

(From the Catholic World.)

NELLIE NETTERVILLE;

ONE OF THE TRANSPARENT

CHAPTER I.

Nellie ran back to the house which he had been unable to find with him; but overtaking him in an open place, she gave him her arm, led him to the spot from whence she had just been taking her bird's-eye view of the country, and, pointing to the fortalice in process of erection, watched anxiously to discover what sort of impression it would make on his mind. But either he did not observe it, or did not take in the peculiar significance of its presence in these wilds; and finding that he remained silent and apparently unmoved, she collected all her remaining energy to say cheerfully: "Look at that old gray tower to the right. If the man whom we met this morning among the hills speaks truth, we have reached the end of our weary journey, and yonder is our future home. It is not like our own dear Netterville, indeed, and yet it seems a goodly mansion. So goodly, in fact, that I almost wonder they should have dealt thus kindly by us; for I know that many of the first of the 'transparents' have had their lots assigned them in places where there was not even the hut of a peasant to shelter them from the weather."

"That, child! talk not to me of houses," the old man answered querulously, too much occupied with the actual disadvantages of his position to catch the hidden drift of Nellie's observation. "What boots a goodly mansion, if starvation be at its portal! And what, I pray you, but starvation are they condemned to, who have been sent to make themselves a home among these barren mountains?"

"Nellie suffered her eyes to roam once more over the bright waters of the bay, and then, with a quick sense of beauty kindling up in her soul, she turned them hopefully upon Lord Netterville. "Nay, dear grandfather, it is, after all, a country fair and pleasant to the eye, and once my dear mother rejoins us with the cows and 'garrans,' there can be no lack of plenty, even in these wilds."

"Cows and garrans! And where are we to feed them, girl? Do you expect to find the pleasant grazing-lands of Meath on the tops of these barren hills? or are we to fatten our flocks on the sea-drift, which, I have heard say, the natives of these wilds are in the habit of gathering on the shore and boiling down into food, not for their cattle, (they have none, poor wretches!) but themselves?"

"Some of these hills certainly look black and bare enough, but still I doubt not that among their glens and hollow places we shall find many a good acre of green grass for the grazing of our cattle," the girl answered patiently, and with an evident determination to look, for the present at least, only on the bright side of the question. "And now, dear sir," she added gently, "had we not best move onward? for if yonder tower is really to be our home, the sooner we are there the better."

She glanced toward the castle as she spoke, and the old man saw that she started violently as she did so. She said not another word, however; but he fancied that her cheek grew a shade paler—if that were possible—than it had been before, as she continued to gaze silently in that direction.

"What is it, Nellie?" he cried at last, frightened by her strange looks and silence. "What do you see, child, that you look so white and scared?"

"See!" she answered slowly and reluctantly, "there seems to be a party of many people gathering in the court-yard; the house, therefore, must be inhabited already!"

"People in the court-yard!" cried the old man, now fairly aroused to that same fear which had been haunting Nellie for the last half-hour. "What people, Nellie? Tell me, child, if you can distinguish whether they seem to be natives or strangers to the place. Our fate, alas! may be dependent on that fact."

The girl walked forward, and shading her eyes with her hand from the blinding sunshine, looked again, and yet again, in the direction of the tower.

"Yes," she said at last; "I was not mistaken. There is a party in the court-yard, and some of them are even standing in the gate-way, as if they had but this instant stepped forth from the mansion. Surely, grandfather, we cannot have misunderstood or mistaken our instructions? There is no other building to be seen—even in the distance—and this one answers in all respects to the description. The man, too, from whom we inquired our way this morning, assured us that it was called 'The Rath'—the very name set down in our certificate. We cannot have been mistaken, and yet—and yet—if there be persons already in possession, their claim must needs be superior to our own."

She spoke hesitatingly, and in broken sentences, as if she were following out a train of thought in her own mind, rather than addressing her companion. He listened anxiously, and a cloud gathered on his brow as he gradually took in her meaning.

"It may be only some of the natives," he said at last, in a low voice. "The original owners, perhaps, of the tower, who have waited our arrival before giving up possession."

"Owners!" said Nellie quickly. "They told us at Loughrea that the owner had perished in the war, and that therefore, we should find it empty."

"They may have been mistaken, Nellie. They know little enough, I think, those high and mighty commissioners at Loughrea, of the land of which they are so liberally disposing; and still less, I doubt me, of its original possessors."

"And if they are mistaken, we shall take

the place of the rightful owners, and so deal out to others the very measure which our enemies have dealt to us. Grant, if we are guilty of this thing, we have a two-fold sin upon our souls—iniquity and our own."

"What have you, child, said?" he asked, for, truth to say, he had never-particular as to the words of the Englishman about the tower. "What would you have? Did you not know already that the acceptance of these lands, we were taking that which it was neither in the Cromwellians' right to give or in ours to receive? And what if an old tumble-down tower be thrown into the bargain? Trust me, Nellie, the better the better, for it is the author of it, that is, the author of such a match will hardly make a blinder or uglier than it is."

"I never thought of this before," said Nellie sadly; "I thought only that I was, so solemnly in my own misfortune—I thought only of tracts of land left barren for want of inhabitants to till them, and of houses emptied by the fate of war. I never dreamed of men and women and little children, turned out of their pleasant homes to make room for us—us who have a little right to their possessions as the English soldiers have to ours!"

"Nevertheless it has been done in almost every other case of transplantation which I have heard of," the old man answered restlessly. "And the iniquity—for it is an iniquity—is that you have driven us to such a position, not that you have been compelled in our own despite to do it."

But Nellie was far too noble, and too clear-sighted in her nobleness, to shelter her actions behind such a subterfuge, and she answered vehemently: "But it must not be in ours, sir—it must not be in ours! We will go down as once, and if the persons whom we see yonder be the rightful owners of that tower, we will merely crave rest and hospitality at their hands, until such a time as we have found a place, however humble, in which, without injury to honor or conscience, we can make ourselves a home."

"As you will, Nellie—as you will," he answered, too weary, perhaps, to be able longer to dispute the point. "But after all, we may be mistaken as to the ownership of these people. Look again, and tell me, if you can, whether they are old like Englishmen, or in the native weeds?"

"Not in the native weeds, I think, my father. Rather I should say, if it were not impossible, that the men whom I see down yonder belonged to the army of the oppressor. Ha! Now a lady is coming forth, and now they are mounting her, and a tall, stately personage in—yes—certainly in military attire, is mounting also, and takes his place at her side. Now half a dozen servants, I suppose, or friends, are on their horses likewise, and now they are moving forward. Father, they must come this way. There is none other that I can see by which horses can pass with safety. Let us wait for them behind the bank, and then, when they are near enough, we will accost them, and if they be of the conquering army, show them our certificate. They will, of course, bow to its authority, and help us to take possession of that house which the document assigns us. I am glad a woman is among them; it will make it easier, I think, to speak."

As Nellie ran on thus, she drew her grandfather with her behind a bank which dipped down suddenly upon the path, narrowing it until it was all but impassable to riders. There, with pale face and tightened breath, she nervously awaited the advent of the party upon whose favorable or unfavorable disposition toward them she felt her own fate and Lord Netterville's to be so painfully dependent.

(To be Continued.)

FACTIONS IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—This highly respectable and conservative ecclesiastical body, which, up to a late period seems to have escaped the dissolving and disintegrating effects of an aggressive Protestant radicalism, is now in the throes of discord, distraction, and schism. The Church of England herself is a mere compromise, and its formularies are made to bear opposite and most contradictory interpretations. Some of our respected and highly esteemed Episcopalian friends endeavor to explain away these differences, and state that in all essentials there is a perfect agreement, but the Protestant Churchman, of New York, the organ of a highly influential, but fanatical faction, asserts that there are vital questions which threaten the unity of their "Church," that those churchmen who boast of the "blessed calm and equipoise are mistaken. It says: The "blessed calm" spoken of is but a dream—"the baseless fabric of a vision." There is a conflict in the Church, and it is irrepressible. There is a doctrinal divergence which it is impossible to conceal, a radical issue on which there can be no agreement. If there be an "equipoise," in any sense whatever, it is by virtue of either the superior numbers of the high Church party, who in some dioceses have their own way in matters doctrinal and ecclesiastical; but we question the statement that our Church is in equilibrium anywhere within the jurisdiction of the General Convention.

PROGRESS OF EVANGELISM.—The Rev. Albert Barnes—known for his "Commentaries on the Bible"—made the following statement in an appeal for funds to circulate tracts: Statistics show that the Orthodox Churches in the United States have not made an average net gain of one member and a half for the last eight years. This is not calculated to make the usual sensation at the May anniversaries. Something spiky must be invented.

He that sips at many augs, drinks of none.

MAY ANNIVERSARIES.—The legions of sects in the United States meet in New York and Boston, there to deliver themselves of a load of vituperation against the Catholics, and stand upon their own behalf as missionaries of benevolence and Christianity at home, and to foreign lands. All this heterogeneous mass occupy themselves during the day in vilifying one another; but at the "universaries" they are united in interdenominational civilities and self-laudation, and in expressing unchanging hatred of "Romish idolatry." The Northern and Southern "evangelists" here meet on common ground of hatred. Every epithet which Billingsgate affords they hurl at one another the while of the year, but on these occasions they are all "brethren in the Lord." Within a not very long period two Rev. editors of opposing religious factions in the Methodist church of this city, hurled the most damaging charges against each other—one *Advocate* assailing the other *Advocate* with imputations which would damage the reputations of the inmates of Noble's institute on Lafayette street. But let Catholics, their schools, and religious institutions be on the tapis, and presto—here is neutral ground—and the most endearing, fraternal epithets are used in uniting them in their labor of love.

A correspondent of the *Mobile Times*, in his letter of the 4th inst., furnishes us with the following pertinent paragraph: The anniversary is the safety valve of Puritanism. It gives the man with long hair an opportunity to let off his spleen against the Catholics, the rebels, and the Jews, and thus frees him from the danger of exploding. What horrible things the Catholics will hear of themselves this week! How the rebels will be execrated! How the sabbie man and brother will be extolled! And how the Jew will be "small, orated!" The Catholic will learn that his religion is the sum of all villainies, though he won't believe a word of it; the rebel will be told that he ought to have been hanged long ago; the son of Africa will hear that the colored people fought nobly; and, possibly, our Hebrew fellow-citizens will be informed that a few of their faith have been converted at a cost of thirty thousand dollars a head. This is a high price, but, if I remember aright, it was the cost of each of the two Jews whose conversion was reported last year. The Women's Rights Society, the Anti-Slavery Society, all the Bible societies, and a vast number of miscellaneous societies will be in full blast from this Monday morning until next Saturday night, and the newspapers will be full of reports, statistics, and high-pressure speeches. But New York can stand it all. It stood Butler longer than that, and after Butler it can stand anything.

Probably it was with a view to paving a way for the anniversaries to make an attack on the Catholics that the *Tribune* and the Union League opened their guns on this sect last week. The tax levy for the year contains appropriations amounting to about \$56,000 for some twenty Catholic schools in this city, and this is denounced by the *Tribune* and the League as a scheme to rob the tax payers for the benefit of the "Romish Church"—which "Romish Church," by the way, is said to be growing entirely too fast in this country. The editor of the *Tribune* and the "narrow-minded blockheads" of the Union League may quarrel on the question of bailing Mr. Davis, but they are sure to pull together when Catholicism is to be dragged in the mire. The schools to which they grudge the appropriation proposed to be made, are conducted for the benefit of the children who attend them, and not for the advantage of the Radical party; hence, I suppose, the exhibition of spleen and prejudice by the *Tribune* and the League. The same levy contains appropriations to the amount of half a million, at least, for the benefit of non-Catholic bodies of various sorts, but these are not denounced as robberies of the tax-payers. In fact, they are not mentioned at all, for the very good reason that most of the money proposed to be given to them will be at the disposal of men whose loyalty to impeachment and reconstruction, instead of the Constitution, is not to be questioned. Somehow the Catholics, as a class, are generally found on the anti-Radical side of the ballot-box, and this may account for the hostility they meet at "trooly loil" hands.

HIGH CHURCH THEORY OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.—The Rev. Mr. Le Geyt, the Episcopal incumbent of St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, has lately been lecturing at Portsmouth on "The Church of England—What she is and what she is not." Among other things he states: That the reformation, however, was a very dangerous experiment, and was something like a surgical operation—a gigantic rent—which left the patient in a very weak and prostrate condition. The very fact that it enabled men to be influenced in their mode of worship by their own individual feelings was the very cause of schisms creeping into it, and the result was that the Church of England began to assume all forms of dissent. He seriously thought that there were some people who went so far as to think that there was no religion at all previous to the Reformation, and remarked that he entertained serious doubts as to whether there were not some in the Ritual Commission who were of the opinion that there was no religion in the world before the Reformation. The lecturer defended the doctrine of regeneration in baptism. Having also expressed his views at some length upon the actual presence of Christ in the observance of the Holy Communion, he proceeded to defend the power claimed by the priests of the Church Catholic for the absolution of sins.

THE FRENCH ASYLUM.—The public mind came to time startled by the reports of atrocities committed in the name of a public or private character. Of these cases have become more-frequent, and remedies have been anxiously sought. We have no doubt in our own mind where these can be found, and nowhere else—under the influence of religious, whose lives are devoted without worldly consideration to the end.

A writer in the *Mobile Times* has some of the results of his experience in examining insane houses on the Continent, a portion of which we append, as serving to throw light on the subject: At the revival of religion in France several of the newly-founded or restored religious orders, in their earnest search for fresh fields for their devoted charity, turned their attention to these neglected outcasts of humanity, and various asylums for their reception were established, especially in the north of France. The good thus done was immense; these poor lunatics being taken from the chains and cruelty which had too often been their lot at home, and placed in at least comparative comfort and freedom.

After several insane attempts to ameliorate the condition of the insane poor, the French Legislature passed an act in 1838, to encourage and assist the religious communities already in existence, to enlarge their establishments, by which each department was compelled to provide for its lunatics. So far as I know, only one religious order of men has undertaken the care of the insane. The "Brothers of St. John of God" do not confine themselves to this work; they have also in France reformatory and industrial schools, and hospices for the aged poor, and used formerly to have the care of several hospitals; but, on their return to France after the Revolution, in 1816, they found that the insane poor of Brittany were so terribly neglected, that they did not hesitate in devoting themselves to the improvement of their condition. There was a certain fitness in this, for St. John of God, as if to prepare him to be the founder of the order which bears his name, had experience in his own person the horrors of a medieval Spanish asylum, and had, among his works of charity, preceded our English and French physicians by three hundred years in endeavoring to govern lunatics by kindness, instead of cruelty. The first house opened by the "Brothers of Charity," as they called themselves, was at Dinan, in Brittany; but the present building was only begun in 1838, and has undergone repeated enlargements since that time, the new handsome church attached to the asylum being hardly yet completed. This gradual enlargement has unavoidably caused some confusion and irregularity in the arrangement of the different parts of the building, which is in every other respect one of the most perfect of the kind on the Continent—but it is the best proof of the well-merited success of the community in their labors. There are about six hundred patients at present in the asylum, of whom the majority are pauper lunatics—the male patients of the two departments of Morbihan and Cotes du Nord; the remainder being divided into several classes, according to the rank in life of the patient, and the amount of attendance required for him. There are about one hundred brothers in the community, all of whom are employed, more or less directly, in the care of the insane, and the amount of watchfulness exercised by them over their charge day and night cannot be exceeded in the best managed asylums. The day rooms and dormitories for all classes of patients are more cheerful than in most French institutions, having pictures, statuettes, and other ornaments in them, mostly of a religious character. All kinds of amusements are provided and encouraged, and I was glad to see many interested either in reading books and newspapers, or in playing cards, chess, draughts, billiards, and (of course, being Frenchmen) at dominoes. More serious occupation is found for those whom it may benefit; the admirable farm and park are to a great extent kept in order by the patients; while others act as clerks or accountants. Yet the religious complain that their efforts in this way are greatly hindered by the laziness and untidiness natural to the Bretons with whom they have to deal.

The Brothers of St. John of God have two other asylums in France; one at Lyons, of which I know very little, and one at Lille. This last is by no means so admirable or convenient a building as that at Dinan; but much more can be here done in the way of employing the inmates. Thus there is a theatre, a band of "orphonists," and of vocal performers, a kind of "estaminet," and even a fire-brigade, which has several times been of use in the town. It may be doubted whether this last mentioned occupation is one which might not be very injurious to lunatics; but of course the members of the fire-brigade are specially selected patients, and, at any rate, the religious assure me that they have never observed any evil results. All the other religious communities in France who undertake the care of the insane are communities of nuns. In some few of these asylums female patients only are received, (as at Saint Brieuc and Rennes); but in most of them there are also lay men-servants, who have the charge of the male patients, the nuns only visiting the infirmary, and having the general direction of the house. Of all these establishments, the largest, and in some respects perhaps the best, is the "Bon Sauveur," at Caen. The good work was begun here in 1820 by an ecclesiastic of the town, and has been usually prosperous. It now covers a very large space, near the glorious Norman church, built by William the Conqueror, in one of the most open suburbs of the town. The buildings are grouped, very irregularly, round a large open arcade or cloister, but are so completely disconnected that the "service" (for baths, meals, etc.) must be

unusually difficult. On the other hand, this plan has the advantage of making the establishment rather more cheerful. The house is extremely clean and well ventilated, and the patients (a good test for an asylum) quiet and orderly. The average number of patients is nine hundred, about half of whom are men. The majority are placed in this institution by the department, but private patients are also received, the charges varying from £24 to £200 a year. The patients are lodged in small, airy, comfortable rooms, situated about the cloister, and kept garden; this is one of the distinctive features of the asylum. The good point in the absence of bars or gratings at the windows in the modern part of the building. The epileptic patients are kept in a house apart (not an uncommon arrangement in France) of one story only, in order to prevent accidents. The community has also a school of about two hundred deaf and dumb children, and a middle school for some hundred girls, in the same inclosure, forming something more like a village or small town than a single institution. Although there are two hundred and fifty nuns and a large number of "gardiens," it is difficult to believe that sufficient unity of direction can exist under such conditions. The same order has also established three other asylums for the insane since its foundation in 1820, all of which are said to be very successful.

The superior of the *Dinan* asylum objected, with more plausibility, that certain excesses of the non-restraint system, which made some stir in England two years ago, were a "reductio ad absurdum" of the system itself; I regretted, extremely, for the credit of our English institutions, that he had heard of these occurrences, but could not allow the validity of his reasoning. Asylums managed entirely by religious seem to me to have the following advantages over those in public hands. In the first place, an energetic superior, being the master, can carry out any alterations and improvements which his experience may suggest, while in the government institutions the medical superintendent is often checked and thwarted in his efforts by the "Commission de Surveillance," the members of which have often no practical knowledge of the needs of the insane. Secondly, admirable as is the spirit animating the great French physicians of this class, whose devotedness has done so much to improve the condition of their afflicted fellow-creatures, there must always be in every public institution, especially if administered by the bureaucratic French, a certain subsiding stiffness, which is only rarely surmounted in a work managed by religious—the difference which must exist between even the ideally perfect workhouse, and a hospice of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

I attach special importance to the more flexible character of asylums administered by religious, because I am convinced that the present practice of keeping patients of every class, and of all degrees of madness, in public or private asylum, must sooner or later be considerably modified; and, if the "cottage" system, a sort of modified Gheel, be some day introduced into England, I am sure that it can be best worked by religious or those trained by them.

UNION AMONG BRETHREN.—It is a boast of Protestants that they are united on all essential particulars. If so, then their feuds are the more reprehensible; for it is scandalous to see "brethren" compelled to keep the peace even in their churches, by the strong arm of the police. A New York correspondent of the *Mobile Times* informs us that: Church rows seem to be on the increase hereabouts. The last occurred last night in the Church of the Redemption, in Fourteenth street, and had not the police been on hand to preserve order, there would probably have been a free fight. For some time past a feud has existed between the pastor, Rev. Mr. Scott, and a portion of the congregation, and last night it threatened to come to a climax. The malcontents don't want Mr. Scott in the church, and they threatened to use force to prevent him from preaching. He did preach, however, under protection of the police, to the great disgust and indignation of the parties opposed to him. Hardly a month passes without witnessing, in one church or another in New York or Brooklyn, such a scene as would disgrace a cabal of pot-house politicians. The police are often called in to keep the brethren from flying at one another's throats, and the courts are invoked to put one party down or lift another party up. It is a queer sort of Christianity that exhibits itself in fist-cuffs and bickerings, but as it is for the most part strictly "loyal," perhaps you or I have no business to say anything about it.

Speaking of churches, I am again reminded of the progress the Catholics are making in this city, and the rapid increase in the number of Catholic churches. Only the other day St. John's Chapel, an old, and at one time very fashionable edifice belonging to the Trinity corporation, was purchased by Archbishop McCloskey for the Catholics, and several new Catholic churches are either projected or being built. The number of Catholics in New York is estimated at half a million, and they increase at the rate of thirty thousand a year. They are, in the aggregate, very poor, as compared with the non-Catholics, but they give an enormous amount of money to their several churches during the year. They are now under obligation to raise \$100,000 a year for the new Cathedral until it is finished, and besides this they are continually giving tens and twenties of thousands for other purposes. The enlargement of St. Stephen's, the most fashionable Catholic Church in New York, cost over eighty thousand dollars, and the congregation is now called on for thirty thousand more to build a marble altar. Other Catholic congregations are called on every year to raise many thousands for one purpose or another, and though as I have said, they are as a class quite poor, the money is always forthcoming when it is wanted. And they never have a squabble in church, or call in the police to keep order while they say their prayers.