	"	Friary.	Franciscans.	....	....
Clonamery.	"	Church.	....	....	....
Aghaboe.	Queen's.	Abbey.	Dominicans.	The Fitzpatrick family.	1390
Ballyadams.	"	Church.	....	....	....
Fore.	West Meath.	Abbey and Monastery.	....	St. Fichin.	630

PROVINCE OF MUNSTER.

LOCALITY.	COUNTY.	CHARACTER OF EDIFICE.	ORDER OR INVOCATION.	FOUNDER.	YEAR.
Ardfert.	Kerry.	Abbey.	....	....	....
"	"	Church.	Franciscans.	....	1253
Aghadoe.	"	"	"	....	....
"	"	Abbey.	....	....	....
Derrynane.	"	"	....	....	....
Innisfallen.	"	"	....	....	....
Muckross.	"	"	Franciscans.	MacCarthy of Desmond.	1340
Inchicronan.	Clare.	"	Regular Canons of St.Augustine	Donald O'Brien, K'g of Munster	1190
Corcomroe.	"	"	....	" "	1194
Drumcliffe.	"	Church.	....	....	....
Ennis.	"	Abbey.	Franciscans.	Donald O'Brien, Prince of Thomond.	1240
Killone.	"	"	....	....	....
Quin.	"	"	Observantines.	MacNamara.	1423†
Kilballyowen.	"	Friary.	....	....	....
Killaloe.	"	Oratory.	....	St. Molua.‡	....
Timoleague.	Cork.	....	Franciscans.	....	....
Abbeystrowery.	"	Abbey.	....	....	....
Ardmore.	"	Church.	....	St. Declan; held in great veneration.	....
Ballinatray.	"	Abbey.	Molanfides.	Raymond le Gros.	....
Ballybeg.	"	Abbey.	....	....	1237§
Inniscarra.	"	Church.	....	....	....
Kilcrea.	"	Friary.	Franciscans.	....	1465
Glanworth.	"	Abbey.	Dominicans.	The Roche family.	....
Monkstown.	"	"	....	....	....
Gougane Barra	"	Monastery.	....	St. Finbar.	....
Ardfinnan.	Tipperary.	Abbey (Lady's).	Benedictines.	Donald O'Brien, K'g of Munster	1184

* There was another, founded by Donach O'Dough.
† There was a Franciscan house here in 1302.
‡ Kincora, the site of Brian Boru's castle, is in the vicinity.
§ St. Thomas' Priory was endowed this year.

PROVINCE OF MUNSTER—*Continued.*

LOCALITY.	COUNTY.	CHARACTER OF EDIFICE.	ORDER OR INVOCATION.	FOUNDER.	YEAR.
Athassel.	Tipperary.	Priory.	Regular Canons of St. Augustine	Fitzadelm de Burgo.	1200
Holy Cross.	"	Abbey.	....	Donald O'Brien, K'g of Munster	1182
Fethard.	"	Monastery.	Augustinians.	Walter Mulcot.	1306
"	"	Church.	....	....	....
Clonmel.	"	Churches (2).	Sts. Nicholas & Stephen.	....	....
"	"	Abbeys (2).	Franciscans and Dominicans.	Desmond foun'd Franciscan h.	1269
Leagh.	"	Church.	....	....	....
Roscrea.	"	Abbey.	....	....	620
"	"	Friary.	Franciscans.	O'Carroll Dempsey and wife.	1490
Adare.	Limerick.	Abbey, Bl'k.	Trinitarians.	Clangibbon.	1300
Kilmallock.	"	Friary, ch., & monastery.	Dominicans.	....	1291
Mungret.	"	Abbey.	....	....	....
Abbeyfeale.	"	"	Cistercians.	Brian O'Brian.	1188
Stradbally.	Waterford.	Monastery.	....	....	....
Rosserk.	"	Abbey.	....	....	....
Mothel.	"	"	....	....	....

PROVINCE OF ULSTER.

LOCALITY.	COUNTY.	CHARACTER OF EDIFICE.	ORDER OR INVOCATION.	FOUNDER.	YEAR.
Bonnamargy.	Antrim.	Abbey.	Fran. Tertiaries.	....	1524
Kilroot.	"	Church.	" "	....	....
Layd.	"	Church.*	....	....	....
Trummery.	"	"	....	....	....
Dungiven.	Derry.	Abbey.†	Fran. Tertiaries.	O'Cathan.	1100
Saul.	Down.	"	....	St. Patrick.	432
Inch.	"	"	....	Sir John de Courcy.	1180
Greyabbey.	"	"	....	Africa, wife of De Courcy and daughter to the King of the Isle of Mann.	....
Donegal.	Donegal.	Monastery.	Franciscans.	....	....
Kilmacrenan.	"	Abbey.	Augustinians.	The O'Donnell family.	1200
Killydonnell.	"	"	Franciscans.	" "	1407
Enniskillen.	Fermanagh.	Church. ‡	....	St. Molush.	....
"	"	Abbey.	Adjoined the Church.	....	....
Clones.	"	Abbey. §	Dedicated to Sts. Peter & Paul.	....	518
Inishkeen.	Monaghan.	Abbey and Stone Cross	....	....	....

* Supposed be the burial place of Ossian.

† About two miles southwest of this venerable ruin, on the banks of the beautiful river Roe, was born the father and the ancestors of his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey.

‡ The church of St. Molush is 76 feet by 21. The house of the saint adjoined, and had a roof entirely of hewn stones. These ruins are held in profound veneration, and are constantly visited on Sundays and holydays by the people of the surrounding country.

§ The principal of this abbey was the first mitred abbot in Ireland.

PROVINCE OF CONNAUGHT.

LOCALITY.	COUNTY.	CHARACTER OF EDIFICE.	ORDER OR INVOCATION.	FOUNDER.	YEAR.
Clare-Galway.	Galway.	Abbey and Monastery.	Franciscans.	John de Cogan.	1290
Gort.	"	Abbey.	"	....	....
Knockmoy.	"	"	Augustinians.	Cahal O'Conor	1190
Kilbennall.	"	Church.	....	....	....
Killenda.	"	Abbey.	....	....	....
Meelick.	"	"	....	....	....
Ross.	"	"	....	....	....
Galway City.	"	Church.	St. Nicholas.	....	1320
Moyne.	Mayo.	Abbey.	Franciscans.	The O'Donoghoe family.	1460
Murrisk.	"	"	....	....	....
Crosspoint.	"	Church.	....	....	....
Cong.	"	"	....	....	....
Ross Hill.	"	"	....	....	....
Ballintober.	"	"	Augustinian Canons.	O'Conor Crovdearg, King of Ireland.	1216
Artermon.	Sligo.	"	....	....	....
Ballymote.	"	Friary.	Franciscans.	The McDonogh family.	1301
Ballysadare.	"	Abbey.	St. Fechin.	St. Fechin.	642
Banada.	"	Friary.	Franciscans.	....	792
Burrishoole.	"	Abbey.	Dominicans.	De Burgo.	1486
Clonshanville.	Roscommon.	"	"	McDermot Ruadh.	1358
Oran.	"	Church.	....	Ruaridh O'Conor, last King of Ireland.	....
Boyle.	"	Abbey.	....	MacDermot of Moylurg.	1148

A magnificent exhibition this of English civilization! An interesting fragment of the churches, abbeys, and friaries suppressed or plundered, according to London law, by England for "the better good and government of Ireland"! Holy ruins! your crumbling quoins and bleached arches have defied the black rain of centuries, and bear witness to the indestructibility and immutability of the ardent faith which erected you, and proclaim, louder than the tongue of man, the deep wrong inflicted upon the first Christians of western Europe. But the inheritors of that faith and the heirs to the wrongs of the Catholics of Ireland, from Tudor to Guelph, have beheld the universal and legal condemnation in Ireland of "the church" of

"Tudor's wrath and Stuart's guile."

The Rev. Dr. Maziere Brady, a son of the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and at that time a minister of the Protestant

Church, though now a Catholic, in the article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for July, 1870, referred to above, calls attention to the paucity of Protestants in parts of Ireland where Catholic churches exist which are in the possession of Anglicans, and to others that are in ruins.

What he says is as applicable to the churches in Dublin now in the possession of Protestants, and to others in other parts of Ireland, as they are to Cashel; for, as he remarks:

> "It is ridiculous to urge as an objection that Protestants in general attach a value other than a pecuniary or a political one to the sites of the shrines of ancient Irish saints. Few Protestants have any veneration for Saints Patrick, Brigid, or Nicholas. Not one Protestant in a thousand has as much as even heard of the names of Saints Elbe, Aidan, Colman, or Molana."

This is the testimony of a learned but logical Protestant minister, since become a Catholic; yet twelve years have passed away, and nothing has been done to *vertebrate* the act of 1869 which disestablished "the church" of

> "brutal Brunswick's penal laws."

If these churches, originally built by Catholics, were necessary for Protestant services an argument, though a bad one, might be found to excuse their being kept from the Catholics; but are they necessary? Let us see. There are in the city of Dublin twenty Protestant churches, exclusive of the two cathedrals referred to, besides the Chapel Royal in Dublin Castle. Their average seating capacity is about 1,500 to 2,000, the cathedrals much greater. At these figures we should have about three thousand to each church, which would give an Anglican population, exclusive of dissenters, of from 65,000 to 70,000. But the Anglican population is 49,116; dissenters, Jews, and others, 8,592.* There are ten Catholic parish churches, besides seven churches of regulars and one auxiliary, making in all eighteen churches, not one of which is as large as either of the two cathedrals now in Protestant hands and built by Catholics. The Catholic population is 196,495. Note the difference.

Matthew Arnold, in the *Nineteenth Century* for April, 1881, touches upon this subject of religious reparation, but in a very cautious manner, as is usual with the average Englishman when writing about Ireland, which is about as familiar to him as the

* Thom's *Almanac and Official Directory*, 1869.

valley of the Ohio. But Mr. Arnold recalls to mind many of the reasons why it was supposed in 1869 that the disestablishing act was the initiative of the long-delayed but often-spoken-of reparation. "The Liberal ministry resolved to knit the hearts of the empire into one harmonious concord, and knitted they were accordingly" by the legislation of 1869 and 1870. Knitted! If so, the unravelling began very soon after the knitting process had ended.

Suppose a land bill passed to-morrow in the House of Commons to which Home-Rulers, Radicals, Liberals, and Conservatives gave their consent; would that heal the wrongs of centuries while churches and abbeys remained in the possession of men who are the heirs and successors of the "grantees of confiscation," spoliation, and religious persecution? No, it would not, it could not. No land bill can make Ireland contented. Restore the Catholic temples now in Protestant hands, which are retained through pride only, and to please the British Philistine, who is always unhappy when any concession is made to the Catholics, because he dreads "popery," and is extremely choleric when anything in the shape of justice is done for the Irish, because he has injured them and of course hates them.*

We are told by English sophists and sceptics that Scotland, however, is contented, is prosperous, is happy under the British flag. We do not deny the fact, but we do the inference. Scotland's king became England's in 1603, and the union of both parliament and crown took place ninety-four years later. Scotland's prosperity began as soon as her first retinue returned from "Lunnon town" after having accompanied the king, and the going and coming has been kept up ever since, to her great pecuniary benefit. But notwithstanding the benefits conferred, and the rapid prosperity of the Scottish people, she rose twice in rebellion against the House of Hanover in the last century. How she suffered at the hands of the soldiers of "the bloody Duke of Cumberland" history tells us; but suddenly there was a change—the *heart* of Scotland was sought, was conciliated; hence the content, prosperity, happiness. Hostility of the English against the Scotch, from the accession of George I. to the battle of Culloden, is to be found in all kinds of London literature of the last century. In a book of translations from Horace † we have found

* "*Hoc habent pessimum animi magnâ fortunâ insolentes; quos læserunt et oderunt*" (Seneca, *De Ira*, ii. 33).

† London. Printed for Jacob Tonson, Shakspere's Head, over against Catherine Street, in the Strand. 1715.

one of the odes addressed to Augustus imitated and dedicated to the Duke of Marlborough. Among the verses was the following:

> "Who fears the French or who the grumbling *Scot*,
> Or the dark mischiefs dark Bavarians plot?"

The great Junius, too, in his preface to the first edition of his immortal letters, says:

> "Without any abstract reasoning upon causes and effects, we shall soon be convinced by experience that the Scots, transplanted from their own country, are always a distinct and separate body from the people who receive them. In other settlements they only love themselves; in England they cordially love themselves and as cordially hate their neighbors."

Nothing worse was ever said of the "rebellious Irish" who protested, when they were no longer able to fight, against the spoliation of their churches, the expropriation of their abbeys, monasteries, and friaries, and the pillage of their homes. But the pacificators of Scotland never sought the *heart* of Ireland. Is it not about time to do so?

"The church" of

> "iron Strafford's tiger jaws"

has been disestablished, and many of the churches taken from the Catholics are of no use to the few remaining Protestants, but would be of great use to the tens of thousands of Catholics surrounding them. Could British statesmen contemplate how the Catholic who lives in the parish of St. Nicholas, Dublin, would receive the news that St. Patrick's was to be restored, they would hasten to make restitution of the ancient temple. It is not unreasonable to suppose that if the banks of the Shannon once more echoed the hymns of praise to God issuing from the halls of Clonmacnoise, there would be exceeding great joy among the people; were Mellifont and Monasterboice once again in Catholic hands and their cloisters filled with learned, holy men, who would not rejoice from Carrickfergus to Carnsore Point? Let the abbey of Dunbrody become again a Catholic shrine, and the light of its glory shall glisten afar off and upon the stream that laves its walls, gliding to the dark waters of the Suir, upon whose banks stand many noble ruins of Catholic Ireland, from Cashel's rock to the bay of Dunmore. But let these stand in their decay and desolation a few decades longer, and English statesmen will find the Catholic peasants breathing, as they gaze upon the ivy-twined arch and

moss-covered sill, not orisons for their return and rehabilitation, but vengeance upon the despoilers and the laws which not only have robbed them of churches and abbeys, but keeps the shrines of their fathers' piety and munificence as roosting-places for rooks and daws, in open mockery of the religion of the people and as a proof of "the irrepressible conflict" which exists between the Christian Irishman and the sceptical Englishman.

KNUT* THE KING.

Loud was the bell of St. Peter's rung
  For the Mass of Thanksgiving;
At the high, high altar the abbot sung;
  Below knelt Knut the king.

Fitful his look on the missal-book;
  For, crowding the pictured page,
He saw the sins of his hasty youth
  With the mercies that blessed his age.

War-smith † struck in the forge of Sweyn
  The hammer of Thor to swing;
From his red right hand he had washed the stain
  In the side of the thorn-crowned King

Under the Keys he had sheathed the sword;
  O'er the rod he had stretched the Rood;
As one six nations hailed him lord—
  "Our king, the just and good!"

* "Knut." That this the modern spelling of the name comes nearest the king's own signature is shown by his own hand:

"Merie sungen the muneches binnen Ely,
Tha [when] Chnut ching rew thereby;
Roweth, chnihtes, noer the land,
And here we thes muneches saeng."

—*Fragment of a ballad written by Knut, printed in Knight's "Half-Hours of English History."*

† "Mighty war-smiths."—*Song of the Battle of Brunanburgh.*

A pilgrim, sceptre and crown aside,
He had wended his way to Rome.
He had come, with a conqueror's pomp and pride
(Borne on the breast of the morning tide),
Back to his island home.

His eyes were dimmed and his heart was full
As he made the Offering
That yielded his people's footing free
'Twixt the sunless north and the tideless sea,*
Given with the lord pope's golden bull
And the seal of the Fisher's Ring

Scarcely the sonorous blessing sung,
Gray courtiers stood around.
Eager, with envious haste, the young
With garlands strewed the ground.

Monk Anaclete, with tottering feet
And century-furrowed face,
Signed the Holy Sign upon lips and heart
To witness Heaven *he* had no part
In profaning the holy place.

As, whispering clear (so the king might hear),
Three thanes told vauntingly,
Though many a land they had walked and scanned
The length of Christendie,

* "I discoursed with the lord pope, the lord emperor, and the other princes on the grievances of my people, English as well as Danes. I endeavored to obtain for them justice and security in their journeys to Rome; and, above all, that they may not henceforward be delayed on the road by the shutting up of the mountain-passes, the erecting of barriers, and the exaction of heavy tolls. My demands were granted both by the emperor and King Rudolph, who are masters of most of the passes; and it was enacted that all my people, merchants as well as pilgrims, should go to Rome and return in full security, without being detained at the barriers or forced to pay unlawful tolls. I also complained to the lord pope that such enormous sums had been extorted up to this day from my archbishops when, according to custom, they went to the Apostolic See to obtain the pallium; and a decree was forthwith made that this grievance likewise should cease. Wherefore I return sincere thanks to God that I have successfully done all that I intended to do, and have fully satisfied all my wishes. And now, therefore, be it known to you all that I have dedicated my life to God, to govern my kingdoms with justice, and to observe the right in all things. If in the time that is past, and in the violence and carelessness of youth, I have violated justice, it is my intention, by the help of God, to make full compensation."—*Letter* (written from Denmark, where Knut spent several months before returning to England) "To Egelnoth the metropolitan, to Archbishop Alfric, to the bishops and chiefs, and to all the nation of the English, both nobles and commoners, greeting."

And marked, to marvellous greatness grown,
  King Rudolph's following,
And counted the steps of the Kaiser's throne,
None (save high Heaven's Vice-King alone)
  Was greater than Knut the king.

To bid King Knut to the banquet-hall
  (Their godlier office o'er)
Stayed Abbot John, with his beadsmen all
  Ranged by the chancel-door.

But straightway out of the sacred fane
  Strode the king with uncheerful air,
Nor reverence made to the tonsured train,
  Nor hearkened the abbot's prayer.

Loudly he spake: "Ere fast I break
  One triumph remains for me—
Me, Knut the king: to obedience bring
  Yon rebel, the lawless sea.

"Now fetch me my golden throne," he said,
  "And my jewelled sceptre forth
To the shelving sands; and men shall know,
As I bid the waters to ebb or flow,
  What the will of a king is worth."

His sceptre the trembling courtiers brought,
  And set, by his silent sign,
The golden throne where he stood alone
  By the brink of the flowing brine.

Prostrate around monks kissed the ground
  For the pride of the haughty Dane,
Since overmuch grace from Peter's face
  Had maddened the son of Sweyn.

While the royal hand on the silver sand
  With the sceptre traced a line,
"By victories past, proud sea, thou last
  And greatest of lieges mine,

"I rule the land upon which I stand.
  Now as monarch I order thee:
Let not a wave rise further (save
In homage to kiss as a shrinking slave
  The edge of my robe), O sea!"

He said, and sate. Looked his train aside
  From a sight they dared not see,
As quick the flow of the hurrying tide
(With crested swell, as in answering pride)
  On the throne broke mockingly.

Tranquil he fixed his gaze afar
  As if ruler of boundless space.
Yet the rude waves rose, and the scornful spray
  Flew in his lifted face.

Breathless the still, awe-stricken crowd
  Waited the end to see,
Till, with threatening hand, Knut cried aloud:
  "Ye flatterers, rede to me

"How it may be, if o'er earth and sea
  The Lord has not ceased to reign,
Men dare belittle the Son of God
  To honor the son of Sweyn!

"Vain is the boast of the sword, and vain
  The pride of a passing throne.
Give praise to the Mighty * who rules the main—
  To him, and to him alone!"

Then with faltering speech the abbot spoke:
  "In the goods thy hand hath won,
And the gracious gift of a humble heart,
  Twice blest art thou, my son!"

Back bonded ceorl and belted eorl,†
  Abbot and king, again,
Ere they broke the fast, in order passed
  And filled St. Peter's fane.

Knees to the earth, his jewelled crown
  Knut, king of the English men,
In the house of the King of kings laid down,
  To wear it never again.

* "Then was the Mighty angry."—*The Monk Cædmon.*

† Contemporary spelling of churl and earl.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATIN VULGATE.

The Latin Version of the Holy Scriptures which the Council of Trent declared to be authentic consists in part of a translation made from the original texts by St. Jerome. This part embraces all the books of the Old Testament written in Hebrew or Chaldee the original text of which was extant in St. Jerome's time, viz., of all those of the Hebrew Canon, except the Psalter; and of the books of Tobias and Judith, belonging to the Second Canon. It consists also in part of a revision of the old Latin Vulgate according to the original, likewise made by St. Jerome, including all the books of the New Testament. A third part consists of the old Vulgate version of the Psalms which was made from the Greek text of the Septuagint, and of the books and parts of books belonging to the Second Canon of the Old Testament not translated by St. Jerome from the Hebrew or Chaldee, but which were either originally written in Greek or extant only in a Greek translation. These latter are the books of Baruch, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, and Machabees, with parts of Esther and Daniel. Some critics suppose that St. Jerome revised those parts of the old Vulgate which remain in the authentic Latin Bible, but others are of a contrary opinion. He translated the Psalter into Latin from the Hebrew, but his translation was never adopted, on account of the inveterate use of the old version in the religious communities and the offices of the church; nevertheless his emendations of the old version were adopted.

It is impossible to say who was the author or who were the authors of the old Latin Vulgate, or to determine with certainty when and where it originated. It was undoubtedly made some time between the latter part of the first and the middle of the second century. It seems certain that the translator, if it was the work of one hand, was an African; or at least that such a person had a predominating influence in the production of the version, if there were several individuals engaged in the work. Many excellent critics think that it originated in Africa, while others regard Rome or Italy as its birthplace. It was very soon diffused everywhere among those Catholic Christians who spoke Latin, and adopted into public and ecclesiastical as well as private use, as soon as the primitive Greek liturgy gave place to one composed in the Latin language. That recension which was used

in Rome and Italy was called the *Itala*. There were other recensions also, and we learn from St. Jerome and St. Augustine that there was a kind of passion in their time, and before, for translating the Scriptures into Latin, or at least amending and improving the common version. The translation of the books of the Old Testament in this common version was made entirely from the Greek text, and mainly from that of the Seventy in the instance of the books translated from Hebrew in the Septuagint version. The *Itala* still exists in parts, though not as a whole. There are four manuscript codices of the Gospels, two of the Acts, and four of the Epistles of the New Testament. Those parts which pertain to our present Latin Vulgate have been mentioned. There are other fragments, also, extant, and from all the sources at his command a learned Benedictine of the eighteenth century, Dom Sabathier, endeavored to reproduce as completely as possible the text of the *Itala*, a work which employed him during twenty years and which was published in 1743.

Some fragments of the *Itala* unknown to Sabathier have been published during the present century by Munter, Ranke, Vercellone, and Lord Ashburnham. The several parts of the New Testament have also been edited during the last and the present centuries. Within the few months past, M. Ulysse Robert has had published by Firmin-Didot of Paris, in folio, the text of a MS. called the *Codex Lugdunensis*, containing the greatest part of the ancient Latin Version of the Pentateuch. It is much to be desired that a convenient edition of all the extant parts of the old Vulgate not contained in our common Latin Bible should be published; together with St. Jerome's text, in parallel columns, at least for the New Testament. This would make it easy to see just what alterations the great doctor made in his revision.

Leaving aside all other parts of the Vulgate, we will now confine our attention exclusively to that large portion of it which came from the hand of St. Jerome, either as a new translation from the original text, or as a revision of the *Itala* according to the same original. We repeat, again, that his translation from the original Hebrew and Chaldee embraces all the books of the Jewish Canon of the Old Testament, except the Psalter (which he revised by the Septuagint); and the books of Judith and Tobias; and his revision of the *Itala* according to the original Greek text, all the books of the New Testament. We have already remarked that it is uncertain whether he did or did not revise some or all of the remaining books of the Second Canon of the Old Testament according to the Greek text. It is, therefore, to his version

of the Hebrew and Chaldee books of the Old Testament and of the entire New Testament that we propose to confine our attention at present.

St. Jerome has always been regarded as the *Doctor Maximus* of the Catholic Church, in respect to Biblical learning. He was born in Dalmatia, about A.D. 346, a little over twenty years after the First Council of Nicæa, and lived twenty years into the fifth century, dying in 420 at the age of seventy-four years. His parents were Christians of good family and ample means, who gave him a good education from childhood and sent him to study at Rome when he was eighteen years old, in the school of the most celebrated preceptor of that time, Donatus, where he cultivated assiduously Latin letters, rhetoric, philosophy and law, and procured for himself at great expense and trouble a valuable library. According to a common practice of that age, his parents had not brought him to baptism in his infancy, and he was baptized during his residence in Rome, when he was twenty years of age. His Roman education was completed after about five years. The time when he devoted himself to the study of the Greek language and learning does not appear with certainty, but his letters show a knowledge of Greek some three years after his leaving Rome, and he had ample opportunity for acquiring that language during his stay in the East between his twenty-fifth and twenty-eighth year. Besides, it is evident that a greater part of his time, whether at home or travelling, was spent in study, for he carried his library about with him wherever he went on his journeys, and learning was always his ruling passion. At the age of twenty-eight he retired to a solitary place in Chalcis, where he gave himself up to a most severely ascetic life of penance and study. Here he devoted himself with new zeal and ardor to the study of the Holy Scriptures, to which, since his conversion, he had paid great attention. At this time he began to study Hebrew, a task which he regarded as one of the severest of all his penances. "After Quintilian's acuteness, Cicero's flowing style, the dignity of Fronto and the grace of Pliny, I began to learn that [Hebrew] alphabet, and to meditate upon its grating and gasping sounds. My own consciousness and the memory of my companions are witnesses of what I suffered, what labor I undertook, what difficulty I underwent, how often I despaired and left off, and then in my struggle to learn began again; thanks be to God for the delicious fruits of knowledge that bitter seed has furnished me" (Epist. cxxv. *ad Rustic.*) After four or five years Jerome left the desert for Anticch, where he was

persuaded to permit Bishop Paulinus to ordain him deacon and priest, under the express stipulation that he should never be assigned to any church or obliged to exercise any sacerdotal function, which he never did to the end of his life, through humility. In the year 382, when he was thirty-six years old, he was summoned to a council held in Rome under Pope Damasus, who retained him there as his secretary and adviser in ecclesiastical affairs. He remained in Rome nearly three years, *i.e.*, until after the death of Damasus and the accession of Siricius. During this time he edited, first, his revision of the Four Gospels, and afterwards that of the other books of the New Testament. After leaving Rome he fixed his final residence at Bethlehem, where he became the rector of a large monastery. During many preceding years he had been engaged in studying and commenting upon the Scriptures, and the rest of his life was chiefly devoted to the composition of his great works in this department of sacred learning, as well by translating and revising the text as by commenting and explaining. This period of the life of St. Jerome embraces thirty-four years, from his fortieth year to his seventy-fourth, and it was entirely devoted to prayer, the instruction of his disciples, study and writing, on the very spot where our Lord was born, and close by the scene of his crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension into heaven.

The work of revising the Vulgate version of the New Testament was committed to Jerome by Pope Damasus. The reason for it is plain from the statements made by both St. Jerome and St. Augustine. The latter says (*Doctr. Chr.*, l. ii. c. 2) that "Those who have translated the Scriptures from Hebrew into Greek can be numbered, but not so the Latin translators. For, in the first times of the faith, as soon as a Greek codex fell into the hands of any one who seemed to have some little knowledge of the two languages, he undertook to translate." St. Jerome says that among the Latins there were "as many exemplars, almost, as codices." Sabathier, Wiseman, and Vercellone understand these and similar statements to mean that there were many recensions and various readings of the one version, the old Vulgate. Dr. Ubaldi, whose *Introductio in S. Scripturam* is the best work of the kind with which we are acquainted, and Prof. Lamy, in common with many of the older critics, think differently, *i.e.*, that there were many distinct Latin versions. In either case, there was great need of an authentic Latin Vulgate which should supersede all versions or recensions then existing, and Pope Damasus wisely resolved to provide for this necessity, at least in

respect to the New Testament; although his death in 384 prevented his fully executing his design by giving official sanction to St. Jerome's revision, or providing, as we may suppose he intended to do, for the issue of an approved text of the Latin version of the Old Testament.

Jerome undertook with reluctance the task imposed on him, as we see from his Preface to the Four Gospels, of which we will transcribe the greater part for its curious interest and the information it conveys:

"Jerome to the Most Blessed Pope Damasus:

"You compel me to make a new work out of an old one, and, after the copies of the Scripture have been scattered through the whole world, to sit as a kind of arbitrator between them; so that, in respect to their variations from each other, I am to determine which are the readings conformed to the genuine Greek text. The work is a pious one, but it is a dangerous undertaking for one who will himself be obnoxious to the judgment of all, to pass judgment on others: to make an old man alter his speech, and bring back a world already hoary with age to the rudiments of childhood. For what scholar or unlearned person is there who, on taking this volume into his hand and perceiving that what he reads differs from that to which his palate was already accustomed, will not at once loudly vituperate me as a sacrilegious counterfeiter, because I venture to make additions, changes and corrections in the ancient books? Two considerations, nevertheless, console me in view of such invidious treatment: that you, who have commanded me to do this work, are the High-Priest; and that the testimony of these fault-finders themselves proves that whatever varies from itself is not authentic. For, if we must implicitly trust the Latin exemplars, let them answer which ones among them: for there are almost as many exemplars as codices. But if we must seek the true text from many exemplars, why may we not correct those things which have been badly translated by faulty interpreters, or more perversely amended by unskilful and presuming correctors, or which have been either added or altered by drowsy copyists; by recurring to the Greek original? . . . This present short preface promises only the four Gospels, which are arranged in the following order, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, *amended by a collation with Greek codices, but those ancient ones.* But, in order that these may not have a great discrepancy from that Latin reading which has become customary, we have used our pen with such moderation that, correcting only such readings as seemed to change the sense, we have suffered all the others to remain as they had been before. . . .

"I desire that you may have health in Christ, and be mindful of me, Most Blessed Pope."

St. Jerome revised the Psalter in accordance with the received text of the Septuagint during his residence in Rome, and his recension was adopted for use in the divine office. He made a new revision afterwards at Bethlehem in accordance with Origen's

corrected text, which was adopted in France. It seems to have been his first intention to continue the revision of the Italic version of the entire Old Testament in the same way, and in point of fact he did accomplish a great deal of work in this direction, although, as a large part of his MSS. were stolen from him, it is uncertain to what extent his corrections were actually incorporated into the Vulgate. His careful study of the Septuagint and also of the original Hebrew text led him to take the resolution of translating the Scriptures anew from their mother-tongue. This great task he accomplished with incredible pains and labor in the course of about fourteen years. Thus our Latin Vulgate was completed about the year 404. It was not, however, as a whole, generally accepted and adopted in the church, except by slow degrees. There does not seem to have been much opposition to the new version of the New Testament, but the version of the old Hebrew Scriptures met with extensive and even violent opposition. The Septuagint was held in such high esteem, being even considered as inspired, that Jerome was taxed with presumption for venturing to go back of it to its original source. Among others, St. Augustine was dissatisfied with the translation from the Hebrew, and some rather sharp correspondence passed between the two great doctors. At last, after two hundred years had elapsed, the old version went into total desuetude, and the Hieronymian Vulgate became fully established by universal consent in that place of honor which the Council of Trent has confirmed and sanctioned by its supreme authority.

Of course, this version was itself liable to the same accidents in repeated transcription which have beset all other manuscript texts. Hence, from time to time, it has been necessary to make new recensions of the Vulgate. These emendations of the received text of the Vulgate have not been revisions of the version, but only corrections aiming to purify the text from errors and restore its primitive integrity. The first work of this kind was executed by Alcuin at the command of Charlemagne. It was repeated in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries by learned bishops, abbots, and other scholars, and by universities and religious orders. The Fathers of the Council of Trent expressed a wish that a new and correct edition might be issued, which the Louvain theologians strove to fulfil by their new and corrected editions of 1547 and 1574. Pius IV. instituted a congregation for the more thorough and complete fulfilment of the council's intention, and at length in 1590, under Sixtus V., the Sixtine Edition was published, which, having been subjected to a new ex-

amination and correction under the Popes Gregory XIV. and Clement VIII., received final sanction from the Holy See and is the Vatican Edition which all editors and publishers are obliged to copy as their standard. The conformity of the text of this edition to the genuine primitive text of the Vulgate is unquestionable. Not only are there excellent codices of Alcuin's recension, and others much more ancient, in existence, but there are innumerable citations in the commentaries of St. Jerome, and in other ecclesiastical writers from the fifth century down, with which the present text has been collated. It cannot be considered, however, as entirely free from errors. The official sanction given to it does not guarantee its absolute correctness, or prevent critics and commentators from noting errors and proposing emendations by collation with codices of the Latin version or of the original texts. It forbids only the making of corrections in the printed text of the Vulgate by private authority, and does not exclude a further and more perfect recension under the direction and authority of the Holy See, or a revision of the version itself, under the same authority, according to the original texts. In regard to all things pertaining to faith and morals and to the substance of other matters contained in Holy Scripture, we are rendered secure of immunity from error in the actual text of the Latin Vulgate by the authority of the church. Other things are of minor importance and may be left to science. Thus much on the origin, history, and actual correctness of the existing text of the Latin version.

We turn now to the consideration of the intrinsic excellence of the version itself and its relative authenticity as conformed to and truly representing the primarily and absolutely authentic originals.

It is not necessary to waste any time in proving that the Hebrew text of the books of the Jewish Canon, and the Greek text of the canonical books of the New Testament, are now existing in their substantial integrity, and therefore, of course, were accessible to St. Jerome in the fourth century in an uncorrupted state. As to various readings and doubtfulness of the true, authentic text in some particular parts of the Hebrew Scriptures, *e.g.*, in the chronology of the patriarchs, where the Hebrew text as it now stands, the Septuagint, and the Samaritan Pentateuch differ from each other, we will say nothing of St. Jerome's facilities for ascertaining the most correct Hebrew reading, as compared with those of modern scholars. This would require a discussion of the value of the *Masora*, and would be of trivial utility,

since the various readings of the Hebrew text in respect to words and letters are of small importance. We leave aside, moreover, all that part of the Vulgate which does not come from St. Jerome by translation or acknowledged revision.

St. Jerome was in every way fully competent to the work of translating the Hebrew Scriptures, and all the circumstances amid which he executed the task were favorable to its perfect fulfilment. Besides his early studies in Hebrew, he applied himself at Bethlehem to the same under the tuition of Barabbas, a Jewish instructor, whom he engaged at a high price to come to him during the night, because he was afraid to come by daylight and openly; afterwards under another learned preceptor from the school of Tiberias, another still who was a distinguished Jewish doctor of Lydda, and another special instructor in Chaldee. It is to be presumed that besides the best Hebrew MSS. he had also the Targums or Chaldee paraphrases, and he certainly had the aid of Origen's vast work, the Hexapla, containing a critical text of the Septuagint, and the Greek versions of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion. It is needless to speak of his knowledge of Greek and Latin:

> Bethlæi præclari nominis hospes,
> Hebræo simul, et Graio, Latioque venustus
> Eloquio; —(*Prosp. Carm.*)

or of his consummate diligence and conscientiousness. The watchful eyes of Jews, heretics, and suspicious Catholics, besides those of all impartial scholars and of the whole body of Christians most jealous of the integrity and purity of the Scriptures, were upon him, ready to detect even the smallest mistakes; which must have had the effect of rendering him doubly cautious.

The revision of the Latin version of the New Testament was a much easier work, and one in which the advantages which St. Jerome possessed over and above those enjoyed by modern critics, for ascertaining the correct Greek text, as well as for making the translation accurate, were almost inestimable. There is less need of enlarging on this point, because the excellence and accuracy of the Latin Vulgate are so generally admitted, and so far from being less are more esteemed as time goes on and critical inquiries are becoming more minute and searching. The history we have given in brief shows that it was by its intrinsic merit, and not by the force of extrinsic authority, that St. Jerome's version in the course of two centuries obtained, in the face of extensive prejudice and opposition, the universal suffrage of Catholics;

which was finally confirmed by a solemn decree of the church. But, in addition to this, we have the testimony of St. Augustine (*De Civ. Dei*, xxiii. 43) that the Hebrews of the period in which it was published approved of it, *i.e.*, of the Old-Testament portion, as veracious. Several eminent rabbins of subsequent times have acknowledged the same; *e.g.*, R. Azarias, R. Kimchi, Aben-Ezra, R. Joseph Albo, and R. Elias. Although Luther, Calvin, and other Protestants have decried the Vulgate, yet a number of the best scholars among the older Protestants have praised it highly, such as Grotius, Casaubon, and Walton. Almost all the modern critics, among whom are Mill, Davidson, Routh, and Tischendorf, have given testimony in its favor; the authors of the English version of King James did the same tacitly, by the use they made of the Douay translation; and the recent revisers, among whom are several very eminent scholars, have given a signal and open suffrage to its fidelity and conformity to the correct Greek text of the New Testament. Discussion and controversy are really at an end, except with reference to a few disputed passages, in respect to which either the correct reading of the original text, or the correct reading of the text of the Vulgate, is still contested.

Let us now say a few words of the value of excellent versions, especially ancient ones, in determining the true verbal text and authentic interpretation of the original, inspired documents of divine revelation. The bare letter of the Word becomes with time, change in language, the recession of the prophetical ages into the dim past, partially unintelligible as to its sense, and doubtful as to its pure, unaltered identity, unless accompanied and supplemented by something else having the nature of attesting and interpreting tradition. Hebrew is not only a dead language but the skeleton of one, which, when alive, was very imperfect. It had no vowels, unless the letters corresponding to our V and Y be considered as sometimes doing duty as vowels. The sounds of two of the consonants, *Aleph* and *Ayin*, are not accurately known. Vowels, accents, punctuation, division of words, sentences, chapters, as we have them in a modern Hebrew Bible, are all a later invention, supplying the tradition of the usage which enabled the ancient Jews to read and pronounce intelligibly and correctly the written signs of their mother-tongue in their manuscripts. We can partly imagine what trouble a Hindoo, knowing only his own language and its literature, and having only an old Hebrew codex, with a grammar and dictionary explaining nothing but the primitive elements and the literal

meaning of the single words of the Hebrew language, would encounter, if he endeavored to study the Hebrew Scriptures. If he could have an ancient version in Sanskrit, made by men who knew both languages and were conversant with the history and literature of both countries, his task would be made comparatively easy. We can understand, therefore, the immense value of the Septuagint Version for all who spoke and read Greek, especially for Christians not of Jewish origin after the ruin and dispersion of the Hebrew nation, as one great means of preserving and explaining the true sense of the Hebrew Scriptures. One or two examples will show how great is the uncertainty in which we should be involved by a servile adhesion to the bare literal text of the original, without the help of versions and other comments and interpretations furnished by tradition. St. Matthew quotes a prophecy of Isaiah (vii. 14) which is translated in the Revised Version: "Behold, *the virgin* shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son". (Matt. i. 23). Kenrick has also "the virgin," the Douay and King James "a virgin," the Vulgate "virgo"—there being no definite or indefinite article in Latin—the Greek text of St. Matthew after the LXX., "he parthenos," the "he" being the Greek definite article. The Hebrew has "ha almah," "ha" corresponding to the Greek "he," and "almah" to "parthenos," "virgo," and "virgin." Now, the Hebrew *ha* can be a demonstrative pronoun signifying "this"; and the rabbins maintain that *almah* can denote a young, marriageable woman as well as a virgin. We turn now to Dr. Leeser's Jewish Version of Isaiah, where we find the following translation: "Behold, *this young woman* shall conceive, and bear a son." Here it is the testimony of the Septuagint to the sense given by its authors to the Hebrew words which is the most decisive critical argument in favor of the Catholic interpretation. Again, let us take the famous prophecy of Daniel, ix. 24-27. Our readers can look in their Douay or King James version for it, if they choose. We will give Kenrick's translation, which is a revision of the Douay: "Seventy weeks are shortened upon thy people and upon thy holy city, that transgression may be finished, and sin may have an end, and iniquity may be abolished; and everlasting justice may be brought; and vision and prophecy may be fulfilled; and the Holy of Holies [Sanctus sanctorum, *St. Jerome*], may be anointed. Know thou therefore, and take notice: that from the going forth of the word to build up Jerusalem again, unto Christ [Messiah, *Heb.*] the Prince, there shall be seven weeks, and sixty-two weeks: and the street shall be built again, and the walls in strait-

ness of times. And after sixty-two weeks Christ shall be slain: and the people that shall deny him shall not be his. And a people with their leader that shall come, shall destroy the city and the sanctuary; and the end thereof shall be waste, and after the end of the war the appointed desolation. And he shall confirm the covenant with many, in one week: and in the half of the week the victim and the sacrifice shall fail: and there shall be in the temple the abomination of desolation: and the desolation shall continue even to the consummation, and to the end."

Compare now with this Leeser's translation: "Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city, to close up the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to atone for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint *the most holy things.* Know therefore and comprehend, that from the going forth of the word to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the anointed* the prince will be seven weeks; and *during sixty and two weeks will it be again built* with streets and ditches [around it], even in the pressure of the times. And after the sixty and two weeks will *an anointed one*† be cut off *without a successor to follow him;* and the city and the sanctuary will the people of the prince that is coming destroy; but his end will come in a violent overflow; but until the end of the war devastations are decreed [against it]. And he will make a strong covenant with the many for one week; and in the half of the week will he cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease, and this because of the prevalence ‡ of the abominations which bringeth devastation, and until destruction, and what is decreed *shall be poured out upon the waster.*"

This is a translation by a learned Hebraist, who was, we believe, an honest man, and would not wilfully mistranslate. It is, so far as we can judge after a careful examination of the Hebrew text, a translation which gives each word by itself a rendering which it will bear. Yet, any one can see that it not only destroys the Christian interpretation of the prophecy, but makes it very obscure and indefinite in every sense. The Greek § and Latin versions, without departing from verbal fidelity or making a paraphrase, furnish an interpretation of great authority by which the prophecy is made intelligible as one of the most

* Cyrus.—L. † Agrippa or Seleucus Philopator.—L.

‡ Referring to the defiling of the temple by the idolatrous sacrifices of Antiochus.—L.

§ The Greek version of Daniel adopted by the church is that of Theodotion, which differs considerably from the Septuagint.

splendid predictions in the Old Testament of Jesus Christ, his rejection and murder by his faithless people, and the judgment of God which fell upon them and still remains.

These are examples illustrating the necessity of an interpretation which shall determine with certainty the true sense of the original texts of the Holy Scriptures. Frequently, this true sense is only probable, without such an interpretation. There is an Unwritten as well as a Written Word of God, which the church has received and transmits by Tradition together with the Written Word. The former is necessary to the true and certain understanding of the latter, and to the correct translation of inspired books into the common ecclesiastical or vernacular language in which they can be practically used. The Hebrew and Greek Scriptures remain, in their venerable sanctity, accessible to the learned, and perpetual witnesses to the incorrupt transmission of the inspired Word. In the Latin Vulgate, they are interpreted by the voice of the Fathers and Doctors of Latin Christendom and of the primitive church into a tongue which for all Western nations is a common sacred language, the higher vernacular of the church and the school, which combines in itself the dignity and invariability of a dead with the familiarity of a living language. Hallowed by the use of fourteen centuries, this version is not, and is not likely to become, antiquated and unserviceable. It is possible that it may be subjected to a revision for the correction of the minor errors and blemishes of its authorized and standard edition, under the direction of the Holy See; but it is morally certain that it will never be superseded by a new Latin Version.

WEETAMOO.

A TALE OF KING PHILIP'S WAR.

ONE autumn evening in the year 1661 five persons were assembled around the dying couch of an aged Indian chief. The name of the latter was Massasoit. The others were his two sons, Alexander and Philip; Sassamon, a Praying Indian; Sasco, a son of Philip, and a maiden of the Pequod tribe called Weetamoo.

"My children," spoke Massasoit, "I am about to depart for the Happy Hunting-Grounds; I can say only a few words more. Listen!"

"We are listening," answered Philip.

"It is now forty years," went on the chief, "since I made a friendly league with the pale-faces; yonder hangs the wampum belt to commemorate it. And during all these years the tomahawk has remained buried. O my children! keep it buried." Here he turned his dim eyes on Alexander, the elder son, and made an effort to utter something else; but his breath was going fa[illegible] it was well-nigh gone, and only Weetamoo, who fell on her k[illegible] and bent her ear to his lips, caught the faint whisper, "Keep[illegible] hatchet buried." These were the last words of Massasoit.

"Philip," spoke Alexander, as soon as he perceived tha[illegible] father was dead, "I am now sachem of the Wampanoags. [illegible] are my brother. Give me your good-will to carry out the dy[illegible] wish of our parent."

"Call me not Philip," said the other. "The pale-faces at Plymouth have bestowed that name upon me, as they have christened you Alexander. But call me no longer Philip; let me be known henceforth by my true name—Metacomet."

"Our father liked the name of Philip," pursued Alexander mildly.

"I loved my father as dearly as you did," rejoined Philip; "but the Great Spirit hath not created us all alike. My heart rebels against the pale-faces, and it was ever a puzzle to me how he could be so friendly towards them." Then addressing Weetamoo, "Child," he added, "you are mourning for Massasoit. Well, I too shall mourn for him. No sleep will come to me tonight; until the morning-star I will lament and sigh. But now pause a moment and listen; and, Sasco, my son, listen too."

Here Metacomet drew himself up to his full height; then with kindling eye he went on: "The Pequod tribe, to which you belonged, Weetamoo—where is it to-day? After battling bravely for their homes six hundred of them—braves, squaws, and pappooses—were roasted to death in their wigwams. The few who escaped the flames were made slaves of; and but for the intercession of my father you would have shared the fate of your kindred. Tell me now, Weetamoo, can you love the pale-faces?"

Weetamoo made no response, but thought of Massasoit's last words, "Keep the hatchet buried." She had been very fond of the good old man, who had adopted her and given her the name she bore, which signified "bluebird"; and now it pained her to hear Metacomet expressing sentiments so contrary to his last mortal request.

"And you, Sassamon," continued the speaker—"you carry about with you wherever you go the mighty medicine-book which the pale-face prophet Eliot has translated into our language, and you are styled a Praying Indian because you have joined the band of Indians who meet once every moon at Natick to pray and read this medicine-book. But, Sassamon, if you love your race beware of what you are doing. Already the Pequods have been swept out of existence. It may next be the turn of the Wampanoags to disappear. But we will die hard; and when the hour of trial comes I hope that you will show yourself a brave, and fling your Bible into the fire while you dance the war-dance."

"O Philip!—" began Sassamon.

"Call me Metacomet," interrupted Philip haughtily.

"Well, then, Metacomet—" But the latter, who felt that wrath was getting the better of him, and who feared lest he might come into collision with Sassamon, as well as with his peace-loving brother Alexander, clapped his hands to his ears and rushed out of the wigwam.

A week after the death of Massasoit Weetamoo was wandering alone through the forest. Her heart was heavy, for she was thinking of the departed chief and wishing that he had lived, in order that the long, unbroken peace might have continued. It was an Indian-summer day, and she paused awhile beneath a broad-spreading chestnut-tree to eat a few nuts which the jay-birds were letting drop. As Weetamoo was thus engaged she heard a voice a short distance off. "It is Sassamon," she said. "Perhaps he is interpreting a dream for somebody, or reading aloud his medicine-book." And approaching and peering through

a cluster of wild grapevines, she espied the Praying Indian seated on a stump, reading his Bible. He had abandoned the garb of his race and was dressed like a white man.

"I prefer our own native costume," thought Weetamoo. "But Massasoit had a high opinion of Sassamon: he always got him to interpret his dreams; and now that the venerable sagamore is gone to the shadowy land, I must not let Metacomet turn me against him because Sassamon chooses to dress like a pale-face." Presently Weetamoo pushed her way through the vines, and the Praying Indian looked up and smiled as she drew near.

"I wish you knew how to read, Bluebird," he said, "for then we might read this medicine-book together; it was Massasoit's wish that you should learn to read it."

"It is a great medicine-book, is it not?" observed Weetamoo, turning over the leaves.

"Yes," answered Sassamon, "and those who study it grow better and wiser, as well as more powerful. See how the pale-faces are thriving. Look at their broad cornfields, how full of corn they are; look what terrible weapons they use, which spit out fire and lead; and look at their immense canoes, with sails as large as these trees around us, in which they journey far, far across the boundless ocean. O Weetamoo! if we follow not their example and study this medicine-book, I fear that ere long we red men shall all disappear."

"Why?" inquired Weetamoo. "Will there not be deer and moose for us to hunt? Will not the rivers be full of salmon? Why should we not continue to dwell in the land of our fathers?"

"Because the great Manitou loves better the people who read this Holy Volume," answered Sassamon.

Weetamoo shook her head as if she doubted these words. Then suddenly her eyes sparkled as they fell on a string of glass beads hanging from his pocket. "How pretty those are! They look like dewdrops," she exclaimed.

"They were given to me by a pale-face because I was good and learnt to read," said Sassamon. "And now I give them to you."

"How generous you are!" said the enraptured maiden, as he placed the beads round her neck. "Now I must hasten to the fountain to gaze at my image in the water." "Stay," said Sassamon, catching her arm. "You need not the fountain to tell you that you are beautiful. If the whole Wampanoag tribe were

to be destroyed you at least would be spared. The Great Manitou would take pity on Bluebird and let her live—she is so beautiful."

"Oh! but do let me run to the fountain," pleaded Weetamoo. "Stay," repeated Sassamon, "and I will show you something which can reflect your lovely visage much better than the clearest water." With this he produced a small mirror and held it up before her.

Weetamoo merely gave it a glance, then started back with an expression of awe.

"Fear not," said the Praying Indian. "All things wrought by the pale-faces are wonderful. But this will do thee no harm. Take it; I give it to thee."

Slowly, timidly Weetamoo allowed her eyes to turn again on the glass. "Truly," she said, "they must be a marvellous race who made this. And now it is mine. Oh! how very generous you are."

"The religion of the pale-faces teaches me to be generous," answered her artful admirer.

"Well, since I am not able to read, I do wish you would teach me," said Weetamoo, "for I am impatient to know what this great medicine-book contains." "Sit down beside me on this stump, and let me give you at once your first lesson," said the other. Accordingly, Weetamoo sat down. Then, after letting him clasp one of her hands in his, she bade him commence.

But hardly had Sassamon spoken ten words when the cry of a hawk was heard.

"What is the matter?" he inquired, as the girl sprang to her feet. Without replying, Weetamoo, whose quick ear had told her that it was not a hawk, bounded off into the woods. She traversed a dark and deep ravine, the haunt of catamounts and rattlesnakes, and in a few minutes found herself beside Sasco, whose open, honest countenance formed a striking contrast to the guileful visage of him whom she had just quitted. "My Bluebird fears not the hawk that called her," spoke the son of Metacomet, kissing her full on the lips; then, after kissing her again, "I love the breath of spring," he added, "but thou to me art sweeter than the springtime."

"I am never so happy as when I am with you," said the maiden, smiling. "What delightful hours we two have spent together seeking for the hollow trees where the bees hide their honey! The gaudiest feathers of the jay-bird and yellowhammer you always bring me to twine in my hair; and my new gar-

ment of otter-fur is a present from you. But, O my beloved!" —here Weetamoo's expression grew sad—"I have a feeling that our happy days are soon to end, unless you do what Massasoit would have had you do: namely, cherish peace with the pale-faces, and learn to understand their great medicine-book—the book which Sassamon is constantly reading." "Never!" replied Sasco. "It brings ill-fortune to our race. The red men who study that book become like unto squaws. Their arms grow weak; they forget how to chase the moose and the bear, and how to spear the salmon. Why, look at Sassamon! What is he good for? He warped the noble mind of Massasoit by falsely interpreting his dreams, and I fear that now and then you go to him and tell him your own visions. O Weetamoo! you are a darling, peerless maiden; but I dread the influence of Sassamon. He is a snake hidden under the leaves." "He is generous. He gave me these pretty beads," said Weetamoo.

"They were made by a pale-face," rejoined the youth, frowning. "And he gave me this also," she added, drawing forth the little mirror. Sasco had barely looked into it when, just as Weetamoo had done, he sprang back. But it was not the reflection of himself which startled him; an arrow, shot by an unknown hand, had flown between the glass and his face, and was now quivering in the bark of a whitewood tree close by. He gazed in every direction, but could discover nobody.

"It must have been an arrow sent at random by some foolish boy," he said.

"My beloved," spoke Weetamoo, shuddering, "let us not tarry here. Come away—come away." "Bah! it was not aimed at me, I tell you," answered the youth. "Such an accident might not happen again in a lifetime." "Well, well, as you wish," said Weetamoo. With this they sat down on the dry leaves and proceeded to hold sweet converse together.

A more peaceful, retired spot it would have been difficult to find. It was the primeval forest. Flowing in a semicircle around them was a brook, the murmur of whose water had always a charm for Weetamoo, who believed it to be the spirit of the stream that was speaking; and she would sometimes address it and pray that it might furnish herself and Sasco with plenty of trout, for here they often came in springtime to fish with their bone fish-hooks. Just above, where they were reclining was the skeleton of a beaver, dangling from the limb of a beech-tree and quite out of the reach of fox or wolf. Presently Weetamoo looked up at it and spoke. "Good beaver," she said, "thy brethren cannot

take offence. My beloved is a magnanimous hunter, and after stripping off thy fur he hath so hung thy bones that no evil may befall them."

This speech gratified Sasco, who felt sure that it would bring him good luck; and, thrusting his hand into her long, black hair, he exclaimed: "The stream hath a soul, and so hath the beaver; the Great Manitou hath filled all things with his mysterious breath. But, O Weetamoo! how ineffably sweet must have been his breath when he breathed into thee and gave thee life." At these words she turned her big, lustrous eyes upon his, while Sasco gazed upon her. Happy moments!

They had not been long in each other's company when they were interrupted by the appearance of Metacomet. The latter was evidently pleased to see them together. Weetamoo was the daughter of a Pequod sachem, the bravest of his tribe; through her blood might be transmitted the valor of her exterminated kindred, and fair and spacious would be the wigwam which Metacomet would build for his son if he wedded Weetamoo.

But presently a cloud passed over his face. "Whence come these baubles?" he asked, pointing to the mirror and the string of glass beads. "Sassamon gave them to me," replied Weetamoo frankly.

Anybody else would have quailed before Metacomet's stern look. "Sassamon! Sassamon!" he repeated, slowly shaking his head. Then, letting his eyes fall to the ground, he seemed to be lost in deep meditation. At length the sagamore knelt down, and, after brushing the leaves off the ground until he had cleared a small space round about him, he proceeded to trace with a stick a rude sketch of the New England settlements. The western boundary was the Connecticut River, while a line at right angles to the coast, and passing a little east of the Merrimac, formed the boundary on the east.

"Pay heed, my children," he said, pointing to what was intended to represent a hilly peninsula jutting into Narraganset Bay. "This, you know, is Mount Hope.* Here for many generations the Wampanoags have abode in peace and happiness. But within my lifetime a woful change has taken place. The pale-faces, coming from a mysterious region beyond the horizon, have invaded our domain, until now they well-nigh outnumber us. Four colonies are already marked out—Plymouth, New Haven, Connecticut, and Massachusetts—and numerous towns dot the land over which our fathers held sway. They are destroy-

* Corruption of Indian word Ontaup, meaning headland.

ing our beautiful forests; they are driving away the game, and ere long the salmon will disappear from our streams. Sasco, are you listening?" "I am," answered the youth. "And you, last remnant of the Pequods, are you listening?" "I am," answered Weetamoo, whose heart was already filled with dark forebodings.

"Well, my children," pursued Metacomet, "I wish you to keep what I am about to tell you a profound secret." "We will keep it a profound secret," they both replied.

"Good! And now open your ears." Having said this, Metacomet paused a moment and looked cautiously about him; then in a lower voice he continued: "I am going to form a confederacy of all the tribes around us. I will unite in one large army all the warriors of the Nipmucs, Narragansets, Mohegans, and Wampanoags, and when the hour is ripe to strike I will teach the pale-faces that this country belongs to the red man." "But Alexander, your brother—will he consent to this scheme?" said Weetamoo in a quiet tone.

"Alexander is dead," replied Metacomet.

"Dead!" cried Sasco and Weetamoo at one breath. "Ay, last night, while journeying to Plymouth, bent on a mission of friendship, he suddenly expired."

A profound silence followed this announcement. It was broken by the sagamore, who said: "Why, Bluebird, do you weep?" "I am thinking of good Massasoit, who implored you to keep the hatchet buried," sobbed Weetamoo.

"It cannot be," answered the other. "No, no, it cannot be, If we defend not our God-given rights we must shortly vanish from the earth. But I vow that we shall not be exterminated without a bloody struggle. Either the pale-faces shall be driven into the ocean or else I, Metacomet, will be the last chief of the Wampanoags."

One calm, frosty night, while the full moon was shining down upon the wigwams which dotted the southern side of Mount Hope, while all was still save in the cornfield back of the Indian village, where a herd of deer were tearing the corn-shocks apart, Weetamoo arose and stole out into the forest. Along a well-beaten path, which led to the highest point of the hill, she bent her steps, and in about a quarter of an hour found herself in an open space nearly an acre in extent, in the middle of which rose a huge mound of earth. This was the burial-place of the Wampanoags. It was a well-chosen site. Here the first whip-poor-will was heard in springtime; here this ghostly bird uttered its

last plaintive note in the autumn; from the pine-trees which stood around the clearing like giant sentinels there issued what seemed to be a never-ending sigh; and here once every twelve moons the whole tribe came together to weep and mourn for the dead. Weetamoo, who had been roused from her sleep by a frightful dream, hoped that a visit to this hallowed spot might soothe her troubled heart. She cast her eyes a moment over the waters of the bay, glistening and dimpling in the moonlight, then clasped her hands and tearfully gazed on the mound.

Presently a voice called her by name, and, turning, she discovered Sassamon within a few feet of her. "You take me by surprise," exclaimed the girl; "you move as noiselessly as a spirit. Pray, where have you been during the past week?" "At Natick, taking part in the devotions of my brethren, the Praying Indians," answered Sassamon. Then, after a pause, he added: "But you take me also by surprise. What brings you hither at this midnight hour?"

"I was disturbed by a dream," replied Weetamoo. "A dream! Ah! tell it to me." "It was almost too ghastly to be repeated," said Weetamoo.

"What was it? what was it?" inquired the other eagerly. After hesitating a moment Weetamoo began: "Methought," she said, "that I beheld the head of Metacomet circling round me in the air; round and round and round it went, and blood was dripping from it." "And Sásco—did you not see his gory head likewise?" asked the Praying Indian. "No, but I saw his face looking at me ever so mournfully. Presently his whole body came in view, and then he began to wave his hand and to move away. And away, away he moved, until finally he disappeared in a kind of mist. But all at once, just ere he vanished, his sad expression changed to one of great joy, and Sasco cried out, 'Weetamoo! Weetamoo!' ever so loud; whereupon I awoke."

"There is much in your dream," said Sassamon thoughtfully. "It is capable of two interpretations."

"Oh! tell me, quick, what it portends," cried Weetamoo. "The first part," answered the Praying Indian, "wherein you saw Metacomet's bloody head, means that if the sachem goes against his father's wishes, and digs up the hatchet, his head will be cut off and the Wampanoag tribe be destroyed. The last part of your vision, wherein you beheld Sasco's mournful visage suddenly change into bright smiles, signifies the happiness which is in store for him and you in case you and he persuade Metacomet not to make war on the pale-faces."

Here Sassamon paused and waited for Weetamoo to speak. But as she said nothing, he presently continued: "And now that I have truthfully interpreted your dream," he said, "let me inform you that while I was at Natick the pale-face chiefs pressed me hard to answer a question which I was not able to answer—namely, whether the long and blessed peace which the good Massasoit concluded with them so many years ago is about to be broken by his son. Now, Weetamoo, you love the truth, you love it dearly, and here at this hour, when no other ears are listening, perhaps you may be willing to tell me what the pale-faces are so anxious to know: is Metacomet meditating war?"

Weetamoo did indeed love the truth; Massasoit had taught her to love it and to hate lies. But how respond to Sassamon's question? Had she not pledged her word to Metacomet that she would keep what he had revealed to her a fortnight before a profound secret? And if she betrayed this weighty secret what dire consequences might ensue! The semi-Christian savage, who perceived that she was embarrassed, had his suspicions doubly aroused, and, after throwing a glance up at the moon, said: "Weetamoo, did you not love Massasoit?" "As dearly as if he had been my own father," she replied. "Well, unless you give a truthful answer to my question Massasoit, who detested falsehood, will ask the Great Manitou to place his hand across the moon and hide it for ever."

Still the girl kept mute. "Answer quickly," continued Sassamon. "Does Metacomet meditate war?"

"No," responded Weetamoo.

Within half a minute after she had spoken the light of the moon did, sure enough, begin to wane, and she could plainly distinguish a spirit-hand passing across its face. Weetamoo had always believed that Sassamon was a potent magician and prophet; now she stood in tenfold greater awe of him than ever before. "Look! look!" he exclaimed, squeezing her arm. "Look at the night-sun disappearing for ever from the sky." And while the sorcerer pointed upward dimmer and dimmer the moon kept growing, until in a brief space the trees, the burial-mound, the gleaming surface of Narraganset Bay, even Sassamon himself, faded from her vision.

It were impossible to describe the feelings of Weetamoo at this moment; the cold sweat started out upon her brow; she quivered in every limb.

"O Weetamoo, Weetamoo!" said the crafty Sassamon, who had been informed of the coming eclipse when he was at Natick,

"it may not yet be too late. Speak, I beseech you! Speak the truth, and the all-wise Manitou may perhaps consent to give back to us the night-sun."

"I lied, I lied!" gasped the terrified girl. "Metacomet *is* plotting war against the pale-faces." Then, sinking upon her knees, Weetamoo bowed her head and burst into tears. "Well, Massasoit has already petitioned the Great Spirit to forgive your wicked lie," said Sassamon. "Behold, the moon is coming back." But Weetamoo seemed not to hear what he spoke. She refused to be comforted, to see the returning light. The agonizing thoughts which were rushing upon her were like unto the dream which had driven away her slumber. This traitor to his race would, of course, hasten to communicate to the pale-faces the important secret which terror had wrung from her lips; and then Metacomet (whose plans were not quite ripe), as well as her own darling, loving Sasco, would be seized and cast into prison—probably put to death. Nay, would not the whole Wampanoag tribe be effaced from the earth, as the Pequods had been? And among the farthest red men in the land of the setting sun would not the name of Weetamoo be accursed?

"You have given pleasure to Massasoit in the Happy Hunting-Grounds. He is now smiling upon Bluebird," spoke Sassamon presently in a soothing tone. "Therefore dry your tears and come with me this very night to Natick. There I will teach you to read. I will impart to you some of the wisdom of the pale-faces, and when Metacomet starts out on the war-path you will be safe from all harm. Ay, come with me at once to Natick."

Before Weetamoo could make reply the screech of an owl was heard, and as on a former occasion she had been enticed away from the Praying Indian by the cry of a hawk, so now her practised ear told her that it was not an owl but Sasco who was calling. In vain Sassamon strove to hold her back; she broke loose from his grasp, and in another moment was out of sight.

"My Bluebird comes to me by night as well as by day," spoke her lover, opening wide his arms; and into them she flew as a bird into its nest. "But you are agitated," went on the youth. "I can feel your heart throbbing. Well, a little while ago some dogs came running into my wigwam, uttering unearthly howls. Perchance 'tis that which has alarmed you. What has happened?"

Weetamoo did not answer immediately. At length, while he was fondling with her raven hair, she spoke and said: "My be-

loved, I have something of great moment to impart to you. But ere I do so you must make me a solemn promise." "Most cheerfully will I promise Bluebird anything that is not impossible," returned the other, little dreaming what she was about to exact of him. "Well, Sasco," pursued Weetamoo in tremulous accents, "days of woe are approaching. I was awakened by a horrible dream—a dream of evil omen—and I have seen wonders in the heavens. War is nigh; and now you must promise that if the fatal hour arrives when the pale-faces are surrounding you—promise—promise that you will then let me fling myself at your feet, and that with your own tomahawk you will take away my wretched life." "You astound me! Are you awake? Are you raving?" exclaimed Sasco. "Ay, I am awake—stark awake," answered Weetamoo; "and as I do not wish to abide here without my beloved, I repeat that when your last hour is come you must take me with you to the Happy Hunting-Grounds." "I still can scarcely believe that you are awake," said Sasco. "Nevertheless, I am willing to promise that if what you predict comes to pass, rather than have you live to be carried off by the cowardly Sassamon, we shall journey together to the shadowy land where Massasoit is awaiting us."

When Sasco had uttered these words Weetamoo grew calmer; then presently she went on to tell him how the moon had been hidden from her sight by the hand of the Great Manitou, and how, under the influence of mortal fear, she had divulged to Sassamon the deep-laid scheme which Metacomet was planning. "Can you forgive me? Can you forgive me?" she said, when she had made this startling confession.

Without breathing upon her a single word of reproach, or evincing any sign of the profound emotion within his breast, Sasco bade her retire to her wigwam, and as she turned to go he merely observed: "If the secret has been revealed only to Sassamon, Sassamon shall never live to repeat it to a pale-face." With this he hastened up the hill in quest of the Praying Indian. But the latter had taken alarm and was already speeding to the nearest settlement. Nevertheless, up to within a mile of Seekonk did the keen-eyed, daring young warrior pursue him. And if only the ground had been softer, or had the fleeing man's trail been less difficult to follow in the moonlight, the colonists of New England would doubtless have been taken unawares, and Metacomet might have succeeded in wresting the country from their grasp.

On the last day of November, while the snow-birds were flit-

ting about in the silent woods, Weetamoo and Sasco met beneath a leafless maple-tree to bid each other good-by. "Grieve not," spoke the youth. "I shall not be absent many moons, and when I return to claim you as my bride I will show you dangling from my waist the scalp of Sassamon."

"Of Sassamon!" ejaculated Weetamoo. "O dear boy! touch him not. He is a mighty medicine-man and may bring untold evils upon you and me. Potent spirits are fighting on his side."

"Bah! I defy him. Sassamon is a squaw; nor can I believe that my grandsire truly loved such a dastard," rejoined Sasco. "Alas! Massasoit did love him; he still listens to his petitions; and could the wise old sachem return to earth would he not bitterly chide his son and his grandson for digging up the hatchet?" Then, seeing that the youth made no reply, Weetamoo continued: "Sasco," she said, "turn not a deaf ear to my last appeal. You know that my heart belongs to you, to you alone, and in the Happy Hunting-Grounds I should be heart-broken without you. Therefore abide with me, and we shall flee together to the beautiful prairies in the far southwest, where the snow seldom falls, where game is abundant, and where the pale-faces will never molest us. Oh! it is not too late. Fly not in the face of Massasoit and the Great Manitou. Have the courage to listen to Weetamoo's last appeal."

Sasco's only response was to lift his finger and cry, "Hark!" The sound of a drum was heard and the chanting of many voices. In another moment he was gone to take part in the war-dance.

Before the first snow of this memorable winter fell the war known in New England history as King Philip's War broke out. Metacomet, after sending his squaws and aged people to the Narraganset country for greater security, led his warriors, ten thousand in number, against Seekonk, Deerfield, and other towns, which he completely destroyed. Even Weymouth, within twenty miles of Boston, did not escape his fiery arrows, and by the time spring came round again along three hundred miles of frontier, from the Penobscot River to the mouth of the Connecticut, the war-whoop of the red man was heard.

"What troubles you, my son?" inquired Metacomet one winter day thirteen moons later. Sasco was lying with his face buried in the dead leaves, groaning piteously. "I have received tidings of Weetamoo which wring my heart," answered the youth. "Two moons ago she quitted her home among the Narragansets. Nobody knows whither she went; and when, after a while, she came back her friends did scarce recognize her—her

eyes were so sunken, her tongue was so dumb except to utter singular cries; nor could she sleep for the horrible spectres which haunted her. And now, alas! the poor dear girl has been declared by the medicine-men to be under the spell of a malignant spirit, and I fear that she may be stoned to death."

"I know where she went," spoke Metacomet; "my scouts informed me. But I did not tell you, lest your heart might burst with grief and rage. Weetamoo trudged to Natick all alone through the deep snow, and at Natick she put herself in the power of Sassamon, who has filled her with devils." "Sassamon!" cried the youth, springing to his feet and striking at the empty air with his tomahawk. "O Great Manitou! give him to me, I beseech thee. Give me Sassamon to torture and to kill." While he was in this paroxysm of wrath a voice which Sasco well knew exclaimed: "Ay, save me from Sassamon. He is close upon my track. He is coming, coming." Then, ere he could recover from his astonishment, Weetamoo bounded through the hazel bushes and flung herself on his breast.

For several minutes after this unexpected meeting neither of the lovers could utter a word; their hearts were too full to speak. At length Sasco moved back a step and gazed intently on Weetamoo. He found her indeed very much changed; and while he was studying her she began to talk about wonders which she had beheld in the sky—how not only the moon but the sun had been veiled by a ghostly hand; how sometimes she communed with Massasoit; and she ended by imploring Sasco to keep the solemn promise which he had made her. Here a faint smile played on Weetamoo's lips for an instant: her fingers were feeling the keen edge of his tomahawk.

The spot where the Pequod maiden had joined her betrothed was a few miles northeast of Mount Hope. Five sanguinary battles had been fought with the colonial troops during the past summer and autumn, and in the last engagement the Indians had been completely routed. But their valiant leader, who never despaired, had once again rallied them, and now Metacomet was falling back to the headland which had been so long the home of his tribe, and where the spirits of the dead Wampanoags buried there might inspire his followers with renewed courage and strength in their last, supreme struggle for existence.

But the sagamore's warriors were few compared with what they had been. They numbered only a thousand, and were closely pursued by the whites under the command of Colonel Church. It was dusk by the time they reached the summit of

Mount Hope. A bitter cold wind was blowing from the north; the sky was overcast; not a star could be seen, while the surrounding pine-forest gave forth weird, mysterious sounds. No rest did Metacomet allow them, fagged and famished though they were.

With might and main many a fallen tree was lugged up the height and formed into a breastwork, while a fresh supply of arrows which the sachem's forethought had concealed here was unearthed and distributed among them. But where was Weetamoo during these dark, busy hours? Closely wrapped in a bear-skin robe, she was sleeping in Sasco's care, who preferred to be with her rather than with his fellow-braves. It was Weetamoo's first slumber in many a night; and as the youth ever and anon uncovered her face he heeded not his own weariness, but wished that this sweet night might never end.

Perhaps the girl might not have opened her weary eyes until morning had not the wind towards midnight suddenly veered round to the west, and in an incredibly brief space swept every cloud from the sky. Then lo! from the north there darted forth vivid streaks of light which reached as far as the zenith, and even beyond, filling the superstitious children of the forest with dismay. Sasco laid down his precious burden and hastened to ask his father what this awe-inspiring sight portended. Metacomet—albeit he had never before witnessed an aurora borealis half so grand as this one—suppressed his own feelings of wonder, and, telling his warriors that these fiery lines in the heavens were the fingers of the all-powerful Manitou spread out to shield them from their enemies, bade them form a circle around the burial-mound and dance another war-dance. While the dance was in progress a voice whispered in Weetamoo's ear and said: "Weetamoo! Weetamoo! open thine eyes and witness what is going on in the land of the stars." Thus called, she opened wide her eyes, and after lying a moment, dazed and bewildered by the marvellous Northern Light, Sassamon, now dressed in the garb of his race, snatched her up in his arms, folded the robe tightly about her, then hurried her away.

"O cruel man! why have you brought me here?" asked the trembling girl when in a little while Sassamon reached the camp of the pale-faces. "Because," answered the other, "in one of your waking dreams you have revealed to me that Sasco has promised to take your life when his own last hour shall have come; and as to-morrow all the red men gathered on Mount Hope are doomed to perish, I did not wish Bluebird to share their fate."

Weetamoo's agony when she heard this cannot be described; nor was it lessened when the Praying Indian went on to tell her that she should dwell with him at Natick in a beautiful wigwam, and learn to read the medicine-book where the pale-faces got all their wisdom. As for Sasco, when he returned to where he had left Weetamoo, and found her gone, his fury knew no bounds. He guessed what had happened, and it required all his father's authority to prevent him from following Sassamon even into the enemy's camp.

At break of day Colonel Church's soldiers advanced to the attack. The first musket-shot was answered by a wild war-whoop, and a thousand arrows whizzed through the air. Then followed a volley of musketry, immediately after which, concealed by the smoke, the pale-faces charged and well-nigh succeeded in breaking through the circle of fallen trees.

But Metacomet, who seemed to be in every part of the narrow battle-ground at the same moment, rushed to meet the assailants, tomahawked five who did get within the enclosure, then, springing on top of the burial-mound, he waved aloft their bleeding scalps.

Of no avail, however, was the prowess of the red men. A weapon entirely new to them was by and by wheeled to the edge of the forest, and when the cannon boomed they fell into despair, for it was surely a supernatural being that was now roaring at them. Flat on their faces they flung themselves, all except Metacomet; even this deafening, howling god could not make him quail. "Arise! Sasco," he cried—"arise! and by the tomb of our forefathers let us die like braves." At this appeal the youth rose to his feet. The cannon-balls in the meanwhile were ploughing up the earth around him, and like the humming of bees sounded the bullets.

Presently, in the midst of the carnage, appeared Weetamoo, the cord by which she had been bound still clinging to one of her wrists. "Strike, strike, Sasco!" she cried, as she knelt at his feet and bowed her head. "Noble daughter of a sachem, I am proud of thee! Thou art no coward! We shall go to the Happy Hunting-Grounds together," exclaimed Metacomet.

She answered him not, but kept repeating in passionate accents, "Strike! strike!" Nor did the great chief ever speak again. Straight through his heart Sassamon had sent a ball. "Shame, Sasco! shame!" cried Weetamoo. "You are false to your promise. Look! your father is dead. Oh! let me die with him and you."

"I cannot, I cannot," answered Sasco, averting his face. "Your dear blood I cannot spill. Let the pale-faces keep my rash promise. We will die in each other's arms." Saying this, he tossed his tomahawk high in the air, then, bending down, he clasped Weetamoo to his breast. But although on every side the ground was strewn with corpses, it was fated that the lovers were not to perish here. Already the soldiers were in full possession of this last retreat of the red men of New England, and amid the yells of the struggling, dying warriors Sasco and Weetamoo were made prisoners.

On the morrow no place in all the land was more silent than Mount Hope, and the tiny snowflakes which dropped from the gloomy sky covered the dead Indians with a spotless winding-sheet. One of them was headless; his hands, too, had been cut off. This Indian was Metacomet.

But it was a gladsome day for Sassamon, for now he had triumphed. And, strange to relate, she who had been so faithful to Sasco now actually smiled on her captor. Weetamoo expressed a desire to become a Christian. Her sudden conversion was looked upon by all as a wonderful providence, while she declared that it was owing to a dream wherein Massasoit had appeared to her and told her what to do. Convinced of Weetamoo's sincerity, Sassamon took off her shackles. But, although unbound, she remained always close to him, nor did she once inquire for Sasco.

At length, a week after the battle, the Praying Indian, completely off his guard, went with Colonel Church to the town of Newport. Thither Weetamoo accompanied him. She insisted on carrying his Bible. Happy indeed was Sassamon.

From Newport a few days later a ship spread her sails to the breeze. She was bound for the island of Bermuda. On this vessel were Sasco and a few other Wampanoags, who had been condemned to be sold into slavery.* A group of Praying Indians were watching the departing ship; among them were Sassamon and Weetamoo; while at a little distance off stood a pole, on the top of which was stuck the head of Metacomet.

"Let us sing a hymn of thanks that King Philip's wicked war is ended," spoke Sassamon, opening a copy of the old Bay Psalm-book. A murmur of approval sounded through the group, and presently the hymn began. But scarcely had the first line been sung when away with the fleetness of a deer sped Weetamoo towards the water's edge. Out into the sea there projected a long

* See Palfrey's *History of New England.*

narrow ledge of rock, its far end whitened by the foam of the breakers. For this wave-beaten point the fugitive made as if wings, not feet, propelled her. It was in vain that Sassamon and his friends gave chase; in vain they cried out, "Come back! come back!" The bark with her cargo of slaves sailed on for Bermuda, and the moaning ocean swallowed up Weetamoo.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

It is wonderfully irritating to the equitable student of history to perceive at the present time so many English speakers and writers persist—when, in the first instance, invading the platform, and, in the second, degrading even journals notoriously subvented by fanaticism—in statements which must be disgraceful to their disseminators if consciously false, and little less deplorable if sent forth in ignorance. When I read such statements—for even the most intense spirit of inquisitiveness could not induce me to go hear blatant folly and all uncharitableness—I very much incline to the opinion that in general the assertions made about "persecutions by papists" at the conventicles of East London and at Exeter Hall (in those "May meetings" where geographical philanthropy leaves the native pagans to riot, slay, and die "on uneasy pallets, stretching them") are enunciated in ignorance; not because too many of the utterers are not wicked and despicable enough to publish sectarian falsehoods, but because nearly all the "religious" literature of *Protestantism*, and even that section of the chronicles of the past denominated "history," are false, and often consciously as well as malignantly so, when dealing with matters affecting the Catholic Church and its rebellious and illegitimate offspring—the Established Church of England.

This paper, however, I shall confine to an examination as to the action of "good Queen Bess" and of Mary, Queen of Scots, as to "persecution for religion's sake." The crimes committed in the name of "Liberty" bear no calculable measure to those which have been perpetrated under the cloak of religion. It was not religion which inculcated persecution, but its so-called professors who practised it. This is especially true as to England.

The persons who burned Protestants at the Reformation were, strange to say, themselves Protestants. Paradoxical this, but true. Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Hooper, and other Protestant "martyrs" had either assisted at the burning of heretics or participated in consigning them to the stake. The men who burned heretics in Mary's reign were masters of the situation and of the queen, who was almost wholly guiltless of the burnings committed in her reign, inasmuch as during its brief duration she was in ill-health and harassed by the most bitter domestic sorrows that can visit a woman. The men who held power in Mary's reign had been Protestants in the preceding one of Edward, became "Catholics" now, and Protestants again on the accession of Elizabeth. Well, then, if the fact of men on two different occasions proclaiming their Protestantism be a sufficient voucher for their creed, it may be fairly stated that if heretics were burned the combustion was performed by order of those also whom the church regarded as heretics. Bonner and Gardyner, whose part in these lamentable transactions has been so egregiously exaggerated, were subordinate to the higher powers of the Council, consisting of the variable religionists above referred to.

But to return to the special object of treating Mr. Froude's statement regarding the persecuting tendencies of Mary, Queen of Scots, which elicited from the London *Times* not only censure for reckless assertion as to motives which never took the shape of action, but a display of proofs that the beautiful and much-maligned queen never entertained a thought of persecution. The Scottish queen appears to have derived her ideas of religious toleration from her mother, Mary of Lorraine. Shortly after Mary's arrival from France she attended the kirk occasionally, and even listened to the violent discourses of John Knox, which were not likely to win many Catholics to the Calvinistic mode of belief. In her political intercourse with the nobles Mary Stuart never permitted her religious principles to interpose. She desired liberty of conscience for herself and extended the same to her subjects. Mr. Froude, who is well aware of the policy pursued by the Queen of Scots with regard to religious toleration, describes her liberty of conscience as "*hypocrisy at one time, and sentimental affectation at another.*"

Upon her arrival in England Mary, Queen of Scots, found that, from Queen Elizabeth down to the ignorant, ranting preachers, all were opposed to "civil and religious liberty." She was assured that the "good Queen Bess" was so solicitous for the

spiritual welfare of her subjects that she would not permit them to practise any faith but that which she deemed orthodox. This was despotism similar to that of an Eastern tyrant, who would manacle the conscience as well as the body.

When Mary became the prisoner of her English cousin she demanded the free access of her chaplain, but was informed that she should "accept the religion of the queen's creation—the Reformed Church." This she at once rejected, which was the commencement of a series of the most despicable insults, wrongs, and oppressions, heaped upon one lone woman, and that woman a close prisoner. The manhood of England was disgraced in those days by its acquiescence in the tenets propounded for their acceptance by Queen Elizabeth. To Mary's letter to Elizabeth concerning "liberty of conscience" she received "a rude reply," which showed that the "English lioness" desired to follow in the track of her father. Mary refused to assist at the Anglican service. She stated that her enemies alleged she "was not sincere in her religion, and cared little for any creed." Sir Francis Knollys knew that this was most untrue; for Mary's English jailers had endeavored to induce her to take what they called "the sacrament," but Mary never did so, nor was she ever present when it was administered. The Queen of Scots said further that, while under the charge of the Earl of Shrewsbury,* she had not only heard a number of different Protestant preachers, but had conversed with them in private, and she "*never found any two who, on the most cardinal points of the Christian faith, were of the same opinion. Instead, therefore, of converting her to their religion, they had confirmed her in her own creed.*" Mary further adds that "there were only two things upon which all Protestant preachers agreed—namely, they all abused the pope and prayed for the English queen, because they were *bound by law to pray for the said queen.* With these exceptions, there seemed to be amongst them *as many different religions as heads!*"

Elizabeth, at the commencement of her reign, had assured Count Feria, the Spanish envoy, that she "had been forced into the separation from the Papacy against her will." Very likely; for her chief supporters were the enemies of the Papacy and the men who possessed the plunder of the ancient church. It is, how-

* Lord Shrewsbury was a Catholic—or at least a professing Catholic—and he proved to his royal prisoner as stern and cruel a jailer as Amyot Paulet, or the noted Ralph Sadler, who declared that "it was treason to practise any form of religion but what the queen commanded"! Such was "liberty of conscience" under Elizabeth, so long handed down by historians as "the good Queen Bess."

ever, difficult to ascertain what were Elizabeth's real views concerning religion, for, after remodelling every diocese* in the kingdom and governing the prelates with a rod of iron, she styled them on her deathbed "hedge-priests."

There was one point only on which Elizabeth's mind seemed unalterably fixed, and that was that every one should *conform to the religion which she herself professed;* and in order to carry out her despotic policy she burned, racked, fined, imprisoned, and sent to the scaffold honest men and women because they refused to accept her views on religion.

Upon the religious sentiments of the Scottish queen Mr. Hosack remarks: "Mary must have been more or less than woman if she could have borne with untiring patience, in addition to her other wrongs and sufferings, the refusal of her keepers to allow her the exercise of her own religion. Need we, then, be astonished that, as years passed away and her hopes of liberty became gradually fainter, she should cling with increasing fervor to the faith of her fathers, and regard with renewed bitterness those who were avowedly seeking its extermination? If Mary Stuart finally became a most formidable enemy to Protestantism we must look for the cause, not in her own inclinations, but in the barbarous policy of Sir William Cecil. Her imprisonment and cruel treatment not only impeded the progress of the Reformation in England, but led of *necessity* to a succession of Catholic conspiracies which kept the kingdom in perpetual alarm. That these results were not foreseen from the first argues a singular degree of blindness on the part of Sir William Cecil and his colleagues; for nothing can be clearer than that every complaint which they made of the dangers incurred through the presence of the Scottish queen in England was simply a confession of their own wickedness." †

When at Buxton, in 1573, Mary, Queen of Scots, again petitioned her "good cousin" to be allowed a confessor. Upon this point Elizabeth burst into a furious passion. She not only refused the request of her poor helpless prisoner, but added that she did not believe the Scottish queen was serious in the request. "*Elizabeth made the established religion, and it was a much better creed than Rome produced, and with that she ought to be contented.*" ‡

* One of the many proofs on record as to the interest Elizabeth took in the "reformed faith" is to be found in the fact that she left the diocese of Ely nineteen years without a bishop. Notwithstanding this "spiritual neglect," Miss Strickland represents her heroine as "the nursing-mother of the Church of England."

† *Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Accusers*, vol. ii. pp. 180, 181.

‡ Labanoff, vol. iv. p. 95.

If Mary Stuart had made such a reply to the Kirk preachers how many more myriads of falsehoods would have been heaped upon her memory by historians of the Puritan school! We are assured by recent writers that Elizabeth was always in favor of "religious toleration, and from this resolve she never wavered. She would hear of no inquisition into a man's private thoughts on religious matters, or into his personal religion." * The above is in direct contradiction of the well-authenticated records and other state papers of the reign of Elizabeth.

Whilst confined at Tutbury Castle Mary experienced quite enough of the "tolerance and religious liberty" accorded by the English queen and her officials to those who had the misfortune to become the inmates of royal dungeons. Here is an incident: A young Catholic gentleman, who was confined as a prisoner in the castle on account of his creed, was compelled to join in the services of the new form of religion. He indignantly refused, and Sir Ralph Sadler immediately had recourse to violence and a "curtailment of food"; but this barbarous mode of propagating religious opinions did not succeed, but only intensified the devotion for the ancient creed.

Day by day Queen Mary saw from the windows of her apartment the unfortunate man dragged forcibly across the courtyard to take part in ceremonies forbidden by his religion and condemned by his conscience. Powerless to protect, Queen Mary could only pity this unhappy victim of a so-called Christianity, who, rather than continue to do violence to his own conscience, resolved to put an end to his existence. The young gentleman strangled himself, and was found dead in his cell one morning. The jailers, with unprecedented brutality, suspended the lifeless body of the young man from the turret opposite the queen's chambers, "as a warning to the popish captive and her ladies." †

This horrible incident made a deep impression upon the Queen of Scots. Gloomy as her own prospects were at this time, she had resolved to write to Queen Elizabeth with respect to the cruel persecution of "a young gentleman of stainless character, whose only crime had been to worship his Creator according to the faith of his forefathers, and his own conscience." In this letter Mary pointed out the shame and scandal to Christianity which the English government had caused, and that if her "good cousin" pursued such a policy her name would be handed down to posterity covered with odium. Mary continued: "Jesus

* Green's *History of the English People*, vol. ii. p. 298.

† Labanoff, vol. vi. p. 160; *Queens of Scotland*, vol. vii.

Christ never preached such principles as you have set forth as his. His principles were those of *mildness, persuasion, and charity;* your mode of action is directly opposed to the New Testament."* And again Mary Stuart writes: "*Human force should never be used in religion. God's truth comes inspired from heaven.* . . . If ever it come to pass that an open attack be made on me for my religion, I am perfectly ready, with the grace of God, to bow my neck beneath the axe, that my blood may be shed before all Christendom; and I should esteem it the greatest happiness to be the first to do so. I do not say this out of vain-glory while the danger is remote."

Upon these incidents Mr. Hosack remarks that, "as the most tolerant of European sovereigns, this was a subject upon which Queen Mary had a right to speak."

It is certain that, as the "Head of the Church of England," Elizabeth claimed unrestricted jurisdiction in her own realm, and the exclusive power to "alter or amend religion in whatever manner she thought proper," warning the bishops "not to turn to the *right* or to the *left* without her special sanction." † The English queen adhered to this "spiritual despotism," as it was styled by a distinguished Puritan preacher, throughout her life, and found ministers unprincipled and wicked enough to carry out her policy—a policy in the equity of which she did not herself believe; but, being the monarch of a party, she was compelled to a course of inconsistency and dishonesty. As the daughter of Henry VIII., however, dishonesty never annoyed her conscience, for despotism and cruelty were the marked attributes of her family inheritance.

Amongst the many extraordinary assertions made by Mr. Froude concerning the Queen of Scots, he alleges that Philip of Spain "expressed considerable doubts as to whether Mary had any religion at all." Philip's letters to Queen Mary prove the high opinion he entertained of her religious sentiments. In one of his secret despatches to her, whilst she was confined at Fotheringay Castle, Philip says: "It is quite evident to the world that your cruel imprisonment and all the wrongs inflicted upon you are *on account of your religion*. . . . If some active measures are not soon adopted to release you, it is quite clear they will take

* Letter of Mary, Queen of Scots, to the Queen of England, Labanoff, vol. iv.; *Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Accusers*, vol. ii.

† Elizabeth's masculine address to the bishops is still extant. It is well spiced with "big oaths." I may add that at fourteen the princess, then styled "Golden Eliza," swore "like a dicer."

your life. Then your name will descend to posterity as a martyr for our holy religion." Truly said. Queen Mary's imprisonment in England, and her judicial murder at Fotheringay Castle, were the results of personal malice on the part of Elizabeth and sectarian, selfish fear on the part of her advisers. No assertions, no amount of false reasoning on the part of Mr. Froude or those who adopt his views, can deny the fact that Mary Stuart died a martyr for her religion.

I here quote a significant sentence from Mr. Hosack's powerful defence of Mary Stuart: "*The great and unpardonable crime of the Queen of Scots was her religion.*" * Such is the judgment of a learned Scotch advocate and High-Kirk Protestant.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

"We suffer peace by pain and tribulation,"
 A Christian Father saith:
One with those evils, through our acceptation,
 Is the sure peace of Faith.

Permit the veilèd blessing, men, my brothers!
 Not with discouraged mind,
But, like companion-ships, cheer each the other's
 Slow course against the wind—

Strong in endurance, strong in mutual patience,
 Though opposition blare,
And the more baffled, nobler the occasions
 To bear and to forbear!

Be thoughtful. Light is broken in many prisms:
 Our minds are not alike.
As brindled snakes lie coiled antagonisms—
 Oh! charm them, lest they strike.

Be brave, be gentle. By the touch of mercy
 Life's fairest grace is won.
Be thou, whose young ire frets like Hotspur Percy,
 Serene as Washington.

* *Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Accusers*, vol. ii. p. 118, second edition.

Let fable teach. The Pythian god wins pæan
In fight, in fiery love;
Chafes Neptune; white calms of the empyrèan
Sit on the front of Jove!

Peace one with pain! There is no contradiction.
The storm's moon may be pale,
But she is patient, shining through affliction:
So, true heart, never fail!

Thou noble soul, in trial that not despondeth,
Sing, soar in jubilant psalm!
Lo! above brows of saintly anguish roundeth
The crown of saintliest calm.

That crown was woven for St. Lawrence, broiling
Upon his bed of coals.
'Tis not less due the living and the toiling
For earthlier martyr-goals.

For God, who gave us stars, flowers, grandeurs, beauties,
And his great day to come,
Hath sometimes ordered that life's manlier duties
Are but one martyrdom.

And there's the crown! Oft, when the all-jarring thunder
Is dumb in the typhoon,
And the blown seas are chaos, a sweet wonder
Breaks soft as morns in June—

A ring of light, of pure rest, a salvation,
In zenith of heaven's cope;
The mariner's very hell of tribulation
Hails the blue eye of Hope.

Therefore be hopeful. O'er the storm-disc heaven
Is radiant and serene,
Over red battles, bickerings; a still even
Shall fall on every scene,

And pain and tribulation be no longer,
To make your brows so wan.
With every struggle grows the athlete stronger:
Bear, brothers, bravely on!

THE JACOBITE AND LATER CELTIC POETRY OF IRELAND.

If it is admitted, for the purpose of historical definition, that Turlogh O'Carolan was the last of the Irish bards, according to the epithet popularly associated with his name, it is not because he did not leave legitimate successors, who pursued the same method of life, sang on the same themes and in the same language, and rivalled him in genius, if not as a musician, as a poet. It was rather for Carolan's social position and consideration, his claims of blood and family, his widespread fame, and the dignity which he maintained for himself and his profession, that he was marked as a descendant of the lofty race of bards who held places of honor in the courts of kings and chieftains, than for any absolute eclipse of the line of Celtic poets at his death or any period of barrenness to Irish poetic genius succeeding him. On the contrary, the race of Celtic poets continued unbroken for more than a century after the date of his death in 1737, and has only been definitely extinguished within living memory. Neither was there any degeneration in genius in the Celtic singers who succeeded Carolan, for in fluency, fancy, and pathos, in strength and sweetness, the volume of later Celtic poetry includes some of the finest productions in the language, if no single poet produced an equal amount of verse or achieved an equal fame with the Last of the Bards. But as the circumstances of Carolan's life, his wanderings among a wide circle of patrons instead of being the appendage of a single court or the retainer of one great family, like his predecessors, and the admitted degeneracy of the tone and style of some of his verse to suit the altered quality and station of some of his entertainers, mark a descent from the ancient dignity of the bards in their best estate, there was a still more marked difference and degradation between him and his followers, who ceased to be bards even by courtesy and became hedge-poets. Carolan was an honored guest among what remained of the Celtic aristocracy, and was an object of respectful curiosity and interest, as a relic of ancient days, among their Saxon neighbors, who felt the influence, even in decay, of a yet unextinguished native aristocracy, beaten but not humiliated, and undegraded by a long course of the stifling and crushing tyranny of the penal laws. But after him there is no record of any Celtic poet being

received at the tables of the great, either Irish or Saxon; and although we may imagine that some of the more national and patriotic families welcomed the sound of the harp and the Celtic song from some wandering professor, the Irish minstrels became guests of the kitchen rather than the parlor of the castle or mansion-house, and were to be described as essentially poets of the peasantry. The harp was discarded for the plebeian bagpipes or the violin, and the profession of musician was divorced from that of poet. The poet sang or recited his verses by the peasant's hearth in the winter's night, and in the group about the cabin door in the calm of the summer's evening; or under the smoky rafters of the shebeen amid the joyous company of those who were at once his admirers and equals, and his reward was the "bite and sup" at the one or the shower of half-pence or the scoring-off of his reckoning at the other; and although something was lost of loftiness of theme from the worthiest pride and loyalty of the bards, there was a more direct simplicity of language and a more genuine air of sincerity than were to be found in the poetry whose chief staple was personal eulogy even when sincere, and of degrading sycophancy when false. They became more national in the sense of being direct representatives of the people, and, while retaining something of the inherited style of the bards, their songs were nearer to the heart and spirit of the people, whose lives they shared and whose sentiments they felt. The Irish are a strongly poetic people, and their circumstances were such as to induce them to seek the relief which it affords to national misfortune. Consequently there was a bulk and quantity of native Celtic poetry at this time, a considerable portion of which has been lost, but which the remains, in volume and value, show to have been equal to any peasant poetry of which we have knowledge.

The condition of the Celtic population of Ireland during the eighteenth century was the most unfortunate, hopeless, and proscribed of any during their history. They had been finally crushed and conquered at the Boyne, and during the hundred years that followed it their history was one of continued and increasing oppression under the penal laws, whose indictment was framed in burning words by Burke as the most complete and perfect device for the degradation of a people ever invented by the wit of man. Their religion was proscribed, and its priests could only minister to their flocks under the penalty of mutilation or death. Their industry was extinguished through the jealousy of English manufacturers, and the only markets that could be

found for even such a product as wool were through a daring and dangerous system of smuggling. Agriculture was in its crudest and poorest form, owing to the neglect and rapacity of the absentee landlords and the boisterous dissipation and extravagance of those who wasted their rents at home in every form of coarse profusion and idle sport. They were denied education, penalties being imposed on the sending of children to be educated abroad, and such provisions as were made by statute for the maintenance of schools at home being shamelessly neglected. The native language of the people was under a ban, and such literature as they had was as dependent upon oral preservation as if the art of printing had not been invented. Under these circumstances of oppression and degradation the tenacity with which the people clung to their ancient faith, the zeal with which they strove for education and cultivated learning, and the spirit with which they maintained their national literature were as remarkable as anything in history, and showed the undying vitality of the race, which rose to victorious self-assertion from such depression, and has partly achieved political equality and religious freedom. The priests, though proscribed with death and banishment, maintained the system of religious ministration fully and completely, and the fervency of faith, intensified by persecution, was never suffered to slacken for the want of authoritative exercise and abundant service. Baptism and burial went on as though priests were protected and reverenced instead of being in peril of their lives, and Mass was said in the glens and in the secrecy of lonely cabins as though "priest-hunters" were not stimulated by the wages of persecution. Hardly less zeal and devotion were shown in the pursuit of knowledge. Native schools were, for a time at least, forbidden, as well as chapels, but they were maintained in secret while it was necessary, and where they received a tacit toleration the lack of educational facilities from the government was made up from the voluntary contributions of the people, and the hedge-school flourished in the land. The language, which was despised and contemned, was maintained with fervor and affection, and was the only expression of the joys and sorrows of its people, the vehicle of poetry and the disguise of its patriotism. And the literature, which was denied preservation in printed books, was cherished with a fervor and tenacity in oral tradition and in manuscript in a manner that made it much more universal than any tincture of poetry or learning that prevailed among the peasantry of more fortunate lands. What survived to the late date, nearly a century after the death of Carolan, when the first

attempt was made to preserve and collect in books the native literature of Ireland, shows its quantity and gives evidence of its originality, spirit, and strength.

The spirit of education and poetry was remarkably at one in this period. The history taught in the schools was not from English text-books, and, in fact, had little reference to the affairs of a hated race, but was to a great extent the traditionary record of Irish exploits which existed in most attractive form in the chronicles of the bards, or was told again in verse under the inspiration of fervid feeling by the schoolmasters, most of whom were poets, and all of whom shared the national regard for poetry. In the race of native poets of this period there is scarcely one who was not a schoolmaster, and the profession which in our day is supposed to act in suppression of the muse was there its favorite. Poetry, if not taught, was honored in the hedge-school, and the master who had the highest repute as a poet attracted the most profitable collection of pupils and found eligible situations at will in his usually vagabond career. The hedge-school, as it existed in our own day, has been frequently and graphically described, and the lament expressed that something of its spirit and humor, as well as the "unpracticality" of its learning, has vanished with the barren common sense of the National schools. The picture is vital, in the pages of native and foreign observers of Irish life, of the group of ragged, bright-eyed, quick-witted, and eager urchins squatted under the sheltered side of a hedge in summer weather, or poring over their "read-a-made-aisies" on the rude forms of the turf-built cabin, half hollowed into a bank, in winter, while the magisterial teacher, in rusty swallowtail and small-clothes, with his Caroline hat on one side of his intellectual brow and a huge ferula in significant byplay, expounded the "humanities" with alternate jocosity and grandiloquence. This is its humorous side and in its more degenerate days, when hard necessity had substituted English for Irish as the language of instruction, and something of earnestness and all of romance had disappeared with the cultivation of an historic and proscribed literature which had shrunk from the school to the fireside. No picture of the native school remains, and we must imagine it as best we may, with all the native humor undisguised and untinctured with absurdity in struggling with an unfamiliar means of expression; with more spirit, as the substance of the teaching was so largely Ireland's glory; with teachers of a higher grade if of less learning, inasmuch as they were either genuine poets or familiar with poetry; with more of earnestness, as proscription, if not an

actual danger, was still in the air, and, if possible, more rags and poverty, as evinced in the anecdote of a Scotch traveller in the latter part of the last century, who saw a hedge-school in a graveyard making use of the gravestones to work out their problems in arithmetic.* The teachers of these schools were the authors of almost all the later Celtic poetry of Ireland, and the lives of those whose careers are known to us present as remarkable a similarity as those of the Elizabethan dramatists or the Grub Street authors of Pope and Johnson's time. It may be readily imagined that the rewards of authorship were by no means great, nor the worldly circumstances of its professors flourishing. The rewards of the hedge-schoolmaster in his later day were in a great measure "in kind"—potatoes, buttermilk, and turf being the staples, and flitches of bacon and chickens the extraordinaries—and could not have been any better when the people were even poorer and more destitute. Whiskey we may imagine in plenty, as the gaugers were fewer and the excise chiefly a name; nor was a condition of habitual elevation held to be any drawback to the imparting of learning, but rather the contrary, as Carleton says that it was in his remembrance.† Otherwise we may believe the hedge-schoolmaster was rewarded with little of what he doubtless called the *pecuniam*, and the poet with less, and that in independence and wealth he was below rather than above the average of the peasantry, except for the abundance of drink. The greater proportion of those whom we know anything about had been sent abroad to be educated for the priesthood, as it was natural that a bright youth should be, and as it is now one of the highest ambitions of the Irish peasant to send a son to Maynooth. But from some escapade or an incurably mercurial disposition, or other unfitness, the church-doors were closed to them, and they naturally made the only other market for their education and became schoolmasters. The poverty and the risks of their profession, the cheapness of its establishment, and its temptations to irregularity, combined with a mercurial temperament, the demand resulting from popularity, and the occasional inconveniences produced by a too free use of satire, inevitably induced a vagrant, improvident, and Bohemian existence, and the majority of them spent their lives in a continual if not very wide circle of wanderings—that is to say, seldom going beyond the boundaries of their fame in their native province. They were welcome at every peasant's hearth and in every shebeen, and besides had

* *Sketches of the Native Irish.* By Christopher Andersen.

† *Tales and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.* By William Carleton.

a sort of Freemasonry which made them free with each other in rivalry or discipleship, and claimed to be a guild, with its meetings and congresses, where all the poets of a province would assemble and cap verses, reproducing after their fashion the ancient gatherings of the bards at Tara. Notable meetings of this kind are reported as late as the end of the last century at Charleville and Bandon. Besides their higher functions as the preservers of the national spirit in song, they were the satirists of rustic society—being especially severe upon the niggardly and mean—the troubadours of the neighboring beauties, and occasionally, although only occasionally, the eulogists of some wealthier patron. That so much that is noble, impassioned, and patriotic in sentiment, so refined and poetic in imagery, and so pure in tone was produced under such conditions of life is remarkable, and it shows that the degradation was in circumstances and not in spirit, and is likewise evidence of the strength of character, intelligence, and innate virtue of the people whom they addressed. In particular in the freedom from sensuality and license of every form there is no peasant poetry in the world fit to stand comparison with the Irish.

The name of Donogh Mac Con Mara—or Macnamara, as the name is commonly abbreviated—surnamed *Ruadh*, or the Red, is among the best known of the hedge-poets, as he was one of the most prolific and long-lived, and his career may be considered as fairly typical of his associates. He was a native of Cratloe, in the county of Clare, and made his appearance in the county of Waterford about the year 1738, having been expelled from a foreign seminary, to which he had been sent to be educated for the priesthood, on account of some escapade resulting from his irreclaimably mercurial disposition. He established a hedge-school at Knockbee, in the parish of Sliable Cua, a district between Clonmel and Dungarvan, in company with one William Moran, a brother poet. Here the pair flourished until, according to tradition, their academy was set on fire and burned down by a spited young woman whose frailties one or the other had satirized, although it is about as hard to comprehend how that catastrophe could have happened to the ordinary hedge school-house of turf as to a stone-yard. However, the pair separated, and Macnamara was next heard of keeping a school in the barony of Imokelly, near Youghal, and next at Middlethird, in the county of Waterford. Here, having made up his mind to emigrate to America, he was fitted out by the generosity of his friends and patrons, and embarked in a vessel at Passage, which was driven

back into port to escape a French frigate, and Macnamara returned and resumed his occupation in the place he had left. He produced a mock heroic poem on his voyage in imitation of the *Æneid*, entitled "An April Fool's Tale," containing a good deal of the classical spirit, and of which the following is a specimen, describing the shout of Charon:

> "He lifted up his voice; he raised a howl and yell
> That shook the firmament as from some vast bell;
> Awakened one grand peal that roused the depths of hell."

He made a more successful attempt at emigration later, and settled some time in St. John's, Newfoundland, crossing the Atlantic three times in the course of his long life, also for a time keeping a school in Hamburg, where he wrote one of the several popular songs, under the title of "The Fair Hills of Erin." He finally returned to Ireland, and, having become blind, was supported during the closing years of his life by a rate-in-aid levied by his brother school-teachers on their pupils. He died in 1814 and was buried in Newtown churchyard, near Kilmacthomas, in the county of Waterford. Macnamara, like some of his fellows, had a considerable tincture of classical learning, as was evinced by a Latin elegy composed on the death of his brother-bard, Owen Ruadh O'Sullivan, which has been preserved. His Irish poetry, in theme and style, does not differ from that of his associates, unless in displaying more of a humorous and satiric spirit.

Of similar life, character, and attainments was John Clarach MacDonnell, 1691–1754, who wrote one of the most spirited of the Jacobite songs, "A Vision of Ireland," and proposed to translate Homer into Irish, which has since been done by Archbishop MacHale. Among the other more notable poets of this era were Owen Ruadh O'Sullivan, who followed the avocations of potato-digger and pedagogue, having for his circuit the counties of Cork, Kerry, and Limerick, and being a sort of Irish Burns in his popularity with the rustic beauties and his jovial habits, like his prototype not escaping the public reprobation of the church; William *Dall* O'Heffernan, "the Blind," a native of the hamlet of Shronehill, Tipperary; John O'Tuomy, surnamed "the Gay," a native of Croome, Limerick, who kept a house of call, free to his brother poets, in Mungret Street in the city of Limerick, until his popularity and hospitality compelled him, like them, to take to the road; Andrew Magrath, called the *Mangavie Sugach*, or "Merry Dealer," also a native of Limerick and a particular friend of O'Tuomy's, the author of the original song, "The Pretty Girl

Milking her Cow"; Egan O'Reilly, a native of the county of Cavan; the Rev. William English, who spent a portion of his life as a schoolmaster at Castletownroche, in the county of Cork, and afterward took religious orders, and died in 1778 in the convent of Augustinian friars in the city of Cork (he was the author of the beautiful song known as "Cashel of Munster," perhaps the finest gem of this period); Timothy O'Sullivan, Peter O'Dornin, William Cotter, Maurice Griffin, and others, of whose lives nothing but vague tradition survives, but of whom it may be said almost universally that they were hedge schoolmasters and poets. In addition to the poems whose authors are known, there is also a considerable number of single pieces, some of them the best that have been preserved, which have no record or connection beyond their existence or local origin. Much of this poetry has in all probability perished, and of what remains the correctness is frequently doubtful. No collections were made until the race of Celtic poets was well-nigh extinct, and many of the songs were not in writing at all and were taken down from oral recitation. The first collection of any importance was the well-known Hardiman's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, published in 1837, with conventional and imperfect translations by Thomas Furlong, although Miss Brooke is entitled to the credit of first introducing the treasures of Irish poetry to English readers in her *Reliques of Ancient Irish Poetry*. Later collections were made by John O'Daly, an Irish scholar and publisher of Dublin, who published *The Poets and Poetry of Munster*, the first series translated by James Clarence Mangan and the second series by Dr. George Sigerson, and *The Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry*, with translations by Edward Walsh. Neither was or professed to be complete, and, with all the attention bestowed on the bardic remains of Ireland by Irish scholars and literary societies, but comparatively little has been done to rescue the later and more humble but not less interesting and valuable minstrelsy.

There is a marked and striking contrast between the tone, style, and personal loyalty of the Irish and Scotch Jacobite poetry, produced both by the different circumstances and the different temperaments and genius of the two races. Taking it all together, there is no body of native poetry in the world which surpasses the Scotch Jacobite songs in the fervor of personal devotion called out by the presence of the Pretender, his hopes and misfortunes, and "Bonnie Prince Charlie" is enshrined with a halo of pathetic verse that makes his figure vital and resplendent and will keep his memory green so long as Scotch poetry exists. He

appealed to the hearts of the people, and was taken home to them with the sympathy both of national pride and the influence of hereditary loyalty, intensified by a winning personal presence. There is little, or rather none, of this personal feeling in the Irish Jacobite poetry. In fact, the Stuarts were not, as there was no reason that they should be, favorites with the Celtic people of Ireland. The one under whom they made their last struggle for independence lost the decisive battle by his cowardice, and fled from the kingdom with a precipitation that earned him an unsavory nickname. They were representatives of the alien rule at their best; and although circumstances made them for a time the rallying-points for the cause of independence, their purposes were never really at one with those of the Irish people, and they never would have reigned in peace over a thoroughly Celtic Ireland. After the flight of James II. none of them personally visited Ireland to attract any personal devotion, nor was the hope of freedom completely associated with their fortunes. Therefore, instead of a direct personality, as in the Scotch, the Stuarts appear in the Irish Jacobite poetry as vague impersonations of the unknown hero who was to come from across the seas to rescue Ireland and set three crowns upon her brow, and whose attributes and lineage were those of a descendant of the ancient Irish princes rather than of the royal family of England. Even the name of the Pretender seldom appears in Irish Jacobite poetry; and although he is obviously alluded to, it is rather in the light of allegory than of fact. Allegory is, indeed, the staple of the Irish patriotic poetry of this period.

The prevailing form and subject of the great mass of these poems was the personification of Erin as a beautiful and forlorn woman, whom the poet meets in some lonely glen or on the side of a moonlit rath, and whom he addresses with some confusion of classic mythology and Irish historical tradition, to ask if she is Helen or Dido, or Naisi or Deirdre (ancient Irish heroines), and who tells him that she is none of these, but Erin, who laments the rule of the stranger and promises the advent of the hero who will release her from her bondage and drive the tyrants into the sea. Frequently she retains the disguise of the name of a human mistress and is called *Roisin Dubh*—the Little Black Rose—*Kathlin ni h-Ullachan*, or *Grâ ni Mhaile*, or some other appellation well known to personify Ireland, and her deliverer is spoken of as "The Fair-Haired Youth," "The Blackbird," "The Merchant's Son," "The Green Linnet," or by some other allegorical title—a habit of which frequent traces can be found in the later street-ballads, the

names being applied to the young Napoleon, O'Connell, and even to Marshal MacMahon. Many of the personifications of Erin in the form of a young and desolate woman were of great beauty and vividness. There was a great similarity in the epithets, as is common in peasant poetry, and the poets not only copied each other, or at least followed a prevailing fashion, but derived much of their imagery and description in direct descent from the early bards. The model was a national one, and the distinctive features of Irish beauty were reproduced in the typical and glorified representative. The *coolun*, or head of abundant tresses, was endearingly and beautifully described, sometimes as the sunny rays of golden curls, and sometimes, and more nationally, as *cean dubh dheelish*—the dear black head. The brow of waxen and radiant fairness, the pencilled eyebrows, and the eyes of gray-blue with a light from the translucent wave, which the poets did not hesitate to describe with an adjective whose literal translation is green, were alluded to; but perhaps the most frequent as well as most brilliant and graceful compliments were paid to the roseate bloom so particularly the attribute of Irish beauty, which was compared to the apple-blossom, the red hawthorn-berry, and the radiance of the lily lit by the crimson rays of the sunset. The fair bosom recalled the breast of the swan, the thorn-blossom, and the summer cloud. The tones of "the bird-voiced lady gay" recalled the thrush or the blackbird in the hedge, the cuckoo in the glen, or the lark in the morning sky. Her fair fingers were skilled in embroidery, and for the whole lovely and blooming creature there was no comparison so beautiful and frequent as that of the bough of apple-blossoms, or "the branch of bloom." This personification of the nation in the form of a beautiful and melancholy woman is common with oppressed nations, as may be seen in Polish and Servian poetry, and may have been the effect of the necessity of disguise, enabling the minstrel to express his patriotic devotion as though a love-song to an earthly mistress, and thus deceiving the ear of the alien oppressor, while reaching with doubled and poetic force that of the native and friend. If something is lost in energy and directness, much is gained in beauty, delicacy, and charm of fancy, and the personification is particularly appropriate to the expression of lamentation, of long-delayed and doubtful hope, and almost despairing faithfulness, which make so much of the expression of a long-oppressed and heavily-burdened race. A tone of melancholy, in spite of the strength of expressed confidence and the vigor of determination, is as characteristic of the native Irish poetry of this period as of Irish music,

and there is very little where it is not apparent. The following is a fair specimen of the tone and sentiment of Irish Jacobite poetry, except that it is not in the form of the visions we have described. It is by John Clarach McDonnell and was translated by Edward Walsh:

THE CRUEL, BASE-BORN TYRANT.

What withered the pride of my vigor?
  The lowly-sprung tyrant train
That rule all our border with rigor,
  And ravage the fruitful plain.
Yet once, when the war-trumpet's rattle
  Aroused the wild clansman's wrath,
They, heartless, abandoned the battle
  And fled the fierce foeman's path.

The loved ones my life would have nourished
  Are foodless, and bare, and cold;
My flocks by the fountain that flourished
  Decay on the mountain wold.
Misfortune my temper is trying,
  This raiment no shelter yields,
And, chief o'er my evils undying,
  The tyrant that rules my fields.

Alas! on the red hill where perished
  The offspring of heroes proud
The virtues our forefathers cherished
  Lie palled in their blood-stained shroud.
And oh! for one hero avenger
  With aid o'er the heaving main
To drive from Clar Fola * the stranger
  And sever his bondage chain.

The love-songs, pure and simple, of this period express more of the directness of passion, and do not indulge in the amplification of description and elaborate compliment of the allegorical personifications. These are more direct from the heart, and are sometimes oriental in their fervor and abruptness. The lover falls from a rhapsody over the fair one's charms, which confound him and make the candles swim upon the board, to sudden woe at the thought of his poverty or his coming exile, and despair comes with his empty glass. Very seldom does he sing of the full fruition of happiness, or even of the flush of temporary elysium, such

* Clar Fola, or Fodla's Plain, one of the many names of Ireland.

as is to be found in the songs of Burns and other Scotch poets, and his note is almost always one of melancholy and disappointment. He has a proper pride in himself and his genius, but recognizes as almost inevitable that his circumstances and his habits make the attainment of his wishes impossible, and that the object of his devotion is destined for another and a more fortunate mate. The following is the beautiful and well-known "Cashel of Munster," or, as it is sometimes entitled, "Clar Bog Deal"—the Soft Deal Board—by William English; the translation is by Sir Samuel Ferguson:

CASHEL OF MUNSTER.

I'd wed you without herds, or money, or rich array,
And I'd wed you on a dewy morning or on a day-dawn gray.
My bitter woe it is, love, that we are not far away
In Cashel town, though the bare deal board were our marriage-bed this day.

O fair maid! remember the green hillside;
Remember how I hunted about the valleys wide;
Time now has worn me; my locks are turned to gray;
The year is scarce and I am poor, but send me not, love, away!

Oh! deem not my blood is of base strain, my girl;
Oh! deem not my birth was as the birth of a churl
Marry me and prove me, and say soon you will
That noble blood is written on my right side still.

My purse holds no red gold, no coin of the silver white,
No herds are mine to drive through the long twilight.
But the pretty girl that would take me, all bare though I be and lone,
Oh! I'd take her with me kindly to the County Tyrone.

O my girl! I can see 'tis in trouble you are,
And, O my girl! I see 'tis your people's reproach you bear.
"I am a girl in trouble for his sake with whom I fly,
And oh! may no other maiden know such reproach as I."

The subject of the following song was one John O'Dee, a blacksmith living near Youghal, as locally famous for skill as the great *Parra Gow* himself, while his marriage with the handsomest farmer's daughter in the parish was looked upon as the wedding of Venus and Vulcan, besides particularly affecting the unfortunate poet. Its author's name was Pierce Fitzgerald, and the translation is by Dr. George Sigerson:

SHAUN O'DEE.

I ne'er believed the story,
Prophetic bard, you sung,
How Vulcan, swarth and hoary,
Won Venus, fair and young,
Till I saw my Pearl of Whiteness
By kindred forced to be,
In her robes of snowy brightness,
The bride of Shaun O'Dee.

I ne'er thought God, the holy,
A bridal would allow
Where Mammon spurs them solely
To crown her drooping brow.
"The richest weds the rarest":
That truth, alas! I see;
Since my snowy pearl and fairest
Is bride to Shaun O'Dee.

Were I like most, ere morrow
A dire revenge I'd take,
And in his grief and sorrow
My burning anguish slake;
For gloom o'ershades my brightness—
Oh! woe's my heart to see
Her form of snowy whiteness
Embraced by Shaun O'Dee.

The misfortunes of criminal affection are seldom the themes of Irish poetry, ancient or modern. The female purity of the Irish race has always been remarkable, and, although it sometimes happened that an unfortunate creature received the curses of her kindred, and was driven from her home to huddle from the storm under the hedge, the comparative rarity of such tragedies in Irish poetry is in remarkable contrast to that of other nations. One or two are to be found in the verse of this period, and among them one so dramatic and remarkable that we venture to close our selections on this theme with it. Its author is unknown, but it is credited to the province of Ulster. The translation, or paraphrase, is by Dr. George Sigerson:

MAIRE NI MILLEOIN.

"Will you come where golden furze I mow,
Mo Mhaire ni Milleoin?"
"To bind for you I'd gladly go,
My Bliss on Earth, mine own.

To chapel, too, I would repair,
Though not to aid my soul in prayer,
But just to gaze with rapture where
  You stand, *mo buchal bân*." *

"Will you rove the garden glades with me,
  O Flower of Maids, alone?"
"What wondrous scenes therein to see,
  My Bliss on Earth, mine own?"
"The apples from green boughs to strike,
To watch the trout leap from the lake,
And caress a pretty *câilin* † like
  Mo Maire ni Milleoin."

"Will you seek with me the dim church aisle
  O Mhaire ni Milleoin?"
"What pleasant scenes to see the while,
  My Bliss on Earth, mine own?"
"We'd list the chanting voice and prayer
Of foreign pastor chanting there;
Oh! we'd finish the marriage with my fair
  White flower of maids alone."

She sought the dim church aisle with me,
  My Bliss on Earth, most fair!
She sought the dim church aisle with me,
  O grief! O burning care!
I plunged my glittering, keen-edged blade
In the bosom of that loving maid,
'Till gushed her heart's blood, warm and red,
  Down on the cold ground there.

"Alas! what deed is this you do,
  My Bliss on Earth, *mo stor* ‡—
What woful deed is this you do,
  O youth whom I adore!
Ah! spare our child and me, my love,
And the seven lands of earth I'll rove
Ere cause of grief to you I prove
  For ever—ever more."

I bore her to the mountain peak,
  The Flower of Maids, so lone!
I bore her to the mountain bleak,
  My thousand woes! *mo vrone*.§
I cast my *cota* ‖ round her there,
And 'mid the murky mists of air
I fled with bleeding feet and bare
  From Maire ni Milleoin.

* *Mo buchal bân*—my fair-haired youth. † *Câilin*—young girl.
‡ *Mo stor*—my treasure. § *Mo vrone*—my sorrow. ‖ *Cota*—great-coat.

The only other form of verse remaining to be considered, except the local satires, most of which have perished, is the lamentation. These do not form nearly so large a quantity in the poetry of this period as in the bardic era, and have lost something of their strength with the loftiness of theme associated with the mourning for the death of a chief in battle or in exile, who was not only the head of a noble line and the object of affection to a wide circle, but one with whose fall the hopes of the nation were darkened. The strength, vigor, and intensity of the bardic lamentations have been marked; and although those of a later date are not without the eloquence of grief peculiar to the Irish race, they are more domestic in theme, and rather *keens* for the loved one taken from the hearthstone than lamentations for the prop of a nation, the dignity of whose death or the remembrance of whose exploits gave a dignity to grief. Such odes as that to Hugh McGuire, or the Lamentation for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, are not to be found in the later Celtic poetry, and they are rather the wail of a father for the prop of his age, who solaces his grief by the recapitulation of his virtues and beauty, the *keen* of a mother over the body of her fair-haired girl, and such circumstances of purely domestic pathos. Some of them contain passages of great beauty, vividness, and eloquence that seem wrung from the very heart of grief. Among the most remarkable is a lamentation of Felix McCarthy over the bodies of his infant children, which, however, is too long for quotation. A poem entitled "The Fisherman's Keen for his Sons," supposed to have been written by a fisherman named O'Donoghue, of Affadown, or Roaring Water, on the western coast of the County Cork, for his three sons and son-in-law, who were drowned, was translated by Lady Fitzsimon, a daughter of O'Connell, and is of great beauty and pathos. Among the best known is "The Lament over the Ruins of the Abbey of Timoleague," by John O'Cullane, translated by Sir Samuel Ferguson. We give a specimen from "A Lament for Kilcash," written by a student named Lane, who had been educated by Lady Ireagh, on the death of his patroness. The translation is by James Clarence Mangan, and, while it exhibits his occasional marvellous felicity and sweetness of versification, is marred by the occasional prosiness and crudeness that is to be found in some of his work:

> No more on a summer day sunny
> Shall I hear the thrush sing from his lair,
> No more see the bee bearing honey
> At noon through the odorous air;

Hushed now in the thicket so shady,
  The dove hath forgotten her call,
And mute in her grave lies the lady
  Whose voice was the sweetest of all.
. . . .
There is mist on thy woods and thy meadows;
  The sun appears shorn of his beams;
Thy gardens are shrouded in shadows,
  And the beauty is gone from thy streams;
The hare has forsaken his cover;
  The wild fowl is lost to the lake;
Desolation hath shadowed thee over,
  And left thee all brier and brake.

Such were the lives and characteristics of the later Celtic poets and poetry of Ireland. They are less known than they should be, even to Irish scholars, and if half the pains had been taken to rescue the Jacobite and peasant poetry of Ireland that there has been with that of Scotland it would not be less in quantity or in value, although different in expression and characteristics.

CHAMBERS OF THE SAINTS.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heav'n."
—YOUNG.

AMONG the places of deep religious interest at Rome are the cells or chambers once occupied by the saints and now converted into oratories. Some of them have been left in all their primitive simplicity. Others are gilded and frescoed, and hung with rich silks and paintings. But all of them are of the most touching character, and no one with a spark of religious enthusiasm can enter them unmoved. We found it delightful to visit them when they were solitary, with nothing to disturb our impressions, and pray where the saints once prayed, kneeling where they knelt, on the same cold stones, before the Madonna they loved or the figure of Christ that was clasped in their dying hands. How strange it seemed to press our feet on the very pavement once trod by those whom we had invoked with awe in the sacred recesses of the far-off churches of the New World, to

open one door after another their saintly hands once touched, to lay hold, as it were, on the ladder by which they ascended to heaven, and to breathe the fragrance they left on this lower air. Every week we discovered a new spot thus hallowed:

> "Beyond
> Each chamber, touched by holy mem'ry's wand
> Another opes, more beautiful and rare,
> And thou in each art kneeling down in prayer,
> From link to link of that mysterious chain
> Seeking for Christ."

These rooms should also be visited on the day of their saint's festival, when they are illuminated and adorned with flowers, relics are exposed, the walls draped, and the floors strewn with green leaves, such as the bay and box, after the Roman custom, giving an odor of freshness and, as it were, of a new life. There is a succession of religious functions and a stream of visitors of all classes. Everything wears an aspect of joyous festivity. It is the true birthday of the saints—the day on which they entered a higher, truer life.

Among the most interesting of these rooms are those of St. Ignatius de Loyola, the illustrious founder of the Jesuits. He is a saint of every land. Spain gave him birth. In France he prepared himself for his work and met his first associates. Rome set its seal on his mission. Every part of the world has experienced his influence and been watered by the blood of his followers. His rooms, still preserved intact, are in the religious house of the Gesù, now appropriated by the Italian government and used as a barrack, with the exception of these sacred rooms. They are four in number, and entered from a loggia covered with frescoes of the life of St. Ignatius by Pozzi, a lay brother of the order, celebrated for his skill in perspective, who lived in the eighteenth century. In the antechamber are doors, a fire-place, and a window of the saint's time. This opens into a small room where St. Ignatius wrote the Constitutions of his order. Here the Holy Spirit descended upon him like a flame. Opposite the altar is a statue of him clothed in sacerdotal garments he used to wear—berretta, amice, stole, an alb of coarse lace, gray with age, and a white chasuble that became dilapidated by time and was repaired by the Archduchess Mary Anne of Austria in the year 1800. The door is worm-eaten, but protected from the more wholesale devastations of relic-hunters by a wire netting. There is a small balcony before the window, as in the saint's time. He loved to come here to breathe the pure air and look up at the

sky, and would often exclaim: "How vile the earth appears when I contemplate the heavens!" The buildings are now so close that you can only see a patch of blue sky. In this cell died Laynez, the second general of the order.

The antechamber also opens into a room in which two saints died—St. Ignatius and St. Francis Borgia, third general of the Society. It must not be supposed there were any of the elegances of the modern æsthetic divine in their room, though the former spent his youth at the proud court of Spain, and the latter was the Duke of Gandia and a kinsman of the Emperor Charles V. There were no luxurious arm-chairs or sofas, or soft raiment, or rich carpets, or rare knick-knacks. A bed, a table, a chair or two, composed the furniture of their austere cell, and of what character may be seen from the simple pine chest against the wall that belonged to St. Ignatius. The room is low and narrow, with only one window. The walls, in their time bare, are now hung with crimson damask and paintings, giving a rich effect; but, as in all the rooms, the beams across the ceiling are left unpainted. The spot is pointed out where St. Ignatius breathed his last, July 31, 1556, with the holy name of Jesus on his lips—the name borne and glorified by his order. Here is the same door by which he entered and left the room; the same brick tiles pave the floor. On the wall is the solemn covenant by which he and his first companions bound themselves to live under the holy vows of evangelical perfection, signed by himself, St. Francis Xavier, Laynez, Salmeron, Bobadilla, and all those first patriarchs of the order. The altar in the room has on it the same stone of sacrifice which St. Ignatius used, and there is the painting of the Holy Family before which he often officiated, and which he wished to have beside his bed when dying. Here St. Charles Borromeo offered his first Mass. St. Francis de Sales said Mass here several times when in Rome. St. Vincent de Paul came here to pray. St. Philip Neri frequently came here to hold converse with St. Ignatius, who was his intimate friend. St. Francis Borgia, who occupied this room several years, here received St. Stanislaus Kostka into the order. St. Aloysius was afterwards received here by Claudius Aquaviva, fifth general of the order. From the walls look down the saintly faces—all authentic portraits—of St. Philip Neri, St. Francis Borgia, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Francis de Sales, the noble face of St. Ignatius himself: a face which St. Philip Neri said was resplendent with celestial light reflecting the interior beauty of his soul, and which no painter could ever produce an exact likeness of, because no hu-

man art could depict the heavenly beauty of his expression. It is also interesting to examine the autograph letters of these saints which, with others written by St. Francis Hieronymo, St. John de Britto, Blessed Alfonso Rodriguez, etc., hang framed on the walls.

The next room used to be occupied by Fra Giovanni Paolo, St. Ignatius' attendant. It is now used as a sacristy. Here and in an adjoining room are some memorials of the Venerable Pignatelli, and the mitre, doctor's toga, and hair-shirt worn by the Ven. Cardinal Bellarmin, both of whom were Jesuits. There is also a portrait of St. Ignatius as a knight, clad in armor, presented by his family after his death, and a Madonna that belonged to St. Veronica Giuliani, a saint to whom all tribulations and sufferings were as jewels and precious stones. Here, too, is the parasol carried by St. Francis Xavier when admitted to an audience by the Emperor of Japan.

Few rooms in the world combine so many sacred memories as these, or where such vast schemes of divine charity were organized, embracing the whole world and still exercising a powerful influence. No one can visit them without being profoundly impressed.

The body of St. Ignatius is enshrined in the Gesù, one of the largest and most magnificent churches in Rome, built for his order by Cardinal Alexander Farnese. Its walls are of white marble veined with yellow, its pillars of *giallo antico*, its pavement of great marble slabs, and its arches covered with Baciccio's wonderful painting of the "Triumph of the Holy Name of Jesus." The high altar is made of marble from the Indies, and above, framed by splendid columns of *giallo antico*, is a painting of the Circumcision, by Muziano. High up at the sides are the tombs of Cardinal Bellarmin and the Ven. Pignatelli. In the south transept, beneath Carlo Maratta's "Death of St. Francis Xavier," is the right hand of that saint—the hand that baptized so many thousand converts in the East—preserved in a reliquary of silver gilt that is kept in an oval cabinet supported by an angel of bronze.

In the north transept is the chapel of St. Ignatius, with columns encrusted with lapis-lazuli and a pavement of the choicest marbles. Beneath the altar in a shrine of bronze * reposes the

* The bodies of the saints at Rome are not, strictly speaking, in shrines like those to be seen further north, such as St. Augustine's at Pavia, St. Peter Martyr's at Milan, St. Germaine Cousin's at Pibrac, etc., but are generally in sepulchral urns beneath an altar, so that the priest, when officiating, actually says Mass on the tombs of the saints, as in the days of the catacombs.

great Loyola, around whom twenty-five lamps are continually burning. Above the shrine, in a niche, is his statue, robed, as if for the altar, in a chasuble of silver set with precious stones. This niche is usually veiled by a painting, by Pozzi, of Christ appearing to St. Ignatius on his way to Rome, saying: "*Ego vobis Romæ propitius ero*," but the statue is always exposed on festivals. At the sides are reliefs of the "Triumph of the Faith over False Doctrines," and above is the holy Trinity, in which the Eternal Father holds an enormous globe of lapis-lazuli.

A door on one side of the altar opens into a little domed chapel, dim, solemn, secluded, and covered with beautiful paintings. Here hangs the Madonna della Strada from an ancient chapel on this very spot where St. Ignatius often went to pray.

When this church is adorned for a high festival, the holy Name of Jesus in a garland of fire, lamps burning around the tomb of St. Ignatius, the jewelled right arm of St. Francis Xavier gleaming 'mid numerous lights on the opposite altar, the walls glowing with rich hangings and polished marbles, and the arches resounding with music, it seems a veritable foretaste of the glory of the church triumphant.

The rooms of St. Francesca Romana are opened to the public on her festival in March. The Ponziano palace, in which she passed her married life and where she died, is now a house of retreat for young men, called the Casa dei Esercizii Pii, founded during the pontificate of Pius VII. Retreats used to be given here several times a year to the soldiers of the papal army, and in the chapel hang medals and crosses, as well as stilettos and poniards, left as a pledge of their vows. This house is in the Trastevere, not far from the Ponte Rotto of historic renown, in a street parallel with the Tiber. Here, on St. Frances' day, the rooms are hung with crimson and strewn with fragrant green leaves, flowers and lights adorn the altars, memorials of the saint are exhibited, paintings hang on the walls. Everything is bright and cheerful, and yet religious. People are streaming in and out, stopping for a short prayer. In the morning there are Masses; in the evening Benediction. In one of these rooms the dying St. Frances saw with enraptured eyes the heavens open and the angels descending, and while still gazing upward her soul forsook its earthly tenement to meet them.

St. Frances was of high descent and allied with the Orsini and Savelli families. Her husband, too, was of a noble race. St. Pontianus, pope and martyr, was among his paternal ancestry,

and his mother was a Mellini. After his death St. Frances entered the convent of the Tor de' Specchi, which she had founded. This convent is likewise opened to the devout public on her festival. It stands in the very heart of Rome, and is said to derive its name from an ancient tower whose walls, in the days of necromancy, were lined with magic mirrors, in which all the secrets of the city were reflected and brought to light. In this house the daughters of the best Roman families have for four centuries been educated.

In the entrance-room, which is covered with frescoes of St. Frances' life, standing on a table, filled with early spring flowers which are carried away by visitors as souvenirs of the place and the day, you see the large bowl in which she used to compound medicaments for the poor. You are shown her veil, shoes, and many other things she used, and are taken to her father's tomb. The beautiful chapel, rich with gilding and marbles, is tastefully adorned. A panegyric of the saint is delivered, which you listen to surrounded by the nuns in their quaint garb—that of widows in the time of St. Frances. You go through the long refectory and curious halls into a little oratory, once St. Frances' cell, nearly filled with its altar and relics. On the walls are frescoes of a remarkable character. You see the terrible vision when, like the great Florentine, she was led through the *città dolente*, the sorrowing city, and beheld the varied sufferings of condemned souls—an awful vision she could never speak of without weeping and trembling.

St. Frances' remains are enshrined in the church of her name that stands on the Via Sacra amid the most imposing monuments of ancient Rome, in a splendid sepulchral chamber adorned with the rarest marbles and pillars of jasper, built by Donna Agata Pamfili, sister of Pope Innocent X., who was herself an Oblate nun at the Tor de' Specchi. Before the shrine is the statue of St. Frances, in pure white marble, attended by the guardian angel who was always visibly present to her.

Standing beside the church of St. Francesca Romana, with the Coliseum at the left and the Forum Romanum at the right, you see two tall palm-trees—the largest in Rome—on the steep edge of the Palatine hill. They are in the garden of a Franciscan convent called the Ritiro of St. Bonaventura, where the rule of St. Francis is observed in all its primitive strictness. It was there St. Leonard of Porto Maurizio embraced the religious life and ended his days. You go up a narrow lane opposite the Arch of

Titus, shaded by trees, with the ruins of the imperial palace on one side and the baths of Nero on the other, till you come to a bend, where, in the angle, stands a tall black cross with the instruments of the Passion on it. Here you turn to the left, and find yourself in a Via Crucis shaded by acacia-trees, the Stations of the Cross in niches along the high wall, with a stone to kneel on at the foot. Each scene of this Sorrowful Way is depicted in fresco, protected by a wire netting, but greatly defaced by time and the weather. These oratories one after another in the open air form a striking, solemn approach to the church of the Ritiro, which is at the end, facing you, with a statue of the Seraphic Doctor over the door. Madame de Staël makes Lord Nelvil come here "to see the friars who doom themselves to rigid fasts and scourgings on the spot where crime once reigned," and the contrast between the abode of these poor ones of Christ and the neighboring palace of the Cæsars, whose ruins attest their former splendor, is very striking. The first time Leonard of Port Maurice saw these friars they seemed to him like angels from heaven. He followed two of them to the Ritiro, and entered the church just as the brethren were beginning Compline; and hearing the words, *Converte nos, Deus, salutaris noster*, he was pierced to the heart, and resolved to embrace their life, saying within himself, *Hæc requies mea.*

The church is small and wholly devoid of splendor, but you are struck by an atmosphere of piety that makes it attractive. An inscription on the wall states it to have been restored by a member of the Torlonia family. There are only two side altars. Beneath one are the remains of a martyr from the catacombs. The pavement is entirely covered with tombstones. The first time we visited the church there were a dozen or more friars kneeling on these stones, praying with uplifted arms, but they soon dispersed. One of them returned with a surplice on, and a lighted candle in his hand to open the shrine of St. Leonard, who lies beneath the high altar. His remains are not wrapped in rich silks or precious stuffs, but dressed in the coarse habit of his order, with the knotted cord of St. Francis for a girdle, a crucifix on his breast, and a rosary at his side. He looks like a venerable old man just fallen into a peaceful slumber.

On St. Leonard's day we found services going on at the three altars, and the friars were singing the office behind a grated loft. A few poor hangings were put up around the sanctuary to give a festive appearance, and the pavement was strewn with green leaves. Wooden candlesticks stood on the altar. The vestments

were poor. There was no attempt at the splendor to be seen in most Roman churches on such occasions. Everything bespoke the poverty of St. Francis, but this very poverty was impressive. The tomb of St. Leonard was uncovered, and lamps were burning before it. Lights, too, stood before his portrait and the two cabinets on the walls of the church containing objects he once used. These cabinets were now open. There was the great crucifix he carried in his missions—the Christ all bleeding, and the head a little bent—and a picture he also took with him, in which the Madonna is bending tenderly over the Child, who holds a cross he seems about to kiss: a picture in which we are struck anew by the

> "Spirit of Love Divine
> That filled with tenderness the reverent eyes
> Of Mary as she gazed upon her Babe."

St. Leonard's two great means of reaching the hearts of the people were, appealing to the Passion of Christ and to the Divine Clemency shown forth under the form of Mary. It was he who instituted the Way of the Cross in the Coliseum, and founded the "Lovers of Jesus and Mary" to celebrate this devotion every Friday and Sunday where so many of the early Christians were martyred; but the government has put an end to this pious practice by removing the oratories. And it was he who, a century and a half ago, suggested the plan, afterwards adopted by Pius IX., of collecting the opinion of the Catholic world as to the promulgation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, so dear to the Franciscans.

The government has taken possession of the Ritiro, but the cell in which St. Leonard died has not been disturbed. You go through a small court, now littered and growing up to weeds, ascend a stone staircase, and follow the narrow corridor paved with bricks, out of which open small cells recently emptied, till you come to the room of the saint, just as it was in his time. The walls are merely whitewashed, the floor is paved with brick tiles, the rafters are bare. There is an altar with a few faded flowers on it, and a portrait of St. Leonard above, and there are a few small pictures hanging around on the wall. It is a poor friar's cell, but rich with an invisible presence.

In the garden there is a fountain beneath the palm-trees, with an old sarcophagus for a basin, where one is tempted to linger on account of the grand view of the Coliseum and the Cœlian Hill.

In the house adjoining the church of Santa Maria Maddalena, near the Pantheon, is the room in which died St. Camillo de Lellis, an old soldier who, after his conversion, began his grammar course at the Roman college with a view to holy orders. The younger students laughed at him and called him *Tarde Veniste.* "Yes," said one of the professors, "he has come late, but he will make up for it and do great things in the church of God." He was ordained priest by Thomas Goldwell, the last bishop of St. Asaph's, England, who took refuge in Rome from the persecutions of Queen Elizabeth. All of St. Camillo's sermons and conversations turned on the love of God, and a discourse in which that was omitted, he said, was like a ring that lacked its diamond. He founded the congregation of the *Agonizanti* to attend the sick gratuitously of whatever class, whenever summoned, even in their own homes, which was raised by Clement VIII. to the rank of a monastic order. Its members are also called Crociferi from the red cross on their black habit. One of the first to join it was an Englishman named Roger. Angels are said to have attended St. Camillo and his brethren when they visited the hospitals to comfort the dying. No doubt they did. Hence he is generally represented as accompanied by an angel. His Constitutions, written by his own hand, are to be seen in his cell. Here he died in 1614. It is now draped in crimson, and there is an altar at one end. On a side wall hangs a painting of his Last Communion, which was administered to him by Cardinal Ginnasio, protector of the order. Angels are hovering around. On the opposite wall is a picture of the dying saint, wasted to a skeleton by his vigils, labors, and infirmities, with his followers around him listening to his dying words. "All pain and suffering are a pleasure, so great is the happiness I hope for," he used to say. His heart beat with joy at the approach of death, and in his last moments he extended his arms as if on the cross, and died while the attending priest was uttering the words: "May Christ Jesus come forth to receive thee with a glad and joyful countenance!" The picture of this scene is a striking one, but, as Young says, no mortal hand can rightly portray the deathbed of the just:

> "It merits a divine:
> Angels should paint it—angels ever there,
> There on a post of honor and of joy."

This house, which belongs to the devoted followers of St. Ca-

millo, has been taken possession of by the government, and is used for one of its schools.

The body of St. Camillo lies beneath the high altar of the church, and the crucifix from which the Christ detached one hand to bless and encourage him is in a side chapel. One chapel belongs to a congregation of noble Roman ladies who attend and nurse the patients afflicted with the most loathsome diseases, in the hospital of San Giacomo, which is served by the brethren of St. Camillo's order. In this church is the Madonna della Salute which used to belong to Pope St. Pius V., who was praying before it when he received news of the victory at Lepanto.

> "Through the fiery air
> Uprose, sole heard, the saintly pontiff's prayer—
> Rose, and a slumbering world escaped its doom.
> Vanquished that hour beside Lepanto's shore,
> Satan like lightning fell, thenceforth to rise no more."

In the Piazza Farnese is a small church attached to the house in which lived the great St. Bridget of Sweden and her daughter Catherine. St. Bridget founded a hospice here for Swedish pilgrims, to which a church was added by Pope Boniface IX., who canonized her in 1391; but the church and hospice fell into disuse after the unhappy apostasy of Sweden. In the time of Pope Paul III., however, the celebrated John Magnus, the last Catholic archbishop of Upsala, took up his residence here, and here died in exile and poverty for the faith. The house was, after various changes, given to the Order of Our Saviour, first instituted in Sweden by St. Bridget in 1344, and approved by Pope Urban V. This order had two branches—one of priests for the work of the ministry, and the other of nuns for devout exercises. The nuns became known as Brigittines, and were introduced into England by King Henry V., where they acquired the splendid convent of Sion House,* in which the entire community, including a certain number of priests and lay brothers of the order, under the rule of an abbess, corresponded in number to that of the twelve apostles and the seventy-two disciples with Christ at their head.

The Swedes naturally preserved with great reverence the

*Sion House is a place of historic interest. Henry VIII. suppressed the Brigittines and afterwards confined Queen Catherine Howard there. Edward VI. gave it to his uncle, the Duke of Somerset, afterwards executed. It was then given to the Duke of Northumberland, and became the residence of his son Lord Dudley and Lady Jane Grey. Queen Mary restored it to the Brigittines. Elizabeth expelled them. It was from this house the children of the unfortunate King Charles I. were brought to have their last interview with their father.

rooms occupied by St. Bridget and St. Catherine, and they are still in their primitive condition, with unpainted beams and a brick pavement. They are gloomy, austere rooms for ladies of rank, especially for St. Bridget's beautiful daughter, but she never left them except to visit the churches. Miss Bremer, who visited these rooms when in Rome, speaks with pride of St. Bridget's influence even over the higher clergy, exhorting bishops, cardinals, and even the pope, to a life of holiness and good works, and tells us the saint was of "a wealthy, noble race—that of the Brahe, one of the noblest in Sweden—yet lived here and labored like a truly humble servant of Christ."

There are three of these rooms. The one in which St. Bridget and her daughter slept has an altar and a painting of the little household as they sat at table. The middle chamber was their dining-room, which had a window looking down into the church, enabling them to take part in the public functions. In this room St. Bridget wrote her revelations concerning the Passion, and the table at which she used to eat and write, and on which she is also said to have died, is framed and hangs lengthwise on the interior wall of the church. The third room was her oratory. It has a mystic air, which is increased by the frescoes depicting some of her sublime revelations. Among other paintings is one representing her dying on her table. A dove is her usual attribute, significant of her spirit of inspiration. Her statue and that of St. Catherine are on the gable of the church, facing the broad Piazza, which is everywhere decked with the fleur-de-lis—the cognizance of the Farnese family, whose vast, imposing palace occupies one whole side of the square.

Near the Piazza Navona is the church of St. Pantaleone, where reposes the body of St. Giuseppe Calasanzio in a porphyry urn. In the adjoining house is shown the room he occupied the last years of his life, with the table, chairs, and lamp he used, together with his vestments and some autograph letters. His portrait hangs over the altar.

St. Giuseppe was of a noble family of Aragon, but, obeying a divine impulse, left his native land and came to Rome, where he spent the remainder of his life. Here he became a friend of St. Camillo de Lellis, and joined in his ministrations to the sick. Struck with compassion for the poor vagrant children of the Trastevere, he founded in 1597 a free school at St. Dorothea beyond the Tiber, and gathered about him a thousand children in a short time, admitting even those of the Jews, whom he defended

with energy against all outrages. He himself taught in this school with reverent love, beholding in each one of his pupils, as he said, the boyhood of Jesus. He established a fraternity to aid him, generally known as Scolopians from their Scuole Pie, or Religious Schools—an order approved by Clement VIII. and other popes. They have numerous schools throughout Italy, not only for the poor but for the higher classes, and one of their glories is to have had Pius IX. for a pupil. On the day of St. Giuseppe's festival the church repeats the words of St. John Chrysostom: "What task of more importance is there than to train the faculties of the young and teach them how to live? I consider him who knows how to mould the youthful mind more excellent than any painter or sculptor."

Behind the church of Santa Maria in Monte is the house where died the Blessed Benedict Joseph Labre, the beggar of the Coliseum. It was then occupied by a butcher's family, and is still inhabited by laboring people. You go up a stone stairway, broken here and there, and, turning to the right, come to an empty room with a portion railed off and hung with red to mark the spot where the poor *Beato* breathed his last. Here is an altar with his portrait over it, but everything bespeaks the destitution in which he died. He was a native of France, but, feeling himself called to a life of penitence without abandoning the world, made himself a pilgrim and a stranger in a foreign land, and for seven years went from one place of devotion to another till he had visited the most celebrated sanctuaries in Europe. He had a tolerable education and could speak six languages, and his parents were in easy circumstances, but he chose to become one of the poor ones of Christ and to subsist solely upon alms. At Rome he spent most of the day in the churches, and at night slept in the porticoes, or behind the fifth Station of the Cross in the Coliseum. His tomb is in the church of Santa Maria in Monte, which he used to frequent. It was on the steps of this church he fainted one day, and was transported by a friendly butcher to his own house, where he died. Before his tomb is a recumbent statue clad as a pilgrim, and above is a painting in which he is represented distributing alms in the Coliseum, giving away with one hand what he had received in charity himself, and with the other pointing to heaven, the radiance of which is reflected in his own face. Around the altar hang *ex-votos*. This church is frequented by the people, but is picturesque and full of objects that excite one's piety. The spot is pointed out where the *Beato*

used to station himself for his devotions. It is good to kneel in the same place and compare our spiritual poverty with the untold riches of this holy mendicant.

In the Via dei Crociferi, near the fountain of Trevi, is an oratory where the Beato Labre used to meet an association of priests and laymen for spiritual conferences. Here are deposited under seal most of the objects belonging to him—his passports, office-book, crucifix, and poor garments. We attended a morning service here more than once, but the most memorable occasion was the day of his festival, when the rooms were crowded to suffocation, and one Mass succeeded another all the forenoon.

On the hill of the Quirinal is the church of St. Andrea—a small, oval building which Hawthorne admired for its gem-like beauty, and wished he could put in a box and send to America. The interior, indeed, is quite dazzling. The walls are of highly polished red Sicilian jasper veined with white. All the trimmings are of pure white marble, and everywhere are emblems of purity and peace, such as the dove and the olive-branch. There is a dome in the centre wreathed with angels, and out of it rises a lantern with a garland of cherubs. The pavement is of different colored marbles laid in figures, and in the centre are graven the arms of Prince Camillo Pamfili, nephew of Pope Innocent X., who erected the church. All around the walls are chapels like beautiful cabinets, with paintings by Carlo Maratta, Borgognone, Baciccio, David, Honthorst—or, as the Italians call him, Gherardo delle Notti—etc., and each one has its tasteful altar or shrine. The grand altar is in a chapel supported by four splendid Corinthian columns of red jasper, with the tomb of St. Zeno beneath. Angels hold lamps at the side, and lilies are embroidered on the curtain of the low screen. In another chapel is the tomb of Charles Emanuel IV., King of Sardinia and Piedmont, who resigned his crown in 1815, and ended his life in holy retreat at Rome, where he entered the novitiate of the Jesuits. All the chapels are fresh and brilliant as beautiful marbles and paintings can make them, but the one of surpassing beauty is that which contains the shrine of St. Stanislaus Kostka, a novice of the Jesuits belonging to a noble family of Poland, who died at the age of eighteen, after a short life more like that of an angel than a mere mortal. "I was not born for the good things of this world," he said; "what my heart alone desires are the good things of eternity." His remains are in a splendid urn encrusted with lapis-lazuli, set in bronze and gold, and in front is a crystal

heart of a ruddy tinge, which, in the light of a lamp behind it, glows like a fiery carbuncle. Beautiful lamps are suspended above. Vases of lilies and white roses stand on the altar. Everything is expressive of innocence and angelic purity. The paintings on the wall are by Carlo Maratta, lovely in expression and of artistic merit. In the one over the altar St. Stanislaus, radiant with joy, is embracing the feet of the Child Jesus, held towards him by the Madonna; in another he is receiving the Holy Eucharist from the hands of an angel; and a third represents him bathing his breast, consumed by the intensity of his devotion, with water from a fountain. Angels are hovering about in wonder. Garlands of flowers, carved in white marble, frame these beautiful paintings. On the arch is a fresco of St. Stanislaus ascending to heaven.

Adjoining the church is the novitiate of the Jesuits founded by St. Francis Borgia, the greater part of which is now appropriated for the royal stables. The room in which St. Stanislaus died is opened to the public the 13th of November, but we found access to it at other times. You are taken through the sacristy and up-stairs, along corridors lined with engravings and paintings—among them the portrait of King Charles Emanuel—past a row of chambers, through the half-open doors of which you see books, writing-tables, and everything indicative of a studious life, till you come to a square vestibule. Here are two doors set in frames of *verde antico*, taken from the old cells of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Borgia. This opens into an antechamber hung around with authentic portraits of the Jesuit saints, besides one of Cardinal Bellarmin, and with framed autographs of Peter Canisius, St. Leonard, and others. The next room is the one in which St. Stanislaus died. Two other cells have been added to it by large archways forming an alcove on each side. In the centre, on the very spot where he breathed his last, is a recumbent statue of the dying saint on a low couch of *giallo antico*, the heavenly smile with which he welcomed death on his face. This was executed by Legros, the French artist, who was converted by the work of his own hands. The saint is represented in the usual dress of his order, which is executed in black marble, while his face, hands, and feet are of white. On the wall at the head is a painting of the saint's dying vision, by Minardi, in which the Madonna, attended by St. Agnes, St. Cecilia, and St. Barbara, is coming to welcome his departing soul. It was at this glorious vision St. Stanislaus' face lighted up with a smile that was still on his lips when he expired.

The face of the statue is turned towards a copy of the celebrated Madonna at Santa Maria Maggiore, executed for Francis Borgia by special permission of the pope. It hangs over an altar in one of the alcoves, and before it St. Ignatius and St. Francis repeatedly celebrated Mass. St. Stanislaus is said to have had great devotion to the Madonna of St. Luke, and used to turn every night towards the church of St. Maria Maggiore to utter a prayer.

The walls of the oratory are hung with crimson silk, the pilasters and mouldings are covered with arabesques, and the ceiling is ornamented with sunken panels that are gilded. The effect of all this, with the altars, relics, and paintings, and the recumbent saint in the midst, is charmingly picturesque. We remember attending Mass here one December morning before sunrise, when the only lights in the room were those on the altar before the Madonna of St. Francis. With us was the last representative (now hidden in a monastic cell) of the great Breton family to which Oliver de Clisson gave so much renown in the days of Sir John Froissart. All over Rome, in countless hidden sanctuaries, are similar early services long before the ordinary world is astir.

OUR RAIN AND OUR LADY.

None but sweet raindrops e'er leave our King's sky,
  Though it lifts bitter waters from earth's serving seas ;
And to earth's lightest thirsting our King's swift reply
  Is a long dew of rain to his rivers and trees.

None but sweet answers e'er leave our King's sky,
  Though ofttimes grief-bitter our words as we pray ;
And, our Queen but once pleading, her Son's swift reply
  Is a long dew of peace for our hearts and our way.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

REVELATIONS.

At the conclusion of the office scene the avengers thoughtfully took their way homeward. In the incidents of the last few hours there was food for infinite speculation, and now that a duty to themselves and a sacrifice to injured humanity had been accomplished successfully, they were at leisure to eat of the metaphorical viands to their hearts' content. It was not the pleasantest meal that could be offered them, and but for its necessity they might have altogether rejected the repast. This ingredient, however, made it palatable, and they chewed and chewed as they walked through the streets with an earnestness and a disregard of each other that was wonderful to see. Both felt that Killany was effectually disposed of, and both rejoiced at the fact. The man had impudence enough in his composition to ride down society's sneers and ridicule at his mishap. He could make capital out of his just but sensational defence of his person, and there was still the ugly slander, against which there was as yet no rebutting truth, to give him an opportunity of posing as a martyr, as the victim of a baseborn doctor's rage, as society's favorite trampled upon by worthlessness and shame.

Dr. Fullerton had rather the more clouded thoughts. Sir Stanley did not doubt for a moment of his friend's ability to prove the slander malicious and untrue. He swung along over the pavement with airiness of manner and triumph beaming from his eyes, chuckling inwardly at Killany's bitter discomfiture, raging to think that the man had caused his little Olivia so much suffering, and determined to have a private understanding with him, if, on his recovery from the effects of his late whipping, he should presume to remain in the city. The doctor, on the contrary, was in the hottest kind of a dilemma. He had disgracefully punished a man for fixing on him the stigma of illegitimacy, and yet he was not in a condition to prove his legitimacy to the world. The recollection of the late conversation with Olivia opened his eyes to a very wide extent indeed with regard to the nature of the ground upon which he now stood. The difficulties which he had then propounded to her and to himself stood out with more

prominence and ugliness than the humorous consolations and trifling objections to the possibility of this actual matter which he had given her. Sir Stanley must first know of the condition in which he found himself. This pained him more than any other fact. The baronet's confidence was as plain as the day in his manner, and he had now so far committed himself that it looked much like having set a trap for him to have drawn him into the affair at all.

In due time they reached the quiet house in its drowsy street, and withdrew into the drawing-room. Olivia was not to be seen, and the baronet was for calling her at once into their presence. Harry objected. Olivia felt herself in disgrace, and so he wished her to remain until a clear idea of the foolishness and wrongfulness of her conduct had been impressed on her mind.

"I cannot see the necessity of that," said the baronet decidedly. "She behaved like a real heroine, suffering untold anguish for your sake and mine, and determined to hold that secret so long as it threatened danger to you and me. If her policy was a mistaken one her motives were high and correct, and you must remember that Mrs. Strachan was her adviser. I think that, having borne most of the pain, she should have a trifling share in the glory."

"I cannot find fault with your reasoning, Sir Stanley," said the moody doctor, "but we have not the glory yet."

The baronet laughed so loudly that of course Olivia heard him, as he intended she should.

"Now we shall hear some lofty sentiments on the hollowness of the victory you have won—a pious method, I notice, of exalting the worth of the thing and sweeping in one hundred per cent. of the capital invested. Well, have it as you will; I must see Olivia here."

The doctor tapped the table with his fingers and remained with his eyes moodily fixed on the grate. His silence was ominous.

"Why, man," cried Sir Stanley after a long, impatient pause, "you are going to sleep. One would think you had just committed a murder instead of having lashed a desperado intent on filling you with lead from toe to forehead."

"I was thinking," replied the doctor, "of the chances of proving this Killany the liar that he is. I find that the immediate prospect is not the best in the world; in fact, I may say frankly it could not be much worse."

Sir Stanley sat bolt upright in his chair, while the hues and

lights of astonishment shot over his tell-tale face with an effect very trying to the nerves of the sensitive doctor. Then he subsided as suddenly, on second thought, into well-bred restraint and concealment of his surprise and curiosity.

"You are disturbed," continued Harry, "and I do not blame you. You know the story of our lives. I have not kept back a single incident from you. It is a troublesome fact that I have no written evidence by which to prove all that I say and surmise about myself. Neither have I the *viva-voce* evidence of witnesses, although I am confident that both exist. As evidence of some kind should be forthcoming immediately in consideration of recent events and future complications, you can understand the exceeding delicacy of my situation."

"A pretty bad box, I must say," answered the baronet dubiously, and much distressed. "I suppose that the work of hunting up your antecedents would be gigantic labor for the time we have."

"It would be simply impossible," answered Harry, relieved and pleased to see that the doubtful look of the matter did not affect Sir Stanley's faith and love.

"And haven't you the slightest excuse to force down the throats of the mob and still their shouting until better could be obtained? A mere thread now would tie their tongues, at the least."

The doctor hesitated. He thought of Quip's startling propositions, but they had come to wear so miserable an appearance after a few days of meditation that he scarcely dared mention them.

"There is a something, I know," Sir Stanley broke in. "Now out with it, for I can see that you are doubtful as to its value. We can't overlook anything in this affair, you know."

"Well, there is a thread," assented the reluctant doctor, "as fine and perceptible as a spider's, and about as useful. I scarcely care to mention it. You have seen that fellow Quip in Killany's office, have you not?"

"I whispered something in his ear that will delay his master's recovery. Yes, I know him."

"He called on us not long ago and made a rather astonishing and chimerical proposition. He offered to inform us of our antecedents generally, of the whereabouts of the man who until a few years ago played the rôle of our guardian, and assured us that this guardian had appropriated a large sum of money belonging to us. He agreed to produce the evidence necessary to obtain

our money and our name, if we give him, out of the few hundred thousands which he declares are ours, the sum of five thousand. As an earnest he left a paper, the marriage-certificate of our parents—"

"Marriage-certificate!" cried Sir Stanley, brightening. "Why, Harry, you unconscionable—"

"There, there," said the doctor, "you expect wonders from this certificate, as I did at first; but for present purposes it is practically useless. It certifies to the marriage of William Hamilton, of Glasgow, Scotland, and Olivia Carncross, of Babington, England, by the Rev. Manuel Da Costa, in the city of Rio Janeiro, at a date corresponding properly to our ages. How useful the document is in the case before us is clear. I do not like to expect much more from so wretched a chap as this Quip."

"He is a rogue, and a cunning one," said Sir Stanley confidently, "and I have no doubt he is as well acquainted with the contents of Killany's private papers as Killany himself. Now, it is evident, from the assurance with which the fascinating doctor circulated this falsehood, that he knew or thought he knew something concerning your past. He may have inquired at the college and at the convent, and received pretty conclusive answers for his way of thinking. Do you not remember how smilingly he asserted your inability to disprove his lies? Perhaps he is more closely connected with you and yours than you imagine. Quip has become aware of something and wishes to put his knowledge out at interest. I think it worth while receiving his advances and seeing what he can do. It would be criminal to neglect any opportunity in so important an affair."

"I agree with you. But I warn you that we have little to expect from him."

"Wait and see. Send for him at once. Have him here tonight and let us examine his credentials. If he furnishes you with a few hundred thousand dollars in cash he will have more than earned his five thousand, filthy beggar as he is. It would be worth that if he gave you a solid right to your new name. Hamilton—Carncross! Henry Carncross Hamilton! For a thoroughly rich, aristocratic tone that goes infinitely beyond Dashington. Well, be off about your business. I am going to find and console Olivia. You are cruel towards her for an imprudence which is as much a part of the sweet creature's make-up as her eyes. I could not have the heart to take from her one or the other."

"Bear her my assurances of forgiveness, Sir Stanley; I—"

"Won't you give me them yourself, Harry dear?" said a tremulous voice from the door, and, turning, they beheld her standing there, her eyes dimmed with tears and her pretty lips quivering. Her face and form clearly indicated the force of her late mental suffering, so thin had she become. She looked like a penitent who was atoning for some great and dreadful sin, instead of a cheery young heart whose only transgression had been her innocence and inexperience. Sir Stanley was put in an apoplectic rage by the melting sight, and said some hard things of Killany while grinding his heel into an imaginary neck of the villain. As for the doctor, he was all grief and contrition in a moment, took her in his arms while the baronet chafed in the distance, and said a hundred brotherly and assuring things to soothe the little heart. It was a brief but violent storm, and, according to the nature of such storms, left the air brighter and purer than before. Leaving her to the care of the baronet, the doctor hastened on his important errand.

That evening found Mr. Quip seated in the drawing-room of the Fullertons, with a bundle of documents before him as portentous and, in the eyes of the doctor, as harmless as a young barrister's bag, and in his company a weazened, dried-up, wretched old fellow whom he introduced as "Mr. Waring, clerk in the wholesale house of McDonell & Co., and a man of some usefulness in the important revelations about to be made." Mr. Waring was very old and decrepit, and seemed mightily afraid of Mr. Quip, sensible and shrewd as he evidently was. So afraid was he that he kept his eyes fastened on him as a dog would on his master, and forgot all the courtesies of social life, except as Mr. Quip reminded him of them. Thus he bowed to the lady and gentlemen with his eyes turned on the bird-like Quip, sat down in the same manner, and continued to stare at the hatchet-face with a persistency that made Olivia shiver. Only one thing could divert his attention—when Quip turned his hard eyes on him. The volatile medical student was modestly at home. His manner was insolently cool, but of that particular shade of coolness Mr. Quip was unable to divest himself, and was, in fact, quite innocent of its presence. He moved about with the cautiousness and facial expression of an old crane wading through an unfrequented swamp, his eye cocked now in one direction, now in another, and his narrow head following every motion of the eyes. He accepted his seat gingerly, as he always did. The arm or back of a chair, as requiring a greater effort at balancing, was more acceptable than a silken cushion.

When he and Mr. Waring had been satisfactorily disposed

of, the doctor said that he had already explained to Mr. Quip the necessity of his presence that evening, and therefore the gentleman might begin without delay the revelations which he professed it to be in his power to make. Mr. Quip opened out his formidable bundle as a preparatory movement, cleared his throat, looked so hard at Mr. Waring as to provoke the old man into a gentle remonstrance, and then began the following account of his own and other people's villanies:

"I must beg your pardon, madam and gentlemen, if I am compelled to be somewhat prolix in my narrative, and still again that I must shock you by my frankness. It is necessary to be frank. You understand that my tale is concerning a set of rascals, among which I must unfortunately class myself and my respected friend, Mr. Waring, and, as a consequence, the deeds which I now give to the light are as odorous as a batch of political intrigues. What I have learned has been learned within the past six weeks. Before that time I had only vague suspicions as to how matters stood with certain parties residing in this city. These suspicions had been roused by casual remarks of Dr. Killany's uttered in the privacy of his inner office, and from certain papers which the doctor was so incautious as to leave in his secretary. These papers I copied, appropriated the originals, and left the copies in their stead. They were letters from a gentleman of the city who, finding himself in Killany's power to a limited extent, was willing to purchase his good-will by using his influence in the doctor's behalf. That the doctor profited by this is evident from the suddenly-acquired but permanent rank of a fashionable physician. The first move in the right direction I made when the doctor some time ago called me into his office and made the proposition that I should find for him a person possessing some peculiar qualifications. The person might be of any age or condition, male or female, and should be able truthfully to swear to the death of any two children, these children to have been a boy, and his sister some years younger. It was a strange case and interested me at once. I had a friend, a wild, good-natured medical student, at present a keeper in the insane asylum, by the name of Juniper—"

"Juniper!" said the doctor in amazement.

"And this friend had a romantic story which he had heard from his mother concerning two children whose parents had died in New York after enduring a sea-voyage from Brazil. They had left some property to the children, and both the children and the property had been taken in charge by a friend whose name

Juniper had not learned. The boy was sent to an American college, the girl disappeared. But it was Mr. Juniper's idea of the pathetic to have these children die in his version of the romance. He told the story regularly. He described his visits to the boy Hamilton, the death of the girl in some out-of-the-way place, the boy's grief and subsequent decline, varnishing the whole with many pretty inventions of his own, all tending to excite the deepest emotions of sympathy in the human breast. On Mr. Juniper I settled as the very individual whom Dr. Killany required, and at a favorable moment I drew him into a recital of the story with the intention of offering him one or two hundred dollars to swear as Killany wished. You may imagine my surprise when, in a fit of pique, he declared that the children were yet alive and would one day make a vigorous fight for their own. I took care to inform Juniper of the loss he had sustained in his first attempt at telling the truth. It confirmed him, I suppose, in his habits of lying, and it did something worse for him: it made him willing to perjure himself in order to win his paltry dollars. Being pinched for the right man, and having a game of my own to play with which this accorded well, I accepted his offer, and the thing was done precisely as we had agreed.

"It was necessary for Killany not only to have a witness of this kind, but also to prepare a series of forged letters, newspaper-slips, and the like, in order to carry out *his* schemes. I was directed to supply them, and I was requested to proceed to New York, make what inquiries I could concerning two children of the name of Hamilton whose father and mother had died in New York some twenty years ago after journeying from Brazil. Marvellous coincidences! Juniper's children of the romance were stranded in the same city, under the same name and similar circumstances. This seemed to be the extent of Killany's information regarding the Hamiltons, except that he knew also of their living for a long time in some college and convent. Mine, to be sure, was a wild-goose chase, had I not already heard Juniper's story. That made the road clear. I obtained from Juniper his mother's address, found the old lady, and received from her a written declaration of facts concerning the Hamiltons. Here it is, and Mrs. Juniper stands ready to swear to the truth of the same at any time."

The paper was read, and afforded to Olivia and the doctor the first definite glimpse into their mysterious past. The reader is already aware of much that occurred in that time, and, instead of wearying with details, we shall let Mr. Quip resume his narrative.

"My object is now to prove your identity with the young Hamiltons. The guardian who had taken the orphans in charge was not very careful in concealing the traces of his crime. Mrs. Juniper had managed to learn that the boy had been sent to a Catholic college in the interior of New York State; and as there was but one, I went direct to the institution and found what I sought. At a time corresponding to the date of Hamilton's departure from New York a boy named Fullerton had been brought to the college and remained there until manhood, supported by a gentleman who never appeared at the college and never made any inquiries about his ward. The boy had been brought in charge of a man who had given no name and no address, but whose description I got, and found that, by allowing for the difference of twenty years or so, Mr. Waring was the man."

Mr. Waring nodded with great energy, but said nothing.

"And this facetious old rascal," continued Mr. Quip, slapping him heartily on the shoulder, "is the connecting link in the chain of evidence. He was his master's right-hand man, and he can swear that the boy whom he placed in St. Ignatius' College, and the girl whom he sent to the Ursulines at Quebec, under the names of Henry and Olivia Fullerton, were the Hamilton children. He can swear to much more, if necessary; only I have not thought it necessary."

"Oh! no, not necessary," muttered Waring appealingly. "Never that."

"Don't fret, old man. I'll stick to my word so long as you stick to yours."

"I'll stick," said Waring briefly.

"You can easily perceive, madam and gentlemen, the importance of what I have related. There exists no difficulty of proving that you are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton. That is assured. For the rest let me continue to develop the facts. I prepared for Killany the letters and newspaper-slips which went to prove the death of the Hamilton children. They were flimsy things and never would have stood in a court of law; but they answered his purpose, which was to prove to the heirs of your guardian the fact of your deaths. They were scrupulous about keeping money that belonged to other people, but, the owners failing to appear, they thought to hold it justly. In the meantime I was naturally anxious to ascertain what property Mr. Hamilton had taken with him from Brazil. Here is a little correspondence on the subject with a Brazilian lawyer. For a trifling expense he discovered that Mr. Hamilton had left Brazil with thirty thou-

sand pounds in his possession, represented by a bill of exchange on a prominent banking-house in New York. The ledgers of that bank I examined. I found that the sum had been placed to the gentleman's account, and had been drawn out shortly before his death. It is clear what became of it.

"The man who was your guardian, your father's friend, whom he trusted so thoroughly, is a highly respectable and unfortunate gentleman of this city—Mr. McDonell. He has been having his troubles lately, as you know, and has wound up in the lunatic asylum. I promised you at my first visit to show you the means of getting back your property. The circumstantial evidence is already strong enough to force from McDonell his stolen goods, if he were not beyond any such arrangement; or from his daughter, but that her control of the property does not begin until her father dies, and the law has its vigilant eye on the trustees. Without its knowledge and consent there is no getting at the funds. Nothing that McDonell himself could do would be available so long as he remains in the asylum. If you wish to proceed in this matter quietly, so as not to attract attention to the McDonells, it will be necessary to have the report of the lunacy commission overthrown and McDonell pronounced a sane man."

"That is impossible," said the doctor in a low tone. "He was mad as a man could be."

"He was not mad," said Quip so suddenly that a dread of some terrible truth to be revealed seized upon the whole party. "He was not mad, and here is my proof: I have learned—no matter how—that after his late severe illness he wished to make restitution to the orphans he had wronged, or to the poor."

"Ay, so he did, so he did," muttered Waring.

"Killany, who was dreaming of a marriage with Miss McDonell, and wished to marry all the property as well, got wind of it and determined to prevent it. Chance favored him in McDonell's sudden illness. The old gentleman became weak-minded. Killany starts a rumor around the city that he is mad, and works so well on Miss McDonell that he got her to consent to the thing by proving that the real heirs were dead, and by showing up the madness of giving money to strangers who had no more right to it than she. Between them they sent him to the asylum."

"You are mad!" gasped the doctor, completely taken aback at this declaration. "You know not what you are saying of a most estimable lady. I was one of the commission myself. I could swear to his insanity."

"That may be," Mr. Quip coolly replied. "I heard the father and daughter conversing on that night of the carnival. I was back a full hour before you. I went only to spy on you and Miss McDonell, because Killany feared you were both for making a match of it. I was at the house when she returned. The old man had discovered that they were making him insane, and had raised an awful row in the hall. It was just over when she came in, and he dragged her roughly into the library. They went at it hot and heavy.

"'The world says you are mad, and your writings after this aren't worth sixpence,' says she.

"'Do you believe that I am mad?' says he.

"'Not if you give up this idea of squandering your money on the poor,' says she. 'If you don't you go to the asylum.'

"That was the sum of it. Every time they met they talked like that. It went against her feelings terribly, but Killany kept her up to the mark. Any one with half an eye could see that there was something wrong in that house and in the way things were going generally. It cannot be long before McDonell is out, if he does not die in the meantime. It may interest you to know that Miss McDonell refused Killany's offer of marriage lately, and he was awfully cut up about it. The castigation which he received to day was a clincher. He will soon lay hands on all the spare cash and leave this country. You must now take steps for removing McDonell from the asylum. He is willing and anxious to set matters right in a quiet way, and his daughter, when she sees that the game is up, will be glad to get off easily. You can go to law, if you wish. There is testimony of sufficient strength to win your suit."

Mr. Quip placed his bag of papers on the table and waited for the acceptance of his offer. The little circle which he had entertained was silent, and the prevailing expression of countenance among them was a great disappointment to Mr. Quip. A positive agony was traced on the doctor's handsome face. He was pale, nervous, and frowning; Sir Stanley looked surprised, grieved, and helpless; and Olivia sat with the tears dropping slowly from her eyes. She had made no friendly protest against the accusation against Nano. For her the latter part of Mr. Quip's story was simple truth. It only confirmed her suspicions, and her downcast and conscious looks did more to confirm the words of the eavesdropping student than anything else could have done. Altogether they showed no appearance of having just leaped at a single bound from poverty into wealth, from ob-

scurity and shame into prominence and honor. Mr. Quip was annoyed, and wondered what next move these strange people would make.

"Your story is not to be doubted, Mr. Quip," said Harry, the first to break the silence, "and it is well backed up by documents and witnesses. We shall have occasion to use both, and you may consider your offer finally accepted."

"Thank you," said Quip, rising. "I am at your service at any moment, and so is Waring. Aren't you, Waring, my old boy?"

Mr. Waring, being knocked into his senses by a sharp slapping on the back, muttered:

"Always, always, Mr. Quip; but not for one thing, remember."

"I remember. Bid the lady and gentlemen good-evening, and we may go."

Mr. Waring, profoundly saluting the party, with his eyes fixed on Mr. Quip, said good-evening obediently, and they went away, the encouraging shouts and slappings of Mr. Quip being heard echoing for some time after in the quiet streets.

There was a long, painful silence in the little room.

"What do you think of it?" said Harry.

"That your case is proved," the baronet answered. He did not venture to say more.

"And the other—what of the other?"

Olivia's uncontrollable sobs were the only answer, and they were frightfully significant.

Another silence, while the doctor stood looking gloomily into the fire.

"Ah! well," he sighed, "that dream is over. God's will be done."

"And what move will you make in regard to your property?" said the baronet.

"I shall leave the matter in the hands of Father Leonard. He will be our commissioner."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT—ITS FIRST PART.

SANDY, the valet, was uneasy after the accidental meeting of McDonell and Juniper. Not having been able to approach near enough to hear their brief conversation, he was all the more disturbed because of this enforced ignorance of what his master might be meditating. In the act itself there was not much to

excite suspicion, for McDonell spoke many times a day to various persons in the institution; but nevertheless a large batch of doubts and restlessnesses took firm root and flourished in the valet's brain. It was his duty to be suspicious. He was paid for it, and with the death or escape or recovery of McDonell his salary ceased. He was not talented enough or principled enough to win so easily as here a living in the generous but discerning world. His opportunities for watching his master were limited. He was forbidden the room, except at stated times, and dared not be seen spying upon him under penalty of expulsion from the asylum. Night and the darkness of corner staircases were his vantage-points, but they were too scanty in space, and in convenience not at all proportioned to the work to be done.

He was uneasy over the late incident, because his quick eye had detected emotions in both Juniper and McDonell which had never been present on similar occasions. The former walked away surprised, thoughtful, and serious, as if meditating something of importance; the latter was nervous and excited, and hastened down the corridor with a feverish energy of gait which he had not shown for days. These unusual signs of emotion were enough for the keen-eyed valet. He kept guard that day with reckless indifference to consequences. McDonell, however, was drooping and sad as usual during the day. He made his ordinary visits and took his ordinary exercise, dining with the Stirlings, where Sandy heard him and Trixy laughing in a cheerful, natural way. He was always cheerful in Trixy's presence. In the evening he returned to the solitude of his own room, and the valet saw no more of him, although he watched until the lateness of the hour rendered it impossible to suppose that any keeper or patient would dare venture forth on an unlawful errand. The merry gentleman with the sugary nose, whose name was Andrews, had called on McDonell and gone away again, as he had been in the habit of doing for some weeks. If Sandy noted the circumstance he gave it only the attention which an every-day occurrence deserved; yet herein was the suspicious gentleman wickedly deceived. His policy of suspecting everything and everybody was too unnatural to be successful, and in this case it failed him. Within his master's room, between the time of Andrews' entrance and exit, an episode had taken place which the valet would have given his ears to have known.

"You are ready for the message which I am to entrust to you?" McDonell said, as the merry gentleman entered with his handkerchief to his nose and his umbrella spread for emergencies.

"Ready, sir," answered Andrews heartily, "and ready to carry it through a rain-storm, though it should melt off my head as well as my nose."

A declaration which drew tears of gratitude from the poor merchant, who, having become accustomed to his friend's ways, and being of late very weak and unsettled, wept when ordinarily he would have laughed.

"Moisture, moisture," said Andrews, playfully putting his handkerchief to the other's eyes. "You are dampening the atmosphere. My nose will not stand it an instant longer."

McDonell dried his tears, and the merry gentleman, having applied the moistened handkerchief to his own nose, gave such a yell of terror as is seldom heard outside of an insane asylum.

"Devilish forgetful on my part," he muttered, on ascertaining that his nose had not suffered. "Emotion is not my *forte*. I have been told often enough to be calm on all occasions, and you see how I obey the injunction. Every excitement of this kind sends the blood bounding through my veins like a race-horse, and of course the sugary formation at the base of my nose is more rapid. If I go on in this way my head will soon be affected. Think of a sugar head on me! O Lord! what a fate. I could shed tears as readily as yourself but for the danger of an overflow on my nose."

"Here is the message," said McDonell, anxious to have a delicate matter despatched as quickly as possible. "Excuse me for dismissing you at once, for my man may be waiting, and it would not do to miss him." Having recovered his equanimity and his handkerchief, Mr. Andrews apologized for his long-windedness and hastened on his errand; and in this way was the valet deceived and his suspicions lulled to reasonable repose for the next few days.

McDonell had chosen the night of the 17th on which to make his escape, and this he communicated to Juniper with his general instructions. It had been rumored in the asylum, and it had become a certainty in the city, that the Irish parade of that day might be a source of serious danger to the lives and property of the citizens. The Williamite mob had sworn vengeance on the "croppy" who should deck himself that day in the green, and a mob never discriminates. The authorities found it necessary to summon their forces and to warn the citizens of the impending danger. The confusion prevailing in the city would not, of course, penetrate to the asylum; but as the officers would have

their attention mainly directed against outside attack, the chances of escape were fairer than they might ever be again. He had not described his plans to any one save Juniper. Andrews was as much acquainted with the venture as was necessary for the part which he had been selected to play, and that this was not of small importance will appear in the sequel.

Since the meeting with Juniper the valet had made it a duty every night to mount guard over his master's door from a convenient hiding-place. It had not as yet been productive of anything, and had caused himself much suffering from the cramped positions he was compelled to maintain for hours; but, with the pertinacity and hopefulness of his kind, he continued at his post. On the fatal night he was quietly engaged in his self-imposed duty when Mr. Andrews came along to pay his usual visit to McDonell. Seeing the dark, cropped head of the valet stretched incautiously from its hiding-place, he gave it a sounding and vigorous whack with his umbrella.

"There, my spying friend," said he, "though you're not a croppy, you got as honest a crack that time as any Irishman will receive to-night. What's more, you haven't the spunk to return it, as the Irishman would, which is one reason, perhaps, for my readiness in seizing so desirable an opportunity. You were spying, and don't attempt to deny it. The doctor shall hear of this. Things are coming to a pretty pass in this institution if the dwellers are to be persecuted within as well as without. Be off to your own quarters at once, and rest assured that you will never sleep another night in the asylum."

Sandy slunk away meekly, but returned a moment later when the sugary nose, which he swore to sponge and tweak at the first opportunity, was safely housed in McDonell's room. Mr. Andrews remained with his friend somewhat longer than usual that evening. The asylum was, through its officials, in a state of subdued excitement. The fighting had begun in the city within the past hour, and the guardians of the institution had masked their anxiety with a magnificent indifference which their activity in making certain defensive arrangements shamefully contradicted. The patients saw in it a confirmation of the rumors which had circulated among them for days, and were impressed with an overpowering awe. The guards and keepers were still vigilant, but only with the more restless inmates. It was a happy moment for McDonell's attempt, and Sandy felt that if his master had any thoughts in that direction this was his opportunity. He watched, therefore, with all his eyes, and stared through the twi-

light gloom of the corridor at the strip of light on the floor which marked his master's room.

The door opened at last, and Sandy, leaning eagerly forward, was agreeably disappointed to see only Andrews, handkerchief to nose and umbrella spread, come out and walk down the corridor. Fearful of another encounter with him, he withdrew from sight until the merry gentleman had passed and his steps had died away in the distance. There was a long interval of quiet. He heard McDonell moving about his room, as he was accustomed to do when preparing for rest, and seeing that there was no likelihood of any one passing at that hour, so engaged were the officials with their defences, he stole to the door and listened. McDonell was grunting! Sandy stood with ears preternaturally erect at this strange and unusual sound. McDonell grunted again! It was not a grunt of pain, but of fat, sensual satisfaction, and bore a strong resemblance to a sound which he had heard not seldom before. After a moment of indecision and alarm his mind was relieved by a sneeze from the individual within of so marked and well known a character that further doubt was out of the question. His face turned white with rage, oaths fell from his lips like hailstones, and he pounded and kicked the door with a mad, vengeful recklessness that thoroughly appalled the merry gentleman within. Mr. Andrews made no attempt to admit him, hearty as was his contempt for the valet. He was trembling with apprehension for his own safety. To be caught in the act of assisting a fellow-madman to escape from the asylum had too great terrors for him, and he was anxious only to make his escape to his own room as speedily as possible. Sandy, finding that it was lost time to remain where he was, rushed down the hall to Doctor Stirling's room. Trixy met him at the door and listened calmly to his excited explanation of McDonell's escape. She had a particular aversion for Sandy, and never failed to show it. On this occasion her manner was plainer and less liable to be misunderstood than ever.

"Dr. Stirling shall know of it immediately," said she, closing the door in his face; and returning to the work which she had laid aside, she composedly ignored the valet and his message.

In the meantime, favored by his disguise and the darkness, McDonell proceeded along the hall with firm, unfaltering step and unconcerned manner. Now that he was in the midst of the danger, the old spirit and fire came back to him. He was cool; the nervousness of illness and confinement had vanished. His heart was filled with confidence and hope. He would be free in

a few moments, and he nerved himself to pass through every difficulty and danger in order to obtain his liberty. At the end of the passage he threw aside his umbrella and handkerchief, and stood out in the light an entirely different man from the McDonell men were accustomed to see. His white hair had vanished, his white beard was gone. He had shaved off the one and dyed the other, and his costume was that of a gentleman of dandified and wealthy tastes. An eye-glass sat upon his nose and he carried a stylish cane. He wandered aimlessly through the halls until he ran against a keeper, who stared at him suspiciously. The man had probably never seen him before.

"I beg your pardon," said McDonell, with the most approved drawl, "but really I believe I have missed my way. I was with Dr. Stirling a few minutes ago, and I am now unable to find the room."

"Come this way, sir," said the keeper, grinning broadly at a mishap of frequent occurrence with strangers. "It's a very easy thing to lose one's self in these big halls."

"I dare say."

And he was led up to the door of the Stirling apartments. He knocked and entered. Trixy, as he very well knew, was there alone. She came forward with a surprised air.

"I am sorry to disturb you," he said, "but having called on your father, and in leaving the office missed my way, would you be so kind as to send some one with me as far as the gate?"

He had no intention of deceiving Miss Stirling—indeed, he was sure that he could not; but he did not wish to bring the young lady into trouble on his account. Having already deceived two sharpers whose duty it was to have keen eyes, it would appear a correct and natural thing to have deceived Trixy. She had penetrated through his disguise at the first sound of his voice, and, with a woman's quick perception of the situation, she replied: "I shall be happy to show you to the door myself, and shall send a boy with you for the rest of the way." All which she did very unconcernedly, and in a short time McDonell stood in the road outside the asylum-gates, a free man, with full twenty minutes the start of the spy Sandy. He bore his extraordinary good fortune with as great equanimity as he had suffered his evil fortunes. His first act was to thank God for so signal a favor. Then he hastened to find Juniper. He had directed that the man should meet him at a point a quarter of a mile distant from the asylum with a carriage; and there, in fact, he found him, but without the carriage.

"They are having fierce times in the city," he explained—they could hear the uproar where they then were—"and I could not obtain a coach or vehicle at any price. The people in this neighborhood are afraid to let anything go into the city. It will be hard work to reach the depot, sir, for the mob has seized the railroad buildings, and trains can go neither one way nor the other."

"Annoying," said McDonell thoughtfully; "had I foreseen that I might have furnished you with means sufficient to buy a carriage. Let it pass. Having obtained my freedom, I shall not complain of trifles. I have many hiding-places in the city. Let us go forward, in God's name."

The asylum being situated in the suburbs of the city, they had a mile of walking before them; but in the fictitious strength with which excitement had endowed him McDonell could have walked a dozen. It was a clear, starlit night. The wind was high, and the snow yet lay thickly on the ground. Juniper had no idea of the direction his new master intended to take. His fortunes were now linked with the fate of his benefactor, and he knew that from this fact they bore about them the faintest hue of desperation. Being a careless, irreflective youth unwilling to struggle against the stream, he was as content with the new position as he had been with the old.

"We must avoid the lower parts of the city, sir," he said after a time. "It would not do to get into the mob. They would not spare us."

"We shall be careful, Juniper," answered the master. They hurried along with swift and silent speed. The cheers and howlings of the rioters were every moment becoming clearer and more frightful to the ear. At one time they saw far down the street the glare of torches and the surging of the crowd, and an advance-guard of small boys flung stones at them. This compelled them to take a higher, safer, and less exciting thoroughfare. In due time they came to a handsome residence on Wilton Avenue. McDonell stopped at the entrance to the drive, and, leaning his head against the gate-post, burst into tears. It was his home. There his daughter lived, and he dared not cross its threshold or ask for the shelter, or the protection, or the alms which the poorest beggar in the world would there receive. He wept bitterly, and raising his hands heavenward—a habit misfortune had given him—he thanked God for his many mercies, and for this above all, that he had deemed him, the sinner, worthy to suffer in this way—to be homeless and wretched on a winter night and to know not where with safety he might lay his head.

Juniper recognized the place after a casual inspection, and was surprised to learn that the woman before whom he had been willing to perjure himself was the daughter of this man. A dim perception of how matters really stood in that unfortunate household entered his mind, and as McDonell seemed about to enter the gate he laid his hand on his arm. "I do not think it would be safe, sir," he said. "You cannot take any risks, and if your flight is discovered by the asylum officials there is no doubt but that this place will first be visited."

"I cannot help it," said the agonized man. "I must take one look at my home again. It may be my last. Stay you here and watch. I know the ins and outs of the place and can easily avoid pursuers."

He went slowly up the gravelled walk, half cleared of the snow. His heart was really bowed with grief now, and his frame with weakness and suffering. The excitement of escape was gone. He was standing face to face again with his griefs. He went on until he reached the house. A light was burning in the drawing-room, and one of the curtains was pushed aside. He stole up to the window. Ah! *she* was there, and with her the smiling Killany; and it tore his heart even while it pleased him to see how well and easily she carried her heavy burden of sin and wrong. She was fresh and sweet as if the current of her life had never known a storm, dressed with exquisite taste and richly, and towards Killany her manner was as distant and chilly as he had ever known it to be. There was no sign of emotion or of servility, and on the doctor's part there was the old smiling adulation and submissiveness. There was something more besides in his manner. It was threatening; she appeared to be getting angry, and Killany was getting frightened. How that delighted him! And he pressed his face closer to the window, and his eyes read every expression eagerly.

In the midst of the conversation she caught sight of his staring, death-like face pressed against the pane. Their eyes met for an instant—his fatherly, pitying, and hungry for the affection of the daughter who had spurned him, hers full of a slowly increasing horror. She closed her eyes only when she had fainted and slipped quietly to the floor, and he, waiting until he saw the doctor, after one quick glance around the room, proceed to restore her, fled again into the wretched night. A man was driving furiously up the avenue even then, and he had a presentiment that it was the messenger with the news of his escape.

Juniper was at his post when he returned, and together they

proceeded to the residence of Father Leonard, where McDonell was sure of a safe hiding-place. It had the misfortune of being in the heart of the city, and was surrounded at intervals by a mob anxious to burn it about his reverence's ears. A strong body of police and military daunted all attempts in that direction. The rioters were forced to content themselves with blockading the streets that led up to the residence.

"Which makes it improbable," Juniper said, in his endeavors to turn McDonell from his design, referring to this fact, "that we can reach Father Leonard's safely."

"It is my only refuge," McDonell answered sadly. "My own home is shut against me, most of my friends would fear me, and here alone would I dare to trust myself for any length of time. We must steal or force our way through."

Juniper trembled with apprehension; but, with a devotion scarcely to be expected from so hare-brained and reckless a youth, he determined to remain with McDonell to the end. Indications of their nearness to the scene of the riots were fast increasing. The mob had been in this district, but had turned their attention to new fields of labor after destroying whatever was destructible. The streets were filled with débris: broken fences, trees, and windows showed everywhere. The inhabitants had either fled or buried themselves in the cellars. No light shone in the solitary streets, for the lamps had been destroyed, and here and there a fugitive, with a bandaged head, perhaps, stole fearfully along. The cries and cheers of the mob had not diminished, although the troops and civil authorities were closing in fast on the rioters, and had limited their sphere of action to a considerable extent. Bands of soldiers went by occasionally, when Juniper drew his master into the protecting shadow of a building for fear of capture. They arrived at last in the critical neighborhood. As Juniper had said, every avenue was held by rioters, and he who ventured to pass through might do so only with permission of the motley villains.

McDonell, silent and moody since his visit to his home, had yet recovered the coolness and steadiness of manner which he had displayed earlier in the evening. His spirits rose as the necessity of a cautious advance became more imperative. The stronger but less intellectual man-servant was become dependent on him, and with this consciousness of old-time power he went on in his perilous journey. They chose a street which led to the back entrance of the priest's house. It was not so clogged with rioters as the others. Men stood on the corners and in the gutters, and

on the verandas of deserted houses, planning, swearing, or binding up wounded heads and limbs. Nearly all the wounded were carried to this quarter; and as they were numerous, in spite of the insignificance of their hurts, it presented the appearance of an hospital. The intrusion of two respectably-dressed gentlemen among them was the signal for a gathering of the sound men of the party.

"Not so fast, lads," said a grimy youth with a large amount of orange-colored ribbon on his hat and a rusty sword dangling from his belt. "You don't pass this district without showing your reasons and your papers. This is not the night for any one who isn't a son of William to be abroad. Give an account of yourselves."

"None other than a son of William," answered the merchant gravely, "would venture as we have. We know our own side, it is clear, or we would have come in with a few pieces of artillery, not to speak of the horse and foot. My good fellow," and with the word he slipped a gold-piece into his hand, "attend to your broken-headed men and let us pass on, for we have urgent business beyond."

"Go ahead, my hearties," said the youth, whose reasoning powers were somewhat obscured by unlimited whiskey. "You're all right. Knock down the first man that objects, and if he wants references send him to me."

They were accosted several times during their onward course by the scattered roughs, but the cool off-handedness of McDonell—for Juniper wisely said nothing—was sufficient to tide them over all difficulties. The barrier was passed, and they were on the point of attaining comparative safety when a sudden change in the scene of the riot caused a serious, and perhaps fatal, delay in their movements. The battle, which with varying success and at varying intervals had been carried on in the distant streets, suddenly made its appearance directly in their path. A disorderly crowd of roughs, pursued by a steady, well-managed, and well-drilled body of volunteers, suddenly rushed into the street. Juniper pulled the disappointed and unwilling McDonell into a protecting doorway, and endeavored to force an entrance into the house vainly. The mob having gathered in their vicinity and stopped to take counsel of the leaders, the two fugitives were soon discovered and dragged out into the midst of an angry and hideous crowd mad with the consciousness of defeat. McDonell's elegant and finical appearance drew the usual sarcasms from the unwashed upon their more fortunate brother.

"What have we here?" said he who held the position of leader.

"A sound and true man," answered the grimy youth from a veranda near—"one of ours. I let him pass, and I think you can do the same, captain."

"Are you a Papist?" asked the leader.

"No," answered Juniper truthfully. "We are not Orangemen, but not Papists either."

"I did not ask you to answer for this man. Are you a Papist or a Protestant?" he said to McDonell.

"The soldiers, the soldiers!" came in a chorus from the mob around. "They are retreating! Down with the soldiers! Down with the croppies! Down with the priest!"

"Quick!" cried the leader—"Papist or Protestant?"

He had been standing with his eyes cast down, thoughtful and indifferent, and he looked up at the imperative words with the light of a new-born heroism shining in his face. His natural courage had not deserted him, and there was added to it the courage of his lately-awakened faith. All through his manhood he had denied his faith. The first test offered to him on his return to the fold was one of life and death, perhaps, and sure at least to bring him serious injury. Yet it seemed so necessary that for a little longer time he should live—there was so much to be done, so much to be made right that now was all wrong. The men around were silent from expectation. The glare of the torches gave a rugged picturesqueness to their hideousness, and brought out more clearly the elegance and refinement of the man who was their prisoner.

"Speak out," they cried, "and swear to it. Papist or Protestant?"

"I am a Papist," he said unhesitatingly, paying no heed to Juniper's looks of warning.

The mob seized on the words.

"A Papist," they roared, "and a spy! Down with him!"

The chief saw something pitiful or praiseworthy in the calm bearing of the man, and he would have interfered to save him; but with yellings and hootings the ruffians fell upon McDonell, beat him with clubs, trampled upon him, and kicked and crushed him as well as, in the press, they were able. He made no useless effort to save himself. Juniper, with a desperation born of pity and affection for his master, fought against the crowd like a lion, and had the consolation of seeing the chief by his side. They struggled and fought in vain. Two against so many were only making matters worse by their resistance, and McDonell was

every moment approaching nearer to his ugly fate when a figure on horseback, diminutive but with a voice as shrill and piercing as the tones of a trumpet, came dashing into the heart of the multitude, scattering men right and left until he stood over the prostrate man and had cleared a space about him.

"Fools!" he cried authoritatively, and his voice was heard ringing along the street, "madmen! do you know what you are doing when you let the soldiers escape and beat the life out of a Scotchman, and one who is no Papist?"

McDonell caught the words even while losing consciousness. "I am a Papist," he muttered feebly.

"He says he is a Papist," growled one who stood near enough to catch the whispered words.

"You lie!" said Quip coolly. "This man is a madman. He escaped from the asylum to-night, and back he must go again. You have not left much to carry away, and the more shame to you for so using a Scotchman and a Protestant. Now follow the soldiers. They are men who will give you men's work to do. Away with you! They are retreating!"

"The soldiers! the soldiers!" roared the mob, catching the word with enthusiasm. In an instant they were pouring down the street in the direction taken by the volunteers, and over the unfortunate McDonell stood only Juniper and the strange horseman.

"Quip!" was all Juniper could say as the man dismounted.

"At your service," said the student, with a grin. "This man is well-nigh murdered. Where were you going?"

"Don't know," said Juniper shortly.

"To the priest's, it is likely. Very good; but the priest does not chance to be at home. I have a safe place for him, I fancy, and you will help me carry him there."

"Not a step," said Juniper firmly. "He goes where I choose to bring him. You can get out. You have nothing to do with the man."

"There's gratitude for you. After saving his life, too. Juniper, my very dear friend, I think I know McDonell considerably better than you, and it is to friends I shall take him, and not to his enemies. It doesn't matter much one way or the other now, for the poor fellow will scarcely see the morning."

"Go ahead, then," said the appeased Juniper, "and look for deviltry if you attempt any of your usual tricks."

Placing the bleeding and senseless body of McDonell on the saddle, Quip rode away to the residence of the Fullertons.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT—ITS SECOND PART

Familiarity with crime and danger had developed Nano McDonell into a charmingly cool-headed lady with a fine talent for intrigue and a great head for calculations. She had need just now of some qualities of the kind. Mrs. Strachan, with a gusto equalled only by the wonderful unselfishness which she ascribed to herself, had made Nano acquainted with the slanders concerning the Fullertons on that day which saw administered on Killany's person the deserved punishment of his baseness. Nano had heard it with indignation and shame. She recalled the night of the reception and Olivia's whispered anguish. The blow had been struck within the shelter of her walls, and the report had spread through the whole circle of fashionable society while she was in ignorance of its existence. Had Killany been so unfortunate as to have made his appearance at that moment a stormy and unedifying scene might have taken place. The haughty and aggrieved lady was in the mood for acting upon impulse—an imprudence of which she was rarely guilty. Killany, however, being engaged in nursing his delicate and broken skin, did not show himself in public for some days.

In the meantime Miss McDonell had time to consider the situation and to reach wise conclusions. To a certain extent she was in Killany's power—not absolutely, not entirely helpless, for her own fearlessness had a counterbalancing effect. She had treated him so far only with condescension, and refused to marry him. It would not do to drive him into desperation. The reward upon which he had counted so hopefully had been denied to him, and to deprive him now of his office of trustee, as in her first anger she had contemplated, would be folly. He could do her serious harm, if he were so minded. She determined, therefore, to forbid him her house, and to have only such personal communication with him as was indispensable. This would be severe enough.

While awaiting his appearance her mind was filled with gloomy presentiments of evil. Disordered liver is the assigned medical cause, and, if correct, she was far gone in disorders. The air seemed heavy about her. Her daily amusements and work had lost their coloring, did not give her the pleasure she expected, and were at times insipid and tiresome. She was filled with the

idea of fast approaching dangers. Ordinarily she expected them and awaited their coming cheerfully. She was prepared. It would be hard to move her from her position, and the consciousness of its strength had made her confident. The dangers seemed nearer, more portentous, more vague at this moment. She would not permit herself to dwell upon her gloomy thoughts. She could not endure sadness. Having at a high price purchased perpetual and unfading enjoyment, she felt that she ought to get the full worth of a bargain in which sadness was certainly not included. The feeling of deeper melancholy had been fastening upon her since that day when she had paid her last visit to Olivia. The distress of mind which the presence of that little lady then occasioned her made her undesirous of seeing her too often, and the chilliness of the visit was quite sufficient of itself to daunt her in the attempt. Nano reasoned with herself, of course, on the absurdity of her feelings, but found that logic cannot minister to a mind diseased or pluck from the heart a rooted sorrow. In despair and indifference she waited for her presentiments to develop themselves into substantial facts.

In thinking, as she often did, on the incidents of the past few weeks and their probable or possible consequence, she was surprised yet not grieved to find that a new phase of feeling had appeared in her character. A feeling of hardness and bitterness and cynicism against her destiny and the persons concerned in it most was slowly enclosing her nature as in a network of steel. A strong sense of rebellion, akin to the sense of injustice, was roused when she thought of the revealing of her crime to the world or of losing her estate, as if these acts were a wrong put upon her, and not the commonest justice to herself and to others. The peculiarity of the feeling was that it seemed to close her heart and her mind to every appeal of affection, interest, and reason, and in such a state she felt herself quite ready to kick against the goad pettishly and stubbornly, though it should be to her own sure and terrible destruction. This did not alarm her. She did not see then to what lengths it was able to lead her. It only pleased her that the natural softness of her disposition was gradually yielding to something more stern, and useful in present circumstances.

Killany's first visit was made on the evening of McDonell's escape from the asylum. His first out-of-door appearance was made fittingly on this stormy night of riot and misrule. He was compelled to disguise himself partially and to make his way by the unfrequented streets; for the region of disorder lay directly

in his path. She received him as she had of late been accustomed to receive him, in order to make his discomfiture more telling. His recent misadventure had reached her ears, and she rejoiced that to it she could add another severe punishment—he had become so utterly contemptible in her eyes. His villanous nature she could have forgiven him, in so much as it was like her own; but the slanderer, the assassin, was too detestable a thing for association with, and was to be got rid of at any hazard. It touched her to see that the man had really suffered from the bitter humiliation of his horsewhipping. His smile was a long time in getting itself together on his smooth face, and its first glimmering was sickly. The recollection of his shame looked out from every new face, and brought a dark, hateful shadow over his countenance. She respected him a trifle more, perhaps, for that display of human sensitiveness, but it did not alter her intentions in his regard. "For once, I believe," he said in taking his seat, "I come without a business of any kind. The other trustees have managed affairs in my absence, and I do not exactly know our position. It is fortunate, is it not? It will be more pleasant for us when my office has lapsed, and we may take up old relations, talk philosophy and poetry, and renew the circle which has suffered so severely this winter."

"I believe it does not matter much," letting her eyes rest on his meaningly. "The picture which you have drawn will never be put on canvas. I have decided that our meetings hereafter be strictly confined to business matters, and I must request now that your visits in future be made on that condition, and never without a previous warning."

"You surprise me," he answered, confused at her cool, matter-of-fact ways. "Are you quite certain of the extent of ground your request covers?"

"Quite, doctor. I have thought upon it for four days. In fact, since your late difficulty—"

"I beg of you not to mention that, Nano. It is too painful."

He spoke low and passionately, and his face, paling, showed for an instant the traces of the whip on his cheek and forehead.

"Not so painful, not so disgraceful, as the act by which you deserved it so richly. You struck at a woman through a slander."

"Slander!" he angrily interrupted. "How do you know that it is a slander?"

"Because of the man who conceived and published it, and the manner he adopted. If you were certain of it you would not be

content with a secret stab at your victims. It pleased you to choose for your scene of operations this house, and so have you dishonored it that after this night it must not know you again, unless under pressing necessity."

"You are not in earnest," he said, quite subdued, "or perhaps I do not understand."

"My meaning is clear enough, unless your late illness has affected your mind."

"As illness affected another's," he said maliciously.

"Having dishonored this house, it is closed against you. You will continue, I suppose, in your trusteeship. I shall not attempt to disturb you, but the oftener you do your business by deputy the more agreeable will it be to me."

"It is quite plain," he said slowly—"yes, quite plain. You dare not take from me that position. But you inflict upon me every wrong consistent with your own safety. Can you guess why I trumped up that charge against the Fullertons?"

"Virtue and innocence is your natural prey, perhaps."

"As age, and helplessness, and other people's gold is yours," he answered savagely, stung into passion by her scorn. She laughed, partly in derision, partly from joy at finding the feeling of reckless indifference and obstinacy stealing over her. "I did it," he went on, "for your sake and because I loved you. If you had been swayed by the Fullertons you would not stand as you stand to-day. You would be decidedly virtuous and decidedly poor. The house which you live in might not have been yours to close against me. I wished to destroy their influence at one blow and I have not failed. No," he added, smiling, "I have not failed, but my work is not yet complete."

"I am curious to know what lower depths you can reach."

"These: I loved you, as I said, and I feared a rival. That rival was, and is, Dr. Fullerton. Perhaps you do not know that the man, poor and nameless though he be, presumes to love you."

"His presumption," said she, "is not more startling, and is far more acceptable, than yours."

"Well, you see I was right in fearing him. I had reason. I might have put him out of the way with cunning poisons, but with such things I never meddle. I let him live and destroyed his good name. Unfortunately, I destroyed myself, too."

"For him I have sympathy; for you, congratulation."

"Thank you. You will not congratulate always. I shall not tell you how I am going to complete my work, for I have never yet threatened you, and I shall not do so now. Indeed I shall

not. But I ask you not to execute your purpose of turning me from your doors. My stay in the city is to be short and will be retired. Until I go I ask that you receive me here on the old footing."

"You ask an impossibility."

"Yet I did them wrong for your sake. Is that no excuse?"

"It is rather an aggravating circumstance, and you caused terrible suffering to my best friends."

"They are your friends no longer. You are drifting apart and will soon be as strangers."

"To you I owe this in part. I am not angry or overwhelmed. The loss of friends can be easily supplied."

"But not the loss of their good opinion. In this case it is sure to follow."

"I begin to see your drift," she answered in tones of scorn. "You will betray me to them. You justify every moment my opinion of your meanness. Even that misfortune cannot move me."

He was silent from despair. Nothing that he could say seemed able to shake her resolution, and his desperation was rapidly depriving him of his self-command. He fixed his eyes on the floor in thought. She chanced to turn to the window. The shutters had been left open, and one of the curtains had been pushed aside. In the dark space between, its outlines sharply and awfully traced on the outer darkness, was her father's face. His beard was gone, and his white hair, but she recognized the countenance on the instant. Its dark eyes were fixed on her pityingly, and a smile rested on the fixed, pallid face. She could not speak or move with horror, and a moment later, to Killany's astonishment, had fallen unconscious to the floor. He rushed to her side, after one swift glance around the room to find some cause for the phenomenon; but McDonell's face had vanished when his sharp eyes fell on the window, and the sound of his retreating footsteps was drowned in the tramp of a horse's feet on the avenue. It did not take many moments to restore the lady to her senses, and it was scarcely done when Quip came dashing into the room amid a shower of protestations from the servant who attended the door. Killany motioned for silence.

"Whatever information you have, keep it until I come to you," he whispered, and Quip at once withdrew.

Nano sat up of her own accord, and was herself immediately. She did not volunteer any explanations, and the doctor did not ask for them. He felt sure that Quip would be able to throw

some light upon the matter, and, after a few inquiries and directions, started to leave the room, when she said curtly:

"Do you believe in apparitions, doctor?"

"No," he said. "Why do you ask?"

"I saw one a few moments ago, and you have seen the effect it had on my nerves. I am sure that the person I saw is dead. Good-night. You will remember my injunction."

She went off to her own rooms, assisted by her maid, very pale, but very composed. He sought Quip in the hall and heard of the escape of McDonell.

"He has been here," he said, "and must have passed you on the avenue. Take your horse and go direct to the priest's house. If McDonell intends to remain in the city that will be his refuge. When you have discovered his whereabouts come to me. If he escapes death to-night," he thought, "it will be a miracle. Well, my course is run at last, and it has ended badly. I believe my downward course has begun, and it began with that—that—"

He put his hands to his face in a passion, and the tears sprang into his eyes. The blows of the whip had penetrated to his soul. The scars were there for ever, and the recollection was horrible.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MARTYR.

YONDER, signor, the peasant said,
  Where the grass grows greenest the martyr fell;
Eighteen centuries he is dead,
  Hacked by the murderous fiends of hell.

But even to-day the vision bold
  Of earnest faith, when the skies are fair,
Seeth a tremulous cross of gold
  Hung in the limpid Roman air.

CHRISTIAN JERUSALEM.

PART II.—A.D. 33–50.

PERSECUTION—MARTYRDOM OF STEPHEN—CONVERSION OF SAUL—PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO GENTILES—SECOND PERSECUTION BY AGRIPPA, AND MARTYRDOM OF JAMES—MATTHEW'S GOSPEL—COUNCIL OF JERUSALEM.

THE preaching of the Deacon Stephen brought upon himself and the whole church a furious persecution, which made a crisis in the history of nascent Christianity. Stephen was evidently a person of extraordinary gifts and character and one whose bold advocacy of the faith, for certain particular reasons stirred up in an unusual way the animosity of the most violent of the Jews. He has always been taken for a very young man, a supposition which his whole manner of conduct and all the appearances in the case favor. He was a Jew, but whether brought up in Palestine or in some foreign country is uncertain. A traditional belief or conjecture appears in ecclesiastical writers that he was a cousin of Saul of Tarsus and one of his fellow-pupils in the school of Gamaliel; and if this were really the fact it accounts for the peculiar animosity of the former towards him, and for the great interest which the latter manifested in him, as will be presently related. His name, *Stephanos,* is Greek, but so also is the name *Nicodemos*, and he had also a Syriac name, *Cheliel.* Stephen may have been, therefore, like Saul, a Jew, born and brought up in his early youth in a foreign country, but carefully educated in Jewish learning, as his oration before the Sanhedrim indicates; which is confirmed by the fact that he disputed with the members of certain synagogues of Jews of foreign extraction like one who had formerly been associated with them. St. Luke relates: "But certain men of the synagogue that is called of the Libertines, and of the Cyreneans, and of the Alexandrians, and of those that were of Cilicia and Asia, rose up disputing with Stephen: and they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit with which he spoke" (Acts vi. 9, 10). These Libertines, or Freedmen, were descendants of Jews formerly carried into captivity who had been released and had returned to Judea. Those of Cilicia were fellow-countrymen of Saul, who was doubtless the chief man among them. It is not necessary to repeat the account of St. Stephen's trial and martyrdom given by St. Luke. The oration which he made

before the council is of extraordinary interest as the first specimen of Christian eloquence on record from one who was not an apostle. The action of Saul in keeping the garments of the assassins indicates that he was present as an official of the Sanhedrim, to give sanction to the murder in their name; although their action in inflicting the punishment of death was perhaps illegal and a usurpation of the prerogatives of the Roman procurator. St. Augustine and other celebrated Fathers of the church have pronounced splendid eulogiums on St. Stephen, to whose intercession they all ascribe the subsequent conversion of Saul. He has left testimony to the bitter repentance by which he expiated his share in the death of the Proto-Martyr in his own expressive words. "And devout men took care of Stephen's funeral and made great mourning over him" (Acts viii. 2). Some sober and judicious Catholic authors consider it to be certain that the chief mourner on this occasion, after the apostles and the other brethren of St. Stephen in the faith, was the great president of the Sanhedrim, Gamaliel. The relics of the holy martyr were found in the year 413 at Caphargamala, a country-seat which had belonged to Gamaliel, about twenty miles from Jerusalem, and translated with great pomp to the Church of Sion in Jerusalem by the Patriarch John. The bodies of Gamaliel, Nicodemus, and Abibas, a son of Gamaliel, were found at the same place. The discovery was made by means of a vision which disclosed to Lucian, the priest of the place, the fact that these bodies were buried there, and the genuineness of the relics was attested by numerous miracles. These are related by St. Augustine in the twenty-second book of *The City of God* and in several of his sermons.* The discovery of the relics and their translation is commemorated by a special feast on the 3d of August. The Fathers of the fifth century and the best ecclesiastical writers from that time have considered the narration of Lucian genuine and credible. According to the common belief founded on this narrative, and the corroboratory circumstances which give it an intrinsic probability, Gamaliel with his son Abibas, but not the other members of his family, became a declared Christian at this time and lived in retirement to the end of his days, with Nicodemus as his companion, at his country-seat.

Saul of Tarsus, as all know, although somewhat imbued with Greek learning, and an apt pupil of his master in the lore of the rabbinical school, did not imbibe from Gamaliel that spirit of

* See Butler's *Lives of the Saints* for August 3; also, the author's *Studies in St. Augustine*, and a sermon on St. Stephen in *Sermons by the Paulists*, volume for 1862.

moderation and those enlightened views in philosophy and religion which raised him so much above the narrow and fanatical Pharisaism of his time. He was the fiercest and most zealous agent of the newly-allied Pharisees and Sadducees who filled the highest places in the priesthood and the Sanhedrim, and who now began in earnest to persecute the Christians in Jerusalem, Palestine, and Syria, but especially in Jerusalem. "At that time there was raised a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem, and they were all dispersed through the countries of Judea and Samaria, except the apostles. They, therefore, who were dispersed, went about preaching the word of God. . . . And they, indeed, who had been dispersed by the persecution which arose on occasion of Stephen, went as far as Phœnicia and Cyprus and Antioch, speaking the word to none but to the Jews only. But some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, who when they had entered into Antioch spoke also to the Greeks, preaching the Lord Jesus. And the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number, believing, were converted to the Lord" (Acts viii. 1, 4; xi. 19–21). As St. Luke wrote for Gentiles, he doubtless included Galilee and Perea in the "countries of Judea."

From the general tenor of the narrative it seems likely that this dispersion refers rather to prominent men among the Christians and to adventitious residents in Jerusalem than to the whole of those disciples of Christ who properly belonged to the permanent population of the city. From this time the very numerous congregation of the faithful in Jerusalem seems to have been reduced to a much smaller number, although the apostles for some years to come made that city their principal rendezvous and centre of operations. After this date, the diffusion of the religion of Christ went on extensively among the Jews both at home and abroad, as well as among the Gentiles. The great event of this time was the conversion of Saul, which undoubtedly checked, if it did not entirely stop, the active measures of persecution. This event probably occurred in January, A.D. 33. In 35 or 36 St. Peter established his see in Antioch, whence he removed it to Rome A.D. 42. About three years after his conversion Saul visited Jerusalem, and although he was received at first with distrust, yet, through the intervention of Barnabas, he was after a short time admitted to the confidence of the apostles and brethren, "and he was with them coming in and going out in Jerusalem, and acting confidently in the name of the Lord. He spoke also to the Gentiles and disputed with the Hellenists; but

they sought to kill him. Which when the brethren had known, they brought him down to Cæsarea, and sent him away to Tarsus" (Acts ix. 28-30). The first persecution had died away, and at this period, if not sooner, had ceased altogether. During the three years which elapsed between the death of Stephen and Saul's first visit to Jerusalem, converts had been made and small churches gathered all over Palestine. For St. Luke tells us that "the church, indeed, had peace throughout all Judea and Galilee and Samaria, and was increased, walking in the fear of the Lord, and was filled with the consolation of the Holy Ghost" (Acts ix. 31).

It was at this time (A.D. 36-37) that the events occurred which ended the official career of the two men who had the principal responsibility between them, though in unequal proportion, of the fearful crime of Deicide, in putting to a cruel and ignominious death the Son of God. Pontius Pilate had massacred, several years before, a crowd of Galileans, partisans of Judas the Gaulonite, while they were offering sacrifices. Now, he suppressed in a bloody manner an extensive and dangerous insurrection of the Samaritans. Although such severities may have been necessary, they made Pilate's administration odious. He was complained of by the Samaritan elders to Vitellius, proconsul of Syria, to whom he was subordinate, and Vitellius ordered him to go to Rome and give an account of his government. At Rome he was condemned and banished to Gaul, where he is supposed by most writers to have committed suicide. There is, however, a counter-tradition that he was converted. His wife, Portia, was universally reputed by antiquity to have been a Christian from the time of our Lord's death, and one of the finest episodes in Klopstock's great poem is the description of an interview between herself and the Blessed Virgin.

Vitellius visited Jerusalem about this time, and during his stay there deposed Caiaphas, placing in his room Jonathan, a son of Ananus, or Annas, whom he deposed after about a year, substituting in his place Theophilus. According to Josephus, Theophilus had thirteen successors in the pontificate, viz.: Simon, Matthias, Ælioneus, Joseph Camith, Ananias, Jonathan (murdered in the temple by Jewish dagger-men), Ismael Phabi, Joseph Cabi, Ananus, Jesus Damneus, Jesus Gamaliel, Matthias, Phannias. The last four are called by Josephus "unknown and ignoble persons," thrust into office by the dagger-men during the siege of Jerusalem. In the year 38 Herod Antipas was deposed by Caligula and banished into Spain. Tiberius died

March 15, A.D. 37, and was succeeded by Caligula, who reigned until January 24, 41. His reign was one which brought much evil and foreboded more to the Jews. He ordered a statue of himself to be erected in the Holy of Holies, and it was at the risk of his own life that Petronius, the successor of Vitellius, refrained from attempting by force and at the cost of a desperate conflict to carry out the insane monster's sacrilegious intention. Milman very reasonably conjectures that Agrippa even, though a favorite of Caligula, would have dearly paid for his timid remonstrance if the assassination of the tyrant had not delivered him and the empire from his capricious malice.

"And the apostles and brethren who were in Judea, heard that the Gentiles also had received the word of God" (Acts xi. 1). Besides the preaching of the Gospel to Gentiles by other disciples which we have already mentioned, St. Luke recounts at large the manner in which St. Peter had gone from Joppa, the modern Jaffa, to Cæsarea, at the invitation of the centurion Cornelius, and had there baptized a number of Romans, mostly persons connected with the military garrison of the place. When St. Peter came to Jerusalem, not long after (A.D. 36), "they who were of the circumcision disputed against him, saying: Why didst thou go in to men uncircumcised, and eat with them?" (ibid. v. 3). The Jewish Christians only slowly and with difficulty opened their minds to the full understanding of the catholic principles of the religion of Christ. They firmly believed in Jesus as their own Messiah, but they did not enter into the grand idea of universal redemption, and they still regarded it as necessary for Gentiles to become "proselytes of righteousness," and thus by the door of the Law of Moses to become partakers in the grace of Christ. It was necessary for St. Peter to explain to them fully that a divine revelation had made known to him the extension of baptism and the privileges of membership in the church to the uncircumcised. "When they had heard these things, they held their peace: and glorified God, saying: God then hath also to the Gentiles given repentance unto life" (Acts xi. 18). It was after this that the news was received at Jerusalem of the evangelizing of Gentiles in Phœnicia, Cyprus, and Antioch, and being already prepared to approve of and rejoice in the conversion of heathen peoples, the church of Jerusalem sympathized in and promoted the good work. This was the opening of a new era, and the grand, universal apostolate throughout the whole Roman Empire soon after commenced and was carried on during the remainder of the apostolic age.

The accession of Claudius to the empire, after the assassination of Caligula in January, A.D. 41, brought a great though a short-lived change for the better into the political and religious condition of Jerusalem and Palestine, by the restoration of Herod's kingdom to Herod Agrippa. Agrippa was a son of Aristobulus, one of the ill-fated children of Herod and his noble, unfortunate queen, Mariamne. Agrippa had been educated in Rome as a prince, in the circle of the imperial family. During the last six months of Tiberius he had been in disgrace, in prison, and in peril of his life. His intimate friend Caligula had liberated him and given him the tetrarchy of Philip, to which he added afterwards that of Herod Antipas. Agrippa had made, however only a temporary stay in Palestine; he was in Rome when Caligula was murdered, and he assisted Claudius most efficiently in taking quiet possession of the imperial seat. Claudius gave him all the former dominions of Herod, and he came to Jerusalem in great state, where he showed himself munificent to the temple and in many respects both able and disposed to restore the splendor and prosperity of his kingdom, if that had been any longer possible. Agrippa put to death James the Greater, John's brother, the first martyr among the apostles, and he imprisoned Peter, who was delivered by an angel and immediately left the city. These events took place during the Paschal time, probably of the year 42.

Before this time, it is commonly supposed about eight years after the ascension of the Lord, St. Matthew wrote his gospel in the Syro-Chaldaic language, for the benefit of the Christians of Palestine. It was very soon translated into Greek, if not by its author, probably by an apostle or some disciple to whom the work was committed under apostolic direction. There is something, according to our view, extremely appropriate and touching in the fact that the first gospel was written by Matthew the publican. He was a man called to the apostleship by our Lord from a class of persons whose condition and employment made them outcasts, and, in the eyes of the Pharisees and other zealous devotees of the religion of Judaïsm, fit only to be reckoned with sinners and harlots. Who could be more fit to be the first to make a written record of the acts and preaching of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, the Redeemer of the lost? Besides this, he was one of the first disciples of Christ, the companion of his journeys, who had heard his discourses and witnessed his miracles. This was not the case with Mark and Luke, who recorded what they had heard from the immediate witnesses; and although

St. John was an apostle and an eye-witness, yet his gospel is the work of an aged man, for whom the events he narrates are already long gone by, and it was not his intention to write a connected memoir so much as to fill up certain gaps in the earlier gospels, and to present the sublime doctrine concerning Christ and proceeding from his mouth, as a testimony to the faith and against heresy. We are inclined to think that those who have had the advantage of being familiar with the gospels from infancy will testify that the ineffaceable impression of scenes and events in the life of Jesus, which even the reading of critics cannot destroy, is more to be traced to St. Matthew's gospel than to any of the others. The Jewish Christians of Palestine seem never to have cared for any other. The original text was early lost, but the Nazarenes of the Decapolis had an altered transcript called the Gospel of the Hebrews, and good critics consider the ancient Syriac version to have been made, not from the Greek, but from the Syro-Chaldaic original. It was an early tradition that Matthew, having spent some years in preaching the Gospel throughout Palestine, and being about to depart for a distant mission, left behind him this artless, simple summary of the Gospel he had been preaching to delighted listeners in Judea and Galilee; whose exquisite and natural charm surpasses the highest efforts of human art; as a memorial of his teaching and of his Master.

Many suppose that the earthly life of the Blessed Virgin Mary was exchanged for the heavenly glory before the Passover of the year 42. We are inclined to agree with those who think that she accompanied St. John to Ephesus, and that her departure from this world occurred at Jerusalem twelve years later, in the year 54.

The sudden death of Herod Agrippa at Cæsarea soon after the Passover of the year 44 brought back the rule of Roman procurators, who, from the time of Felix, with the exception of Portius Festus, were the worst and most venial of men; and henceforward Jerusalem and Palestine went rapidly onward toward the catastrophe of the year 70, when the direful predictions of the prophets and of Jesus Christ were fulfilled. The church of Jerusalem gradually dwindled in relative importance with the decadence of the city and nation, and paled before the rising churches of Antioch, Ephesus, and Rome. Paul and Barnabas were sent forth, not from Jerusalem, but from Antioch, and at Antioch the disciples of Jesus Christ, who had before been called Galileans and Nazarenes, were first called Christians. All Christians of Jewish

origin, however, continued to look with special affection and reverence upon Jerusalem, and it was a frequent resort for the apostles and their associates when it was convenient for them to make a pilgrimage to the Holy City and its Holy Places, while the city and temple continued to exist.

After Agrippa's death Cuspius Fadus was sent to Judea as procurator, and he was succeeded by a man whose presence must have been odious to the Jews, for he was an apostate from Alexandria named Tiberius Alexander, son of a former alobarch of the Egyptian Jews, and nephew of the celebrated Philo. During the reign of Claudius a severe famine prevailed in Judea and through other parts of the Roman Empire. This was predicted by Agabus, who seems to have been a priest of the church of Jerusalem, at Antioch ; and in consequence of this, liberal collections were made and sent to Jerusalem by the hands of Saul and Barnabas. Josephus relates that Helena, queen of Adiabene, who with her son, the King Izates, had become a zealous proselyte, sent large supplies of grain, figs, and money for the relief of the famine-stricken people.

The most notable incident of the latter part of the episcopate of St. James was the apostolic council, held, according to the Chronicon of F. Crampon, editor of the commentaries of Cornelius à Lapide (volume on Acts), in the year 49, according to Cardinal Hergenröther (*Allg. K. G.*) some time between the years 50 and 52. The occasion of the council was a dispute which had arisen at Antioch respecting the observance of the Mosaic ordinances by baptized Gentiles. There were some who insisted that circumcision and the observance of the statutes of the Mosaic code were necessary for salvation to all. This opinion contained the germ of schism and heresy, as the event afterwards proved, and it excited great disturbance and dissension among both Jewish and Gentile Christians. Paul, Barnabas, and others were therefore deputed to carry the matter before the apostles who were then at Jerusalem. St. Peter was at that time in the city. St. James was there as the bishop of the see. St. John may have easily come from Ephesus, and these, with St. Paul and St. Barnabas, made five apostles, besides possibly some one or two others who may have been within reach of a summons. Presbyters were also there, who were admitted to take part in the deliberations, as were doubtless also the deacons; and although no distinct mention is made of bishops, it is probable that there were some of this order present, who are included under the title presbyters, at that time commonly used as a general designation em-

bracing all the distinct orders of the clergy. The laity were likewise admitted, and there is no reason to doubt that the principal men among them had the liberty of making known their opinions, and were actually consulted, at least in a private and informal manner. This council is often said to have been the first of the œcumenical councils of the Catholic Church, as, for instance, by the learned Jesuit, Cornelius à Lapide. Nevertheless, it is not classed among the œcumenical councils as the First in the lists of councils given in ecclesiastical writings, this name being always given to the First Council of Nicæa. All bishops were not summoned, but only those who happened to be near at hand. The council resembles, therefore, in our opinion, rather those consistories which the Popes are accustomed to assemble, and which in the earlier ages included not only, as now, the cardinals of the Roman Church, but as many bishops as could easily attend. The tribunal was, however, one which was fully competent to judge of matters relating to the universal church; it furnished a model and precedent for all future councils, even the most general, and on that account it has always been regarded with great reverence, as an apostolic Type and Forerunner of the more solemn and numerous assemblies of later ages in which the universal church has been represented, and in which matters of faith and general discipline have been determined. The supreme and final authority of œcumenical councils, which implies infallibility in regard to faith and morals, is clearly proved by the language of the Encyclical Letter which this council issued: "It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us." The same is also true of dogmatic and disciplinary decrees promulgated by the Pope without the concurrence of a general council. St. Peter was the supreme judge in this council, as his successors are in all councils which finally determine matters of an œcumenical nature. The other bishops present were also co-judges with him, and the concurrence of the presbyters and even of the faithful gave an increased moral weight and a collateral force to the decisive, judicial sentence of St. Peter and his colleagues in the universal or local episcopal authority, viz., those who were apostles properly so called, or simply bishops with general or particular jurisdiction conferred by apostolic authority. It is the same in all times. Bishops are co-judges with the Pope, in doctrine as well as in discipline. There is a very great doctrinal authority in the opinions of theologians and canonists, and a moral weight in the consent of the faithful, which even amounts to a passive infallibility in respect to faith and morals. The entire history of this

Council of Jerusalem is a signal exhibition of the Catholic organization, spirit, principles, and mode of procedure in the apostolic church, and a manifestation of the identity of the modern Catholic Church with itself as existing in the apostolic age.

Anglicans have endeavored to show that their system of particularism in the episcopate, which disintegrates the episcopal order and the whole church into a mere aggregation of bishops, each independent and supreme in his own diocese, and of separate, self-subsisting local churches, has countenance from this instance of the Council of Jerusalem. They pretend that James presided and even gave the decisive sentence, as the Bishop of Jerusalem, which, if it were true, would be fatal to the primacy of St. Peter, not only as Pope, but even as the chief of the apostles. St. Luke does not expressly state that Peter, James, or any other person presided. That Peter must have been the president is evident from extrinsic reasons, just as it is certain that there was some one who did preside, that prayers were offered in the assembly, that some order was observed in speaking, deliberating, and voting. All respectable writers admit that St. Peter had a priority among the apostles, and that the apostles possessed an extraordinary power superior to that of ordinary bishops. St. James, as an apostle, was more than he was as bishop of Jerusalem. The priority and precedence of St. Peter in all things is clearly apparent in the whole history of events at Jerusalem before this council. It is evident that he did not lose it, by the designation of St. James to the local episcopate. James would officially preside in a synod of his own presbyters, or of his suffragan bishops. This council was not, however, a mere local or provincial synod; it was an apostolic council for deciding matters relating to the universal church. It has never been heard of in the Catholic Church, or in any regular ecclesiastical society, that the fact of meeting in a particular cathedral or parochial church gave the bishop or rector a right to preside over a synod of his equals, much less his superiors. The only pretence of a proof from the text of the history of the council in the Acts, that St. James had the chief part in it, is the circumstance that he spoke last and used the word *κρίνω*, "I judge." Bishop Bloomfield (*in loc.*) candidly declares that the interpretation of this word in the sense of final, authoritative decision is untenable, and that it is only equivalent to the Latin *censeo*, "I think." We have already vindicated the right of St. James as bishop and apostle to sit as a true judge in council with St. Peter. But what theory of church government could stand with the hypothesis that he was sole judge in matters

which concerned the foreign church of Antioch, and all other churches as well? Only the theory that the Bishop of Jerusalem had the supremacy which has always belonged to the Bishop of Rome. The non-jurors proposed to the Greek bishops assembled in synod at Bethlehem that a primacy should be accorded to the Patriarch of Jerusalem. But they were rather rudely snubbed by these prelates, who replied to them that Jerusalem had from the most ancient times held only the last place among the patriarchal sees. The judgment of St. James did, however, have a very special weight and importance. He was a most strict observer of the Mosaic Law. As a relative and apostle of the Lord, as the one who was regarded by the Jewish Christians with a most peculiar veneration for his sanctity, and as Bishop of Jerusalem, he was emphatically the representative and mouthpiece of those who were still strongly imbued with a spirit of reverence for the ordinances of the Jewish religion. His full assent to all which St. Peter and St. Paul had previously said, carried with it the concurrence of those who were under his immediate jurisdiction or his moral authority as a spiritual teacher. It is evident, however, that St. Peter was the principal author of the decision which the whole council ratified. St. Jerome shows this in his eighty-ninth Letter, a long one addressed to St. Augustine, and this is the common sentiment of those other early Fathers who have spoken on the subject. The result of the council was, that Judas Barsabas and Silas were sent with Paul and Barnabas to Antioch as bearers of a Letter containing a decree, in which the observance of the moral law concerning one class of sins to which the Gentiles were especially prone, and of certain positive precepts of the ancient patriarchal law forbidding the eating of meats which had been offered to idols, of the flesh of animals which had been suffocated, and of blood, was enjoined on those who were baptized, having previously been pagans; and freeing them from the obligation of keeping any other laws peculiar to the Jewish people. This action of the council is ascribed in general terms to the apostles, the presbyters, and the whole church. Its decrees are called the *dogmata*, i.e., *sentences* of the apostles and presbyters, by St. Luke in Acts xvi. 4: "And as they (Paul, Silas, and Timothy) went through the cities, they delivered to them to keep the *dogmata* which had been decreed by the apostles and the presbyters who were in Jerusalem." The precise discrimination of the respective parts of St. Peter, the other apostles, and the presbyters in this authoritative judgment is not made in the sacred text. These must be determined from

extrinsic sources. There is nothing, however, which does not harmonize with the immemorial doctrine and custom of the Catholic Church, according to which supreme judgment is by divine right the prerogative of St. Peter and his successors, whether in or out of council, apostles and their successors the bishops being really and solely, by divine right, co-judges under their chief, and presbyters or deacons sharing in this privilege only by virtue of such ecclesiastical right as may be conceded to them.

The apostolic decree settled the question of the obligation of the Mosaic Law in regard to Gentile believers. They were not to be required to become proselytes as a condition precedent to baptism. Believers of Jewish origin, however, were not at this time expressly declared exempt from the observance of the ordinances of Judaism. The church of Jerusalem remained, therefore, as it had been from its foundation, and Jewish Christians generally continued their ancient practice, not excepting even St. Paul and the other apostles who were conversant with those of their own nation. There was one great practical difficulty which was not removed, and which occasioned trouble for a long time. The distinction among believers, dividing them into two classes, those who kept the law and those who did not, was a great obstacle in the way of friendly and equal intercourse. The believing Pharisees despised Gentile converts as an inferior class of Christians, refused to eat with them, and were scandalized by the conduct of their own brethren, who disregarded these old and narrow prejudices. Moreover, some of them exhorted Gentile converts to become proselytes of righteousness by receiving circumcision, as a more perfect way. St. Paul had great trouble with these Judaizers, and we shall presently see that he was obliged again to exculpate himself before James and his presbyters and people, in reference to his conduct on his apostolic missions.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FRENCH CANADA AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE term *Canadian* would naturally convey to the mind of a European or of a citizen of the United States the idea of a native of Canada, any subject of the queen of England born within the Dominion being unquestionably described by that term. However, if you speak of a Canadian in the province of Quebec you will invariably be understood to refer to a *French*-Canadian. Men whose ancestors have lived in Canada for several generations call themselves English, Irish, or Scotch, while their neighbor of French descent is spoken of as a Canadian. The reason for this would seem to be that the French element in the population of Canada is the only one imbued with a truly national spirit. The Englishman turns with a great longing to England, the chief pride of the Scotch settler is in the land of the heather, the Irishman looks lovingly back to the old sod, but the French-Canadian's aims and aspirations are all for Canada; to him Canada is a nation, and he has the comfortable assurance that by him she became what she is. The language, the customs, the traditions of France are dear to him, but he treasures them by his own hearthstone; he has put the crown of maple-leaves above the *fleur-de-lis* and is loyal to his own land—thoroughly, truly, and without question Canadian. Let us look for a little while at this wonderful race, and see into the details of their being, and doing, and suffering since they were first aided in their efforts to form a colony by the then king of France.

The sixteenth century had drawn to a close. Jacques Cartier, who with his gallant band of seamen had opened to the Old World the forest fastnesses of the New, and given to France the unexplored tract of wood and field, mountain, lake, and river, in the land of the setting sun, had died in his manor-house of Limoilon, in sight of the white breakers beyond the harbor of Saint-Malo, from which on the 20th of April, 1534, he had sailed forth on his heroic enterprise and planted for the first time the sign of man's redemption on the rocky pinnacle of a Canadian cliff.

Roberval had tried to found a colony, and failed.

The soldier of Navarre had ascended the throne of France, had abjured Calvinism, and in the Church of St. Denis returned to the faith of his fathers. Desirous of spreading that faith among the heathen, anxious, perhaps, to atone for his own long

disregard of it, he encouraged and aided those who were willing to brave the dangers of the New World.

M. de Chastes, governor of Dieppe, being desirous of sending out an expedition to Canada, the king granted him a patent and assisted him in the undertaking. This expedition, as well as that sent out five years later, was conducted by one Samuel de Champlain, a captain in the French navy and a man distinguished in the service. This gallant sailor visited Tadoussac, Quebec—then Stadacoué—Three Rivers, and pushed up the St. Lawrence to where, under the shelter of a rugged mountain, Jacques Cartier had found in 1535 an Indian village called Hochelaga, not a trace of which remained in 1608.

Champlain named the hill Mount Royal, and appears to have foreseen that the site of the demolished Indian village would one day be favorable as a trading station; but that time was yet to come.

Opposite to the green heights of Point Lévis, and under the shadow of a dark and rocky promontory, a narrow belt of land skirted the water's edge and offered a convenient landing-place to Champlain's crew on their return from investigating the shores of the broad river that apparently had no end. That spot was destined to be the cradle of the Canadian race; the wind sighing in the trackless forest of Stadacoué sang its lullaby, while the frowning cliffs of Cape Diamond were its shelter and defence. Here Champlain laid the foundations of the city of Quebec on a bright July morning, 1608. His men worked cheerily enough during the summer months; but some of them seem to have played him false, as a plot was discovered the object of which was to murder Champlain in his bed and deliver up Quebec to some Spaniards and Basques lately arrived at Tadoussac. This revolt quelled, Pontgravé, Champlain's companion, set sail for France in September, leaving the navigator with twenty-eight men to hold Quebec through the coming winter. October passed with its wondrous beauty—the beauty of coming death. The forests glowed in crimson and yellow, purple, garnet, green, and gold; never had European eyes seen in nature such royal loveliness. Alas! the pageant did not last. November came, bringing damp and desolation; the leaves shrivelled and fluttered to earth, snow came to shroud the leafless trees, and ice to stem the current of the murmuring river. With winter came sickness and death: in May only eight remained of the twenty-eight Frenchmen whom Pontgravé had left full of life and hope. Spring brought succor, and Champlain, with fresh reinforcements,

pursued his explorations, going by way of the rapids called La Chine, on account of their being imagined by the discoverers of that period to be a highway to China.

In 1638 we find Quebec the headquarters of the Company of the Hundred Associates, formed in Paris, of which many men of rank besides merchants and burghers were members. This was a company having absolute power over the whole of New France "from Florida to the Arctic circle and from Newfoundland to the shores of the St. Lawrence," with a monopoly of the fur trade and all other commerce for fifteen years. The company, on their part, were bound to convey to New France some hundred men, artisans of all trades, and before the year 1643 to increase the number to four thousand; they were to lodge and support their emigrants and to give them cleared lands for their maintenance.

As one of the principal objects in furthering this settlement of a new country was the diffusion of the faith among the savage hordes and the building up of a church in the Canadian wilds, it was required that the emigrants should be Catholics, this stipulation being made in order to exclude the Huguenots—at that time leaving France in swarms—so that they might not set up their cold and empty heresy in the new country already consecrated to the church of Jesus Christ.

In 1628 we find Quebec, after bravely resisting a prolonged siege, taken captive by the English, or rather by two Huguenots, Louis and David Kirth, serving under the English flag. These worthies do not seem to have made much of their conquest, except to hold carousals and insult the Jesuits who had established a mission in Quebec. One of the party carried his rage to such an extent that it brought on a fit of apoplexy and launched him into eternity.

By this time Henry of Navarre had been eighteen years in the tomb to which the dagger of the assassin Ravaillac had sent him, and Louis XIII. was on the throne of France, with Cardinal Richelieu as his prime minister. Through the negotiations of that great statesman Quebec was reclaimed from the hands of the marauding Kirths, and in 1633 Champlain resumed his post as governor—alas! to hold it for a little time only, as death soon called him away. On Christmas day, 1635, Samuel Champlain drew his last breath, and was buried in the church of the Recollect friars, leaving behind him a name bright and beautiful, adorned by deeds of dauntless courage and heroic virtue. His successor, M. de Montmagny, was worthy of him whom he followed, and set

a bright example as a governor, a soldier, and a Christian gentleman.

In 1642 Montreal was founded by a man whose name stands prominently forward on the roll of the brave, wise, and good. Paul de Chomedy de Maisonneuve came out with a party of voyagers, forty men and four women, among whom was Mlle. Jeanne Mance, a young French lady of good family and ample means, for whom it was destined, with the aid of Mme. de Bullion, to found the Hôtel Dieu, or Hospital of St. Joseph, to-day one of the most conspicuous charitable institutions of Montreal. M. de Maisonneuve held the commission of governor, and his followers formed part of "La Compagnie de Montréal," originated in Paris with an idea of settling a trading-post on the site of Hochelaga, the Indian village before mentioned as having in Cartier's time existed on the island of Montreal. A grant according them permission to trade had been obtained from the "Hundred Associates." Maisonneuve's motive in this expatriation was not that of a mercantile adventurer: he longed to see the savages of the western land brought into the fold of the church, and to further that object gave up the best years of his life. His first word on the site of his future labors was a prayer; his first care that fair spring morning was to erect a rough altar whereon Rev. Father Vimont, the Jesuit superior, who had accompanied the party from Quebec, offered the Holy Sacrifice; his first journey to Mount Royal was to plant a cross on its summit; and his first exercise of his gubernatorial power was to name his infant city Ville Marie and to consecrate it to the Queen of angels and of men.

At this time the European population of Canada was about two hundred souls. Agriculture seems to have been utterly neglected. The family of Hébert, who in June, 1617, established themselves under the walls of Quebec, were the first, and, it would seem, for some years the only people that had any fixed idea of farming. In 1644 we read that wheat was sown for the first time in Canada. In 1645 the Company of New France gave up to the inhabitants the right of trading in furs, but not until 1663 do we find the record of the dissolution of the company. However, after the accession to the French throne of Louis XIV. colonization seems to have taken a start.

Every spring brought out shiploads of emigrants. Sturdy Normans and Bretons swelled the population, which grew between the years 1666 and 1680 from three thousand four hundred and eighteen to five thousand eight hundred and seventy. So

far the emigration had been almost entirely confined to men; but now a demand for wives began to be heard, and the king undertook to send a supply equal to the demand. Shiploads of peasant-girls were brought to Quebec and Montreal, and placed under the care of a matron appointed by the king to act as duenna; with her they resided until their marriage, which was usually soon after their arrival—she, like a manœuvring mamma of the present day, disposing of her charges with great alacrity. In 1667 we find Talon, the intendant, writing home for the shipment of some young ladies suitable as wives for the officers. His demands were granted, but the demoiselles complained bitterly of the discomforts of the voyage.

It is amusing to read of the embargo laid on single-blessedness, old bachelors not being allowed to fish, hunt, trade, or enjoy any privileges whatever.

The great majority of the settlers of this time were from Normandy and Brittany. These, with the shipments from Paris and a few Huguenots from Rochelle, comprised the nucleus of the present population of the province of Quebec. King Louis was most anxious for the agricultural development of New France. Convinced that a country cannot sustain itself unless it support its inhabitants by the fruits of the soil, he urged upon the colonists the clearing and cultivation of the land. In view of more effectual resistance against the Iroquois he created a number of noble fiefs, which he granted to the officers of his troops, and invited the soldiers to establish themselves there, ordering besides that all these soldiers, become farmers, should assemble in distinct parishes and submit to civil and military authorities. In the three stations, Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal, he introduced the branches of industry most necessary at the time, and took care also for the instruction of children, as being the hope of the future of the country. He offered a premium for large families: to a family of ten he granted three hundred livres a year, to one of twelve four hundred livres, while a table surrounded by fifteen olive-branches received a bounty of eight hundred livres per annum. The royal treasury must have been pretty well taxed, as large families seem to have been the general rule, and we read that in 1671 between six and seven hundred children were born during the year.

Through the administrations of seventeen different French nobles as governors Canada went on increasing in importance, until in 1759 Quebec was taken by the English under General Wolfe, and the standard bearing the lions of England floated

over the old French town that had known no flag but the *fleur-de-lis.*

In 1763 General Murray became governor-general of Canada, and a treaty signed by Louis XVI., King of France and Navarre, ceded "New France" to England, reserving for her for ever the right to retain her religion, her language, and her laws intact. The treaty appears to have been signed by the English with "mental reservations," for through the succeeding years attempts were made by the victors to infringe upon its agreements. Canada, although perfectly tranquil, was at once subjected to the extreme rigor of military rule. French laws were repealed, and in their stead British ones were enforced. Every means was tried to substitute the religion, the laws, and the customs of England in the place of those of France. It is not to be wondered at that the victims of this treatment grew restless. Their discontent was plainly shown after the arrival in Canada of a number of New-Englanders, who, on the declaration of American independence, left their former homes to seek new ones in Canada, preferring to live under the shadow of the British flag. These new-comers were favored by the governors to such an extent that the Canadians were driven to the limits of exasperation.

With a hope of putting an end to the antagonism between the races, the colony was divided into two provinces—Upper and Lower Canada. However, matters became worse instead of better. Upper Canada was favored in every particular, and Lower Canada would not endure it, more especially as, under the guise of public schools, the religion of the country was imperilled. In 1800 the lands and buildings belonging to the Jesuits were confiscated to the crown, and their college, the scene of so much devotedness, that "haunted, holy ground," was turned into a barracks. A hope was entertained of doing away altogether with the French race, and proceedings tending to that end were set on foot. The Montreal *Herald* of the 25th of November, 1837, said: "*For a state of peace to be maintained we must make a solitude: the French-Canadians must be swept from the face of the earth.*" But the French would not be annihilated; through the early part of the century the warfare continued, culminating in 1837 in open revolt, and resulting in the banishment of the leaders of the insurrection. After unlimited martial law, hanging, and transporting the French majority were told that they were to have no voice in the matter at all, but that a federal union of the provinces of Quebec and Ontario was to be accomplished. This was carried into effect in 1841. In 1867 the

scheme of a confederation of all the provinces became law, and the Dominion of Canada took a place among the countries of the world. Following the proceedings of 1840 a more liberal and just policy was inaugurated, and the French-Canadians received permission to conduct their courts of law in their mother-tongue.

After this concession the disaffection became visibly less and finally disappeared. For a long time the rivalries of race that retarded the development of the colony during more than seventy-five years have ceased to exist, and perfect concord reigns between the representatives of the two nationalities. To-day the French-Canadian enjoys without restriction the free exercise of all the privileges assured to him by the treaty of Paris; indeed, it is doubtful if any other people of the world possess more complete civil and religious liberty.*

The descendants of the soldier-farmers of "Le Grand Monarque" are essentially an agricultural race, contented with things as they are; the vision of things as they might be seldom rises before them. Unlike the farmers of the Western States, who think little, if they see a prospect of making money, of folding their tents and departing for fresh pastures, the *habitant* † loves dearly and identifies himself with the spot of ground he calls his own. He sows and reaps, and gathers in his harvest quite contentedly; if it be a good one he thanks *le bon Dieu;* if a bad one he is no less grateful for what he has. His farm is generally small, owing to the divisions and subdivisions it has undergone by the last wills and testaments of departed ancestors; but it is large enough for his wants, and he thinks not of the morrow. Love of pleasure, love of music, and love of dress are the characteristics of this people. They are simple in their tastes, and their cottages bear evidence of greater neatness and refinement than those of the like class in English-speaking countries. In summer their life, in the country or in small towns, is almost entirely in the open air. After the day's work the furniture of the sitting-room is carried out to the sidewalk, and there, regardless of passers-by, the family recreation is enjoyed. The housewife knits; her liege lord smokes his pipe; the son tunes up his violin; one daughter is at work upon some article of finery, probably far beyond her means, while another, at a table inside the cottage, has her arms embedded in soft white dough, deep in the concoction of a *galette chaude*

* In this respect their future is in their own hands. If they are on the defensive they will retain their rights; if, on the contrary, they yield to the natural *laisser-aller* of their character they will find their rights infringed upon.

† The word is used in Canada to denote the farmers of the province of Quebec.

for the family meal; half a dozen small-fry clustered round the doorway watch her proceedings with an interest born of expectancy, and the never-failing baby, in its little frilled cap, is alternately chidden or cajoled by the whole group. Whether you find him perched on the high seat of his quaint calèche or see him skilfully propelling a raft down some noble river, or whether you meet him in his raccoon-skin coat and *tuque bleue*, tucked in his low cariole, skimming over the frozen roads, he is always happy, always singing; and as the notes of "Malbrough s'en va t'en guerre" fall on your ear you wonder if life have any dark side for the French-Canadian habitant. The race is still remarkable for its large families, ten, twelve, or fourteen children often falling to the lot of a poor man, who looks upon them as blessings, and is consequently "not ashamed to speak with his enemy in the gates." Hospitality is a feature of the Canadian character—a graceful, gracious sort of hospitality, not the "come in if you like" style, but "vous êtes le bienvenu." Therefore you are treated to the best the house affords, your execrable attempts at French are heard and answered with a gentle patience, and your wants forestalled in a manner that will surprise you, if you do not know the country. The French-Canadian is sensitive and naturally suspicious, particularly touchy with regard to his race, but, convince him that you share his views, and he will be your warm friend. Gentle, simple, and good, free from avarice and discontent, the habitant of the country districts of Quebec is a happy man.

The lower-class French-Canadian in the large towns differs a little from his country cousin. He is not so polite, nor so amiable, nor so contented, nor is his house so clean and dainty. He is quite as improvident, and so are his womenkind; a month's wages of two young people often are expended in a wedding-ring, a gaudy bonnet, and a drive with a gilded coach and pair, while there is small hope of enough to live on through the coming season. Still, they are peaceable and docile citizens. Though law-abiding and averse to pugnacity, they dearly love lawsuits; perhaps in this the Norman blood betrays itself. Lawyers are "as plentiful as blackberries"; it seems that nowadays the ambition of having a son an "avocat" goes side by side with that of having one a priest. A simple, single-minded sense of duty prevails among this people; a proof of this was their resisting all temptation to join the rebellion of the New-Englanders, and remaining peacefully under British rule—indeed, taking up arms in the cause of their conquerors, although the British yoke was galling them

sorely. This was due to the religious training they had received in the early days of their existence—a training which taught them to respect first God and then the lawful authority under which he placed them.* It would be strange if a nation baptized in the blood of the Jesuit martyrs of Canada could be other than faithful to moral and religious teaching.

The population of Quebec has in a hundred years grown from 70,000 to 1,256,000, not counting half a million who have emigrated to the United States. There has been little or no immigration to assist in swelling these numbers; a healthy climate and a simple life are the agents of prosperity. The descendants of the nobles who held the seigniories of Louis XIV. form the French society of Quebec and Montreal—a society emphatically charming. It is with these people, the aristocracy of Canada, that remain a great part of the historical archives of the country. These scions of the old noblesse, though nearly all conversant with the English language, still retain in their own homes the language and customs of their forefathers, and are endeavoring to raise the standard of Canadian art and literature to compete with that of France. The great majority of those who have written in English upon Canada have noticed but slightly, if at all, the literature of the Canadians—a literature rich in beauty. The works of Valier, Bédard, De Gaspé, Lafontaine, Papineau, Garneau, Chaveau, Lemay, De Boucherville, Sulté, and Lemoine would of themselves form a library of historic interest. Nor have poets been wanting to Canada; from our own time, when we see Fréchette crowned by the Academy of Paris, back through the years of earlier writers of song, Quebec has produced many choice gems of poetry. The theme of the writers is usually their country and its bygone days. In the works of almost all we find loving mention of the old town, the cradle of the race, the scene of so much daring and devotedness. Nowhere is Quebec more beautifully referred to than in the following lines:

"Perché comme un aiglon sur le haut promontoire,
Baignant ses pieds de roc dans le fleuve géant,
Quebec voit ondoyer, symbole de sa gloire,
L'éclatante splendeur de son vieux drapeau blanc.

* Another explanation of Canadian loyalty to Britain at that epoch may be found in the bigoted action of our Continental Congress in declaring its "astonishment that a British parliament should ever consent to establish" liberty of Catholic worship, as the British parliament had been prudent enough to do in Canada. When the American Commissioners, including Father John Carroll (afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore) and Franklin, visited Canada to invite Canadian co-operation, the English very shrewdly had the American protests against toleration of Catholic worship printed and circulated among the Canadians.—Ed. C. W.

"Et, près du château fort, la jeune cathédrale
Fait monter vers le ciel son clocher radieux,
Et l'Angélus du soir, porté par la rafale
Aux échos de Beaupré, jette ses sous joyeux.

"Pensif dans son canot, que la vague balance,
L'Iroquois sur Quebec lance un regard de feu;
Toujours rêveur et sombre, il contemple en silence,
L'etendard de France et la croix du vrai Dieu."

Within the last few years manufactories of all sorts have been started in the province of Quebec; these, combined with the wealth of her mines, her fisheries, and her timber trade, will do much towards increasing the prosperity of the Dominion. The religious institutions are numerous and flourishing; eighteen different orders in the city of Montreal alone carry on their good works, while the numerous churches give that town the appearance of a stronghold of Catholicity. The universities of McGill and Laval are the pride of the Dominion, and the school system is so perfect as to cause envy to the Catholics of less-favored districts. A large and rapidly-increasing English population has grown up side by side with the French in Montreal, and the commercial wealth of the city is chiefly in the English coffers. English banks and offices cover the ground where the Huron and Iroquois fought in days gone by. Protestant churches are springing up over the city, radiant in their modern materialism and brand-new respectability, but they are very mushrooms compared with the foundations of the old régime. The Hôtel Dieu of Mlle. Mance, opened in 1634, yearly receives over 200 sufferers, gives relief to 3,000 outdoor patients, and takes charge of 100 orphans. The spiritual daughters of Sister Bourgeois (contemporary with Mlle. Mance), who founded the Congregation of Notre Dame, teach in Montreal alone 6,186 girls; it is estimated that in all their missions they instruct 17,200. The huge gray nunnery in the West End, with its devoted Sœurs Grises, who so tenderly care for hundreds of God's poor; the Providence Sisters, doing somewhat the same work in the East End; the lofty towers of the great parish church; the quaint old latticed windows of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, built in the days of Maisonneuve—these are monuments more abiding than the mushroom temples of a soulless religion. Let any one who has hopes of the downfall of Catholicity in Canada witness the Fête Dieu procession in Montreal; he will, after seeing the immense multitude who kneel to adore as "Jesus of Nazareth passes by," go home a wiser and we hope not a sadder

man. "Cast thy bread upon the waters: thou shalt find it again after many days"; so says the Book of books, the truth of whose words never fails. The church cast her bread upon the waters in sending to Canada her missionary heroes. Centuries have passed since the Jesuit fathers De Brébeuf and Lalemant perished at the stake, victims to the fiendish cruelty of the Iroquois; but the flames that lighted their path to paradise still shine, a beacon to those looking for the truth, and bear fruit in the Catholicity of the land in which they sowed the good seed. Their death, and that of Fathers de Nouë, Daniel, Chabanel, Garnier, and Jogues, rooted the faith. By the water's edge, in the forest clearing, on the mountain-side, the cross of the Catholic towers above all other works of man's hand. Over hill and dale, city and hamlet, rings out the Angelus bell, while the descendant of the white man and of the Indian alike worship that God for whose greater glory the pioneers of France braved the dangers of the forest wilds of Canada.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE AT DREI EICHEN.

NEAR the *Gräflich, Hoyos'chen Stadt Horn*,* in Lower Austria, among the Molderberg hills, stands the old church which contains the celebrated shrine of Our Lady, "Maria, Drei Eichen." Twice a year, in March at the festival of the Annunciation, and in September, the festival of Our Lady's Nativity, the peasants make a pilgrimage to this strange old church, while during the summer and autumn the aristocracy whose castles are within a day's drive of the shrine come with their families and attendants to receive Holy Communion from the priests at "Maria, Drei Eichen."

Last September, while visiting at one of the old castles in the neighborhood of Horn and Altenburg, the peasants' anniversary for a pilgrimage to the miraculous shrine occurred. It was the eve of the festival of the birth of Our Blessed Lady. A good old Catholic family had assembled on the castle terrace to watch the approach of the pilgrims, for whom the villagers, with the parish priest at their head, were waiting in the woodlands below. In the old stone court and along the moat servants and hunts-

* The town Horn, domain of the Counts Hoyos.

men were singing this old refrain as they smoked their evening pipes and watched the swallows flying southward:

> " Um Maria's Geburt
> Fliegen die Schwalben fort ;
> Um Maria's Verkundigung
> Fliegen die Schwalben herum." *

As the sun went down, and that wonderful rose-purple light of the *Alpenglühen* fell over the land, the banners of the pilgrim train rose over the hill, and the bright hues of their holiday apparel soon appeared through the hemlock grove. They had come from a long, long distance ; all that day they had journeyed up the eastern mountains, and a walk of six hours was still before them. Wayworn and weary they were, but at sight of the family on the castle terrace, and as the welcoming hymn of village pilgrims rose on the air, the strangers raised their voices, waved their banners, and commenced an old German choral which filled with magnificent anthem-tones the shadowy woodlands around.

A strange crowd it was: old women bending almost double under the weight of years and the cruel bodily pains they had long endured; old men on crutches or feebly following the tottering steps of tired little children over the moss and alpen violets of the hemlock groves through which they passed. And this was an old German Waldfährt, the " woodland journey" to the steps of the blessed shrine where pain and suffering would be healed through the sacrament of penance and the prayer of faith, where the world of daily life would be made brighter to the weary pilgrim for this his last glimpse, perchance, of the altar above the miraculous oak-tree.

When the pilgrims had passed from sight Monseigneur ——, chaplain to the family, called the children around him to instruct them more particularly upon the history of the shrine and the antiquity of the pilgrimage which they would join the following morning. The eldest among the younger members of the family had determined to leave the castle at midnight, and, attended by a guard of huntsmen, walk over to the Molderberg hill, on which we could see, dimly rising on the horizon, the towers of the old church. The little children, with their governesses

* " On Maria's birthday
The swallows fly away ;
At the Annunciation
The swallows come back again."

and tutors, would drive over in the morning, while the chaplain, after reading Mass for the household, would also drive over to the church in time for the nine o'clock High Mass.

Following the children, I went to the garden below the terrace, where monseigneur had taken his favorite place in a clematis arbor and opened their favorite story-book of legend and poem.

"Drei Eichen, children—do you know the story?" he asked.

They knew it as children know things, fragmentarily, faintly, and forgetfully.

"Once more, then, let me tell it to you," said the father, smiling; "some of my children may never have heard it." He glanced at me standing under the clematis sprays, and motioned to me to join the little group on the moss-bank beside his rustic bench.

This is the story he told us:

In the year 1658 there lived in the little town of Horn a pious, God-fearing citizen; he was by trade a furrier, and his name was Mathias Weinburger.

In a small room opening off from his shop he had a "Vesper picture" of the Blessed Virgin, formed out of wax, and before this a lamp was kept burning. Every evening when the Angelus rang from the turret of the convent he knelt with his household before the shrine and repeated the rosary of Our Lady. At last he became very ill, and his illness continued for so long a time that his business failed and his poor family found no means of earning their daily bread. More earnestly than ever the good man prayed before his beloved picture; and here one night, after many hours spent in prayer, he fell asleep and dreamed that the Blessed Virgin appeared to him with the crucified Saviour resting in her lap. She spoke and told him to take her picture into the neighboring hills of the Molderberg, and place it upon an oak-tree which rose in three separate stems from the root, and there found a shrine free to all.

The poor man could not at first endure the thought of parting with his loved picture; but he was too earnest a Catholic to withstand such a request from Our Blessed Lady, even when it had been made known through the uncertainty of a dream. He determined to carry the picture into the mountains and search for the designated spot. From the moment he made this decision his strength gradually returned, and in a few days he was able to attend to the business of his trade. Success attended him in all things, but it drove the dream and his promise from his mind. One day, returning from Eggenburg, where he had gone

to purchase furs, he lost his way in the Molderberg hills. He wandered about until, overcome with fatigue, he sank down upon the earth and slept. Again he dreamed. Before him was a throne brilliant as sunlight, and he heard the sound of harps, and sweet, soft voices singing. He suddenly awoke and found himself at the foot of a cedar-tree, and before him an oak through which the wind was softly blowing. He did not heed that it rose from the root in three separate branches, but before he could leave his place at the foot of the cedar he fell asleep again. Thunder rolled and lightning flashed around him; then he dreamed of an oak-tree rising before him in three separate stems, to which he clung for support. The fearful noise of the thunder awoke him. He sprang up from the earth. The evening was calm and still; no sound, save the Angelus floating up from the valley. He looked around him; before him stood an oak-tree—yes, it was the oak-tree of his dream: three oaks in one. Full of shame and sorrow over his broken vow, he turned his steps homeward toward the valley from whence the Angelus called him to vesper prayer. The next day he placed his beloved picture on the oak, and there it remained for many years. Its fame spread far and wide; hundreds of lame, halt, and blind came hither and were healed. Through some unforeseen accident the tree took fire and the picture melted. Fresh branches sprang from the spot where fire had destroyed the oak, and this was taken as a sign that God wished a perpetual shrine established here. With the permission of the Benedictine monastery and convent of Altenburg and the consent of Philip Joseph, Count Hoyos, a small stone chapel was built. But this was far too small to contain the crowds of pilgrims who came with votive offerings to the shrine. In 1744 Count and Countess Hoyos laid the foundation of the present splendid church, and from that time to this very day crowds of pilgrims and suffering, afflicted peasants make their "woodland journey" to the shrine at Three Oaks.

As the priest's story ended the Angelus rang from village cross * and castle turret. Every one knelt—not merely the children gathered about monseigneur, but the old countess on the terrace balcony laid her knitting aside, and the gardener with his assistant, busy among the flower-beds, took off their caps and knelt until the bells had ceased their vesper call. In Austrian Catholic families the observance of the Angelus is especially re-

* In the centre of Austrian villages a small wayside chapel is placed at the foot of the "Cross," and the Angelus rings here at seven o'clock in winter and eight o'clock in summer.

markable; in all parts of the Austrian Empire, indeed, work is laid aside, conversation ceases, and the family and guests, if they do not kneel, keep silence until the bell stops ringing.

The moon rose over the Molderberg hills an hour before midnight, and when we set out upon our pilgrimage from the castle, valley and woodlands were filled with pure, soft light. The mild September night-winds just stirred the hemlocks around the castle walls, and the pine forest before us began a sweet, low music, as if to remind us we should raise our voices in a hymn of praise. An exquisite hymn learned long years ago rose to memory, and, although it was the birth-eve of Our Blessed Lady, we sang the "Christmas Cradle Song":

> "Silent night! Holy night!
> All is calm, all is bright
> Round the Virgin Mother and Child.
> Holy Infant, so tender, so mild!
> Sleep in heavenly peace."

Singing through the woodlands, resting beside the mountain brooks flowing down from the hills in silver pathways, our eyes raised to the golden crosses of the church-towers before us, we gained the beech groves and the jewelled garnet rocks of this hillside long ago consecrated by the mysterious three oaks. The faint rose-light of early dawn flushed all the eastern heaven as we knelt upon the threshold of the grand old church, now completely crowded by the poor peasants who had come from every direction to seek pardon and peace or to gain relief from sickness and pain. It was a long, long time before we could find a confessional free. The peasants knelt in double rows before them; and although among those waiting were peeresses of the realm, they all were too good Catholics not to see the need of equality there, and humbly awaited their turn.

The church is in the form of a Greek cross with apsidal terminations; in each arm of the cross altars are placed. Under the high altar the original oak-tree root is still preserved, and behind this altar is a treasure-room where the thank-offerings are kept. After High Mass, and while waiting for our breakfast, which was to be served at the primitive roadside inn (kept only for the accommodation of humble pilgrims to Drei Eichen), we visited the treasure-room of the church. From jewelled coronets and pearl necklaces of priceless worth, offerings of gold and silver hearts, hands, and feet, these votive *in-memoriams* descend to simple knots of ribbon, a baby's shoe, or a little pewter finger-ring. As we

looked at these latter I seemed to hear the echo of His voice who blessed the poor widow's offering; yes, truly in their poverty they had given their all.

Here, as at all miracle-working shrines in Europe, besides the votive pictures and tablets, the walls are covered with crutches, useless now by the recovery of the owner, and little iron supporting-shoes which poor children who have been healed once wore. We had not time to examine all the superb priestly vestments and altar decorations, nor the masterpieces of painting and frescoes on the walls and the interior of the dome, before being summoned to our breakfast. It was served in the grandest apartment of the little inn, a large dormitory on the second floor. Eight small beds, with plump *bettdecke* (down coverlids) covered with pink calico, lined the walls. A square table of red cedar-wood in the centre of the room was covered with our breakfast, consisting of coffee, honey, and large, oval-shaped rolls called *wecken. Eierspeise* (a kind of omelette) was clamorously called for by the children, and we, who had walked since midnight, were glad to find some hot beef-soup served in covered cups.

We spent the morning wandering through the woodlands and over the hills surrounding the church. These woods abound in wayside crosses and small chapels, some of them raised over a hundred years ago. A wayside cross on the road leading to Horn has the date 1675, and the figures of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph sculptured thereon are still in a good state of preservation. An old sun-dial on the southeastern wall of the church bears the words of the Psalmist: "*A solis ortu usque ad occasum laudabile nomen Domini.*" The rocks are filled with garnets, which the children and maids gathered most diligently. Polished and made into rosaries, they serve as very lovely souvenirs of the shrine. During the pilgrimage days small booths are built near the church, in which sacred pictures, rosaries, crosses, and candles are sold as souvenirs to the peasants. No pilgrim would think of returning home without some small gift or picture for his friends and neighbors.

In the afternoon we drove to Altenburg, in order to attend Benediction at the celebrated Benedictine abbey. To reach this place from Drei Eichen we passed the town of Horn and two of the grand old castles of the Hoyos family. The most modern of these buildings is of a light cream-colored stone, and, with its parks and gardens, covers a space quite as large as the old village of Horn beside it. Everywhere the escutcheon, surmounted by a count's coronet, is seen. At both ends of the village street, besides

the crucifix which always stands at the entrance of an Austrian village, are old broken stone statues of an ancestor of the family Hoyos, and beyond the present castle are two immense round towers, moss-covered and almost crumbled to decay, but supporting still the bastioned wall showing where the original castle stood. The Ritterschloss of Rosenberg, another of the Hoyos estates, is situated on the extreme point of a woodland promontory, the rocks on one side going down four hundred feet to the plain, through which flows a small stream called the Kampfluss. Legends innumerable are told of this rock wall, and a weird, wild place it is. It seems like a small village perched on the mountain; but it is all one building, joined together by gray stone bastions, from which rise circular towers and fortress turrets covered with lichens and ferns waving like plumes in every breath of wind. It is the nearest point to the old Benedictine abbey at Altenburg, founded in the year 1050 by Countess Hildberg von Rebigan and her son, Count Hermann von Buige. This monastery and convent surpass in size and magnificence of interior decoration any abbey in Austria. The cloisters extend around double courts, each eight hundred feet square. Vespers and Benediction were just beginning as we were admitted to the church. It is a strangely-shaped building, perfectly oval in form, and lighted from the dome by curiously-colored glass. There is a fine rose-window above the organ, frescoes and pictures innumerable cover the walls, and a tomb of sculptured marble in the choir marks the burial-place of the saintly countess who gave this magnificent property to the church. The convent is especially rich in missals. Several old books containing Gregorian chants, from whence the priests still intone the service, were shown to us after Benediction. They were written on vellum in green, blue, and red inked lines. The *longæ* and *breves* were purple and black, while the responses were evidently of older date than the others; they were lined in brown, and the musical notation, the *commæ* and *numæ*, were of a brilliant red hue.

The corridors of the building, into which we entered from the sacristy, seemed miles in length. One of the shorter corridors, through which we passed on our way to the guest-chambers, was exquisitely beautiful. The walls were of pale lilac covered with white traceries of ferns, and angels, bending down from the ceiling, weaved garlands of lilies all through these traceries. The interior of the building is extremely rich in stucco-work. The apartments set aside for guests are about fifty in number. Twelve of them were in perfect order, furnished and ready to be

occupied. We walked through all of these rooms just to see the ceilings. They are covered with elaborate designs in stucco-work, no two alike except in general outline, so as to preserve the dome-like arch and renaissance panelling of the sixteenth century, at which period this wing of the monastery was added.

On our way to the library we passed through a corridor containing the portraits of all the abbots from St. Hermann (Count de Buige), the first abbot and founder, to the present day. They were all numbered, and their names painted upon small tablets fastened to the frame, with Latin inscriptions and strangely abbreviated words which, we were told, explained the history of their lives. Some of them looked more like soldiers than priests, for they held swords. One picture, dated 1123, might have passed for a portrait of Sir Galahad; the face was full of spiritual beauty, too pure and holy for earthly life. The name was painted out in black, but a coroneted card fastened to the frame had the word "Gottfried" traced in small German characters.

The library is one of the most artistic and scholarly of apartments. It is a room of magnificent proportions; it seems like the nave of a church, for besides the tall, second pointed lancet-windows, which overlook the surrounding mountains and plains, the room is lighted from two immense circular domes. The first of these is filled with a fresco of the Queen of Saba's visit to Solomon; the second has for its subject the marriage in Cana of Galilee. Bookcases and pictures line the walls of the room from floor to ceiling, while through the centre of the apartment are placed tables and desks containing journals and periodicals of the day, with all necessary writing and drawing materials. In large glass cases under the domes are placed valuable missals and illuminated MSS. of the eleventh century. A huge tower of circular steps is used to reach the books on the higher shelves; it rolls along in little iron grooves, so it can be easily pushed from one bookcase to another.

The reverend father who showed us the building opened some of the glass cases and bookshelves for us. We found many of the earlier works of the Aldine and Plantin-Moretus presses, but most interesting of all was a Bible printed at Venice in 1576, exquisitely illustrated by illuminations painted by hand. There was another, also from Venice, printed from wooden types and containing colored wood-cuts. A missal of St. Benedict was an exquisite piece of thirteenth-century workmanship. It was on parchment, the capital letters in gold laid on miniature-like landscapes in which woodlands, flowers, and castle turrets were so

naturally colored that it seemed like a painted photograph. A geography of twelve tomes folio, printed in Amsterdam in 1560, with maps clearly drawn and finely colored, was a curiosity of erroneous ideas, as it so vaguely defined the boundaries of countries as they exist in our time. The superb missals and old, yellow MSS. shown us were so hastily explained by the reverend father that it was impossible to remember more than the shadow of their beauty. The views from the windows of this monastery are singularly extensive. The Ritterschloss of Rosenberg looks like a toy castle from the heights of Altenburg. The library, built in 1700, is situated in the eastern portion of the building, and overlooks the valley and the Molderberg hills; from its western windows are seen the cloisters and gardens of the oldest part of the convent—the portion of this immense abbey reserved for the Benedictine nuns cloistered there. We were not allowed to see the sisters—not even to enter any part of their property; they were iron-barred off from everybody. The only sign we had of their living were the exquisite flowers on the window-ledges of their iron-barred windows.

From the library we went down to the crypt on the ground floor. It is intended to contain the tombs of the abbots, but as yet no one has been buried there. It seemed strangely gaudy for a mortuary chapel: the walls are curiously frescoed in polychrome representing tropical vegetation, astrological signs, and Egyptian hieroglyphics. From the gorgeous coloring of the crypt we passed through vaulted cloister-walks into the great garden, charmingly laid out, partly in the French style of clipped hedges and forest trees, partly in the German arbor-walks and shadowy nooks very tempting to students; while beyond the orangery, considered the finest in Austria, English landscape-gardening and parterres of American hollyhocks, nasturtiums, and double poppies filled the green openings of the woodlands with a dazzling blaze of color.

Our carriages awaited us as we returned to the great portal of the abbey, but we were not allowed to leave before partaking of the evening *Vesperbrod.* It was served in the great reception-room, which had once been the *Rittersaal.* These apartments, found only in old Austrian castles, are rarely opened to strangers, as are the knightly halls of other lands. They are built and decorated on a scale of magnificence hard to comprehend in the present day. The great oak table laden with massive silver urns from which flowed coffee of purest amber; richly-carved bread-trenchers with white rolls and dark brown *Hausbrod;* crocus and cowslip blooms made of butter laid upon green leaves; tall

crystal vases with delicately carved armorial bearings, filled with wine; and Sèvres porcelain upon which ducal and princely coronets were emblazoned, heaped with cold viands far too numerous to mention, arrested our first glance, but, hunger and thirst duly satisfied, the superb hall claimed every attention.

The arched ceiling contained a fine fresco, "Aurora banishing Night." On either side the room is a huge open fireplace, above which the walls are panelled in black marble arched toward the ceiling, while the intervening spaces are filled with mythological pictures in stucco-work; but from the floor, the distance at which we see it, it seems of marble or Caen stone. "Aurora greeting Phœbus" adorned the arched panel on one side of the room, while "Endymion, with Diana the Huntress led toward him by Cupid" formed the subject of the other side. Above these graceful *alto-relievo* suggestions of Day and Night was stucco scale-work of white and gold, while from the golden coronet at the top of the arch fell a stucco drapery of white curtains, which, parting in the middle, displayed on the scale-work the escutcheon of the family who had donated this castle.

Over the four great doorways on either side the fireplaces are colossal figures. One represents "War," a figure seated on cannon and spears; marble cushions bearing laurel wreaths and golden spurs surmount the huge column door-posts. "Renown," a figure grasping a sword, kneels among trumpets and drums, helmet and gauntlets, cast down on the marble cushions. "Fame" stands upon trumpets, crowns and palms at her feet; even in those days artists rightly apprehended "Fame," for the crowns have thorns, and the branches lying beside them reminded us of the martyr's palm! "Power," a figure in armor, is seated on a throne formed of Roman battle-axes, imperial and kingly crowns at its feet.

The sunset light falling through the western windows filled this strange old hall with a dreamy violet haze; it came from a purple cross high up in the traceries of the middle lancet; the crystal and silver of the table reflected the hue; the golden decorations of the splendid room paled and grew dim; sudden silence fell upon us all. The great doors were thrown open; we arose to take leave of our kind host, but our voices were hushed, for streaming down the long marble corridor before us came the sweet tones of the Benediction Hymn:

"Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui."

The nuns were at Vespers in their convent chapel.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORDS OF COMFORT TO PERSECUTED CATHOLICS. Written in exile, anno 1607. Letters from a cell in Dublin Castle, and Diary of the Bohemian War of 1620. By Father Henry Fitzimon, priest of the Society of Jesus. Illustrated from contemporary documents, correspondence of Irish Jesuits, and government officials. With a sketch of his life by Edmund Hogan, priest of the same society. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1881. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

The life of an Irish or English Jesuit during the first century or two after the so-called Reformation was a busy and exciting one in the extreme. A Jesuit in those times was nearly always "a Jesuit in disguise." In and out of prison, now known as Mr. This, now as Mr. That, sometimes acting as valet to a Catholic nobleman or gentleman so as to avoid the Puritan spies, the Jesuits, and the religious of the various orders in that day, were put to their wits' end for the means to minister to the harassed Catholics. Yet with all their hard work these missionaries found time to write a good deal. And there is no trace of maudlin sentiment in their writing. Their English, when they write in English, is of the vigorous, strongly-flavored sort that characterized Elizabeth's and James I.'s time—this in spite of Macaulay's sneers at the English of Catholic controversialists toward the latter end of the seventeenth century, by which time most of the Irish and English Catholics who were allowed to get an education at all had been educated on the Continent.

It was no trifling thing in those times not to be "Reformed." The following list of fines imposed for not attending the Protestant church service, taken entire from the return of the "Court of Exchequer, Trinity Term, fourth of James I. [that is, 1606], Munster," as quoted by Father Hogan, will give some idea of "what it cost" then to be a Catholic in and about Cork:

Wm. Sarsfield, Mayor of Cork, fined in	£100
Edmd. Galwey, gent., ...	60
Edmd. Murrough, merchant, ...	60
Thos. Coppinger, gent., ...	60
Henry Gold Fitz Adam, merchant, . .	50
John Tyrry fiz Francis [sic], merchant,	50
Walter Coppinger, gent., ...	100
Andrew Galwey, gent. (exonerated because *sese conformavit*), ...	£50
Jeffrey Galwey, Sovereign of Kinsale,	100
Philip Roche, of same, burgess, . . .	50
Jas. Meagh, " " . . .	50
Robert Meagh, " " . . .	50
Patrick Martell, " " . . .	40

It is well to remember, as Father Hogan reminds us, that a shilling (and a pound) in Elizabeth's time represented about twelve times as much as now.

Father Hogan deserves thanks for this interesting volume on the labors of Father Fitzimon, the irrepressible and adventurous Irish Jesuit, who was such a terror to some of the "Reforming" controversialists of his time. Father Fitzimon's letters, too, written while he was chaplain to the Austrian army in the campaigns against the Bohemians, are exceedingly bright. All these have been gathered together in this volume.

ENGLAND WITHOUT AND WITHIN. By Richard Grant White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

The people of our country represent every race of the Old World, yet they are for the most part all alike firm in their devotion to our political institutions. But as long as there exist communities or sections of the American people tracing an unmixed descent from particular European races we shall have disputes as to what constitutes an "American." German, or Irish, or English, or French, or Dutch, or Scandinavian, or Spanish, whatever our origin, we seem to think that our element, whichever it may be, has done the most for the development and the welfare of the country, and that it has the capabilities of being the most useful in the future. To be sure, a few generations will so mix up the American people—the mixture has already taken place in some parts—that, except for language and surnames, the Americans of the time to come may be inclined to look upon themselves as aborigines.

In the meantime the emulation goes on. So far the English-Americans, with whom, if the truth were told, are confused many of Irish, and Scotch, and French descent, show the largest amount of this rather harmless vanity, and, the accident of language being in their favor, they have to all appearances the advantage, for the present at least. Certain writers and speakers there are who make a specialty of reminding us that we are a people of "English blood," that our "kin beyond sea" are the English, and the English only, and so forth. It is true most of these "Anglo-Saxons" in theory are to be found very close to the Atlantic coast, but it is also true that shrewd English politicians, with an eye, perhaps, to future contingencies, have gaily taken up the refrain and are disposed to make us believe, whether or no, that we are their first cousins.

A rather amusing instance of this pushing forward of one's particular race as the race *par excellence* of the United States is given in Mr. White's book. Mr. White is apparently prouder of the fact that he is of "English blood" than he is of being a Christian. Indeed, he is not proud at all of the people he calls "Americans," always writing the word with inverted commas. "Americans," as such, are not his countrymen. He says: "When I speak of my countrymen I mean only those whose families were here at the time of the Revolution." And for fear he might not have made himself absurd enough he says again: "I saw and have written from a Yankee's point of view, applying the term Yankee necessarily to the descendants of those to whom it was originally and peculiarly applied, in whatever part of the country they may now dwell"—that is, to the descendants of the New England colonists. Very many genuine Yankees will no doubt object to being called Mr. White's "countrymen" on such terms. Some of "our most select people," however, especially the descendants of Tories, will not object.

Americans who make the tour of Europe may be divided into several classes. First, there are the amusing, and to some perhaps exasperating, barbarians who have no reverence for mere pompousness, and who stare at the dignified personages of the Old World very much as the invading Gauls did at the venerable senators of Rome. There are the triflers who go to kill time and to amuse themselves. Then there are the observant and

more or less intelligent sort who go to learn. In addition to these there are the poor, unhappy people who are continually apologizing for the rude and unsophisticated ways of their countrymen and charging it all upon the terrible vulgarity of "foreigners." Mr. White writes from the point of view of these last. Most of his book has already appeared in the shape of contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

But in spite of all this Mr. White's book will be found both entertaining and instructive, though probably neither the entertainment nor the instruction will be found just where Mr. White intended to have them found. And he would have rendered his book more intelligible even to most of his "countrymen," we are sure, had he furnished a glossary of the words peculiar to England which he has taken such pains to drag in. The most innocent of these words are such as "luggage" for baggage, and "shop" for store.

SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF DOMINICAN SAINTS OF OLDEN TIMES. By M. K. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This unpretending little volume is a model in its way. Its style and spirit show forth the deep spiritual and interior appreciation of the subjects sketched. The object of the writer seems to have been to supply those accustomed to attend churches and chapels served by the Dominicans with brief notices of the saints and the earlier beatified members of the order whose festivals are celebrated on days set apart during the year; or, as it is beautifully expressed in the preface: "Like ancient families in the world, who generally possess a picture-gallery of their ancestors, so the old Dominican Order also has its portrait series, which we are now going to examine."

We venture the remark that it will be read with interest, profit, and delight by all good Catholics, whether they happen to be acquainted with Dominican churches or not. The chaste yet distinct portraiture of the most distinguished men and women of that religious family; their burning zeal for Christian truth manifested in the heroism of apostleship, in the blood of martyrdom, in the highest types of art and science, in the beautiful friendship between them and the Franciscans, will be found engraven deeply on these pages.

GLEANINGS FROM OUR OWN FIELDS. Being selections from Catholic American Poets. By George F. Phelan. New York: P. O'Shea, agent. 1881.

If wealth of the imagination is proof of the richness of literature Catholics need feel no great fear of holding their own in the United States, for in this small volume we have the names of thirty-two poets, native and to the manner born, and doubtless there are many who will complain that the list is far from complete. But, as Mr. Phelan explains in an introductory note, he failed to obtain permission to print the poems of certain writers. To begin with, he has wisely sought for minor poems only, though two or three of these are somewhat ambitious in their aim.

It is a little volume that we predict will be well received, and looks like

one that will be even more valuable and be more sought for in some years to come than now. The very fact, indeed, that an anthology of Catholic American poetry can already be published is inspiring indeed.

THE LIFE AND REVELATIONS OF SAINT GERTRUDE, VIRGIN AND ABBESS, OF THE ORDER OF ST. BENEDICT. By the author of *St. Francis and the Franciscans*, etc. New edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1881.

It is now some fifteen years since this *Life* of the great Benedictine saint of the thirteenth century was first published, and its author, the accomplished and learned, no less than indefatigable, Sister Mary Francis Clare, has in the meantime become known to the Christian world at large by her charitable and patriotic efforts in behalf of the poor and suffering of her country.

So far as we see, no alterations have been made in this edition. The *Life* is one of those books destined to be in perpetual demand. The public, once having known it, will not likely let it ever remain long out of print.

ENGLISH HISTORY READERS. No. 1. Stories from English history. By T. J. Livesey, Hammersmith Training-College, author of *The Primer of English History, How to Teach Reading*, etc., etc. For Standard II. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

If any one should ask us how could English history be treated without introducing Catholicity, or "sectarian" religion in any form, we should at once refer him to these *Stories from English History* as a striking example of how a book on English history, published by a Catholic house, written, presumably, by a Catholic, and intended for use under what is, we believe, a Catholic normal school, could solve the difficulty. The word *Catholic* does not occur once in its pages, and all such undoubtedly Catholic personages as St. Dunstan and St. Thomas à Becket are prudently omitted. The same prudence, we may add, carefully omits all reference to so Catholic a fact as Ireland. The "story" of the conversion of England tells just half the truth, if even that much. This may be "unsectarian" history, but it is false to facts, emasculated, and unfit for use among Catholic children.

A NAMELESS NOBLEMAN. Round-Robin Series. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

It is a pity that a writer with so much talent for constructing an interesting story as is the author of the above could not have kept clear of matters of which she—for the writer is evidently of the novel-writing sex—is not well informed. The idea of introducing an unscrupulous priest, who uses all sorts of doubtful means to accomplish what to him may appear a legitimate end, was worn threadbare a century ago. But the great evil of introducing Catholicity in the ignorant but apparently serious and well-meaning way that is followed in this book is that simple-minded novel-readers are given very false impressions of the one religion that is capable of putting a strong check to the-end-justifies-the-means maxim—a maxim which, instead of being the maxim of the Jesuits, or of Catholicity under any form, is the constant practice of the enemies of Catholicity and of Christianity in general.

Carroll O'Donoghue: a tale of the Irish struggles of 1866 and of recent times. By Christine Faber, author of *Ambition's Contest, Fickle Fortune.* New York: Peter F. Collier. 1881.

A fairly interesting story of the Fenian outbreak in the southwest of Ireland. But the writer has evidently followed too much in the conventional way of these stories, and one is constantly reminded of some of Mr. Boucicault's dramatic efforts. Besides, the "brogue" is not accurate, nor is the dialect. No Kerryman says, for instance, "yez" for "you"—that is a Leinster pronunciation—most likely he would say "ye." And no Irishman says "intoirely" for "entirely," Thackeray to the contrary notwithstanding.

There is, by the way, a fine field open for some one who is competent for the task to trace the connection between the so-called Irish brogue and the various pronunciations of English in Elizabeth's and James I.'s time, when the English language first began to be generally spoken in certain parts of Ireland.

Apostolical Succession. Rt. Rev. S. V. Ryan, D.D. (Second edition.) Buffalo: Catholic Publication Co. 1881.

This very neat second edition of the admirable works of Bishop Ryan has been improved by some corrections and references to authorities quoted, and we wish it may have the general circulation and receive from Episcopalians the careful attention it deserves.

Pennsylvania Railroad Co. Summer Excursion Routes. Season of 1881.

This is the usual summer enticement for those who are sweltering with the heat in the great cities of the North. Here we have page after page that, amid the dry-looking figures of time-tables, suggest mountain, and forest, and clear streams with pebbly bottoms, and fresh, sweet air, and relaxation generally.

A Question. The idyl of a picture by his friend Alma Tadema. Related by Georg Ebers. From the German by Mary J. Safford. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 1881.

A finished little picture of Sicily in the old pagan times, having all the fidelity to life that is in general characteristic of Prof. Ebers' beautiful stories. Miss Safford's translation is so well done that one almost altogether forgets in reading it that it is a translation.

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THROUGH RITUALISM TO ROME.

SOME years ago, whilst I was leading a life which was entirely uninfluenced by religion, I was attracted to Ritualism. At this time my life was a purely worldly one. I was going a great deal into fashionable London society, and my higher tastes were merely literary; the people, too, with whom I was intimate, and who were superior to the fashionable world, were simply cultivated sceptics. I had no spiritual feelings or desires, and, although keenly interested in theological and religious disputes, my interest was entirely intellectual. I enjoyed reading controversy, and my sympathies were generally on the sceptical side in such reading. Faith I had none; not only did I not understand what was meant by the word as used by Catholics, but even of what passes amongst Protestants for faith I had none. I thought that I might criticise and differ from the Bible; the Prayer-book had no hold on me; the opinion of no clergyman weighed with me; my conceit was unbounded. I considered myself superior to creeds, and looked down somewhat contemptuously on the crowd of angry and eager disputants around me, all fighting for the supremacy of that which they held to be the truth. I thought, perhaps, that each party might possess one item of the truth whilst claiming to teach the whole, or that truth was only truth to those who could receive it, and that truth was as many-sided as human nature. Naturally such ideas were too vague and indefinite to influence my life or conduct.

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There was, however, always one exception that I made, one religion that even in my ridiculously presumptuous days I looked upon with respect and I vaguely wished to belong to, and that was the Catholic religion. I admired the consistency of the church, her uncompromising attitude. I perfectly understood the hold that she has over her children, the spirit of real obedience which she implants in them, and the manner in which she guides and directs them from the cradle to the grave—a direction which even as a Protestant I desired, and for which I instinctively longed whenever I found myself in any difficulty. My idea, though misty, was something of this sort: "We can be certain of nothing in this world, and therefore we cannot know absolute truth. Higher natures require no help from creed or priest. They do right naturally; but I feel that I have not got a higher nature, and therefore external helps would be of use to me. In the Catholic Church such helps are to be found, and therefore I wish that I had been born a Catholic or could see my way to become one." But at this time I had no intention that my vague wish should lead to definite action. I was not prepared to make any sacrifice at all for religion—I cared too little about it. I attended one service at church on Sundays, and this was about all I did for religion. I never prayed, nor studied spiritual books, nor even read my Bible. Of course I had heard much about Ritualism, but it had not interested me. I thought it was merely an absurd imitation of Catholicity.

I was in this state of mind when a faint and indistinct wish awoke within me to go to Communion. I cannot say whence it came. It arose before I was brought into contact with Anglicanism, and I cannot account for it. I did not like there and then to go to the altar, I knew so little about what was necessary by way of preparation. I thought, however, that as I was I could not be fit to join in what all sects agreed to consider a very solemn service.

Whilst I was hesitating and wishing for help and advice (it is noteworthy that it never occurred to me to apply to the clergyman whose church I attended, but who was personally unknown to me) I unexpectedly met and became intimate with an advanced Ritualist; and I do not wish to avoid the confession of what I now see plainly, though at the time less distinctly, that for some time from this date my religious life was entirely influenced by this friend. He was what I then thought a strange combination—a holy and a pleasant man, one whom it was impossible to dislike or not to respect, and yet at the same time he was a decided

Ritualist. I had thought that Ritualists were mere triflers; but, as usual, exaggerated and uncharitable judgments are followed and punished by reaction.

I was glad of the opportunity of personally hearing about Ritualism—a subject which just then half-filled the papers; and the more I heard the greater was the hold which that system took on me. Here then at last, I thought, was a dogmatic religion—something that asserted truth and did not simply deny error; something that built up for itself and was not content with pulling down its neighbor's work. I was in the state of mind to catch hold of some definite thing. The rope held out to me was Anglicanism, and I seized it. My will was enlisted on its side, and I wished to believe all that the High-Church party taught. I may here say that even now I do not see that I was to blame in trying to believe that alone to be true which I wished should be true. The Prayer-book is so contradictory that a member of the Church of England (and at this time I had no thought of leaving the Establishment) must first make up his mind what he intends to see in it and to which part he means to attach importance, or its perusal will leave him in greater doubt and bewilderment than he was before he opened its pages. The two ideas which took possession of me were, first, a belief in the Real Presence, and then a belief in the virtue and usefulness of going to confession. In studying the Prayer-book I dwelt exclusively on the passages which sanctioned these two views, and simply ignored those which denied them.

I was not, however, long content with the mere study of what are called "church principles." Action, I felt, must follow. I had sufficient Catholic instinct to know that if I wished to go to Communion I ought, if I believed in it, to go first to confession. But this I looked on as a sort of putting my hand to the plough. If I went to confession and Communion I realized that I should be launched into a life from which I could not turn back without serious falling away. I hesitated, and yet was attracted by the system. The more I studied Ritualism the more I thought it like Catholicism. In fact, I thought it would make me a Catholic without involving the sacrifice which all have to make who are received into the church. I at length fully made up my mind that going to confession would do me a great deal of good; but at this point I became rather nervous. I knew no clergyman to whom I could go, nor how to make a confession, nor anything about it. I felt assured, however, that I had only to make an effort and these difficulties would vanish; so at last I made a sort

of bargain with myself. I much enjoyed religious conversations with my Ritualist friend, and I wished to have one on the subject of confession. I therefore said to myself: "Now, if you like you may start the subject, but if you do so it must be for a practical purpose. If you speak of it at all you must not shirk the natural result of the conversation; you must go to confession yourself." I did start the subject, and after that I felt bound to go to a clergyman for confession and ask him to hear me. I could not break faith with myself.

This determination was the turning-point in my religious life. After having once been to confession and Communion my whole heart and mind and wishes changed. I became as anxious to do right as before I had been careless; to strive as zealously to be devout as before I had been indifferent. I threw myself, so far as I was able, with all my energy into the High-Church movement. I went to church as often as possible; visited the poor; sincerely tried to mend my faults and to be kind and pleasant and unselfish with others. I now gradually began to learn all that eventually made me a Catholic. Looking back on my life, I cannot think that, as a fact, I should ever have become a Catholic straight from infidelity. I think, without a miracle, it would have been impossible that I could have made so great a change without any intermediate step, or that I should have been given the strength necessary when I was leading a literally godless life—a life without prayer and without sacraments, which, though, as I now see, not bringing of themselves the grace I imagined, still, by the care and zeal and fervor with which I prepared for them, were means of real grace to me.

I now read a great deal of High-Church literature, and I took all that I read on faith. I really believed that the Prayer-book ordered the most advanced ritual; and though for a short time I was doubtful as to its teaching the Real Presence, I read only such books as dispelled my doubts. I thought exclusively of the "verily and indeed" in the catechism, to the exclusion of the "Black Rubric" in the Communion office and of the Thirty-nine Articles. I remember once asking a prominent Ritualist clergyman what *was* the difference between the Roman Catholic and the Anglican doctrine touching the Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. He told me *there was none*. He was supposed to be an honest man; he had certainly signed the Articles; and yet he can hardly have been ignorant of the creed of Pope Pius V. The "Black Rubric" was a great stumbling-block to me for a while. I saw in it then what I now again see—a distinct repudiation of

the doctrine of the Presence of our Lord's Body in the Blessed Sacrament. However, I read, and read uncritically, High-Church explanations of it; though these explanations, if I remember rightly, only amounted to the statement that at one period of its existence the Rubric in question had been even more Protestant than to-day. I was told that once it was positively heretical, but that now a Catholic could accept it; and I tried to feel satisfied. Then I would stifle doubt by thinking: "Surely what satisfies Keble and Pusey ought to satisfy you? You must believe something about the sacrament; and if you follow the catechism you may believe in the Real Presence. If another part of the Prayer-book seems to deny it, theologians can explain away the apparent denial. You are no theologian, and you must be content to take their word for what is obscure to you." If the thought came to me that such churchmen as Dean Close and Dean Stanley could accept the catechism, and that therefore some "explanation" which allowed of their doing so must be possible of the words which to me were "a strong rock and a defence," I would argue: "Yes; but such guides as Low and Broad Churchmen are I cannot follow, for they would forbid my going to confession; and though all else may be vague and uncertain, that confession has done me good I am morally convinced."

I thought and was taught that Protestant ideas were gradually dying out, and that soon no view but the High-Church interpretation of the Prayer-book would be taken by any one. Ritualists were jubilant in those days; people were beginning to take a good deal of notice of them. On all sides were heard such sayings as these: "Give us but two years and we will convert England"; "Bring us before the courts and you will see who has the law on their side"; "A fair field and no favor is all we ask"; and I simply believed them all. Anglicanism had been of such great service to me that I felt bound to trust it; and I had an unmeasured enthusiasm for Ritualism and Ritualists which was unquestioning and uncritical. I usually attended the services at an East End, London, church, which I will call St. Philip's. It was a new mission church, situated in a poor and unattractive neighborhood. I respected its clergy, though personally they were unknown to me. I admired their devoted lives, living as they did in a most miserable corner of London; and the Sisters of Mercy who helped them I thought equally admirable. It would have cost me so much to live as they lived that I thought they suffered as in their place I should have suffered. I was still very ignorant. This was the only religion of which I knew anything,

and it seemed to me to give supernatural power to lead perfect lives. I did not know or think about equally good Protestants, who of course exist. I knew Catholics aimed at perfection—a perfection of which the Ritualist's ideal is but a shadow, as I now see; but then I thought: "Here are English churchmen, without making the sacrifice which is necessary in order to become Catholic, yet enjoying the same sacraments and doing the same good work."

The services and music at St. Philip's were very beautiful. I could look and listen and imagine myself to be in a Catholic church, as I have never been able to do in any other Anglican church. This seemed to give the whole thing what in those days I called a "reality," though, as I now see, it was only the perfection of Catholic imitation. Every little ceremonial act copied from what I had seen abroad, which was added to the Anglican service, gave me distinct pleasure—a pleasure I now look back on as childish and contemptible. I am half amused, but a great deal more ashamed, when I recall to mind the satisfaction which I felt when I first saw the three clergy at "High Mass" (as we called it) sit down on the sedilia whilst the choir finished singing a long creed, instead of remaining standing before the Communion-table, as is the English custom. I thought this was so delightfully "Catholic." The bishops were subjects of mild jokes with us. On one occasion an obscure colonial bishop celebrated at St. Philip's. We thought it not unnatural that, being a bishop, he should be the only person in the church who remained standing during the "*Et Incarnatus.*" We, superior beings, had been taught to kneel as Catholics kneel; but bishops, of course, were ignorant! And yet, with all this folly, there mingled so much that was real and earnest and good. The same men who were imperilling the existence of their church rather than give up their will concerning a posture or a dress, a candle or a picture, were yet teaching me to love God with my whole heart and my neighbor as myself, and to dread the slightest deliberate sin as a greater evil than death itself.

I thought that the ultimate aim of Ritualists was the reunion of Christendom. At first I imagined that it would be a kind of "give and take" process which would effect this desirable end. Anglicans would join the Greek Church, I hoped, and then Rome would be glad to take us both back, and perhaps would bring herself more into harmony with us. This hope, however, did not last long. My ideas developed; and then for many years I looked on Ritualism as the schoolmaster which was to bring Eng-

land into the church. My idea of reunion changed, and I only longed for the day when my country should throw herself at the Pope's feet and say: "Father, we have sinned and are no more worthy to be called thy children; make us like unto thy hired servants." I was told and believed that every individual secession to Rome lessened the chance of the Church of England, as a body, retracing its steps; and that, as we had valid orders, we had valid sacraments, and could therefore afford to wait. Rome became my ideal of truth and consistency, and my hope was to see the Church of England become more and more like the Roman. Still, I never wished to deny all that Ritualism did for me. All the good I got I put down to my habit of going to confession. On this point I was thoroughly in earnest. In many ways I was very frivolous, but not in that. I never trifled with confession, and it was of great service to me, though the fact that it was so for a time kept me back from the church.

Of course if I had not believed in Anglican orders I should have at once left the Establishment; but I then knew nothing of the Catholic doctrine of grace. Grace I believed to be given through the sacraments, but of the difference between *opus operatum* and *opus operans* I knew nothing; nor did I know that, through the good disposition of the recipient, the benefits of the sacraments might be received without their being validly administered. To deny that I had received grace through confession and communion would have been impossible to me and untruthful; and I was sufficiently ignorant of theology to allow myself to consider this mere subjective fact as an argument for Anglican orders. I argued that unless Anglican orders were real I could not have received absolution, and that without absolution I could not have received grace. If I could be sure of anything, I felt sure that I had received grace; therefore Anglicans had orders. Although sometimes shaken by the thought that Rome denied our succession, I would again solace myself with the thought that men like Pusey and Liddon could not remain where they were if they had reason to doubt that they were priests. Although I did not know the history and facts of the case, they did; and as long as they could remain it must be safe for me to do so. Dr. Pusey said one thing and Dr. Newman said the opposite. Dr. Pusey's opinion was the one I wished to believe, and for a while I did believe it. And here I would say that the peculiar mischief of Ritualism is that, whilst utterly false and entirely unreal, yet when accepted uncritically and on faith it will, for a time, satisfy that which the church alone ought to and can

truly satisfy. If you live in a certain narrow and limited religious circle Ritualism allows of your forgetting all but itself. You may imagine yourself in the most unreal paradise that can be conceived; you breathe the stifling and artificial air of a hothouse; you see everything as if illuminated by the unreal glare of Bengal fire; and you are the victim of a series of illusions which must vanish at the first touch of honest criticism and be destroyed by the first breath of wholesome common sense.

My paradise, thank God! was not destined to last long. I remember well my first moment of doubt and the occasion of it. I was at church, not at St. Philip's, but at one where the service was elaborately but at the same time roughly and carelessly performed. The music was bad, the choir was undevout, the clergy were careless. Here I could not in the least imagine myself in a Catholic church. This was altogether an unfavorable specimen of Ritualism: the parish was neglected and the clergyman was idle; confession was discouraged and the services were irregular. If all Ritualists were like the one I have in mind the bishops would have had no difficulty in "putting down Ritualism." I could not, however, without descending to ridiculously small particulars, say in what this service differed from that which I used to delight in at St. Philip's. I remember feeling annoyed at the slovenly and irreverent office I was attending, and then the thought struck me: "Can this really be all right when the bishops say that it is all wrong?" I can hardly expect others to believe that this was the first time that I doubted the truth of Ritualism; but it was. It seems so strange even to myself now, but nevertheless it is the fact, that the thin end of the wedge of doubt was only on that day inserted into my faith in Anglicanism.

I now began to look more critically into the whole system; and before impartial criticism Ritualism must needs fall. Although I still had religious talks with my Anglican friend, I was no longer to so great an extent under his personal influence. I ceased to think his answers always satisfactory, and I examined them more carefully. I would here say (space forbids my enlarging on this point, touching which much might be written) that in looking back on the women whom I have left behind I believe decidedly that, in most cases, it is personal influence which keeps them in the English Church, and generally the influence of their confessor. I have known cases of otherwise intelligent women who pinned their faith entirely to one man, and who seemed to delight in subjecting their whole mind and soul

to his guidance, to see in him pope, council, and church, father, brother, and friend combined. This unhealthy feeling, which, although I valued confession highly, was always distasteful to me, and in which I was never tempted to indulge, would not, I believe, arise if confession were the simple, straightforward ordinance which it is in the church. The mystery and the excitement which naturally follow from what, as a rule, is done by stealth cause half the mischief which ensues from confession as practised in the Establishment. Whilst under such influence women (I know nothing of men) will accept all they are told, decline to read anything likely to shake their faith in Anglicanism, refuse to enter a Catholic church or honestly to seek after the truth.

Whilst the first dawn of doubt was arising in my mind two things happened to me: I read Newman's *Sermons to Mixed Congregations*, which taught me the true nature of the church as a living teacher; and, secondly, I was startled by the decisions of the Anglican law-courts. Ritualism, after all, was condemned; that which I had believed to be positively ordered was not even lawful. There was at once an outcry that the judges were time-serving and dishonest; but these accusations could not satisfy me. In cases in which I was in no way interested I had always believed that the honor of English judges was above suspicion; and now, merely because a decision personally pained me, I could not believe that the character of the bench had changed. These accusations made me angry with the Ritualists rather than with the judges. They had been confident that they were right, but impartial judges said they were wrong; sooner than own that they had been mistaken, Ritualists asked me to believe that the highest judges in England had become dishonest. Against this I rebelled. Ritualists used to talk a great deal about state tyranny, and try to fancy they were as praiseworthy as the Prussian clergy, who were then making their noble stand against the secular power. But, unfortunately, I could never forget that whilst fighting the state we were also and more earnestly fighting the bishops; and this, in my eyes, was hardly Catholic behavior. I can remember a letter which the Bishop of London wrote, *as his bishop*, to an incumbent, asking him to give up the "eastward position," which had been pronounced illegal. This he refused to do, and the bishop was powerless to make him. I was annoyed at this. I felt how fatal such a refusal was to all Catholic idea of discipline. Yet to obey would have been tantamount to throwing up the whole game. It became daily more difficult to

fit the square of Protestant fact into the round of our Catholic ideal.

About this time the liberal school in the Establishment commenced an agitation in the hope of getting the use of the Athanasian Creed either abolished or modified. They were opposed, and in the end were successfully opposed, by High-Churchmen, the most prominent amongst whom did not hesitate to say that they would be driven to reconsider their position as ministers in the Establishment if the creed were touched. I myself could feel no confidence that the English Church would retain the creed; and having now learnt from Dr. Newman what was meant by having faith in the church, I was driven to face the truth that I had *not* faith in the English Church. Moreover, I was forced to conclude, from the logic of facts, that neither had Pusey nor Liddon faith in the Establishment, or they would not have been able to suppose she could so far fall that they would be driven to leave her. I never had any doubt where I should go if the High-Church left the Establishment; and this controversy and uncertainty as to the fate of the Athanasian creed, I think, gradually accustomed my mind to the idea of leaving the English Church. It certainly undermined my faith in her.

At the same time that Anglicans were admitting that it was possible that their church should err I was struck by the unanimous way in which the whole Catholic episcopate accepted the Vatican decrees. It did not matter whether individual bishops beforehand had been personally favorable to the dogma of Papal Infallibility or not; the church spoke, and every single bishop accepted her voice as the voice of truth. There was no doubt that, whatever might be the condition of other Christian bodies, there was one church which was alive and could yet make her voice heard and attended to. The Vatican decrees were a great trial to English churchmen, and the tone of the whole party towards Rome now changed. The Anglican press, led by the *Saturday Review*, commenced writing in a tone of vulgar abuse which threw all my sympathy on the side of those who were attacked. It impugned, in the coarsest language, the motives both of the bishops who were supposed to have urged on the definition of Papal Infallibility and of those who submitted after it had been defined. If these last were Catholics at all and believed in their church I knew they could not do otherwise; and the sympathy which Anglicans showed to those newest of schismatics, the Alt Catholics, merely disgusted me with Anglicans. Of the merits of the case I knew nothing. I believed that Dr. Döllinger was

a great theologian, and I believed that Dr. Newman was a still greater. On one side was Dr. Döllinger and a few German professors, on the other Dr. Newman and the whole church. I thought that the church was more likely to be right; at any rate, the vulgar and low tone of writing on this topic which my friends now adopted distressed me.

These were very unsettled years with me. The study of Newman's sermons and the behavior of Ritualists shook my faith in the English Church completely; yet somehow I never doubted, at this time, that we had valid sacraments. I thought perhaps we might be like the Samaritans of old, not having part in God's own city, Jerusalem, yet not altogether without his grace. I was so ignorant, and it seemed such a presumptuous thing for me to judge and condemn and leave the English Church all by myself. If I had met a priest or any Catholic then I should have joined the church; but I knew no one to help me, and I distrusted myself. I remembered that once I had misjudged Ritualism, that I had already once changed, and this made me doubtful of myself and my own judgment. I never denied, nor do I wish now to deny, that Ritualism had been of great service to me. When the Anglican bishops scolded the Ritualists I would think: "I can only judge of things as they affect myself. What was I before I became a Ritualist, and what do I try to be now? It is an illogical system and looks absurd on paper, I allow; but it has helped me." When others ridiculed I felt I did not care. From one point of view I could do as much; but from another I knew that it had brought me nearer to God. This I again reiterate, though Ritualists were now beginning to make me angry, and about this time I was severely tried. If I recur to the acts of individuals it is because the whole thing is no system, but merely the different acts of different individuals. Unless an Anglican follows himself and his own will he must follow some one man, for no two Anglicans entirely agree together. A Catholic follows the church, but an Anglican must follow an individual. He cannot follow the Prayer-book, for it contradicts itself and needs an interpreter.

There was a clergyman who was a friend of mine and chaplain to one of the many small sisterhoods which of late years have arisen. He asked me one day to come to an afternoon service at their chapel. I found myself in a small but pretty and highly decorated room, with a beautiful altar and a tabernacle in which was reserved what we believed to be the Blessed Sacrament. After some of the Hours had been sung by the sisters the clergy-

man proceeded to give benediction. Of course I knew that the Blessed Sacrament was reserved in some Anglican sisterhoods, and that benediction was constantly given; but I had never before been present at the service. Before going I fancied that I should like it. When abroad I had never missed an opportunity of attending benediction, and had enjoyed doing so. But on this occasion, I did not know why, but I left the chapel annoyed and angry, almost indignant. It had seemed to me very like playing with sacred things, and altogether profane and distressing. Here were a priest, as I thought him, and some half a dozen women turning a room into a chapel, and, without any authority from bishop or Prayer-book, performing rites, with the most solemn mysteries of religion, which were to be found in no Anglican formulary. How far they may have been to blame I cannot say; I only know the effect which this benediction produced on me. I knew that the clergyman could only have the power of consecrating the Blessed Sacrament by virtue of his ordination by the bishop; and to use the power in a way never contemplated when it was given seemed to me altogether dishonest and wrong. It may have been illogical to have been so much distressed by this one thing, but different things affect different people differently. I can now feel thankful to be able, in that instance, to disbelieve in Anglican orders. I am more glad than I can say that it was not really the Blessed Sacrament that seemed to bless me on that afternoon, and that Jesus was not specially present in a way which forced me hardly to welcome his sacred presence. After this day I would sometimes think: "Can God really have given the English Church such a gift as the Blessed Sacrament, and have in no way guarded it? A Low-Churchman shocks me at every turn in his irreverent treatment of the Sacrament, and a High-Churchman takes it and uses it simply as he wills."

During these years of my life I was gradually growing to see Ritualism as it really is, only a sect within a sect. For some time there were no means of testing what advance the party was making. Our newspapers still talked of our great successes; but I was beginning to feel like a burnt child. I had believed Ritualists when they told me that the law as to ritual was on our side, and I had been deceived. Now they might say what they liked, it all went for nothing with me. The Public Worship Regulation Bill was now before Parliament, and I thought that I could see a test in that. Parliament fairly represented the country. If it passed a bill to "put down Ritualism" by a large

majority, I should know that we Ritualists were not really making way in England. The bill passed without even a division and with the consent of the bishops. I now knew that, after forty years' work, we had made no impression at all on the country. I think the passing of that bill was the death-knell to my hopes of seeing the Church of England "Catholicized." Whilst this measure was pending there was a great deal of loud and excited talk touching the enormity of the bishops' sin in being willing to give up their jurisdiction to a layman. I understood law and history too little to realize this sin for myself; but I felt, if all were true which the Ritualists said, that the Church of England would be undone and that we should have to leave her. This undisciplined talk unsettled me still further; but, as usual, it all ended in talk, and when the worst actually happened that could happen the catastrophe was followed by no action whatever. Ritualists should either have talked less whilst the act was pending or they ought to have done more after it was passed. I expected some common action to be taken, but I expected in vain; there was none.

I was now beginning to feel contemptuously towards those whom I had before admired. I felt as if I had been misled and trifled with and deceived. But yet, even to the last, when tempted to harsh judgment, I would think: "After all, the Ritualists led you to confession, and where would you have been without that?" It never even occurred to me, during these years when I was feeling most acutely the faults of the Ritualists, that their opponents the Protestants were right. After once accepting the true doctrine of the sacraments I was never tempted to doubt in the truth of what I believed. I could as soon have doubted of the existence of God himself. My faith in Catholic doctrines was absolute; but my faith that the Church of England taught them was fading away.

About this time I passed some months abroad and went to Mass daily. I was mentally very unsettled and in great doubt. I would spend the whole time a Mass lasted merely repeating the one ejaculation: "Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord!" Perhaps it was then and there that I gained grace to become a Catholic, the gift which has been given me of faith in the Church. I was longing now to be in the true fold, and was only, or mainly, held back by the fear I felt of the presumption and responsibility of judging and condemning the religion in which God had willed that I should be born. I knew no Catholic and had no one to help me. Whilst in this sore distress,

for a moment my hopes of ultimate reunion were once more quickened by a published Letter addressed to Cardinal Manning by an English clergyman, who felt strongly that the English bishops had betrayed their church and that it could no longer be safe to remain within their communion. I had barely read the pamphlet when both it and the idea of reunion with the Catholic Church were repudiated in a declaration in the papers signed by nearly every High-Churchman I knew of. This declaration almost stunned me. What but reunion, I asked myself, was the aim of the whole thing? What had I been praying for, hoping for, believing in? Was it merely to make the High-Church party the most influential school of thought in the Establishment, as before had been the Evangelical? No; I had been taught that we were to undo the work of the Reformation, and that England once more was to be Catholic and one with the Catholic Church.

I now felt bitterly towards the Ritualists. They seemed to me too self-conceited, too self-sufficient. They called themselves "Catholic" and anathematized the whole Catholic Church. They neither obeyed their own bishops nor wished to be one with Catholic bishops. I felt angry; my religion had completely failed me. I see now that I ought there and then to have become a Catholic; but I did not know to whom I could go. I hoped that many might be feeling as I did, and that I should not have to go alone. At the time secession is such a wrench; and I thought I ought not to act hastily, that God would guide me even more directly. If I may say a word to others, I would earnestly beg such as may feel as I then felt to go at once to a priest; the effort, when once made, is trifling. If under Anglican direction I should advise you to tell your director what you propose to do; but should he attempt to dissuade you, on no account pay attention to what he may say. No impartial person could advise your doing so. It seems more open to tell him, and it is better in many ways. In the English mind the chief wish is to believe that the church encourages deceitfulness. If you are not prepared to proclaim your religious doubts on the housetops, even before you experience them, some persons are sure to accuse you of deceit; this is unavoidable. All that you can do in order to avoid this suspicion it is well to do.

I must, however, bring my own story to a conclusion, though I necessarily omit much. The end came at last suddenly. I unexpectedly had an opportunity of being introduced to a Catholic priest, and I availed myself of it. After talking with me earn-

estly for an hour he said: "You know and believe all that is necessary; I will receive you to-morrow." Need I say that I did not refuse? From that day to this I have been ever growing more and more thankful to God for making me a Catholic. I feel the joy of being one to the very centre of my being. My religion fills every corner of my existence, meets me and satisfies me at every turn of my life. To those outside the ark of safety I should seem merely to rhapsodize were I to recount the happiness of being within the church. Those that are within know it too well to require any telling. To these Cardinal Newman's simple words, "It is a great gift to be a Catholic," are an old yet ever-living truth..

Some may object that I have told my story ill, in that I in no way dwell on my acceptance of what Anglicans call "distinctive Roman doctrines." But faith in individual doctrines was never my difficulty. My only anxiety was to find God's own church. Whatever she might teach I could accept with childlike confidence, once assured that it was His voice that was teaching me. After being received into the church I as naturally believed in the Immaculate Conception, and endeavored to gain indulgences, as I believed in the Blessed Trinity and attended divine service. Each detail of my faith and duty came to me from the same divine authority, and to each and all I felt bound with equal loyalty. In a few words, I would sum up my conversion thus: I had always thought that I could be more religious as a Catholic than as anything else. Ritualism offered to make me a Catholic, and taught me enough of Catholicism to allow of my turning round on my teacher and saying: "If this be the Catholic faith your religion falls short of it, both in doctrine and in discipline." This, joined to the complete change of front on many important occasions and on many momentous topics of the Ritualist party, opened my eyes; and God, in his great mercy, brought me safely out of the tempests of Anglicanism into the calm haven of his eternal peace and truth.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Will the news of the present time read as much out of date and place one hundred years hence as the news which our forefathers read in 1780–81 seems now? It is hard to say, but perhaps some idea of what was "news" to London readers just a century past may prove interesting to ours. Chance has placed in our hands a file of the English *Annual Register*, extending over very many years, and strangely indeed, like the whispered warnings of old tombstones, comes before us the vainglorious records of the men of the time whose story is chronicled.

On the 10th of January, 1780, the Admiralty published the following notification:

"Admiralty Office, January 10, 1780.

"Captain Clerke, of his majesty's sloop the *Resolution*, in a letter to Mr. Stephens dated the 8th June, 1779, in the harbor of St. Peter and St. Paul, Kampschata, which was received yesterday, gives the melancholy account of the celebrated Captain Cooke, late commander of that sloop, with four of his private mariners, having been killed on the 14th February last at the island of O'why'he, one of a group of new discovered islands in the twenty-third degree of north latitude, in an affray with a numerous and tumultuous body of the natives."

So that it took very nearly a year to convey the news of the death of the daring navigator to his native land. On the 26th of January, 1780, news reached London that—

"In the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, held at Philadelphia the 23d of September last, it was agreed that the claims made by the proprietors of that province to the whole of the soil contained within the charter, together with the reservation of quit-rents, purchase-money, etc., being no longer consistent with the safety of the commonwealth, the Assembly therefore, as representatives of the province, resumed the same, under certain restrictions and provisos, to themselves; granting, however, to the Penn family the sum of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling, to be paid by different instalments of not less than fifteen thousand pounds a year, nor more than twenty thousand, the first payment to be made at the expiration of one year after the termination of the present war."

While on the 9th of February, 1780, the citizens of London became aware that—

"In *Holt's New York Journal* of November 29 there is inserted an act of the United States, passed on the 22d October last, for the forfeiture

and sale of the estates of Sir Henry Clinton, Knt.; John Murray, Earl of Dunmore, formerly governor of the colony of New York; Wm. Tryon, late governor of the said colony; John Watts, Oliver de Lancy, Hugh Wallace, Henry White, John Harris Cruger, William Axtel, and Roger Morris, Esqrs., late members of the council of that colony; George Duncan Ludlow and Thomas Jones, late justices of the Supreme Court of the said colony; and John Tabor Kempe, late attorney-general of the said colony, and of several other persons therein named; vesting the property of their estates in the people of the United States of America, declaring them guilty of felony and for ever banished under pain of death."

On the 19th of February it was known in London, by a letter received from Spain, that on—

"The 16th January arrived in Corunna the American ship the *Alliance*, of twenty-eight guns and one hundred and fifty men, commanded by the famous American, Paul Jones. He sailed from the Texel the 17th of last month, having eluded the vigilance of the English, who had a squadron looking out for him and expected him in the Downs. He crossed the Channel and came here safe without meeting any of the enemy's ships. In this cruise for ten or twelve days off our capes he took a Dutch ship laden with ammunition and provisions for Gibraltar, which he sent to Boston. Captain Cunningham is with him, having escaped out of an English prison."

American example was evidently beginning to work what English lords and ministers were wont to count bad results, and the sound of the cannon of Bunker Hill had evidently scattered the mist which hung over the freedom of another people; therefore it was that early in March it was current news in the English metropolis that—

"The Dublin Volunteers, going to be reviewed in the Phœnix Park on the 1st instant, were met in Barrack Street by the king's troops going to relieve guard at the Castle; the former insisted on having the way, which was obstinately refused by the latter on account of their being the king's troops. And so tenacious were the Volunteers of supporting every degree of national freedom that the Duke of Leinster was sent for; but notwithstanding his persuasions to give way to the royal army, the Volunteers insisted to a man to have the way or fight for it, and so determined were they that they formed themselves for the fatal purpose. However, the officers of both parties at length agreed that the Volunteers should have their way to prevent the dreadful consequence. A sort of formal excuse was next day sent to the lord-lieutenant to the Castle, but couched in such a form that justified their conduct, on the dignity of national independence and freedom."

Well had it been for Ireland if her citizen-soldiers were to always turn as deaf ears to their noble misleaders as upon this occasion, and better still had it been for her had bayonets been crossed that day in Barrack Street and "the dreadful consequen-

ces" dreaded by the English scribe brought about. But instead of a fearless soldier leader she had but a nervous patron of the fine arts as commander-in-chief; where a Washington was needed she had only a Charlemont.

In the days of our forefathers, as we all know, the code of honor, so far at least as it bound them to shoot one another on fitting occasion, was binding on English gentlemen, and perhaps the following account may be taken as fairly illustrative of men and manners at such times:

> "This morning (22d March, 1780) a duel was fought in Hyde Park between the Earl of Shelburne and Wm. Fullerton, Esq., member for Plympton, in Devonshire. The cause of the above duel originated in some expressions used by Lord Shelburne respecting Colonel Fullerton in a parliamentary debate. The two parties met at five in the morning, the Right Hon. the Earl of Shelburne being attended by Lord Frederick Cavendish as his second, and Mr. Fullerton by the Earl of Balcarras. The place of combat being chosen, the ground was measured out, and each party took his stand at twelve paces' distance. Mr. Fullerton fired first, but missed his lordship, who in return discharged his pistol, but without effect. Mr. Fullerton then fired a second time, when the ball lodged in his lordship's thigh. Mr. Fullerton, perceiving his lordship wounded, advanced towards him, telling him he had now an opportunity of explaining what he had said in the House of Lords. Lord Shelburne replied he did not come there to make any explanations, on which Lord Balcarras returned Mr. Fullerton to his ground, when Lord Shelburne very gallantly fired his pistol into the air, saying Mr. Fullerton could not suppose he should now mean to fire at him. The seconds, here interposing, put an end to the combat, and Lord Shelburne walked to Hyde Park Corner, where getting into a hackney coach, he was carried home, and Mr. Adair, being sent for, extracted the ball."

It would be somewhat difficult to tell what degree of satisfaction the wounded honor of either of these gentlemen received from this March morning's work, but it is easy to see from the records of the *Register* that either of them might have killed the other without much dread of experiencing serious annoyance from the ministers of justice. In very truth it was somewhat more criminal for a starving, famished outcast to steal wherewithal to constitute a meal (sufficient, indeed, to have him condemned to the gallows) than for some semi-stupefied debauchee, reckless libertine, or wily gambler—what you will—to shoot to death some fair-haired boy, some injured husband. Read this under date 30th March, 1780, and admire the justice current in the days "when George III. was king":

> "On Friday last at the assizes at Kingston, in Surrey, the trials on the crown side came on before the Hon. Mr. Justice Gould and a special jury, when Mr. Donovan (who voluntarily surrendered) was tried for having

killed in a duel in November last Captain James Hanson. The jury, without going out of court, acquitted Mr. Donovan of the murder, and found him guilty of manslaughter on the coroner's inquest. The judge fined him ten pounds to the king, which being paid in court, he was immediately discharged."

The full equity of such a sentence as this strikes us when on another page we read of a wretched creature condemned to death for robbery of three shillings, or when we come on a description of one forenoon's work at Tyburn, when Jack Ketch "swung off" seven criminals of, it may perhaps be hoped, at least equal guilt.

How his Britannic majesty's navy was manned at this time is well known, and the gentle pressure exercised by his press-gangs, in order to fill the gaps made by missiles of war in the ranks of England's "hearts of oak" immortalized by Dibdin, hardly needs recalling; but perchance the following may not be quite unsuitable for quotation as illustrative of the ways of the period:

"Liverpool, March 23.

"On Friday last, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, a press-gang assembled before the house of Mr. James Richards, in Hackin's Hey, in this town, where a number of sailors had resorted to protect themselves from being impressed; and upon Richards refusing to open the door a general firing ensued, which lasted half an hour. In the affray Richards, the master of the house, received two wounds in the face, of which he now lies dangerously ill at the infirmary. A soldier belonging to the Yorkshire militia, who happened to be in the house when the press-gang came, was shot through the body, and died of his wounds the next morning. The coroner's inquest hath since sat on the body, and the jury have brought in their verdict, wilful murder, against persons unknown."

Recruits passed through such baptisms of fire were not unlikely to prove tough customers in actual warfare; but an item of news such as we are about to quote may be taken as showing that in that warfare all the daring was not the sole prerogative of one side. On the 10th of April, 1780, it is noted that—

"The following melancholy account is just received at the Admiralty, viz., that as the *Penelope* sloop, which had captured three Spanish prizes in the West Indies, was returning with the prisoners into Jamaica a violent gale came on, which forced most of the *Penelope's* crew to go aloft, during which time the Spaniards, who were not confined, rose, cut Captain Jones' throat and massacred every man upon and between decks, afterwards shot the remainder as they descended from aloft, and then stood away with the ship for the Havannah. Captain Jones' son, who was put prize-master into one of the Spanish vessels, brought over the above horrid relation."

The month of June, 1780, was rendered memorable by the terrible riots brought about by the designs or follies of Lord George

Gordon and the leaders of his "Protestant Associations," and we have page after page of accounts of the wrecking and demolition of "Popish Mass-houses" and the free quartering of riotous mobs, of their own motion, in the shops and houses of worthy citizens, said wrecking, demolition, and free quartering being permitted to go on virtually unchecked while applied only to the property and chattels of those "Papists" whose "Mass-houses" were just beginning to become apparent to lovers of Protestant supremacy. However, disorder, as indeed is somehow its wont, confused and dazed-like, not distinguishing, perhaps, friend from enemy, ceased to make difference between Papist and Protestant, and dared to burn government jails and to sack orthodox judges' houses. Then military were quickly summoned, and volleys of musketry and keen sabres soon brought about a subsidence of the ebullitions of mobocracy. His majesty, however, in explaining to his Parliament his reasons for authorizing the employment of armed force against the "free Englishmen" who had worked such havoc amongst the belongings of their fellow-citizens, thought it necessary to speak in the following apologetic manner:

"Though I trust it is not necessary, yet I think it right at this time to renew to you my solemn assurances that I have no other object but to make the laws of the realm, and the principles of our excellent constitution in church and state, the rule and measure of my conduct; and I shall ever consider it as the first duty of my station and the chief glory of my reign to maintain and preserve the established religion of my kingdoms, and, as far as in me lies, to secure and perpetuate the rights and liberties of my people."

The "excellent constitution" so lauded by poor George III. has undergone many a change and improvement since, and yet some are to be found so perverse as not to be able even yet to endorse his majesty's description of the secular system they are parts of, thus displaying a density of vision doubtless to be assigned to democratic ignorance.

In May of this year highly self-glorificatory despatches came to hand from my Lord Cornwallis, describing in brilliant periods his "signal victory" over "the rebel army, commanded by General Greene"; but on October 20 his lordship had, as he put it himself, "the mortification" to have to transmit the account of the surrender of York and Gloucester and his army to the soldiers of the United States and France.

For some time previous to January, 1781, a French gentleman had resided in Bond Street. Liberal with his money, of which he

seemed to have much, he had made his entrance into polite circles, wherein his courtly manners and title of baron gained him due esteem. His name was Henri Francis de la Motte. Acting, however, on, as it proved, good information, Lord Hillsborough, as Secretary of State, ordered, on the 5th of January, De la Motte's arrest on a charge of being implicated in treasonable practices. As the baron was ascending the stairs leading to the secretary's office, whither his captors were conducting him for examination, he dropped certain papers. These were instantly discovered by the escort and produced at his examination. On perusal of these papers it became at once evident wherefore the unfortunate baron had sought to get rid of them; for they afforded information enabling government to at once arrest his colleague in his treasonable designs. This colleague was one Henry Lutterloh a German gentleman, who had lately taken a handsome house at a place called Wickham, within a few miles of Portsmouth; and we are told that, "as he was considered a good companion, he was well received by the gentlemen in the neighborhood." Large sums of money in various mediums were found in possession of Lutterloh, who seems to have eventually turned king's evidence in order to avoid the fate which he thus helped to assure to his companion. At the sessions held at the Old Bailey in July De la Motte was arraigned on the charge of carrying on a treasonable correspondence with the enemies of England and of "our sovereign lord, the king." Of course in those days even much less evidence than was producible in this case would have satisfied any jury selected by the sheriffs of the time that the brief held by his majesty's attorney-general was infallible, and, therefore, there is no matter for wonder in the fact that the prisoner was speedily convicted, and was sentenced to death by the horrible process which the statute law of England still holds fittest doom for those whose political beliefs may lead them into what government lawyers may style "high treason." *

On the 14th of July De la Motte was sentenced to death and ordered to be executed on the 28th. He had been a prisoner in the Tower from the time of his arrest, but on the morning of his execution the keepers of that fortalice delivered him to the custody of the sheriffs of London and Middlesex. These latter functionaries conveyed him, with proper guarding, to Newgate, from whence, at about a quarter after nine o'clock, the unfortunate

* In 1867 General Burke was sentenced in Dublin to the same death as De la Motte. The escape of the Fenian leader from this doom was chiefly ascribable to the pleading of the illustrious Cardinal Cullen with the viceroy.

Frenchman started on his progress to Tyburn. This progress had somewhat of state imparted to it; and as the mournful procession passed slowly through the half-sympathetic crowd, as the June sun shone clear and bright on the thronged streets, little wonder if the thoughts of De la Motte went back to pageants of the past in which he played a brighter part, to other summer mornings spent in luxurious lounging in the umbrageous alleys of Versailles; but the scrutinizing on-lookers saw no sign of fear or weakness in the cold, calm, and handsome face, intently perusing a book of devotion, fervently reciting the last prayers he was ever to utter; never a glance to right or to left told that he knew all London was out to see him die. The procession was lengthy. It was headed by the city marshal, and composed of strong guards, the sheriffs in their state carriages attended by their officers and "a prodigious number of constables," and of course, as we have said, included the prisoner on a rude sledge or substitute for the historic hurdle. At last the gallows was reached, and then, after some two minutes spent in most fervent devotion, De la Motte desired the executioner to perform his task. This he did. After the body had been hanging some time the legal but horrid butchery began. The lifeless body was decapitated, the gallant heart was cut out and burned. A miserable parody on the ancient practice of thoroughly quartering the corpse was resorted to in deference to some kind of prejudice, and it was only roughly gashed instead of being quite divided; but the scaffold ran red and thick with the blood of a nobleman and soldier ere the hangman's pay was earned. And this, this was done in the land wherein such hypocritical outcries had been raised over the fate of André!

With the following entry, suggestive of much thought as it is, we think we may leave the *Annual Register* of 1781:

"October 29.

"On the 22d inst. the young Dauphin of France was baptized by the name of Louis Joseph Xavier François. The sponsors were the emperor and the Princess of Piedmont, represented by the Count de Provence and Madame Elizabeth."

Poor prince! If ever life told the fact that it is well the future is hidden from mortal ken, assuredly thine did; and it being so, the future being yet unrolled, as it were, thy father was free to go on making padlocks and thy mother to design fairy palaces, all unconscious of the mighty torrent and portentous avalanche before which bars and padlocks and palaces were to fall shattered and broken in those days as yet uncome.

A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

Dull, cold, gray as a stormy sea! Not a person visible at the opposite windows, not a person visible down the long vista of the wide street, not a sign of life on the short up-grade between me and the western sky. What a place it was for an eager soul longing for the rush and struggle of the busy world! What a fate was mine—fast bound with the adamantine links of hopeless disease! I pushed my chair away from the window and covered my face with my hands, too unhappy, I knew not why, for one comforting, cheering ray of spiritual sunshine to penetrate the gloom around me. I was free from pain, I had my books and my desk, and the prospect of a long, quiet morning such as would once have seemed to me a foretaste of heaven; yet I felt an overpowering dread of both life and death. I was not often the victim of such moods. The only thing that made them bearable at all was the knowledge that they were the effect of physical causes, and, when I had waited long enough, would pass away, leaving me to my usual serene, enforced contentment.

I was roused from my apathy, after a time, by a voice in the street—a man's voice, full and rich, singing a stave of a half-familiar air, with a strange, pathetic thrill in its notes that made it new; a foreign voice—the mellow warmth of sunny France, without the care-free ring; a voice that spoke directly to my heart and sent the sluggish blood rapidly to my heavy limbs. I raised my head eagerly, and held my breath to follow its dying cadence and the fainting echo of its owner's footsteps.

But it did not pass on, and I heard no step. I wheeled my chair to the window I had found so barren of interest, and looked eagerly forth. No one on the opposite pavement, as I had expected; no one beneath my window, unless they were flattened against the house-wall. But in the middle of the street, creeping slowly from the shadow of an intervening tree-trunk, there came a crippled man—a tall, straight, stalwart man, with a tawny beard, and a soldier's bearing under his worn civilian's dress, with a weather-beaten face and bright, pathetic, heart-broken eyes under his broad, soft, shabby hat. He walked with difficulty, supporting himself on a stout cane; the stump of his left arm, amputated at the wrist and closely, skilfully bound in snow-white linen, was pressed against his breast. With a dumb pa-

tience pitiful to see he turned slowly from side to side, scanning the unresponsive windows and pouring out his song upon the flinty walls. It was as though in the whole wide world we two sad creatures were alone and unheeded.

I cannot tell you what that man became to me in one moment. My apathy was gone, my depression a thing of the past, my forlorn condition the very gate of Paradise; for there flashed upon me a vision of all the years had held for him as contrasted with my fate, an outlook into his future and mine, when I recognized in his song the "Marseillaise." Under what different circumstances he must have learned it! In what a defiant frenzy of youth, and hope, and reckless, spendthrift humor he must have trolled those passionate raptures, to which he still gave a thrilling echo of hopeless emotions! His eye met mine in its weary search, and, with the awkwardness of one as yet unused to mutilation, he saluted me with grave courtesy. I signed to him to wait and rang my bell.

"There is a man in the street I must speak to," I said to the servant. "Go, ask him in—a sick man, with his arm bound up."

The little maid withdrew in wondering silence, and I instantly half repented of my impulse. It *was* an odd thing to do. But the yearning pity that urged me to it was stronger than my cautious prudence. Further, I remembered I had never regretted former actions of a like nature, and busied myself in adjusting my position to meet my guest.

I could hear him coming slowly up the stairs and halting at every turn. Then the trembling step drew nearer along the hall, with a heart-beat in every sound. Molly opened the door, rounder-eyed than ever, and demurely announced: "The gentleman, miss," and we were face to face—he flushing and paling with the exertion, but composed; I embarrassed, nonplussed, wanting words and wits.

"You must not be surprised at my sending for you," I said, plunging at once into the heart of the matter. "I am a prisoner, as you see," touching the wheel of my chair, "and I sometimes have very dreary days. This is one of them. It made me think we might understand each other." He bowed gravely, but there was a slight, a very slight, smile of doubt and dissent in his keen, clear eyes.

"I may hope mademoiselle does not quite understand *me*," he said, with the slight accent which renders our language with perfect emphasis. "It would be too sad a thing for her."

"Sit down, please." I motioned him to the chair Molly had

brought forward. "You are—are not so strong as you would wish. A rest will do you great good."

"I have come only from the hospital so near. But I am, as mademoiselle so kindly says, less strong than I would wish." He sat down wearily, yet kept the courteous attitude of a well-bred man attending a lady's conversation. He was an older man than I had thought him from the window, and had been most handsome. The evidences of some story worth the telling were patent to my woman's eyes, and, with that eagerness born of the invalid's narrowed life among slight and monotonous events, I hungered for it.

"You have suffered much," I said. "Was it recently? Are you just recovering?"

"I have been many weeks in the hospital, which I left to-day. It would have been, perhaps, less unfortunate for me had I left it in the arms of others. I have no home, no friends, no hope of happiness. I am old and poor, and a cripple!"

There was no note of petition in the statement. Pity for himself such as another might express, a sort of sad wonder that a man could come to such an evil state, but a dignity that forbade the word-sympathy we tender the complaining poor. I was silent and oppressed.

"Tell me your story," I entreated at last, with that directness possible when one is sure of the motive. I felt for him a true and earnest sympathy, and instinctively I trusted him. It was right that our lives, touching never so slightly, should leave to each a warmer memory. How many, many times in my darkened lot have I drawn from the oasis of a fresh heart found in the desert waters of peace, and even the wine of strength!

"Mademoiselle will soon tire of it" (but he looked at me eagerly). "It is not much, and it is sad. It is of pain, of loss, of death, of care, with this ending"—holding out the white-rolled limb.

"Mine, too! If I have kept the outward garb of easy circumstances, friend, it may belie the inner life beyond all human knowledge. I tell you I have suffered, and every sorrowful lot on earth is kin to mine. Tell me!"

I spoke with energy and fire. Always the fretting spirit chafed against its bonds; always there was the passionate longing to fathom some gulf yet deeper, and learn from some stronger spirit the blessed lesson of real and perfect endurance. The face of my oddly-brought-about companion softened with a noble compassion.

"Mademoiselle speaks truth," he said very gently. "The outer and the inner life may differ widely: there may be the breadth of heaven and hell within four walls. I have seen that —yes, often!" He smoothed his long, soft beard and thought a quiet moment—of me, I was sure, and with a deeper interest than before. The answering chord was struck between us.

"Mademoiselle," he began, laying his mutilated arm easily upon his breast, and holding it with his remaining hand, as though in preparation for an undisturbed season of rest and talk, "I have lived sixty full years. My name is Henri Rocher, and I am of France—of the south of France, observe, mademoiselle. It is a beautiful country, and the people are good—in their way, none better. The good God has them in his care. But theirs is often a hard, poor way—as it is here, alas!—and I was foolish enough to think an easier, pleasanter life would come to me if I purchased it with the pain of exile. I came away from my home, still young—not thirty—with a little money, good health, and a light and happy heart. I left there my good parents. They have died long since—ah! yes, it is years. But they were blessed in their other children, who served them well and prospered—a little here, a little there—and made them homes of comfort. They, too, are dead. I am alone.

"It was a fine country I came to here—very fine! For the man with hands, with feet, with head, with the tongue that keeps silent as he wills, and speaks well and softly as he wills, it is a rich country. But I had them not all. The hands, and the feet, and the head—yes; but the tongue—no! I get into trouble here, I get into trouble there; I laugh, and sing, and tell all my thoughts. They laugh and sing with me, and tell me nothing. Then trouble, and I must begin again. I begin, and begin, and begin. I build, I farm, I write, I do the business of a merchant, and I live, sometimes well, sometimes—not well; until I am forty years old, and—I love."

He paused to watch my reception of the last two words, upon which his voice softened and hesitated, with something of the shy reserve of a boy.

"It came late," was all I said, but my look answered him.

"It came late! But it *came*, and I found it sweet, and it made of me a good man. It came late to her, mademoiselle. She was young still, but she had been alone all her life. No one had made her happy, no one had shown her any pleasant thing, and she was so pale, and still, and sorrowful it made my heart ache when I

saw her, always so busy, busy at her work in the shop where I was a clerk. It was a hard, cruel place, and I told myself, when I went to it, it would not be for long. But it was. One year I was there, and then I knew it was love, and I spoke of it to her. At first she was frightened and would not hear. But then she knew it was of her true also, and soon, soon we went away together to a little home in another city, where I had a better place. She was never, never sorrowful again. We were both so happy I forgot trouble could come. I worked for her hard and well; we laugh, and sing, and talk together, and all was right the world over, I thought. But here in this fine country all was very wrong—wrong enough to bring the war of the rebellion, which could not be worse."

No, verily! It has passed from the lives of men and from the hearts of women; it is a turned page that led up to triumph and the people's good. But there are those among us yet who know of their own dear-bought knowledge, with Henri Rocher, the "wrong" could not be worse. I turned away my head with the quick assent of pain as his words came home.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," he said instantly. "It is, after all, not so long ago for some of us. Well," going on quickly, "you will believe me that things changed for us in those dark days. I came home many times, many times with a so heavy heart I could not laugh, I could not sing, I could not talk to the little wife, who again was pale and quiet, but not sad—ah! *no.* At last I lost my place; there was no other. Every one, every one thought only of one thing—the war, the army. I trembled before her at the thought of the future. I remembered the good God was everywhere; I had faith in the Blessed Virgin Mother, who would protect the widow and the fatherless with her prayers, and I said to my wife, 'I must go. The cause is good, the country is yours, you have a brave little heart, and you have the good God and the saints.' And she was so brave! She was smiling at me, and not sad, when I saw her last. She said to me for the last words: 'I have been so happy with you, my Henri!' When I had been gone one month they wrote to me, 'She is dead.'"

He sat in such perfect stillness the words seemed to have been spoken of a parted spirit that instant called away. I felt the keen pang of his long-ago grief as it struck home, and needed no fuller explanation, no other word to paint the desolation of this child-nature, unreflecting, free as the winds, satisfied in the present, I was sure, until that blow came.

The best and purest men have always a wide margin of this

child-likeness to the closely-written pages of their life's story of labor which has its eternal reward.

"I was taken prisoner after that," he presently resumed. "I was ill a long time in a Southern prison, and one forgets all except pain in such an experience. When I came out the war was nearly over; by the time my strength had come to me there was peace. I could go where I would, I could work, I could begin again. But, mademoiselle, nothing was the same to me. I was forty-seven. One is no longer young at seventeen, even, if the heart fails one. I tried. I came here, I went there; I did this little thing, I did that little thing, and I lived—no more. I had the tongue in order *now*, mademoiselle, but not the hands, nor the feet, nor the head. Sometimes I found good friends, who made it not so sad for me, and always, more than ever, the good God was there. At last I came into a quiet place where I could work my best and live by it. It is a rough little village on the riverside, a people who have lived there years and years from the first settlement. In the spring they fish, in the summer they farm, in the autumn they shoot, in the winter they knit by the fire the nets for the next year's fishing. They are never rich and never in want; they are seldom saints, and never the worst of sinners. A death-in-life existence, mademoiselle, is it not? To come from France in youth, and hope for *that* in one's age, was scarcely worth the journey, you would say? But one may come to thank God for it. Ah! yes."

There was a gleam in his eye, a ring in his voice, as he uttered the questions, that proved how great the restraint he had learned to put upon himself, how hard the struggle before he reached the peace of the last words.

"I rested there. I did as they did, and they were kind to me. They never questioned me; they gave me a share in their best; they nursed me when the pain of my old wounds came upon me; they let me pray my own prayers, although they would not join me. I saw the years go by me slowly, slowly. I was fifty-five, fifty-six, fifty-seven; there was no change until I was sixty. That was in the winter just passed. In December one night there was a great fire for our so small village—the church, the mill, the store, and even some of our poor little homes. We worked—we of the men—to save the poor women's little things, to shelter the little children. In the work I was hurt. I was too old to be so quick as I had need, and the noise, and the light, and the heat—it was bad, mademoiselle! When I knew it was all over I was lying in the bed at the hospital, and *this*—" He touched his ban-

daged arm with trembling fingers, and there was a pitiful agitation of his whole frame and of his quiet face which proved the severity of his sufferings and the shock to his nervous system. I knew who sat before me *now*. This was the hero of a history I knew by heart. This was the brave old man to whom threatening agony and death counted for nothing in the cause of the widow and her helpless children, whose steady head and trumpet voice had led on the dazed and appalled villagers to such a work as saved the greater part of their apparently doomed homes. The papers had teemed with accounts of his heroism, with lamentations over his injuries, with expressions of gratitude and prophecies of future well-merited good fortune. That had been nearly two months ago. I knew the fickle public.

So simply had he told his tale, and so easily yet completely avoided all special mention of himself, that I would not thrust upon him my better knowledge of him. "And you have only been discharged to-day?" I questioned. "You have indeed been long a sufferer! You should not expose yourself too much to this chill atmosphere." He bowed assent, but said nothing. I was sure I knew the reason, and it puzzled me to get easily at the question of means or no means.

"Will you go back to your village life?" I asked, to bridge the silence of my considerings.

"They are poor, mademoiselle. And I can no longer work."

"You must regain your strength," I said encouragingly, "and then I doubt not you will find your skill greater than you suppose. Until then—"

"Until then, mademoiselle," he broke in gently but proudly, "I must do as I have already done—I must beg."

"No, no!" I exclaimed, as he bent his head upon his breast, and I saw the crimson flush even to his forehead. "If you mean when you sang just now, you must call it by some more pleasant name. It was an inspiration. Like David with his harp, you have charmed away my mood of Saul. I owe you much."

"Mademoiselle is kind enough to say so," he said, and he raised his head again with something of a child's pleasure and pride in well-doing.

"I mean it," I continued. "Listen, my friend. Mine is a sad lot, but one that brings its own blessings as well as its own pangs. It makes between me and many a soul the links of a chain of sunshine. I know those souls—the ones I can comfort and the ones who can comfort me. You belong to these last already. Do not refuse me the double tie. I need no more than the out-

line you have given to fill in your life. I am sorry for your sorrow, glad for your joy while it lasted, hopeful for you in death as in life. We are of one faith—I, too, am a Catholic; we will be, please God, of one heaven. Then you will let me share with you the good of my lot, since I am kin to the evil?" He was moved to tears when I paused after hurriedly pouring out my arguments. But he shook his head, and there was no assent in his firm-set lips or in the eyes he cleared to meet mine.

"I will accept from mademoiselle some little alms," he said presently. "It will be for her good as well as mine. Then I will go my way, and the good God will help me. Perhaps some other may be glad of my song and not grudge the payment. I have rested and been comforted. It is often so—the dear people are often kind to me. The sisters would have given me money," he added, as with a sudden thought of some unintentional carelessness upon his part, "but they had done so much. I did not tell them all I meant to do. It is only beginning again." And he smiled—a sweet and patient smile that smote my heart with shame and contempt for its cowardly sinking. Molly came in at that moment with my medicine, and he rose at once. I offered him, with the trifle he would accept, the hand which tendered it. He bent over it with the grave courtesy of his years and his nation (he was Frenchman to the core even yet!), and left the light pressure of his whitening moustache upon its useless pallor and wasted muscles. Then he went halting away, but not out of my life, I was determined. I sat a long time in blessed thoughtfulness. It had not been much of a story, as the world runs, except "between the lines." How wonderfully some natures assert themselves! I had seen it all as he spoke: the eager youth in his foreign home; the gay voyager to an unknown land; the cheerful, trustful struggles; the ever-beginning, never-advancing careers; the late, sweet love, showing in its very self the tender, genial, unselfish nature that *must* cheer the saddest lot; the brief, sweet, "never sorrowful" married life; the going forth to battle, not in the glowing ardor of pure patriotism, but in the patient trust of "the best to be done"; the loss, so briefly told, that altered everything; the pain so patiently endured; the blighted life, so quietly accepted; and now the end of the noble ministry, to which he had never referred. I had had my lesson! Here was the deeper gulf and the stronger spirit speaking to me out of its depths, with unconscious humility and submissive patience which knew not its likeness to the Divine!—the *true* humility, asserting not itself; the *real* acceptance, which *could not* ques-

tion. I knew it was all there. That subtle something which speaks to the very inner heart bade me rejoice that I had entertained an angel unawares, and that the Spirit of Wisdom had spoken to me through clean lips.

Yes, it was so! That was over a year ago. To-day they laid Henri Rocher in a quiet grave—bore him away to it from the hospital ward well known to him of old. He never regained his strength; his poor skill to labor never returned to him. He began his last career as a beggar at men's doors; but it was with the same sweet, patient spirit of acceptance that must have marked his way through life, the same ready forgiveness of all injuries, the same tender desire to help all who needed help. And it was but a short path, if a rough one, into "the world which sets this right"; I think, perhaps, it was *not* a rough one in the fullest sense of the words. Others *were* glad of the song and did not grudge the payment. They came to look for the upright, slow-stepping figure along our quiet street, to know the first note of the full voice spared him of his vanished youth and strength, to chat with him in summer evenings, and cheer him with cautions and smiles as the days grew chill. To me he often came, and never left me poorer than he found me. He was deeply, truly, beautifully pious, and I doubt if he could conceive of a mind utterly alienated from God, so natural seemed the breath of life to him. Dear soul! God loved it well, and led it, by his own path, straight to him.

In a storm of the last winter he became over-chilled and wearied during a walk he took in behalf of a poor sick neighbor. From his poor little garret they carried him to the care of his friends, the good sisters, well knowing it was not for long. My brother, being sent for one night last week, went to find our dear old friend (for, thank God! such he was) making ready for the end of his patient life. He has told me all he could, and shown me plain enough the grand old head laid low, the bright, pathetic eyes no longer heart-broken, the voice stilled yet sweet and serene. He brought me the last messages, the last unconscious lessons. I think, when it is all over here for ever and men are called, I shall see Henri Rocher "go up higher" because of his acceptance of the life I know. With him I have laid to rest my last consenting thought of rebellion. Through much tribulation I have seen him enter into rest. And God sent him to walk before me in my darkened hour, a light-bearer.

CHAMBERS OF THE SAINTS.

II.

Near the Farnesina palace is the church of San Girolamo della Carità, in which may be read the following inscription: "This renowned temple was once the abode of St. Paula, the Roman matron, and the asylum of St. Jerome, the great doctor of the church. At a later day St. Philip Neri dwelt here a long time. Under the high altar, erected in honor of the holy doctor, are the bones of SS. Primitivus and Vitalis, and the remains of more than two hundred martyrs."

Yes, this church occupies the site of the palace of the illustrious Paula, in whose veins flowed the royal blood of ancient Greece. Her father, Rogatus, descended from Agamemnon; her mother, from the Gracchi and the Scipios; and she derived her name from Paulus Æmilius, who was one of her ancestors. Her husband, Toxotius, descended from Æneas and the Julian family, that gave the name of Julia to their daughter, Eustochium. It was for this church Domenichino painted his celebrated picture of the Last Communion of St. Jerome, in which St. Paula is represented reverently kissing the wasted hand of the dying saint.

The rooms occupied by St. Philip Neri for thirty-three years are in the house connected with this church. You open the same door he so often opened, go up the same stairs he ascended, and, passing through an antechamber covered with old frescoes, enter a room the saint had constructed in 1558 when his private apartment became too small to contain the great number who came to him for spiritual advice. On the wall is the portrait of the Beato Giovanni Leonardi of Lucca, founder of an order of Regular Clerics, a great friend of St. Philip's, the very sight of whom, Cardinal Tarugi used to say, moved him to the love of God. Here St. Philip held conferences on points of the Catholic faith, to which came young men remarkable for their talents and piety, among whom were Salviati, a relative of the Medici family; Bordini, afterwards archbishop; Marzio Altieri, a Roman nobleman, who used to say St. Philip's room was not a chamber but an earthly paradise; Tarugi, who was present at the death of St.

Ignatius de Loyola—the son of a Roman senator and a relative of two popes, who became archbishop of Siena and a cardinal, but who always called himself St. Philip's novice; and Baronius, whose greatness St. Philip, with his marvellous discernment, foresaw, and whom he induced to write his annals of the church—a work of unprecedented erudition.

From the antechamber you go through a corridor lined with the portraits of the saints of St. Philip's time—St. Camillo de Lellis, St. Felix de Cantalicio, St. Ignatius, St. Charles, etc.—and come to the private room he occupied so long, and which he only left at the express order of Pope Gregory XIII. when it was desirable he should remove to Santa Maria in Vallicella. This room is now gilded and paved with marble, and there is an altar with his chalice and paten. Here he began his conferences and used to hear confessions. St. Leonard of Port Maurice made a general confession in this room, and was filled with so lively a contrition for his sins as to be changed into another man. St. Charles Borromeo used to come here, and, saying the divine office one day with St. Philip, saw him radiant with light and embraced him. Cardinal Frederick Borromeo took pleasure in simply lingering here, even when he had nothing special to say.* Cardinal Alessandro de' Medici, afterwards Pope Leo XI., used to remain here five or six hours at a time. Among those of humbler station was Stefano, a shoemaker, who gave his weekly earnings to the poor for the love of God, reserving for himself only enough for the bare necessaries of life. Another man of humble condition, bearing the name of Francesco Maria, could hear the very angels sing, and wept if he heard any one speak of heaven. St. Ignatius and St. Felix the Capuchin often came here. St. Francis de Sales came here when a young man, and St. Philip welcomed him with a kiss on the forehead.† In this room, too, was heard the voice of Palestrina—"*Cette voix qu'on écoute à genoux*," as Victor Hugo says. St. Philip's room, Faber tells us,

* Cardinal Frederick was the nephew of St. Charles Borromeo, and almost as noted for his benevolence of character and sanctity of life. Manzoni gives an admirable description of him in his novel of *The Betrothed*.

† It was said that those whom St. Philip Neri embraced with special joy became martyrs or illustrious confessors of the faith; hence the students of the English College, before setting out for their mission in England, used to go to receive his benediction. He always expressed great pleasure at meeting any of them, and often stopped in the street to speak to them and give them some proof of his interest. These traditions are embodied in a poem written in 1617 by Hieronymus Caliarius, one of the Oratorian Fathers:

"Designat digito, quos laurea, debet in Anglis
Nerius insignes reddere martyrii
Eventus docuit, quid signa hæc tanta notarent," etc.

was the haunt of all the painters and musicians in Rome. Music he made an instrument of power in the order he founded, and Palestrina was his penitent and died in his embrace. It was at San Girolamo he founded the popular oratorios with a view of substituting innocent recreation for profane spectacles, especially during the penitential seasons of Advent and Lent. He had a beautiful hall constructed, still to be seen, somewhat resembling a chapel, with an altar and an organ at one end, and at the other a tribune for instrumental and vocal performers. Half an hour after the "Ave Maria" the clergy began to sing the Litany of Loreto, which was taken up by the choir to the sound of the organ. The oratorio, which was generally some dramatic incident in Biblical history or the lives of the saints, was intermingled with short religious addresses from the pupils. The grand productions of Palestrina and other eminent composers were often sung by the best performers of the day; but the institution degenerated of late years, owing to the diminished revenues of the order.

It was while at San Girolamo that St. Philip, touched by the privation of poor pilgrims to the tomb of the apostles, founded the hospice of the Trinità to receive them gratuitously, and also a charitable confraternity of Roman nobles, to whom he gave a red sack to wear, emblematic of the flame of charity that should animate them—a costume Dante, with the same symbolic meaning, gives to Beatrice in Paradise:

> "Vestita di color di fiamma viva."

Above St. Philip's room is the gloomy little chamber in which he slept. Here is preserved a great number of objects he once used. The ceiling is unplastered and the floor is of brick. On the wall is a painting of the Tuscan embassy, with Alessandro de' Medici at the head, come to visit the saint in this poor room when he was ill, on which occasion he predicted Alessandro's elevation to the papacy.

In the house of the Oratorians at Santa Maria in Vallicella, which has been seized by the present government and is used for the civil and criminal tribunals, is the cell occupied by St. Philip the last years of his life, with a little oratory adjoining in which he daily celebrated Mass. Father Faber tells how he visited these rooms when a Protestant, little thinking he should ever become a member of St. Philip's order. They were shown him by the very father afterwards appointed by the pope master of

novices to the English Oratorians. In the oratory is the same altar at which St. Philip officiated, with the same candlesticks, flowers, and little bell, and over it hangs the same Madonna and Child. The walls are covered with pictures that belonged to him. The old door of his time is now protected by a wire netting and set in a frame of serpentine marble. There is one small barred window at the Gospel side of the altar. When St. Philip began his Mass the day of his death he remained for some time looking fixedly at the hill of St. Onofrio, just visible from the chapel, as if he saw some great vision. On coming to the "Gloria in Excelsis" he began to sing—a very unusual thing for him—and he sang the whole through with great joy and devotion.

In St. Philip's cell you see a coffer containing his sermons, the old pine confessional he used, the bench on which he sat to instruct children, his bed, and the crucifix he held in his hand when dying. His last days were spent in almost continual prayer and ecstasy. He died May 26, 1595, after receiving the sacraments at the hands of Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, with Cardinal Baronius on his knees praying aloud at his bedside. On the wall is a beautiful portrait of St. Philip by Guido Reni, and in a room below is another, by Guercino, representing him as sweet of aspect and keen of eye. In the sacristy is a fine statue by Algardi, dignified and saintly, holding a book on which are graven the words: *Viam mandatorum tuorum custodivi.*

St. Philip's remains are in the adjoining church, the first corner-stone of which was laid by Cardinal Alessandro de' Medici, who also consecrated it when completed after his elevation to the papacy. It is a vast church ornamented with marbles, and arches frescoed by Pietro da Cortona. The high altar is surmounted by a baldachin resting on four beautiful columns of porto-santo marble, and the tabernacle is ornamented with precious stones. Beneath the altar lie the bodies of two ancient martyrs, SS. Pappias and Maur, which Cardinal Baronius aided with his own hands in bringing into this church, and with what reverence and holy joy may be perceived from his own words: "We have seen these holy remains; we have touched them, and, though unworthy, have kissed them with joy. Aided by the fathers of the Oratory, we bore them hither on our shoulders rejoicing. It was indeed a great joy for us to receive such guests with the feeling that they would never leave us, and that we, venerating them as our patrons, could augment the honor due them, and surround them every day with the increasing homage of our prayers." A painting of these two saints by Rubens hangs on one side of the sanctuary, and op-

posite is another of SS. Nereo and Achilleo by the same artist. Cardinal Baronius lies buried in one of the side chapels, where hangs Baroccio's painting of the Visitation, before which St. Philip loved to meditate, and near it is the tomb of Cardinal Maury.

St. Philip's shrine is in a splendid chapel on the Gospel side of the high altar, at the end of the right aisle. It was built in the year 1600 by Nero de' Neri, a noble Florentine, at his own expense. The walls are encrusted with jasper, agate, and other precious stones. The dome is inlaid with mother-of-pearl and supported by four columns of alabaster. The centre of the pavement is of green oriental jasper, and around, set in beautiful marble, are roses of alabaster. The body of the saint lies beneath a rich altar, and above it is a copy in mosaic of his portrait by Guido. Of the countless number of chapels at Rome where it is good to pray we know of none more attractive than this, with its air of solemn seclusion like the privacy of one's own closet; and when lit up for some great festival with a circle of lamps around the entrance, and people kneeling all along the aisle in prayer, nothing could be more strikingly beautiful.

In the gloomy street of St. Pantaleone, not far from the church of St. Andrea della Valle, is the grim, stern-looking Palazzo Massimo, with a semi-circular portico resting on Doric columns. Entering the huge portal, you find yourself in a delightful old court surrounded by galleries—solitary, picturesque, with antique sculptures, and a fountain, with plants growing around it, giving a delicious freshness to the air. The contrast with the noisy thoroughfare without, the marks of venerable antiquity, the sun coming aslant across the court, lighting up the marble Venus and the trickling fountain, and the shadowy galleries rising one above the other, make up a lovely, peaceful picture which artists are fond of sketching. Ascending the stone staircase, you pass a bust of Fabius Maximus, the great Roman dictator, from whom the Massimi claim descent, and over the entrance-hall is their motto, *Cunctando restituit*, in allusion to his saving his country by temporizing and harassing Hannibal instead of giving open battle.* Old inscriptions line the stairway, and two antique lions guard the door of entrance in the first loggia.

In the third story is the room where St. Philip Neri restored the young Prince Massimo to life, now converted into an oratory and opened to the public on the anniversary of the miracle. In-

* "Not to contend is to conquer" was a saying of Fabius Maximus.

scriptions at the entrance record the indulgences conferred by three popes on all who visit the room. It is a pretty little chapel, with an altar between marble pillars, and a painting of the miraculous event which here took place hanging over it. There is also a statue of St. Philip, and beneath the altar a portion of his relics. St. Philip was the director of the Massimo family, and took a special interest in the young Paul, who was the oldest son. The boy died suddenly, and St. Philip, coming to visit the family, found them all lamenting around his death-bed. The saint, putting his hand on the boy's head, restored him to life. After hearing his confession St. Philip said: "Art thou willing to yield thy soul to God?" "I am," replied the young prince. "Then go; may you be blessed, and pray God for us." And the boy sank back with a smile and died. This was March 16, 1561. Pope Piux IX. himself performed a solemn service here just three hundred years after the event.

In a street leading from the Piazza delle Tararughe is the Benedictine convent of Sant' Ambrogio, restored under the patronage of Pius IX. Here are the chambers once occupied by St. Marcellina and her brothers, St. Satyro and the great St. Ambrose. These rooms are now charming oratories, so adorned as to excite one's devotion, and are often visited by strangers as well as the people of Rome. You are admitted by a cordial lay brother, who conducts you through a pleasant loggia looking into a court filled with orange and lemon trees, then up a spiral stairway to a small room with an altar on which is a curious old crucifix, the Christ with his head bent down and wearing a short tunic. Beneath the altar, protected by a grate, is a portion of the bedstead on which St. Ambrose used to sleep when young, and on the wall is a painting and a bas-relief depicting him as the great doctor of the church. This room looks down an arched staircase, steep, gloomy, with stone steps worn smooth, and quaint pictures of the Via Crucis on one side. This was the Scala Santa of the nuns who at one time occupied this convent, and they used to ascend it devoutly on their knees, meditating on the Passion of Christ. To it were attached the indulgences of the Lateran staircase.

St. Marcellina's room is larger and hung with damask. Over the altar is a painting of her and her mother, and of St. Candida, one of Marcellina's first companions, who accompanied her to Milan and remained faithful to her all her life. St. Marcellina received the sacred veil in the Vatican basilica from the hands of

Pope Liberius, in the presence of her mother and a vast assemblage. It was during the midnight service at Christmas, and the church was illuminated by hundreds of torches and lamps. After the sacred functions and the chanting of the Psalms, the pope, before giving her the consecrated veil, delivered an address, which St. Ambrose happily preserved. It begins: "*Bonas, filia, nuptias desiderasti*—O beautiful espousals which thou hast desired and chosen for thy portion, my daughter." Marcellina's holy life, spent in fasting, prayer, and the study of the sacred books, made a great impression on the mind of the young Ambrose, as is implied in the inscription on the wall of her room: "Hac in domo S. Marcellina tenellos fratrum animos Ambrosii et Satyri ad pietatem instituebat, semina iis ingerens uberrimum latura fructum."

The third room is consecrated to the memory of St. Satyro, at whose death St. Ambrose in a funeral oration said: "The poor also shed their tears, precious and fruitful tears, that wash away the sins of the departed. They let fall redeeming tears."

The remains of the four saints honored in this house are in the ancient basilica of Sant' Ambrogio at Milan.

The cell of St. Gregory, so justly called the Great, is to be seen in the church of his name on the Cœlian Hill, built on the site of his paternal mansion. No spot in Rome is more interesting to people of the English race. We cannot ascend that broad flight of steps, between which the grass is now growing, without being moved at the thought of the band of monks who, thirteen hundred years ago, set out for England from this very place. We pause in the arcades of the atrium to read the long list of their names, as of a holy litany of the benefactors of our race, and to examine the tombs of many English exiles, happy to have found rest in so peaceful a spot. One is of a knight who bequeathed all he had to "the poor of Christ," erected by Thomas Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph's, one of his executors. Another is to the memory of Sir Edward Carne, ambassador to the court of Rome at the accession of Elizabeth, to whom the octogenarian pope, Paul III., plainly said he "could not comprehend the hereditary right of one not born in lawful wedlock." There are also the touching lines telling us it was St. Sylvia who gave her son, St. Gregory, to the church, and in the first chapel on entering the edifice is a painting of her by an English artist. The reverence with which we enter the church is deepened by the profound silence, and we go softly across the rich pavement of

Opus Alexandrinum, up the solitary aisles pillared with ancient columns of granite and bordered with chapels, till we come to a little oratory bearing the following inscription:

> "Nocte dieque vigil longo hic defessa labore
> Gregorius modica membra quiete levat"

—"it was here that Gregory refreshed his members, wearied by vigils and long labors day and night." Here is his episcopal throne of marble like an ancient curule chair, with strange animals carved on it, and looking through a grating is seen the alcove where he used to sleep, sometimes on no softer couch than a slab of marble or piece of sackcloth.

St. Gregory was a Roman patrician, and his mother belonged to the Anicia family, to which the great St. Benedict also belonged, and from which the mediæval house of the Conti claimed descent. St. Trasila and St. Emiliana were his aunts, and among his ancestors was Pope St. Felix III. St. Gregory's life and claims on our veneration are too well known to need repetition. He was a great orator, a great writer, but, above all, a great pontiff, whose influence will never cease to be felt in the church. He was a poet, too, and a musician. His name is inseparably connected with that grave, majestic chant which gives such grandeur to the liturgy and impresses every one so profoundly. He is rightly called the Apostle of England, on account of his zeal for the conversion of that country. He actually started himself to go there as a missionary, but was recalled at the wish of the Roman people. His name became popular throughout Great Britain as its benefactor, and was borne, among others, by a Scottish prince in the eighth century—the reputed progenitor of the clan MacGregor. It is curious to think of this Highland clan, once so formidable, sung in ballads and celebrated in romance, as deriving its name from a monk born on the Cœlian Hill.

In the lonely Salviati chapel is the spot where the Madonna appeared to St. Gregory and left her form impressed on the wall, still to be seen in a little niche. This is one of the favorite, significant legends of the middle ages, in which the Madonna or Christ on the cross is represented speaking to the devout suppliant or bending graciously towards him, blessing him with outstretched hand, and leaving some ineffaceable record of the divine manifestation. We feel their force when praying on the same spot, and accept their truth.

In the garden are three chapels restored by Cardinal Baro-

nius, containing beautiful paintings by Guido and Domenichino, and statues of St. Sylvia and St. Gregory by Cordieri. One of these is the chapel of St. Andrea, founded by St. Gregory himself, where he delivered many of his homilies. In another is the triclinium, or marble table, where he daily fed twelve poor men, among whom appeared one day a heavenly guest. It is said he had such a sense of responsibility after he was raised to the papacy that when a poor man died of starvation at Rome he fasted for several days and abstained from celebrating the holy rites of the altar. His compassion for the suffering extended even to the other world; and as St. Paul wept over the tomb of Virgil, so he mourned over the fate of the Emperor Trajan, and, according to the mediæval legend to which Dante makes allusion, procured his very redemption *à porta inferi.* On an altar at the end of one of the aisles of the church, where St. Gregory used to officiate, is carved this beautiful legend in marble:

> "There was storied on the rock
> Th' exalted glory of the Roman prince
> Whose mighty worth moved Gregory to earn
> His mighty conquest."

On going out of the church we saw one of the Camaldoli fathers just giving a dish of soup to a poor beggar among the tombs in the arcades. It was pleasant to see the charity of St. Gregory perpetuated on the spot where he lived. Pope Gregory XVI. belonged to this monastery, and chose his name in honor of St. Gregory. It was he who had the public garden, opposite the church, laid out and planted. He never laid aside the simple habits of the monastic life, and exclaimed on his death-bed that he wished to die as a monk and not as a sovereign.

Near San Gregorio is the convent of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, likewise on the slope of the Cœlian Hill. The tall campanile, with its open arches one above another, rising beyond the trees of the Parco di San Gregorio; the picturesque apse of the church with its arcade; the steep road leading to it that passes under the flying buttresses; the mediæval portico, with its granite pillars opening on a square where reigns an almost pastoral solitude; the venerable church of the Romanesque style, with its long history; the adjoining monastery of the Passionists, filled with the ascetic fervor of the middle ages; the garden, with its yawning caverns of the Vivarium, where used to be kept the wild beasts of the Coliseum, and where amid the tall cypresses you can see

St. Bonaventure with its palms, the Palatine with its ruins, the Capitol, the Forum, the Arch of Constantine, and the Coliseum—all combine to make this not only one of the most beautiful spots in Rome, but one of peculiar interest. In the convent is the cell where St. Paul of the Cross, the founder of the Passionists, spent the last years of his life, and where he died at the advanced age of eighty-two. Pope Clement XIV. and Pius VI., as an inscription on the wall states, both visited him in this room. The altar is still here at which he said Mass in his last days, as well as the arm-chair in which he was borne to the church when overcome by the infirmities of age. Some old engravings of his day hang around, and you are shown the crucifix he carried in his missions, his testament and other religious books, several objects of devotion, and his instruments of penance. He took delight in his last days in listening to the Passion according to the Gospel of St. John, and on the 18th of October, 1775, as the attendant brother was reading the words, *Sublevatis oculis in cœlum*—words the saint had devoutly repeated every day for so many years at the Mass—he quietly gave up the ghost. His venerable remains, clad in the garb of his order, are in a simple shrine at the end of the right aisle of the church. Above is a painting of the Madonna giving him the insignia of the Passionists. Three lamps burn before the shrine, but the aged brother, before opening it for us, lighted two candles. St. Paul lies peaceful and seemingly asleep, with a crucifix on his breast and a branch of silver lilies in his hand. Of all the saintly forms to be seen in the Christian world this is certainly one of the most noble and impressive.

A magnificent chapel has been erected to receive the body of St. Paul of the Cross, but the final decorations were suspended when we visited it. It is in the form of a Greek cross with a dome in the centre—no gloomy chapel with subdued light and severe of style, but radiant and brilliant, as if to depict the glory of the saints. Splendid columns of Egyptian alabaster, the gift of Pius IX., support the arch beneath which the saint is to rest, and the same precious material is used to line the walls, inlaid with other rare stones. On the arches are frescoes of the life of the saint, and in the dome he is to be seen ascending to heaven amid beautiful winged spirits. Angels of the Passion are in the spandrils.

The church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo was built in the fourth century by St. Pammachus, the friend of St. Jerome, on the site of the house of John and Paul—two saints who are commemorated in the Canon of the Mass. They were brothers and

in the service of Constantia, the daughter of Constantine the Great, and were beheaded in the reign of Julian because they would not, like him, apostatize. Their remains are in a porphyry urn beneath the high altar, and the place where they were beheaded is indicated by a slab on one side of the nave with an iron railing around it. On the festival of SS. John and Paul this little enclosure is filled with flowers. As far back as the time of St. Gregory the Great the anniversary of their martyrdom was observed as a public festival and the vigil solemnized by a fast.

SS. Giovanni e Paolo has many associations that render it specially interesting to the English. It was Adrian IV., the English pope, who in 1158 erected the portico with its granite columns. Pope Clement X. gave the church and convent to a community of English Dominicans in 1676, at the request of Cardinal Philip Howard, a Dominican friar himself, who sprang, as Macaulay says, "from the noblest houses in Britain, grandson on one side of an Earl of Arundel, and on the other of a Duke of Lennox." He at once began to repair the buildings, and expended a large sum of money in the restoration of the beautiful campanile and in decorating the church and cloisters. He also had to support the friars he established here. They were first governed by Father Thomas White, of a good family in Hampshire, who celebrated the marriage between the Duke of York (after wards James II.) and Mary Beatrice of Modena when the Bishop of Modena refused to perform the ceremony. His brother, Jerome White, became one of the duchess' chaplains.

Erasmus Henry, the youngest son of the poet Dryden, became a Dominican friar in this convent under the name of Thomas, but seems to have returned to England after succeeding, at the death of his cousin, Sir John Dryden, to the baronetcy given his great-grandfather by James I. in 1619. He could not inherit the family estate of Canons Ashby without apostatizing, as a penal statute of 1699 declared no papist could inherit landed property. It must go to the nearest Protestant relative. Accordingly Canons Ashby fell to his cousin Edward. Father Dryden, however, resided at the manor-house and was allowed a pittance, but he soon died of consumption in the forty-second year of his age. The provincial of the Dominicans visited him on his death-bed, but Father Dryden, after receiving the sacraments, urged him to depart with all speed, lest there might be some treachery on the part of his Protestant relatives.

But to return to Santi Giovanni e Paolo. Clement XIV. gave

it to the Passionists, who made it their headquarters. St. Paul of the Cross, it is said, prescribed continual prayers in his order for the return of the nations of the north to the church, and for thirty years he daily prayed for the conversion of England in particular. One day he cried at the altar: "Ah! I see glorious things. I behold my children in England." The penal laws were not then abolished in that country, but his vision has been accomplished. New apostles have issued from this house as once from San Gregorio.

SS. Giovanni e Paolo is the titular church of the present Cardinal Howard. We had the pleasure of witnessing the interesting ceremony of his taking possession of it on St. George's day, 1877. The basilica was hung throughout with crimson and gold, and on the walls of the sanctuary was emblazoned the lion argent of the Howards* with the motto: *Sola virtus invicta.* The high altar was covered with a profusion of the rarest flowers—a tribute from Baron Von Hoffman. On the wall at one side hung the portrait of the Sovereign Pontiff, and on the other a likeness of the new cardinal. The nave was filled with foreign visitors to the Eternal City, particularly English and American. The Passionist Fathers received his eminence at the portal, and, after the usual ceremony of presenting holy water, he was conducted to the altar of the Blessed Sacrament and thence to a throne prepared for him in front of the tribune. The notary apostolic read the pontifical diploma conferring this church on him as a title, and after a brief congratulation to him from the general of the Passionists the cardinal addressed the congregation in English, alluding to the connection of the churches on the Cœlian Hill with Catholicity in England, passing in review St. Gregory the Great, Pope Adrian IV., Cardinal Philip Howard, and St. Paul of the Cross. The music was fine, the assembly brilliant. The cardinal finally withdrew to the sacristy, where he was followed by the crowd to kiss his hand and receive his benediction.

In the Roman College founded by St. Francis Borgia, but now used by the government for a lyceum, is the chamber once occupied by the young St. Aloysius de Gonzaga while pursuing his studies. He was the son of the Marquis of Castiglione, a branch of the illustrious house of the dukes of Mantua, allied with the royal families of France, Spain, and Austria. He received his

* "All in Lord Howard's livery dressed,
The lion argent decked his breast."
—SCOTT.

first Communion at the hands of St. Charles Borromeo, and lived in his father's palace as if in a cloister. His mother used to call him *il mio angioletto.* In 1581 he went to Spain with his parents, who accompanied Donna Maria of Austria, the daughter of Charles V. and wife of the Emperor Maximilian. St. Aloysius and his brother Rodolphus were appointed pages of honor to the prince royal of Spain. He entered the Society of Jesus at Rome before he was eighteen, and while attending the sufferers from the pestilence of 1591 caught the disease himself and died at the age of twenty-three, a martyr of charity. So great was his joy at the approach of death that he made a scruple of it to his confessor, Cardinal Bellarmin. No one ever more fully verified the words of Crabbe:

> 'And never mortal left this world of sin
> More like the infant he entered in."

The chamber St. Aloysius occupied at the Roman College is now an oratory and hung with red. The beams of the ceiling are covered with arabesques, and on the walls hang scenes from his brief life. Among these paintings is an authentic portrait. Here are preserved the crucifix he used to wear and a volume of notes on theology written by his own hand.

Near by is the room of the B. Jean Berchmans, a young Belgian Jesuit beatified by Pius IX. His portrait is over the altar, and you are shown an autograph letter written in very neat, legible characters, and many articles he used. In the same suite of rooms is the chapel of the Congregation of the Blessed Virgin, known at Rome as the Prima Primaria, to which are affiliated so many branches throughout the world. This congregation was founded in 1563 by Père Léon, a young Jesuit professor from Liège, who had been in the habit of daily assembling several of the most thoughtful of his pupils to pray with them and read some religious book. He found this practice so beneficial to them that he organized a regular association and admitted others. Gregory XIII. examined the rules and gave them his approbation. Sixtus V., Clement VIII., Benedict XIV., and other popes have conferred indulgences on it. Many sovereigns of Europe have belonged to it, as well as people of every grade. Wherever there is a house of the Society of Jesus a branch of this congregation is established, and the Enfants de Marie for ladies are nearly as numerous. Père Léon, the founder, afterwards distinguished himself in France for his devotedness to the soldiers in time of war, going out in search of

the disabled and bringing them into the hospitals, where he served them with his own hands and often provided for their wants.

The tomb of St. Aloysius is in the vast church of St. Ignatius, built by Cardinal Ludovisi on the site of a temple dedicated to the nymph Juturna, sister of Turnus, the unfortunate rival of Æneas. This church was decorated by two Jesuit artists, Grossi and Pozzi. The latter painted the apotheosis of the titular saint on the ceiling of the nave, remarkable for its perspective, which has perhaps never been surpassed. The tombs of St. Aloysius and the B. Berchmans are in the transepts opposite each other, and are of the same general design. The former, on the southern side, is in an urn of lapis-lazuli with silver mountings, beneath an altar which has for its reredos four spiral columns of *verde antico*, wreathed with palms of gilded bronze, which frame a large bas-relief of white marble—the *chef-d'œuvre* of Legros—representing St. Aloysius borne to heaven by angels, his hands crossed on his breast, his face beautiful with innocence and beaming with heavenly joy. In the cloud of angels above him is one ready to place a crown on his head. This shrine is enclosed by a balustrade of *giallo antico*. Two angels of white marble at the corners hold symbolic lilies, and six others of gilt bronze hold lamps for ever burning. In the sacristy is a marble altar presented by St. Aloysius' mother and his two brothers, Rodolphus and Francis, when he was beatified in 1605.

St. Aloysius is the favorite saint of the young Romans, and on the 21st of June his room is opened and adorned, and his shrine covered with lights and beautiful flowers. All the students of the Roman College receive communion, or did in happier times, at his altar, as well as a vast number of others, and the children gather around it to sing charming hymns:

> " Luigi angelico,
> Dal vostro viso
> Di Paradiso
> Spira beltà."

They also bring written prayers addressed to *Santo Luigi in Paradiso*, which are laid on his tomb and afterwards burned in a brasier in the garden amid the perfumes of incense. This practice sprang from the account of the saint's last moments, when he spoke of heaven with such pious assurance that his friends confided to him the most earnest desires of their heart, which he promised to remember in heaven.

At the very extremity of the Trastevere, near the shore of the

Tiber, whence it takes its name, stands the convent of San Francesco à Ripa with a broad, spacious square before it. The government has taken it for a barrack, and the garden, noted for its tall palm and for the orange-tree planted by St. Francis, is now a drilling-ground for soldiers, and the frescoes of the Via Crucis along the walls are nearly effaced. In the twelfth century the hospital of San Biagio stood here, in which St. Francis of Assisi, the glorious "Gonfalonière di Christo," took lodgings when he came to Rome, that he might minister to the sick. Pope Gregory IX. afterwards gave the place to the Franciscans, and it became their novitiate. The church was first built by Count Pandolfo of Anquillara, kinsman to him who crowned Petrarch. Count Pandolfo died a Franciscan, and is represented in their habit on his tomb. The church was afterwards restored by Cardinal Pallavicini, and is extremely picturesque from the number of its tombs and shrines.

The narrow cell in which the seraphic Francis lodged is still to be seen. It was converted into an oratory by Cardinal di Montalto, nephew of Pope Sixtus V., and is covered with paintings and *ex-votos*. The retablo of the altar is a vast reliquary containing eighteen thousand relics, which is opened by touching a spring. This little room is a genuine cabinet of religious objects, among which is a curious old portrait of St. Francis, painted on wood, and a stone which he used as a pillow.

In the convent of the Capuccini is the cell of St. Felix de Cantalicio, which is quite unique. It is about seven feet in every direction and made of reeds fastened to branches of trees and roughly plastered. A wire netting now protects it within and without. St. Felix occupied this cell for forty years, and in it he died; but it was then in another house at Rome, whence it was brought here. He was a lay brother, and for nearly half a century the *quêteur* of his convent, but he found means to exercise charity to the poor and to labor for the conversion of sinners. Every boy in Rome was acquainted with St. Felix, and, knowing how he delighted in the praise of God, used to greet him with the pious salutation: "Deo gratias, Fra Felice!" St. Philip Neri held him in great estimation, and they used to kneel to embrace each other out of veneration one for the other.

There are several other rooms held in great veneration at Rome, such as that of St. John Capistran at the Ara Cœli, a Minorite friar who, armed with a crucifix, led on the Christian

army at the siege of Belgrade against the Saracens; that in which St. John de Matha died, in the arch of Dolabella; that of St. Charles Borromeo in the Palazzo Altemps; the room in which St. Cecilia was martyred, in the church of her name; and those of St. Dominic and St. Pius V. at Santa Sabina.

All these hushed rooms, into which you step out of busy thoroughfares, are full of calm, sinless peace. Nothing of the world is here. You inhale ennobling thoughts. You taste the serenity and beatitude of the saints, and have a new sense of that high sanctity which changes not with time and takes not the hue of any age.

CHRISTIAN JERUSALEM.

PART III.—A.D. 50–137.

St. Paul's Arrest, Imprisonment, and Appeal to Cæsar—Epistle of St. James—His Martyrdom—Epistle to the Hebrews—Retreat of the Christians to Pella—Their Return and the Line of Jewish Bishops—Second Destruction of Jerusalem.

St. Paul made another short visit to Jerusalem during the Paschal time, two years after the council. In the year 55, the first of Nero and the last of the Procurator Felix, during the week of Pentecost, he came again, to take part in both the Christian and the Jewish festival. "And when we were come to Jerusalem, the brethren received us gladly. And the day following Paul went in with us to James, and all the presbyters were assembled. And when he had saluted them, he related particularly what things God had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry. But they hearing it, glorified God, and said to him: Thou seest, brother, how many tens of thousands there are among the Jews who have believed: and they are all zealous for the law. Now, they have heard of thee, that thou teachest those Jews who are among the Gentiles apostasy from Moses: saying that they ought not to circumcise their children, nor to walk according to the custom. What is it therefore? the multitude must indeed come together, for they will hear that thou art come" (Acts xxi.

17–22). Here is another evidence of the great number of conversions which had taken place among the Jews. It seems, also, that the church of Jerusalem was still numerous, though a considerable number of the multitude then in the city had most likely come there from other parts to keep Pentecost. On the occasion of St. Paul's last visit when he kept Easter in Jerusalem, he had been under a vow, had shorn his head at Cenchrea and fulfilled the customary rites in the temple. St. James now advised him to accompany four poor men who had a similar vow to fulfil to the temple, to pay their dues and provide for the customary sacrifices. "And all will know that the things which they have heard of thee are false: but that thou thyself also walkest, keeping the law" (ibid. 23, 24).

The advice was good, but entailed serious consequences upon Paul. A great tumult was excited under the pretext that he had profaned the temple, in which he would have been killed had he not been rescued by the military tribune, Claudius Lysias, commander of the garrison, who brought him with difficulty, under guard of a numerous body of soldiers, to the tower of Antonia, followed by a great and raging crowd. From the esplanade of the castle he was allowed to address the people, which he did in the Syro-Chaldaic tongue, the vulgar dialect of Hebrew then in common use. His speech was a narration of his own career thirty years before, as a pupil of Gamaliel and a persecutor of the church, of his conversion, and of his mission as a preacher to the Gentiles. They had heard him quietly until he came to this point, when their Jewish fanaticism was again aroused, and they clamored loudly for his blood.

Lysias at once brought him within the castle, shutting the doors on the mob, and ordered him to be tortured by scourging, in order to extort from him a confession of the supposed misdeeds by which he had aroused the rage of the populace. Paul pleaded his Roman citizenship in self-defence, and thus secured for himself respectful treatment. The tribune caused the Sanhedrim to be called together, that he might hear what could be alleged against Paul and his answer to the same. Under the administration of Cumanus, the predecessor of Felix, Ananias, son of Nebid, had been high-priest. Cumanus, Celer his tribune commanding in Jerusalem, Ananias, and Annas the captain of the temple, had all been sent as prisoners to Rome by the proconsul of Syria, on account of their conduct in a violent conflict between the Jews and Samaritans. Cumanus was banished, Celer was sent back to Jerusalem and there beheaded, the other two were afterwards re-

leased and sent home. Agrippa the Younger, son of the former king, who had been invested with the sovereignty of the temple, deposed Ananias and appointed in his place Jonathan, a pontiff of higher repute for virtue than any other of that age. Precisely because of his virtue and his remonstrances against the vices of Felix, the latter had caused him to be assassinated by some of the dagger-men in the temple. Agrippa had not yet appointed his successor, Ismael Phabi. "In this interval, probably," says Milman (*Hist. Jews*, b. xiii.), "a kind of illegitimate authority had been resumed by that Ananias, son of Nebid, who had been sent in chains to Rome by Quadratus, and had been released through the influence of Agrippa." The punishment of Celer explains the great fear which Lysias showed of compromising himself. The other circumstances throw light on St. Luke's narration of incidents which occurred during and after this council. Ananias, who was presiding in the place of the high-priest, commanded soon after Paul began to speak that he should be smitten on the mouth. The apostle sternly retorted on him: "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall!" When he was reproved for insulting the high-priest, he answered that he did not know that he was the high-priest—*i.e.*, as Milman says, "either did not know or did not recognize his doubtful title."

It is not necessary to repeat what is so fully and graphically related in the Acts, concerning the progress and issue of the desperate attempt of the chief priests to destroy Paul. Josephus shows what sort of men they were, and how rapidly everything was becoming worse in Jerusalem. Summing up his testimony, Milman says: "Up to this period, according to the representation of the Jewish annalist, the Pontificate had remained almost entirely uncontaminated by the general license and turbulence which distracted the nation. The priests were in general moderate and upright men, who had endeavored to maintain the peace of the city. Now the evil penetrated into the sanctuary, and feuds rent the sacred family of Levi. A furious schism broke out between the chief priests and the inferior priesthood. Each party collected a band of ruffians, and assailed the other with violent reproaches and even with stones. No one interfered to repress the tumult; and the high-priests are said to have sent their slaves to levy by force the tithes which belonged to the inferior class, many of whom in consequence perished with hunger. Even the worst excesses of the dagger-men seem to have been authorized by the priests for their own purposes. The forty men who, with the connivance of the priests, bound themselves

by a vow to assassinate St. Paul, if not of the fraternity, recognized the principles of that sanguinary crew." Ananias, who was one of the foremost in violence and rapacity, came to a miserable end during the siege of Jerusalem, having been dragged out of a sewer where he had taken refuge, and murdered by assassins of a party opposed to his own.

Felix was a man who was born a slave but rose to greatness through the favor of Nero. He married three women of royal blood, one of whom, the Drusilla mentioned in the Acts, was the daughter of Agrippa I., and had left her lawful husband, Aziz, King of Emesa. Tacitus says that he combined in his person the vices of slaves and tyrants. Agrippa II. was king over the former tetrarchate of Philip and a part of Galilee, but resided in the Asmonean palace at Jerusalem and had jurisdiction over the temple. His sister Berenice, widow of Herod of Chalcis, afterwards wife of Polemo, King of Cilicia, was at this time believed to be the mistress of her own brother Agrippa. Such were the persons before whom Paul had to appear as the prisoner and the preacher of righteousness. Festus was an upright and honorable man. Fear of the Roman tribunals, Paul's Roman citizenship, and his appeal to Cæsar were his safeguard from the imminent perils which threatened him, and they caused the protection of the whole military power of the governor to be thrown around him; although it must also be acknowledged that Festus and Agrippa were of themselves disposed to act justly towards him, and to acquit and release him if his appeal to Cæsar had not prevented. It is commonly supposed that St. Paul's arrest took place in the year 58, and that his hearing before Festus and Agrippa at Cæsarea, which resulted in his being sent as a prisoner to Rome for trial, occurred during the year 60.

From the time when St. Luke tells us: "Going on board a ship of Adrumetum, beginning to sail along the coast of Asia, we put to sea" (Acts xxvii. 2), sacred history is silent concerning Jerusalem and the church in Palestine. It closes with a notice in few words of the apostle's lenient captivity under military guard in Rome, and his continual activity in instructing those who came to visit him at his private domicile. Thus St. Luke, who begins his history with Jerusalem, finishes it with Rome. The church, having made Jerusalem, the Holy City of the Old Law, its starting-point, proceeds to establish its Eastern principal seats in Antioch and Alexandria, and, passing thence into Europe and the West, takes possession of its universal metropolis in Rome, the New Jerusalem and Holy City of the New Law. St. Paul, at the

close of his long conference with the chief of the Jews at Rome, "to whom he expounded and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, out of the Law of Moses and the prophets, from morning until evening" (Acts xxviii. 23), when "some believed the things that were said, and some did not believe"; plainly making known in language quoted from the prophet Isaiah his judgment that the great body of the nation were blinded and hardened in unbelief, emphatically declared, as God's Legate: "Be it known, therefore, to you, that this salvation is sent to the Gentiles: they will also hear."

The time had nearly come when the Judaic portion of the Christian Church was to disappear, as a distinct and important element in the universal society of the faithful, and the offspring of the first disciples of Jesus and his apostles become absorbed into the Gentile community of believers. Their special apostle and chief bishop was drawing near to his martyrdom, his flock was on the point of dispersion, and the heavy clouds of judgment were gathering in the sky above Jerusalem, Judea, and Galilee, betokening the approaching destruction of the temple, the priesthood, and the political existence of the ancient people of God.

One of the last acts of St. James was to send forth his Epistle "to the twelve tribes which are scattered abroad," or "in the Dispersion"—*i.e.*, as Kenrick explains the words, "to all Jews, but especially converts from Judaism, whether in Judea or scattered among the nations." The Epistle was written between the time of St. Paul's departure for Rome and the death of Festus, probably near the year 62, when the premonitory disturbances leading to the rebellion of the year 66 had begun. It seems likely that St. James' flock had already begun to disperse and be diminished. The greater number of the converts gathered during his episcopate of thirty years, especially the earlier part of it, must have been already asleep in the Lord. Those who were not closely bound to the city, and who had connections or other motives for emigration outside of Judea, would be likely to depart elsewhere. There were many temptations to discouragement and tepidity just then besetting all Christians of Jewish origin. The Epistle is one of solemn warning; it is the last admonition of an aged patriarch and apostle, before leaving the world, to his children who are entering upon dark and dangerous days. The last tones of David's harp and Isaiah's prophetic voice resound and die away in the solemn words of the descendant of kings and prophets, the dweller on Mt. Sion, the shepherd of the remnant of Israel's true flock, the last saint of the sanctuary of Moriah,

whose prayers hallowed and preserved the profaned temple and guilty city, and whose blood was about to bring down upon them the final stroke of divine vengeance through Roman catapults and the Roman soldier's torch, civic factions and bloody internecine strife of rival bands of assassins.

The general groundwork of doctrine and exhortation in the Epistle does not present at first sight and on its surface anything beyond what may seem a commonplace reminder of the ordinary and obvious truths of religion and morals, such as is appropriate to all classes of persons in all times and circumstances. Yet, regarded in the light of the actual circumstances, and the occasion and end which moved the apostle to write; its faint lines being, as it were, held to the fire; more specific and distinct meaning comes out. We see the whole character of the apostle, as tradition presents him, expressed; and the spirit of the first, most fervent days of the church of Jerusalem manifests itself in the denunciation of pride, avarice, undue exaltation of the rich above the poor, and the false piety which disregards good works and supports itself on mere professions, on the pretext of faith and a display of sentiment. The menace of trouble to come, of approaching judgment and the downfall of the rich and powerful, the exhortation to courage and steadfastness in trials, to repentance and confession, to prayer and reliance on divine providence, to detachment from worldly goods, take a new meaning when we consider all that was about to happen within the next ten years, which Christ had foretold, which his apostle foresaw, which any prudent person might have foreboded.

The most salient doctrinal point in the Epistle of St. James is the presentation of the sound Catholic doctrine of justification, as opposed to a false doctrine of justification by faith alone. It would seem that the apostle intended to counteract an abuse and misinterpretation of certain persons who wrested the teaching of St. Paul, as St. Peter declares some did, in a way destructive of faith and true holiness. Luther, who revived this among many other ancient heresies, very naturally held this Epistle in detestation and summarily ejected it from his self-formed canon of Scripture. Protestants in general, in great measure, we suppose, through the conservative spirit and influence of the Church of England, have preserved the entire canon of the New Testament sanctioned by Catholic Tradition and the authority of the church. Yet we cannot fail to be struck with the many manifestations which Protestantism makes of a spirit wholly alien from that of the antique Christianity whose memory is preserved in

the Acts of the Apostles, in the history of the church of Jerusalem, in the character, life, and doctrine of its first bishop. Modern, rationalizing Protestants, especially, and even the more orthodox, write of the early church and Christianity like foreigners, curious inquirers into an interesting ancient religion to which they do not themselves belong. We shall have a better opportunity, hereafter, to bring out the witness of primitive and apostolic tradition as embodied and preserved in the apostolic see of St. James, when we reach the epoch of Eusebius of Cæsarea and Cyril of Jerusalem. We return to the beloved brother of our Lord, who is about to become a martyr and to follow his holy deacon Stephen in the combat which won for him the crown.

The probable date of St. James' martyrdom is A.D. 62. By combining the accounts of Josephus and Hegesippus we arrive at the conclusion that the chiefs of the most fanatical party in Jerusalem took advantage of the interval between the death of Festus and the arrival of his successor, Albinus, to put to death James and some other principal men among the Christians. Ananus, son of Ananus, or Annas, who was high-priest before Caiaphas, was the high-priest. St. James was brought before the Sanhedrim and required to renounce Jesus under penalty of being stoned to death. Having been conducted to an elevated place above one of the porticoes of the temple, in the hope that he would abjure his faith before the assembled people, he confessed and preached Jesus as the Christ with a loud voice, and was then thrown down upon the pavement underneath. Rising upon his knees, he began to pray for his murderers, and his skull was shattered by a blow from a fuller's club. Many persons were indignant at this crime; a deputation was sent to meet Albinus and accuse Ananus of an offence against the majesty of Rome in convoking by his sole authority the Sanhedrim and inflicting a capital sentence. Agrippa deposed Ananus, and Josephus expresses the sentiment of the better class of Jews in his strong reprobation of the atrocious judicial murder of James the Just.

His brother, or half-brother, Simeon, succeeded him as Bishop of Jerusalem. Not very long after the martyrdom of St. James, St. Paul sent to the Jewish Christians of Palestine his Epistle to the Hebrews, which is addressed not only to them but to all Christians of Judiac origin in general, though its motive was especially to guard the faithful of Palestine against the danger of relapse to which they were exposed. There are good reasons, both critical and traditional, for supposing that St. Paul em-

ployed some other person, perhaps St. Luke or St. Clement, in the composition of this sublime and quite unique document of inspired doctrinal instruction; dictating the substance and afterwards reviewing and approving the form in which his ideas had been embodied in language by his assistant according to his own style and manner of writing; and thus making the Epistle entirely authentic as really the work of St. Paul himself.

Whoever will attentively read the Epistle to the Hebrews in the light of contemporaneous events will see its scope and its appropriateness very clearly. In less than ten years the end of Judaism was to come by a most appalling catastrophe. A Jew of pure blood, brought up a Pharisee and educated in the school of the rabbins, but miraculously converted from a fierce persecutor of Christians into the chief of apostolic preachers and doctors, takes this occasion to set forth the true end and meaning of the Mosaic law, its temporary character, the sublimity and perennial endurance of the New Law and new Priesthood of Jesus Christ in the church, after the order of Melchisedech and not after the order of Aaron. In truth, this Epistle was the funeral oration of Judaism. There is no need to linger even for a moment over that dark and bloody page of history which closes the annals of Josephus and fills a little space in those of Tacitus.

Simeon and his flock left Jerusalem while there was yet time to do so, and migrated to Pella, a city of the Decapolis beyond the Jordan. From this time until the end of the second century we have but scant information concerning the church of Palestine. When the war was over, the bishop and a certain number of the faithful returned to the ruins of the Holy City and dwelt there, and this remnant of the church of the circumcision lingered on, with its regular succession of bishops, during the remainder of the first and one-third of the second century. The tradition is that Simeon governed his little flock for above thirty, perhaps for forty years, and was at last crucified at the age of one hundred and twenty years, near about the year of our Lord 100. Between the martyrdom of St. Simeon and the second insurrection of the Jews which resulted in their definitive and total ruin, in the reign of Adrian, A.D. 134–136, thirteen bishops succeeded each other in the see of Jerusalem: Justus, Zachæus, Tobias, Benjamin, John, Matthias, Philip, Seneca, Justus II., Levi, Ephraim, Joseph, Jude; all Jews, and very probably all martyrs, since the average length of their lives, between their taking the seat of James and descending into the tomb, was less than three years. Silently they followed each other to death and oblivion,

leaving no trace in history, and with Jude, or Judah, the line became extinct.

The region of the Decapolis was the seat of the Nazarenes and the Ebionites. It is not very clear from history whether the Nazarenes were a sect, or only a Judaizing party in the church. The Ebionites, who sprang from the Nazarenes, were a grossly heretical sect. Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion, who made each a new version of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek, were members of this sect, though Theodotion is said to have become at last an adherent of pure Judaism. This heresy of the Ebionites was the *caput mortuum* of that Judaizing element which gave the apostles so much trouble in the church, and which St. Paul in particular so constantly and strenuously and yet so prudently and charitably combated, especially in his Epistle to the Hebrews. Its last remnants are commonly said to have disappeared in the fifth century. Dr. Sepp, however, in the second volume of his most interesting and curious work, *Jerusalem und das Heilige Land*, maintains that he found a small number of descendants from the Ebionites still existing in Damascus and the neighboring region. He makes also some very ingenious and plausible conjectures concerning the connection of certain persons who belonged, or professed to belong, to the family of David with this ancient sect of Nazarenes and Ebionites. The Judaizing Christians who had a true faith in Jesus Christ clung, nevertheless, tenaciously to the belief that their nation was to emerge from its oppressed condition and remain for ever the special kingdom of the Messiah. Those who lapsed into schism and heresy, while they still professed to honor Jesus as a prophet, reverted into the narrow and worldly views of the Pharisees, and sympathized with those of their countrymen who, having rejected the divine and catholic idea of the Messianic kingdom preached by Jesus Christ and his apostles, were on the lookout for a conquering Messiah soon to appear from the descent of David. Dr. Sepp regards the impostor Simon Bar-Chocab as having been one of this Davidic family, and derives his name from the village of Cocheba. The similarity of this name of a town in the trans-Jordanic region to the Hebrew word signifying a star, suggested his calling himself the Son of the Star, in allusion to Balaam's prophecy. These conjectures furnish an explanation of the fear which the emperors Domitian and Trajan entertained of a formidable insurrection springing from the royal pretensions of David's descendants, and the measures they took to search out and destroy them. It seems likely, also, that the impostor Simon must have claimed de-

scent from David, as otherwise he could not have carried away into revolt the greatest part of the Jews, and among them their most distinguished rabbin, Akiba.

The second revolt of Judea was instigated by the declared purpose of the Emperor Ælius Adrianus to rebuild Jerusalem as a heathen city, under the name of Ælia Capitolina, a purpose which he was taking steps to carry into execution, soon after the year 130. Judea and Galilee had become silently but rapidly repeopled with Jews during the past sixty years. Their spirit was unsubdued, their means of carrying on war had been cunningly and secretly accumulated. Their outbreak was violent, partially successful, and only suppressed by the exertion of the overwhelming power of Rome. The slaughter and dispersion into slavery of the unhappy children of Israel almost rivalled those of the war of 66. The ruin of the Jewish nation, and its expulsion from its own capital and country, was far more complete and final. From that time onward Palestine has been occupied and inhabited principally by Gentiles, and the Jew has become a stranger and a sojourner in the realms of his ancestors. For a long period Jews were forbidden, under pain of death, to enter the new city of Ælia Capitolina. The very name of Jerusalem fell into oblivion and was no more uttered among men until Constantine restored it. A motley swarm of new colonists, Greeks, Syrians, Romans, and other Gentiles, settled upon the Holy Land; heathen temples and idolatrous rites desecrated the sacred spots dear to Jews, and those venerated by Christians, alike; and it seemed as if the heritage of the Lord had been finally and fully given over to the heathen, and that Satan was enthroned as sole and supreme king upon Mount Sion.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ST. PIUS FIFTH.*

THE church, like nations, must ever undergo vicissitudes; but whilst nations, one after the other, succumb to attacking forces, the church, putting forth the strength ensured her by her Founder, gathers wisdom from her new experience for the direction of future peoples. Dynasties have crumbled, one like the other, cities have become ruins, even Christian communities have shared the fate of less favored peoples and have ceased to exist. But through all these upheavals of human governments the church has remained the same, a spectator of their troubles, the historian of their falls. Not that she herself has not been tried—for she has undergone severer struggles than earthly powers have ever endured—but, unlike worldly monarchies, her strength is not of this earth. The church which could withstand the mighty shocks of the sixteenth century may well and safely put forward its claim to divine organization and guidance. Its leaders must have been divinely aided to guide it safely through the maelstrom of doctrines which circled towards the dark vortex of infidelity in that age, when the world, led on by an irregular monk, was casting off all respect for legitimate authority and all reverence for divine teachings. Had the popes, as leaders of the church, but the safety of religion to consider, we might suppose their task to be at all times a difficult one. But more was expected of them. They were to save society and civilization. Thus their battle was not only against the principalities of darkness; it was against the powers of this world, and in the century of which we are writing it was chiefly against that power which, like a thick and heavy thunder-cloud, was overcasting the fair fields of Europe, portending destruction wherever it should break—the power of the Mussulman.

Michael Ghislieri, the future Pope Pius V., was born of noble family at Bosco in 1504. Through the constant wars and intestine troubles of Italy his parents had been reduced to poverty. They were unable to provide for their son as became their rank, and in consequence thought seriously of putting him to work. Whilst deliberating over this project some

* *St. Pius Fifth: His Life and Times.* An Historical Sketch.

Dominicans chanced to give a mission in his native town, and on its conclusion took with them the young Ghislieri. He received a solid education at their convent, and was in due time appointed professor. He lectured with equal care and ability to the novices. One of his biographers, speaking of his theological lectures, says: "He treated divinely of that divine science, and entwined the thorns of Calvary amidst those of scholasticism." Students crowded from all parts to listen to his teachings, and learned men were not ashamed of receiving instruction from a youth of twenty. He was ordained priest at the age of twenty-four, and in succeeding years was made prior of his convent, inquisitor, bishop, and cardinal. Yet, with all his dignities, he sighed constantly for the peace and quiet of his convent home, nor could he be prevailed upon to accept any dignity, except in the spirit of obedience to his vows. It may, perhaps, be interesting to the reader to know that on his promotion to the cardinalate he was assigned the care of the venerable Church of the Minerva, the same which is to-day under the watchful eye of our own dear Cardinal McCloskey. Ghislieri had not been long ranked among the princes of the church when Paul IV., the reigning pontiff, died. Through the exertions of St. Charles Borromeo, who was aware of the sterling virtues of his candidate, Ghislieri was elected to fill the vacancy. Then came a struggle. The simple friar, who ever retained the hope of returning to the quiet of his convent, would not give his consent to the election. St. Charles, with two of his companions, actually dragged the newly-elected pope to the assembly of cardinals, and it was only when informed that his refusal would be an opposition to the manifest will of Heaven that the humble Dominican uttered the words which ratified the choice of the conclave. The usual festivities attending the coronation of a pontiff were begun, but with several changes. The pope, who had taken the name of Pius, had witnessed with sorrow many of the wild scenes which at such times desecrated the streets of the Christian capital. These he would stop. Among the immemorial customs attending a papal election was the disbursement of alms. The money was thrown to the people from one of the balconies of the palace. As might naturally be expected, the immense crowd, in their anxiety to obtain either aid or souvenirs of the event, jostled and pushed one another without mercy or respect for age or sex. Frequently women and children were trodden under foot by the surging mob, and sometimes serious difficulties arose which were settled only by blood. Pius resolved to do away with this degenerating

custom. He knew that within the city limits were many families who, though once in prosperity, were now reduced to extremity, but whom family pride kept from making known their needs. To these he privately sent the sum which would have been distributed to the crowd, and exhorted them to pray for the success of his reign. To the poor convents throughout Rome he sent the sum of a thousand crowns, which amount had formerly been spent in giving a dinner to the representatives of the foreign powers. When some murmured at this he replied: "God will not condemn me for having deprived the envoys of kings of a sumptuous dinner, but he will hold me accountable for the necessities of his poor." He was emphatically a man of prayer.

The more we study his character the more fully are we obliged to acknowledge with his historian that it seemed as if the days of Antony, and Hilarion, and the Fathers of the Desert had returned to rejoice the souls of the faithful and illumine the world. His fasts and prayers were extraordinary. He recommended himself to the prayers of every community in the Eternal City. In order to still further protect his pontificate he published a general jubilee. His bed was a hard pallet, and under his pontifical robes was hidden the coarse serge of his order. Each night, when all around were enjoying sweet repose, he arose from his miserable couch, and, descending to the church of St. Peter, made the visit to the seven altars. It was thus he refreshed his soul for the labors and crosses of the coming day. Often did he, on the eves of important events, spend the whole night before the tabernacle, like another Moses, praying for his people. The whole secret of his inner life is opened to us by the motto which was his maxim: "Far be it from me to glory, save in the cross of Jesus Christ." Many pleasing anecdotes of his early years in the pontificate are told, each indicative of the noble Christian spirit which animated him in all things. Whilst cardinal he had been distinguished by his efforts for the conversion of the Jews resident in Rome. Meeting one day a celebrated rabbi, he sought to lead him to the truths of Christianity. "When," said he at last, "will you become a Christian?" The Jew, who was anxious to be freed from his importunate attempts, answered him derisively: "When you become pope." The rabbi in the course of years had forgotten the event, till, shortly after the accession of Pius, he was summoned to an audience with the pontiff. Pius reminded him of his promise, and called upon him to make it good. The poor rabbi, conscientiously adhering to his own faith, was much saddened by this interview and retired in confusion. He slept but little, and

besought the God of his fathers to protect him. Neither did Pius sleep. His night was spent in unbroken prayer before the altar of Our Blessed Lady, seeking the conversion of this poor soul. His prayers were heard. The following day the rabbi reappeared, accompanied by his three children, and asked to be baptized.

Italy at this time was a prey to banditti. Several pontiffs had tried to rid the country of them, but their efforts were attended with only partial success. At last Pius succeeded in effecting a treaty with Naples and Tuscany, by which it was decreed that banditti should be put to death wherever found. By these stringent measures public security was soon effected in the three dominions. One of the leaders of a band of these robbers was Mariano d'Ascoli. For a long time this chief had managed to continue his depredations and to elude the vigilance of his pursuers. One day a countryman came to ask an audience of the pontiff, and for a stipulated sum promised to deliver the banditti into the hands of the papal troops. "How will you do it?" asked the pope. "He is accustomed to trust me," replied the mountaineer, "and I shall have no difficulty in drawing him into my house." The pope became indignant and exclaimed: "Never will we sanction such treachery. God will afford us some opportunity of punishing this robber without such an abuse of friendship and good faith." The robber-chief, having been informed of the pope's reply, withdrew from his dominions and never appeared there again.

The sixteenth century was indeed a remarkable epoch in history. It saw the revival of pagan art and the consequent decrease of Christian virtue. It witnessed the terrible sundering of the church in the West and its wonderful strengthening in the East. It listened to the fiery harangues of Luther and the convincing replies of his many opponents. It was saddened by the religio-political murder of Mary, Queen of Scots, gladdened by the renowned victory of Christendom over Turkish power at Lepanto, and edified by the heroic deeds of numberless saints, whose lives, standing out in bold contrast with the laxity of the times, seemed to partake rather of the blessedness of heaven than of the miseries of earth. It was, indeed, the era of saints and of miracles. A saint had, by his powerful influence, placed Pius on the throne, and before the pontiff had taken his seat he proved to the world his own title to sanctity. St. Ignatius had founded his order of Jesuits, and his co-laborer, St. Francis Xavier, had, by his life, his miracles, and his death, won whole nations to the faith. St. Fran-

cis Borgia, tired of the world and disgusted with the emptiness of its vanities, had thrown off the martial cloak of the grandee of Spain to assume the coarse soutane of the Jesuit father. St. Philip Neri was preaching his first conferences in the oratory of St. Jerome, and gathering to himself those companions who were to continue his work after his death. Among the first to present themselves to him was Cæsar Baronius, a young man of talent and piety. To him are we indebted for those grand annals of ecclesiastical history which have immortalized his name. The Centuriators of Magdeburg had given to the world an ecclesiastical history in support of the claims of Luther and his followers, teeming with falsehood and misrepresentation. St. Philip could not bear to see the church thus attacked, and ordered Baronius to prepare a work on church history. Baronius, stunned by the immensity of the design, begged hard to be excused. He alleged his own incompetence and a thousand other excuses, but St. Philip was inflexible. "Do what you are told," he said. "The work may appear difficult, but trust in God and he will care for it." Thus in the spirit of obedience was begun this great master-work of literature and history. Baronius completed the twelve volumes, containing the sacred history of the first twelve centuries of the Christian era. The work was continued by others after his demise and brought down to their own times. The history of the inner life of St. Philip and his disciple would fill a volume. Despite his great learning and profound researches, Baronius was the humblest and most obedient child of St. Philip. He sought occasions of humility, and asked for the position of general cook for the community. Often sent by St. Philip to assist in the hospitals, he cared for the sick with that tender charity which the love of God alone can inspire. One day Baronius was taken severely ill with a fever. St. Philip sent to him, saying: "I do not wish you to be sick; bid the fever be gone." Baronius, thinking only of obedience, exclaimed: "O fever! in the name of Philip I command you to go away." The fever left him, and, rising from his couch, he went about his accustomed duties. Another time he fell dangerously ill and his life was despaired of. He had received the last sacraments, and those around him were momentarily expecting his death. St. Philip, retiring to his oratory, began to pray for his dear child. Almost immediately Baronius fell into a quiet slumber. Whilst in this sleep he saw St. Philip prostrate at the feet of our Saviour and his Blessed Mother, and heard the saint appealing for his own life. "Lord," he said, "give me Baronius; restore him to me." Then, as the Saviour

refused his request, he turned to Mary and pleaded with her. She listened, then, turning to her Son, interceded for him. At that moment Baronius, who saw that her prayer was granted, awoke entirely healed.

At this epoch it was that the famous edition of the lives of the saints was begun by the celebrated Jesuit, Bollandus. He knew the immensity of his undertaking, but he said: "What *a Jesuit* cannot accomplish *the Jesuits* can." "How old," asked Bellarmine, "is the originator of this movement?" "About forty." "Then," said Bellarmine, "he must make sure of living two hundred years, for it will require that length of time to complete the work." The work was begun and pushed forward with amazing rapidity. After the death of Bollandus it was continued by others appointed for the task, till now it has reached its hundredth volume in folio. The age was an age of contradictions. Whilst paganism was forcing its way into worldly Catholicity, and Protestantism was stamping out all literature, Baronius, Bollandus, Bellarmine, Tasso, and a host of others were preserving Christian letters for the blessing of future ages. Whilst many Catholics allowed themselves to be carried away by the evil and lax principles of those who had rebelled from the authority of the church, St. Charles, St. Philip, St. Teresa, St. Francis Borgia, St. Stanislas, St. Aloysius, and innumerable others were illumining the world by the bright light of their wonderful virtues. It was an epoch in history which, by its miracles and incredulity, by its sanctity and laxity, by its learning and ignorance, carried the mind back to the early ages of faith, when the deserts abounded with saints strong in God's love and perfect in the science of heaven, and the cities teemed with thoughtless men dreaming only of temporal success and pleasure.

But to return to Pius. He watched closely the progress of political events, and earnestly warned Catherine of France of the evils she was preparing for herself and her country. He wrote to Mary, Queen of Scots, to console her in the difficulties which surrounded her movements, and upon her imprisonment by Elizabeth he excommunicated the latter. Fearful, however, lest this measure should tell against her whom it was intended to befriend, he did not mention Mary's name or cause in the publication of the bull. He did all in his power to arouse the sympathies of France and Spain in behalf of the injured queen, but without avail. But his greatest glory, and a glory which will redound to his credit in all history, is the fact that, almost unaided by any European power, he destroyed the ascendency of the Turks

in Europe, and saved the Western nations from becoming subjects of the crescent, by the glorious victory, won by his prayers rather than his troops, at Lepanto.

To form a correct idea of this important event we must go back some years in the history of southern Europe. The Turks, having made themselves masters of the Eastern empire, sought to push their conquests still further. No period seemed more fitting for so gigantic an enterprise than that in which the Christians were at national and religious war with one another. England and Germany, rent with schism, would oppose no barrier to the entrance of the Mussulman; France, racked by internal strife, seemed in the very throes of dissolution as a nation; and Italy alone, under the guidance of the Papacy, was left to ward off the impending stroke which threatened religion and civilization.

Early in 1565 the fleet of the Turks appeared off the island of Malta. It was composed of one hundred and fifty-nine men-of-war manned by thirty thousand janissaries, the greater number of whom were Greek apostates. Following these came numerous other vessels carrying the heavy guns and munitions of war. The isle was defended by the famous La Valette, commander of the Knights of Malta. He had been aided financially by Pope Pius IV. Philip of Spain had given the promise of Neapolitan troops, but they had not arrived. To the formidable array of Turkish forces La Valette could oppose seven hundred knights of his order and the eight thousand five hundred inhabitants of the place. He did not hide the danger from his men. He rather exhorted them because of it to renew their vows before the altar and to strengthen themselves for death by the reception of the Blessed Eucharist. Fortified by this heavenly manna, these noble warriors cast aside every personal division or enmity as unworthy the soldiers of the cross, and devoted themselves with all their energy to the relief of threatened Christendom. From the 18th of May till the middle of September the beleaguered garrison withstood the assaults of the Turks. Twice the little fort of St. Elmo seemed about to fall into the hands of the besiegers, but the words of La Valette inspired new courage into the drooping hearts of his men, and, like true heroes, they swore one to the other to defend the place till the death. They were true to their word. On the 23d of June the Turks, after having lost eight thousand men, forced the entrance, but not till the sturdy knights were weltering in their gore. To intimidate the Christians the Turkish general bade his soldiers tear the hearts from the knights who still breathed. In sacrilegious derision they split the bodies

of these heroes in the form of a cross, and, having tied them to planks, cast them into the sea. The waves and tide washed them ashore near the various Christian towns of the island, and as a consequence a dread of the Mussulmans filled the breasts of the people.

On the 18th of August the Turks made a sudden attack on another of the forts. For a moment victory seemed to be with them. Their standards were already floating on the top of the walls. Fear and dismay seemed to have rendered the Christian knights powerless. But only for a moment. Soon the intrepid La Valette was seen advancing, pike in hand. So hurried had been his movements that he had not waited for his helmet. Followed by a handful of his knights, he charges furiously upon the enemy. The crowd of fleeing inhabitants turn, look at the old man, pick up courage, and rush to his assistance. The tide of battle is turned. The Turks, seeing La Valette so quickly reinforced, imagine there are other troops in reserve and retire. La Valette, unconscious of danger, follows them till he has driven them from the field. At length, on the 7th of September, the long-expected aid of the Neapolitan troops arrives, and the Turkish leader, finding himself outgeneralled, abandons the siege. The news of the deliverance of Malta soon spread throughout Christendom and gave universal joy. La Valette became a hero, and his name was on every tongue. The danger, however, was not over; it was only stayed. In the following year Soliman, the sultan, got ready a new and larger fleet with the intention of once more attacking the island. La Valette began the construction of a fortified city on the ruins of St. Elmo, and Pius V., who had become pope, obtained large loans to aid the project from Portugal and Spain. To hasten its completion the pontiff permitted the knights to work upon Sundays and holydays. In the midst of these preparations Soliman died and left his kingdom to his son, Selim the Sot. Historians have wondered that the Turkish Empire could retain its power and ascendency under such a ruler, but the real fact is that Mussulman power at that time was upheld and strengthened by the genius and cunning of renegade Christians rather than by the ability of Turkish statesmen. It was, indeed, an empire of apostasy. The first generals and ministers of Selim's court were apostates; of ten grand viziers who were around the throne of the monarch, eight had at one time professed Christianity.

Scarcely was the sultan placed upon his throne when he sent a notification to the republic of Venice that if it wished to remain

on friendly terms with him it should cede to him the isle of Cyprus, inasmuch as this island had formerly belonged to Egypt, which now acknowledged the sultan's sway. The republic of Venice refused this concession, and war was declared by Selim. After a siege of seven weeks the city of Nicosa was taken by the sultan. The garrison had been promised security upon surrender, but they were all hacked to pieces to the number of twenty thousand. Two thousand persons of either sex were condemned to slavery. Mothers killed their children and themselves to escape the brutal barbarity of the conquerors. Three vessels laden with booty and a thousand young Christian women were sent to the Turkish capital. But they never arrived. A woman of the number, dreading dishonor more than death, set fire to the magazine, and the vessels were destroyed in the mid-sea.

In 1571 Famagosta, after a siege of thirteen months, capitulated. The terms were honorable, allowing all the inhabitants and the garrison to depart in security. However, the sultan forgot his word. The vessels, which were overtaken, were robbed of their refugees, the commandants were put to the sword. The governor of the town, after having been subjected to various insults, was executed.

The outlook was indeed dark. It seemed as if the enemy were to prevail and that an end had come to Christian civilization. Venice, in its dire distress, called upon Pius for assistance, and begged him to petition the other Christian nations for aid. Most willingly did Pius do all that was asked. He ordered the papal fleet, under command of Mark Antony Colonna, to proceed to the assistance of the Venetians. He sent legates to Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, Poland, and Russia. He represented to these various powers that not simply was Cyprus in danger, but every nation of the West, and proposed to them to unite against their common enemy, the Turk. Spain and the Italian princes alone answered the pontiff's appeal. These formed a league with the pontiff and Venice for the preservation of Christian Europe. Pope Pius was declared head of the league. He named Don John of Austria generalissimo of the forces, and sent to him his standard for the crusade. Mark Antony Colonna received another from the pontiff bearing the famous inscription, "In hoc signo vinces." It was pending these preparations that Nicosa and Famagosta had fallen into the hands of the enemy. This only made Pius the more anxious for the crusade. When all was ready he bade the generalissimo to give battle to the Turk as the only means of breaking his power. At the same

time he gave orders that all should deport themselves as Christian soldiers by approaching the sacraments, and assured them of victory.

On the 8th of September, 1571, a fast of three days was ordered. The entire army went to confession and received Holy Communion. Enmities were suppressed, bickerings were forgotten, and all were filled with the idea of conquering or dying in the struggle. Holy priests placed on each vessel assisted in the preservation of discipline and the maintenance of piety. Don John insisted strenuously upon order. Two unfortunates who had been found guilty of blasphemy were put to death. Finally, having set sail, the fleet arrived at the Gulf of Lepanto, in sight of the Turks, on the 7th of October.

It was in this same locality that the famous battle of Actium, between Antony and Octavius, had been fought. Three hundred vessels now bore the crescent of the sultan, whilst the Christian standard floated from the masts of two hundred and nine. Don John took up his position in the centre, with Colonna at his right, and Veniero, the Venetian admiral, at his left. Running through the line in a little skiff, the general held aloft a large crucifix, and in loud tones called upon the chiefs and soldiers to do their duty. At the same time the priests were busied hearing confessions and giving absolution. At a given signal the trumpets were sounded, and the Christian army, in obedience to the orders of Pius V., invoked the Holy Trinity and saluted the Blessed Virgin. Then for a few moments all was still. It was the awful, dread silence which precedes the crashing of some terrible thunderbolt. The air seemed overcharged with electricity, which nerved the armies and made them eager for action. With apparent admiration the two adversaries gazed at each other, each fearing to open hostilities. At length the silence is broken, and with the voice of thunder a ball speeds from the Turkish vessel. Don John replies by another. The fight has begun, and in an instant has spread all along the line. Furiously the cannons blaze away. Now the rigging of one vessel goes down, followed by the mast of another. Now a noble warrior pays for his brave exposure by death, and his companions have no time to bear him away, so fiercely goes the battle. The Christians are at disadvantage, for the sun blinds their eyes, and the wind carries the smoke of their adversaries' vessels so that they cannot aim. Don John perceives this, and, changing position, brings his vessels into better quarters. The Turks closely watch his movements. Now the Turkish admiral comes forth and brings his ship into close quarters with

Don John's and Colonna's. The other vessels follow, and a bitter hand-to-hand combat begins. No quarter is given or asked. For a whole hour the terrible warfare goes on, till at last the Turkish admiral falls. A Spaniard, seeing this, boards the enemy's boat, severs the head from the body, and holds it aloft. A cry of enthusiasm resounds from the Christian vessels, and with new vigor they press the foe ; crestfallen by the death of their leader, the enemy soon give way, and in confusion endeavor to save themselves by extricating their boats from their entanglement with those of the crusaders. But all in vain. The defeat was complete. The Turkish power and ascendency was broken, and Europe and Christian civilization were saved. Thirty thousand Mussulmans were killed and two hundred and twenty-four vessels destroyed. Fifteen thousand Christians who had been reduced to slavery by the Turks were freed. The Catholic army lost eight thousand men. It may perhaps be interesting to the reader to know that Don Cervantes, the celebrated Spanish writer, was among the Christian warriors in this famous battle, and had his left arm carried away by a cannon-ball.

Whilst the campaign was organizing Pius V. multiplied his fasts and austerities. He had arranged for constant and unremitting prayers in the many religious houses of Rome. He himself persevered night and day in prayer for the preservation of the church and civilization, and the overthrow of the enemies of both. When hindered by the necessity of rest or the affairs of state from fulfilling this self-imposed task, he confided it to men of recognized devotion. He was one day engaged upon some very important business with his treasurer and several bishops in the Vatican. The treasurer was speaking when Pius suddenly made a sign with his hand for silence. He arose quickly, and, hastening to the window, opened it, and remained standing for a few moments at it, wrapt in contemplation. His countenance lighted up. All about him bespoke some profound emotion. Suddenly turning to those near him, he cried aloud in transport: "Speak no more. This is not a time for business. Let us away to the church, there to thank God. Our army has been victorious." Bathed in tears, he betook himself to his oratory, and, falling on his knees, made his grateful return to the God of battles. The treasurer and the assembled bishops noted the hour and the date of the prophecy, and when, some days after, the news was brought to Rome, it was found to have been the precise moment in which the cross had triumphed over the crescent in the Gulf of Lepanto. As the victory had been won through the intercession of the

Blessed Virgin, Pope Pius added the title of Help of Christians to her litany, and instituted the feast of the Rosary on the first Sunday of October.

The defence of Malta and the victory of Lepanto brought to a final close the great work of the crusades—the work of Charles Martel, of Charlemagne, of Godfrey de Bouillon, of Richard the Lion-hearted, and of St. Louis: the defence of Christian humanity and Christian society against Mohammedan barbarism. The crescent waned and was never again destined to appear in western Europe. Once more the Papacy had saved the world, and had saved it whilst distracted herself by the rebellious conduct of her children in Germany and England. Pius did not long survive the victory. His work was done. The severe strain upon his system arising from the anxiety of the campaign had undermined his bodily strength, and he succumbed. He died in May, 1572. Public rejoicings were ordered by the Turkish government because of his death. All Christianity mourned for him. It felt that it had lost a kind father, a just ruler, and a holy bishop, and such is the testimony borne to his character by all writers of history.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT—ITS THIRD PART.

THE tumult prevailing in the city kept peace-loving citizens within doors that evening. In the darkness the rival factions recognized only two classes—friends and foes. Neutrality was out of the question; and as broken heads were very evenly divided between these two classes, there was no safety in venturing abroad near the scene of combat. Sir Stanley Dashington was one of the few whom love of excitement and love of another description had drawn out into the streets. Being determined to spend the evening with Olivia and her brother though an insurrection barred the way, and not unwilling to be an eye-witness of the scenes enacting, he plunged boldly through the midst of the contestants, and came out on the other side laden with honors and victory, with his nose bleeding copiously and a cut over his left eye. In this state he presented himself before his friends. To see the alarm that spread over one pretty face at sight of his bloody countenance and disordered clothing was a sufficient reward to the baronet for what he had suffered; and to have the little hands prepare the warm water, and sponge the wound, and bandage his head, and arrange and brush his clothing, was a bliss to obtain which again he was willing and eager to rush into another fray. Only the doctor took the matter seriously, and grew sadder and envious at the mere sight of this fortunate lover attended by his mistress. It was then eleven o'clock, for the baronet had taken almost two hours to make his way through the mob. He had strategized and fought with fists and sticks alternately. At one moment he found himself leading a furious crowd against the soldiers, and at the next he was running with useful speed to avoid the same. Ups and downs of fortune passed with the quickness of thought. Being brave, he was favored by fortune, and recorded with proper pride the number of heads he had probably broken and the number of vain attempts at his own.

In the midst of their rejoicing came Quip and Juniper with the senseless body of McDonell. A few words from the student were sufficient to explain matters, and then began "the hurryings

to and fro, and gathering tears and tremblings of distress." The unconscious man was put to bed hastily, and carefully examined by the doctor. His body was badly cut and bruised, but no bones were broken. His face had escaped injury. The cuts and bruises, though not in themselves absolutely fatal, were serious enough, considering the feeble state of health in which McDonell was, to warrant the doctor's declaration that the man had but a few hours to live. Sir Stanley went at once for the priest and Quip for another doctor, while Olivia, assisting her brother at times, drew from Juniper the details of the sad experience through which his master had gone. The little lady was all tears and sympathy and reverence for the dying man.

"He is nothing less than a martyr," she whispered to Harry. "He might have escaped uninjured, but that he would not deny his religion to the mob."

And when no one was looking she fervently kissed her martyr's hand. He was a man of suffering, indeed, and to the watchers his face showed it plainly, so pale was it, so weary, so full of pitiful longing as if for some escape from his endless difficulties. Waiting for the return of consciousness—for his heart was beating perceptibly and his breathing could be distinctly heard—Olivia smoothed his darkened hair and wrinkled forehead; and under her magnetic touch a new expression formed on the sad countenance. If his daughter but knew! The thought of Nano recalled the fact that no messenger had been sent to her. She mentioned it to her brother.

"As there is no other present," he said, "send Juniper." Which was accordingly done, and the brother and sister were left alone with the man who in the past had so cruelly wronged them. There were and could be no revengeful feelings towards the poor wretch, even had he not been sanctified by the dignity and reverence which surround a confessor of the faith. The mills of the gods, grinding slowly, had ground out to him from the fortune he had stolen only remorse, ingratitude, misery, and death, while those whom he had cheated, tried and proved by adversity, had been schooled to enjoy their good fortune in moderation when it should come to them. He came back to consciousness before any of the messengers had returned.

"I am a papist," were his first spoken words.

Then feeling Olivia's soft touch on his face, and fancying that he was still in his old illness and that the past was but one of its hideous dreams, he murmured: "My daughter! Nano!" and, reaching for the little hand, pressed it to his lips. When he saw

her face and recognized her he knew it was not a dream, and the old expression of weariness and resignation returned to his face.

"Where am I?" he asked. "I was in the mob. And where is Juniper?"

"You are safe in the house of Dr. Fullerton," said Olivia, checking her own emotion, "and Mr. Juniper has gone for your daughter."

"My daughter!" he said suddenly. "Ah! yes, of course—my daughter."

The tone was significant, in spite of his feeble attempts to hide his feelings.

"You are very kind," he said again. "You are Catholics, too. Have you sent for a priest?"

"Father Leonard himself will be here directly," answered the doctor, thinking it a good opportunity to come forward. "I must insist that you talk less, as you are in a dangerous condition."

A shiver passed through the wounded body, and his eyes, startled and wild, sought the speaker's face.

"I am dying," he gasped slowly; "and who are you that speak to me with the voice and mien of one who died long ago?"

"It is my brother," said Olivia—"Dr. Fullerton."

"Henry Hamilton," corrected the doctor, comprehending many things from McDonell's frightened manner and strange words, "the son of your dead friend."

The fear vanished from McDonell's face. He looked curiously and eagerly at the doctor.

"This is the providence of God," he murmured—"his justice and his mercy shown in the one act. I thought to die in the street and amid strangers without doing the work I had laid out for myself. Instead I die with the children of my wronged friend, and my one wish is to be accomplished. I know not upon what grounds you claim relationship with William Hamilton, sir, but your resemblance to him is sufficient. There is a silk bag about my neck; take it from me, Henry Hamilton. For your sister and yourself the papers it holds were written. Use them as you will. They will help you to your own again. In all things I pray you to be merciful with my daughter. You will find her wrong-doing faithfully recorded, but, where you can, be gentle with her."

"How could we be otherwise?" cried Olivia, with a burst of sobbing. "We have so loved her!"

"Have loved!" he sighed. "Alas! my child, so it will be with

her in the future: to lose her best friends, and to lose them justly."

The doctor went into the outer apartment and thence into the garden to hide his agony and the groans that burst from his helpless lips. It was all true what Quip had said of her, and there was no hope for him. She was guilty of the horrible crime which had been laid to her charge. She had struck down her father, she had connived with a low villain to retain wealth which was not her own, and she could smile still and be gay under such a burden! Under the stars he fought out his battle, and when he entered again her false image had been torn to shreds from its resting-place over his heart and mingled with the rubbish of the garden.

Father Leonard, the new doctor, and Mr. Waring all came together in the wake of Mr. Quip and the baronet; but the important work had been done in their absence, and the dying man was left to the priest and Olivia, while the others wandered about aimlessly pending the arrival of Miss McDonell. Juniper had accepted the appointment of messenger to Nano with alacrity. He had long been seeking an opportunity of approaching the lady whom he had helped to deceive. Circumstances had interfered. Once it was his hatred of Quip and the desire of revenge on that tormenting demon which prompted him to reveal to Nano the share he had in deceiving her. Now there was a hazy notion in his not very astute mind that he would be doing the daughter of his benefactor a service. Their exact relations he but dimly understood. He knew that McDonell feared and loved his daughter, and he fancied that there was a connection between the causes of that fear and Killany's conspiracy against the truth. If his information would be of use in restoring father and daughter to each other, he would have done an honorable thing; and so he fled with eager and hasty steps through the night until he reached the residence visited by him earlier in the evening.

The servant who brought the announcement of his coming was stopped in the hall by Killany.

"Tell the gentleman that Miss McDonell receives no messages or visitors to-night," he said.

Juniper, hearing the words, came to the door of the waiting-room.

"Servant," he said, "do as you are bid by your mistress. That man is not your master. Tell Miss McDonell that her father has escaped from the asylum and is dying at the house of a

friend. I am come to conduct her to him. Tell her, too, I have that to say to her which will open her eyes to the kind of people she has been harboring of late."

The doctor was livid, but saw fit to smile and bid the servant carry the message to his mistress, since it was so urgent.

"And so McDonell is dying?" he said smoothly. "My good fellow, would you be so kind as to inform me where the gentleman lies? He is a very dear friend."

"What is the information worth?" said Juniper, with a grin; for he, too, had heard of Killany's horsewhipping.

"Ten dollars," said the doctor, passing over the bill.

"He lies at a house occupied by one Dr. Fullerton," said Juniper, with a light and significant laugh. "You'll not be apt to go there."

The doctor staggered away as the servant came to take Juniper to his mistress's room. She was walking up and down as she had walked for the past two hours, pale, unwearied, despairing of she knew not what, her mind a blank, her heart a painful weight in her bosom. The news of her father's escape relieved her of the superstitious fear of the face at the window. That he was dying, with strangers, and perhaps by violence, roused all her dormant remorse and filled her from head to foot with a sharp agony, not so much from affection as from a fear of dark consequences. Juniper was awkward and nervous in so beautiful a presence, and silently waited to be questioned.

"You say that my father is dying," she said. "How has this happened, and where is he?"

"He was trying to get to the priest's house, ma'am, and fell into the hands of the mob. He is now at Dr. Fullerton's, and the doctor says that he can't live longer than morning. I was sent for you."

She started and clasped her hands suddenly. Of all places in the world that he should be with Olivia and her brother!

"I have seen you before," she said. "You came here one time to do some work for Dr. Killany, did you not?"

"I did," answered the man impulsively, "and it was all a lie from beginning to end. I knew nothing about the children you spoke of, and the Hamiltons that I knew were living not long ago. Quip told me that Killany wanted any man or woman who could swear to the death of any two children, and he took me; and I know that Quip forged letters and newspaper-slips to deceive you."

"Thank you," she said quietly. "We shall now go to the

Fullertons." And she gave orders that the carriage should be brought round to the door. Her calmness was wonderful. The revelation of Juniper was a terrible shock to her pride, and she gave no sign. She seemed unable to feel any emotion. Tears would have been a relief, or complete exhaustion. She could obtain neither. She was in despair, ignorant of what to do against these rising dangers and deceits, and she thought her helplessness composure. Going down the stairs, she met the man who had tricked her so cleverly, who had been her smiling Mephistopheles, persuading her of obtaining a happiness she was never to know. The sight of him could not drive her into a fury. He attempted to speak to her, but she waved him away and called two of the men-servants.

"This gentleman," she said, pointing to Killany, "will now leave the house. Should he enter it again at any time without my special permission, you will turn him forcibly out of doors."

She had the satisfaction of seeing him wince at that. If troubles were rising around her like an incoming tide, insults and the bitterest humiliations met her tempter everywhere. He began in his delicate way to bluster.

"Away with him!" said the lady to her servants. Before he was exactly aware of the situation the doctor found himself hurrying down the snowy pathway to the gate, guided by the strong hands of the men-servants. Fate was against him, and yet he remained unconquered, holding with the tenacity of a bull-dog to his prey.

As Nano and Juniper proceeded to Fullerton's she had opportunity to make inquiries concerning the events of the night. Nothing which she heard was reassuring. The darkness seemed gathering about her in earnest, and with it came that new feeling of recklessness and obstinacy which had so lately made its appearance. She remembered that at first it had pleased her. It intoxicated her now with the idea that if her destiny was really awaiting her she would ride to it sphinx-like and know no shame or regret. Still, the prospect was not encouraging. To the serious observer distance lends oblivion and death no enchantment, and for her they possessed the same characteristics of terror, pain, and humiliation.

The house was reached at last, and the baronet came out to help her from the carriage. He who would once have loved to do that office, and would have envied him to whom it fell, was determined never to touch her hand or look on her face again. In the eyes of those men gathered around the room where her

father lay she was a guilty and a pitiable thing, and, though they strove to hide their real feeling towards her, she felt it by her own strong sensitiveness. Quip was gazing at her curiously, as he would gaze at a noted criminal, and Mr. Waring, grief-stricken at his master's fate, fixed his old eyes on her with an expression of hideous, decrepit horror. The baronet was courteous, the priest subdued, and Olivia, timid and frightened because of her knowledge, did not dare to raise her head.

He for whom she looked most eagerly was absent, and at that hour it had a meaning. On all sides she was condemned, even by those she loved. On all sides she was pitied, even by those she despised and whose pity was an insult. An heiress, a beauty, a genius, and a criminal!—these were her glories, and, high as some of them lifted her, the last one cast her down into the depths. Her pride and stoicism was a poor armor against the arrows which human eyes could shoot. In its stead came that feeling to which pride had given birth. It answered her purpose fully, and she prepared herself against any display of natural emotion.

He had been waiting for her with hopeful patience after the last preparations for his long journey were made. His contrition was a wonderful and pathetic thing to see. It had risen out of great suffering. He had atoned as much as a man could atone unaided for the sin of his life. His ill-gotten property was restored to its owners; for the long-continued denial of his faith he had atoned with his life; for his other neglects his illness and imprisonment were large compensation; and there now remained only his daughter. How he prayed that his petitions for her might be granted; that new suffering of his might purchase for her faith and penitence! She came in where he was lying, and, the door being closed, they were left alone. She took a seat by the bedside calmly, and gazed composedly but with an inward feeling of dread on his death-marked face.

"Well," he said, "we have met again."

"We have met again, father," she replied. "They tell me for the last time."

"For the last time in this world, Nano. There will be one other meeting, a more sorrowful and terrible one, before our God. I am very happy—I have so strong a hope that heaven has room for me. I wish to die with my bad deeds as far as possible undone. I have restored my property to the actual living heirs. I would die content, Nano, if I had but the assurance that we may meet again in heaven. My child, of all the wickednesses

I have been guilty of, that was the worst which took my fatherly care and love from you and bestowed it on my gold. You might have been such a woman as this Olivia Fullerton."

"I am what I have been made. I cannot change. I shall die even as I have lived," she said, with a fierce, burning hate in her heart for him that he had left her so utterly to the mercy of strangers. It almost, in her own mind, justified her cruelty towards him.

"With God all things are possible," he answered meekly; "and I shall pray that you may be saved. Nano, it is my dying sorrow that I leave you in so wretched a state."

"I regret that I should be a cause of sorrow to you in this hour. It may please you to know that I have dismissed Killany."

"God forgive him!" he said fervently. "If he had found you and me stronger in virtue he would not have had opportunities to succeed so well in his wicked designs."

There was silence then between them until she thought of the heirs.

"You say you have found those children, and have taken means to restore to them their property. I shall be happy to give them their own. Killany deceived me into the belief that they were dead, and until to-night I was ignorant of the deception. I would not have acted so harshly had I known it at first."

"Poor, poor child!" said the dying man. "He deceived and tricked us both. These children have grown to be man and woman. Nano, you are in their house. They are Dr. Fullerton and his sister, and I find that they can prove their rights clearly."

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they had ground, in the present instance, exceedingly small. This woman, who had passed through the ordeal of the last two months with a marvellous ease and composure, and had sat unmoved by the bedside of her dying father; who had seen her friends depart, and her servant turned traitor and cheat, without giving a sign of grief, heard this stunning revelation with as much apparent indifference as she usually displayed on similar occasions. But there are limits to human endurance, and hers had been reached. She was composed as one could be who has been struck dead in a sitting posture. All her faculties were numbed. Something seemed to have dashed like a bullet into her brain and stopped the machinery. A minute after the words had been uttered she lay on the floor unconscious, and in a swoon so terrible that it looked

like death to the astonished people who rushed into the room. It had its effect on McDonell. Paralysis seized immediately upon his enfeebled limbs, and even while they were bearing his daughter from his presence the worn soul, all its light centred in the eyes so mournfully fastened on her still form, fled on its eternal mission.

CHAPTER XXX.

TO THE LOWEST DEPTHS.

MENTAL or physical pain, if not too acute, is long in reaching a culminating point. It continues while endurance lasts, and when that fails pain is dead. Misery can heap itself to an astonishing height, and find mortals to bear the burden even while putting on the straw that breaks the supporter down. Miss McDonell had come to the conclusion that her sufferings, her real miseries, had begun and ended with the one fatal announcement which her father had made on his death-bed. She did not discuss her wretchedness or endeavor to analyze it. The fact was too patent. Whatever hopes she had before entertained of reaching once more the eminence of virtue by an irreproachable life died out. The strongest motive was gone from her. Poverty, loneliness, oblivion would have been welcomed could they have restored to her the friends she had lost. Her wealth was become distasteful, even hateful. It had cost her the esteem of a noble woman and the love of one man—the only man in her world, and who had gone out of it for ever.

It was April, and April rains were falling on the dead leaves of the previous autumn. The leaden skies and the desolate streets, the grand, lonely house with its death-odors, the skeleton trees naked and dripping, were in perfect accordance with the mood which possessed her. A curtain of dismal colors had fallen between the mirth of the winter and the promised gayeties of the spring, and a similar curtain had fallen between the glory and joy of her past life and the utter misery to come. Her trust in herself was gone. She played now the rôle of the unsuccessful schemer, cheated by those whom she had thought faithful, cheated by herself when she dreamed of purchasing at a bargain. She had become a laugher and a scorner. Diogenes seemed likely to be made her beau-ideal of a philosopher and a man. What little faith she had in personal good was lost. She sneered at her

loved transcendentalism, and threw her books into the flames. Iconoclasm was her religion. Having innocently broken her most favored idols, she revenged herself by breaking the less favored ones in succession.

Her father had been scarcely laid in his grave with fitting honors when she sent for Killany. Caprice had more to do with the action than sound sense or discretion. She was inclined to do rash and desperate things. He had once been ignominiously ejected from her house, and threatened with a similar service should he venture to make his appearance there again without permission. This he had felt as no disgrace, neither as an annoyance until by the death of McDonell his trusteeship lapsed. Then a footing at McDonell House would have been a wonderful advantage. His honor was expediency. He received her summons with gratitude, and came, smiling and subservient, at her command. He was met with superciliousness. She had some torpedoes to set off for his benefit. Their effect had already been tried on herself, and she was desirous of noting in her cynical way their effect on the arch-schemer, who was never surprised, never taken aback at anything.

"My father in dying," said she, when the conversation was fairly begun, "managed to leave the property we so struggled to hold to the heirs of the estate. I was puzzled to know how he could do that when you so successfully proved the heirs dead."

This was the first of the missiles she had prepared, and it went off with considerable noise. He blushed at her nice innuendo, and stammered out that he was as much surprised as herself.

"A lawyer of these heirs has told me that I may as well compromise. I have not a chance in the courts, and ugly stories might get out among my city friends. Dr. Hamilton and his sister Olivia—lately Dr. and Miss Fullerton—have kindly consented to any arrangements I shall propose in the matter. They are the heirs." The second missile was more successful even than the first, as it rendered the doctor quite speechless. He wished, with a great comprehensiveness, to call himself a fool, but the word was altogether too weak to express his appreciation of himself. Miss McDonell, perceiving the feeling, was delighted.

"They have given me my own time in which to make my arrangements," she continued. "You are no longer my trustee. I now make you my agent. The sum of three hundred thousand dollars must be placed at the disposal of the Hamiltons as speedily as possible. It will therefore be necessary to dispose of real

estate, bonds, mortgages, and merchandise to that amount. You are commissioned to do this, and you will also convert into money whatever of property is left to me."

"Which will amount to one hundred and fifty thousand," he said, quite overcome by this unexpected mark of favor, but conjecturing that it came from disappointment and grief at the personality of the heirs.

"Very good. You may go, and when you have business to transact send a deputy. I do not care to see you oftener than can be helped. Thirty thousand of my property is yours. You have already by your negligence cost me more, but I let that pass. Without any questions or thanks or explanations, go."

He went with wise alacrity. Her smiling, decisive manner was too much for him.

"Generous with her money," he thought. "However, I am not sure that her generosity will stand the strain I shall soon put upon it."

A remark which shows that Miss McDonell's cynical, brave, devil-may-care recklessness in appointing such a villain as her agent was not without something of foolishness in it after all. Perhaps she thought to bribe him into faithfulness by her gift of thirty thousand.

Real estate was then at a premium, and particularly that which had been owned by McDonell. His investments had been well made, and the mortgages, bonds, etc., were sold at full value. Her share in the business which her father had carried on was sold to the junior partners, and in two weeks the sum of three hundred thousand dollars was placed to the account of Dr. Hamilton and his sister. Killany announced by deputy that in ten days all the remaining property would be represented by a bank account of over one hundred thousand dollars. His deputy was the agreeable Quip, whose share in certain transactions had not yet become known to his over-confident master. Mr. Quip called every other day with his report, and was so to call until the doctor had finished his work.

The Hamiltons in the meantime had made their appearance in society under the protection of their new name, their new fortune, and the powerful Mrs. Strachan. Their confidence in themselves and their indifference to every one, now that they could stand face to face with the world, upset the slander which Killany's public whipping had already brought into question; the fact that brother and sister were to share some sixty thousand

pounds between them made general society affable, though not cringing; and Mrs. Strachan's unconcealed pride in their company capped the climax gloriously. Society came to its knees after a time, threw dirt at Killany, and begged pardon in the many delicate but open ways which it employs for that purpose. Having a great respect for it, with a safe amount of scorn intermingled, Dr. Hamilton and Olivia chose to forgive and forget past cruelties.

With the end of April the marriage-music began to melt on the air in delicate cadences, and Hymen, in the person of the baronet, to make furious and unceasing attempts to light the nuptial torch. Olivia declared that she was in no hurry, which Sir Stanley refused to believe, and he reasoned with her in a variety of ways. He argued that the little birds were mating in the spring weather, and no time could be more appropriate for them. He had been dallying so long on the American continent, not having been home since he had come into his inheritance, that the charge of absenteeism would soon be flung at his head. Heaven alone knew what wrongs his tenants might be suffering from his absence. For a longer delay she might hold herself responsible. It was the proper thing for a hero and heroine when their troubles were over to go to the church at once and get married. Those novels in which the reader is told that the lovers *intend* to get married were not satisfactory, and authors risked a good part of their reputation by prolonging useless dalliance through three chapters when lovers should have become man and wife and turned their attention to more serious duties and more rational pleasures.

"Oh!" said she pettishly, for prosperity had spoiled her a little, "then you don't believe in the cooing and the wooing that ought to precede these things."

"Don't I?" says he, with a grin of delighted recollection at his own doings in that direction. "You minx! haven't I cooed and wooed for a whole winter like a young dove? And haven't I liked it, and haven't you liked it so well that you have consented to listen to it for the rest of your days. And didn't I get a bloody nose and a broken head one night in order to satisfy your—my tastes for the thing? And am I not about to fight a duel with a man on your account, unless the said man, who has twice abjectly petitioned for an extension of time, shall leave the city immediately?"

"Oh!" hiding her blushes with her hands, "how absurdly you can talk. Fight a duel just when you are going to get married!"

"It gives a relish to the wedding, my love," says he. "You have just got your money"—coaxingly—"and will you not say next week for the time? Come, think how I have waited and suffered, think how I am pressed for time. If you will consent I will do more cooing and wooing in one week—"

"I don't want it," says she curtly. "What are you thinking of? A week! You take away my breath at the bare idea!"

"Then you will not say next week?" And he began to bridle.

"Why, you dear, unreasonable fellow, who ever heard of a young lady just come into a fortune getting married without a trousseau?"

"Trousseau!" echoes the baronet in despair. "A letter to Paris, a month or two of waiting, and heaven knows what besides! I'll not stand it. I sha'n't wait longer than another week. Why did you not think of this a month ago?"

"Heated about nothing, Sir Stanley. I can get ready in a week; but then you know this is to be a grand affair, and one needs at least two weeks—"

"Stop right there," says Sir Stanley. "In two weeks it shall be, and if you change your mind I start for Europe to-morrow."

It was settled afterwards in family council that the wedding should take place early in the month of May now close at hand, and preparations were begun on a great scale. Olivia and her baronet would much have preferred a quiet, unostentatious ceremony, but Mrs. Strachan, having been consulted, went against it so decidedly, and gave reasons so strong in support of her views, that all agreed she was right and consented to follow her instructions. Society must know once and for ever that Miss Hamilton was not afraid of scrutiny into her family records; that she stood before the world a lady of fortune, and not one whit less equal to her husband before than after her marriage. As her wealth was considerable, it would not be amiss to give society an idea of its proportions in the magnificence of her last appearance as Miss Hamilton. The ceremony was to be performed at the cathedral, and the breakfast was to take place at Mrs. Strachan's residence.

It came off at the appointed time, and was, of course, a grand affair. All the city was present. Every fashion of the hour was represented in the costumes of the ladies and gentlemen, and the bride, as the centre of attraction, looked the perfection of the character which she sustained. It was a triumphant hour for Sir Stanley, but a rather mournful one for Lady Dashington. That day saw her go out once more into a strange world. She

had once thought that no other parting could be more sorrowful than that which she had made with her loved convent and convent life. It bore only a shadow of present suffering. "For ever and for ever" were the words traced on her destiny. She was to find a new soil, and a new home, and new friends, and all the dear old associations were to be torn from her and thrown aside. One face that should have smiled and wept with her in that hour was not present. A card of invitation had been sent to Miss McDonell, and with it Olivia had sent an entreating note, affectionate as ever when the chilliness of the past was allowed for. The invitation was declined with thanks, and the note remained unanswered.

The breakfast, being under Mrs. Strachan's supervision, was a success. Well-bred hilarity, a quality for which she had ever been famous, prevailed. The guests were arranged with an eye to the peculiarities of each grouping. Father Leonard sat *vis-à-vis* with Sir John McDonough, who had a High-Church bishop on his left, with some nonentity, however, between. The endeavors to get a decided opinion from Sir John on any one point—an amusement which kept that part of the table in perpetual good-humor—only served to show the dexterity, wit, and good-humor of that slippery politician. Speeches were made by everybody famous or stupid at such a bit of delicate tongue-fencing. The priest told his little story; and the attorney-general spoke of the day on which he was married, without committing himself in any way; and the High-Church bishop, who was a wit, said sharp things at the expense of his neighbors. The bridegroom was in a merry mood between looking too often at his bride and at the bottom of his wine-glass. In his speech he said many rash brilliant things and many rash foolish ones, which were quite excusable in a man just married, but afforded Lady Dashington ample material for a first curtain-lecture. Dr. Hamilton had been very cheerful and talkative through the whole ceremony. It was a satisfactory event for him, inasmuch as it saw his sister so well provided for. Olivia had watched him closely, but was unable to detect any outward expression of the sorrow which she knew to be eating up his heart.

At last the ordeal was over for the married pair, and, after many tearful adieus, they were carried away to the station. Olivia bore it very well, although she looked a trifle frightened, as if the magnitude of her position had not yet been fully understood. She hung about her brother, and would not take her eyes from him even while the train was steaming into the depot.

"Keep a brave heart, little girl," he said consolingly, "and have no fears for me. Such a steady old chap, with plenty of money at his command and a loved profession, can never want for happiness."

"Ah!" she answered tearfully, "you will be alone. If the wish of your heart could but be accomplished this parting would not be so bitter for you and me. You have always had the suffering, Harry, and I the pleasure. Even now it is the same. Isn't it just possible, Harry, that she and you—"

He put his hand over her mouth with a gentle shake of the bowed head.

"Never, never, Olivia. It can never be. I love her still, it is true, but my respect for her is gone. I do not condemn her. We can leave that to God. Yet do not trouble yourself about me in that respect. When she is forgotten I shall perhaps find another to fill her place."

He led her to the train and stood waving his handkerchief at the tearful face as it moved away. It was the last of pretty, pure-hearted Olivia. Very downcast he felt as he returned to the guests at Mrs. Strachan's and took his place among them. He was resolved that as soon as possible he would leave the city and seek forgetfulness and peace amid new scenes.

Having obtained the property so confidently assured him by Mr. Quip, his first duty was to search up that individual, in order to pay him his stipulated five thousand. Mr. Quip, however, was not to be found, neither at the office, which was closed, nor at any of his usual haunts in the city. Strict inquiry brought out the fact that the gentleman was in jail, and thither went the doctor, amused at this new freak of Mr. Quip's fortunes. The philosopher greeted him cheerily and gabbled away with unconscious coolness.

"All through our friend Mr. Juniper," he said in explaining the circumstances of his imprisonment. "Miss McDonell presented him with some money for his devotion to her father—he knew that would be forthcoming, the rascal!—and on the strength of my five thousand I asked him to lend me some. I have a habit of borrowing, I must admit, and had practised considerably on Juniper. He refused, and, going off with some old cronies, returned to my lodgings in the evening gloriously drunk. I put him to bed unthinkingly, and two days later find myself in jail on a charge of robbery preferred by Juniper. He had no money when he woke up next morning, and found it convenient, having been under my care, to fix the charge on me. Unfortunately the

judge saw the matter in the strong light which Juniper's counsel and the prosecuting crown attorney threw upon it, and I am rusticated for two months straight. You may put away my five thousand dollars in a bank. There is another thing which 'has made me uneasy, and which I wish you to settle. Killany has fled to parts unknown. I was his go-between with Miss McDonell for some time, because he was her agent and she would not look at him. When he was going he gave me a series of letters to be delivered to her one by one every other day for two weeks, exactly as if he were present in the city. He has been gone ten days, and the whole affair has made me uneasy. I can swear that he did not go without taking a fair share of somebody's goods along with him, for he had none of his own."

Dr. Hamilton thanked Mr. Quip for his information, bade him a final adieu, and hastened in alarm to the priest. Inquiries were set on foot by both, and the result chronicled a new and last misfortune for Miss McDonell. She was left as poor as the poorest. The house had been sold from over her head by the smiling Killany, and with his ill-gotten gains that slippery gentleman had fled to distant countries where he would be unheard of by his Canadian friends for evermore. She bore her losses with the same stoicism shown under the trials of the months that were past.

"I am not in love with riches and station now," she said to the priest, "and feel some relief in knowing that the metal which brought me so much evil is no longer mine. I am going to New York. I have position already assured me as editress of a magazine, and the salary is quite sufficient to support me in comfort. If I desired to be revenged on Killany I could not have done better than to have permitted him to make away with this money. He is now the beggar on horseback, and you can surmise the direction he will take."

Nevertheless the priest was not pleased with her manner or her looks or her decision. Her face had of late become marble in its whiteness, and the lustrous eyes never for a moment lost their expression of pain. The strain which she had borne without once wincing was too severe for her physical powers long to withstand, and he suggested that she should remain for some time at leisure before attempting work of any kind.

"I am not safe without work," she replied, "and I am sure that new scenes and new faces, and the excitement of being poor and earning my own living, will be of benefit. All my old pursuits are distasteful. I could not remain here in any event. I

shall go within a week. I have many friends in New York, who are acquainted by this with my changed fortunes and are anxious to serve me. If I get ill—and, to tell the truth, I am not desirous of it—there will be many kind friends to care for me. Good-by, father. Be assured of my gratitude for your many kindnesses."

Within a week she had departed, alone and unattended, for New York. It was the wonder of society for the proverbial nine days. Dr. Hamilton had preceded her by one day; Killany was said to be in Italy; Quip was in jail; Juniper, haunted in his drunken moments by visions of the long wharf and a woman's face, had fled to the West; and Olivia with her husband was safely settled in Ireland. Thus one by one the characters of our tale faded from the scene where they had played with so much pathos, merriment, and pain, and left behind them no deeper impression on the hearts or memories of men than the snow which had gone in the spring. Their places were filled as rapidly as they were vacated. It is our misfortune and our safety that, important as we may be to our little selves, with the world we are of no importance.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LOVE AND DEATH.

In logic certain premises being laid down, their conclusion is inevitable. In the lives of individuals certain circumstances being given and certain dispositions of a man's character, results are looked for as confidently as a logical conclusion. Wonders are not uncommon in the nineteenth century, but miracles are—such a miracle, for instance, as the conversion of a dying brigand. It would be a miracle to upset the logical outcome of certain reasonings. We have laid down premises in the life of Miss McDonell which predict and justify mournful conclusions. She was a woman of talent, beauty, and gentle manners, spiced with a certain amount of intellectual pride, and an inordinate amount of personal pride. Her education and training had been at the same time excellent and vicious—excellent in its methods, but vicious from the want of a proper selection of studies. These had no real worth. They were all show. The soul received no athletic training. Its temptations were all unstudied, unknown, and unprovided for; and we have seen how easily this proud, irreproachable woman fell in spite of the pretty, artificial bulwarks

which her education had taught her to look upon as impregnable. By her dalliance with sin she had lost many important things: the friend she prized most in the world, and who was deserving indeed of a higher and better love than she could give; the affection of a man too noble in body and soul to take to wife a woman so stained as she; the wealth which was not hers, but might have been; and the respectable sum remaining to her in her own right.

She had lost yet more important things. Her experience with temptation had taught her the true character of her religion of humanity, the value of the principle of beauty as a test of good and evil in the world, and the precise amount of good to be realized from the propagation of the doctrines of culture when unsupported by the sterner and more general principles of religion. She threw her disciples, her heroes, and her books overboard along with her faith, and became the most dangerous and cynical of its enemies. Her situation was not bettered. Catholicity had been her bugbear always, and now that the principles which had once given it a beauty in her eyes, and the one man and one woman who had made its beauty something more than pure speculation, were gone, she never gave it a moment's thought. Her mother's faith she despised for its hollowness and its divisions. There was nothing left for her but to sail on without any definite belief save a belief of negations, carping as she went at every one who held an opinion as to the eternal destiny of man, and sneering at those who, like herself, had no opinions or had done with them. One thing she had retained from the ruins of her intellectual life—her morbid fear of death. She was sincerely in earnest when she told the priest that she did not wish to be ill. Yet she feared illness daily, trembled at the slightest scratch or ache, and read everything of a mortuary character that came in her way. She knew death in all its aspects, and sighed to think she could not meet it with the resignation of a Christian, or the stoicism of a pagan philosopher, or the utter indifference of ignorance. Death was the only thought which could throw deep and settled gloom over her ordinary cheerfulness.

When she went to New York she secured a pretty five-roomed cottage on Long Island with a garden and a fine water-view. She was determined not to be ill, never to think of or regret the past, but to live in the living present, to have cheerful friends and cheerful work, and to care for that precious life which the simplest accident might take from her. It was easy for her to do all this: Her beauty, her talent, and her kind nature soon made her popu-

lar and dear to many. The cottage on Long Island was never without its visitor, her coming was always welcomed in literary and fashionable circles, and she reigned there a truer queen than she had reigned at home. Outdoor exercise was everything with her. Her walking, riding, rowing, gardening were constant. Her editorial work, though delicate, was light. Her thoughts, though tinged with a sombre hue, were cheerful enough. The greater sufferings absorbed the lesser. So long as illness and death remained away from her door she could be happy.

Still, she was not in good health, as anxious friends whispered among themselves. No exercise could bring back the old glow to her cheeks. Her face was marble still, and if her appetite was good her sleep was capricious and troubled. Her disordered fancy made matters worse, perhaps. When the cloudy fall weather began to appear she was showing evident signs of breaking down. In truth her excessive pallor indicated clearly enough to the practised eye the presence of organic disease. Miss McDonell's will had been much too strong for her more delicate body, and the forced equanimity which the will had compelled the body to maintain had been carried too far for safety. Violent emotion would have been a relief. She suffered it often, but would never give it expression, and the pent volcano cracked the sides of its crater. She dreaded to consult a doctor, so fearful was she of an adverse opinion, and day after day she put off the duty in the hope of ultimate recovery, until the disease which had first wounded and finally destroyed her father had come upon her like a lightning-stroke.

She retired one night wretched, despondent, and ill. At midnight she awoke with sharp, needle-like pains extending down one side from her head to her foot. They were not troublesome, and she would not disturb the servant, hoping to see the attack shortly pass away. Her sleep was uneasy for a long time, but towards morning she fell into a heavy, lethargic slumber, so heavy and painful that she felt as if she could never wish to be stirred from her bed. As in a dream she saw the sun steal in across the floor, and heard the servant making preparations for the breakfast; heard the little bell that announced its readiness, and smiled to think of the servant's astonishment when the punctual mistress did not make her appearance. Then came the footstep on the stair, the knock at the door, which she was too indifferent to answer, the gentle inquiry as to her delay, and then the opening of the door. She smiled again at thought of the surprised look on the girl's face, but her dreamy delight was broken in upon rude-

ly by a scream of terror, as the servant rushed to the bed, and, falling on her knees there, cried out, tearful and frightened:

"O Miss Nano! what is the matter? what has happened?"

"Matter! Happened!" said the mistress, or rather tried to say it, for the words mumbled in her mouth, and she had some difficulty in moving her lips at all. In an instant she was awake—oh! so wide and painfully awake—and moan after moan burst from her as the awful truth was realized that on one side she was entirely paralyzed.

Her fate had come to her at last. Death was standing at her door in the same hideous shape it had assumed for her father, and beckoned her into the dreaded rottenness and oblivion of the grave. People wondered at the fear and agony which the impressive woman showed at the supreme moment. Her life had been so gentle and kind, even though so brief, she had been so positive as to her own convictions, that they who would gladly have accepted oblivion in fear of the wrath to come could not understand the fear she had for death. The doctors came and kindly told her the worst. There was no hope for her. A second shock would come to deprive her of the use of her uninjured limbs, and then speedy death. The worst being known, she became tranquil and resigned herself to the inevitable in mute despair. It was very terrible! Alone and helpless, and how changed from the bright, honorable, powerful lady of a few months past! Wrecked in mid-ocean, seeing barks less fair, less fortunate, and more careless go on in homely serenity to the haven, while she, so full of promise and so beautiful, foundered by the way! Her thoughts were mournful enough and bitter as death could make them, and the more painful because she knew that, according to her own belief, they would soon meet with an eternal ending.

It had pleased the divine wisdom to leave many fervent and loving prayers unanswered in her regard. We cannot search into the workings of the infinite mind of God. We can only accept the facts. She was dying as she had lived, a sceptic, and, as she said to a friend, the nearer she came to the goal the more impossible and ridiculous seemed the Christian eternity. Her opinions might have changed when utter helplessness seized her, and she could only hear and see and make no sign. If they did no one knew. In her greatest misery one gleam of happiness shot out from the darkness of her cloud. Dr. Hamilton, hearing she was at the point of death, came to see her. He was a man whom she had deeply wronged, and, though unintentional in his

regard, her sin was none the less heinous. She would have endured anything rather than have injured him or Olivia, for she had loved him. He had loved her, she knew, and he had thrown her aside justly for her crimes. No word or look of love had ever passed between them, but in this solemn hour there was no masking of hearts. She could make no expression, and he was apparently cold. He had a letter from Olivia unopened for her, and asked if he should read it. By a moan she signified that he should not; but when he would have put it away she moaned again, and then, after much doubt and effort to understand, he put it on her breast and she was content.

He was anxious, as others had been, that she should not die utterly without hope, and he spoke to her with that thrill in his voice which only the lover possesses. For he was her lover still, loving her all the more that her sins were so soon to be hidden in death; and he ventured to tell her then of his unchanged affection, and how once he had hoped to have made her his own, and to have taught her the sublime truths of the great faith, and at least to have led her into that belief which all mankind, from the savage to the sage, had in all ages shared—belief in God. He asked her at the last if she would not accept that primitive article of faith, and pray in her heart for mercy and safety in whatever should happen to her after death. To his great joy she answered in the affirmative. He remained with her to the end, for she could not endure to have him away from her side; and just before the sleep of death rested on her tired eyelids he knelt down and in a touching prayer recommended her to the God whom at the eleventh hour she so imperfectly recognized. In her way she signified amen, and one last flash of the light and glory of the mind within lit up her beautiful eyes as the lover pressed his kiss of love, pity, and forgiveness on her face—his first and last. He had scarcely taken away his lips when she was dead.

Poor Nano! What a life and what a death! We can at least say, "Have mercy on her, God," as Dr. Hamilton did, and hope that to the eye of God things may have been visible in her heart which found her favor with him, unseen as they were by those who stood about her dying-bed. She was beautiful and unfortunate, and our pity and charity will forget everything else in her life. She suffered much, and that may have been great atonement coupled with her dying act of faith. We know that the mercy of God reaches far out towards the suffering.

THE END

LEPANTO.

DARKLY through the pictured panes
  Dim morn dimmer falls;
Bathes in coldly lurid stains
  Pillars and sculptured walls,
White cheeks and sobbing lips that say,
"Pray, Mary, Mother! Pray, oh! pray."

Breaks coldly o'er the Curzol isles the light of dawning day,
And slowly from their headlands grim the shadows glide away;
Afar the waves beat mournfully against the rocky shore,
As if they loved the land they laved—a joyous land no more!
Far towards the white horizon, rocked by the swelling tide,
Two hundred ships and galleys proud all fast at anchor ride.
Ay! gaze upon them anxiously, while coldly breaks the day,
For there lies Europe's latest hope and Christendom's last stay!

Now over all the shining sea pour floods of glorious light;
Now merrily the billows chase away the lingering night;
Now glitters in the rising sun the gilded flag of Spain;
The lion of St. Mark ramps o'er his chosen home, the main;
And yon the keys and triple crown allegiance own to Rome;
And there the German tri-color speaks of its northern home.
But highest from the loftiest mast, in many a broidered fold,
The flag of ALL the story of the world's redemption told.

How restless now the galleys heave upon the rolling bay,
With all their angry cannon, in all their rich array!
How many a gallant captain now far through the distance peers,
On fire to be the first to catch the flash of Turkish spears!
How many a champing soldier stamps, impatient for the fight!
How glances sword, and partisan, and cuirass burnished bright!
"Away! Up anchors!" How the words make every bosom
    swell;
For yonder, like a surging wave, comes on the infidel!

Our chief, Don John of Austria, Spain's truest prince and knight,
Now leaves the royal galley's side, in glittering armor dight.

How swift he speeds from ship to ship! What words of ringing cheer
He has for all—page, man-at-arms, and high-born cavalier!
He points up to the crucifix that waves above the fleet.
We feel no life can be than death in such a cause more sweet.
He speaks of Mary's Son, thorn-crowned and pierced in every limb,
And asks what coward fears to die for Christ, who died for him.

He presses noble Doria's hand; he smiles on proud Savoy,
And hears Orsini's warrior soul laugh out a warrior's joy.
The old Veniero next he greets with reverent courtesy,
And low before the veteran he bends his princely knee.
"Father, thy blessing here I come to crave for us this day!"
The old man sobbed; he signed the cross, and dashed a tear away.
His white hair floated in the wind; his white beard swept his breast.
"Oh! be," he cried, "by Father, Son, and Holy Spirit blest."

But now the paynim culverins send forth their hellish roar,
And many an eager warrior falls to rise, ah! never more.
No answering shot may we return, no vengeance may we seek:
Our leader only must the stern command for battle speak.
O Heaven! but it is horrible to stand inactive where
Their hissing shot red furrows through our quivering masses tear,
And rushing down upon us, like proud steeds that spurn the rein,
Three hundred ships in crescent line come cleaving through the main.

Now, praised be God! our chieftain's voice rings out the wished-for word,
And quick the pasha's prow to ours we bind with hook and cord.
We follow o'er the bulwarks high our prince's streaming plume;
His axe among the miscreant rout soon maketh bloody room.
In vain may Ali drive them on; in vain before our spears
Even his huge bulk before his host its giant strength uprears.
Never so closely had they felt the edge of Christian steel,
Nor heard so near the battle-shout, "St. Iago! Close Castile!"

Blared loud the Turkish trumpets, loud beat the Turkish drums,
And, swarming from their ships around, rescue, sore-needed, comes.
A thousand bullets thin our ranks; a thousand sabres keen
Come on to prove not yet the fight is with the Nazarene.
Before that tide of Moslem steel our prince is backward borne,
And Ali's mace his helmet from his flowing locks has torn.
We know how then another blow had ended there the strife
Had brave Cervantes' severed arm not bought his general's life!

Still never for a moment turn our soldiers from the foe;
So close the fray that sword and axe and mace are useless now:
Poniard and dagger ply the work, and petronel's close ball.
Hoarsely Spain's war-cry breaks the air; hoarsely their Leilies fall;
And empty hands grip hostile throats whence gorget has been broke,
And brigandine is riddled by the near-fired bullet's stroke.
No craven cry for quarter there; no mercy sought nor shown;
But by Mary's help in the fell fray the Christian holds his own.

The whiles the sea around is scarred with splintered mast and oar,
And bloody streams from every ship and gilded galley pour,
The pirate foul, Siroco, bears betwixt us and the coast
To crush our rearmost vessels and divide our struggling host.
But well the crafty corsair's aim old Barbarigo knows,
And at the moment the changed wind straight to the landward blows.
As desert lions onward rush to rend their daunted prey,
Before that wind comes streaming down proud Venice's array.

Now culverin and arquebuse tear wide the gaping planks
Of the doomed corsair's war-ships and sweep his turbaned ranks.
The severed rigging thunders down, the sails fall to the decks,
And all his gallant galleys drive on shore, dismantled wrecks.
And fierce Siroco 'mong the dead all stark and bloody lies;
And brave old Barbarigo in his hour of triumph dies,
But, dying, saw the paynim's vanquished flag laid at his feet—
The flag which he had soothly vowed should be his winding-sheet.

Ah! sure 'twas God who changed the wind. See all the Christian line,
With bellying sails, before the gale come cleaving through the brine.
Now, infidels, no longer shall ye plough our Christian waves!
No more shall Christian peoples yield before your conquering glaives!
Colonna calmly leads the van, and he has sternly sworn
No slave to-day that tugs the oar shall fear a noble's scorn.
Well may ye quake before him, his, old Rome's patrician blood,
His, sires whom never yet in fight of old your sires withstood.

Veniero, Appiano, Santa-Croce follow fast;
Doria's masts, Orsini's, bend before the favoring blast.
The Afric corsairs crash and reel 'neath Benedetti's shock;
Galley with galley, ship with ship, through the long line enlock.
Awhile our Spanish infantry their rapid volleys ply—
Volleys which shield, nor cuirass tough, nor bascinet may aby—
Still closer rush the mingling ranks; useless their mousquets now,
And on the Turkish decks they deal the fell pike's deadly blow.

Once more through the smoke-laden air flashes our prince's axe.
With desperate charge the foe we force back on their bloody tracks.
All fiercely fighting back they go; one stand they make—their last—
'Neath where the crescent ensign still flies fluttering on the mast.
But vain against that gleaming axe is Ali's mace of dread;
Turban and helm and head it cleaves: Ali lies with the dead.
And ringing far through all our line—far echoing o'er the sea—
In many a tongue exultant peals our shout of victory!

The westering sunbeams flash through clouds of purple and of gold.
Where are the crescent banners the gray morning saw unrolled?
A thousand colors deck the waves, caught from the glowing skies;
But 'mid them toss fire-blackened hulks, rise drowning wretches' cries.
Beyond, fast o'er the glistening main, the flying Moslems urge
Few of the galleys that so long have been the Christian's scourge.
And, streaming free from many a mast that well the fight had braved,
The holy cross triumphant floats, and Christendom is saved!

Richly through each pictured pane
  Poureth the sunset glow,
Painting with many a gorgeous stain
The clustered shafts of the ancient fane,
  The carvèd tombs below.
A pontiff looks through the radiant beams,
As one who dreameth Heaven-sent dreams.
He sees a wild, tumultuous fight,
A shock of ships and arms, a flight
  Troubling a sunset sea.
He sees triumphant borne in chase
A flag that speaks of Heaven's grace.
While round him, echoed in joyous tone
From ribbèd arch and wall of stone,
  Endeth Our Lady's rosary.

LATIN AND FRENCH PLAYS AT THE COLLEGE OF LOUIS-LE-GRAND.

The Collége de Clermont, so called from the Bishop of Clermont, through whose will the Jesuits came into possession of the grounds and buildings connected with their future school in the Rue Saint-Jacques, was one of the earliest Jesuit institutions in France. In 1564 the order opened its schools, which became an eyesore to the University of Paris, the number of students in the former being, in 1571, somewhere near three thousand. In 1579 the pupils of the Jesuits gave their first play, entitled "Herod," and it is likely that, according to the universal school custom of the times, other plays were occasionally given during the few years preceding the first expulsion of the Jesuits, in 1594, due to the jealousy of the university and to the odium that was skilfully directed against them on the occasion of the attempted assassination of Henry IV. by Jean Châtel, a former pupil of the Jesuits. The king, however, recalled them in 1603, against the advice of his less tolerant Parliament, but the College of Clermont in Paris was not reopened until 1618, from which date until 1762 it made good its claim to scholarship and popularity, and developed singular talent in the literary and dramatic line. It was not till the reign of Louis XIV. that it changed its name to that of Louis-le-Grand, thereby commemorating the special favor of that king.

The reforming spirit of the early Jesuits led to certain strict limitations in the matter of stage representations by the students; and, considering the lax condition of the mediæval drama at most times of its existence, there was need for reform. This license led to the curt wording of the rule relating to Jesuit college plays in the *Ratio Studiorum*, or school plan, drawn up in Rome in 1683, and more or less carried out in all the Jesuit schools: "Let the subjects of tragedies and comedies, which should be in Latin and few and far between, be sacred or pious; let there be no interlude between the acts, except it be in Latin and of a decent tendency, and let no female character or even costume enter into the plan of the plays." This severity, whatever may be said of it artistically, was a natural protest against the abuse of dramatic liberty which seemed to constitute the very spirit of the mediæval stage. Those middle ages, so obstinately misunderstood, or rather misrepresented, by their respective apologists and calumniators, were as decidedly ages of coarse and blunt but apposite criticism as they were of strong, naïve, and action-provoking faith. A certain vein of satirical realism runs parallel in their literature to a vein of tender and romantic mysticism, and the biting sarcasm which delighted to attack the vices of the higher clergy, the courtier nobility, and royal and papal individualities was nowhere more prominent or more popular than on the stage. Church holidays divided the year and were the accepted occasions for fairs, plays, and all other worldly transactions; church buildings, being the best and largest, usually furnished the stage itself, and church vestments in the earliest times, at least as far back as the eleventh century, not seldom became stage "properties." * The scandalous performances which in spite of laws, ecclesiastical and civil, continually occupied the mediæval stage are very remarkable as part of the history of civilization, and tally well with the degree of rude and aggressive personal liberty which existed side by side with undeniable oppression and injustice. Sometimes ecclesiastical feuds inclined church authorities to wink at this disrespect either of rivals in their own field or of uncongenial lay authorities; sometimes it was the latter who secretly or overtly encouraged disrespect of the clergy. Philip the Handsome, whom Dante has immortalized

* Matthew Paris gives an instance of this common occurrence. A certain Geoffrey, Master of Arts in the University of Paris, established a school at Dunstable, England, and at its opening gave "The Miracle of St. Catherine," borrowing the copes of the Abbey of St. Albans to enhance the gorgeousness of the representation. The night following his house took fire and the copes were burnt, which he took as a warning and straightway became a monk in the abbey, and, as happens in most legends, "subsequently rose to be abbot."

as the adversary of Pope Boniface VIII., encouraged a famous demonstration called "Reynard's Procession," a street saturnalia of the carnival type, in which students and populace joined with young courtiers in hooting a figure clad in fox-skins and wearing a pontifical tiara. This, with a squad of frightened hens which Reynard pursued, was an allusion to the ecclesiastical claims of the pope, disputed by the king. Political exigencies led often to great indulgence in such matters as allegorical shows: unpopular teachers and doctors were unmercifully travestied by students of Paris and other universities; chartered companies of wandering actors arose and throve by fits and starts under the patronage of kings, bishops, and barons; saints' days especially, and patronal feasts whether of places or of guilds, became the occasion of "mad, indecent, and corrupt" scenes, so that, at least among students, severe penalties were enacted against delinquents and a strict censorship established again and again, especially with a view to exclude "biting and satirical" traits. A student either writing or acting anything in contravention of these rules was liable to be publicly whipped by four proctors, in the college yard, in presence of his kneeling comrades, to the sound of the college bell and in view of the rector of the university. Besides which, if he shirked this punishment, he was expelled, forfeiting his academic rights and honors for ever; while masters who should abet students in any infraction of rules were to be suspended from their functions for three years. The evil, nevertheless, broke out again continually; such rules could only be spasmodically applied in all their original rigor, connivance in high quarters was not infrequent (Louis XII., among others, was a kindly and indulgent monarch, averse to restricting any liberties that did not seriously interfere with practical government), and the course of unpolished but not really corrupt taste was allowed to go blundering on till another phase of civilization should succeed it. The vernacular was much used in these rude national plays, and the Renaissance, with its classical pedantry, was not an unmixed benefit. Coarseness did not die out with the old diction, but it clothed itself in elegant Latin and masqueraded as the copy of the refined immorality of the Roman Empire. An odd mixture of Christian tradition with foreign and strained forms of so-called classicism ensued, and satire lost to a great degree its healthy if coarse point to become a mere mirror of current vices. This was one of the points insisted upon by a Jesuit playwright of the seventeenth century—*i.e.*, that in portraying a career of vice and the return of the prodigal to virtue the throwing of any veil of ro-

mance or interest over the former is to be carefully avoided. We are familiar at present with the fallacy by which playwriters and novelists excuse their detailed representations of vice, for the most disingenuous judge could hardly say that a morbid form of attractiveness does not accompany the typical black sheep. The Jesuits—it has often been cast in their teeth as a reproach—were eminently unpartisan, the advocates of moderation in all things; in short, emphatically men of the world. Thrown into contact with customs and conditions of extreme stage license, they refrained from what might be called fanatical opposition or condemnation; they even modified the strictness of their original rules to suit the times and become all things to all men. Had they been laymen nothing would have been more commended than this moderation. But it is hard to judge them as other men; a strange fate has pursued this unique organization and twisted men's judgment of it into an unreliable partisan verdict; the preachers of moderation have themselves provoked the most immoderate, often insensate, antagonism that ever confronted any religious body. It is impossible, in speaking of the Jesuits, and of even the slightest detail connected with their system or their history, not to take a side; it is idle to deny, to others or to yourself, that you do take a side; but the more true this is, the more watchful should the observer be to sift his evidence and qualify his judgment. Of the ability of the Order as a whole there is little dispute.

In the hundred and fifty years of the dramatic existence of the College of Louis-le-Grand it produced several playwrights of repute. Ernest Boysse, author of a sketch of the Jesuit drama,* represents that Latin tragedy, as developed among the Jesuits, bore traces, as every dramatic work must do, of the influence of the divers countries and times in which it flourished. He thinks that, in spite of the knowledge of classic rules and models possessed by the Fathers, their work, on the whole, is much more like Shakspere's than like Sophocles' or Seneca's. They disregard the "unities" and do not scruple to make use of local legends and traditions. The German and Flemish Jesuits produced very mystical and romantic dramas, full of sombre fire and odd, fantastic imagery; the Italians and Spaniards were more classical and formal, and less addicted to the supernatural. The early French Jesuits wrote much but published little, and the annals of the college itself on this subject are scarcely authentic or precise enough to justify a deliberate

* *Le Théâtre des Jésuites.* Ernest Boysse. Paris: Henri Vaton, Quai Voltaire. 1880.

judgment of the merit of the dramatic fragments mentioned. Caussin, the confessor of Louis XIII., Petau, and Cellot represent the sixteenth century, or rather the early part of the seventeenth, when some of their works were collected. Choruses were freely introduced into the tragedies of the latter author, whose subjects were chiefly taken from ancient history; the same may be said of Petau's published tragedies, while Caussin chose Biblical and mediæval subjects—*e.g.*, the histories of Sedecias, King of Juda, and of Nabuchodonosor, who is represented as being turned into a bull. The stage details and directions are unfortunately omitted. Some license is taken throughout the Jesuit drama with the exact text, and even spirit, of Scriptural narrations—*e.g.*, Jephte's daughter is provided with a betrothed, who, during the battle in which her father makes his vow, does some special deed of arms for which the chief had sworn to give him his daughter; and Ismael appears as an idolater on Mount Moriah when Abraham attempts to sacrifice Isaac. This conscious inexactitude —a concession to the more and more artificial taste of French society during Louis XIV.'s reign—did not escape the censure of the Jansenist editor of *Les Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques*, in which publication may be found miscellaneous attacks against the plays of the College of Louis-le-Grand. Père Caussin had been professor of rhetoric at the college, and in dedicating his pieces to the Cardinal de Retz he makes some interesting remarks on the respective merits of prose and rhyme as a vehicle of eloquence. "There is much charm in verse," he says, "which the ancients have rightly called powerful hooks. But speech, in its highest and most carefully polished form, also exercises a great influence on the mind. Eloquence is like a river which, freed from the fetters of rhyme, flows more freely and acts with greater strength the less art is plainly seen. Having recently discussed this point with Peter Matthew [the chronicler of Henry IV.], who has bent the powers of his great mind to the study of history, I found him decidedly an advocate of prose." Arbitrary fashion afterwards set aside this sensible verdict, but Caussin's theory has been vindicated anew within the present century.

Of the moral aim and influence of the drama as connected with a college career it is easy to guess what those Jesuits who have written essays and directions on the subject have said; what is more interesting is their opinion on technical points. Jouvancy and Lejay, both authors and professors of rhetoric, have recorded some valuable opinions on the vanity of relying too much on magnificence of dress or accessories, and Lejay propounded a theory

in advance of his age concerning three-act tragedies, which constituted the entertainment for Shrove-week and the carnival holidays. "This form," he says, "seems to have been used neither by ancient nor modern tragic authors. It is, however, suited to the very nature of tragedy, which, according to Aristotle, is composed of three parts—the beginning, the middle, and the end. If these three parts can be fitted into three acts without straining or hindering the action, who should complain of it? This shortened form dispenses with the irrelevant narratives and episodes to which one is often obliged to have recourse, to the annoyance of the spectators, in order to fill up the conventional five acts."

The rhythm used in the Jesuit (Latin) plays was Seneca's iambics, which seemed well suited to give briskness and point to the dialogue. There were hardly any French plays among the earlier ones (only one tragedy), but this rule was gradually relaxed and became subject to many exceptions, comedies in French being tolerated at the secondary or carnival representation, and the Latin plays in August, at the break-up of the school, being interrupted by French explanatory interludes, choruses, etc., which really amounted to a second play. A capital instance of a French comedy is the piece entitled "The Cousins," by Père du Cerceau. A tradesman in a small provincial town, having made his fortune in Paris, goes home at forty to spend the rest of his life in his native place. No sooner does he take up his residence there, sighing for rest and rural obscurity, than a crop of cousins start up and make life a burden to him. The municipality insist on receiving him in state and offering him the mediæval courtesy of a "cup of welcome." One cousin begs him to honor his kindred by standing godfather to his son; another asks him to witness his daughter's marriage-contract. A physician-cousin is anxious to bleed him, and a lawyer-cousin is ready to conduct a lawsuit for him; while a philosopher of his kindred bores him with metaphysics, and a snobbish cousin tries to engage him to doctor his genealogy and prove his relation to some noble family of the town. The subject reminds one of Molière, and, as Boysse says, is handled briskly and humorously. A Parisian could not resist the temptation to draw a moral from the obvious ending of the self-made man's efforts to live quietly at home: the bewildered bachelor returns to Paris and acknowledges his sentimental mistake.

In the "School for Fathers," also in French, there are situations very like some in "The Liar," one of the old-fashioned English dramas. A too easy father is rewarded by the intolerable

escapades of a young prodigal, who loses money, gets into debt, thoughtlessly insults an unknown elderly gentleman who turns out to be the father of his intended bride, and, in a word, goes through the usual round of dissipation which exasperates parents who have themselves forgotten their own youthful wild oats.

"The Gambler," by Porée, one of the best Jesuit comedy-writers, is in Latin, and, in spite of its occasional stiffness, is very amusing. Saint-Marc Girardin has carefully criticised this piece and compared it with one of a similar cast by Regnard, who as a secular writer had the advantage of a choice of accessories and love-scenes that were forbidden to the Jesuit playwright. But, as Girardin remarks: "Regnard's Gambler is always ludicrous, whereas in reading the play it strikes one sometimes that in a drama based on the passion of gambling some hint of the horrible and the tragic ought to find place. Father Porée, in his comedy, has known how to introduce the tragic element, and has done it with skill and discretion. There is nothing romantic, nothing unnatural, nothing sensational about his work. Having shown us the gambler, now in the seventh heaven, now in the depths of despair, according to his luck, and having made us laugh heartily at him, he introduces, by the side of the gambler on the road to ruin, another gambler already ruined. The idea of this scene is simple and natural; . . . the scene is fine and dignified, and gives the play a moral value which in Regnard's Gambler is too feebly marked." The most characteristic and amusing scene is the one in which the gambler's servant, having been paid a hundred dollars for arrears of wages, and risked them at cards, losing the whole, tries his best, or fancies he does, to commit suicide. Now his chair is unsteady, now this beam is hardly safe, now that door creaks, again the house-bell is rung, then a rope is wanting and the wretch blames himself for not having laid by enough to buy a stout rope, and so on. His master comes home suddenly, in a rage at his bad luck, and still more at his folly in parting with so important a sum as a hundred dollars for wages, and interrupts the servant's preparations by asking him with threats for the loan of the money back. The shock of the discovery that the poor fool has followed his example is spiritedly represented.

Porée ranks high among French dramatic authors, as Saint-Marc Girardin affirms "without reserve." "His humor is no doubt," says this critic, "less broad than Dancourt's, and his dialogue less life-like than Picard's. His audience must be borne in mind: his pieces were for the college boards; they were written in Latin and played by students. He never forgets the deco-

rum of his profession, but in spite of these drawbacks his wit is lively and biting, his fun is natural, healthy, always in good taste, truly in keeping with the high spirits of the boyish actors, the exuberance of youth not yet tainted by cynicism, rudeness, or bad breeding."

The study of the classics inspired some of the writers with pieces on a more ambitious scale, Lejay's Latin "Vota" being rather a genuine satire than a legitimate acting piece; it was modelled on Juvenal's Tenth Satire, and touched on the senseless desires of human nature as illustrated by the requests for redress gathered by the messenger-god Mercury and to be laid before Jupiter. An unappreciated poet and a countryman anxious to shine in city society are two well-drawn types. Porée's "Lazy Man," a Latin comedy, is full of funny situations and significant allusions; the hero is too lazy even to answer his correspondents, and wonders "what idle creature invented this useless and absurd custom of letter-writing"! The pleasures and advantages he loses by his carelessness afford plenty of fun.

A French play of Cerceau, "The Discomfort of Greatness, or the Sham Duke of Burgundy," is a western version of the legend of Haroun-al-Raschid and the intoxicated beggar transported into the palace and treated as a sovereign. What the peasant conscript, Gregory, chiefly rebels against in his new position is the prohibition of the king's physician to eat the luxurious food the sham sovereign sees before him on a decorated table.

The most characteristic and original feature of the Jesuit collegiate stage was the ballet, which in many respects was more like the Elizabethan "masque" than the performance known to us under the name of ballet. In Vienna some remains of the old tradition make these dumb plays very attractive; music is specially written for them, and an easily understood and simply constructed plot—often a well-known popular legend or fairy-tale—is acted in pantomime. The Jesuit ballets were not invariably dumb, but often contained choruses, recitatives, and even explanatory monologues; the subjects were historical or allegorical, the latter predominating and reminding one of Calderon's elaborate displays of typical personages. In the ballets was the chief scope for imagination, complimentary allusions or the reverse, magnificence of dress and decoration, and ingenuity of stage machinery. It also became the custom to engage the help of the male dancers from the Italian opera, and the loan of stage costumes and accessories. The Jesuits kept up their reputation as men of the world by not considering any apology necessary for

these ballets. They took it for granted that dancing was a fine art and an innocent accomplishment indispensable to a gentleman. As to dramatic ballets, Jouvancy calls them dumb poetry, and urges the propriety of their following the train of thought suggested by the tragedy between whose acts they are introduced. The practice of thus sandwiching two stories together may be impugned on artistic grounds, though when the ballet was practically a series of illustrative moving tableaux this custom was more defensible. Lejay, in an elaborate educational treatise on dancing, traces this definition of the ballet: "... A dramatic dance imitating in a pleasing manner all kinds of actions, of customs, of passions, by means of figures, gestures, motions, and grouping, with the help of song, machinery, and other theatrical apparatus." The three unities might be disregarded, and the chief aim of the "poet" in the composition of a ballet was defined to be this: "To draw from the subject chosen every idea, every situation, every development possible, and then to choose among these whatever is most striking, most likely to interest the spectators, and most fitted for stage representation." Benserade, a lay writer of ballets, wrote many for the court theatricals, all modelled on much the same lines as prescribed by Lejay. Louis XIV. figured in the "Ballet of the Arts," in which, however, we of more strict, technical traditions in the matter of realism should have found many flaws, since Agriculture was represented by Arcadian shepherds, Navigation by pirates and corsairs, Metal-working by a bevy of courtiers bearing jewels, and War by court ladies arrayed as Amazons. Among the latter were the historic names of La Vallière and Sévigné. A certain regard for appropriateness of costume was inculcated by Ménestrier, one of the earlier Jesuit writers, though long after his time the public taste did not rebel against a virgin martyr appearing with conspicuous beauty-spots on her cheek. The traditional feathers and wampum of American Indians is mentioned among his list of properties, but his directions as to the costume of allegorical characters are much more interesting. Summer was to wear purple (arbitrarily called the harvest-color), with a wreath of wheat-ears and a sickle; Autumn, an olive or brown garb and a wreath of hops; the Winds were clad in feathers, the Sun and Moon respectively in gold and silver cloth with masks garnished with rays; Envy wore a yellow robe embroidered with staring eyes, and Hatred a flame-colored dress with a black trimming, and a smoking torch of black wax held aloft. Faith was to carry neither cross nor chalice, "because of the respect due to these

symbols as seen on the altar," and Religion was rather to appear as a red-robed, laurel-crowned martyr than as it was sometimes represented—*i.e.*, with a cope, a censer, and a tiara. The Sick World was ingeniously represented on one occasion as crowned with Mount Olympus, and dressed in parti-colored clothes simulating a map. On its heart it wore inscribed the name of *Gallia*, on its stomach *Germania*, on one leg *Italia*, and one arm *Hispania*. On the back was a sprawling inscription, *Terra Australis Incognita*. Atlas and Hercules carried the patient in their arms, and the gods congregated to cure or pity him: Apollo and Æsculapius felt his pulse, Bacchus and Ceres prepared his food, while Mars was ready to bleed him; but the final verdict was a fast of forty days. This piece was performed on Shrove Tuesday, and Lent was of course intended by the prescribing physicians.

The poetic and artistic ingenuity of many of the ballets and interludes acted on the boards of Louis-le-Grand was great, the more so as the rule was that these performances should never be repeated. Infinite pains were taken with the decorations—generally long galleries or colonnades of marble palaces and such adaptable scenery, statuary and groups, trophies of arms, costly hangings, and magnificent heraldic shields. A good deal was done in *rilievo* work and temple perspectives on a large scale, besides which there were also machinery, trap-doors, gilt chariots, palpable clouds, mountain scenery, etc.

The modern game of living chess of which we have heard had a precursor in one of the Jesuit ballets. The Hindoos of Ceylon and the Persians are supposed to be fighting, the former representing the black chessmen and the latter the white. The entertainment is connected with a tragedy bearing on the conversion to Christianity of a sovereign of Ceylon, and is given by that sovereign to his guest. "Two knights on each side go out skirmishing; four towers appear and are reconnoitred by the knights, while two bishops [in France this piece is called 'fool,' the head-dress being interpreted in England as a mitre, while in France it is a fool's cap] rush across the board. The kings and queens enter last, accompanied by their pages, who are used as pawns. The pieces being in position, a little shepherd lad appears and boasts that he can bring victory to whichever party he chooses. The king's son suggests that the Hindoos should win, and the shepherd moves the pieces so skilfully that the latter checkmate the Persians in three moves."

The use of ballets in schools has been discontinued, but the custom of plays, Latin, Greek, and vernacular, has everywhere

survived. There is, however, too little originality in most. Instead of being written on purpose and suited to the peculiarities of the actors, by teachers who have studied their characters and appreciate their capabilities, college plays are often only adaptations more or less clumsy, or hap-hazard repetitions of favorite plays which always lose by comparison with the "real thing." Objections to acting among students seem to have lost much force in this century, so that the stimulus to keep the college stage at a high and worthy level, technically as well as morally, has disappeared, which perhaps accounts for the mediocrity of most of our plays of this nature. If the custom is to be kept up at all—and in these busy times the expediency seems doubtful—it would be well for academic playwrights to cultivate the faculty of dramatic authorship as assiduously as it was cultivated by the rhetoric professors of the College of Louis-le-Grand.

Music held an important part in these ballets, and instead of *pot-pourris* adapted to them, as is often the case at present, original compositions suited to the subjects were contributed by well-known musicians of the day, such as Campra, the music-master of the head house of the Jesuits in France, and the composer of numerous popular operas of the latter seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Of his music a contemporary critic says that it was spirited, graceful, and varied, and the composer was chiefly noted for the rare gift of hitting off the sense of the words in the music which he set to the latter. Charpentier was a famous teacher and composer, but published very little; the Jesuit plays were much helped by his music, which drew curious and admiring crowds. Clairembault was organist to Louis XIV., and a clever performer; his cantatas especially deserve notice, though his opera work was slight.

Besides the ballet music and the incidental pieces in the tragedies, "musical tragedies" in French, or what we should call operettas, were often performed in college. In the drama of "Joseph and his Brethren" Campra introduced a "symphony marking or describing the enthusiasm with which the Spirit of Israel foretells the destiny of Joseph." Chérin's musical "Praise of the King" was once sung as an interlude by the favorite tenor Jelyot. St. Maximus, a Roman martyr of the early ages, whose relics were kept in the college chapel, was the subject of one of Lejay's tragedies; and, apropos to the "translation" of his body, we get a glimpse of the musician Marchand, the rival of Aquin and the master of Rameau. On this occasion he came forward to replace the absent organist, who unaccounta-

bly kept the procession waiting in church, and the public was electrified by the substitute's performance. He afterwards became organist to the college, and refused many tempting offers from the court to leave this comparatively obscure post.

The Jesuits were not niggardly as to the size and number of their theatres, and their appreciation of the ample needs of the drama might have satisfied moderns as exacting as Wagner. Their principal stage was the huge courtyard of the college, commanded by many windows, and covered with a *velarium* almost worthy of antique amphitheatres. A smaller court afforded room for the minor representations, and an indoor theatre was also provided for winter performances. As the audience was always large—the students' families being admitted with as many friends as they liked, and fashion having voted it "the thing" to attend the Jesuit stage—even the winter hall was of good dimensions. Journalists or their equivalents at that time were encouraged to be present, and one of these, Loret, a carping critic in the Jansenist interest, has left numerous versified allusions to these plays. Abundant refreshments were evidently the order of the day, as he enumerates the hams and pasties, the tongues and salads, the pigeons and pies, the fruits and wines served up; but he tells us roundly that the arm-chairs were not to his liking, and that he had to pay fifteen sous admission. It is know that servants and workmen employed by the Jesuits were sometimes paid in tickets for the plays, of which they disposed at the price of pit-seats at the opera; but regular entrance-money was never taken, and the expenses of the performances were not charged on the public, or even the parents of the actors, who, however, sometimes made special and voluntary presents for the purpose. The Jesuits were eminently *grands seigneurs* in their doings; their pupils were nearly all of the highest or wealthiest families in the kingdom, and the teachers did not hold gentlemanlike behavior to be inconsistent with virtue. Asceticism had little place in the educational programme; as a rule the boys who studied under the fashionable teachers turned out polished men of the world, elegant courtiers, and famous swordsmen. In the later stages of the college women were freely admitted to the theatre; the court ladies came regularly, and even perpetrated rather unjustifiable jokes on reverend ecclesiastics, as when Mademoiselle du Luc, from the window of her nephews' room (they being at school there), threw several pounds of hair-powder among a company of religious—two or three hundred Carmelites, Capuchins, etc., etc., invited guests of the Jesuit fathers. A few instances are on record when a

picked band of young actors performed either at court or in the house of some great officer, ecclesiastic, or statesman. Whether Molière ever performed in any of these boyish plays is not positively known, though both he and Dancourt were old pupils of Jesuit colleges, as were also Biancolelli, a young Italian actor, the son of the famous Harlequin of Mazarin's Italian Company, and the song-writer and librettist Laujon. Such men found royal patronage an easy way to fame and position, often also to riches, and many such were mingled at school with the sons of the noblest families of France. Historical names abound in the list of actors as well as of distinguished spectators at these yearly plays at Louis-le-Grand.

The jealousy of rival schools and orders constantly put the Jesuits on the defensive. Bishops and grave teachers, lay and clerical, descanted on the loss of time, the temptations to laziness, the danger of abuse, the stimulus given to the cultivation of bad or questionable qualities for the sake of their appropriateness to certain dramatic characters, and other serious objections, while malicious worldly critics kept up a continual mockery and issued pasquinades and travesties. The Jesuits, however, had a very distinct theory on the subject and defended it unflinchingly. Hard as they themselves were on the secular stage, they contended for the modern doctrine of the mission of the drama. The country colleges, less conspicuous than the fashionable one in Paris, may have sometimes deserved censure for the choice or the accessories of their plays, but criticism was too fierce and incessant in Paris to allow the vigilance of the Order to slack. Porée considered social education as an important branch, and dwelt on the ease of manner, the graceful self-assurance, mingled with self-control, which acting in public imparted to the youths who each year left the college to enter upon important careers, and finally to bear the honors of the first places in church and state, on the bench, or in the field. He contended, too, that acting wakened legitimate ambition and emulation, stimulated love of work and study, and quickened slow wits while it chastened quick ones. The general moral tone of the pieces themselves was a matter of course, but it is undeniable that there is much to be said against not only acting, but many other devices under clerical guidance or directed to charitable intentions—devices which, in our times, have been abnormally multiplied until the term religious dissipation is not unfitted to such forms of excitement. And to excuse this we have not the plea of a courtly and aristocratic form of society.

THE OPIUM HABIT.

A QUARTER of a century ago an opium-eater—by which is meant a person who habitually uses opium or its preparations as a stimulant—was a rarity; to-day opium-eaters are counted by the thousand. Medical books written twenty years ago mention the subject briefly or not at all, while in all recent works on therapeutics it forms an important chapter. Until recently the principal source of information possessed by the public upon this subject were the writings of De Quincey, a confirmed opium-eater, whose famous *Confessions* were composed under the malign influence of the drug; who whited the walls of the deadly habit with the beautiful tints of rhetoric of a hand always masterly but occasionally deceptive. The extraordinary headway which the opium habit has made in this country is not apparent to the general public for many and sufficient reasons; but the large number of cases met by physicians in private practice, the institutions springing up in which its treatment is made a specialty, and the horde of charlatans who advertise nostrums guaranteed to effect a speedy and painless cure, show how widespread and far-reaching is the evil, which is met in all conditions and walks of life, from the laborer to the gentleman of elegant leisure, and in both sexes. Opium-eating, unlike the use of alcoholic stimulants, is an aristocratic vice and prevails more extensively among the wealthy and educated classes than among those of inferior social position; but no class is exempt from its blighting influence. The merchant, lawyer, and physician are to be found among the host who sacrifice the choicest treasures of life at the shrine of Opium. The slaves of Alcohol may be clothed in rags, but vassals of the monarch who sits enthroned on the poppy are generally found dressed in purple and fine linen. One of the most eminent lawyers in the West is a confirmed opium-eater, and has been addicted to the habit for years. *Per contra*, a haggard, weather-beaten tramp who solicited alms of the writer with which to purchase bread reluctantly pleaded guilty to the charge that it was opium, not bread, he craved. A St. Louis physician estimates the number of opium-eaters in that city at ten thousand. Nearly every retail drug-store in the country has its customers who regularly purchase thereat their supply of opium; and a wholesale drug firm in Chicago estimates its daily

sales, outside of the trade, at from two to five pounds of morphia or its equivalent. When it is taken into consideration that a fifth of a grain of morphia is a medicinal dose, the reader may form some estimate of the proportions which the pernicious habit has attained. (Morphia is a product of opium, possessing nearly all the qualities of that drug, but about five times as strong.)

The facilities for indulging in opium stimulation explain the prevalence of the habit among the better classes. The gentleman who would not be seen in a bar-room, however respectable, or who would not purchase liquor and use it at home, lest the odor might be detected upon his person, procures his supply of morphia and has it in his pocket ready for instantaneous use. It is odorless and occupies but little space, while its use is only made manifest in its effects, which are rarely recognized by any but the initiated. He zealously guards his secret from his nearest friend—for popular wisdom has branded as a disgrace that which he regards as a misfortune—thus cutting him off from the advice and aid of friends who would encourage him to abandon the habit; making, perhaps, spasmodic efforts to fight the unequal contest alone, to meet with repeated reverses and to fall still deeper into the abyss from which he would escape. No person detests the vice or despises its victim more than does the opium-eater himself. He would purchase freedom at any cost less than the terrible agony consequent on giving up the drug. Even life is sometimes voluntarily offered as the price of redemption; as witness the many suicides whose most intimate friends could assign no cause for the act of self-murder. How many of those were victims of the opium habit—struggled repeatedly to free themselves and failed ignominiously each time; despaired finally and hurled themselves into eternity, taking their secret with them—is known only to the Almighty; but that such cases occur no person familiar with this vice in its various phases will deny. The incentive to secrecy afforded by shame and fear of detection is most unfortunate, for the sympathy and encouragement of friends are potent aids to him who seeks release. A gentleman who had been addicted to the habit for six years assured the writer that were it not for the influence of his wife he would never have had the strength of will to persevere to the end in freeing himself from the habit.

The question will be asked: How can any one acquainted with the subtle influence and dangerous qualities of opium contract the habit of using it? If the fool may ask a question which the wise man cannot answer, surely the fool may without shame

confess his inability to answer the questions of the wise man. Why do persons travel for pleasure on boats that may blow up or sink? Why do those who believe in eternal punishment commit sin? Why do men do wrong knowing what is right? Human nature is frail, and mankind is continually tumbling into pitfalls in the vain pursuit of happiness, or grasping the Dead-Sea fruit to find it turn to ashes upon their lips.

The careless manner in which physicians prescribe opiates, and the prevailing custom among druggists of duplicating prescriptions, are prolific sources of the evil. The physician prescribes morphia for a patient suffering from some painful disease, and relief is obtained. Moreover, the sensations experienced under the influence of the medicine are peculiarly pleasurable. He goes back to the drug-store and has the medicine renewed without the physician's advice or direction. He finally learns that it is morphia he has been taking, purchases a quantity, and finds that by its use he can relieve his pain or waft himself into Elysium at pleasure. Finally he ascertains that his health is being injured, or is otherwise warned of the danger, and attempts to give up its use. Suddenly his eyes are opened to his folly and he realizes the startling fact that he is in the toils of a serpent as merciless as the boa-constrictor and as relentless as fate. With a firm determination to free himself he discontinues its use. Now his sufferings begin and steadily increase until they become unbearable. The tortures of Dives are his; but, unlike that miser, he has only to stretch forth his hand to find oceans with which to satisfy his thirst. That human nature is not often equal to so extraordinary a self-denial affords little cause for astonishment. At length he surrenders, but with bad grace, determined to renew the contest at no distant day under more favorable circumstances; returns to the drug and is again happy—happier than ever in contrast with the misery lately endured—but far from satisfied. He realizes that he is being enslaved and sullenly resolves that it shall not be. Little he recks that he is enslaved already, or that his late submission has shortened his chain a link. He waits for the favorable opportunity, meantime increasing the quantity imperceptibly but steadily, and, when the effort is repeated, finds himself more firmly bound than before. Again and again he essays release from a bondage so humiliating, but meets with failure only, and at last submits to his fate—a confirmed opium-eater. The efforts made and the misery endured ere finally submitting can never be realized by the self-righteous man who arrogantly inquires: Why don't he stop it? Is it strange that opium-eating is styled by the

people of the East the "Sorcery of Majoon," or that superstition attributed the power of the poppy to the influence of an evil spirit?

In a medicinal dose the effects of opium on a person not habituated to its use are of the most pleasing character, though, like other powerful drugs, there are persons on whom it produces unusual and unpleasant effects. A few minutes after taking an ordinary dose a tingling sensation is felt over the entire body; the heart's action is increased, the muscular system invigorated, the spirits are animated, and the intellectual faculties stimulated to an unusual extent. The eyes shine with a new-born light, the face is flushed, body and mind evincing signs of unusual excitation. In the lower animals the spinal cord is especially affected, but in man the force of the drug is chiefly expended on the brain. The body seems to lose sensibility and weight, while the mind enjoys a continuous round of pleasure, detached from earthly cares and living in a superior world of its own. It is the human conception of Valhalla, Elysium, and the Happy Hunting-Ground combined. All sources of care and anxiety are forgotten for the time being, and the most pleasing but extravagant fancies are indulged in. This condition gradually merges into unconsciousness and sleep, followed on awaking by lassitude and nausea, bearing a strong resemblance to the after-effects of a prolonged "spree." The effects mentioned are but partially induced in the confirmed opium-eater. The stage of excitement is not so pronounced, and the soporific effect is limited to a drowsy, somnolent condition in which the subject is dull and morose, evincing a dislike to disturbance of any kind. The eye soon loses its lustre, the cheeks become pale, the hands cold and clammy. The physical and mental powers are depressed, the muscular system relaxed, and the nervous organization gives unmistakable evidence of great exhaustion. There is now an intense craving for opium which nothing else can satisfy. Let the abstinence be continued and the symptoms are intensified. There is a sickening feeling of oppression at the stomach, the body is bathed in a cold perspiration, the sense of weariness is overwhelming, and relief is vainly sought in momentary change of position. Every fibre of the anatomy suffers and cries out for its accustomed stimulant. A condition bordering on collapse ensues which nothing but opium can relieve. The agony of this state is indescribable, the craving for opium so maddening and irresistible that no sacrifice would be too great that would afford relief. An army surgeon relates an incident of the late war illustrating this

point: An officer in an Indiana regiment, who had served bravely and faithfully for two years, was addicted to the use of opium. He was missing one night from an important outpost where he had been placed on duty. Next day he was arrested on his way back to camp, tried by court-martial on the charge of deserting in the face of the enemy, and sentenced to be shot. The facts appeared on trial that he was an opium-eater; that on the night in question he was suffering for want of the drug, and that so great was the craving that he temporarily deserted his post to go to a neighboring village to obtain it, though knowing that his life would thereby be forfeited.

The pleasures so ably described by De Quincey are only for the tyro; those confirmed in the habit rarely taste them, and only at the expense of a considerable increase of the dose. The latter use the drug, not for the pleasurable sensations experienced from its use, but to escape the misery resulting from abstinence therefrom. The opium fiend lavished his choicest pleasures upon them while luring them on, but now that they are securely in his grasp such favors are denied. A curious fact may be mentioned in connection with this—*i.e.*, a dose of, say, three grains of morphia taken regularly semi-daily produces in the consumer few of the exhilarating effects described; but let him be without the drug for a considerable time and one-half that quantity will yield many of the old-time pleasures—as if the fiend were fearful of his victim's escape and cunningly sought to win him back by the means that had previously proved so efficacious.

The quantity of opiates which the system will learn by constant use to tolerate is almost incredible. Few persons who have been subject to the habit for a year or more use less than from five to ten grains of morphia, or its equivalent in other preparations, daily. Cases are not uncommon where one dram (sixty grains) was used each day; and the superintendent of a Michigan sanitarium related to the writer the case of a lady who consumed *ninety grains* of morphia per day. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive to what extent the habit may be carried when we bear in mind that there is a constant tendency to increase the quantity consumed. The *National Dispensatory* speaks of a woman forty-seven years of age who had used opium since the age of seventeen without experiencing any evil effects; and the New York *Medical Record* records the case of a British officer who for seventy years had used opium—averaging during the latter years ninety grains daily—who had attained the extraordinary age of one hundred and eleven years, and was still in the enjoyment of

excellent health. The Chinese consume large quantities of opium, and the people of the East—Mohammedans—use it as a stimulant, alcoholic liquors being forbidden by their religion. Such cases as those mentioned in the *Medical Record* and *National Dispensatory* are exceptional, however, and prove nothing, except that some persons have remarkably good constitutions capable of withstanding an extraordinary amount of abuse. The Chinese and Hindoos smoke opium, while Europeans and Americans eat it; and though the narcotic effects may be as pronounced in one case as in the other, it does not necessarily follow that the constitutional effects must be the same. It is also possible that the more delicate nervous organization of the Caucasian may render him more susceptible to the deleterious effects of narcotic stimulants than is the Chinaman or Hindoo. The Emperor of China was so impressed with a sense of the baneful effects of opium that he refused to allow its importation into his empire, and finally yielded only at the point of the bayonet, after a bloody and expensive war with England, whose merchants profit by the unholy traffic, as they did by the slave-trade carried on with the American colonies in years gone by.

The direct constitutional effects arising from the use of opium are loss of appetite, nervousness, tremor, insomnia, hyperæsthesia, lessened secretions, emaciation, and low temperature; the two latter arising from the arrest of metamorphosis, upon which the nutrition and warmth of the body depend. Among the remote effects are insanity and a host of nervous disorders too numerous to mention.

The central point of interest in the subject under consideration relates to the possibility of cure and the methods of its accomplishment. Under the old system of practice, which ascribed the habit to innate depravity, very few of those thoroughly enslaved ever succeeded in casting off the yoke. A more enlightened and humane sentiment views the habit as a diseased condition to be remedied, like other diseases, by those physical and moral agencies which reason and experience show to be efficacious. While opium enslaves more than alcohol, it does not debase like the latter, or blunt the moral perceptions, and the hearty co-operation of the patient can nearly always be relied upon in any feasible effort for his release, provided his enfeebled powers of mind and body are not overtaxed. To the question, therefore, Can the opium-eater be rescued and restored to health? the answer may be simple and decisive: Yes, unless some organic disease exists sufficient in itself to destroy life; but it

were well for him in the beginning to realize that the path to be trodden is not strewn with roses. For the man who voluntarily surrenders his liberty there is no royal road to emancipation and success. The steps taken in exultation and pleasure must be retraced in humiliation and pain, and "only he who perseveres to the end shall be saved." The man who places his dependence on drugs or "substitutes" leans on a broken reed; but he who possesses a reasonable quantity of perseverance, moral force, and strength of will, and exercises them, must succeed. There are two methods of breaking up the habit. One consists in immediately giving up the use of the drug and suffering the consequences. The other contemplates the gradual lessening of the dose until a barely perceptible quantity is taken. To the former there are many and valid objections. The suffering is most intense. There is danger to life, as deaths have occurred from collapse, while the ordeal is so much dreaded that but few have the courage to attempt it, and fewer still to persevere. It may also be urged that in general it is not possible to place the patient under the rigid restraint which is absolutely necessary. Under the system of gradually lessening the dose and the interval between doses it is gratifying to note what progress can be made, especially where the quantity consumed is large; and it may be added that the larger the amount previously taken the greater proportionately is the rate of progress. Experience also shows, as already stated, that the lessened quantity affects the system more pleasurably than did the greater. When at all possible the necessary dose should be administered by another person, thus removing the dangerous temptation afforded by ready access to the drug. The progress is also greater and the suffering less when the patient does not know how rapidly the dose is being diminished. When the quantity taken daily has been reduced to the minimum its use may be abandoned altogether, and this stage is attended with far less inconvenience than is generally anticipated. While the battle for liberty is being fought the patient should be treated as a sick man—which he really is—and his unfortunate habit referred to as a misfortune, not as a crime, which it is not. No person ever voluntarily became an opium-eater or consciously formed the habit, knowing the misery it entailed.

The question of substitutes for opium may be briefly dismissed with the reply: There are none. There is nothing which the opium-eater may take which will supply its place or prevent its want being felt. Chloral hydrate, bromide of potash, Indian hemp, codeia (a product of opium), and so forth *ad nauseam*, have

been recommended for that purpose, but they are not substitutes for opium. Whiskey has been recommended, but it seems to increase the appetite for opium without supplying its place. Jamaica dogwood and cocoa have recently come into use, but fail to sustain the reputation claimed for them. Not one of them is a substitute for opium, while from the prolonged use of some a habit may be formed as pernicious as opium-eating and as difficult to eradicate. Many persons use chloral habitually, as others do opium, and find the practice as obnoxious to health and as difficult to free themselves from. In saying that the above-named remedies are not substitutes for opium it is not intended to imply that they may not often be used to advantage to remedy insomnia and nervous irritability; but they are too powerful and dangerous to be placed in inexperienced hands. Medical art can render considerable aid, but no rules can be laid down for general guidance, and an attempt to do so would carry this article beyond its proper scope. Self-reliance is of prime necessity. "He who would be free, *himself* must strike the blow." Science has no power to license any man to violate Nature's laws with impunity, or, having violated them, to exempt him from the penalty. Nature acknowledges no pardoning power in man, nor does she permit any going behind the returns.

The question of regulating the sale of opium is one for legislators and philanthropists to consider. Powerful organizations for the suppression or sale of alcoholic stimulants exist throughout the land; but opium-eating is overlooked because the habit is a secret one. Yet it would be no exaggeration to place the number of opium-eaters in the United States at a quarter of a million. True, there are many millions who use spirituous liquors, but only a small proportion use them to excess, while all who use opium habitually use it to excess. The effects of opium are far more deleterious than those of alcohol, and the habit more difficult to eradicate. Alcoholic liquors are so generally used that it is difficult, if not impossible, to regulate or limit their sale; but opium-eating is as yet confined within more narrow limits and may be controlled by salutary legislation and by a healthy, intelligent public sentiment. Let it alone and opium may ere many years be used as extensively in America as in China. Lest it may be said that the writer is an alarmist and writing for effect, the following extract from the Albany *Evening Journal*, which careful inquiry has shown to be essentially correct, is subjoined:

"A quarter of a century ago the use of opium in Albany was meagre as

compared with to-day. There were at that time but about 350 pounds of opium and 375 ounces of morphia sold during a year. Then the population was 57,000 and the consumption of opium about forty-three grains per annum to every inhabitant, while the rate of morphine was less than three grains a year to each person. To-day, with the census showing our city to contain more than 91,000, the annual consumption of opium has crept up to 3,500 pounds, and morphia to 5,500 ounces. This large increase in the consumption of these drugs cannot entirely be charged to the growth of the city. Since 1855 the increase in the city's population has been .59, while the increase of the sale of opium during that time has been 900 per cent. and morphia 1,100 per cent., making a total of these two drugs of 2,000 per cent. in a quarter of a century, or 206 grains of opium and 24 grains of morphine to every inhabitant. Besides this vast quantity of these drugs, between 400,000 and 500,000 morphia pills are sold throughout the city in a year. These pills contain from one-tenth to one-quarter of a grain of morphine apiece. Taking on an estimate 450,000 pills as the average annual consumption, averaging, say, one-sixth of a grain apiece, would make the morphine in them weigh about 170 ounces. Opium pills also have a large sale, but not half so many are sold as of the alkaloid.

"It is estimated by men up in the business that there are 500 times as many morphine pills sold as any other kind.

"Of the 3,500 pounds of opium disposed of in this city annually, careful inquiry made by a *Journal* reporter reveals the fact that fully one-quarter is consumed by people in its native state. The remaining three-quarters are used in making the different opiates, the largest proportion being used in the preparation of laudanum. One druggist states that where twenty-five years ago he made it by the gallon, he now prepares it by the barrel. A quarter of a century ago an opium-eater was a rarity; to-day the number is large and on the increase. Fully four-fifths of the opium-eaters are women."

"Fully four-fifths of the opium-eaters are women," says the writer of the *Journal* article. Inquiry and experience forbid that denial of the statement which inclination and gallantry would prompt. It is to be hoped that the fact is not so bad as stated, but that there is a large substructure of truth to the statement cannot, unfortunately, be denied. That the physical and mental diseases of parents are often transmitted to the offspring, sometimes in an aggravated form, is a fact that cannot be disputed. What, then, can be expected from the issue of those unfortunates, should Nature permit them progeny, except mental and physical deterioration, with its consequent propagation of the evil, until outraged Nature refuses longer to tolerate the offence and punishes by extermination the transgressors of her laws?

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

Every visitor to Ireland is struck at once by the exceeding beauty of the country and the extreme wretchedness of the great mass of the population. A fair land is Erin's land—a "land of green fields and rushing rivers," a land of purple mountains and golden vales, of laughing brooks and crystal lakes. Yet, in spite of all its beauty and loveliness, Ireland is, I think, the saddest-looking land on the face of the earth. There is an atmosphere of sadness round about it that is absolutely oppressive. One feels in Ireland as one would be apt to feel if, on visiting the home of some old and dear friend, he found the mother dead, the house in disorder, and father and children overwhelmed with grief and anguish. During my stay of several months in Ireland a few years ago I felt very much as I am wont to feel when attending the wake or funeral of an old friend.

The country looks as though one of those wars of extermination which we read of in ancient annals had been lately carried on there. It is a land of ruins—a land of ruined churches, ruined dwellings, and, so far as its enemies have had the power, a ruined people. The face of the country in many parts has the appearance of an abandoned graveyard—plains of grass as devoid of human habitations as the prairies of our Western wilds are to be seen on all sides. Here, and there, and everywhere are groups of ruined cottages, while every now and then you meet with a lonely round tower looking sadly down upon the ruins of churches and abbeys, round which, and within the shattered walls of which, many a generation of a brave and faithful people are buried. Buried! That expression needs to be modified when applied to Irish burying-places, where if the remains of the dead were all once buried, they are so no longer. I have seen within the ruined walls of Holy Cross Abbey, one of the grandest ruins in all Ireland, human skulls and bones scattered over the floor of its once magnificent church as thick as the leaves under the trees of the forest when the autumn days have come. The ivy green is constantly twining its beautiful arms in loving sympathy round these ruins of church and abbey, of castle and cottage, else the sight of them would be more heartrending and woe-begone than it is at present; but, even as it is, it is certainly sad enough.

But are there no houses at all left standing in Ireland? Well,

yes, there is still a good number of houses in Ireland, and of these, as a rule, the most attractive are the barracks and the workhouses; but, like sin, their beauty and attractiveness are all without, while within there is little room left for aught save despair and disappointment. Names of things in Ireland, since the philanthropic Englishman came there to look after his own interests, very often go by contraries. Thus workhouse is a misnomer for poorhouse, though there is no denying the fact that some very effectual work is being constantly done in every one of these houses. There would be little injustice in describing these workhouses as places where bodies are chemically prepared to meet the condition of things I have just described as existing in Holy Cross Abbey, without any hygienic detriment to the living inhabitants of the surrounding neighborhood. One great object of the barracks is to enable the landlords to supply proper specimens from the farming population for poorhouse or workhouse experiments.

Besides the workhouses and barracks there are some other palatial structures in Ireland where wealth and beauty reign apart from the misery that lies without, for they are generally hidden from the eyes of the profane by thick groves and high stone walls. Many of these palaces, however, are no more used to live in than the round towers, and if they happen to contain any harps they hang as mute along the walls as if sound itself were dead. These latter structures belong, as a rule, to people who have as much knowledge of Ireland and the Irish as can be expressed by the single word *rent*. At safe distances from the castle walls are hovels, which some people nickname houses, whose number is always greater in proportion to the barrenness of the country where they are allowed to flourish. In front of these hovels there are generally dung-hills on which the English government allows Irish children to take exercise, provided they do not crow for their fathers, who perhaps are in prison under one of the half-hundred coercion acts which a paternal government has lavished upon its ungrateful Irish slaves in fifty years.

There is, generally speaking, not much room for the children within the hovel, where their betters, in the eye of English rule in Ireland, the pig, the cow, and the goat, have to be provided for, since they contribute a great deal more than children to pay the rent, which in many English minds is the only reason why Irishmen should be allowed to live at all in Ireland.

I speak from actual observation when I say the best among the ordinary farm-houses of Ireland are miserable makeshifts for

human dwellings, while the worst are in wretchedness beyond any power of description to which I can lay claim. Who has not heard and read of Connemara and of how the people are obliged to live there? As you round the coast of Connaught and get into Ulster the desolation increases and the dreary wretchedness of the people becomes more terrible. Yet in the midst of the ragged, windowless cabins of Donegal you can see the poorhouse or the workhouse standing forth in all its grandeur—"the building with the accursed gables and pinnacles of Tudor barbarism, staring boldly with its detestable mullioned windows, as if to mock those wretches who still cling to liberty and mud cabins," while it seems to them "like the fortress of Giant Despair, whereinto he draws them one by one, and devours them there."

But lest some one may think I have any desire to overstate the wretched condition of the Irish people in their own land, let us see what calm and cool-headed foreigners have written on this subject. In the *Contemporary Review* for January, 1881, there is an article by an English writer, wherein are given the opinions of various distinguished foreigners on the condition of the Irish peasantry. One of these foreigners is the distinguished French publicist, Gustave de Beaumont, so let us hear what he says on this question of Irish misery and suffering.

> "I have seen," he says, "the Indian in his forests and the negro in his chains, and I thought that I beheld the lowest term of human misery; but I did not then know the lot of Ireland. . . . Irish misery forms a type by itself, of which there exists nowhere else either model or imitation. In seeing it one recognizes that no theoretical limits can be assigned to the misfortunes of nations."

He finds it a difficult matter to determine which are the saddest-looking dwellings in Ireland, those deserted or those inhabited. The testimony of Von Raumer, a German, is equally strong. The days he spent in Ireland, he tells us, must be counted among the saddest of his life. He tries to explain to his countrymen the meaning of "tenant-at-will," and here is the result of his effort:

> "How shall I translate 'tenants-at-will'? *Wegjagdbare?* Expellable? Serfs? But in the ancient days of vassalage it consisted rather in keeping the vassals attached to the soil, and by no means in driving them away. An ancient vassal is a lord compared with the present tenant-at-will, to whom the law affords no defence. Why not call them *Jagdbare* [chasable]? But this difference lessens the analogy: that for hares, stags, and deer there is a season during which no one is allowed to hunt them; whereas tenants-

at-will are hunted all the year round. And if any one would defend his farm (as badgers and foxes are allowed to do) it is here denominated rebellion."

Kohl, another German traveller, speaks in this same strain. There are animals, he tells us, which live the year round on the same root, berry, or weed, but human beings are forced to do this nowhere save in Ireland. The testimony of English travellers from Spenser to Tuke is no less strong. "It is undeniable," says Inglis (1834), "that the condition of the Irish poor is immeasurably worse than that of the West-Indian slave." So speaks Barrow the year after; so speaks every traveller in Ireland, up to the present time, who can be trusted in to speak the truth. The Bishop of Autun, Mgr. Perraud, in 1860 found the condition of things in Kerry, Mayo, and Donegal, if anything, worse than Beaumont found it in 1835. I have heard Mr. Redpath declare publicly that he had gone from negro cabin to negro cabin of the South in the days of slavery, and that, going through the dwelling-places of the Irish tenants-at-will in 1880, he found the people who dwell in the latter much worse off, so far as all material comfort is concerned, than those that lived in the former. Yet, as the writer in the *Contemporary Review* very aptly remarks, in spite of all this testimony of eye-witnesses, and the added testimony of royal commission after commission, and blue-book heaped upon blue-book, we may in vain look for a time when the Parliament of England has not talked of the improvement of Ireland, and demonstrated from statistics that real improvement was going on there.

Now, what is the matter with Ireland? Why is she ever going backward while every other nation round about her, less favored in many respects by nature, is striding forward on the highway of political and material progress? Where shall we look for the cause of this strange anomaly?

We must of necessity look for the cause of Irish misery and discontent in the physical character and condition of Irish soil, which is too poor to support the burden of so many inhabitants; or in the physical and moral character of the people, who are lazy, thriftless, and unwilling to use the means of support and progress placed within their reach; or else we must conclude that the real cause lies in the bad laws and the worse administration by which the country is governed.

Is Ireland a poor country? Why, the fertility of Irish soil has been the theme of every foreigner that has ever seen and written about Ireland. "Superior to England as a soil," says Léonce de

Lavergne. "It is the richest soil I have ever seen," says Arthur Young. "Proverbially rich," says Kay. "God," said Mr. Bright, "has blessed Ireland, and does still bless her, in position, in soil, in climate." An old and intelligent Scotchman, with whom I spent a very pleasant day a few years ago down by the banks of the beautiful Shannon, told me that England in soil could not compare with Ireland, and he showed his own preference for Irish soil by coming to settle upon it for the purpose of farming, after having first of all examined the soil of England. "Yes," said the old man's son, a fine-looking young fellow, "St. Patrick seems to have put some special blessing on the Irish land." The very choicest and richest soil in this our own rich land is to be found on the prairies of Illinois and in the blue-grass region of Kentucky; yet we have the testimony of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon, both members of the English Parliament, and both speaking from actual observation, that Ireland's soil is richer even than the blue-grass region and the garden of America. M. Moreau de Jérôme, in *Statistics of Great Britain and Ireland*, testifies to the superior productiveness of Irish soil as compared with that of England and Scotland. He gives the following table of proportions for the three countries:

	England.	*Scotland.*	*Ireland.*
Wheat	18	16	20
Rye	10	12	32
Barley	21	12	21
Oats	16	16	16

These are the very kinds of crops for which, we are told, the soil of Ireland is unsuitable by reason of its excessive dampness. I have no hesitation in declaring that the climate of Ireland is rather moist for my fancy, and is no doubt unsuited to the raising of certain crops, while for others it is just the thing. The extremes of heat and cold from which we suffer so much in this country are almost unknown in Ireland. The climate of Ireland is much more uniform than that of England. The average temperature is about fifty degrees Fahrenheit, and in summer Ireland is the one spot in all this world I would like to live in.

Besides the fertility of its soil Ireland is full of mineral wealth, though little or no use is made of it. An extensive coal-field underlies the counties of Kilkenny, Tipperary, Clare, Kerry, Limerick, and Cork. Iron, too, of a most excellent quality, though apparently in small quantity, has been found in Ireland. Copper and lead have been mined in as many as six different places on the island. Sulphur is found in the County Wicklow, but, in-

stead of being purified on the spot, it is shipped in its rough state to Wales and there manufactured. There are silver-mines in Cork, Waterford, and Tipperary, and during the last century gold was discovered in Wicklow. Granite is abundant in many parts of the country, while at least one town, Kilkenny, has its streets paved with marble.

There is no country so admirably situated for carrying on the fishing-trade as Ireland. Its rivers, lakes, and surrounding seas teem with the finest fish, and the fishing-trade is the one branch of industry to which the English government seems inclined to afford some little encouragement. Yet how insignificant the encouragement must be we may judge from the fact that Ireland has been in the habit of paying every year more than half a million of dollars to Scotland and Newfoundland for cured fish. The deep-sea fisheries of Ireland ought to give employment to at least one hundred thousand men, while in reality only about one-half that number are actually employed.

Close beside that forlorn-looking relic of departed greatness, Galway, the ancient "Citie of the Tribes," is, I think, the largest fishing-village in all Ireland. It is called the Claddagh. Of this village and its inhabitants I had imbibed some very poetic fancies from reading Mrs. Sadlier's charming story, *Maureen Dhu;* but when I saw the Claddagh and its people I confess that all the poetry soon oozed out of me. Like Galway itself, the Claddagh has gone to decay and is no longer what it once was. One of the fishermen, with whom I fell into conversation, bitterly lamented the decay into which his native village had fallen. "Three thousand men," he said, "without counting the women and boys, once gathered round O'Connell on this spot, and now the whole village could hardly muster five hundred men." A most woe-begone-looking place, truly, is the Claddagh now, whatever it was in the days of its historic greatness, when no policeman dare show his nose in its narrow lanes or attempt within its sacred limits to arrest one of its sturdy inhabitants. A great part of the Claddagh people were forced to leave their native village, and many of these, or their children, are now settled at Gloucester, Massachusetts; and what is left of the Claddagh by the Galway Bay is but an unsightly assemblage of thatched cabins, whose rickety doors, as they turn on their rusty hinges, seem to grate out mournful lays for the days that are gone, and whose broken windows allow free egress to the sighs and prayers that go out nightly over the western waves in search of the Claddagh exiles settled on Boston Bay.

In no one particular is Ireland so superior to England as in the number, situation, and depth of its harbors, which are unsurpassed, and hardly equalled, by any other country on the globe. Ireland has fourteen harbors fit for the largest men-of-war to enter, seventeen fit for frigates, thirty or more fit for coasting vessels, and at least twenty-four good summer roadsteads. The estuaries in the coast-line are set down at one hundred and ten. As late as the reign of Charles I. the importance of Galway as a commercial centre was equal to that of London. At that time, we are told, it was not an unusual sight to see thirty or forty large ships entering or clearing Galway harbor in one day. But what a scene of loneliness that splendid harbor presents now!—a few lumber-vessels hugging the docks, and a crowd of stalwart but hungry-looking men in front of the little steamer that crosses the bay to Ballyvaughan, struggling with one another and the few passengers to seize some bit of baggage and carry it on board, in the hope of thereby getting a few pennies.

The soil of Ireland is rich, its mineral resources are great, its commercial advantages are unsurpassed; so that if the Irish people are poor and more wretchedly housed than the beasts in other lands the cause cannot be found in the physical condition of the country.

But the Devon Commission reported that the country was over-populated, and recommended emigration as a special remedial measure for Irish misery. This Devon Commission was composed entirely of landlords, the man who gave it name being himself an absentee landlord—Lord Devon. Yet this commission has been the gospel of English statesmen for the last thirty-six years, though O'Connell said of it:

> "You might as well consult butchers about keeping Lent as consult these men about the rights of farmers."

According to the Devon Commissioners, tenant-right was landlord-wrong, and the true remedy for Irish discontent was to remove about a million of the population, which really meant sweeping the people off the land upon which they were born to America, the poorhouse, and the grave. Emigration was the remedy for Irish misery in 1845, when the population of the island was some three millions more than it is to-day; yet it seems English statesmen and philanthropists have been able to discover nothing better since, and emigration is still the cry.

If there were any meaning in this cry of over-population, why, then, the less the population the more prosperous the people and the less danger of want or famine. We know, however, that when the population of Ireland, two hundred years ago, was reduced to one million, the misery of the people was greater even than in the famine years of 1846 and 1847. If we go a little further back in Irish history, to the days of "the good Queen Bess," we shall find more men, women, and children dying from starvation than perished in the three French revolutions of Jacobins, Reds, and Communists. It may be urged that the famine under the humane Elizabeth was the result of design, but that now the case is different. Well, perhaps it is, though it is somewhat hard for Irishmen to see what great difference there can be in having neither "horn nor corn," as was the way of doing in the days of Elizabeth, and in turning the people out to die on the roadside, as the landlords, assisted by the whole police and military resources of England, are doing in this our own day. In old times no bones were made over the matter: the object was to get rid of the "mere Irish," and the gentle poet, Spenser, proposed, as an easy means of obtaining that desired end, that the Irish should not be permitted to till their lands or pasture their cattle, whereupon he felt assured "they would quickly consume themselves and devour one another." One would almost be led to think that the mild-hearted Spenser had come back from his place and was made editor-in-chief of the London *Times*, which announced in our own day: "The Celts are gone—gone with a vengeance. The Lord be praised!"

According to Paley—who ought certainly to be an authority for Englishmen, since his work is the text-book in Cambridge University—the final aim of all rational politics is to produce the greatest quantity of happiness in any given district. But as the quantity of happiness in any country is the sum of the happiness of the individuals occupying the country, the quantity can be augmented only by increasing the number of the percipients or the pleasure of their perceptions. Under the proper kind of government it may be affirmed, he says, with certainty that the collective happiness of a nation will be nearly in proportion to the number of its inhabitants—that is, twice the number of inhabitants will produce double the quantity of happiness; so that in all political deliberations it ought to be assumed "that a larger portion of happiness is enjoyed among ten persons possessing the means of healthy subsistence than can be produced by five persons under every advantage of power, affluence, and luxury."

He declares that "the decay of population is the greatest evil that a state can suffer; and the improvement of it the object which ought, in all countries, to be aimed at in preference to every other political purpose whatsoever." "The importance of population, and the superiority of it to every other national advantage, are points necessary to be inculcated and to be understood, inasmuch as false estimates or fantastic notions of national grandeur are perpetually drawing the attention of statesmen and legislators from the care of this, which is at all times the true and absolute interest of a country" (*Moral Philosophy*, chap. xi.) According to this same author there can be hardly ever any question of competition between the increase of population and any measure of sober utility, because whatever tends to make a people happier tends to render them more numerous. Hence in Holy Scripture the mother of children is counted blessed, while barrenness is everywhere regarded as a curse. In the palmy days of Roman greatness the fruitful mother of children was not only held in the highest honor, but also specially rewarded by the state.

It is an undeniable fact that whenever in any country the population has diminished, instead of the means of subsistence being increased and more largely dispensed, the people have been invariably more degraded and reduced in condition than in numbers. Look, for instance, at Greece, at Cyprus, at Egypt, at Persia, at Asia Minor. Time was when the little country of Galilee, it is said, possessed four hundred towns, containing each from one to ten thousand inhabitants; yet we know what the condition of things is there at present under Turkish rule, which has been so long and zealously supported by England.

With the resources that Ireland has, or might easily have under a proper government, to talk of over-population is a delusion and a snare. There are 20,808,271 acres of land in Ireland; of this 6,295,735 acres are waste, but 4,600,000 acres of this waste land are reclaimable; so that Ireland might have a total area of productive soil, profitable for cultivation, of 18,064,300 acres.

Sadlier, one of the ablest statisticians who have written on Ireland, shows that when the population was but 71 to every square mile the country did not grow enough provisions to support its population of 2,300,000; whereas in 1821, when the population had reached 6,801,827, the country was able to support not only that number, but was besides able to export largely. In 1725 the population of the island was 2,300,000 and the times were peaceful. Yet Ireland then imported grain at the rate of

about 240,000 bushels annually; but when, on the same space, the population was trebled in number, she was able to export in one year more than 8,000,000 bushels. The value of cattle and sheep exported on the average of eight years ending 1727 was $3,115,885. The value of cattle and sheep exported in 1821 was $18,529,-965. While the people were starving in 1846–47 the exports of the nation were valued at $75,000,000—double the amount necessary to save every life sacrificed to the genius of English political economy.

Of the 15,357,846 acres of land in Ireland just now fit for cultivation there are only 3,171,317 acres under corn and green crops, the balance either lying fallow or used as meadow-land and pasture. There are 10,261,266 acres under grass alone; that is, more than one-half of the entire land of Ireland is taken from the use of the people and devoted to the raising of cattle and sheep, principally for the English market. No wonder the population of the island is diminishing at the rate of 100,000 annually; yet the English government would still fain help it on, and that highly respectable sheet, the London *Times*, which has always shown a stupid and ignorant hate of everything Irish, is perfectly willing that the poor remains of the Church Fund should be used in aiding the Irish out of Ireland. Pasturage, according to Paley, is the occupation of a nation either imperfectly civilized, as are many of the tribes in Central Asia, or of a nation like Spain, declining from its summit by luxury and inactivity. One acre of land which will but badly fatten one bullock is capable, when properly cultivated, of yielding food enough to support four persons.

"There is a man," says Father Lavelle (*Irish Landlords*), "living not five hundred yards from my door, who has supported in comparative decency a wife, an old mother, and seven children on the produce of less than three acres of land. He also feeds a cow and a couple of pigs in the year. These acres, left to themselves, would hardly supply food for the cow and the pigs."

Mr. Curwen holds that one acre of potatoes would furnish food for ten persons the year round. This may sound a little extravagant, but even if we allow only one person to every acre of land this would bring the population up to the estimate of Sir Robert Kane, 20,000,000—a number which Sir Robert maintains could be supported in Ireland with ease and comfort. M. de Beaumont, one of the highest authorities in English eyes, says that Ireland is able to support a population of 25,000,000, and Sir Arthur Young

says 100,000,000. Wakefield, an Englishman, who wrote about 1809, says:

"Mr. Stepney last year had two acres and a half of potatoes, which fattened four bullocks, maintained eighteen pigs, produced seed for four acres more, and supplied his own family, consisting of twenty persons" (*Account of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 450).

If, therefore, four out of five and a half millions, the number of inhabitants at present in Ireland, are in a chronic state of semi-starvation and liable to periodical visitations of famine, the cause cannot, certainly, be laid at the door of over-population. Yet the depopulation goes on, and the statesmen of England are urging the enactment of laws to increase it. The once happy homesteads of thousands are being levelled to the earth, and where erst the merry song and shout resounded we now hear the bleating of sheep and the lowing of herds. Evidently the cause of Irish misery is not in the soil nor in the over-population of the country, but perhaps we may find it in the character of the Irish people.

If we credit the enemies of the Irish race, no lazier louts and savages were ever gifted with the form of humanity for the disgrace of human nature than the Irish ; and if we have any compassion for them at all it must be only such as one might throw away upon a brutal and drunken husband who, while in the act of beating his wife, was come upon by a policeman and ruthlessly knocked down. This is about Mr. Froude's idea of the question, and he scouts the idea that Irish crime and lawlessness can be traced to the unjust legislation of England. They are, he says, the natural growth of Irishism and popery, and have "yielded only to higher culture where the English sword gave strength to English law." As Oliver Cromwell is Froude's patron saint and the only man who ever governed Ireland properly, we may be allowed to conclude that Froude, if he had things his own way, would soon put an end to Ireland's misery by sending the Irish to hell—or Hades—now that Connaught is over-populated.

I suppose scarcely any Irishman will deny that the Irish have their faults, or maintain that in them humanity is perfect. To my mind the difficulty is not in the fact that they have faults, but that, after the treatment they have been subjected to for seven hundred years, they should still possess any virtues. I freely admit, what I know to be true, that the Irish people have their faults, and that, when maddened with strong drink or with a deep sense of injury and injustice, they are capable of awful crimes

and glaring misdeeds; but I absolutely deny that the Irish are a criminal, a lawless, a savage, a brutal, a lazy, or a dishonest race. There is not a country in the world where, under ordinary circumstances, life and property are so secure as in Ireland. Why, I have had a cabman to follow me through the streets of Dublin to find out if I was the owner of an umbrella which he found in his cab. I wonder how many of our New York hackmen would do the like?

At the entrance of Galway Bay are three small islands, known as the Arran Islands. The people who dwell on these islands are the most primitive type of the Celtic Irish to be found at present in the world. Speaking the Irish language, and cut off by their position from communication with the mainland, they are almost entirely ignorant of what the world calls progress, and are very likely to-day, in point of civilization, what their forefathers were hundreds of years ago. Now, among the people of the Arran Islands the word crime has hardly any meaning. Some years ago, to the great astonishment of the rest of Ireland, a murder was reported as having been perpetrated on one of these islands. A murder committed in the Arran Islands! Such a thing was unheard of before, and so "all the world wondered."

But are not the Irish a lazy and thriftless people? Well, if one were to judge from what their enemies tell us, or from what one could see in a hasty journey through Ireland, we would be inclined to think so; and nevertheless I think the judgment would be very false and unjust which would condemn the Irish for the condition of things existing in Ireland. The system, as Charles Gavan Duffy says, under which the Irish have been forced to live for centuries would have made of the Chinese or the Dutch a lazy and thriftless set. Slaves have never been noted for their energy or industry, and practical slaves the Irish have been and still are under the government of England. No man will labor hard to improve his condition if the result of his labor leaves his condition worse than it was before. "When I was a boy," says Mr. A. M. Sullivan, "I was full of glowing zeal for 'cottage flower-gardens' and removal of threshold dung-heaps; but my exhortations were all to no purpose. I was extinguished by the remark, 'Begor, sir, if we make the place so nate as that the agint will say we are able to pay more rent.'" To form anything like a correct judgment, therefore, on this very important question, we must look at the Irish people in surroundings different from those in which they are placed in Ireland. Outside of Ireland they are acknowledged to be both thrifty and industrious.

Of course such men as Froude would not have people imagine for a moment that the Irishman, as we meet him outside of Ireland, is at all a fair type of the Irishman as he runs wild in his native bogs; but in spite of Froude and the like of him, we must conclude that the difference, in whatever it consists, must be looked for in the surroundings and not in the man. We need hardly go to Ireland to form our ideas of the Irish. We have had them here among us in sufficient numbers and for a sufficiently long time to enable us to form a correct judgment of their character.

The abuse of the Irish race began with the English invasion, and the English told the pope lies about them then, as they are telling him lies about them to-day. However, the popes have too long had experience of English falsehood to make us fear that it is likely to be very effective with them in the future. The howls of the English against the Irish were never so fierce as since the great famine of 1846–47, and the reason of this is obvious. When the population of Ireland had been systematically reduced some three millions by famine, eviction, and exile, with all the other concomitants which usually attend these stalwart destroyers of the human species, England imagined her work was done, or nearly so, and if she had not entirely exterminated the Celt from the land that bore him, she had at least reduced him to such a condition that he would never trouble her more. Wherever her language was spoken and her literature circulated she had poisoned the minds of the people against the Irish. Even the Scotch, who are of the same blood and race, became more bitter against their Irish brethren than the English themselves, as witness such writers as Macaulay and Carlyle. When Sir Robert Peel proposed to replace the Irish with good Anglo-Saxons, Thomas Carlyle strongly advocated the measure.

> "Ireland," said the gentle-hearted Thomas, "is a starved rat that crosses the path of an elephant: what is the elephant to do? Squelch it, by heaven! squelch it!"

In the meantime whole shiploads of Irish were making their way across the Atlantic to the shores of this land, which had torn down the Union Jack and replaced it by the Stars and Stripes; but though the political power of England had been broken here, nevertheless English ideas and English literature still governed the social life of America. What, therefore, had England to fear from an unorganized mass of half-starved, degraded, and ignorant peasantry cast penniless and friendless on these shores? Why,

the very sight of them would prove to Americans that what English writers, from Cambrensis down, had said about them was true, and though the days had gone by when they might be reduced to slavery, still, practically speaking, the result would be all the same. They would be a broken and despised race, hewing wood and drawing water for American masters, until death came to their relief; and their children, in case they became educated and were admitted to social and political equality, would be ashamed of their parents and their religion. James I., by kidnapping the children of old Irish families and seeing to it that they were properly brought up in the hatred of their own race, had succeeded in making O'Briens, Butlers, Fitzgeralds, and Burkes more English than the English, and the bitterest enemies of Ireland. A similar phenomenon has happened more than once in this land, but, thank God! not so frequently as England may have hoped it would happen.

There never was, probably, in the world's history a people who labored under greater disadvantages, to begin with, than the Irish in America. They were thrown helpless among a people who had been educated to look upon them as an inferior race, hardly equal to the naked savage who still lingered round the borders of American civilization. They were without character, without money enough, in many cases, to pay for a night's lodging after landing from the emigrant-ship. They were for the most part uneducated; the greater number of the men had never done else than the commonest kind of manual labor; many of the women had never cooked more than the potato, or perhaps a pot of "yellow meal"—or, as some of the poor people called it, "Peel's brimstone." Their only stock in trade was their bright intellect, which centuries of enforced ignorance and political slavery had been unable to destroy, but which at first only made them feel the more keenly and to the full their misery and degradation in the midst of an active, energetic people. Frequently, when seeking for employment, they were met with the insulting phrase, "No Irish need apply." What wonder, then, if too often they huddled together in some of our large cities and became the outcasts and criminals of society, with their hands against every man and every man's hands against them? Even the faith they had cherished amid persecution at home became too often dead within them here. Churches were few and priests were few. The Catholic Church in America seemed for a time at a loss how to meet the frightful difficulty with which she was so suddenly brought face to face; yet she set to work quietly, patiently, but

perseveringly, and the result is what we see around us to-day.

Those who have gone through the crisis of which I speak can scarcely help having some bitter memories left, while the young Irish-Americans of to-day can form but a vague idea of what their race had to contend with in this land thirty or forty years ago. In the town where I was brought up we sometimes saw a priest but once in the year. No Mass, no catechism, no Catholic school was the condition of things in my boyhood, and I am not yet an old man. One of the first scenes I witnessed in the place mentioned was the only Irish boy then attending the public school of the place, when school was over for the day, running towards his home, with a crowd of other boys pursuing him as for his life and yelling at his heels like a pack of hungry hounds. I need not stop to detail what the Irish in this country had to suffer from the time of the great famine exodus to the breaking out of our civil war. I need not tell of Know-nothingism and of the disgraceful deeds done in its name in various towns and cities of this land. I do not hold the American people responsible for these foul deeds against a helpless and persecuted race, for the better part of the American public, from first to last, set their faces against the spirit of Know-nothingism, and the many essentially good people who for a time favored it had rather inherited than formed their own ideas on the subject. Americans are a thoughtful, observant people, and they very soon understood that whatever of ignorance and wretchedness attached to the Irish people was their misfortune and not their fault; that they thoroughly loved learning and sought to have it imparted to their children, even when devoid of it themselves; that they truly loved freedom and were proud to become American citizens in name and in deed. They saw them, as a rule, honest and industrious, unselfish and affectionate, repaying even small favors with a romantic fidelity. They saw, too, that whenever the Irishman got anything like a fair start in the race of life he was very apt to be found in the lead, whether at the bar, in the senate chamber, or on the battle-field. The American woman who hired the Irish girl from across the big sea, with all her worldly fortune tied up in the little bundle she carried in her hand, found her, if not well informed in the art of cooking and housekeeping, at least bright and quick to learn, and with a manner about her at once modest and extremely attractive. The children soon grew to love her as an elder sister, and the mother soon came to regard her as a friend and counsellor rather than a

servant. When her first month's wages were given her she did not think of spending them in fine clothes, but hastened with them to the emigrant's bank and sent them with a message of love to the poor old father and mother left behind her in the old house at home. She told them not of her own hard work, but of how kind and good every one was to her in this beautiful land, and how the presence of those she loved, but was forced to leave, was all she wished for in order to complete her happiness. Her mistress saw that, though she was pious and fond of going to Mass and Vespers, her piety never interfered with her work. In the gray dawn of the Sunday morning, while the other inmates of the household were buried in sleep, she might be seen bowed in prayer at an early Mass in the nearest church, asking God's blessing upon herself and those she loved, and who, she felt, were even then praying for their dear little *cailin* in the old chapel where she had often knelt beside them. Americans everywhere throughout the land saw the men whom they had been taught to despise as lazy and thriftless cleaving the mountains asunder to make way for the railroad and the canal, binding together by the force of their strong will and sinewy arms the furthest extremities of this great continent. They saw them settling in the wild waste and by their labor and energy changing it into a land teeming with the fruitfulness of plenty. They saw those who, they had imagined, would be out of place anywhere except in a mud cabin building good houses and furnishing them with a taste from which even Americans might take a lesson. Of course they saw the great mass were still poor and struggling, but those who took the trouble to inquire into the cause could readily account for this, and the conclusion was that, if hard work and the willingness to do it could make a people great, then were the Irish a great people and fit to be lords of the land. They saw them, besides supporting themselves and their families, building school-houses and churches that are real monuments in the land and bring back the memory of deeds done in the ages of faith. Besides, the fact got to be generally known that these poor emigrants were every year sending back millions of dollars to Ireland either to bring out friends and relatives or to enable them to satisfy the greed of rack-renting landlords and to keep a firm grip on the old homesteads. In five years, from 1848 to 1852, a people who had fled from starvation sent back to the old land $20,884,800, without counting the amounts sent by hand and private means ; for the above is the sum reported by the "Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners," published in 1853.

Truly, thought the American, these Irish do strange deeds for lazy louts and thriftless scoundrels, for so "our cousins" over the way have represented them to us. Slowly but surely the citadel of generations of prejudice began to crumble away, until with the true American no man enjoyed higher trust than the true Irishman. Then came the war for the Union, and the green flag was flung to the breeze beside the Stars and Stripes; and wherever on the battle-field these two banners waved side by side there everybody knew was the thickest of the fray.

During this time the enemies of republican institutions in old England were sending gifts to one another, and bidding one another rejoice that now at last they were safe, since the Yankee bubble had burst. Ay, they were doing more than this: they were arming and fitting out vessels of war to prey upon American commerce, and laughing to scorn American protests. But the bubble, so called, did not burst; but when the green flag and the starry banner had been borne in triumph from sea to sea, and the cause of liberty was triumphant, then Uncle Sam looked at his fat neighbor over the way, and, shaking his fist at him, said: "Now, you grand old humbug! I understand what all your prating about the two great Anglo-Saxon nations means." "Why, Uncle," said John, "what means all this warlike guise? You know full well I jested; you know your worth I prize." "Well," replied Uncle Sam, "I am not fond of war for its own sake, and besides the old lady here is hardly yet done hugging the boys that have just got back after settling the little unpleasantness we have lately had in our own family, and so I am inclined to let you down easy this time. But you must pay for every cent's worth of damage you have caused my boys while my hands were tied, or by the — I'll have them go over there and wring your neck for you!" Down went John's hand deep into his breeches-pocket, and he paid all that was asked like a nice little man. Then the American soldier grasped the hand of his Irish comrade and said: "It seems we are not to have a bang at Old England this time. But patience, old boy! the hour will come, unless England does your country justice; and when it does come, see if we don't stand by you as you have stood by us in our day of trial."

It had been said in the English Parliament that the Irish had caused the loss of the American colonies, and now Irish and Americans might at any moment combine to strike a death-blow at England herself. This would never do. Contrary to English expectation, the Irish race, after a generation of struggle and suf-

fering, had won for itself an honorable place in American history, and Irish ideas were a real power in the land. It would never do for England to let this state of things go on, so "the latest historian" hurried, or was hurried, across the Atlantic with a bundle of trash from the "Record Office" under his arm. A flourish of trumpets heralded his coming. All the Jingoes in England and America were on the tiptoe of expectation. The American people, as a rule, waited and said little. Froude might come and say what he had to say for or against the Irish people, for freedom of speech is one of the cardinal principles of the American constitution; but this in no wise lessened the heartlessness of Froude's mission, whose unmitigated meanness can only be appreciated by remembering the condition in which England had forced the Irish to emigrate to this country; and now, if this man succeeded, the labor of half a century was to be ruthlessly dashed to the ground. But Froude did not succeed. The American people listened awhile to what he had to say, and then bade him take back his depositions to the "Record Office," and stay there to guard them, if he felt so inclined. "Too long," they said, "have we taken on credit your account of everything Irish; henceforth we shall hold no man's proxy on this subject, and our errors, if any, shall be our own. Why," said they, "here is an Irish friar, called Father Burke, and he is just fresh from the old sod, yet he might teach the like of you history for the rest of your natural life. Your countrymen undertook seven hundred years ago to civilize the Irish, but their system has been one of the most contemptible meanness and atrocious cruelty. It is about time, therefore, that they gave up their self-imposed task and let the Irish govern themselves."

While I am fully convinced that the American people have no sympathy with the wild talk of some Irishmen and so-called Irish papers in this country, I am no less convinced that every fair and honorable and just measure, undertaken for Ireland's good and to restore to her her rights and liberty, will always command their warmest approval and practical support. They are no less persuaded than Irishmen themselves that "if Ireland, blessed with the soil and people she possesses, remains inferior to the rest of Europe, the crying shame lies at the door of English misrule and oppression and wickedness."

But has not Mr. Gladstone said that henceforth justice should be the watchword of England in her treatment of Ireland? So he has, and I am sure no people are more anxious than the Irish to give Mr. Gladstone credit for his good intentions. I was as-

tonished while in Ireland some years ago, when Mr. Gladstone was out of office, and after he had made his very unmannerly attack on the church and the pope, to hear him spoken of in the highest terms as a true friend of Ireland. He is certainly one of the very few Englishmen who have taken the trouble to study for themselves the real wants and grievances of Ireland, and who are prepared to go out of their way to seek a remedy for them. Mr. John Bright's advocacy of the most infamous coercion bill enforced in our day against the Irish, though it brought astonishment with it, has hardly lessened his hold on Irish gratitude. As a rule, I think, and in memory of past services, the Irish are much inclined to be easy even on "Buckshot Forster," though they laugh at his posing before the world as a martyr to stern duty. These men, and others, have doubtless the very best intentions towards Ireland; still, since their advent to power they seem like a lot of men getting ready to sit down between two stools. They must fail, not from lack of good-will, but from the Englishman's innate powerlessness to thoroughly understand anybody's wants but his own, and because they are laboring against a current they are unable to stem, burdened with their present encumbrances. Patrick Henry once said that the only means we have to judge of the future is by the history of the past; and if we judge the present and future legislation of England in regard to Ireland by this standard, then must we say that nothing good for Ireland, in the way of law-making, can come out of England.

Those who look for the Land Bill at present before Parliament —a bill of "labyrinths and neutralizations"—to settle Irish troubles will be doomed to disappointment. It does not go to the root of the evil, and I believe Mr. Parnell when he says that if his own and the efforts of the brave men who stand by his side for old Ireland's sake were to end with any such land bill as the English government is likely to pass, it would not have been worth their while to have taken off their coats for this fight.

The only remedy for Irish misery and discontent is to give Ireland the making of her own domestic laws and the power to develop her own great resources; to take from those men who despise Ireland too much even to study her wants, but who rush in from the coffee-room, or home from some gambling-house or spa on the Continent, to vote against every measure for her relief, the power of making or unmaking her laws. However long delayed, I am fully convinced that this must be the final issue of the struggle at present going on in England and Ireland.

In the meantime it behooves all Irishmen, at home and abroad,

to join to great courage and great perseverance great patience. Thomas Davis I think it was who said: "Impatience and fury are the marks of the slave, not of the freeman." Let all Irishmen remember that the cause of Ireland to-day is the cause of justice and of liberty, and by their love of that cause let them not tarnish it by any act of unmanly crime or outrage. Then, indeed, may we confidently hope that the day is not far distant when by manliness and justice the Irish in Ireland, as elsewhere, will have proved, even to the satisfaction of their present enemies, their right to be free, and Old Mother Erin will be, not what she is now, a synonym for misery and famine, but a nation, "self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing, free, and strong."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE THEISTIC ARGUMENT as affected by Recent Theories. By J. Lewis Diman, D.D., late Professor of History and Political Economy in Brown University. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1881.

The lectures contained in this volume were delivered at the Lowell Institute in the spring of 1880. Owing to the death of the author, which occurred in February, 1881, after a short illness, Professor Fisher was requested to superintend the publication of his dear and valued friend's latest contribution to the defence of theism and natural religion. In fulfilling this task it was found necessary to make a few changes in phraseology, and to add more full and exact references to the books from which citations had been taken. Few men could be found better qualified than Professor Fisher for the work assigned to him; and those who read the volume carefully will have reason to feel thankful to the deceased author and his learned editor.

A modern writer has asserted that the attempt to prove the existence of God and to form a rational conception of his attributes leads the human mind into a problem "hopelessly insoluble." Professor Diman, however, has shown that such is not the case. With remarkable literary ability and extensive historical and philosophical learning, he has furnished a luminous solution of this central problem of human thought. He has adduced conclusive evidence from the visible world as made known by the most advanced scientists; he has questioned his own conscience and examined the basis of the moral law; he has studiously investigated the universal history of the human race, and from all these sources he has accumulated facts and proofs to demonstrate that the world is governed by an eternal Ruler, who is omniscient and regulates all things according to his own designs. Besides the usual proofs given by Paley and other writers of former times, Professor Diman has endeavored to show how the theistic argument has

been affected by recent theories. Such being the special aim of his lectures, he was obliged to examine the opinions of Mr. Mill, Mr. Huxley, and others who have used their splendid intellectual powers in trying to weaken—since they could not disprove—the reasoning by which the existence of a Supreme Being is demonstrated. In the preface to the volume Professor Fisher testifies that "the discussion is conducted throughout with absolute candor. The doctrines and the reasoning of adversaries are fully and even forcibly stated. Nothing in the way of objection that deserves consideration is passed by. The entire field suggested by the theme is traversed." This is certainly a high commendation, coming from such a competent judge as Professor Fisher, and we see no reason to think that it is in any way exaggerated. It is a book that will be read with great interest and profit by all who wish to know how the ancient theistic argument may be maintained so as to refute the modern objections.

The following quotation from the concluding paragraph of the volume will serve as a specimen of Professor Diman's style: "I have sought to show not only that the rational grounds on which we believe in the existence of God have not been affected by any of the recent conclusions of science, but that these conclusions lead us to a point where this belief is forced upon us with irresistible power; that the new conceptions of nature with which science makes us familiar render the presence and constant operation of God a most reasonable postulate. Whatever the personal attitude of some men of science, the bent and tendency of scientific thought is in a wholesome direction. The term 'evolution' need not disturb us in the least. In laying so much stress on this truth modern science simply repeats what was taught by Thomas Aquinas centuries ago, that one increasing purpose runs through the successive stages of creation up to man."

This opinion quoted from St. Thomas reminds us of the immense advantage that scientists might derive from a careful study of the Angelic Doctor. Though St. Thomas would not furnish them the data of physical science, nor teach them how to use the spectroscope, the telescope, or the microscope, he would teach them how to think correctly, and how to secure truth by establishing a perfect equation between their conclusions and the facts on which they are based.

Christian Schools and Scholars; or, Sketches of Education from the Christian Era to the Council of Trent. By Augusta Theodosia Drane, author of *The Three Chancellors, Knights of St. John, The History of St. Catherine of Siena*, etc. Second edition. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

It is gratifying to see a second edition of this fascinating book. For it is seldom that so much of what is usually almost inaccessible is brought together in so attractive a way as this. Here is a book which, throughout its more than seven hundred and fifty pages, can and will interest alike the gray-headed theologian and the superficial young reader, who is apt to confound all that belongs to middle-age learning with "dusty folios"—the folios are, no doubt, usually *dusty* when found in Protestant college libraries; whence the epithet. Nor can any of our large class of professional teachers afford to leave this book unread, for there is nothing in the English language that gives so clear an idea, and in so pleasing a style, of the beginnings of all our modern school methods. Here, illustrated by a wealth

of instruction and often amusing anecdote, is a history of the foundation of most of the celebrated schools of northern Europe, especially of those of England and Germany.

The first chapter is devoted to the rise of the Christian schools during the centuries between the death of St. Peter and the fall of the Roman Empire. The second chapter describes the labors of the Irish scholars in their own country and throughout Europe. The third and fourth chapters, very interesting ones, are devoted to the work of the Anglo-Saxon scholars and missionaries. And so, in a most alluring style, the writer goes on through the glorious era of Charlemagne down along through the dark period known as the iron age, to the rise of the mendicant orders and of scholasticism, and the founding of the great universities of Paris, Bologna, and Oxford, tracing the history of the conflict between the new and the old learning which came with the Renascence, and ending with a very interesting sketch of what was done by the Council of Trent for the reform and advance of learning.

The author is an Englishwoman who believes sincerely in the superiority of her race, and this belief more or less colors most of what she writes. She is so strongly English that at times she seems to be scarcely just to the Irish. At best she is careful not to give them credit for more than they deserve—a care she does not always so rigorously employ in other cases. She speaks, for instance, of the famous Scotus Erigena as an Irishman *by birth* (p. 145), thus implying that by race he was something else than Irish; when the fact is that in the middle ages the Irish always called themselves Scots—*Scoti*—but so also did the Gaelic or Irish colonists who settled at Argyle (Ar-Gael), on the west coast of Caledonia. The philosopher, therefore, to indicate that he was a Scot or Irishman from the mother-country, Ireland, and not from a colony at Iona or at Argyle, surnamed himself Scotus Erigena—a Scot, that is, from Erin. And again, the author speaks of a certain Irish scholar of the ninth century as "Moengall, to whom the monks [of St. Gall] gave the *less barbarous* name of Marcellus," etc. Barbarous the name may sound to an English man or woman of to-day, but barbarous it certainly was not to a monk of the great Swiss abbey founded by St. Gall, who was himself a Gael of the most pronounced sort. In fact, the reader who is acquainted with Montalembert's *Monks of the West* will soon perceive that the author of *Christian Schools and Scholars* measures out very gingerly the share of praise belonging to the Irish scholars and founders of schools during the early middle ages. Yet even that share, qualified and all as it is, is a glorious one.

Nevertheless, for all that concerns the history of learning in England and Germany especially, before the so-called Reformation, the book is a marvel of information. It is such a book, in fact, as ought surely to be found in the library of any Catholic in this country having pretensions to intelligence.

THE METAPHYSICS OF THE SCHOOL. By Thomas Harper, S.J. Vol. II. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

We are pleased to learn that the first volume of Father Harper's work has been received with great favor in England, not only by Catholics but by others also. The prompt issue of the second volume is most gratifying,

and is an earnest that the whole of this truly magnificent work, in which the Scholastic Metaphysics are presented in a most elaborate manner in good English, will be ere long completed.

This volume contains the fourth and fifth books. The topic of the fourth book is Principles of Being, including Analytical and Experimental Principles, and concluding with a refutation of Kant's theory of Synthetical A *Priori* Judgments. This book fills up only 142 of the 729 pages of the volume. The fifth book treats of the Causes of Being, extending through the rest of the second volume and even thus only half exhausting the topic, which will be continued in the third and fourth volumes.

After a general consideration of the nature and difference of Principle and Cause, Father Harper discusses at length Material Cause and Formal Cause. This is, of course, for those who take a special interest in scholastic metaphysics and the controversies which are being carried on within and without the Catholic schools, the part of Father Harper's work which will be read with the greatest curiosity. The most abstruse and difficult problems in all metaphysics are to be found just here. Let the reader who desires to know how Father Harper has treated these subjects devote a few months' study to the book itself. We think it safe to say that the teaching of Aristotle, of St. Thomas, and of those disciples of St. Thomas who follow him most closely, is correctly and intelligibly presented by Father Harper.

THE STATUES IN THE BLOCK, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

The interest awakened by John Boyle O'Reilly's *Songs of the Southern Seas*—an interest which was as much due to romantic circumstances surrounding the life of the poet as to the literary value of the poems—has made this long-waited-for book a subject of eager discussion. The *Songs of the Southern Seas* took the public by surprise. They were like streams of fresh mountain air entering the sultry precincts of a close city. At once picturesque, fresh, dramatic, and strong, their predominant quality of manliness sometimes outraged the prejudices of the *dilettante*. Crudeness and haste showed themselves in the first book, and perhaps the author, maturing, regretted that he had not waited to improve on himself. In this book he has improved on himself, and this is very evident to the critic, but the general public—though this book has already reached a second edition—will prefer the clearness, vigor, and strong human interest of the *Songs*. *The Statues in the Block* deals with meditations, dreams, not with experience of strange climes and men. Mr. O'Reilly's philosophy is comprised in the two words "love" and "philanthropy." His outcries for men who suffer and perish are the appeals of one who feels but does not reason. He demands a Utopia in which all men will be free and equal—in which nature will rule law, and cant and caste die. He cries:

> "Prometheus, we reject thy gifts for Christ's!
> Selfish and hard were thine, but his are sweet:
> 'Sell what thou hast and give it to the poor.'
> Him we must follow to the great Commune,
> Reading his book of Nature, growing wise
> As planet-men, who own the earth, and pass;
> Him we must follow till foul Cant and Caste
> Die like disease, and Mankind, freed at last,

> Tramples the complex life and laws and limits
> That stand between all living things and freedom !"

The same philosophy, poetical and fervent, if transcendental and illogical, animates "From the Earth: a Cry," which is hot with the poet's indignation against a world of sham and tyranny:

> "Emperors, stand to the bar! Chancellors, halt at the barracks!
> Landlords and law-lords and trade-laws, the spectres you conjured have risen:
> Communists, Socialists, Nihilists, rent-rebels, strikers—behold!
> They are the fruit of the seed you have sown: God has prospered your planting. They come
> From the earth, like the army of death. You have sowed the seed of the dragon!
> Hark to the bay of the leader! You shall hear the roar of the pack
> As sure as the stream goes seaward. The crust on the crater beneath you
> Shall crack and crumble and sink, with your laws and rules
> That breed the million to toil for the luxury of the ten," etc.

The serious poems are lightened by flashes of half-cynical, epigrammatic verses which at times make a pleasant relief, at others an abrupt discord. Facing the pathetic "Well's Secret" are these lines:

> "A man will trust another man and show
> His secret thought and act, as if he must;
> A woman—does she tell her sins? Ah! no;
> She never knew a woman she could trust."

Again, as a prelude to "The Temple of Friendship," he writes:

> "You gave me the key of your heart, my love;
> Then why do you make me knock?"
> "Oh! that was yesterday, saints above!
> And last night—I changed the lock."

If there are any signs of carelessness in this book they will not mar the pleasure of the reader who loves a clear stream, even if an occasional pebble cause it to ripple. There are lyrics which have the melody and some of the sensuousness of Moore with a new, indefinable, and rich quality given by the individuality of O'Reilly. The poet has gained new skill in the management of his material, he has acquired what musicians call *technique*, but his reflective poems, strong as they are, show that action and experience rather than thought or meditation strikes the brightest sparks from his mind. He has not disappointed his admirers, and yet he has not yet acquired that self-discipline which will enable him to give us those perfect fruits we have every reason to expect.

ON THE SUNRISE SLOPE. By Katherine E. Conway. With a preface by the Rev. Patrick Cronin. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1881.

These poems bear unmistakable marks of poetic talent of a high order. Good taste, imagination, and felicity of expression do not make a poet, but Miss Conway shows in the best of her poems that she possesses the attribute, undefinable, evanescent, which often gives verses of rude workmanship the charm that belongs to true poetry. The one defect of this book is its distinguishing quality of sadness. A wail of grief is heard in every line, and despondency is only kept by faith from becoming despair. In spite of the skill and taste of the poet in revealing her sorrows in appro-

priate forms, the minor key grows monotonous, and one cannot help wishing that a little gayety, or even a little cynicism, were allowed to relieve the mourning. But the faith and hope of the poet soar triumphant over sin and the grave; and there are lines in some of the poems which deserve to live as long as hearts, torn by conflict, yearn toward the cross as their only relief. Purity, sweetness, and strength—essentially delicate and feminine—are characteristics of the poems. Miss Conway has the sensitive ear for music, the vivid yet disciplined imagination, and the quick sympathy of a true poet. She must learn to be less retrospective and introspective. The world is sad enough itself without more sadness from the poets. Above all she is Catholic and womanly in every line and fibre of her verse.

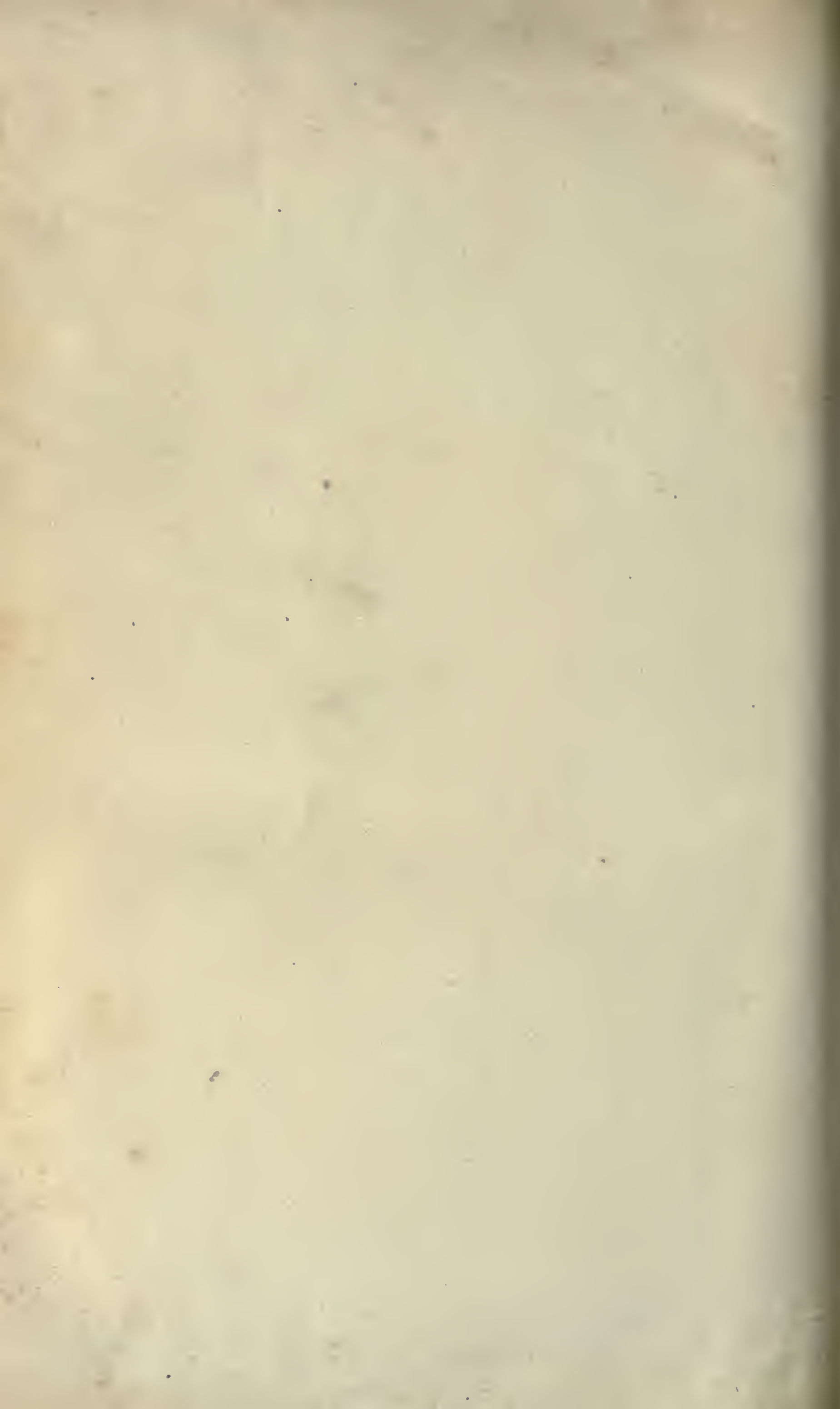
The Excellences of the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Translated from the Italian and abridged by Frederick Ignatius Antrobus, of the same Congregation. London: Burns & Oates. 1881.

St. Philip is a very favorite saint. His uncommonly amiable and genial character, united with a great many marvellous gifts, have made his Life unusually attractive, and the knowledge of it has been very widely spread through the Oratorian Lives of the Saints, where his biography finds a conspicuous place. Through St. Philip's Life and the Lives of several other Oratorians, the Institute of the Oratory has become known and esteemed throughout the English-speaking world. In England it has become celebrated and endeared to Catholics by the great good it has done there. The names of Newman and Faber have given lustre to the Institute which they embraced, and several other Oratorian Fathers are well known for their writings and their other good works on both sides of the Atlantic.

Father Antrobus, the compiler of the book before us, will be remembered by many Americans as Mr. Antrobus of the British Legation at Washington some twelve or fifteen years ago, before he gave up the diplomatic career to become a priest. His work is a modified translation from the Italian, giving a complete exposition of the nature and excellences of the Institute of the Oratory. The sweet and gentle spirit of St. Philip breathes throughout its pages. Without doubt it will attract many vocations to the Oratory in England, and, although we do not as yet possess any houses of this Order in the United States, such a book must be edifying and instructive to all religious, to devout persons in general, and to all those especially who have a special love for the great St. Philip.

Synnöve Solbakken. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norse by Rasmus B. Anderson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

A short biographical sketch of the distinguished Norwegian poet and novelist, and a spirited portrait, are prefixed to this pretty volume. The story itself is a simple and charming one from Norwegian peasant life. Its spirit is pure and healthful, and one easily discerns the hand of a master in its sketches of scenery, character, and every-day life.



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