PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER CHAPTER XXIII

AFTER THE BALL

"La confiance fournit plus a la conver

The morning after the ball it needs not to say that we made a late break-fast. Mrs. Vane and I repaired to the drawing room afterward, where settled ourselves comfortably on a sofa and I in an easy-chair and there we passed the forenoon reading and yawning and discussing the evening's entertainment.

"Don't you feel like a worm to-day?" exclaimed Mrs. Vane, tossing up a cushion, and rearranging it carefully under her head. Not quite so bad as all that,"

returned, laughing. "Nonsense, my good girl; you have been yawning like an alligator

all morning."
"I am rather sleepy," I admitted,

concealing another fearful yawn with "The Lays of Ind," which had been lying in my lap.
"I hope you saw the globe trotter last evening?" resumed Mrs. Vane, turning so as to survey me comfort-

ably, with her hand under head.
"Saw him!" I echoed. where were your eyes? I not only saw him, but danced with him."

Impossible! And you live to the tale! If I had seen you, I should certainly have interfered on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. on earth induced you to take the floor with him? He dances like an elephant on hot irons, and bangs his partner about as if she were a rag

I very nearly became a real rag doll," I rejoined. "I only took one turn with him and the marvel to me is that we did not kill a few people as we went plunging down the regardless of any consequences."
"Well, the burnt child dreads the

You won't dance with him again, I presume," observed Mrs.

Vane emphatically.

"You need scarcely ask. But he's pleasant enough as long as I have not to dance with him. He is awfully nice to talk to; it is like hear a book of travels read aloue He is an American, you know. He says that I am like an American girl; evidently the highest compliment he could pay me. Never mind his compliments, but

tell me, what did you think of Mrs. St. Ubes?" she proceeded.
"I thought she looked very hand-

some," I replied, revolving in my mind whether I would share my discovery touching her fringe or not. danced nearly every dance with her new retriever, that man

like Mephistopheles."
"What harm, if they were both amused?" I returned with tranquil

liberality.
"What harm?" echoed Mrs. Vane irritably. "No actual harm course; but I consider that sort of thing such shocking bad style. "Talking of style," I exclaimed,
"what did you think of all the new

Which did you admire the dresses?

My own and yours were decidedly among the prettiest frocks pres-ent," she answered complacently. But," rising on her elbow with sud den animation, " my dear Noah, had you anything in the ark that surpassed Mrs. Cooper Smyth, and did you remark Mrs. Towers in the blue

Yes, I saw her. The body of one dress and the skift of another, to all appearance."
"She reminded me of nothing so

said my companion, with an eleva By no means a bad idea," I re-

turned, laughing; and the two Misses Hudson, what did you think 'In those old green dresses done

up with yellow lilies. They nearly made me sick; if there is one thing I abominate more than another it is spinach and eggs. Well, you must allow that Nellie

Fox looked well." Yes. I can easily bring myself

to play the part of admirer to her, if you like, and Miss Roberts is certainly a pretty little girl." And Mrs. Bland looked very

handsome, did she not?" So, so. Her face is well enough but her figure? Such a waist is a calamity to any woman," replied Mrs. Vane, endeavoring to strangle a huge yawn. "I do hope we shall have no visitors to day. It would be a good plan to tell the butler that

missus can't see-I know of one visitor, at any rate," I observed, with an air of assumed indifference. "Captain Beresford is coming to call."

Deja !" ejaculated Mrs. Vane, rousing herself to a sitting posture, and looking at me with an air of amused significance, for which could gladly have slapped her. last night," she prosaw you " sitting in the corridor, behind those big ferns. The idea of you pretending that you never flirt, and only go to dances for dancing You won't take me in again with that nice little fable. No, no. Never no more my old Noah."

But, indeed, you are altogether mistaken," I expostulated eagerly. I was only there for a few minutes, resting after that long waltz; it was quite accidental my sitting down at

There, there; that will do!" she interrupted. "Qui s' excuse, s'accuse! Don't trouble your little head hunting for excuses. Maurice

Beresford is an amply good one for | tickled to death to see my real father any girl. I need not ask you how you like him. Facts speak for themselves. You do like him, don't you?" I really could not give an opinion on such a short acquaintance," I answered, reaching for my knitting.
"Oh, come, that's all nonsense; if

you had not liked him you would not have accompanied him into that nice little summer house among the ferns. What a deep old Noah it is But she shall keep nothing from me

It would be worse than useless to attempt to have any secrets from her affectionate friend, Violet Vane Tell me, Noah, don't you think that the runaway cousin was a little She could not have looked or she never would have leaped What is your opinion? She may go further and fare worse, eh?"

"My opinion is," I answered, red-dening in spite of myself, "that in girl worth her salt would consent to be thrust upon a man like a bale of goods-sold and bought for family reasons. I also think that Captain Bereford's cousin comes between you

and your rest!"
"Granted," replied Mrs. Vane, imperturbably; "and now that she is out of the way, and the coast is clear, what would you think of stepping into her empty shoes? Your likeness to the family grandmother is in itself a strong recommendation!

"Mrs. Vane!" I exclaimed, angrily, "even in joke you should not say such things; .you know very

"Yes—to a man you don't care two straws about, and who is double your age! My dear, you may look as indignant as you please; on some subjects I must speak my mind, or die in the effort !

At this instant a dog cart drove up, and two cards were brought in by our fat butler. Mrs. Vane seized them and read aloud. "Captain Beresford, Royal Horse Artillery. Parle du diable et en voit sa queue Am I all right ?" jumping up quickly and patting down her fringe with both hands. "Will I do?" both hands.

Of course you will: it would be painting the lily to add a single touch to your appearance," I answered, dashing about the room and re storing books and chairbacks to their

What !" very sharply divining my intention. You don't mean to say you want to run away, you mean critter? You sha'n't—you shall just stay and make yourself pleasant," seizing me in a vise like grasp, and holding me back with might and main. There was no use n struggling with this very strong and exceedingly determined little person, nor was there time for any serious resistance.

Have your way, Vi," I exclaimed petulantly, sinking into an easy hair," but never mind young lady, shall pay you out for this.'

TO BE CONTINUED

IN THE EYES OF THE CHILDREN

D.lton Dare in the Messenge

It was excessively warm, and there were a great many hungry mos quitees down in the spring house in Madeleine's grandfather's woods but the self-constituted plenipotentiaries would have heroically disclaimed any selfish objection to such small personal discomforts in the perform ance of what they firmly was their plain and unmistakable duty. Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne Melville Spencer should not be divorced if the two judicial children in conflict ing shades of pink gingham had any power in the case.

'We've got to write to him," declared the bony, black-haired Doris, whose moody face and scowling brows were fearful conditions at the age of ten. Her frock was a faded one, too short in the skirt, with a button missing, and torn at the belt. Altogether, from the crooked part in her straight locks to the stained russet shoes, she gave the impression of habitual neg ect.

"Do you know how to spell it?" inquired the plumper and happier Madeleine, much impressed and still little doubtful of her senior's qualifications.

'I couldn't when I was your age, crushingly. (Madeleine was "eight and a half.") "Sh! Here come the

The little girls' business was of serious and private nature, so Doris crouched down out of sight, pulling Madeleine with her, until Doris' two brothers passed, whistling. They were awkward, overgrown chaps of sixteen and eighteen, very much con fused in their views of life since they had been artificially orphaned.

"Donald's a head bigger than my imitation father," announced Doris when it was safe to sit up straight again on the uncomfortable seat of the spring house. "My real fati.er is bigger than yours, and much hand omer. I'd rather have gone with What do you think about it? him. Would you always let the children go with the mother in a divorce?" question was ghastly in its earnest-

"I don't know," answered Madeleine solemnly. "It's too awful to think of I'd rather keep both."

"Well, you're greedy. And you don't know anything about life, living in the country. That's why you're not as exciting as I am about Mrs. Spencer and Dick Wyndham. heard Donald say a soubrette had caught my real father now. H's going to marry it next week."

What is it?" asked Madeleine humbly. She fully realized her rural limitations.

"I don't know exactly. But Donald said my imitation father would be

make such a d--d fool of himself." "O-o-oh!" screamed Madeleine, terrified at Doris' calm repetition of

'the swear.' "What's the matter? That's nothing. Donald swears a lot. I hate my imitation father." Doris killed a huge meandering spider with a vicious dig of her heel. Madeleine's deas could not help being halting in hese novel matters; besides, it took all her strength to refrain from shricking at the spider Doris so cruelly killed. Madeleine controlled her horror only because she dreaded Doris' cold, sneering ridicule and sat limp and silent after Doris' fiercely annunciated dislike for her divorce mother's second husband had been expressed. Madeleine was a gentle healthy child, living under the commonplace circumstance of possessing what Doris Patterson styled "a real father and a real course. Madeleine could not fathom the complicated and abnormal emotions of the other child, who had personally participated in various melodramatic episodes, including what she termed "being reduced in court.

Frowning more and more forbiddingly, Doris ruminantly chewed some bay leaves. She had a great bunch upon the seat beside her gathered for her adored Mrs. Spencer

When are you going to send that letter to Mr. Spencer?" inquired Madeleine at last. There was an awful black cloud visible over the ops of the trees, and it was hotter and more agitatedly remindful of mosquitoes than ever. Madeleine's heroism in the cause of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer's happiness was proof against a good deal, but collapsed be ore her two pet panics-spiders and thunder.

"I wish this was wintergreen," growled Doris. "I wouldn't take what Mrs. Spencer offered me be cause Dick found it for her."

Madeleine sighed. She leaned for ward and dipred up a drink of water. She was not a bit thirsty, but Poris abstraction made her nervous. She could not longer sit still and stoically await the appearance of the next spider, while the cloud overhead grew darker and heavier. In spite of the lofty disapproval she was certain to encounter. Madeleine was forced to speak.

'Is that-do you think-Doris, is it a carriage going over the bridge by the duck pond or is it thunder?" Her blue eyes started at a fresh

"It's thunder. I don't care. If you're afraid you may run home. Mrs. Spencer's out riding with Dick. wish Dick's horse would throw him and break his neck, or his leg, or anything, just so he'd have to be sick

in bed awful long."

Madeleine was thinking with unusual speed, impelled by the on-coming thunder storm. She did, in deed, feel like running home.

"Doris, Dick's only seventeen, and Mrs. Spencer's quite old—she's twenty-four. Her baby's nurse told mother's maid. So she can't ever-marry, Dick, can she? Father's ten years older than mother," immensely soothed by the remembrance.

"Huh! My mother's forty, and my imitation father is only seven years older than my brother Donald. Don't I know? And Mrs. Spencer is so awful beautiful Dick wouldn't mind her being old. I tell you, that's the way it begins, Madeleine-they talk and laugh and ride together. and get flowers and books and-and wintergreen," jealou?ly, "and by and by they have their children 'reduced, in court, and the judge says, 'all your money and costs!" mother needs it, and maybe the imtation father does, too, and the another State—and—well, Madeleine, in the end your real mother and your mitation father are having a makebelieve wedding trip in Europe, and you and the other 'reduced' children are sent to a lonely, ugly old hole in the country with a nurse and a Doris' hard features governess.

were working. Madeleine began to cry. She com pletely forgot the storm. Mrs. Spencer, with whom both these children were infatuated, had a little cherub of a son, eighteen months old. Would she presently be sailing away with Dick Wyndham and leav

ing small Harold, as Doris pictured? "You better send the letter directly," whimpered Madeleine. "Mr. Spencer isn't coming back fo two weeks. He's gone shooting in the North Woods, and Dick kissed Mrs. Spencer's hand twice last night in the hall, Doris, because I was peeking and I saw him do it." Madeleine rocked back and forth in

despair. Doris stood up angrily. Red spots showed upon her high cheek bones. "Did she let him, Madeleine

Morse? 'She laughed," sobbed Madeleine. "I was so jealous I could have—have killed him, Doris." "Darn it!" said Doris, savagely

'Double darn it! Donald's right. He says the women made the mess. Come on, Madeleine. It's going to pour. We'll have a hard sprint to the house." But Doris paused an instant, a very ugly expression in her shining black eyes. She was in disposition even more Indian than in looks. "We'll send that letter, and then I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Dick has an awful sore toe where he got whacked with a golf stick. I'm going to step on itscrudge right down on it—every single time I pass him. How dared ne kiss her hand?"

Madeleine scurried willingly after her now flying friend. It was agreeable to leave the woods, with its

spiders and menacing thunder. Madeleine was sure it was the thunder that struck people. No one could convince her there was any harm in the lighting. Why, it was a peek into neaven! Some one opened a crack and the great light came through. If only the crack would not close so soon, Madeleine knew she could see what the angels were doing.

Through the driving rain they raced, warm, wet, out of breath, the lightning darting among the trees the thunder sending from Madeleine's face. Doris kept on straight to the hotel office. heveled and soaking wet, she dragged Madeleine after her, and in her own peremptory, grown up manner de manded, the telephone book of the clerk. He smiled, glanced at her dripping clothes, but handed the book with a bow.

They lost considerable time search iug for the address of "Gwynne Mel ville Spencer, lawyer." So it chanced upon her shoulders, was barely sign ing her name to the laborious, fer vent letter when a pair of cool, soft hands slipped lightly over her eyes and a gay girlish voice cried:

'Guess who?" Madeleine screamed, partly at be ing caught in the predicament, most because a deafening peal of thunder immediately upon Mrs. Spencer's laughing query. Doris blushed hotly, and instinctively stread her thin, brown hands over the heavily scrawled, much blotted She glanced sheet in front of her. up sideways, drawing herself away from the clasping fingers, and saw Dick's good-looking, self-satisfied ace behind Mrs. Spencer's beautiful smiling one.

"Go away, Dick Wyndham!" cried the child excitedly. "Go away! I hate you!"

Dick, as well as Mrs. Spencer, was n riding clothes. His left hand held a crop, which he unconsciously cracked as the angry red rushed into his face.

"What the deuce ails the child?" he sputtered. You're too good to those kids, Myrtle."

Now the flush spread over Mrs.

Spencer's face. She had permitted the boy to call her "Myrtle" that afternoon, but a painful mortification seized her as he uttered the familiar name in presence of the chil dren, the grinning clerk and typewriter, the curious nurse maids, orced by the storm to parade the corridor with restless children.

"I am not accustomed to listening to criticism, Dick," Mrs. Spencer murmured, more annoyed and confused than in many a year. She over the furious, Doris and caressed the child in a desperate effort to hidé her exaggerated mbarrassment. "Let me see your letter," persisted

Dick. In a mixture of self-assurance and brutality he thrust Doris' hands from the paper.
"No, no," cried the child, rising to

"No, no," cried the child, rising to her feet. "Mrs. Spencer, don't let him!" And she bit at Dick's reach ing hand. You little fool!" Dick ejaculated, stung by the strong, young teeth. "Oh, you little devil! Gad, I see my name on your scribble! Give——"
A small band in a thick riding

glove firmly grasped his wrist.
"You will please go away for the present, D.ck," said Mrs. Spencer, her face scarlet. At Dick's words has scared town and country this her eyes had involuntarily flown to the paper and she had read "Dick away, cer" before she realized what she was half-dozen notes, all about

doing. "Yours to command." muttered Dick, abashed and suddenly uncertain. He bowed half sarcastically, biting his heavy lower lip and hasti-

about Doris and the other about the rid,' frightened, very tearful Madeleine. You're all damp from the rain, shameless,'

and so am I. Let's change our things, and then all meet in my room shan't we? And perhaps, Doris, that and bobs-royal, and triple-bob-majors letter is for me?" Strangely anxious about the missive. Mrs. Spencer their compass and the full ring of their metal, in honor of Queen Bess, smiled winningly into Doris' angry eves.

The child studied the woman for a few seconds. Gradually the young face softened and tears swam in the dark, no longer suspicious eves. "It was a secret-Madeleine knows. But you may have it if you want to.'

"Thank you" still smiling. She dismissed the children at the door of her room, telling them to

change their clothes. Although very much preoccupied, she fortunately remembered to kiss both of them at parting.
Mrs Spencer threw open a window

and sat down, the paper in her hand. She was crying when she finished her reading. This was the letter:
"Dear Mr. Spencer — It is a shaim,

o we are riting to let you no Dick Wyndham is in love with Mrs. Spencer, and she will be leeving you and having yure little boy redoosed in Caught he kist her hand. You better come or you will be like my reel father who is to marry a soobret next weak. I dont know what is a sombret but Madeleine thinks it is a moolattow. Ennyway come by the opress trane. With love from Yure little friend,

DORIS PATTERSON. Beautiful, quick tempered, spoiled by lifelong flattery, Myrtle Spencer nad never accepted check or rebuke from any one. It was Gwynne's attempt to "knock sense into her." as he had put it under the stress of exasperation, that had caused their first serious quarrel and his subsequent departure for the Woods." (Only he never pr "North (Only he never proceeded farther than New York.)

It's so humiliating," sobbed Mrs. Spencer, her head on the wet win-dow-sill and the cool wind from a clearing sky recklessly blowing her hair entirely out of its Marcel waves "To think those children really be lieve I was flirting with that seven teen-year-old boy!

Then honesty came to her con demnation.

But wasn't I? There was no one else, and I wanted some one in love with me after Gwynne was so hor More sobs. Bitter mortification

and wild indignation that Gwynne 'had put her into the position. Honesty again to the bar.

Finally a meekly heartbroken is she penned to her husband: Dearest, I was awful: Come back and I'll try to have more sense. I don't approve of young couples being separated. Do you? Always, YOUR MYRTLE.

THE PEST OF BIGOTRY

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S DESCRIP-TION OF IT HOLDS GOOD TO-

True to the view he had expressed o Mr. Capes, Newman hardly ever in the whole course of his lectures attacked the Established Church. the parsons had had so large a share in starting and fanning the agitation that he could not entirely let them off: and he did refer to the Church of England in one passage—amon the most unrestrained and amusing pieces of burlesque in the series; bu he rapidly passed again from the Establishment to the people. Here is the passage in question :

The Anglican Church agrees to differ with its own children on a thousand points," he writes; "one is sacred — that her Majesty the Queen is 'the Mother and Mistress of all Churches': on one dogma it is infallible, on one it may securely in sist without fear of being unreason able or excessive-that ' of Rome bath no jurisdiction in this realm.' Here is sunshine amid the darkness sense amid confusion, an intelligible strain amid a Babel sounds; whatever befalls, here is sure footing; it is, 'No peace with Rome,' 'Down with the Pope,' and 'The Church in danger.' Never has the Establishment failed in the use of these important and effective watchwords; many are its short-comings, but it is without reproach in the execution of this its special "but now I am considering, not the Protestantism of the few, but of the charge. Heresy and skepticism and infidelity and fanaticism may chalmany, those great men and those lenge it in vain: but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism, and it recognizes by instinct the presence of its connatural foe. Forthwith as during the last year. the atmosphere is tremulous agitation, and discharges its vibrations far and wide. A movement is in birth which has no natural crisis or resolution. Spontaneously the bells of the steeples begin to sound. Not by an act of volition, but by sort of mechanical impulse, bishop and dean, archdeacon and canon, rector and curate, one after another. each on his high tower, off they set. swinging and blooming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intenseness,

and thickening emotion, and deepening volume, the old ding dong which weary time: tolling and chiming jingling and clamoring and ringing the changes on their poor Popish aggression,' 'insolent and insidious,' insidious and insolent and atrocious,' insidious and insolent, 'atrocious and insolent,' atrocious, insolent and ungrateful.' ' ungrateful, insolent and atrocious. Spencer placed one arm and offensive, 'pestilent and hororis and the other about the rid,' 'subtle and unholy,' 'audacious and revolting,' 'contemptible and 'malignant,' mad. ' meretricious - bobs (I think the ringers call them), bobs,

and grandsires-to the extent of

and to the confusion of the Holy

Father and the Princes of the Church.

So it is now; so it was twenty years ago; nay, so it has been in all the years as they came, even the least controversial. If there was no call for a contest, at least there was the opportunity of a triumph. Who could want matter for a sermon, if ever his thoughts would not flow. whether for convenient digression o effective peroration? Did a preacher wish for an illustration of superstition or Jewish bigotry, or an instance of hypocrisy, ignorance, or spiritual pride? the Catholics were at hand. The deliverance from Egypt, the golden calf, the fall of the Dagon, the sin of Solomon, the cruel ties of Jezebel, the worship of Baal the destruction of the brazen serpent, the finding of the law, the can tivity in Babylon, Nebuchodonosor' image, Pharisees, Sadducees, Hero dians, and Zealots, mint, anise, and cummin, brazen pots and vessels, all in their respective places and ways, would give opportunity to a few grave words of allusion to the 'mon strous errors' or the 'childish ab surdities' of the 'Romish faith. Does anyone wish an example of pride? there stands Wolsey; of barbarity? there is the Duke of Alva of rebellion? there is Becket; of ambition? there is Hildebrand; of pro fligacy? there is Cæsar Borgia; of superstition? there is Louis XI; of fanaticism? there are the Crusaders. Saints and sinners, monks and lay-men, the devout and the worldly, provided they be but Catholics, are heaped together in one indiscrimin-

mass, to be drawn forth for in

spection and exposure according to "The consequence is natural—tell

person of ordinary intelligence, Churchman or Dissenter, that vulgar allegations against us are but slanders—simple lies, or exaggerations, for misrepresentations; or, as far as they are true, admitting of de fense or justification, and not to the point, and he will laugh in your face at your simplicity, or lift and eyes at your unparalleled effront ery. The utmost concession he will make is to allow the possibility of incidental and immaterial error in the accusations which are brought against us; but the substance of the traditional view he believes, as firmly as he does the Gospel, and if you reject it and protest against it. he will say it is just what is to be expected of a Catholic, to lie and to circumvent. To tell him at his time of life, that Catholics do not rate sin at a fixed price, they may not get absolution for a sin in prospect, that priests can live in purity, that nuns do not murder each other, that the laity do not make images their God. that Catholics would not burn Pro testants if they could! Why, all this is as perfectly clear to him as the sun at noonday; he is ready to leave the matter to the first person he happens to meet; everyone will tell us just the same; only let us try; he never knew there was any doubt at all thought we granted it. was young, he has heard it said again and again; to his certain knowledge it has uniformly been said the last forty, fifty, sixty years, and no one ever denied it; it is so in all the books he ever looked into; what is the world coming to? What is true, if this is not? So, Catholics are to be whitewashed! What next?"

Faithful to his usual habit of re fraining from all substantial exaggeration, the lecturer draws up after this sally. For there is a weighty Protestantism-as he goes on to recognize—that of the minority, of the thinking minds, which attacks Catholics with serious and genuinely philosophical arguments. To these minds such extravagances as the bove would be as absurd as to himself. He sees the objection in the eyes and minds of his able listeners or readers, and at once takes from them this particular weapon of defence by admitting its justice, but denying its appositeness. He thus drives home his attack, the scope and object better defined, the escape cut 'I allow all this," he continues,

philosophical arguments, whatever e their weight, have no influence with the many. Crowds do not assemble in Exeter Hall, mobs do not burn the Pope, from reverence for Lord Bacon, Locke or Butler, or for anything those gifted men have recorded. I am treating of the unpopularity of Catholicism now and here, as it exists in the year 1851. and in London, or in Edinburgh, or in Birmingham, or in Bristol, or in Man chester, or in Glasgow; among the gentlemen and yeomen of Yorkshire Devonshire and Kent: in the Inns of ourt, and in the schools and colleges of the and and I say this Tradition does not flow from the mouth of the half dozen wise, or philosophic, or learned men who can be summoned to its support but is a tradition of nursery stories, school stories, public house stories, club house stories, drawingroom stories, platform stories, pulpit stories—a tradition of newspapers. magazines, reviews, pamphlets, ro mances, novels, poems, and light literature of all kinds, literature of the day-a tradition of selections from the English classics, bits of poetry, passages of history, sermons chance essays, extracts from books of travel, anonymous anecdotes, lectures on prophecy, statements and arguments of polemical writers, made into small octavos for class books. and into pretty miniatures for pres ents-a tradition floating in the air: which we found in being when we first came to years of reason; which has been borne in upon us by all we saw, heard, or read, in high life, in parliament, in law courts, in general society; which our fathers told us had ever been in their day; a tradition. therefore truly universal and im memorial, and good as far as a tradi tion can be good, but, after all, not more than a tradition is worth; I mean, requiring some ultimate authority to make it trustworthy. Trace up, then, the tradition to its first startings, its roots and its sources, if you are to form a judgment whether it is more than a tradition. It may be a good tradition and yet after all good for nothing. What profit, though ninety nine links of a chain be sound, if the topmost is broken? Now I do not hesitate to assert, that this Protestant Tradition, on which English faith hangs, is wanting just in the This baseless tradition is the real

root of the English prejudice. Charges are made with all pretence of circumstantial evidence, and yet with a degree of unfairness which brings out the fact that they are based in reality simply on invincible calumny. On this he insists, and traces with great psychological subtlety the process of baseless insinua-

"No evidence against us is to little: no infliction too great. Statement without proof, though inadmis sable in every other case, is all fair when we are concerned. A Protes tant is at liberty to bring a charge against us, and challenge us to re-

tion or assertion. And perhaps we accept his challenge, and then we find we have to deal with matters so vague or so minute, so general or so particular, that we are at our wits end to know how to grapple with them. For instance, Every twentieth man you meet is a Jesuit in disguise;' or, 'Nunneries are, for the most part, prisons.' How is it possible to meet such sweeping charges? The utmost we can do, in the nature of things, is to show that this particular man or that is not a Jesuit; or that this or that particular nunnery is not a prison; but who said he was?—who said it was? What our Protestant accuser asserted was, that every twentieth man was a Jesuit, and most nunneries w prisons. How is this refuted clearing this or that person or nunnery of the charge? Thus, if the accuser is not to be called on to give proofs of what he says, we are simply helpless, and must sit down meekly under the imputation.

"At another time, however, a definite fact is stated, and we are referred to the authority on which it is put forward. What is the authority? Albertus Magnus, perhaps, or Gerson, or Baronius, with a silence about volume and page: their works consisting of five, ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty folios, printed in double columns. How are we possibly to find the needle in this stack of hay? about it; he is surprised, for he Or by a refixement of unfairness, When he perhaps a wrong volume or page is carelessly given; and when we cannot find there the statement which our opponent has made, we are left in an unpleasant doubt whether our ill success is to be ascribed to our eyes or to his pen. "Sometimes, again, the crime charged on us is brought out with

such startling vividness and circumstantial finish as to seem to carry its own evidence with it, and to dis pense, in the eyes of the public, with the reference which in fairness The scene is laid should attend it. in some fortress of the savage Apennine, or in secluded Languedoc, or in remote Poland, or the high table land of Mexico; or it is a legend about some priest of a small village of Calabria, called Buonavalle, in the fourteenth century; or about a monk of the monastery of S. Spirito, in S. Filippo d'Argiro, in the time of Charlemagne. Or the story runs that Don Felix Malatesta de Guada lupe, a Benedictine monk of Andausia, and father confessor to the Prince of the Asturias, who died in 1821, left behind him his confes sions in manuscript, which were carried off by the French, with other valuable documents, from his convent, which they pillaged in their retreat from the field of Salamanac : and that, in these confessions, he frankly avows that he had killed three of his monastic brothers of whom he was jealous, had poisoned half-a dozen women, and sent off in boxes and hampers to Cadiz and Barthat he felt no misgivings about these abominable deeds, because, as he ob serves with great naivete, he had every day, for many years, burnt a candle to the Blessed Virgin: had cursed periodically all heretics, especially the royal family of England: had burnt a student of Coimbra for asserting the earth went round the sun; had worn about him, day and night, a relic of of St. Diego: and nad provided that five hundred Masses should be said for the repose of his soul within eight days after his decease. Tales such as these, the like of

which it is very easy to point out in print, are suitably contrived to answer the purpose which brings them into being. A Catholic who, in default of testimony offered in their ehalf, volunteers to refute them on their internal evidence, and sets about (so to say) cross examining them, finds himself at once in an un told labyrinth of embarrassments. First he inquires, is there a village in Calabria of the name of Buona valle? Is there a convent of S Spirito in the Sicilian town speci ed? Did it exist in the time of Charlemagne? Who were the suc cessive confessors of the Prince of the Asturias during the first twenty years of this century? dalusia to do with Salamanca? When vas the last Auto da fe in Spain Did the French pillage any convent whatever in the neighborhood of Salamance about the year 1812-questions sufficient for a school examination. He goes to his maps, gazetteers, guide-books, travels, histories;soon a perplexity arises about the dates: Are his editions recent enough for his purpose? Do their notices go far enough historical back? Well, after a great deal of trouble, after writing about to friends, consulting libraries, and comparing statements, let us suppose him to prove most conclusively the utter absurdity of the slanderous story, and to bring out a lucid powerful and unanswerable reply; who cares for it by that time? cares for the story itself? It has done its work; time stops for no man; it has created or deepened the impression in the minds of its hearers that a monk commits murder or adultery as readily as he eats his dinner. Men forget the process by which they received it, but there it is clear and idelible. Or supposing they recollect the particular slander ever so well, still they have no taste or stomach for entering into a long controversy about it : their mind is already made up; they have formed their views; the author they have trusted may, indeed, have been

inaccurate in some of his details; it be nothing more. Who can fairly impose on them the perplexity brings none, but his simple assump