



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

LORENZO; OR, THE EMPIRE OF RELIGION. BY A SCOTCH NON-CONFORMIST, A CONVERT TO THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

Translated from the French by a Lady of Philadelphia.

CHAPTER VI.

Henry here concluded his narrative. Lorenzo, covering his face with his hands, and leaning upon the edge of the bed, did not permit us to observe the impression made upon him. "Judge then," added Lord Walsingham, "the emotion the Chevalier Lorenzo caused me (at least I think it was he) in using, last evening, almost the very words which Hida had addressed to me in prison, where other causes had thrown me into a like despair. Not only his words, but the sound of his voice; besides, the circumstances are so extraordinary—deprived of sight, unknown, and wishing to remain so—"

Towards the end of dinner, little Hida leaped upon his father's knee, and trying to amuse him by a thousand little artifices, drew from his bosom the cross of sapphire, and asked for it.—Lord Walsingham bade him kiss it, saying in a mild and grave tone: "This is not a plaything, my child, it is a cross; see, there is the image of Jesus Christ, who suffered so much for us.—" The boy kissed it with a respect which charmed me. The marquis of Rosline suddenly interrupting his reflections, said, "Pardon me, dear Henry; but from whom did you obtain that crucifix?" "Would you know it? He who gave it to me had received it from a tenderly cherished brother."

I then have so carefully removed from my ward all who might have corrupted his principles, to trust him to you alone?" He paused a moment, and I could not but wonder that, although greatly enraged, he did not personally insult Lorenzo, nor abuse the knowledge he had of the humiliating condition in which we had found him.—"I relied upon your honor," he resumed, with still greater vehemence. "Have I injured his morals, or corrupted his innocence?" mildly answered Lorenzo. "You have done more!" exclaimed Lord Arthur, whose anger each instant increased; "you have weakened his faith, you have fascinated his mind with the false charms of an erroneous doctrine, perhaps you have already destroyed the happiness of his life! Yes, Lorenzo, you have lost, irretrievably lost, my confidence and esteem. Nothing shall be refused you; but neither Sidney nor I shall ever see you again!"

After retiring, I went to see Lorenzo, who was awake. I told him of the expected visit of the marchionesse. He changed color. "I cannot see that lady," said he, "and I have particular reasons for avoiding a meeting." I immediately promised him that his wishes should be gratified, for he appeared to be much disturbed. Afterwards I read some time near him, and he again gently fell asleep. I availed myself of this moment to see Lord Arthur, in order to tell him that Lorenzo objected to meet his wife. "I expected it," replied the marquis, with a deep sigh; "but I already know all that he wishes to conceal from me; quiet him, promise him all he wishes, take care that nothing agitate him; I would give my life to render him happy."

The following morning I was reading near my friend, when the marquis entered with his wife. He motioned me to keep silence; the marchionesse had been put upon her guard. She looked at Lorenzo for a long time, her eyes filled with tears; and letting Arthur know that his conjectures were but too well founded, she left the apartment to conceal her deep affliction. The marquis, seating himself near his brother's bed, took his hand: "Lorenzo," said he, with a lively emotion, "the time to dissemble is past; it is no longer proper to withhold my affection or my grief. My heart refuses to give you the name of stranger, since I have discovered in you, the object of my first affections, my Hida, my brother! The chain of my hair, and the testimony of Matilda, who has seen you, allow me no longer to doubt. There remains for me only to obtain from you a confidence which you cannot without cruelly refuse; an entire avowal of your misfortunes and of the circumstances which reduced you to the condition in which I found you. If youth has misled you, open your soul to me, my brother, and fear nothing; every excuse is in my heart, torn with grief at the thought of all you have suffered."

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE FETE AT CHERBOURG. (From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

Let England boast as she will of her irresistible armies and unrivalled navy; let her historians and her press celebrate her achievements and her triumphs by land and sea; yet the conviction of all Europe has been already expressed—namely, that the coming fete at Cherbourg, on the 4th of next August, will be the fact in future history, to mark the new pre-eminence of France, and the lessened power of England.—Within seventy-one miles of the English shores will be celebrated the strategic completion of the most wonderful fortifications in the world.—Every advantage which genius, skill, money, and labour could combine have been employed in this gigantic work; and the whole mighty plan finished by the patient industry of one hundred and fifty years, will present on next Thursday the most powerful national fortress which mankind has, throughout all past ages and nations, ever conceived and executed. Dockyards, basins, reservoirs, are formed for the reception, protection, and discharge of a steam navy, unequalled in the history of former naval power: forts, batteries, rock-defences are raised to contain tens of thousands of armed Frenchmen: the whole harbour bristles with towers of military strength and science beyond all modern experience: while three railroads, in communication with the East, West, and South, can carry a force of two hundred thousand men within ninety six hours to this impregnable naval and military station.—This national war emporium is, as it were, the young heart of young France: here the national energy is concentrated: from this centre issues the vital spring which nourishes and moves the whole army. From this secure point the telegraph encircles the entire coast of Gaul: and at a moment's notice can call on each local harbour to send its complement of war-steamers, to rendezvous at a given hour in the roads, before the gates of this great ocean citadel. The forts, the railroads, the telegraph, all combine therefore to make Cherbourg the wonder of the present age. When we shall have added to this multitudinous power, the French population of forty millions: and when we shall have been informed that six millions of these men have been trained to arms; and when it is remembered that this enthusiastic, warlike force, by land and sea, move at the beck and bang on the will of one mysterious man, the reader can very easily believe that the approaching fete at Cherbourg is, "all and all," by far the most remarkable national military festival which has ever been celebrated perhaps in the whole world. A short extract in reference to this stupendous work may not be uninteresting, as it will serve to show that France, has long conceived the idea which in this year she has reduced to a national reality: