

From the Catholic World. A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT—ITS FIRST PART.

Sandy, the valet, was uneasy after the accidental meeting of McDonnell and Juniper. Not having been able to approach near enough to hear their brief conversation, he was all the more disturbed by the...

He was uneasy over the late incident because his quick eye had detected emotions in both Juniper and McDonnell 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.

"You are ready for the message which I am to entrust to you?" McDonnell 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."

"Here is the message," said McDonnell, anxious to have a delicate matter dispatched as quickly as possible. "Excuse me for dismissing you at once, for my name 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.

cramped positions he was compelled to maintain for hours; but with the pertinency 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 McDonnell. 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 cropper, you got as honest a crack that time as any 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 McDonnell'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 in the institution had masked their anxiety with a magnificent indifference which their activity in making certain defensive arrangements shamefully contradicted.

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 McDonnell 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 defenses, he stole to the door and listened. McDonnell was grunting; Sandy stood with ears preternaturally erect at this strange and unusual sound. McDonnell 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 not heard 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, heartily 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.

"I beg your pardon," said McDonnell, with the most approved drawl. "I believe I have missed my way. I pressed against the door, and I am now unable to find the keeper." "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," said he, "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 mother and leaving her in the greatest distress, would you be so kind as to send some one with me as far as the gate?"

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 I shall send a boy with you for the rest of the way." All which she did very unobtrusively, and in a short time McDonnell stood in the road outside the asylum-gates, a free man, with fully 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 listened 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 three 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 would be hard work to reach the depot, sir, for the mob has seized the railroad buildings, and trains can go neither one way or the other."

"Annoying," said McDonnell 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 McDonnell could have walked a dozen. It was a clear, starlit night. The wind was high, and the snow yet lay thick 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, irreflexive 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 their ears. At one time they saw down the streets 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. McDonnell 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 hand to wipe away his tears, he saw that he had given him—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 he answered McDonnell's question with a half smile and a half sigh. "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 the risk. 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. 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 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 her part there was the smiling adulation and subservience. 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 he read every expression eagerly.

in his endeavors to turn McDonnell from his design, referring to this fact, "that we can reach Father Leonard's safely." "It is my only refuge," McDonnell answered. "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 McDonnell to the end. Indications of his 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 debris: 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 landlaid 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 in the protecting shadow of a building for fear of capture. They arrived at last in the critical neighborhood. Although the streets every avenue was held by rioters, and who ventured to pass through might do so only with permission of the motley villains.

McDonnell, silent and moody since his visit to his home, had not 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 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 verandahs 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 inconstancy of their hurts, it presented the appearance of an hospital. The intrusion of two respectably dressed gentlemen among them was the signal of 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, as he saw a rusty sword dangling from his belt. "You don't pass this district without showing your reason 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 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 this 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, then," said the appeased Juniper, "and look for devilry if you attempt any of your usual tricks."

Placing the bleeding and senseless body of McDonnell on the saddle, Quip rode away to the residence of the Fullertons. "You're all right. Knock down the first man that objects, and if he wants references send him to me." They were awaiting several times during their onward course by the scattered roughs, but the cool-headedness of McDonnell—for Juniper wisely said nothing—was sufficient to tide them over all difficulties. The barrier was passed, and they were on the point of obtaining safety when a sudden change in the scene of the riot caused a serious, and perhaps a fatal, interruption. The battle, which with varying success and at various 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 McDonnell into a projecting 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 in the midst of an angry and hideous crowd, man with the consciousness of McDonnell's elegant and final 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. Let him pass, and I think you can do the same, certain." "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 McDonnell. "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! 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 eyes. His natural courage had not deserted him, and there was added to it the courage of his lately-awakened faith. The first test offered to him on his return to the fold was of his life and death, perhaps, and safe at least to bring him serious injury. Yet it seemed so necessary that for a little time longer 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.

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 howlings the ruffians fell upon McDonnell, 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 desperate 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 McDonnell 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?" McDonnell 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 following 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 McDonnell stood only Juniper and the strange horseman.

"Quip!" was all Juniper could say as the strange 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, it is likely. Very good; but the priest does not chance to be 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 McDonnell considerably better than you, and it is 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 devilry if you attempt any of your usual tricks."

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Familiar Talk by a Catholic Priest.

[N. O. Morning Star.] Must civil government grant liberty of conscience to all without exception? In answer to this question we hear an almost unanimous yell affirming that no government has the right to impose restrictions on the liberty of conscience, or to punish any one on account of his religion. In spite of this, I most emphatically assert that were the civil power to grant in all cases liberty of conscience or religious liberty, anarchy would soon result therefrom. The civil power is bound to protect the lives, property and morality of society, of the people, and to punish any external violation thereof. The principle of universal toleration is inadmissible in practice, because it is absurd, and either impracticable or destructive of society.

On this subject Balme says: "It has been attempted to establish in principle universal toleration, and refuse to government the right of violating consciences in religious matters; nevertheless, in spite of all that has been said, philosophers have not been able to make a very clear exposition of this principle, still less have they been able to procure its general adoption as a system in the government of states. In order to show that the thing is not quite so simple as has been supposed, I will beg leave to ask a few questions. If a religion which required human sacrifices were established in your country, would you tolerate it? No. And why? Because we cannot tolerate such a crime. But then you will be intolerant; you will violate the consciences of others, by proscribing, as a crime, what in their eyes is a homage to the Deity. By what right do you make your conscience prevail over theirs? If you prescribe the exercise of this atrocious worship, would you allow the doctrine to be taught which preaches as holy and salutary the practice of human sacrifices? No; for that would be permitting the teaching of murder. Very well; but you must acknowledge that this is a doctrine with respect to which you have a right to be and are obliged to be intolerant. You are aware, no doubt, of the sacrifices offered in antiquity to the goddess of love, and the infamous worship which was paid to her in the temples of Babylon and Corinth? If such a worship reappeared among you, would you tolerate it? No; for it is contrary to the sacred laws of modesty. Would you allow the doctrine on which it is based to be taught? No; for the same reason. This, then, is another case to which you believe you have the right and the obligation to violate the consciences of others; and the only reason you assign for it is, that you are compelled to do it by your own conscience. Moreover, suppose that some man, over-zealous in reading the Bible, desired to establish a new Christianity, in imitation of Matthew of Haarlem or John of Leyden; suppose that these secretaries began to propagate their doc-

trines, to assemble together in bodies, and that their fanatical declaration seduced a portion of the people, would you tolerate this new religion? No; for these men might renew the bloody scenes of Germany in the 16th century, when, in the name of God, and to fulfill, as they said, the order of the Most High, the Anabaptists invaded all property, destroyed all existing power, and spread everywhere desolation and death. This would be to act with as much justice as prudence; but you cannot deny you would thereby commit an act of intolerance. What then becomes of the principle of universal toleration? You will say that the security of the state, the good order of society, and public morality compel you to act in this way. But do you think that the men against whom you declaim, did not also intend to protect those interests, by acting with that intolerance which is so revolting to you? It has been acknowledged at all times, and in all countries, as an incontestable principle, that the public authority has, in certain cases, the right of prohibiting certain acts, in violation of the consciences of individuals; it claims the right of proscribing them; it is obliged to do so in the name of humanity, of modesty, of public order. Universal toleration is, then, an error, a theory which cannot be put in practice." To these remarkable words, let us add some reflections. If the civil power has not the right to restrict the liberty of consciences, how can the laws of this State make Mormonism and polygamy a penal offence? How can you punish Guitau, or the crimes of the communists and Nihilists? All these people assert that they follow their conscience, and you have no means to prove the contrary. And yet the security of society itself depends on their being punished. The civil power must therefore possess the right and obligation of punishing all external acts which interfere with the good of society, even if such acts are done under the pretext of conformity with the dictates of conscience; for such consciences being erroneous, from simple ignorance or malice, must be rectified. These people ought to know better, or be taught to know better!

The usual punishment for heretics in the Middle Ages was burning at the stake. This horrifies us who are accustomed either to punish a atrocious murderer very lightly, or even to let him go scot-free. Great crimes were then, fortunately for society, never left unpunished, and the punishments inflicted were of a severe nature. Now I have shown you the heinousness of the crime of heresy; it is therefore deserving of severe punishment. But the Church never punished with death, for she has always forbidden not only the exercise of their profession, but even their exercise to any one who has shed blood even legally! This very fact is sufficient to exonerate the Church of the accusation of burning heretics. History confirms this. The heretics in the Middle Ages were branches of the Manicheans, whose doctrines and practices were so abominable as to justify their proscription by all civil governments; even that of Diocletian inflicted capital punishment on them on account of the infamous practices of their worship. The heretics of the Middle Ages taught doctrines opposed not only to the Catholic faith, but also to the good of society, and even sought to put their doctrine into practice. They were married, but were prohibited to incest and other abominations at their religious meetings; they strove to carry out Communism, and, refusing all obedience to civil law resisted it by force of arms, under the pretext of not being bound to obey such as were not in the state of grace; that is, members of the Church. In all this they pretended to follow the dictates of their conscience! Were any set of men to attempt to teach, propagate and practice such abomination in this free country, we would soon see the whole militia rushing to arms, if required, at the call of the President, to put down such enemies to society. The Middle Ages did not exceed their duty in punishing with the greatest severity the abominable sects of the Albigenses, Waldenses, Cathari, Hussites and the like.

The Inquisition was first established by Innocent III, the greatest of the Popes, to inquire into the doctrines and teachings of the Albigenses. It was composed of clerghymen, and being alone competent to inquire into the doctrines of the accused and to declare them good or bad. If the accused were found guilty of the infamous Albigensian heresy, he was given the opportunity of retracting and promising to become a law-abiding citizen. If he refused, he was handed over to the civil authorities to be dealt with according to the laws of the land. Consequently, the Inquisitors were no more responsible for the punishment of these heretics, than are our juries when they bring in a verdict of guilty against the accused. Nor was the civil power any more cruel in most rigorously punishing those heretics, who were guilty of such great crimes against society, than are our criminal judges in pronouncing and our sheriffs in carrying out the sentence of capital punishment against those found guilty of murder, by the jury. We may here observe that in many things the Inquisition of the Middle Ages was superior to our criminal system. The Inquisitors were far more competent, conscientious, and upright men than are the majority of our jurymen in criminal cases; moreover they always did their best to convert the accused not only from his erroneous doctrine, but also from his criminal ways into a law-abiding citizen, and if they succeeded, they would set him free. Our jurymen can make no attempt to convert criminals, nor can they set the repentant at liberty. Hence the tribunal of the Inquisition was in itself more humane than our criminal courts.

We cannot discuss this subject without calling attention to the noteworthy fact that severe religious persecution existed in all of the original thirteen colonies from Great Britain, Maryland alone excepted, which was settled by Catholics.

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