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THE MAN WHO LOST HIS MEMORY.

(Translated from the French.)

Upon a morning in May, 1613, a lady, still youthful, directed her steps, following her two children, toward the little church-yard of the town of Harlem. This lady's paleness, her inflamed eyelids, and the profound melancholy that rested upon her countenance, announced one of those heavy sorrows over which time seems to be ashamed to scatter useless poppies. Her children, the eldest of whom was scarcely four years old, manifested the usual carelessness of their age. They had been astonished to see in mourning the chateau, the servants, their mother and themselves; although an afflicted voice had told them, one day, upon showing them a bier covered with a pall:

'Children, you have no father!'

A month after, they were playing as usual. It is told that the sorrows of youth are too shocking, that God has not permitted us to retain the memory of them? Perhaps. True it is that these children had already forgotten why they were clad in mourning.

As the lady reached the little church-yard, some persons loudly inquired—curiosity respects neither modesty nor sorrow—who that lady was that had just gone by, with a look so sad, and with such evident grief.

'The lady who passed,' said an old beggar, 'is the widow of Jehan Durer, some three months dead, and one time Minister to his Majesty, the Emperor of Germany.'

Jehan Durer sprang from a very humble family—in fact, his forefathers were shepherds.—Jehan was an extremely studious scholar, but ere as a boy, in the midst of his sports, gave evidence of a strong desire for domination. He seemed to be eaten up by ambition.

At fifteen years he was the admiration of his masters; they pride, even. Nevertheless, Jehan was not at all loved by his young comrades. He exhibited to them a vanity, repulsive, and sometimes provoking. He seldom joined them in their plays. He was not at all communicative, and looked with haughtiness upon his little companions who were less happily endowed than himself. His speech was brief, his salutation icy, and the *h uter* with which he purposely surrounded himself, rendered him inaccessible. He lived alone.

One evening, young Durer, led away by the necessity of solitude and meditation which never forsook him, directed his steps to the country, dreaming, doubtless, of the greatness to which his pride aspired, to which he could never hope to attain; for his countenance was sad, and his steps grew slower, like those of a discouraged traveller, upon an endless road, before a horizon which continually flies before him. Durer halted in a valley called the 'Valley of Thickets,' on account of the gigantic hawthorns which were growing there. He sat down under those hospitable branches, unconscious of a linnet, which, over his head, fluttered its wings and sang immoderately.

When the storm mutters, all is silent in nature. Thus was Durer; the voice of ambition hushed in him all the harmonies which ordinarily sing in the souls of the young.

Durer then dreamed of an illustrious fortune. To elevate himself was his sole ambition. It was scarcely probable, at least circumstances did not favor it, that this dream would be realized. The son of the shepherd should have had tastes more suited to his birth. At least, such was the advice of the world in those times. The young saw no way opened in which he might set his foot. All the avenues which led to greatness were blocked up by riches, advantage, birth; in fine, there was no hope left him for the realization of his chimerical fancies, but through the half open door of chance. His intelligence was great, beyond all dispute, but had he any vocation, any aim in life? In the thousand paths which furrow existence, which ones are those which lead to fortune, to fame, to virtue, to honor, or to crime? Thus thought Durer upon that day; but his greatest trouble was, his poverty!

This was the result of the twenty years of labor and economy of the herdsman of Harlem, for the purpose of giving a suitable education to his son.

Jehan was lost in his useless repinings, when a little fat, chubby man, dressed in a great, brown cloak, gay yellow doublet, and black pantaloons, approached him with a smile. The look of this man, whose moustachio was already gray, was penetrating. His thick lips breathed with goodness, and in his features one perceived that this personage was one whose morals were of the strictest character.

'I do not love to see the young sad,' this little man said to himself, upon examining Jehan Durer; 'it announces the malady which afflicts too many young people, that of wishing to be somebody, upon coming into the world. I will wager

my fortune against his illusions, that he is already old in knowledge. The trouble really lies with the parents who throw their sons away by giving them educations, dreaming thus to make men of them. They neglect the cares which form the character, and remember only the development of the mind. Vanity kills morality.'

Talking thus to himself, he approached Jehan, whom he suddenly interrogated:

'Young man, how far is it from the earth to the sun?'

'Thirty-two millions of leagues,' replied Jehan Durer, without the least hesitation.

'Just as I said,' thought the little man, smiling.

'How long would it take a humming-bird, which flies a league a minute, to reach the sun?'

'Twenty-eight years, sir,' replied Durer.

'When one can calculate so well and so quickly, one must be unhappy,' thought the little man.

Then he continued:

'Who was the greatest man of antiquity?'

'Alexander.'

'The wisest?'

'Socrates.'

'The proudest?'

'Diogenes.'

'Which one do you like the best?'

'Alexander.'

'What do you think of the man who obliges his neighbor?'

'That the former has the advantage over the latter.'

The little man reflected a moment, and then resumed—

'What does your father do, young man?'

At this simple question, Durer reddenec, and made no reply. The little man, whose perception was acute, then said to himself:

'This young lad is ashamed to name the poor herdsman of Harlem. A bad heart, a strong head, a detestable nature! He will make nothing but a diplomatist.'

Then, after a pause, he added:

'It is all the same.'

Young Durer returned to his home drunk with joy. He bid adieu to his father and mother, who shed tears at seeing him depart. Jehan was about to leave the herdsman's cottage forever. He was going to Vienna to finish his studies.

The little man had given him three purses filled with gold, and said:

'I am the Counselor Werter, favorite of His Majesty the Emperor. Your assiduity at study is known to me. Persevere, for you are, perhaps, in a high path.'

Three years after, Durer entered the secretariat of His Majesty. Afterwards, he became private secretary. Still later he received a baron, thanks to the secret influence of the good Counselor Werter.

Durer, in his golden course, forgot his father, forgot his mother.

One day, when the Counselor was about to present himself at Court, he met Durer upon the steps of the palace, and said to him:

'M. le Baron, yesterday I caused to be sent, in your name, six thousand crowns to the old herdsman of the town of Harlem.'

At this address, made in a slightly ironical tone, the old Counselor noticed that the Baron blushed as upon the day in which he had asked him, in the 'Valley of Thickets,' who his father was.

These two men regarded each other attentively. The looks of Baron Durer expressed an implacable hatred; those of the good Counselor a warm indignation.

On the evening of this day, the Emperor received with coldness his faithful, old, and honest Counselor. The next day he was not called to the palace, nor on the days following. He was struck with disgrace. This man had cherished a serpent in his bosom. Werter retired to a little dwelling which he owned in the neighborhood of Harlem.

As to Durer, he increased in honor. The Emperor, after having named him prime minister, married him to a noble heiress. At that time, the old herdsman and his wife died. The village followed them in silence in their last dwelling-place. A little man, whose hairs were all white, accompanied the procession with uncovered head. When the priest had thrown upon the coffin the shovelful of earth which sounded so mournful, the old man murmured:

'Bad sons, who forgot in fortune the old parents who have loved them, cursed shall they not be—for they shall never enter into the kingdom of God!'

Then he knelt upon the edge of the grave and prayed.

The old man who spoke thus was the good Counselor Werter. He had entered into obscurity from aversion to the world, after having distributed to the poor the superfluity of an immense fortune. He was gay and lively, and en-

joyed an iron health, and thanked heaven that it had given him no children, when he remembered the depravity of Jehan Durer.

Later, they saw a splendid chateau raised upon the spot where the cabin of the deceased herdsman had stood. It seemed as if done by enchantment. Towards the middle of the summer, a fine lord, a young lady, and two fair children joyfully entered the town of Harlem, accompanied by peasants who had gone to meet them.

This fine lord was Jehan Durer, prime minister of His Majesty, the Emperor of Germany. The Counselor Werter had met with a loss which brought him to the brink of ruin; and, without a soul who loved him, the poor old man would be very unhappy. However, a word from Jehan Durer was able to restore his old benefactor to the court, to make him enter with favor, and finally to raise his fortune. But no; vanity has no heart; wounded pride never pardons.

One day, the new lord took the fancy to go and visit the places in which it had pleased him so much to dream not long ago. But it was without witnesses that he wished to review these old friends, which might, perhaps, involuntarily call to his mind his poverty of other times. He set out, then, without being accompanied by any one, mounted only upon a superb charger. After having wandered a long time without emotion, without surprise, even, at the changes which he found around him, after twenty years of absence, toward the close of the day he arrived in the 'Valley of Thickets.' The linnet sung then as in the former time. At the sight of the hawthorn, which, doubtless, recalled to him a painful remembrance, or awakened remorse in his soul, he spurred his horse, and wished to go on. The animal snorted, and refused to advance. He spurred him again; the animal recoiled and reared.

'Can there be any reptile here?' said the fine lord to himself.

Suddenly, a little old man, wrapped in a black cloak, sprang from a bush, and darted into the middle of the road, crossed his arms upon his breast, and exclaimed:

'Lord Durer, what is the distance from the cottage of the herdsman to the palace of the king?'

'It is the same as from the earth to the sun!' replied the arrogant upstart.

Then the old man opened his cloak, and showed himself to the minister as he had shown himself twenty years before, to the scholar, Jehan. Nothing was changed in the person of the good Counselor, save that his hair, formerly black, was now like snow.

At this sight, the usually pale face of Jehan Durer became scarlet. It was the third time he had blushed before his worthy protector. The old man exclaimed again:

'Does the scholar of Harlem remember the Counselor Werter?'

'The minister has forgotten the scholar,' replied the latter, haughtily.

'What does he remember, then?' the old man demanded.

'Nothing,' replied the fine lord, beating his horse's flanks with his spurs, and flying at full speed.

In fact, Jehan Durer, the great minister, had lost the memory of the voice of the good Counselor, when his pride had not washed to know; but, by an inexplicable reversing of human nature, this man preserved the ever-boundless desires which he had cherished at twenty years.—The abyss opened before him from this misfortune.

The instinct of the beast alone carried the minister back to the chateau. The first person whom he met was the baroness. He turned away from her.

'Where are you running in that manner, M. le Baron?' said she to him, seeing that he fled; a thought he was little in the habit of doing, for he loved his wife.

'Barou!' he replied, 'who do you call baron? I am no baron, madam, but that may come, perhaps. Hope for it?'

'These words had such an accent that the baroness was alarmed. The baron came out of the chateau and took to running as fast as his legs would carry him. He bent his head, and searched like a miser from whom one had robbed a treasure. From that day his face wore a gloomy aspect, his complexion became livid, his eyes haggard, and he complained bitterly that heaven had given him the garments of the herdsman.

Some days after, an envoy from the Emperor arrived at the chateau.

'M. le Minister,' said he to the baron.

'I am no minister,' Durer replied, passionately; 'but keep quiet, sir. I will be, someday.' Then he walked up and down the galleries of the chateau, taking great strides, and adding:

'I should be already, sir, if they did not leave men of great intelligence, and aptitude, and will, in a misery that gnaws the brain as rust corrodes steel. Wherefore, then, wherefore place those men in high stations who are nothing, for a prejudice as hurtful to the individual as dangerous to the State?'

Then turning toward the envoy:

'Say to your master, sir, that yesterday still I was—I was—I was—' The baron passed his hand over his forehead, as if to find there, without doubt, the memory of a splendor which had appeared to him and dazzled him a moment.— Then he escaped, repeating:

'Minister!—I am—no—I was—no, no, but I will be shortly. Leave me, sir, leave me!'

His family were in great grief. Another time, he said to his gardener:

'You are doing, my lad, a magnificent work. This is certainly a garden very beautifully designed. Then walking with troubled looks toward the chateau, he added:

'This property is valuable, elegant, finely situated; to whom does it belong, Joseph?'

'M. le Baron knows well that this park, these gardens, and that chateau are his,' replied the gardener, supporting himself a moment upon his spade, and uncovering his head.

Durer smiled a smile full of sadness.

'Mine?' said he; 'no more, my lad. Notwithstanding it seems to me that I had—that I had—' He again passed his hand over his forehead, as if to seize the train of a mocking memory which escaped him. Then he murmured:

'Always this herdsman's but! always! always!'

He let himself fall upon a bank of turf, a sob heaving his breast. Then raising his head, he perceived two pretty, fair-haired children, who were playing in the walks of the park.

'These beautiful children!' he sighed; 'how happy should the father of those little angels be?'

The children came to throw themselves in the arms of the minister, to give him a thousand caresses. Durer responded by taking their darling hands in his own and passing his thin fingers through the ringlets of their golden hair. And as these pretty children called him their father:

'What do they say?' murmured the baron.— 'This happiness to be called father, shall I ever have it? A family must be the crown of existence. But that must come after fortune or with her. To have some little beings around me, fair and merry, I could fall asleep in the evening of life upon a bed of roses and verdure.'

Then turning his eyes, which glittered and then drew dull, from one to the other of the pretty creatures, he murmured:

'Those children!—those children—those children!'

The train of his thought died in his heart.— He again passed his hand over his forehead, and the children discovered a tear trembling from the eyelid of the minister.

He shortly failed to recognise his wife, and called for her incessantly. He went deep into study, without pause, but without result; he retained only the remembrance of the desire, and none of the labor. His ardor changed to madness. Fever consumed him. His desires rose before him night and day, as jeering phantoms, which he was eager to pursue, and which sneeringly escaped him. In this endless struggle, he visibly wasted away. His end approached.— Upon the last day of his disease, he had a strange hallucination. He darted out of the chateau, pursuing a phantom visible only to himself, and ran through the country, crying out:

'Sire! take me from the obscurity of the herdsman! Sire! listen to me: I am Jehan Durer; I have learned everything, studied everything, inquired into everything! Elevate me, sire! Who knows?—perhaps some day you will have for your most devoted and most distinguished servant, Jehan Durer!'

The spectre fled, fled. Durer still pursued, supplicating and extending his arms toward the fugitive spectre. In his mad course he came to the 'Valley of the Thickets.' There a voice rose out of the solitude, saying to him:

'Jehan Durer, scholar of Harlem, His Majesty the Emperor has no love for those people who lose their memory.'

At this tone, the minister had a gleam of memory, in which he saw, like a thunderbolt, his past and present clash against each other. He uttered the cry of a lost spirit, and fell dead.

Three months afterward, when his orphans were going with their mother, clad in mourning, to visit the poor church-yard of Harlem, they saw a little old man, who was tracing, with a rapid hand, in charcoal, some singular characters upon the tomb in which their father reposed.— When they approached nearer the funeral stone, the old man pointed at the characters with a frightful gesture. He had written upon the marble monument of Jehan Durer, late minister of His Majesty the Emperor of Germany:

'God punishes the ungrateful!'

MONSIGNOR DUPANLOUP ON ENGLAND.

We (*Weekly Register*) are indebted to the kindness of a friend in France for some sheets of a forthcoming work, from the able pen of the illustrious Bishop of Orleans, entitled, *Le Souveraineté Pontificale d'après le Droit Catholique et Européen*. It is written, we believe, at the suggestion, and certainly with the express and emphatic sanction, of His Holiness. The chapters, with proofs of which we have been favored, refer to the policy and conduct of England towards the Holy See. This portion of the work begins with the nineteenth chapter, which opens as follows:—

'I cannot avoid speaking here of England: the part which she plays in the Roman question is too considerable to be possibly passed over in silence. But since I find myself confronting this great and illustrious nation, I will say of her all that I think, frankly but without bitterness, not to excite resentment, but to extinguish, if possible, the hatreds too long nourished in the bosom, and thus remotely prepare for the reconciliations and peace-makings of the future. No; I do not write these pages 'blindly to accuse the nature of the inhabitants of the most famous island in world,' as Bossuet once said, and I cannot forbid myself to hope, with that great Bishop, for better days for England and for the Church, and for a union of which the destinies of the English people and the prospects of Christian civilization stand equally in need.

'M. de Montalembert has said, with an accent of the most lively and most just regret, "Alas! the Church is wanting to England, and England is wanting to the Church." What would not the English people have done for the faith, had they remained attached to it, with their indefatigable activity and indomitable energy? What strength, what support, what an abundant harvest would not the Church of Rome have found in that race which once gave to ecclesiastical liberty St. Anselm, St. Thomas, St. Edmund, the most valiant champions it has ever had; and which to-day consecrates to the propagation of an erroneous and important form of Christianity so much wealth and so much perseverance! But also what a wholesome and blessed influence would not Catholicism have exercised over the heart of the English people, to bend its stiffness, to soften its harshness, to subdue its incorrigible selfishness?'

'It is under the inspiration of these noble and religious sentiments, it is with a high and sincere thought of reconciliation, it is with the most ardent desire of peace, that I touch upon this delicate and important subject. I shall point out, it is true, the evident influence on the policy of England, of her anti-Catholic rancor, and her injustice, her manifest ingratitude towards the Church from which she has received the faith.— But I will also express, despite present persecutions and prejudices so lively, the hopes I am permitted to found upon the rights of equity and the power of honor, in a nation once so fruitful of great saints, and always so fruitful of great men; from such a nation, one can always hope a better policy, and a return to truth and justice in a happier future.'

Expressing his surprise that so great and high-minded a nation should manifest so much spite and malignity in everything affecting the Catholic Church and the Papacy, the Bishop pointedly remarks:—

'There is something wonderful in these hatreds of Anglicanism. For in Europe, unfortunately, England is not the only country separated in religion from the Holy See; but neither Prussia, nor Protestant Germany, nor even Russia, has ever manifested towards Rome such persistent and deadly enmities as those I am speaking of. For my part, I cannot believe that they are part of the very nature of the English people; nor that they are inspirations of its genius, a consequence of its laws, its customs, its ideas; nor that they are necessary for it, even if they were profitable. No; such sentiments do not become such a people; they would chain it to a policy without glory, as without justice, and from which without meaning here to offend the English people, and appealing only to themselves, it may be asked, whether it is not high time for them to withdraw. You do not offend a people when you say to them—harken to justice rather than to passion; be faithful to your true instincts as well as to your true and great interests; you go astray in following a way that is unworthy of you, precisely because it is devoid of equity and of greatness. Be what you can be, a just and generous people.'

Mgr. Dupanloup then proceeds to examine the policy of England in Italy, from the Minto Mission in 1848 down to the latest developments of Lord John Russell's arrogant incapacity. He shows that while even Lord Palmerston has treated Austria, though a purely foreign power in the Peninsula, with that deference and court-

* The Count is in error here. St. Anselm was a native of Piedmont.—T.R.