

### "It Is More Blessed."

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven:  
Give! as the waves when the channel is given:  
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given:  
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give!  
Not the want of the cup overflowing,  
Not the faint sparks of thy heart ever glow-  
ing.  
Not a pulse had from the June roses blowing:  
Give, as he gave thee, who gave thee to live.  
Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river  
Waiting its waters forever and ever.  
Thro' the burnt sands that reward not the giver.  
Silent or joyful, thou nearest the sea.  
Scatter thy life, as the summer showers pouring.  
What if no bird thro' the pearl rain is soaring?  
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?  
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!  
Give, tho' thy heart may be wasted and weary.  
Laid on altar all ashes and dreary:  
Though from its pulses a faint ansevere  
Reacts to thy soul the sad presage of fate:  
Bind it with cords of unshaking devotion;  
Smile at the song of its restless emotion;  
Tis the stern hymn of eternity's ocean:  
Heart and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind strews its perfumed car-  
casses  
Evil and thankful the desert it blesses,  
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,  
Never it ceases to whisper and sing.  
What if the hard heart gives thorns for thy roses?  
What if on rock thy tired bosom reposes?  
Sweetest is music that from thy throat comes,  
Fairest the vines that on ruins will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over:  
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover.  
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover.  
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?  
Give as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking.  
Life, love and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking.  
Soon heaven's river, thy soul's fever slaking,  
Thou shalt know God, and the gift that He gave.

From the Catholic World.

### A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

#### "WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT."

That the clouds are always heaviest before their breaking is one way of expressing a very true consolation on occasions offered to the afflicted, but which has probably never been known to perform its office for any single individual. For just how heavy and black the moral clouds which hover around life's horizon can become is a matter of speculation even to those who have tasted life's sorrow to the utmost. We know that when a man is called on to endure for years a certain amount of suffering, when the agony has been piled on day after day and nature seems at its last gasp, at the right moment comes a break of some kind. The water, having risen to the brim of the vessel, flows over. The clouds, having heaped themselves on one another, break of their own weight. The break is very often a doubtful benefit. You find yourself looking for the silver lining of the cloud, or the proverbial turn in the lane, or the dawn which it is popularly supposed the deeper darkness foretold, and you are mightily disappointed. As a rule it rains for two or three days when the storm has been long fomenting, and he who is burdened with pain finds that it continues an interminable time after the summit of endurance has apparently been reached. Death often enough steps in to crown the edifice, and leaves worldly mankind wondering at the present application of the proverb. He must be a wretched one indeed, who, having endured years of earthly misery, has not found therein the material for his future blessedness, has not seen with his dying eyes, peeping through the gloom of the world's night, the encouraging rays of another and endless morning.

Aside from all reflections on the probable turning-point of misery stands the plain fact of Olivia's distress and sorrow. It had seized her full, although there was a suddenness of a tornado, and was plunging through her nature after the same fashion, scattering ruin and devastation far and wide, and bringing dread fear into the three hearts that loved her most. But its very violence had doomed it to a short existence. To lose lover, friend and good name within a few days is not often the lot of a young lady, although there are likely instances on record. So severe a succession of misfortunes is unnatural. Even at this moment Providence was interfering in her behalf, and its agent was the volatile, the unconquerable, the ubiquitous and omniscient Quip, sometime physician of doctor-making Michigan, and present confidant and clerk of Doctor Killany. Providence is not partial in its employment of means and knows no distinction of persons. A civil war and a petty confagration may serve equally well its purposes. Mr. Darwin, anxious as he is to make his remote ancestors baboons, would receive no less attention than the aristocrat who labors through his misty pedigree, sometimes vainly, in the hope of finding a man at the root and who is indignant at the suggestion of his being highly undeveloped in intellect and too much so in his backbone. Mr. Quip was no better than his neighbors; in truth, it must be said he was considerably worse; but his wickedness did not stand in the way of his appointment to the office of liberating Olivia from her many woes. Mr. Quip had no suspicion that any other than himself was connected with the matter. He would scorn the idea that he was but the agent of another. He had thought his plan out by himself in the loneliness of the night or in the mid-day silence of the office. Unless his eyes could reveal his thoughts he was certain that he had not revealed them to any one, even by an inadvertent soliloquy, and he was not given to walking or talking in his sleep. What he knew but one other man living knew. Killany's knowledge was mostly recent. McDonnell alone held the secret. Killany had sold his knowledge to the latter, and the merchant was beyond buying and selling for ever.

"It was fortunate he escaped with his life," soliloquized Mr. Quip, half-conscious that if he had stood in Killany's shoes he would have used surer means of quieting the old gentleman than a lunatic asylum. Mr. Quip was a Bohemian, like his master, but of a purer and more highly developed type. He stopped at nothing which the occasion or his own necessity demanded. His plans were bolder, his views more daring, penetrative, and far-reaching, his means more unscrupulous. He was not a success since he had chosen to go beyond the bounds of respectability.

In many things, however, and in one particular thing, he was more than a match for Killany. He had overreached him in the Juniper affair, and had plunged more deeply into the secrets of the McDonnell household. The extent of Mr. Quip's knowledge in this regard would have been alarming to some of our characters. He had used the sparing confidence which his master had placed in him to get possession of a groundwork of facts, inferences, and surmises, working upon which he had obtained the secret of McDonnell's relations. He had an eye on Juniper as the son of that woman who knew the Fullertons while they were in New York. He had interviewed the same lady. He had full knowledge of the parentage of the Fullertons and of their claims on the estate of McDonnell, and he followed to the minutest particular the deep-laid plans of Killany. How he learned it all is at present unimportant. Dr. Killany's cabinets were not a mystery to Mr. Quip, and he had the powers of a death-hound in smelling out and pursuing a scent that promised heavy game. On that evening which witnessed the shattering of Olivia's last hope Mr. Quip was perched on the arm of his chair, debating the question to which of the rival parties would be the most useful and costly. Olivia's fate hung for a time in the balance.

"On the principle," said Mr. Quip, "that rats desert a sinking ship I shall steer clear of our friends Killany and McDonnell. The truth must come out sooner or later, and I am impelled to assist in bringing it out sooner through a regard for my person's safety. I have a presentiment that Killany would not hesitate to poison me or have me flung from the long dock, if he knew what I know about his doings. It is not often I do tell the truth, it must be confessed, and on moral grounds I don't receive much credit for telling it now. Still, there is no denying of the fact that I might conceal it if I wished, and get paid as well. But I might not be so safe in the long run. I'll sell all my services and my knowledge to the Fullertons."

A knock at the office door cut short his soliloquy. Whether the sound was familiar and he knew the person without, or from some other inscrutable cause, Mr. Quip, instead of rushing to the door, calmly opened his book and paid no further attention to external incidents. Presently Mr. Juniper made his appearance with a white face and an ominous frown. He stood at the door, and, making an opera-glass of his hands, surveyed his friend from top to toe in contemptuous silence, turning his head on one side and clucking like a hen in spite of allusion to Mr. Quip's sobriquet of the "Hawk."

This had no effect on the interested student, and Mr. Juniper, who evidently came with an object, was compelled to open the conversation. Flinging a mischievous look knocked the book from Quip's hands, he sat down, and said:

"Well?" said Quip coolly, without glancing at him.

"Well," mimicked Juniper as well as his growling voice would permit, "my wealthy friend, you are becoming more studious the more gold you have flung into your pockets."

"I am becoming a man of leisure," returned Mr. Quip, with an owlish upward turn of his eyes, "and men of leisure with any pretensions to taste are devoted to books and to the fine arts."

"They've got an acquisition in you," growled Juniper, "these men of leisure. I'd like to know what fine arts you pay attention to outside of lying and cheating."

"There is music, for one. I am studying the guitar," continued Mr. Quip, giving a pantomime of having the instrument in his hands, and at the same time studiously avoiding his friend's wicked glances, "and I expect to have a hit at the next symposium on the subject of taste for music. I began at three years old by tearing up my mamma's music. At four I had dissected several mouth-organs, and there is a tradition that at five I played the hand-organ. That is doubtful, however. Genius may go far, but never so far as that, Juniper."

"Now, do you chaff?" said Juniper. "You know what I came here for, and you may as well pony up straight. Are them dollars that I spoke of forthcoming?"

Mr. Quip put his hands to his ears in horror.

"You are not only slangy, Juniper, but you are ungrammatical. This is abominable, more especially for you, who live among kings and queens and retired greatness generally, at the asylum. The disgusted listener stood up defiantly, with his hands in his pockets, while Quip was speaking. When the "Hawk" had finished there was such an ominous quiet about him that Quip's unwillingly beady, trenchant eyes were forced to turn themselves upon him.

"Have you done?" said he.

"Hardly, Juniper. Wouldn't you like to hear me play on the guitar? Wouldn't you wish for just five minutes to have your senses borne on a gushing stream of music into an elysium of sensual delights? You don't get such chances at the asylum. There is little music there, and it is all staccato and not distinguished for its melody."

"Have you done?" said the immovable youth without a sign of relenting.

"Well, I must say that I have—almost. It is very discouraging that I can find no way of rendering your call pleasant. But I can't do anything in return, I would rather sit by the sea on the long wharf."

"Don't mention that, for God's sake!" cried Juniper, putting his trembling hands before his eyes. "I have dreamed of it often enough since to make my hair white."

"How did you come to be so gifted with so much imagination, Juniper? It is a superfluity, a danger to a man so fond of gold and whiskey as you."

"Give me my money," cried Juniper angrily—"give me my money and let me go, so that I may never see your face again."

"Will you be rid ever of seeing it?" said Quip, with a sneering laugh. "When you part from me it will haunt you for ever."

He shook his bony finger, and wagged his fish head, and rolled his cruel eyes at Juniper in a way that made the superstitious man tremble at the knees and turn all the colors of the rainbow. Juniper began to swear frightfully, and heaped the

oaths on Quip's head until the latter sprang up, caught him by the throat, and thrust him into a chair.

"Sit there, fool," he said, "and hear what I have to say to you on this matter for the last time. How much money did you get from me for your lying testimony?"

"Seventy-five dollars," said Juniper submissively.

"How much were you at first promised?"

"One hundred and fifty."

"Fifty per cent. gone from the original sum," laughed the daring Quip—"ten per cent. for my services, five per cent. for your first intimation, and the remaining thirty-five for your snivelling threats of exposure. You paltry idiot! you received one hundred per cent. more than you deserved for your services. I could have hired less troublesome and more useful men at five dollars a head, but that I wished, forsooth, to befriend you. How much more do you expect to get, you grasping miser! Seventy-five dollars, you say. What modesty! What disinclination! I shall give you one cent. There it is and go."

He flung the coin at him with superb scorn, adding: "And look that it does not poison you."

Juniper had always a superstitious fear of his fishy friend, and his present manner and words did not tend to diminish the feeling. He humbly picked up the cent, much to Quip's surprise, and began to retire. At the door he stopped and looked back. Quip was laughing at the charlatan laughs over the credulity of his victim, with his hands to his sides and his face purpled in the effort to restrain his mirth. This gratuitous scorn broke the spell and roused all the courage that was left in Juniper's breast. With another series of oaths he flung back the coin at the giver and declared his immediate intention of revealing all that he knew of the late conspiracy to Miss McDonnell. Then he departed.

"Which makes it all the more necessary," soliloquized Mr. Quip, referring to Juniper's proposed treason, "that I at once proceed to the right party. Events are thickening. The air is full of portents and omens. If I don't coin some of them into gold, then farewell to all my greatness. I have not got into my proper sphere to make myself as great an ass as I did in others."

When Dr. Fullerton was returning home the next day after office hours, Quip accosted him mysteriously in the hall.

"Will you be at home to-night?" he asked, "and prepared to receive visitors?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," said the puzzled doctor. "Why do you ask?"

"I am going to call," Quip replied, "and I want to have a little conversation with you on family matters. There is some money in it, and I am anxious to get a share."

"You speak in enigmas, Quip."

"I'll speak literally to-night. You will understand that I come to talk of family matters and gold, and you will be at home."

He slipped away into the waiting-room, leaving a mystified gentleman on the stairs. The doctor did not think it necessary to speak to Olivia about their visitor until he had arrived and was seated owlishly in the drawing-room. Mr. Quip was more than ready to oblige him in his queer fashion of sitting on the edge of his chair and twisting his whole head around to look at an object. But Mr. Quip's first deliberate and chosen words, after he had been introduced by the doctor, rudely drove all merriment out of doors.

"I am going to call on you for a fair price for clear knowledge of your antecedents, the means of getting again the property which a slippery guardian stole from you, and of establishing you in your proper position before the world."

Olivia trembled, and the doctor, less susceptible only smiled. The magnitude of Mr. Quip's design was equalled only by the assurance with which he declared his ability to execute it, and, though surprise was uppermost, incredulity and distrust were the ruling feelings in the doctor's mind.

"You are going to attempt a great deal, Mr. Quip," he said quietly, yet anxious to know the man he was mad and to drive him from the room.

"I have had remarkable opportunities," returned the gentleman modestly, "and I have used them. I know," he continued, "that you are surprised and not inclined to believe in extraordinary good fortune. But witness the simplicity of this: I have the certificate of marriage of your father and mother. I can point out to you the man who took your father's money. I can prove that your father had this money and that your guardian stole it. I have my witnesses and documents, and in this my conscientious Ministry would not second him. He held the office of Minister of Justice only a year, being associated during that time with the money of Hanover, Dr. Leonhardt, who afterwards became Prussian Minister. In that year, however, Windthorst accomplished his. He resumed his former position in Celle on his retirement, and appeared soon again in the Landtag. He might be considered as belonging half to the Opposition, though not in full heart with Bennigsen, who was then beginning to be a prominent figure. The condition of the country was becoming more and more gloomy. The visionary king had the strangest ideas in regard to the kingdom; the word 'State' was hateful to him, and he required all officials to style themselves 'the servants of the king.' He considered the ministers as responsible solely to the king, and the king to God alone, and he was fully persuaded that in the presence of God he was one of the purest of kings. Every contradiction of these notions was unmercifully punished. The finances of the kingdom were terribly mismanaged by Count Klemmensee, though, it must be said, he acted under the royal directions. In addition to all this the king entertained the extravagant project of a great Gulf kingdom of the future, of which Holstein, Hamburg and Bremen were to be the leading powers. Of Braunschweig he felt secure, since the duke's distum was 'Let your princely duty out, for in no way will you rid yourselves of them.' Thus lived the poor monarch in dreamland—a virtuous, we may say a noble-minded man, whose

"In two or three days," said Harry.

and Mr. Quip departed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### LUDWIG WINDTHORST.

The German Daniel O'Connell.

A SKETCH OF THE GREAT CATHOLIC TRIBUNE.

Ludwig Windthorst has celebrated his seventieth birthday. Needing just such a figure as he to complete our gallery of parliamentary leaders, we avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded to us by the outlines given in our journal on former occasions.

Seldom indeed in parliamentary annals was such a sensation of utter astonishment created, as when a member of the Party of Progress, to show how far parents may sometimes be mistaken as to the vocation of their children, appealed to an instance amongst his own relatives. A grasping miser! Seventy-five dollars, you say. What modesty! What disinclination! I shall give you one cent. There it is and go."

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private life in the midst of his family might be held up as a model. He was lavish of his favors to the Lutheran ministers as well as to the Catholic priests. One of his foibles was to make his people forget that he was blind.

The Gulf kingdom, which was to last till the crack of doom," was about to fall to pieces. The government organ was constantly repeating that Hanover was not a constitutional government like Prussia, and never could become one. When Bennigsen took the leadership of the National Union, the Minister Bories threatened foreign intervention. His idea was to invoke the aid of England. Bennigsen proclaimed aloud in the Landtag the celebrated Heidelberg declaration: "The Minister will find the reward that is due to traitors." He was sufficiently warned.

Windthorst felt all these miseries keenly. He looked upon the National Union as a misfortune, being persuaded that the whole system of government in Prussia was only calculated to flatter Germany with the appearance of Parliamentary rule, whilst really governing by absolute military power. When, after the *Katechism* of 1862, he was again called to be Minister of Justice, he introduced a number of laws which satisfied even the tribes of the people, Waldeck. But to remove the fantastical notions of the king was beyond his power, and in 1865 he withdrew again, to be succeeded by his former general secretary, Dr. Leonhardt. Windthorst returned to Celle as royal solicitor, and there he passed the year 1866. For the Gulf crown "the crack of doom" had come. He had often enough raised his voice in warning, but in vain. The king felt a sort of fear of him, though he well knew his fidelity.

The annexation of Hanover to Prussia was a severe blow to Windthorst, as it was to almost the whole country, and Bennigsen himself could not for a long time be reconciled to it. To draw up a Constitution in the *Reichstag* he, together with the Göttingen lecturer on International Law, Zachariae, sided with the party called the *Bundesstaatlich-Konstitutionellen Fraction* (the Fraction of the Constitutional Union of the States). The system of government adopted, paralyzing, as it did, the most important constitutional rights of the several States, and threatening the States of the North German Federation with a monstrous military rule, appeared to him totally unacceptable, and this opinion was shared by even such monarchists as the great Leipzig professor of law, Von Wachter and Friedrich Harkort. Windthorst witnessed the introduction of the Prussian system in Hanover. As he saw too clearly that the annexation was not to be recalled—he never for a moment believed that it could be, we are convinced—he swore allegiance to the Prussian Constitution, which the thorough or radical Guelphs, like Heinrich Ewald amongst others, refused to do. He was sincere in this oath, and he sought by his counsel to save for his former royal master's house, to which he continued unshaken in his fidelity, all that was to be saved, their property and, as much as possible, their inheritance in Braunschweig. He treated with Bismarck to this effect, and the latter accorded more to the king than he had ever possessed. But the unfortunate monarch could not by any persuasion be induced to renounce his title as king. He looked forward to the day of revenge, which would set him once more on the throne of his fathers. But Windthorst had no hopes, his deep sense of justice made him oppose all measures of coercion with which his country was threatened. He labored unremittently to found a great party of right, who were to make a steady head against all attempts to violate justice. He read Bismarck through from the very first day, and the latter recognized in Windthorst his most dangerous opponent.

No stronger contrast could be found than is presented in the persons of these two statesmen. To the Iron Chancellor with the frame of a Hun, to this "volcanic nature" who ignores the world impossible, and who would grind into dust the very first appearance of opposition to his will, stands opposed the puny *advocatus pauperis*, with his keen powers of observation, his clear delivery, his imperturbable calmness, his biting satire. This pigmy refused to be convinced of the blessings of the policy of Bismarck, and in opposition to the worship of power, he set up the worship of justice. And it was not long till he succeeded in founding a party, though not precisely such an one as he had at first contemplated.

Until 1868 Bismarck had in every manner favored the Catholic Church. Even a Jesuit was not an object of terror to him, for one knows not what use one may have of him some time or other. The most urgent warnings of the King of Belgium against Ledochowski were unavailing; with Bismarck's approbation he ascended the archiepiscopal see of Posen, and used all his influence in making the province thoroughly Polish; but he restrained the priests from influencing anti-military elections, and this satisfied Bismarck. Von Roon, the Minister of War, who was the declared foe of Liberalism in any form, courted the favor of Peter Reichensperger, whose political sentiments he pretended to share, in the hope of winning Herr Reichensperger over to favor the military organization. Even later than 1866 Bismarck tried to win the Catholics. Regardless of the warnings of Count Harry Arnim, he placed no obstacle in the way of the Vatican Council, whilst Windthorst was exceedingly uneasy about it and would not for anything in the world that the dogma of the infallibility should be accepted. Of course his fidelity to his Church led him to accept it afterwards.

When, at the outbreak of the war of 1870, during which Windthorst's sympathies were with the patriotic party, the last hour had struck for the States of the Church, this new victory of might over right was exceedingly painful to the friend of justice and the faithful Catholic. The great majority of Catholics bitterly felt the downfall of the temporal power of the Pope. In their patriotic enthusiasm people forgot for the time the fratricidal war of 1870; and even the Bavarian Ultramontanes, with the exception of a few, chimed in. *Lude, lude, denn wir nicht geworden, aber preussisch sein wir geblieben*, wrote home the old Bavarian soldiers, which may be translated: "We have

not turned Lutheran, but we have turned Prussians." All religious animosities were silenced for the moment. So much the more reason, therefore, had Catholics to hope that they would win over the army of the federation and Chancellor to intervene in favor of the Pope. They first attempted it in Versailles and then in Berlin. In the Catholic electoral districts, representatives to the *Reichstag* of 1871 were chosen with this view. They gathered together, and hoped to enlist Protestant members on their side. Windthorst's party was to include the advocates of all chartered rights without any exception of creed, and it therefore styled itself the *Zentrum*, Centre, as being a medium between the adherents of Prussia who were in favor of might, and the liberal parties, who sided with them because they favored national aims. Meanwhile, as the first object of the new party was to secure intervention in Rome, none but Catholics joined it contrary to Windthorst's desire. The Protestant Guelphs held aloof. Windthorst and Bishop von Ketteler took the leadership, though there was a diversity of views between them, which it was not easy to reconcile at first. Windthorst attached more importance to the interests of the party, Von Ketteler to those of the Church. And now to Bismarck's no small surprise, such men as Von Savigny, the Chancellor's former colleague in the *Bundesrat*, and previously member of the *Bundesrat*, and prince Radziwill—men who stood high in the favor of the court—joined the powerful party with which he posed to his policy. The Chancellor's anger was boundless, and he spoke of the party as a *Savigny-Bebel*.

There is no question but an armed intervention to re-establish the temporal power of the Pope, even if Bismarck were in favor of it, was at the time impossible, and a diplomatic intervention would also have been fruitless. It is not supposed that Windthorst was not aware of this. His very opposition to Bishop von Ketteler in the new party proves it. He considered it to be the business of his party to oppose all coercive measures of the Chancellor in State and Church. The Chancellor had every reason to seek to retain the good graces of the Catholics. The wound inflicted on them in 1866 had not yet ceased to smart. The withdrawal of Austria from the German league was severely felt, especially by the Southern Germans. The majority of the clergy were not well disposed, to say the least, towards the "Protestant Empire." And yet the Catholic soldiers had helped to gain the victories of 1870 and 1871. No time could have been more ill-chosen than this to treat the Catholic Church harshly.

But to the Chancellor it was an intolerable thing to see himself opposed by a party whose relations to the court might become dangerous to himself. The idea pursued by Bismarck from the beginning of his ministry was to preserve his position at the head of the State. Up to the year 1866 he was looked upon by his monarch as the only man who could cope with a refractory parliament in time of conflict, and carry out the military organization; but until 1875, high though he had placed himself in his monarch's confidence, he had constantly met with secret opposition in the court. Having now, with the establishment of the Empire, attained the highest power that ever had been achieved by a Prussian Minister, he saw opponents in the immediate vicinity of the Emperor who would do what General Manteuffel or even Count Harry Arnim as his successor. The imperial *Niemals* never had not yet been uttered. Bismarck knew full well that there was a party, at the head of which, since the expulsion of the Bishop of Minz, Windthorst stood alone, and which would never submit to be tampered with by him. And now, to behold the Savignys and the Radziwills in the ranks of this party! It shall, it must be destroyed! Holding in his hands the law giving power, he proceeded to remove from the Ministry of Worship the Catholic representation, which was inspired by Radziwill. His next began to protect the old Count Hohenlohe as a law of school-inspection followed, which threatened to deprive the clergy of their influence in education. But above all things he hoped that by means of the Pope, who was at that time very much against the Prussians, he could get the better of the Centre. He hoped upon the unfortunate idea of proposing Cardinal Hohenlohe as Ambassador of the Empire to the Holy See. No Pope could accept a Cardinal as ambassador of a Protestant Government. When Pius IX. therefore rejected him, Bismarck recalled the embassy from the Holy See. The celebrated Allocation of the Pope followed, which foretold the crumbling of the colossus of the German Empire.

An unexampled excitement had at this time seized upon the members of the Catholic Church, and the centre gave political expression to it in the *Reichstag*. Windthorst now heart and soul wrapped up in Church affairs, and in the struggle with skill the strangest of all tactics. The most conflicting elements of society were gathered into it, ultra legitimists and rabid democrats, Prussian royalists and men who would gladly have seen Prussia swept away from the ranks of states, many of the higher nobility, clergymen of all ranks, citizens of the various professions, in a word an assembly composed of discordant elements, from all quarters of the land; but all were united, however, in one thing—in the determination not to let their religion be interfered with. They voted together in a serried phalanx, whatever matter came up. They opposed the augmentation of military burdens, they fought against a considerable portion of the new system of laws, and every attempt to diminish still more the sovereignty of the single states found in them resolute opponents. They were enemies of absolutism to the bitter end. Windthorst knew how to guide and control this opposition. The strongest character in the party at that time, the fearless Von Mallinckrodt, called him a "pearl," who gave to the party its proper setting, and hence he received the name of the Pearl of Neppon."

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