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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 XIII.

Lord Macdonald was looking, with a distracted air, over the "Following of Christ," which he had found on the table before him, when we were alarmed by a confused noise under the walls of the prison. Richard went out, and returning shortly after, remained silent and pale at the entrance of the room.

"I am ready to follow you," said Arthur, rising quickly and with a composure indicative of joy. Pressing the crucifix to his lips, and embracing me in the most affectionate manner, he said: "Good bye, keep the faith, and let it remind you of me." Then turning to Matilda, he added: "Adieu, my cherished partner, my dearest sister in Christ, and do not forget to pray for me." Upon saying this, he departed immediately with Mr. Billingham, Lord Macdonald and Richard. The last mentioned having conducted them to another room, we followed, and were invited, with the rest, to partake of some wine, which Richard had brought. Lord Macdonald expressed a preference for something stronger, but his wishes were not gratified.

"How can you desire," said Arthur, "to throw yourself into a state of insensibility, at a moment when you have need of all your faculties, and of the most serious reflection? Were you to do that, how terrible would be the awakening in another world!"

Lord Macdonald slightly frowned, and drank a glass of wine which was offered him. Arthur took nothing; he threw himself for a moment on a seat, his head inclined upon his hands, and seemed buried in thought. Then rising up, he said: "What detains us? They are waiting for us." He leaned on Mr. Billingham's arm. I had offered mine, but he pressed my hand and declined it smiling.

We could not withdraw our eyes from our beloved Arthur. He supported himself with difficulty; I heard him say with a low voice to Mr. Billingham while descending the stairs: "Oh! my venerated friend, pray that God may sustain me. It requires only human courage in battle to behold death without trembling; but faith and strength from above are necessary to await this without terror."

"I will not leave you," replied Mr. Billingham, "and God will be with you."

At the lower part of the prison we met the officers of justice and the guards. The marquis of Rosline and Lord Macdonald entered a carriage with Mr. Billingham. The marquis motioned his adieu and his blessing. I gave my arm to Matilda whose fortitude was much greater than mine, and we followed on foot preferring rather to mingle in the crowd, and not remove from the carriage (which proceeded very slowly) than to lose sight of him whom we hold most dear. Passing under Henry's window who was yet delirious, Arthur and Mr. Billingham directed their looks thither. We soon arrived at the fatal place. The two prisoners alighted. Arthur in passing by us, saluted us with a calm and heavenly smile, and addressing himself to me he said: "You will keep my crucifix; Mr. Billingham will shortly convey it to you." I shuddered at these words. He took the hand of both of us which he again pressed, and tranquilly ascended the scaffold, whither Mr. Billingham accompanied him. "Adieu," said he to Lord Macdonald, "I go to show you the way; there is still time to open your eyes to the truth, and to make of your death a baptism of blood, and an act of reconciliation."

Lord Arthur cast himself upon his knees, and after a short prayer, asked pardon publicly of all whom he might have offended. Then calmly regarding the multitude who surrounded him, he said: "I neither ask nor do I wish an avenger. I have no enemies; and the small number of my true friends will implore the blessings of heaven on the authors of my death." Then addressing himself to the executioner, he said: "If my prayer is heard, if ever you abjure the errors of your sect to embrace my religion; fear not to renounce your worldly goods. Go to Rosline castle; you will there find an asylum, and a certain competency; and (pointing to Mr. Billingham) he shall be security for my promise." Then recollecting himself, and falling upon his knees, he made the sign of the cross, and requested Mr. Billingham to bandage his eyes, not being able to do it himself on account of his wounded arm.—Again he prayed for an instant, waved us a last adieu, kissed the crucifix, and gave it to Mr. Billingham; then making a sign to the executioner, he ceased to live.

I had not strength to remain until this last moment. Trembling, I dragged Matilda, whose eyes were fixed upon the scaffold, to the house in which Henry was ill. Mr. Billingham soon rejoined us. Matilda's reason wandered. Her face was bathed in tears, and she asked wildly

where Arthur was? Our silence but too well confirmed the dread that she had begun her mournful widowhood. I burst into tears. Mr. Billingham gave me the crucifix, and spoke to us of the consolations of religion. Matilda was calmed, and soon became entirely resigned.

When we were somewhat tranquilized, we conversed of the circumstances attending the last hours of Arthur's life. Mr. Billingham told us that they had recited together the litany of the blessed Virgin, during their passage to the scaffold. At the moment the carriage stopped, he had committed to Mr. Billingham's charge, a chaplet for his wife, which he had received from her on leaving Remember Hill, and which, since then, he had continually worn around his neck.—As to Lord Macdonald, added Mr. Billingham, he was so struck by the calm and religious death of his friend, that a moment after, he was upon his knees, abjured his error, confessed, declared himself a Catholic, and although the municipal officer, who was furious at this change, offered to obtain his pardon, if he would remain in the reformed religion, he refused with generous indignation, and received in the mortal blow, the pledge of a happiness, which, if he did not enjoy it as soon as Arthur, he at least, waited not long to receive as the recompense of dying for the true faith. These particulars afforded us real consolation. Towards evening Richard called. He had obtained the favor that the body of the marquis should be restored to us. He had it placed in a leaden coffin, in order to be carried to Rosline castle, and buried in the family tomb. Henry was one day longer unable to recognize anybody; but the crisis passed, and he was saved. His first words were inquiries after Arthur. Mr. Billingham replied that he was very calm, and began immediately to speak of God and of our friends at Remember Hill.—Henry's recovery was rapid; he visibly improved.

One morning, Mr. Billingham proposed our return to the castle. Henry regarded him a moment in silence; his eyes filled with tears; he covered his face with his hands, and remained for a long time silent; then, with mournful resignation, "when you please," said he, "we are in the hands of God; He disposes of all." He seized Matilda's hand, and pressing it to his forehead, bathed it with his tears. We had no need informing him further of the cruel loss we had suffered. He did not ask for the particulars; not feeling well enough to bear them. We left Edinburgh two days after. Richard entreated permission to follow us, a request which we the more readily complied with, as Arthur had particularly recommended him to Matilda and Mr. Billingham, that he might be fortified in his faith. The journey was performed in silence; Henry was still weak, I very much dejected, and Matilda continually in prayer. The latter had written to Lady Walsingham, announcing her affliction, and our return. Since we had left Remember Hill, the duchess of Salisbury had gone there to reside, in order to share the solitude of her daughter Caroline, whom she tenderly loved.—She brought with her Arthur's son, the object of her most affectionate solicitude. This lady came to meet us, with little Edmund. Matilda beheld her child with a transport of joy and grief. "Poor child," said she, weeping, "you have no longer a father!" The caresses and extreme vivacity of Edmund diverted our sadness.

The duchess of Salisbury joined to the expressive physiognomy of the Spaniards, a majestic stature and affable manners. She manifested great affection towards me, and warmly congratulated me on my abjuration. We were soon reunited at Remember-Hill. I longed to be alone with Lorenzo. Caroline had deeply mourned her brother, and Henry's state gave her much uneasiness. Arthur's name was not pronounced during the first evening; we could not converse; Henry and Lorenzo played with the children in order to divert our thoughts. The hour for evening prayers arrived. Lorenzo, who had said them whilst we were absent, for he knew them by heart, again repeated them. Our sobs did not interrupt him; he said the "Miserere" and "De Profundis" for the repose of the souls of Arthur and Lord Macdonald. Mr. Billingham, alone, was in a condition to respond to him.—After the prayers, Lorenzo remained in the chapel until midnight. Then coming to my room, and finding me weeping, "I have left my brother for my friend," said he; and throwing his arms around me, with that touching expression so natural to him, "Weep, my dear Sidney, but weep with resignation; is not Arthur more happy than we? I have learned from Mr. Billingham," continued he, "all the particulars of his precious death; they have filled me with such lively joy and gratitude for the Author of so many mercies, that my soul is absorbed in the feeling of its happiness. It seems to me but as a dream. I am ready to form desires for my brother's conversion, and I cannot persuade myself that he has known the truth and is dead; or rather that he lives eternally in God.

Lorenzo feeling my tears fall upon him, redoubled his solicitude to calm me. "Tell me," he resumed, "during the whole course of this uncertain life, are we not continually uneasy, alarmed for ourselves, and for those who are dear to us? Who can promise, who can assure us of that final perseverance, towards which should tend all our thoughts and desires? Today virtuous, to-morrow perhaps victims of bad example, of our passions or weakness. We may be united a moment in this life, forever to be separated in the other, if a holy death reunite us not! What enjoyment, on the contrary, and what consolation more sweet, in our exile, than to behold those we most love, precede us, and reach the port of eternal life; to see them delivered from the dangers, which yet surround us?"

I sighed, without being able to reply. Lorenzo remained near me until sleep, caused by grief and exhaustion, came to repair my strength, and calm my mind. Remember-Hill was on the way to Rosline castle, and but a short distance from it, so that they there celebrated the funeral service over the body of the marquis before carrying it to the castle. I had not ventured to ask Lorenzo if he had made himself known to the duchess of Salisbury, his mother; and, as Matilda, Henry, Mr. Billingham, and myself, who alone were acquainted with his secret, were absent when the duchess arrived at Remember-Hill, he alone was able to inform me. I was soon enlightened on this subject.

Finding me, one morning, in the library, the duchess accosted me, saying, "You became acquainted with Lorenzo, the same time that Arthur did, do you know any circumstance of his life?"

"I know that he has not always been a Catholic, and that it is but five years since he lost his sight; for the rest, he is very mysterious and laconic on all that concerns him." The entrance of Lorenzo and Henry interrupted us.

Afterwards, meeting Lady Walsingham, I asked her if Lorenzo soon made the acquaintance of the duchess of S—. "He loves her even to veneration," she replied; "the most affectionate son could not have for her more deference and esteem. My mother, on her part, is singularly attached to him."

"Ah! who would not love this angel!" added Henry, who was present; "his presence alone inspires peace and virtue." A few days after, Lorenzo urgently besought us to respect his secret; his resolution being invariable not to discover himself to his mother or sister.

CHAPTER XIV.

About this time, Lord Seymour, I made many strict inquiries to learn some information concerning you, and the other members of my family; but my search was futile. You had left the British isles, and your trace was lost, like that of a vast number of the partisans of the queen, Catholic as well as Protestant, who had expatriated themselves, rather than live under the government of her persecutors. Matilda begged me not to leave her, since her husband in dying had transferred to her his rights and my guardianship. I approached my eighteenth year; I felt the need of having guides and true friends to strengthen my new faith, and I promised Matilda never to separate myself from her family, except to embrace some state, if Providence should call me to it.

A short time after, we received a letter from Spain. The duke of Medina, (brother of the duchess of Salisbury) entreated her to come to Spain, to receive his last sigh; to bring with her his nephew, Arthur's son Edmund. This letter renewed our grief. The duchess, whose health was feeble, could not resolve to remove her beloved Caroline; the latter's young children detained her in Scotland. The duchess requested Matilda to go with Edmund, and gave her a letter in which she informed the duke of Arthur's consoling death, and of the perfect reconciliation of the two families of Walsingham and Rosline. Henry consented to accompany Matilda, and proposed to Lorenzo and me to join them in their journey. All was regulated agreeably to the wishes of the duchess of Salisbury. Lorenzo said that he would follow me to the end of the world. We now thought only of our departure.

In taking leave of me, the duchess said, smiling: "You are taking from me the adopted son of my heart, your friend Lorenzo. Heaven alone knows the good this angel has done me.—I never knew nor practised my religion well until Providence guided me to him. Every evening," said she, "he comes to say the chaplet in my room, after the family prayers. He has asked me to continue it for him until his return. This practice has become so agreeable to me that I shall never leave it off. Recommend me from time to time, to his prayers, for I should be sensibly afflicted to be effaced from his memory."

Lorenzo, who was writing near a window, and whom she supposed inattentive to our conversation, turned quickly towards us, "live, yet forget you?—that is impossible for Lorenzo!" He

leaned his head over the paper, to conceal his emotion. Although blind, Lorenzo wrote regularly, by means of little pieces of wood, which he had formed while at the galleys, and which, placed under his paper, prevented him confounding the lines. This was his favorite occupation, since he had not to fear that his writing would be recognized; lord Arthur, alone, of all his family, having corresponded with him.

We left Remember Hill. Richard, who preferred the service of Matilda to any independent situation, followed us. We shuddered in passing through Edinburgh; the recollections excited by this place rent our hearts.

We stopped at Glasgow, where Matilda had some business to transact with her banker. The latter had written to her that a poor man, who had lately embraced the Catholic religion, finding himself destitute of every thing, and attacked by a mortal illness, had claimed her assistance, in the name, and on the part of the marquis of Rosline. "In fulfilling your orders, my lady," continued the banker, "I have always sent him some aid."

Matilda wished to learn further, and we discovered that this miserable creature was he who had terminated the life of our beloved Arthur; that touched by his last words, and by Lord Macdonald's abjuration, he had embraced our religion, abandoned his odious office, and that, falling sick, from destitution, he had implored the generosity of the marquis of Rosline's widow.

Matilda trembled at these details, which recalled such frightful scenes. "Give him every necessary care," said she, "assure him a maintenance, and all that his condition calls for." "If we should go to see him," said Lorenzo, to Matilda, "our presence would console him, and strengthen him in the faith." "See him!" I exclaimed, "him, the murderer of Arthur! Do not you go, my dear Sidney," said Lorenzo, with his unalterable mildness. "For me, I shall have myself conducted thither. I will tell him that I am the brother of the marquis of Rosline, and that he has become mine, in professing my faith. This holy religion pardons all, forgets every thing, and loves the unfortunate, even in situations, where nature feels the greatest disgust and horror."

"I will guide and accompany you there, Lorenzo," added the generous Matilda; and they immediately went. I accompanied them. We were introduced into a poor little room, or rather loft, where we found the object of our search in the most frightful misery.

Matilda knelt before him. "You do not know me," said she. "I am the widow of the marquis of Rosline. This young man is his brother, and that other is his best friend; bless God for his mercies. The prospect of a happier life is opened to you; faith is the pledge of endless felicity."

She was so pale, that I thought her about to faint. "Oh! mighty God," said poor William, "where will your goodness end! Angel of peace, I do not deserve this; my sight must fill you with horror!"

He took the hand of Matilda. My blood froze in my veins at the thought that that same hand—Great God! how heroic and sublime is Christian charity!

Matilda's presence was more salutary to poor William than her benefits. She had him carried to a more comfortable apartment, and sent for a clergyman and a physician.

He supplicated so earnestly for her return the next day, that she deferred her departure from Glasgow, expressly to grant him this consolation. We assisted at his viaticum, an hour after which he expired, full of gratitude, faith, and repentance. "Arthur's prayer has been heard," said Matilda. "O! Lorenzo, how much I owe to your Christian advice!"

We embarked for Fontarabia. The voyage was very perilous. We had already endured two tempests, when a third, almost within sight of port, threw the vessel into the greatest danger. Despairing to save the cargo, the captain retreated to the long boat with many of the passengers among whom were we; and a few minutes after the vessel, already injured, was buried under the waves. We prepared ourselves for the same fate. The large number of persons who crowded the long boat, exposed it to the same danger. They inhumanly, but of necessity, repulsed the unfortunate creatures who swam to join us, contenting themselves with throwing planks or ropes to support them above the water.

A young German solicited in vain to be received on board. The captain opposed it with firmness. "I pray you," cried the unfortunate man, "if it be true that Catholics are so charitable, have pity on a soul on the point of embracing the faith. Alas! I have left my country and relatives for this motive alone, and I am about to perish without being instructed and enlightened." "If that be true," replied one of the rowers, "the desire is as good as the act.—Be tranquil!" In saying this, he repulsed him rudely with his oar.

"Take him in," eagerly cried Lorenzo, who had heard these words, "I will yield my place to him!"—and he was about to precipitate himself into the sea, when I was so fortunate as to arrest him.

The captain, touched with such heroic devotedness, and sublime virtue, could no longer resist. The sea appeared to grow calm, and the tempest to cease. He consented that we should receive the young German into the boat. We gave him every attention, and he could not find words to express his gratitude. His expression had a mixture of mildness and sadness difficult to describe.

The remainder of our voyage was happy, and we arrived the next day at Fontarabia. The young German became much attached to Lorenzo, and it pleased him to repeat that to him he owed his life. He appeared to have received a distinguished education. He spoke English very well, and interested us extremely. We induced him to travel with us, and to give us his confidence.

Our friendly advances and affection, seemed to make the deepest impression upon him. "Ah, if you knew," said he to Lorenzo, "how bitter life is to me, you would be surprised at my efforts to preserve it; and God knows that I cherish it only to know Him, to serve Him, and to sacrifice it to Him."

These words sensibly affected me. I entreated him, if my request were not impertinent, to open his heart to us, and to relate the circumstances, which had preceded, and had given birth to his lively desire to embrace the truth. He sighed mournfully, and acceded to my request.

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAMILL WAR OR PEACE.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The natives of modern Europe are so combined by treaties, so intermixed by family connections, and so associated by commercial interest, that the war of two kingdoms is sure to involve the neighbouring states in hostilities.—Hence, universal war, or universal peace, must on general principles, be the result of this family sympathy of empires. While France was engaged in conflict with Prussia, in the commencement of the reign of George III., the German States, Holland and England were drawn into the quarrel; and when America separated from Great Britain in 1776, France and Spain declared for the Republicans; and originated a quarrel which raged with unexampled violence for upwards of thirteen years. The minds of even the present generation are still filled with the historical records of the wars of the first French Revolution, which spread from the meeting of the States General, and from the seizure of the King at Versailles through the surrounding countries, till it involved in one fierce conflict Russia, Prussia, Germany, Austria, Holland, England, Spain, Portugal, Naples and all Italy. But the Battle of Waterloo, in 1815, annihilated the pretensions of the elder Napoleon, removed the great element of political disturbance, and for a time restored the equilibrium of European policy.

The second successful revolution of France, in 1830, when logically traced to its remote consequences, will be found to have embraced a wider field of warfare, and to have menaced far more terrific results than even the sanguinary French history of 1789. Scarcely had the French Republicans expelled Charles VI. in 1830, and proclaimed Louis Philippe King of the French, than the very men who had banished Charles, and who put the crown on Philippe, began to concert secret measures to usurpate once and for ever the very name of all monarchy whether legitimate or elected, and to establish on a permanent basis, after the example of America, an invincible and an irreversible Republic. For ten years before the year 1847, it was undisputedly stated in private society, and sometimes spoken in coffee rooms, clubs, and public assemblies, that Louis Philippe ought to be banished or shot! This King-killing doctrine was soon taken up in Switzerland, propagated in Austria, adopted in Hungary, proclaimed in Naples, and preached under the very walls of the Vatican. Lord Palmerston and his official companions were declared to be amongst the most advanced and accomplished supporters of this political morality, and the whole government of England were universally censured by all the crowned heads of Europe, as the arch-revolutionist of all the neighboring states. This singular charge against England as a monarchy, and unnatural policy of an ancient legitimate throne such as Great Britain, laid the foundation of a universal conflagration through Europe and elsewhere, which in the end reached the very citadel of England herself. Without taking into the calculation the probable risk of having by this conduct nearly forfeited her Indian empire, she has lost, in effecting the final extinction of the