

## THE BULLFROG.

capable of taking wide views do not exist among the only relief from the universal reign of pious is probably furnished by those who, like the POPE cling narrowly and fanatically to their old traditions. The impression that this is the kind of motive-force that the machine in these days was confirmed by the remarkable letter from "A Vert," attributed to a well-known Oxford graduate, which went the rounds of the religious newspapers some little time ago. It was there intimated that the scheme for a new Roman Catholic translation of the Bible into English, to be entrusted to Dr. NEWMAN, fell through, because it would have been antagonistic to the interests of a book-seller who happened to have a considerable number of copies of the Douay Bible on hand. It is likely enough that motives of an equally exalted order have been at work in the present instance. Diplomats may be wondering what can be the profound policy of which the first and most obvious consequences are to throw down the gauntlet to France, to disgust England and irritate Italy, and of which the advantages are as yet absolutely concealed. But, after all, it is probably only some petty personal intrigue, by which some prominent ecclesiastic who is suspected of too enlightened opinions is to be snubbed and silenced.

It is worth remarking, as a proof of the tenacity with which the POPE's advisers cling to their traditions, that the celebrated difficulty of the condemned passages in the "Augustinus" has not deterred them from returning to the practice of condemning, as dogmatic errors, what are simple questions of fact. Error No. 75, for instance, is, that "the children of the Christian and Catholic Church are not agreed upon the compatibility of the temporal with the spiritual power." To maintain this statement is to maintain what the Holy See has condemned. Unfortunately, the statement is a bare matter of fact. Unless the POPE means to assert that those who think the two powers incompatible have thereby ceased to be members of the Catholic Church—which is, of course, impossible—it is as clear that children of the Catholic Church have maintained the opinion in question as that the sun shines by day. In the same way, one or two historical propositions concerning the acts of various Popes, in respect to which the present POPE is probably wrong, are plumply condemned as dogmatic errors.

But the reckless adhesion to old tradition is shown most strongly in the distinct assertion of the duty of persecution which the letter itself contains:—"And, contrary to the teaching of the Holy Scriptures, and of the Church, and of the Fathers, they do not hesitate to affirm that the best condition of society is that in which the power of the laity is not compelled to inflict the penalties of law upon the violators of the Christian religion, unless required by considerations of public safety. Actuated by an idea of government so absolutely false, they do not hesitate further to propagate the erroneous opinions very hurtful to the safety of the Catholic Church and of souls, and termed delirium by our predecessor, Gregory XVI., of excellent memory, viz. 'liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every man.'" This most candid admission is very hard upon the adventurous men who, for many years past, have been labouring to prove that it was a horrible calumny to accuse the Church of Rome of being a persecuting Church. Perhaps the remarkable candour of this document may prove inconvenient also to some whom the Pope had not in his mind, and who are certainly not responsible for its language. But, just at a time when the merits of an ecclesiastical tribunal for the trial of doctrine are being actively canvassed here, this specimen of what an ecclesiastical authority can do in the way of definition of doctrine may prove inconvenient.

### BY THE NIGHT TRAIN.

(Continued.)

I think these words were either uttered in a louder tone than the rest of the jeweller's discourse, or a lull in the roll and rumble of the carriages made them unusually distinct, but at any rate three or four of the passers-by turned their heads inquisitively towards old Mr. Miles and myself, as we stood in the open doorway. And among those three or four was the ugly foreigner with the red-brown beard. He was repassing the shop, coming down from the opposite direction to that in which he had previously been walking. A coincidence, no doubt! Merely a coincidence.

I beckoned to the driver of a Hansom, sauntering past in

quest of fare, and rattled down to the club. It wanted some time as yet to the dinner hour, but I preferred waiting at the club for my friend's arrival to driving back to my father's house in Harley Street. The second editions of the morning papers had just come in as I arrived, and there was a hum and buzz of conversation going on upon the subject of some important telegrams from America which they contained. It was just then that McClellan was meeting with his first reverse, if I remember rightly in his peninsular campaign, and I gladly secured one of the copies of the Times, and applied myself to read. In vain. A strange feverish listlessness oppressed me; there was a dull weight upon my spirits, and my mind seemed to be possessed by a sort of aimless activity that wearied my thoughts to no purpose. In vain I fixed my eyes upon Mr. Reuter's telegrams. The big black words swam before my eyes, and the sounding sentences were barren of meaning. Had I, at that moment, been put on my examination before the sternest of commissioners when all I valued at stake on the results, I could not for my very life have given a lucid definition as to who was fording the Chickahominy, or passing the James River, or what the bone of contention might be. Vague, formless apprehensions of some invisible danger, of something too shadowy to be boldly grappled with, floated through my brain, and I found myself looking forward with positive dislike to the solitary journey that lay before me that night.

All these gloomy fancies vanished, however, at the first grasp of a friendly human hand, and the first sound of a friendly human voice. I was in excellent spirits at dinner time, and took the fire of good-humoured banter with which my companions plied me—in very good part. We lingered rather longer over our wine than I had anticipated, while we talked of old days, and wondered when our next meeting would be; but at last I jumped up, looked at my watch, and found that I must drive fast if I meant to catch the train. I shook hands cordially with my friends, and bade them good-bye; and, amid a shower of hearty wishes for my future happiness—how little did I think that I should never see the speakers more?—left the club. A Hansom cab had been called for me by one of the messengers, and I found it drawn up by the curbstone, as I briskly descended the steps. It was twilight by this time in the streets, and the lamps had long been twinkling. I noticed, as I stepped into the cab, that another, a four-wheeler, was stationed a few doors off, and that a man's head was protruded through the open window nearest the pavement, but the instant I looked that way, the head disappeared into the interior of the vehicle like that of a tortoise within its shell. I did not give a second thought to this circumstance.

"Drive fast, my man. I want to hit the night train for C—. Half-a-crown extra if we don't miss it."

The cab bowed swiftly off, and the streets being clearer than at an earlier hour, we met with no interruption, until, suddenly, in a narrow part of one of the most frequented thoroughfares, a lock occurred, in which a string of carts and waggons, two or three cabs, and a dray, were entangled confusedly together. There was the usual exchange of oaths, street witticisms, and abuse, the usual cracking of whips, grinding of wheels, and interference of a single bewildered policeman, but the provoking feature of the case was the great probability that I should lose the train. My charioteer had been forced up a narrow cross street by the pressure of the loaded vehicles in front, and as he flourished his whip, and rated the carters and draymen in no measured terms, I looked anxiously about me for signs of a clearance. Then it was that I noticed, hard by, the very same cab, drawn by a flea-bitten light-gray horse, that had been stationed close by my club door. By the dim light of the street lamp, I could see that the horse was in a lather of foam, and had evidently been forced along at a great pace. The windows of the cab were close shut, hot and stifling as was the atmosphere of the reeking and crowded quarter of London. But just as I had conjectured that probably the occupants of the cab, like myself, were eager to catch some train, the lock of carriages broke up, and I was borne quickly to the terminus.

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