

(From the Catholic World)

## HEREMORE-BRANDON:

OR,

## THE FORTUNES OF A NEWSBOY.

"How'er it be, it seems to me  
 'Tis only noble to be good;  
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
 And simple faith than Norman blood."

## CHAPTER I.

Four little boys; two of them had soft, fair hair, and were dressed in the finest cloth; the other two had very bushy heads, and were dressed in whatever they could get. It was early Christmas morning, and the two rich boys were sitting by the window of a handsome brown stone house, and they had each a stocking plump full of dainties; the two poor boys were calling the morning papers on the stone-cold sidewalk, and if they had any stockings at all, you may be very sure they were full of holes.

"An't he funny?" remarked the smaller of the two in the house, looking at the larger of the two in the street; "an't he too funny?" And between the laughing and eating little Fred came near choking himself. "See his old coat, Josie, it trails like Aunt Ellie's blue dress! And such a queer old hat; don't it make you laugh, Josie?"

"I have seen so many of 'em," explained Josie. "What are you laughing at, Fred?" asked their sister Mary, coming up to them.

"Those newsboys," he answered, and imitating their "Times," "Erad," "Tribune!" Here's the "Erad," "Times," "Tribune!" so perfectly that their father thought it was a real newsboy calling, and cried out to them from another room to "hurry up and bring a Herald!" at which command the children rushed eagerly into the hall, and tugged with their united strength to open the doors, each anxious to be the first to speak to the odd-looking newsboys, and also to be the fortunate one to take the paper to their father. In the meantime, the two newsboys had not been unmindful of the faces behind the plated window.

"I say Jim," said the big boy, who was about twelve or thirteen years old, "did you ever see the beat of that young'un there? Don't choke yourself, youngster, fear you'd cheat a friend from doing that same when you're grown up. Erad's the 'Erad,' Tribune, Times!—George! Jim, I wish to thunder there'd some new papers come up. An't yer tired allers a hollerin' out them same old tunes?—Times! 'Erad! Tribune!—How d'ye s'pose a feller'd feel to wage up some of these yere mornin's in one of them big houses?"

"Heard tell of stranger things 'n that, Dick," replied Jim, who read the weekly papers. "Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, 'as the cat said! Turned out true, too."

"You'd better get a cat, Jim, you're such a stunnin' feller; shouldn't wonder if you'd turn out alderman some of these days!" At which, for no apparent reason, Dick laughed until every rag was fluttering.

"They want a paper; better 'tend to yer business," answered Jim, at which the other newsboy instantly grew grave, and shuffling his old shoes across the street, mounted the steps where the children were waiting and calling for him.

"I want a New York Herald," said Fred very grandly.

"Hant' got no 'Erad!' answered the newsboy. Fred rushed into the house saying, "His Herald's all gone."

"Tribune," then, and don't keep the door open," instructed the rough voice from some invisible spot. Mary shut the door all but a little crack. "Papa wanted a Herald," she said; "you ought to have one when my papa wants it."

"Thought I had, but couldn't help it; 'Erad! got a great speech to-day, and I've sold 'em all."

"Do you sell papers every day?" Mary asked. The bushy head made a sort of bow, as the poor newsboy looked at the fair haired little girl on the stoop, who condescended to question him.

"Yes, miss," he answered, "since ever I wasn't bigger'n a grasshopper."

"An't he funny?" said Fred.

"Don't you get tired?" asked Mary.

"Well, I can't say I doesn't, 'specially some-times."

"An't you glad it's Christmas," Josie asked, as questions seemed the fashion.

"I kinder am," replied the newsboy.

"Did you have many presents?" questioned Mary.

"Me? Bless you, who'd give 'em to me, miss?"

"Didn't you hang up your stocking last night?" Fred asked.

The newsboy seemed much amused at the question; for it was plain that he could hardly keep from laughing right out.

"Well, no, I didn't," he answered. "Don't think that things would stick in one long, if I did."

"Do you put your money in a savings bank? By and by you'd have enough to build a house may be, if you were careful," said Josie.

"Jim and me likes takin' it out in eatin' best," answered Dick.

"Why don't you bring me that paper," cried their father's voice. And the two boys ran hastily into the house.

"You may have my candy," said Mary in a state-ly way. "I can have plenty more." And she put her store of dainty French candy into the boy's hand, and while he was still looking at her in amazement, followed her brothers into the house and shut the door.

"Just you pinch me, Jim," Dick said, joining his companion. "Drive in hearty, now. An't I asleep?"

"Well, I dunno; what yer got there?"

"She give it to me."

"Who's that?"

"Her on the steps; didn't you see her?"

"You tell that to the marines! Guess you took it."

"No, I didn't," Dick said indignantly. "I never took nothin' as warn't mine yet."

"Let's have a look," said Jim, reaching out his hand for the package; but Dick would not let him touch it. "I'm going to keep it always to remember her," he said.

"Guess you want ter eat it yerself," Jim said. "I wouldn't be so mean."

"An't generally called mean," Dick answered with great dignity.

"Don't you wonder, Jim," said Dick, as they made friends and passed on—"don't it seem curious how some folks is rich and purty like them there, and others is poor and ugly like me and you Jim?"

"George! speak for yerself, if yer like. Guess I'd pass in a crowd, if I'd the fine fixin's!"

"S'posin' me and you had dandified coats and yellow gloves, and the fixin's to match, s'pose anybody'd know we was newsboys?" Dick asked thoughtfully.

"I rath'er think," said Jim, "we'd be a deal sight handsomer'n some of them chaps as has 'em now."

"Let's save our money and try it, Jim."

"Nuff said," answered Jim, laughing. And the newsboys in their queer garments, and with their light hearts, passed out of sight of Mr. Brandon's brown stone house and fair-haired children.

But not out of all remembrance. The children had a party that Christmas afternoon; and when they were tired of romping, nda were seated around the room the girls playing with their dolls; the Catholic ones telling the others in low voices about the

flowers and lights, and the wonderful manger they had seen at Mass that morning; and the boys eagerly listening to stories of far away lands, which one of the older people was telling, little Mary knelt in an arm chair, and gazed out of the window at the people hurrying through the driving rain and snow, and all the street-lamps glaring through the wet and cold. Her kind little heart had been very light, and a strange joyousness had surrounded her all day, makin' her more gentle than ever, so that she had not spoken one hasty word, or once hesitated to take the lowest part in any of the plays. Though she did not know it the little infant Jesus had smiled on her that morning when she was kind to the poor, homeless newsboy; and now she understood—for charity had enlarged her mind—more distinctly than she had ever had before, that there were many cold and desolate children for whom there were no earthly glad tidings that day, yet who were as much God's own as the little ones grouped around her father's pleasant parlors. Then just as she did the best she could, and prayed in her heart for the children of the poor, she thought she saw the newsboy to whom she had spoken in the morning standing close to the railing by the window; but before she could be sure of it the servant lighted the gas; she heard the children calling her for a new game, and she ran lightly away. But there was one crouched in the cold outside, who wondered at the sudden light and glow within; and as the bewildered newsboy saw her dancing past the lighted windows, it seemed to him that it was not so far, after all, to the heaven and the angels of whom he had heard; for the "glad tidings" had come to Dick, even Dick, and they woke up the good, the will to do right, which is in every heart, and which did not sleep again in him even when the little, uncared-for, outcast head rested on the stone steps that Christmas night.

## CHAPTER II.

Very little idea had poor Dick of right or wrong. No fond mother took him to her heart when he was a toddling wee one, just big enough to half understand, and between her kisses told him of angels and saints, of heroes and martyrs, and of that Queen Mother up in heaven, dearer than them all, who never forgot those who once had loved her, and of the beautiful world with its flowers and fruits, its great rivers and high mountains, its delicious green and its glorious blue, which a good Father had given to men for their enjoyment. No loving sister, with bright eyes and tender voice, tossed him in her strong young arms, and sang to him how knights and warriors, the great and good of earth, and loved of heaven, had all been children once like him, only never half so sweet and dear.

No noble father, true in the midst of trials, ever watched with anxious care that those little feet should walk only in the straight and narrow path. So it was a hard thing for poor Dick, when he rubbed his brown hands through his bushy, uncombed hair the next morning, and pushed the worn old hat over his still sleepy eyes, to know just what to do to find the temple of Fortune.

At times, though, he had followed the crowd of noisy boys and girls whom you may find around the door of any Catholic church at about nine o'clock on Sunday morning, and had listened with a critical air and slightly supercilious, from some dark corner near the door to the talking and the prayers which he did not wholly understand, but portions of which he did once or twice take into his "inner consciousness," and fully approve. In some way he then seemed to feel that which made him less rough in all his answers, readier in all his responses to the call for papers, not always gently called for; and, though he knew not why, there were fewer wicked words on his lips that day than for many a day before.

It happened that he kept his eyes open and grew thoughtful, and did not forget his wish to be better; so that, from being a newsboy he became an errand-boy in a book store, where he learned to be honest and to tell the truth, which was a rapid advance in his education; for you know that it is more than some people have learned who have lived to be six times Dick's age. Sometime a little lady came to that very store to choose her picture-books and Christmas stories, and it was his place to open the door for her; or, perhaps some one would call out, "Dick, a chair for this lady," and then he was as happy as a prince. Sometimes he would be sent home with her purchases, and mount the steps, entered her father's house, and always felt "good" again; for always the same picture of the little girl in blue, with fair hair and her hands full of dainty French candy, and a ragged newsboy, dirty and amazed, would be there before him.

Christmas had come and gone more than once, and it was coming again, when Dick turned up the gas in a mere closet of a room, very high up in a dingy boarding-house, and made a ghost of a fire in an old rusty stove. It wouldn't seem to us a very enlivening prospect, for the room was but slightly furnished, and the stove smoked, while the wind beat at the not over clean windows, on which there were no curtains to shut out the dark and cold. But Dick seemed to think it something very luxurious, for he rubbed his hands before the blue apology for a flame, and sat down on the broken wooden stool with as much zest as that with which I have seen grand people sink into a great arm-chair after a walk.

"Christmas eve again," he said to the fire, for it was his only companion. "Let me look at you, Mr. Coals, and see what pictures you have for me to-night. How many nights, worse nights than this, I have been glad to crouch under an old shed, or in some alley, and now to think, thanks to the good God, I have a fire of my own! Poor little bare feet on the icy pavement to-night, I wish I had you round my jolly old stove. When I am rich, I will! Then he laughed at the idea. "But I won't wait until I am rich, or I would never deserve to have the chance."

"How are you, Dick?" said a cheery voice, though deep and rough, at the door. And a man came into the room, which either his figure, or his coat, or his voice, or the flute under his arm, seemed to fill to such an extent that the very corners were crowded.

"How are you, Dick? It's blowing a hurricane outside, and you're as cold as Greenland here. It may do for you, but not for me; old blood is thin, my boy, old blood is thin." At which Dick laughed heartily, while putting more coal on the fire; for Carl Stoffs was in the prime of life, hale and hearty, weighing at least two hundred pounds, I am sure, and with a round face, very red, but also very solemn, for Carl Stoffs was a German, every inch of him. The stove grew very red also under his vigorous hands, but whether from anger or by reflection, I will not attempt to say. "And now," he said, seating himself on the wooden chair, Dick having given it up to his guest, while he occupied a box instead—"and now, how are you, boy? Ready for merry Christmas, eh? You'll come to us to-morrow, so says my wife. In America, you all do mind your wives; mine tells me to bring you."

"Then I must, I know," Dick said, looking at the other, who was near three times his size. "I would have a poor chance in opposing you." But Carl Stoffs knew well how gratefully the friendly boy accepted the thoughtful invitation.

"Now, shall we have music?" he said as he drew out his flute, and without waiting an answer, put it to his mouth, and brought forth such rich, full tones from the instrument, that Dick, as he stood at the now bright fire, seemed in a laud of enchantment.

"You are the only man from the Queen of England down, whom I really envy," said Dick, in one

of the pauses. "You can have music whenever you wish it; I am only a beggar, grateful for every note thrown in my way. Were you out, last night?"

"Yes, all night in Fourteenth street at the rich Braddons. Madame is very gay, this winter." "I wish I were a musician," said Dick. "It must be jolly to see all the dancing and the bright dresses!"

"And the pretty ladies, eh? who don't mind you no more than if you were a stick or a stone. Indeed my boy, you'd soon get tired of it; it seems so grand at first, the beautiful picture all in motion; but your eyes—they ache after a little. Too much light, my boy, too much light." And the musician went long journeys up and down his wonderful flute before he spoke again. "The'll go mad over some fool at the piano; but you play until your own music makes you wild, and never one thinks or cares about you. Last night, I played only for one. She was always dancing, and she seemed to go on the wings of the music just as it said to her go. I was not tired last night."

Awaiting no answer, he turned again to his flute, and all through the dingy, crowded house, rang a joyous "Gloria in Excelsis." Rough captives of labor heard it and answered to it, knowing well the glad tidings, the most glorious ever sung. The old sinners heard it, and thought of the strange days when they were young and innocent.

"Finis," cried the German, raising slowly, and putting on his shaggy overcoat. "I promised my wife that I would be at home at nine, and as do all the people here, I mind my wife; but it is one inconvenient thing. You will come to us after Mass to-morrow?"

"You are too good to me. When I am rich, perhaps I shall know how to thank you."

"You should think yourself rich now. You are young; there is no riches like that."

"I wish I were older, though," sighed Dick.

"Never say that, never, never. The poorest youth is better than the richest age," said the German, earnestly. I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Stoffs had just found his first gray hair, and was speaking under its influence. At all events, he did not convince Dick, who said, with equal earnestness and more quickness:

"I must say it; every day seems too long, every hour goes too slowly, until I can get at my life's work. This waiting for it kills me."

"My friend, do you call this waiting?" laughed the German. "Was it waiting and doing nothing that changed you from—"

"But think," interrupted Dick, "of what ought to have been. Some day—some day I will get my hand to the plough, you'll see! At least, a little ashamed of the seeming conceit, 'I hope you will.'"

"And what makes you say that?"

"I think it's born in us all to like to be active—to be doing something. Indeed, it's about the only legacy my poor parents left me. It may be, for I know nothing of them, that they were just the same as other people, out of whom bitter poverty has taken all pride and ambition; but I can't think it, somehow."

"Do you really know nothing of them?"

"Nothing. I have a little sealed box, with an injunction on the outside of it that I am not to open it until I am of age. I don't know where I first got it, or from whom it came. It may be some trick to tease me for years, and to disappoint me at last, for all I know; and still I have always kept it, for it is all I have. And I think it came from them."

"It may tell you something wonderful," said his visitor, laughing. For it was easy for him to understand that some young mother, who even in her poverty had found the means of reading and believing stories of princes in disguise, and countesses in cellars, disowned and disinherited, all for true love's sake, had made a mystery of leaving a lock of her hair, and perhaps a cheap wedding ring, to her boy; and he could not forbear a little ridicule of the folly. "It may tell you something wonderful. If it gives you possession of half of New York, don't forget your friends, will you Dick?" And then, buttoned up to his chin, and with his cap covering half his face, and looking just like Santa Claus, Carl Stoffs bundled his cherished flute under his arm, and obediently went home to his wife.

Dick lingered a moment, after he left, before closing the door. The room was not wholly his own; but his companion had a father and a mother in New Jersey, and he had gone home to them, with something in his pockets for the children's Christmas; so for that night Dick was in undisputed possession. The passages were dark and cold; the snow had got through some of the broken windows, and lay in several little hills on the entry floor; the sash rattled and Dick shivered, as he stood irresolute at the door of his room. But the irresolution did not last long. He bundled up as well as his scanty wardrobe permitted, closed the door firmly behind him, and went down the creaking, broken stairs, and through the dreary passages, where he could see the snow huddling up to the dark window-panes, as if it were a white bird trying to get in and beating its wings against the dirty glass. Dick had not far to walk after leaving the house before he found that which he had come out to find—somebody without a shelter from the storm. And I should not wonder if any night, however bitter and cold, that you or I should take a notion to go out on the same errand, we should not have to go far for equal success, and that even if we started from the most delightful dwelling in all New York.

Under the remains of some broken steps, or more truly by the side of them, for they were too broken to shelter a kitten, two dark figures were lying close together. In one of the pauses of the storm, when the street lamp had a chance to shine a little, Dick could see that the figures were those of two boys asleep. He did not wait long to rouse them. One woke up at once, cross, and, if I must tell the truth, with some very wicked words on his lips.

"Get up, and come with me," said Dick.

"What yer want long 'o me? I an't doing nothin'," he muttered.

"I know that; but I will give you a better place to sleep in. Come."

"Bad words again. 'I an't done nothin' to you. Let me 'lone."

"I want you to come home with me. Did you ever hear of a newsboy called Big Dick? That's me."

"I an't afeard o' nothin'. Here goes!" And the poor little fellow, still believing the other was "chaffing," got on his feet. "Do you want 'tother? He an't worth nothin', but he'll keep dark."

"Yes, both of you. Hurry him up; it is a terrible night."

"Come along, Joe. Where's your spunk? I an't afeard o' nothin'."

"There's nothin' to be afeard of," said Dick, as gently as the roaring storm would let him.

"Don't talk now, but come on. I'll take you to a room with a fire in it," added Dick, in spite of himself feeling that he was *bon prince* to the little newsboys.

"Come on, Joe," urged the other, dragging and pushing the little newsboy, who was hardly more than a baby, but who seemed to whimper, sleepy and frightened, as no doubt he was, until, as quietly as the old stairs would permit, and almost holding their breath, they followed Dick to his room.

"An't this bully, now?" said Jack, in an undertone, when he stood before the fire in the lighted room, and Joe, with round, staring eyes, but not a

word of complaint or fear, had been put on the wooden chair. "I say, now, Joe an't much, but he'll never blab; but I've all right. What yer want to do now, sir?"

"To get warm," answered Dick. "I was once a newsboy, and slept under stoops and sheds, like the rest of them; but now I've got a fire of my own and I wanted company; so I went out and got you and Joe, and now make yourselves at home for to-night. Here's some crackers and cheese, and when you've had something to eat you can go to sleep here."

"It's better than out there, isn't it?"

The newsboy stared at Dick, and grunted something which sounded very much as if he did not believe a word that his host had said. The other sat silent, stolid, and seemingly ready to hear anything. He ate his share of the crackers and cheese greedily, but with a watchful eye on the giver. The warmth, however, soon proved too much for his vigilance, and though his eyes were still fixed on Dick's face, they were heavy and expressionless. At last, Dick took him up, undressed him, and laid him in his bed in the corner; and then, for the first time, Joe's tongue was loosened. "There, now," he said, as he lay exactly as Dick had placed him, "I am dead and gone at last. 'Twasn't no lie about 'tother world; they wasn't a foolin' on us, after all. Here an't no more 'Heralds' and 'Tribunes.' I am dead and gone at last!" And so rejoicing, Joe's eyes closed securely, and it is likely he dreamt of angels, if he dreamt at all, until morning came.

"He an't much," said Jack, whom this act of Dick's together with the fire and the food, had made less incredulous and more confidential. "He's a soft'un; he an't got the right pluck. He'll never be nobody."

"Is he your brother?" asked Dick.

"Do yer think I'd have him for my brother? He's a youngster, come from nobody don't know where. He was fetchin' up in my quarters last winter, and didn't know his name nor nothin'; so we gives him a start, us fellars, and he's stuck on to me ever since."

Then Dick asked more about his new friend's life, and told him a little of his own, and a story or two that he thought suited to his understanding; and, having won the child to believe a little in his good intentions, had the satisfaction of seeing him at his ease, and willing to sleep with Joe in the corner.

When this was accomplished, Dick put out the fire and the light, and lay down on the floor to sleep soundly and well, until the jolly bells from the great city churches should wake himself and his guests to the glad tidings that Christmas had come again.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

## THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR AT CANOSSA.

In the exceptionally severe winter of 1076-7, on a piercingly cold day of January, a man, clad in a penitential garb, humbly knocked at the gate of the citadel of Canossa, begging permission to enter. Here the great Pope Hildebrand, St. Gregory VII., had sought shelter from the violence of his enemies with his friend, Matilda, Marchioness of Tuscany. It was the most powerful, most unprincipled, and most treacherous of these enemies that now thus humbly sought an audience of the Pope, whom he had not long before braved, defied and threatened to depose. Even on this occasion it was only the necessity created by circumstances that forced the licentious and tyrannical Henry IV. of Germany to lay aside the insignia of royalty for the garb of the penitent. Since his excommunication the year had well-nigh elapsed which would see the end of his legal power, and confer upon his oppressed subjects the privilege of choosing another ruler. Gregory perfectly understood the man with whom he had to deal, and therefore refused to see the monarch before he had given an earnest of the sincerity of his repentance. Having been admitted to the courtyard of the castle, the haughty Henry remained bare-footed and bare-headed in the snow all day, subjecting himself to the same severe discipline on the two following days. Impatient of delay, and despairing of success, though with tears in his eyes, he begged for the removal of the sentence which weighed more heavily upon his temporal interests than upon his conscience, he was about to retire when he entered the neighbouring chapel of St. Nicholas to pray. There he found Matilda, and prevailed upon her to intercede for him. The well-grounded reluctance of the Pontiff finally yielded to persuasion, and on January 25th Henry was admitted to an audience. He was absolved on condition that he should appear before the proposed assembly which was to be presided over by the Pope, where an opportunity would be given him to reply to the charges of his opponents. It was also stipulated that this court should have the power of deciding as to his right to the royal authority, and that in the meantime he should observe no state, retain no mark of dignity, nor exercise any acts of regal power. The violation of any of these conditions would subject him anew to all former ecclesiastical penalties. The proposed assembly was never convened, but the event showed only too clearly how well founded were Gregory's fears and suspicions. Henry left Canossa only to violate every engagement he had made as soon as he could muster strength enough among the discontented princes and simoniacal bishops to whom the great Pontiff was odious. The struggle between the Papacy and the Empire was continued long after these two opponents had both died in exile; the licentious emperor in absolute misery at Liege, an outcast from society and from his own family; the great and good Pope at Salerno, as the guest of his friend and ally, Robert Guiscard, with these memorable words on his dying lips: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile."

It is the encroachment of the temporal on the spiritual power, and not that of the latter on the former, that has always brought about a collision between the two. No man understood the character of the young Henry IV. better than did Cardinal Hildebrand. When the former monk of Cluny and faithful adviser of so many Popes was raised to the dignity of the Pontificate, he wrote to the young monarch, warning him to desist from his evil ways, for that his vices and tyranny would find in him a stern and relentless foe. By his very office he was the guardian of the public morals, the censor of kings as well as of the people, and that he would perform the duty reposed in him by the constitution itself, of preserving the liberties of the latter against the tyranny of the former. The faithful performance of this duty brought him into a struggle which ended for him only with his latest breath, and which he bequeathed as a precious heritage to his successors. The perfidious Henry also left an heir in the stronghold of Mount Staufer, who bequeathed to his family a hatred against the Church and her Pontiffs, whose fire was quenched only in the life-blood of the last member of the House of Hohenstaufen in the middle of the thirteenth century. No trace is left of these two families of German tyrants, unless the memory of their evil deeds. The victory remained with the Supreme Pontiffs, the successors of St. Peter, who have ever been the jealous and consistent defenders, not only of their own prerogatives, but also of the rights and liberties of the people.

The greatest and most disinterested guardians and apostles of popular liberty have been the very Pontiffs of the Middle Ages, who are so unsparingly maligned and misrepresented by Protestant writers. It is precisely such men as Gregory VII., Innocent III., and Boniface VIII., that are most vehemently

attacked. The men against whom these Pontiffs maintained so long, so fierce, and sometimes so unequal a struggle, were some of the greatest tyrants whom the Christian world has ever seen. The Franco-German emperors bequeathed all their evil qualities to their kinsmen of the House of Hohenstaufen, until human wickedness and depravity were personified in Frederick II. Yet Protestants are never tired of lavishing encomiums on the tyrants and loading their opponents with injury and calumny. Whatever shred of liberty has been preserved to the world owes its preservation to those very Popes who are most maligned. These writers seem to be entirely regardless of the glaring inconsistency in their conduct. They cry out against the corruption of the Middle Ages, and in the same breath attack the very men who were then in existence and defended by the kings and emperors who drew upon themselves the hostility of the Supreme Pontiffs and the censures of the Church. As without Christianity there would have been no civilization for the northern hordes that buried the Roman empire in its own dust, so without the Popes of the Middle Ages there would have been another invasion of that terrible corruption which was gnawing the very vitals not only out of the Roman empire but of society itself, when Christianity dawned upon the world to save humanity from perishing. But the world is most ungrateful to its greatest men and humanity to its best benefactors.

Germany should have been the last State in Europe to question the authority of the Popes, for to them it owed its national existence as truly as it owed its civilization to Christianity. The people were indebted to both for whatever mental culture they possessed. "Rome," says the historian Alzog, "was at a very early day the centre and source of all religious and political life. When the various German tribes separated from each other and nearly every municipality manifested an inclination to break with every other State and municipality and set up independently for themselves, the Popes, and they alone, started the idea of Catholic unity, organized this heterogeneous mass of peoples into one great Christian confederation, capable of undertaking and successfully prosecuting vast and momentous enterprises. The practical development of this idea was greatly facilitated by the alliance between the Church and the empire—between the Church of Christ and a thoroughly Christian empire. So necessary and vital was this alliance, and so extensive its operation, that all Christian countries were affected by it, and this progress or decline depended upon either the union or alienation of the two powers." But with power came corruption in this Christian State. The emperor who should have been the protector of the Church became its persecutor, by turning the authority thus reposed in him to the furtherance of his own temporal ends and by assuming a power which did not belong to him. He tried to corrupt the Church which had rescued him from barbarism the people over whom he ruled and whom that Church was doing every thing to save from the corruption into which his power and his example would drag them. The Protestant historians to whom we have alluded are never tired of talking about the stony and incontinuity of the clergy, and cannot find language strong enough to extol the princes who would sell ecclesiastical rights or benefices to the highest bidder, and use them to reward their own creatures; who would force upon the Church an unchaste and dissolute clergy, and assume, without any title of right, the office of administering ecclesiastical affairs, thus paralyzing the Church's normal action and interfering with her legitimate influence. Such unwarrantable pretensions were personified in the man whose hypocrisy gave him sufficient power of endurance to stand three whole days bare-headed and bare-footed in the snow in the court-yard of the castle of Canossa in order to obtain the removal of a censure which he was determined to incur anew as soon as the gates of that castle again separated him from the Pontiff before whom he had perjured himself to conceal his villany. The contest which Gregory VII. maintained against the powerful Henry was waged through motives of duty, a duty forced upon him by the peculiar circumstances of his position, and as such crowned by triumph in the end, though not until long after he had gone to his reward. His first public act after his nomination to the highest position in the Church militant was to acquiesce in the young Henry with the true nature of the relations between Pope and emperor, and what the latter might expect from the former if he turned one step aside from his path of duty, or dared to assume an office which did not belong to his position. For the Pope is the censor of the morals of kings as well as those of the people. With him there is no distinction of persons in this matter. He will be called upon to give an account to God of the conduct of an emperor as well as of the most obscure in the humblest walks of life. What the Middle Ages would have been without the Popes it is very hard to tell. "They not only welcomed and sought," says the historian whom we have already quoted, "to give practical expression to every noble thought and generous aspiration of their age, but as a rule, had the marvellous good fortune to see their efforts crowned with complete success. The term of years during which the Popes exercised a direct influence upon society constitutes a grand epoch, filled with events that will ever retain their hold on the memory of man." The interview at Canossa is one of those events, as is also every act of the Pontificate of the great St. Gregory VII.—*Brooklyn Catholic Review*.

## A FACT WORTH PUBLISHING.

In a book published in Dublin in 1876, on the Irish Famine of 1847, is given the following extract from a letter to the author (Rev. John O'Rourke, P.P., M.R.I.A.) from McCarthy Downing, Esq., M.P., dated "Prospect House, Co. Cork, August 31st, 1874":—

"Many subscriptions were sent to the Committee in consequence. One subscription of £1,000 came from another anonymous donor, and for years the Committee knew not who these generous and really charitable parties were; but I had always a suspicion that the giver of the £1,000 was Lord Dufferin. The grounds of my suspicion were, that during the height of the suffering of the people I heard that two noblemen had been in the neighborhood, visiting some of the localities. One was Lord Dufferin, then a very young man, who alluded subsequently in feeling terms to the wretchedness and suffering which he had witnessed; the other I heard was Lord John Manners. During the passing of the Land Bill through the House of Commons, in the year 1870, I proposed several amendments, in consequence of which I received a letter from Lord Dufferin, asking for an interview, which subsequently took place at his house, and lasted more than three hours. When about to leave, I said I had a