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ETHICS FOR YOUNG MEN.



**B**OOKS can preach sermons; so can running brooks, and stones; but the quintessence of wisdom, distilled from the experience of ages, is casketed in our proverbs. A proverb is always received with deep reverence, and carries more weight with it than half-a-dozen arguments. The proverb is believed implicitly, and therefore its applicability is never considered. "Don't let them insert the thin end of the wedge," said *The Times*, at the introduction of the Hierarchy; and immediately, 'the great unwashed' took up the cry: "We wont have the thin edge of the wedge inserted;" overlooking the fact, that no insertion of any wedge, real or imaginary, was ever contemplated. The major part of their syllogism was passable enough, (so far went the proverb) but the minor wont bear analysis at all. Occasionally, however, many captious people question the correctness even of proverbs; and thus it happens, that more than once, we have heard the old saying, "*Honesty is the best policy*," attacked and denounced, because, as it is said, it advocates the doing of right upon an unworthy principle. For no doubt, mere expediency is, to say the least of it, a very despicable motive of action. But while we quite allow this, we entirely dissent from going the whole length of condemning all arguments that appeal to one's interest. For this would be equivalent to saying that, in persuading to a good action, or advocating a right principle, you must always insist on the highest motive, or none. And then, to follow these premises to their legitimate and only conclusion, every

casuist must become a theologian, every essayist a preacher, and every argument, a sermon. But this would be quite at variance with our established and received usages. There are suitable and recognized persons, times, and places for sermons; and for any one, beyond these, to begin to insist on supernatural motives, and to quote the Gospels or St. Paul at every hand's turn, it would be simply impertinence and ultra-crepidism. Listeners and readers look for texts in church, and for common sense out of doors.

We mention this now, because we purpose, in the present and subsequent numbers, to insert some short remarks on certain subjects of common occurrence, concerning which some hints might be useful to our younger readers. But if, while thus taking upon ourselves to advise, we employ what may be termed common-sense appeals and human reason, in preference to scriptural or moral arguments, we would have it well understood that we do so, not because we undervalue or ignore these, but because we know that they would come better from other lips; and our readers, as well as ourselves, would feel that the religious view of the question would be more appropriate to the pulpit than to our columns. And so to our subject.

Shakspeare has written much good poetry; but he never wrote either better poetry or better sense than in the following quotation from Hamlet. We have often admired it; and would have every word of it "charactered" on the minds of all young men. Polonius is counseling his son Laertes, who is just about to set out on his travels:—

"These few precepts in thy memory,  
Look thou character.\* Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;

\* An obsolete verb meaning to engrave.

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,  
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.  
*Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.*  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all. To thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Here have we texts for a hundred of essays; but one as important as any is the line we have put in italics. The management of the tongue is of the last consequence to all, especially to the young; we will, therefore, bring together, in the present paper, a few unarranged remarks on this subject; and we will recur to some of the others in subsequent numbers.

#### I. THE TONGUE.

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice."

When Dr. Johnson said that men were not intended to take snuff or else their noses would have been put on their faces the other way up, there was a mixture of wit and truth in his apophthegm, as there is also in the similar saying, that God gave us two ears and one tongue, that we might hear twice as much as we speak.

As to listening, it is generally an improving thing, for something of good may be drawn from almost every discourse we hear. Dr. Johnson said that he made it a point to gather information from every one that spoke to him. For, were it even a working-man, there were always some of the mysteries of his trade to be picked up. Besides, by listening we collect a variety of opinions, of which, by comparing them, we can take advantage, and so we get the benefit of other people's experience. It is, moreover, practising restraint upon ourselves, and gives us a habit of commanding. This habit of self-restraint ought frequently to be practised in every possible way. Even in indifferent matters, that might be done with perfect innocence, we should accustom ourselves to say, "I wont do it." For so the higher faculties get habituated to command, and the lower ones to obey; and by using this discipline in affairs of slight consequence, obedience may be ensured where it becomes a matter of moment. If we gratify our inclinations in *all* lawful things, we shall probably overstep the boundary where the transgression

would be unlawful, from the mere want of having trained ourselves to obey ourselves.

They who study appearances would do well to cultivate a habit of reserved silence; nothing looks more dignified, nor impresses others more favorably. The silent man's opinion is desired infinitely sooner than the babblers', and people instinctively turn their eyes towards such a one, to see if they can divine by his eyes or looks what he thinks about it.

To listen attentively is always a pretty compliment to the speaker; and it shows your propriety of demeanor even though sometimes the discourse be not worth listening to. And when you do listen, listen attentively. No absence of mind; no intruding of other subjects; nor sudden inappropriate exclamations. Never listen when a conversation is going on that you are not intended to hear. Honor bids you, in such a case, either to give a token of your presence, or to move away.

Another exercise of silence is, not merely to be reserved in company, but to habituate yourself not to talk about everything you hear. Of course you will honorably keep all secrets that you happen to hold in confidence. In general, it is well to have as little to do with secrets as you can. Some people have an itch for knowing secrets; and they are generally the greatest babblers. When they have heard something new, they know no rest till they have confided it to some third party, with an injunction to let it go no further. Of course he tells it to a fourth, and so on, until it becomes what is called a *public secret*. If you consent to receive anything in confidence, entomb it in your heart of hearts. And as the grave never renders up its dead, so preserve your trust. Either do not receive, or do not abuse, confidence. Even should you suppose silence to be needless in the case, honor says, *do not be the first to divulge*. We once spoke of a critical matter to our worthy friend Loquax; this was injudicious in us, and taught us a lesson. We wanted Loquax's opinion, and in asking it, we implored him to mention the matter to no one. To this he assented. Ten minutes later, we found ourselves in a miscellaneous company of about half-a-dozen, and to our consternation, Loquax accosted us, in his usual round tones, with: "You've spoken to me in confidence about Mr. Smith's affair; now I advise you," &c. When we charged him with a breach of confidence: "Not at all," said he, "it made no matter about mentioning such a thing as that." Loquax argued

fallaciously; if it were to be mentioned, it was our place to do so, not his, for he was under bond to be silent.

Divulging secrets is a shameless breach of trust. Horace says that one guilty of such meanness should be refused admittance to his house, and that he dared not trust himself on ship-board with him. But the worst kind of babbling is, when you do not simply divulge secrets, but when you do it in a passion. Nothing can be so mean, as in a moment of pettishness and irritation, to throw into a former friend's teeth some deep trust, which, in an hour of sadness, or in the fulness of confidence, he had confided to your honorable keeping. If such a revelation tend to disgrace him, your meanness is a double stain on yourself.

Be reserved with strangers. Young people are particularly given to unbosoming themselves and unfolding the whole of their private history to a casual acquaintance, perhaps to a travelling companion. This is not wise, not even with tried friends. Burns says:

"Ye'll aye keep something to yoursel'

"Ye'll scarcely tell to ony."

And Ingoldsby, in his usual jog-trot style, gives pretty nearly the same advice:

"Keep your own counsel in all that you do,  
Or a counsel may some day or other keep you."

Nothing is more fatal than a habit of perpetual prattling. We know more than one who do this. They seem to consider themselves as called upon not only to keep conversation alive in company, but to say smart things as well. The consequence is, that they bring out whatever comes first to their lips, and all discretion is flung aside; and to sustain their reputation as sayers of smart things, they often utter very harsh and uncharitable words to some silent and unobtrusive member of the company, whose modest silence they would do well to copy. This tongue, this tongue, it is more unmanageable than a wild ass! How good was David's prayer, (and we quote him more as a wise man merely, than as an inspired writer,) "*O Lord, put a guard over my mouth, and a gate around about my lips.*"

In talking, consider your company, and select subjects likely to be agreeable; above all things avoid whatever may be personally unpleasant to any of them. For this reason never recall any trouble that any of them may have been in, nor any misfortune that may have occurred to them. Never use personalities; it is a mark of very bad manners to make observations on the persons or dress of those you are speaking to. Do not institute com-

parisons either between them and others. Mrs. Malaprop's sentiment was more correct than her grammar when she said that *caparisons were odoriferous!* Do not let your conversation be puerile; nor should your mutual intercourse be wanting in gravity, respect, and courtesy. Don't engross the whole conversation to yourself; and do not let every word spoken or every thing done remind you of an anecdote. O, those endless, weary stories, especially veterans that have done service in every version of Joe Miller since the days of Confucius! What a bore and a laughing-stock we all feel old Mr. Hardcastle to be, in *She Stoops to Conquer*, when every word uttered by his friends reminded him of his favorite *historiette*: "Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, reminds me of the Duke of Marlborough," &c.

It is a polite thing, in general conversations, briefly to mention the subject you are on to any new comers that may enter the room, to set them at their ease, and put them on the same footing as the other members of the company. Should it ever happen, that circumstances throw the burden of the conversation on you, always make it a point, once at least, to address every one present individually, from the highest to the lowest.

These few unstrung remarks we should have had some hesitation in offering to our readers did they emanate from ourselves. But they are gathered from many sources, which are all worthy of deference and attention. We, therefore, feel no delicacy in concluding with the words of Shakspeare, as quoted above:—

"These few precepts in thy memory,  
Look thou character."

#### ROME AND AUSTRIA.

Many of our readers have, no doubt, seen the *concordat* between Austria and the Holy See, and the apostolic letters by which that document is confirmed. It was to be expected that the *Times*, with its usual ignorance of Christian and Catholic matters, its arrogance of assertion, and its spiteful virulence against Rome, would be "*down upon*" her on so charming an occasion. Accordingly, the "Thunderer" has concocted an admirable specimen of all these precious qualities. He begins, of course, with a laudation of that special favorite of all infidels and latitudinarians—the Emperor Joseph II. "It was his policy," says old Bloody, "to vest the government of the Church in the Bishops."

We had thought this vesting was a Divine organization, instead of a human "policy"—"and the supreme power over the Bishops in Himself." That is, the Bishops were to be complimented with the empty appearance of government, and a temporal prince was to be "viceroy" over them. Rather than this, we would send every man to his Bible, like the Presbyterians, and bid him find out there, that no prince or potentate of this world has the slightest claim to any power or jurisdiction in that kingdom, which was pronounced by its Divine founder (who surely knew best) to be "not of this world." Let us see, however, what there is in the *concordat* to justify the assertions of the *Times*, that it is a "self-spoliation, a voluntary betrayal of the most sacred rights of the crown, the clergy, and the people." Its most obnoxious articles are, the maintenance of Catholic privileges, free communication between the clergy and their head, episcopal and papal authority in the Church and her schools, the suppression of dangerous books, church jurisdiction in cases of marriage and betrothal, and the general right of deciding on the question of patronage. Now, who does not see that all these are essential to the free exercise of the Catholic religion? But the fact is, all depends on the quarter from which one looks on the *concordat*. To a man who, like the *Times*, calls the Pope "a foreign prince," all must appear absurd and unnatural; while to a true Catholic, who looks upon the Church as "the mother of us all," and on its visible head as "the father and doctor of all Christians," every thing will appear natural, and necessary for the carrying out of those designs with which the Church was founded. As to the *Times's* assertion, that "the Austrian Church views with the utmost alarm and terror the surrender of its liberties, and the enlightened portion of the laity regard such a proceeding with undissembled disgust," we receive it with just the modicum of belief justified by the quarter from which it comes. We all know who are the "enlightened portion of the laity," according to the *Times's* ecclesiastical dictionary, and we, of course, expect their hostility to every thing ultra-montane. We understand the religious orders are doing immense good among the motley races which submit to the Austrian sceptre; and we heartily congratulate both them and the seculars, and, indeed, all the good Catholics in the empire, on this complete *bouleversement* of the diabolical arrangements of that old scamp, Joseph II.

#### THE MILITARY COMMISSION.

It may be as well to inform the reader, that the following anecdotes are founded on fact, and that every particular occurred as related. They were mentioned to me by Colonel B—— as an event that had happened to himself. He was led to speak of them in the course of conversation; and being an exceedingly simple-minded man, and not given to exaggeration, they may be received with perfect confidence.

In the recital, I shall endeavor as much as possible to preserve the forcible language, and record the truth, in the same unvarnished way in which it was presented to myself, and which caused me to shudder as I sat listening to it at night in my chair at the corner of my fireside.

The perusal of any of the sanguinary narratives recorded of the revolution, produces a feeling in the mind, of doubt, whether the events have not been too highly colored, in order to excite a great impression on the imagination of the reader; consequently it is regarded in the light of a literary romance, and it fails to produce the effect desired. But when a grey-headed man, in an animated conversation, describes to you the place, the scene, the individuals who took a part in the transactions, and even the most minute circumstances calculated to strike the imagination, and then calmly says to you, I was there and witnessed the whole, reason is terrified and indignant.

"You were at the siege of Lyons?" said I, then, to Colonel B——, wishing to hear further particulars.

"Yes, Sir. They ordered us there from the mountains of Savoy, where we had been stationed for some time as a corps of observation. I was the Captain."

"Were you already Captain?"

"I had been an officer, or nearly so, under the old régime. I was named sub-lieutenant in 1790, on leaving the military school of Condom; I still have my commission with the fleurs-de-lys of Louis the Sixteenth. During the course of events, circumstances called me to C——."

"At the time when such great efforts were made to raise troops, they gave me rank in preference to those citizens who had already served; I was appointed to the command of a company immediately. The elections were made in the old church of the Cordeliers, which, if you recollect, has been since con-

verted into a magazine for military stores. It was in the refectory. But you are too young to have witnessed all that. We hurried off to Savoy, where we remained a considerable time, exposed to the cold and snows of that country, without provisions, without shoes, and almost in a state of complete inaction. From the Alps we descended afterwards to Lyons; there we found an army which had arrived from Paris, and which was called the revolutionary army. You can form no idea of the kind of men who composed it. They were a horde of thieves and cut-throats, collected from the very dregs of the capital. The cavalry was certainly a superb body; it must have been principally composed, I have no doubt, of grooms and lackeys who had denounced their masters and pillaged their stables."

"Our men detested the soldiers of this revolutionary army. In fact, twenty or thirty duels took place between them and our grenadiers every morning; for I must tell you a circumstance that is not generally known now, indeed has been forgotten in the multiplicity of atrocities that took place at that time, viz, that the loyal services of our soldiers were paid in assignats; but these miserable wretches, without courage, and without discipline, were paid in silver and gold. They gave them, moreover, the high pay of thirty sous; you may guess for what purpose."

"The city once taken, picture to yourself these blood-hounds let loose, and under the direction of Colonel d'Herbois; the guillotine was permanently erected, and we daily led out at least fifty of the inhabitants to be cut down with grape shot."

"You, Colonel?"

"Yes, I," said he, "as well as the others. Ah! it was necessary to shut one's heart to every sentiment of pity, and to obey under pain of death. You seem astonished; but I can assure you that the slightest infringement, even an involuntary one, of this horrible duty, was sufficient to place both officers and soldiers among the ranks of those about to suffer. This is a circumstance that occurred to myself. The prisons were regularly cleared of their inmates every day at noon; the condemned were led to the Place des Jerreaux, and ranged in a circle before the Town-hall, well guarded by troops on all sides. The municipal officers, standing on the steps at the entrance, read to them their sentence, and then they were taken to execution. One day that I was the officer in command, the sentence having been read, I gave the word to march, but some one seized

my arm. A woman broke through the guard, and threw herself on one of the condemned, most probably her husband or her father, from whom she would not be separated. We had very great trouble in removing her, and she was carried away in a state of insensibility. Certainly this was no fault of mine; nevertheless I was put under arrest for three days. But something worse happened to my lieutenant; he was conducting twelve of the inhabitants to execution, guarded by a very small body of troops, when one of the men broke his bonds, knocked down two of the guard, and escaped down one of the passages."

"You must be well acquainted with Lyons to be able to find your way in certain quarters which are very much intersected with narrow alleys and dark passages. The man was saved, but the lieutenant was thrown into prison. The prison, as I have before observed, was cleared the following day at noon; we had the greatest difficulty in procuring the lieutenant's discharge; twenty minutes later, and he would have been among the dead. He was so horror-struck at this, that two months afterwards he deserted and retired into Piedmont. However, in spite of everything, we managed to save many of the condemned by secretly enlisting them. All our officers received them among their men, even at the risk of their own lives. I had twenty-two in my company; but they followed the example of the lieutenant, and deserted when we were recalled to the frontier."

"Wearied with these atrocities," continued the Colonel, after a short silence, "and also with my profession, which at that time was little better than that of an assassin, I asked leave of absence, and went to pass some little time in the bosom of my family."

"They had sent me previously into the Vivarais to keep an eye upon a pretended gathering of emigrants, which, however, only existed in their imagination; while there I had the happiness of preventing the pillage of some respectable houses. This became known at C—, and, in consequence, I was considered an aristocrat, which impression was strengthened by my not joining the club. The eloquent cobblers considered it a very bad sign if one did not go to hear them hold forth. A revolution is not only the reign of the depraved and wicked, but also the triumph of the foolish and the ignorant. Picture to yourself an ignorant booby, treated with the contempt he richly deserves, and, in consequence, he becomes vindictive and cruel-minded, the

guillotine supplies him with a ready means of wiping out the indignity."

"I was denounced."

"My brother-in-law warned me that my best course was to join my company, which in all probability would put a stop to all further proceedings. I returned to Lyons, and made up my mind to think no more about it. I arrived there very opportunely, as I will explain to you."

"The day after my arrival, I was the officer to command the military execution; there were two hundred victims to be shot. The sentence was executed in the plain of the Brotteaux, and the condemned were conducted thither in the following manner. Their hands were tightly tied behind them, and they were led one behind the other, in single file, each between two soldiers. The troops charged with the execution, marched on each side. I commanded a detachment of four hundred men, who had the charge of one hundred of the condemned; the other hundred were entrusted to an officer at the head of four hundred recruits, consisting of citizens and peasants, recently raised."

"There was a row of old trees on the plain, and fastened to them was a thick rope, extending the entire length of the row, and raised to about the height of a man's waist; when the condemned arrived, they were placed in line and attached to this rope, by the cord with which their hands were tied behind them. The soldiers then ranged themselves opposite in a parallel line, at fifteen paces distance. On the day of which we are speaking, all the preparations being completed, the sub-officer of the gendarmerie came to inform me of it. I raised my sword—the drums beat, and the command to fire was given. My men were well trained; every bullet hit its victim. Not a cry was heard—death was instantaneous. At the same moment the recruits fired; you cannot have beheld, heard, or imagined, a scene more frightful than what followed. Not one of their poor victims was deprived of life, but all were moving in agony along the entire length of the line, and uttering the most piercing cries:—'Oh! my God! my God!'—'My head!'—'My neck!'—'Put me out of my misery!'—'Mercy!'—'Help!' Ten pieces of cannon were discharged to stifle these cries; for the crowd were only two hundred paces distant, and were becoming much excited. Some little time was lost while my men were reloading and placing themselves before the recruits, who were trembling in every limb. I

then gave the command to fire!—the cries instantly ceased; their sufferings were ended."

The Colonel looked at me intently as if to read my thoughts.

"At another time," said he, "they devised another mode of exterminating them. They conducted the prisoners into this same plain, sometimes to the number of two or three hundred; and the gendarmerie, having tied them together, removed to a distance. We were in line at twenty paces distance; the rank opened, filed to the right and left, and unmasked a battery charged with grape. The condemned saw the match applied to the cannon, and threw themselves on the ground: the shot passed over them. They rose shrieking and terrified, and began to fly in every direction; the revolutionary cavalry, of which I have already spoken, pursued them:—they were sabred and cut down, till the plain was strewed in all directions with their dead bodies. Oh! what abominations! How you would shudder were I to give you the full particulars: you would scarcely credit them. However, I will relate one circumstance out of a thousand of the same class.

"One night," said the Colonel, "I had but just retired to rest, after a day of hard duty, spent in patrolling and making endless rounds in the town, where the civil and military rule were alike oppressive, when I was suddenly aroused, and received an order to act under the directions of the person who was then introduced to me. He was a member of the Revolutionary Commission. The order was in due course. I received his instructions to accompany him immediately with three hundred men.

"I accoutred myself in haste, sent for the sub-officers, and the detachment was soon prepared to march. We passed silently through the streets, reached the gates, and advanced into the country; the day was already beginning to break. I was still in ignorance of the object of our expedition. We continued our march for about three leagues, and arrived at Cremieux, a small town between Lyons and Belley. The inhabitants were not yet stirring, we halted about a hundred paces from the entrance to the town. The Commissioner ordered me to load arms, and surround the place, with instructions to fire on any one who endeavored to make his escape. This being arranged, he then entered the town at the head of a small body of picked men; I remained at his side. The serenity and beauty of the scene are still fresh in my

memory. The country is most lovely, and the pretty white houses with their roofs of red tile, the little staircase creeping up the wall, the closed shutters and the bushy vines luxuriantly entwining themselves round pillars in the Italian style, added much to its beauty."

"The sun had just risen, the sky was without a cloud, and the air fresh and exhilarating; the green summits of the mountains glowing in the first rays of the morning appeared in the distance as standing out of a sea of blue vapor. Although the inhabitants were not yet risen, we had occasionally met girls, without shoes or stockings, leading their cows to pasture, some of them with thick long hair falling around their shoulders, which they would push back with their hand, and stop to look at us."

"We halted at the first of the dwelling-houses and the commissioner ordered them to kill a sheep, and to tap a hogshcad for the purpose of refreshing the men. If this had been all said the Colonel, you will agree with me that there had not been much harm done; but I will continue.

"The drums recalled to order and we marched into the principal street of the town. This occasioned some excitement; windows were opened, and several persons appeared at their doors, but quickly withdrew. Surprise and fear kept these poor people in; nevertheless our unwelcome presence was soon everywhere known."

"We stopped at each house, the Commissioner entered and I accompanied him with four or five of my men, they advanced with quick heavy steps and their fierce eyes looked about with prying curiosity. But these first houses were so poor, the walls so bare, and the furniture so wretched; that there was no room for observation. In one, however, they observed on the smoky chimney piece, a picture, relative to some pious subject, in an old wooden frame, the Commissioner took it down, broke the frame, and told his astonished hearers that God no longer existed, in fact he made a glowing speech on their infamous superstitions; however on leaving, he placed a twenty-franc assignat on the table as if to compensate them for their loss."

"We arrived in this manner at the centre of the town, the houses there were of a better class, evidently belonging to small proprietors, husbandmen in comfortable circumstances, and the principal burgesses. It is impossible to describe the consternation and terror

depicted on the countenances of these poor people at our appearance; had a thunderbolt fallen among them; it would not have produced greater alarm they were well acquainted with all that had taken place at Lyons. The women trembling fell fainting into their chairs, the servants wept, the children screamed, and the men pale with fear, approached with forced smiles that were painful to behold."

"Come citizen," the Commissioner would say to these poor people, "come citizen, I am very sorry to disturb you, but I have strict orders, and duty you know before everything; you must go with us to Lyons."

"At these words the sobs of the women were renewed, and they threw themselves on their knees as if to implore mercy; the men at the same time stammering out a thousand protestations of obedience to the government and laws. The Commissioner seeing the effect his words had produced, continued:—

"I perceive this gives you some alarm; however, our hearts are not as hard as stone. Now, listen; you appear to me to be honest people, and good citizens: between ourselves, there may be a way of compromising the matter."

A ray of hope for a moment lit up their faces. They moved a little, and waited, open-mouthed, to hear what he had further to say.

"Have you any money?" he added; "any little savings put by?—if you will make a little sacrifice, and offer it for the service of your country, and in a measure to indemnify me, I may consent to shut my eyes, and leave you quietly at home."

"What!" said I to the Colonel—"Did he speak in such plain terms as these?"

"Yes; and I have even softened the gross way in which he made the proposition."

"Why, it was nothing less than an expedition of thieves and highwaymen."

"Just so."

"And this before an officer?—before you?"

"Yes; and I did not breathe a syllable; but maintained an air of perfect indifference. If I had even shaken my head, in all probability it would not long have remained on my shoulders. You may conceive how quickly the poor people untied their pocket-books, and delivered up to him all their money, and every thing that was of the least value; they brought out their old watches, and every little article of jewellery that had been long preserved as family relics, and of which it was sad to see them deprived."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

## CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

O, angels bright! 'tis a blessed sight,  
That lovely infant sleeping,  
In silent rest, at His mother's breast,  
And Joseph his fond watch keeping.

Fain would I strew, sweet flowers that blew,  
In incense-breathing May,  
With reverence meet, at His holy feet,  
That may never know decay.

But the snow lies deep, and the wild winds sweep,  
Dear lady, o'er our hills,  
And nature is bound—an ice-chain round  
Her vales and voiceless rills.

Yet, Virgin mild, let me kiss thy child;  
The angels bade us hie,  
When their song of gladness dispelled our sadness,  
The Prince of Peace is nigh.

To God, in heaven, be glory given,  
For His Son's mysterious birth;  
And calm and rest, to the troubled breast,  
Of faithful men on earth.

Sweet Mary, dear, forbear that tear,  
Was the burden of their song,  
And the valleys still, and the listening hill,  
Did the joyous strain prolong.

And the stars did gaze, with deep amaze,  
On the long-expected Boy;  
And the meek moon, in her silent noon,  
Was weeping tears of joy.

With great desire—with tongues of fire—  
The prophets sang this day;  
Yet hope alone, on their exile shone,  
And their spirits passed away.

But we have seen His beauty's sheen—  
The glorious Prince of Peace—  
In man's frail form, who will hush the storm,  
And bid the thunders cease.

O, Virgin mild, once more thy child,  
Allow these lips to press;  
This little hand shall at thy command,  
His mute adorers bless.

Jesu! thy blessing and sweet caressing,  
Bestow ere we depart,  
And thy love shall be, on life's dark sea,  
The pole-star of my heart.

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET  
DICTIONARY.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

CANT.—The characteristic of modern England.

CARBUNCLE.—A fiery globule found in the bottoms of mines and on the face of drunkards.

CHALLENGE.—Giving your adversary an opportunity of shooting you through the body, to indemnify you for his having hurt your feelings.

CHICANE.—See Law.

COFFIN.—The cradle in which our second childhood is laid to sleep.

COMPLIMENTS.—Dust thrown in the eyes of those whom we want to dupe.

COURAGE.—The fear of being thought a coward.

CREAM.—In London, milk and water, thickened with chalk and flour.

CRITIC.—One who is incapable of writing books himself, and therefore contents himself with condemning those of others.

CUNNING.—The simplicity by which knaves generally outwit themselves.

DESTINY.—The scapegoat which we make responsible for all our crimes and follies; a necessity which we set down as invincible when we have no wish to strive against it.

DICE.—Playthings which the devil sets in motion when he wants a new supply of knaves, beggars, and suicides.

DISGUISE.—That which we all of us wear in our hearts, and many of us on our faces.

DRAM.—A small quantity taken in immoderate quantities, by those who have free grains of sobriety and no scruples of conscience.

EGOTISM.—Suffering the private *I* to be too much in the public *eye*.

ENVY.—The way in which we punish ourselves for being inferior to others.

EPICURE.—One who lives to eat instead of eating to live.

ESQUIRE.—A title much in use among the lower orders.

FACTION.—Any party out of power.

FINGER.—An appendage worn in a ring, and of great use in taking snuff.

FRIEND, REAL.—One who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity. See Black Swan.

GENTLEMAN.—A name often bestowed on a well-dressed blackguard, and withheld from the right owner, who only wears its qualification in his heart.

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A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

## CHAP. II.

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blocked up by a mob, hurraing or hooting as each popular or unpopular public character passed into the building. Not the least conspicuous or noisy among the rabble were the watermen and butcher boys, of which latter odoriferous fraternity Muddleton reckoned an unusual number. The people had just been seasoned into a proper state of moderation and decency of behaviour by the highly inflammatory harangue of a remarkable fanatic—there is one in every place—the moon-struck Lieutenant Magog (of whose doings and opinions, more hereafter) when his worship the mayor entered the hall, escorted by his friends, not forgetting the town-clerk, and that awe-inspiring personage, the portly mace-bearer.

The two adverse parties were now in presence, and crowded the large room of the Town-hall, determined to win the day each for their respective favorites. The Tories, who for two or three preceding years, had been in possession of political ascendancy in the borough, had mustered all their forces in order to defeat the ambitious Gallipots. The chair having been taken by the mayor, the noise of loud talkers and the grinding of the floor with shuffling feet somewhat subsided, and the proceedings commenced.

Up rose one of the Popsonite illustrations, John Wicks, Esq., ex-tallow chandler, and twice mayor of Muddleton. "Gentlemen," said he, "I move that *our* friend the worthy mayor do address the meeting." There was a good deal of emphasis on that word "*our.*" The motion was seconded and carried *nem. con.*

The mayor commenced at once:—"Gentlemen and burghesses of Muddleton, I am sure I need not apologise to you for perhaps dwelling at some length to-day—(*Hurrah for Popson!*) on the portentous signs of the times. We live in portentous times. (*Hear.*) For in the days of our grandfathers. (*who was your grandmother?*) Gentlemen, I scorn the low fellow that made that interruption. I say, gentlemen, in older and better times, the government of public affairs, ever in able hands was not impeded, and, I may say, thwarted and obstructed by a set of intriguers and nobodies, who, under the assumed cloak of Liberalism are endeavoring to undermine the very foundations of our glorious and heaven-born constitution in church and state. (*Well done, Popson; go on.*) But now-a-days, insubordination and disrespect for all constituted authority pervade the lower classes; and espe-

cially so in this town, which, we fondly prided ourselves, was deemed a model by the whole country of love of order and British enlightenment. Gentlemen, I'll tell you the reason, though it will be strongly denied by certain parties I will not condescend to name. (*Hear, hear!*) The reason is, that some—I trust only some, as yet—of the citizens of Muddleton have allowed, and suffered, and permitted themselves to be indoctrinated, indoctorated, and humbugged by self-styled reformers, whose only object is self—yes, I say, whose only object is wretched self. For why should they wish, and covet, and desiderate power in our council?—in order, they allege, that the public funds may be more honestly and economically administered! Gentlemen, I scorn—we all scorn—the shameless, the scandalous, the obstreperous imputation! (*Great cheers and stamping of feet*) Is it not of public notoriety, that the local rates were higher when they were in power than they are now? And what use did they make of the funds they so largely and unscrupulously drew from your pockets? Let the back parlor of the “Nag’s Head” tell. If the beer-barrels and rum-punchions of that low tavern (*kept by a Gallipot*) could speak, what tales of infamy would they not unravel to your astonished ears! Gentlemen, it is wiser to restrain one’s self than to say all one knows, else I might recount to you a few more of the dark deeds of these pretended Liberals; how, for instance, they are cunningly and for ever running down the characters and ministrations of our beloved clergy, and scarcely put a decent covering over their familiar hobnobbing with the Papists, (*Hear, hear.*) and how some of them, if report speaks true, as I believe it does, actually gave or lent money to that wily and intriguing Jesuit priest, in order to set up his idols among our homes, and unfurl the standard of blind and debasing superstition upon the prostrate ruins of our common Protestantism! (*Tremendous cheering.*) Fellow Muddletonians, are you determined thus to allow, suffer, and permit your inalienable and cherished rights to be filched from you, and diverted from their natural channel for the support and furtherance of principles never-sufficiently-to-be-detested, and views abominable to every true-born Briton! (*Cheers.*) Men of Muddleton, I know you too well to entertain the idea for an instant, and certain am I, that by your enlightened votes this day, you will at once dispel and knock on the head the delusive aspirations of a certain contemptible faction, to which I will not more

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Towards evening, as dusk was waning into darkness, and the public-houses were crammed with enlightened electors who, by the depth and length of their potations, gave testimony to the depth of their loyalty and the greatness of their thirst, a poor woman stood at the door of Father Ambrose, who personally answered her timid single knock. It was a sick man who had sent her to beg his spiritual aid. Was he dangerously ill? She thought so; for violent spasms and contraction of the limbs too well attested the presence, in the poor man’s frame, of the dread scourge of cholera. To take up what few things were required for the administration of the sacraments, and to follow the poor woman, was the work of a moment. The priest threaded his way among a number of narrow lanes inclining to the water-side, less intent on avoiding the putrid garbage, which lay in heaps in those regions of shambles and fish-shops, than on uttering, as he went, secret prayers to God that the soul to whom he was hastening might not prove rebellious to grace. He soon found himself in a kind of back-yard, without any other issue than the narrow passage through which he had entered. On the left side of this open place was a low door, leading, for what he knew, into Tartarean regions; for the passage, from the cold draught of air that swept along it, was evidently a long one, and appeared to go down into some cave or other. I say it appeared, for it was intensely dark.

“This way, your reverence,” said the woman, taking the Father’s hand, and groping with him into the dark passage; “’tis but a poor place to bring your honor into.”

After cautiously treading a few steps, the woman, who led the way, pushed open a door on the right, and the Father stood at the bed-side of the sick man. Such a bed! Such a room! Yet the Lord of life came as joyfully into it, in His sacramental presence, as He once joyfully came into the stable of Bethlehem. His object in the one case, as in

the other, was to save souls! *Peace be to this house*, uttered the priest, as he entered the place; *and to all those who dwell therein*. A farthing rushlight was stuck to the wall by the adhesive power of its own grease; for candlestick there was none; not even the poor man's candlestick—a green bottle; and by the flicker of its feeble light, the Father could just distinguish a heap of rags lying in a corner on the ground, and from the midst of them a human face emerging. A gleam of hope, a smile of pleasure illumined the sick man's face at the sight of the priest. Father Ambrose looked round for a chair: there was none. He drew from his pocket a snow-white cloth, which he laid on a worm-eaten old box that stood by the sick man's head, and on it he deposited the little silver pyx, which contained the Holy of Holies—a fit throne for Him who, in the days of His mortal flesh, had not a pillow to lay His weary head on; yet, in that lonely, dark, and filthy den, there invisibly at that moment knelt myriads of holy angels, and the glory of that spot had nothing to envy of the indescribable splendors of God's throne in the highest heavens. Father Ambrose, bidding the woman leave the room for a while, knelt on the floor, and, approaching the wax light which he had brought with him, stooped over the sick man, and ministered unto him.

Thus was he for above an hour whispering gentle words of peace, of happiness, of perfect trust in Him, who even now gave His dying creature a pledge of immortal bliss in strengthening him with the life-giving bread of angels. Though violently attacked at first, the sick man had felt a change for the better operating within him at the sight of the minister of reconciliation, and especially when the holy oil had flowed over his suffering frame. He soon after fell into a heavy sleep, either the forerunner of returning health, or may be of death itself, should an unfavorable crisis take place. Father Ambrose had the night his own; he was not willing yet to go until the patient should give some fresh token that danger was past. So he quietly sat himself down on the old box, by the sick man's head, and while the woman, who had returned, went out again to fetch some necessary article of food, for which he had given her an alms, he drew forth his breviary from his pocket, and prayed.

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than one proof already of the insatiable bigotry of various persons in the town, and these not the least influential among their fellow-citizens; and as to the people—the mere rabble—there, as elsewhere, any amount of unreasoning ferocity might at any time be roused in them by the gift or promise of money and drink. What cruel beast of Indian jungles is more to be dreaded than a genuine English mob? and the Spirit of Evil well knows—for he has had three hundred years' successful experience—he well knows how to inflame their bad passions by the outcry of religious zeal. Father Ambrose, nevertheless, went on with his prayer, never before so feelingly dwelling as he then did on the words of the psalmist: *Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the sinner . . . For thou art my patience, O Lord, my hope from my youth . . . I am become unto many as a wonder, but thou art a strong helper. . . .* (Ps. 70). The sick man's slumber had by this time become more gentle—his more regular breathing gave also an almost certain promise of convalescence, and as the woman still tarried, he closed his office book, and rose to depart.

As he turned round for that purpose, a gleam of vivid light shot into the almost darkened room, but not from the door; and at the same time several voices, engaged in half-suppressed whisperings, broke the silence of the place and hour. The father thought he heard his own name several times mentioned. This circumstance, coupled with the misgivings which had so recently cast a gloom into his heart, caused him almost mechanically to stop and look round to see whence the light came. He found that the wall against which he had been sitting was only a thin wooden white-washed partition, and between two of its ill-jointed boards a chink of half-a-finger's breadth permitted the sight to penetrate beyond. The priest instantly blew out the expiring rushlight, and thus secured against discovery, he applied his eye to the opening of the wall and listened. For the previous mention of his own name rendered the act at once innocent and necessary. The room beyond was a kind of cellar, evidently of great length, for he could not see the entrance end of it. Against the wall on both sides were closely pressed huge barrels that might have fitly adorned the cave of Polyphemus. These told him at once that the cellar must be that of the notorious Bull Tavern of High-street, the usual and nightly resort of the watermen, butcher-lads, seedy tradesmen, and other idle and disreputa-

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ble characters, with which the place abounded. Close to the partition, and within a yard at most of the Father's head, was a small round table; on the table a lighted candle, pens, ink, and paper, and round it three men sitting, who require to be particularly described, as they played no inconsiderable part in the scenes that followed.

One was a tall, shrivelled-up, sallow-complexioned man, of some fifty years of age, whose low-crowned glazed hat, grisly thin hair, and peculiar wildness and restlessness of eye indicated an unusually eccentric, if not a monomaniac, disposition. He had probably, in early life, experienced some bitter grief or evil fortune, which had transformed his life-blood into acrid bile, and the morosity of his temper, added to an extraordinary dose of Calvinistic charity, had given to the corners of his lips an ominous downward tendency, and to his whole appearance in general an unmistakable look of heartless misanthropy. This was Lieutenant Magog, R.N., the Coryphæus and very life of the Muddleton Protestant Alliance—the religious firebrand of the town—the especial favorite and bosom friend of the Rev. Fitzhugh Comyns, and sworn foe of poor Father Ambrose. Tractarianism had once upon a time insidiously attempted to wheedle the simple burgesses into admiring sedilia, rood-lofts, intonations, and other like treacherous coquettings with popery, but the gallant ex-officer quickly roused the vigilance of the dearly-beloved elects of all creeds and no creeds, and raised such a storm about the Puseyite curate's ears, that that pale-faced, interesting worshipper of the Popish Baal had to seek in some other place a more promising and less enlightened flock. Such was this formidable champion of evangelical truth, who commonly went also, because of his perpetual meddling with church matters, by the name, style, and title of "the Bishop of Muddleton."

Next him sat another worthy whose features, once seen, were not likely to be easily forgotten. This was Hiram Holy, bill-sticker and man-of-all-dirty-work to whosoever required his services. His small deep-sunk eyes, narrow forehead, long vulture-like nose, and projecting chin, gave one at first sight a pretty accurate notion of the fellow's mind, in which it would have been difficult to say which evil passion had the pre-eminence. Bigotry of the rankest kind festered in his heart, and it overflowed his lips in hypocritical, oily language, as a fetid virus from a putrid sore. He would have made a capital Titus Oates, had Satan wanted

another; and the sight of him, as he lovingly stirred up his paste and stuck to the walls some anti-Popery sheet, haunted one for days like a nightmare. He took particular delight in a way of his own of manifesting his Christian charity towards Father Ambrose; for, as his house faced the priest's cottage, the iron-railing of Holy's residence was ever adorned with some gigantically-printed flaring broadside or other, in which popes, priests, papists, puseyites, pagans, and all that lot were piously consigned for ever to the brimstone pit.

The third man was an Irish Orange doctor, who had somehow (no difficult task, it is said,) exchanged a ten-pound note for the title of M.D. at a Scotch university. How he came to undertake to cure the good Muddletonians in particular of their physical ills, scarcely any one could tell. There was a rumor, however, now and then quietly whispered at prayerful tea-parties, that the newly-fledged doctor, in order splendidly to inaugurate his medicinal career, had administered a dose—"by mistake, of course, Mrs. Smith"—to a gouty old lady, in some obscure Scotch glen, the which dose had quickly terminated his scientific labors in her regard, and compelled him to be no longer *inventus* in that part of the world. A flat, hard, brazen face, two speckled grey eyes, a smattering of Latin, picked up at a hedge-school, a bright brass plate on his door, together with an over-grown stock of native and acquired hatred of Catholics, made Dr. Pestlum a conspicuous and important member of the community.

A worthy trio, good reader, was it not? and I assure you, not an imaginary one. Poor Father Ambrose shook like a leaf in autumn when he recognised these men, and in so strange a place, at so ominous an hour, overheard their fiend-like conversation.

"But *who* is to find the money?" enquired Hiram, as he looked up to the doctor.

"There will be no difficulty about that," answered he. "There is that meeting coming on in a few days; surely we can rely on at least ten or twelve pounds from the collection; *that* will pay for a good deal of powder, and besides, the lads who expect a deal of fun, will be sure to bring a lot themselves. If we are short of cash, you know, Mr. Comyns will supply us from the Alliance Fund. He has done so before."

\* It may be proper to mention here, that the leading incidents in this story are strictly founded on fact, and the chief actors in it are sketched from life. Of course names of persons and places are changed for obvious reasons.

"Don't forget the plan of action, Holy," put in the Bishop of Muddleton. "The boys must be thoroughly schooled to it before-hand, else we shall fail as we did before. At eight o'clock, after the watermen have been to the Royal Head to drink his worship's health, I'll harangue them up to full steam; you are all to march straight to the mass-house, put out the street-lamps, and at once throw your squibs through the windows. Of course you will see previously that some one has gone in to cut the gas-pipes. There will be a blow-up, you may be sure. Wont the Pope's wooden gods dance for once and split for fright?"

"Hee, hee, hee," grinned Hiram. "Ha, ha, ha," chorussed the doctor and the naval man. "O merciful God of Heaven, protect us all!" sighed the priest.

"But is not the old badger of a priest to be smoked out first?" enquired the bill-sticker.

"No, not first, but at the same time; while the boys are hammering away at the doors and windows of the chapel, some of them—three or four picked ones—will send their fire-balls into one of the attics of his house. Of course you understand it is to be an accident. There will be a shout of fire! fire!!—rush in then, and—you know what next. I have ordered the chalk-dust and wide-awakes to be ready here by the morning. No one is to know anything or anybody; the police are all right—the genuine stuff—true blue to the back-bone, and they wont have seen anything when the job is over."

"How much did you say I might offer the boys?" asked Hiram.

"Five shillings wont be to much, and beer at discretion. Now for the bill."

So saying the three worthies stooped over the table, and in that den of drink and villany, concocted the following document which, before the next day was over, stared one in the face at Holy's door and on every dead wall in Muddleton.

Muddleton United-of-all-Nations Branch  
**PROTESTANT ALLIANCE.**

On Nov. 8th, 18—, at Seven in the Evening,

**THE REV. ACHILLES MALVOGLIO,**

*A Converted Romanist, just arrived from Africa, accompanied by a Christian native king, will (D.V.) deliver*

**A LECTURE**

AT THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

SUBJECT:—**Popery, the Incarnation of Satan.**

ADMISSION FREE!!!

A Collection will be made in aid of the Timbuctoo Mission.

*His Worship the Mayor has kindly consented to preside.*

N.B.—Roman Catholics are affectionately invited to attend.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INSTITUTE LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS.

October 15th. *Mental Philosophy.* No. I of the Series continued: by *W. C. Macclaurin, Esq.*

In order to do this more effectually, it will be necessary to step back to what constituted the origin of *all* the philosophy of the civilized world, the systems of Aristotle and Plato. For, although there was a great opposition, on many points, between the sentiments of these two illustrious men, they agreed on that very point with which we are at present concerned; viz,—what was the thing perceived by the intellect? Plato compared our present knowledge to that of men who, shut up in a cave, with their backs to the entrance, can perceive only the shadows, forms, or *ideas* of things, reflected on the wall at which they look; while Aristotle, in *his* doctrine of material *forms*, equally inculcated the notion that what the soul perceives is not the matter of external nature, but certain resemblances of it impressed upon that soul itself by means of the brain and of sensation. The Church, it is true, made great use of both these philosophers in building up her system of dogma; of Plato, inasmuch as she proved from him that even the light of nature could teach men that there was something higher than what the sensualists say is the law of their destiny and the utmost limit of their being; of Aristotle, inasmuch as it was by his admirable and perfect system of logic that she attacked her opponents and demonstrated the fallacy of their reasonings; but her authority was sufficient to prevent her children being deluded by the carrying out of the favorite and fanciful ideas of either. It was only when the so-called Reformation broke out that men began, not only to call in question on the one hand, the authority of Aristotle in those points where the Church had sanctioned it; but also, on the other hand, and most inconsistently, to follow him and Plato in their erroneous language on the matter now in question. Now, what was the necessary consequence of this? Why, that a man like Berkely, reasoning most closely and logically from the principles laid down by Locke and others, would soon come to prove that the existence of material substance cannot be demonstrated. For if, as the philosophers said, what the mind perceives is not the external world itself, but only certain images of it *in* or *on* that mind, what is to prevent any one's establishing the principle, that these

images or impressions are all, and that mind is the only substance in the universe? The only way, therefore, to answer Berkely is to deny the first principles of the philosophy which he carried out to his favorite absurdity; to ask the philosophers whose dogmas he took for granted *how they found out* that what the mind perceives is not really the matter of the universe instead of mere phantasms of it; how they found themselves warranted to subtilize away from the common-sense decisions of the vulgar, on a subject which the vulgar are as fully competent to determine as is any philosopher of them all.

But the fact is that philosophy herself helps the crowd in this matter; and that by means of one of her most delicate and curious departments; viz; *philology*, or the study of words. The very name of this suggests a vast and interesting subject, but also warns me against even entering on it at present. I simply remark that the doctrine of *abstraction*, in the formation of words, will help us out of the net in which the idealists have bound us. For what is an idea? The word is nothing but an *abstract noun*, and therefore can possibly mean nothing more than the *doing* what is expressed by the verb from which it is derived. Now, this verb means to *see* or to *perceive*. An idea, then, is simply a perception, or the *mind's perceiving*; and to suppose that this perceiving constitutes of itself some *new thing*, by way of medium between the perceiving mind and the external object, would be to entangle and mislead ourselves with *words*, which, as has been well said, are the *counters* of *wise men*, but the *money* of *fools*.

While taking care, however, not to be thus misled by the assumptions so long taken for granted in the schools, we need not blind ourselves to the many useful discoveries in mental science, made by the victims of those assumptions, and even sometimes in consequence of them, just as the alchemists, while in pursuit of the imaginary philosopher's stone, made important discoveries in chemistry. One of the most useful of these was the distinction between what are called the primary and secondary qualities of matter; meaning by the former, such as are essential to matter, viz, extension, solidity, and the like; and by the latter, such as vary in different bodies, and have the power of producing sensations in the human soul; to which sensations, by the way, men have naturally given those names by which they also denote the qualities in bodies, which *cause* the sensations. This, however, is in-

accurate; for there is *no heat* in *fire* in the sense in which we use the word *heat* when we describe the sensation produced in us by fire; and so of the rest. This only supplies us with another proof how insufficient, for purposes of science, is the common language of mankind, and warns us to be ever on our guard, lest inaccuracies of expression lead into inaccuracies in thinking. These last were called, by the great Bacon, in his classification of *idola*, or *idols*, as he called the principal errors of the schools, *idola fori*, or idols of the *forum*; by which he meant that they were picked up, as it were, in the great marts of human intercourse, and thus had their origin in the ordinary language by which that intercourse is maintained.

To finish then, for the present, this subject of idealism; the advocates of which were led to defend it by another verbal sophism—that, namely, which gave a vague and conventional meaning to the word *present*. We cannot, said they, immediately perceive what is not *present* to us; and, therefore, when we say we see the sun in the sky, what we mean is that we perceive an image of that luminary imprest upon the mind. But the obvious answer to this is, that, philosophically speaking, *present* has for its opposite, not *near*, but *absent*: as long, therefore, as the sun is above our horizon, and no clouds intercept our view of him, he may be rightly said to be present to us, though at so great a distance, and we as much see him as we see a candle burning in our chamber, or as we saw the illuminations of the other evening. There is no more reason in one case than in the other for having recourse to that mysterious, and, indeed, unintelligible medium of *ideas*; a theory which, as we have seen, leads, when fairly carried out, to the most absurd consequences.

Having thus cleared the way, we may come to what is properly the beginning of our subject—the classification of the faculties of the human intellect; premising that, in using the word faculties, and dividing the mind, as it were, into its various operations, we by no means intend to establish any such division as matter of *fact*, but merely use it for convenience of arrangement. The mind is a simple substance, and acts *wholly*, so to speak. When we speak, therefore, of its different faculties, we mean simply that it acts in such and such different ways. Anything else would involve us in the same kind of mistake as that of those idealists whom we have attempted to refute.

As the mind, then, is undivided, and acts in an undivided manner, we are perfectly allowed

so to express and arrange its various operations as seems most conducive to a simple and unobscured understanding of the subject; and the division may be different, according to the different ends we have in view. The catechism, as you all know, recognises, for its purposes, the three great divisions of understanding, memory, and will; and to prevent us, at the outset, from imagining that these are three distinct things, and not one and the same mind acting in three different ways, it tells us that in this three-fold division, while unity of substance is preserved, does our likeness to God consist; to God, who is *one Being in Three Persons*, the Trinity as essential as the Unity, neither interfering with the other; harmony and simplicity combined; not—as is sung in the sublime Preface for Sundays, “not—the singularity of One Person, but the Trinity, or Threeness, of one substance,” a plurality which, while consistent with unity of *Being*, seems necessary to that eternal enjoyment of *Himself*, by the eternal God, which existed from all ages, and would exist were all creatures blotted out, and reduced to that nothingness from which they have been called by the Word, and quickened by the Spirit of the Almighty. While, therefore, the Church employs her own classification, for her own ends, speculative philosophy, whose *immediate* object is not the same, may employ another; and it is here that accuracy and caution are especially needed. To hear some philosophers classify the human faculties, you would suppose that the mind was a complex machine, the belongings of which were *laid on*, so to speak, according as it found itself obliged to make farther advances and conquests over nature. But we cannot be *too simple* so long as we do not omit what is necessary to a clear and thorough understanding of our subject. Let us only, then, while warned against that extent of classification which bewilders, be on our guard against that *appearance* of simplicity which has its own fascination, and which may be equally injurious in another way. If there is any word, for instance, which has been employed to signify that apprehension and understanding which an intelligent mind has of any object with which it is brought in contact, let us see whether this word does not express a complexity of operation; and, if so, let us resolve it into its elements, as carefully as the chemist analyses a gas or a fluid, which has not been sufficiently tested. For mind, though essentially different from matter, has the strictest analogies with it; and we must never forget that the *testing*

*observer* is the same in both. In the science of which we treat, *mind* examines *itself*: in the *physical* sciences, it examines what is material and earthly.

Take, then, the word *perception*; which has been supposed to express, accurately enough, the simplest operation of the intellect. But, is this the case? When I say I perceive any thing, am I really describing what has no complexity in it? I think not. To me, at least, it seems, that there are three faculties at work before any thing be *perceived*, and that these three are—sensation, memory, and judgment. The first of these is common to a full-grown man with the newly-born infant, and with the brute-creation. When a child first opens its eyes upon the outward world, in which such a vast variety of changes and fortunes perhaps await it, it literally does nothing but *feel*. There is a *pressure*, so to speak, of the external world upon all its senses; and, to prove that this is nothing but a pressure, a considerable time must elapse before a child can judge of distance by sight. It is not till this sense has the help of *touch* that the idea of *nearness* or *distance* is acquired. At first all things appear equally near; because all things that are within the scope of the *retina* of the eye are alike imprest upon it, and then the soul's function begins. But can we call this function *perceiving*? Certainly not. To *perceive* an object, we must have an apprehension of *what it is*, *how it differs* from others, and so on. The eye, however, is simply the organ by which the soul is imprest by a variety of colors. This is the infant's pleasure, and it is often a vivid one, as it turns its eyes from one bright picture to another. But, before it can be said to *perceive*, it must have the help of *other* senses to judge of figure, size, and distance: of *memory*, to distinguish *present* from *past sensations*: and lastly, of the judgment, to apply such distinctions, and so make them available to the purposes of a real and *bonâ fide* perception. Let us first, then, examine into *sensation*, as the first operation of the mind in acquiring that knowledge which is communicated to it from the world without, by means of our bodily organs, commonly called the five senses. The only thing necessary to be noticed concerning these is, that, while four of them are confined to particular localities in our corporeal frame, the fifth—the sense of touch—has the *entire* body for its organ, although the seat of this kind of sensation is as much in the *brain* as in the case of the others. That is, the mind receives its sensa-

tional impressions immediately through the brain, to which the various nerves through our frame *conduct* the sensations; and the difference between touch and the other senses is simply this—that whereas there are *special* and *local* nerves, as the optic nerve, &c., to enable us to see, hear, smell, and taste; in the matter of *feeling* we are indebted to *no* particular and local nerve, but to the whole system of nerves dispersed through our entire frame. This is, of course, obvious to even a very little reflection; but to state it now and at setting out, may be useful for what is to come, and may save us future interruptions. It is the soul, then, through the medium of the brain and nerves, that receives sensations; for take *away* the soul, and all that admirable mechanism which displays itself on dissection, is of as little avail as would be the system of electric batteries and wires without the mysterious fluid. We might, had the Creator pleased, have acquired the same knowledge of things without by other methods; for He himself, though without senses, has, as the psalmist intimates, an infinitely better knowledge than we have of every intricacy of material formation. Nay, the very same name is given to this knowledge as we give to the process by which *we acquire* it. “He that planted the ear, shall He not *hear*?” Those, indeed, if there be any, who pretend that it is the material organ that actually performs the business of sensation, might as well say that the telescope beholds those things to which we are obliged to direct it on account of the limitations of our visual powers. It is neither the telescope, nor the optic lens, nor the retina, nor even the brain that sees, but the immaterial immortal soul; and so with the other senses.

The illustration just used makes obvious the truth now laid down; and a *similar* illustration has been adopted by writers on this subject with regard to the *ear*. Deaf persons employ a speaking-trumpet to concentrate and catch the sounds of which they could not otherwise be cognizant. Now, a speaking-trumpet is made in imitation of what anatomy shows us to be *part of the formation of the ear*, just as a telescope is made to serve, as nearly as possible, purposes like those served by the eye; but the deaf man does *not* attribute *hearing* to the speaking-trumpet, but to himself, and therefore he is easily made to understand how the cavity of his ear is but a thing which God has given him to *hear by*; just as the aurist, copying at faint distance the Almighty artist, has caught and concentrated the pulsations of the air as

they approach the ear, and thus compensated for the decay of the natural organ.

But the same truth does not appear with equal plainness in the case of any of the other senses. Persons who do not sufficiently reflect are apt to think (and there are no such easy ways of convincing them as we have seen employed with respect to sight and hearing) that it is the part of the *body* immediately *affected* that feels, the palate that tastes, and the nose that smells. Nay, “after the utmost efforts,” says Lord Kames, “we find it beyond our power to conceive the flavor of a rose to exist in the mind; we are necessarily led to conceive that pleasure as existing in the nostrils, along with the impression made by the rose upon that organ.” It is only, then, by reflection, and by making use of analogy, that we correct this mistake, and come to conclude, on the broadest and most satisfactory grounds, that in the three grosser senses, as well as in the two more refined, the organ is but the instrument of the soul, and this latter the only sentient power.

Another difference in the senses commonly remarked, is, that in two of them, viz., touch and taste, there must be an immediate application of the object to the organ; but not so in the other three. We shall see reason presently to propose a correction here; but it was this difference which led philosophers to imagine that, in the case of these latter, there must be a continual throwing off, from the body itself, of certain images or representatives of it, and that it is with these that the sentient power has immediately to do. But the only sense which furnishes ground for such a supposition is that of smell; for, inasmuch as what we smell is “the effluvia of bodies drawn into the nostrils with the breath,” which effluvia are as much *matter* as the bodies *themselves* (as may be proved by these bodies wasting and decreasing by *loss* of the effluvia), there is no reason for saying, with the generality of writers, that this sense is to be classed with sight and hearing, because the object smelt is not immediately applied to the smelling organ. The object of smell *is* so immediately applied; for that object is the indefinitely small effluvia which the air they impregnate conveys to the nostrils. But how different are the cases of sight and hearing. In hearing, the medium is a succession of pulsations of the air, which takes away none of the substance of the thing heard. In seeing, the *rays* of light constitute the medium; and these, in like manner, are guiltless of any abstraction of the substance of

those bodies which they reveal to us. Let us say, then, that in the three grosser senses—smell, taste, and touch—the object is immediately applied to the instrument or organ, and that *this* is the reason of their grossness; whereas in sight and hearing we perceive at a *distancia*, and the operation is more refined. There is a beautiful meaning in this, and bears upon our moral and spiritual condition. As the grosser senses are the medium only of those grosser enjoyments of which we are capable in common with the brutes, while it is by sight and hearing that we arrive at the most sublime sensations and the noblest knowledge, we are thus strikingly taught that our home is distant, and not near; that we are made for heaven, where all is spiritual; and that, meantime, our perfection consists in keeping in absolute subjection those inferior appetites which can be gratified only by an immediate application of their objects to the appropriate organs, in aspiring after those far-off glories, which soar away infinitely above the region of a corrupted materialism, and are revealed to us by sight and hearing, which are our more refined senses, because they deal with what cannot come in contact with our earthly substance.

The next question that naturally arises is, whether the mind be *active* or *passive* in sensation. And the only rational answer seems to be, partly the one and partly the other. It is passive, inasmuch as it cannot create a sensation by a mere act of the will; while the *activity* of the mind, on the other hand, is proved by the fact of that *absence* of mind, as it is called, which is nothing but a *determination* of the attention so strongly to *one* class of sensation as to preclude, for the time, our being conscious of another; as when we are so absorbed, for instance, with an interesting book, as to be perfectly uncognizant of some noise which may be made at our very elbow. It is seldom, indeed, that the more violent sensations can be thus ignored. I knew a man who pretended to have the power of intellectual abstraction to so great a degree that a pin thrust into him would not disturb or startle him when engaged in deep reading. Indeed, he invited a young lady of his acquaintance, who doubted the statement, to make the experiment the first time he should afford her the opportunity. She did so, and the sudden start and scream which she elicited proved that the worthy man had much overrated his powers of mental abstraction.

This would be the place, if we were not proof against the temptation, to introduce

some remarks on mesmerism; but for several reasons I decline doing so. It presents to us such an utter *bouleversement* of all previous systems of sensational philosophy, that nothing but an accurate and extensive induction of facts could justify even a slight handling of it; and, rather than give it *no more* than this, I would not treat of it at all. If true, it is the most important discovery yet made in this department of our subject; if false, it is a mischievous imposture.

Proceeding, then, with the subject of sensation, we have to remark, in the next place, on the *difference* between the primary and secondary qualities of bodies in the way in which they severally affect the senses, and in our several appreciations of them. The secondary qualities of bodies—those, for instance, which cause in us the sensations of heat and cold—act immediately upon us, and we immediately give them names; nay, are too apt, as has been already intimated, to give to them the same names which respectively denote the sensation; as if, because fire made us feel heat, there were something in the fire, *like* this sensation of heat; and so of the rest. But it is not so with the primary qualities of bodies. It is not immediately, but by experience, and a process of induction, that we discover the *solidity*, *extension*, and *figure* of material objects; and we never confound these qualities with the sensations they produce. Instead of giving the two classes of things the same names, we hardly give one class a name at all; for, as Dr. Reid has remarked, there is as *yet no* distinctive name for the sensation which *hardness* in a body excites when that body is touched. And the only way of accounting for this is, that as this quality of hardness does not immediately act like the secondary qualities, we *pass* by the sensation as being merely a means of ascertaining the quality.

In proceeding from sensation to memory, we find a connecting link in the remark that sensations continue, and often with considerable vividness, in the mind after the removal of their objects. Indeed, the essential distinction between memory and sensation appears to be, that sensation is the immediate occupation of some one of the senses with something external, while memory has to do only with the *traces* which that external object has left upon the mind. But although it is easy thus to state the distinction in general terms, it is not always easy to determine where sensation ends and memory begins. Let a man look at the mid-day sun, and then turn from it, or

even shut his eyes and look at nothing. He will still have before him a vivid perception—for he will hardly call it a remembrance—of something very like the sun; and we may well put this down to the strong agitation of the brain by a glaring object. Memory, then, may be safely said to begin when this agitation has ceased. And the remembrance grows fainter as time goes on, and as the powers of the man lose their vigor. The nearer we are, in point of time, to the sensational impression, and the stronger our powers of body and of soul, the more distinct is this faculty of recollection; than which nothing more clearly illustrates that mysterious *connection* of body and soul which forms the great law and limit of our present existence. I call it mysterious because no one has ever yet been able to decide where the bodily instrumentality ends, and the soul takes up the matter, and obtains its notions, conceptions, ideas, or whatever men may be pleased to call them: and these fade with the bodily system; nay, frequently precede it to the tomb. "The ideas," says Locke, in a passage which, as D. Stewart has remarked, affords a strong and beautiful contrast to the generally dry and unornamented style of that philosopher,—“the ideas, as well as children, of our youth, often die before us; and our minds resemble those sepulchres to which we are approaching, where, though the brass and marble may remain, the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away.”

There is, in fact, *no* faculty of the human mind which affords more matter for interesting and profitable reflection than this of the memory. When we consider the wonderful nature of its processes, and manner of its acting, the indefinitely varied scenes of past life and habits which it opens to us, and the power which it acquires, by use, for good or evil, we are struck, on the one hand, by the numerous proofs afforded by it of the infinite power and wisdom of Him who made us, and are warned on the other, against such a use of the faculty as may make it the instrument of a never-ending remorse, the undying worm of agonizing recollection.

Closely connected with memory—so closely, indeed, as to have been identified with it by some philosophers—is the power of imagination; and, therefore, I shall speak of it here instead of immediately going on to the *judgment*, as the third constituent thing in what I proposed to view as the compound faculty of perception. The difference between memory

and imagination seems to be this, that the former confines itself to a faithful record of past impressions; while the latter, using these materials, twists them into every variety of new forms and groupings. Its name implies that it is the *likeness-making faculty*; but this must by no means be limited to mean that it constructs likenesses of what has been before its cognizance. On the contrary, what principally distinguishes it, is that it makes likenesses, if we may so speak, of what it has *not* seen, embodies the fleeting forms of memory, and constructs for them, when they were hastening away, a new establishment; or, in the immortal language of Shakespear—

— “Gives to airy nothings  
A local habitation and a name.”

The imagination requires a stricter safeguard over it, if possible, than the memory itself; and, therefore, we are provided with greater power of control over it. I cannot help remembering, but I *can* help imagining. At least, I can *check* the imagination when it becomes more active and more prolonged in its work. Memory is often involuntary, but imagination, when operating to any extent, is the *work of the will*.

I now hasten on to judgment, as completing, according to the system I have adopted, the power of perception. We suppose, then, sensation to have done its work, and memory to have preserved the impression—now steps in the judgment to *distinguish* these, and thus enable us to perceive. A newly-born infant *cannot* perceive: it has nothing but sensations; a little after comes memory; but it is some time before the child is capable of *judging* or *discerning* between the different items of what has thus been conveyed to the mind by the senses, and stored up in it by the memory. When we say we perceive any thing, we mean that our senses are cognizant of some color, sound, scent, taste, or feeling; that we remember having been similarly or differently affected before, and that we are, therefore, able to compare, and, in fact, *do* compare, one impression with another, and discriminate and pronounce. This is evident from the different degrees of acuteness or obtuseness in perception which we attribute to different persons; meaning something quite different from what we mean when we say of such persons, either that they have sharp or defective *senses*, or a good or bad *memory*. At the same time, there is no doubt that a happy bodily organization does much to facilitate the actings of the mind in perception. It must be so, as long as we

are indebted, for our intercourse with the external world, to the senses as the inlets of knowledge. And it has even been supposed, by some very able men, such as the late Sir W. Jones, for instance, that there is no difference, as regards the soul itself, in the powers of intellect of one man and another; but that the amazing difference between a Newton and a clown is entirely owing to their having different brains, an acute and an obtuse set of senses, and different educations. Without going this length (for, indeed, we know nothing of our souls out of the body, and the analogy drawn from angels would lead us to think that there may be great varieties of capacity in the souls themselves) we may still safely affirm that in all the career of embodied souls, they are greatly aided by a more or less happy organization of body; that the senses in this respect affect both the memory and the judgment; and therefore that perception, though implying, as we have seen, much more than sensation, is more or less acute as are the senses which it employs.

Before concluding what we have to say of perception, it may be well to mention a striking additional proof of its difference from mere sensation. An eye accustomed to measure distances easily perceives how far off are many of the objects it beholds. Or, to speak more correctly, the mind, uniting its powers of memory and judgment to that of sensation, is able to determine what no quickness or clearness in the eye alone could enable it to determine. For, as has been already observed, to the eye of a newly-born infant there appears nothing but a mass of separated colors pressing with equal closeness upon the retina. And that infant is not frightened, as a child some years old would be, by the sudden thrusting forth of one's hand in near approach to the organs of vision. It is only by experience that we are made aware of the various properties of figure and solidity belonging to bodies, and can judge of their several distances from us: and our perception of these things is made up of sensation, memory, and this judging power.

The faculty which comes next in order to this compound power of perception is that which is commonly called *abstraction*. Berkely, indeed, and some other philosophers, deny the existence of such a power; but what they really seem to disbelieve is the power of forming what are called abstract ideas; that is, as they illustrate their meaning, the power of picturing to our minds a triangle which shall not be equilateral, isosceles, or scalene; which shall not

be right, obtuse, or acute-angled; the lines of which shall not be of any definite length; in short, a triangle which never did nor can exist.

Now it did not require all the pains these philosophers have taken to show that the mind cannot have an idea of what cannot exist, for no one ever said that it could. What we mean by abstraction is that we can separate mentally one quality from another in any body, and think of that quality; nay, more; that we can first arrange within our minds a number of things possessing that quality, and then view it as existing in them apart both from other qualities and from the things which possess it not.

And here it is that we begin to part company from the brutes. There is every evidence that they perceive, but none that they are capable of abstraction; and this bears out what was said in a former part of the lecture, on the essential difference between their souls and ours. They cannot, it was there said, form a conception of time, or space, or God; and this is little more than saying that they cannot abstract; for it is certainly by this faculty that we begin, when our earliest years are gone by, to consider these three as forming the necessary conditions of every kind and variety of existence around us. The power and habit of abstraction, like the other faculties of the human mind, and their exercise, have powerfully influenced language. There is a class of words, as I have already had occasion to observe, in every language at all removed from the most primitive simplicity, which are called abstract nouns; that is, nouns which do not express substances, but the qualities of these considered apart from them. And these nouns, in perfect conformity to the mental habit now before us, are derived from the adjectives whose business it is to express the qualities as attached to the nouns, or resident in them. When I speak of a black hat, for instance, I use the adjective *black* to express a certain quality, by which the hat is distinguished; but when I speak of *blackness*, I invest this quality with the garb and form of a substance, because I want to consider it no longer as resident in the hat alone or particularly, or, indeed, in any one thing, but as *common* to every thing of which it can be said—This is black. Henceforward it is stamped with the characteristics of a noun, or name; the name, not of a substance, like concrete nouns, but of a quality; and whether I contemplate it in the raven's wing, or in the thunder-cloud, or in the reflection of this latter on the ocean, or in the total darkness of midnight, the abstract name is ready at my hand to express this quality, which,

again, can become of *itself* a *distinct* or *separate* object of contemplation.

Closely connected with abstraction, and, indeed, one of great use and purpose of it, is *generalization*. When we have noticed certain qualities, or *sets* of qualities, in any number of beings, we begin to classify—that is, to reckon as belonging to *one* class or system all those which are *possessed* of such qualities. Thus, in natural history birds form a class, clearly distinguished from both mammalia and fishes, by certain undeniable qualities. Looking, again, more narrowly among the birds themselves, we are compelled, on the very same principle, to make *secondary* divisions; because we see that the various classes of birds differ very much from each other in qualities and habits, though all have in common what distinguishes them from fishes and mammalia.

The last part of the subject which I shall be able to overtake at present is that of *association*; a most important topic, and which it is difficult to condense into the required limits.

The *principles* of association have been generally reduced to *likeness*, *nearness*, and cause and effect; and provided we regard these as expressing the largest variety of which they are capable, the division may be regarded as good and convenient for the purpose.

With regard, then, to *likeness* as the first principle of association. Every one of you must have often experienced the effect of this. Suppose that, in walking along one of the streets of this town, you see, at some distance from you, a person whose features very closely resemble another person, with whom you have had intimate relations at some past period of life, but the thought of whom may not have occupied your mind for a long period of time. With what vividness is the remembrance of this second person brought back to you! and how, perhaps, during the remainder of your walk, are you entirely occupied in tracing the past scenes in which you were associated with him, the conversations you held together, the disputes you may have had, the games you played, the dangers you may have jointly encountered, the aid you may have mutually afforded! All this is the effect of the *likeness* between the persons. Nor is the precisely opposite *consideration* of *contrast* to be excluded from this head, though not always named under it by the philosophers. How natural is it, when we see a very *tall man*, to have awakened within us a train of thoughts on stature in general and its varieties, in a few moments thinking on some very short man, whose image

dwells strongly in our memory, and is thus awakened by *contrast*. The only difference is, that *likeness* *immediately* brings up the secondary conception, but contrast, as we have seen, more *remotely*.

Nearness in time or place has a similar effect. One house in a street will bring up the remembrance of its neighbor, and of the family, dwelling in this latter, with whom we were some time acquainted. The mention of a *year*, that has long past away, will make us think, not only of those who then played their parts on the stage of life, but also of the next year to it, with *its* round of business and pleasure, congratulations and regrets.

Lastly (for I must now be brief) *cause* and *effect* are powerful in association. The one immediately awakens thoughts of the other, and this, even when the two are dissimilar. There is no likeness between the fine and minute black grain which we see inserted into the tube of a fire-arm, and the effects it produces. Yet who can help being impressed, as he looks on, with the deafening noise of the explosion he foresees, as well as with the deadly effects, the horrors of war, the wailings of widows and orphans, and the insatiable ambition of fallen man, who, as our lecturer of last week so truly observed, is ever longing to be at the throats of his fellows. It has not escaped the writers on these subjects, or those who have otherwise confined themselves to education, how very important an engine in the latter is this faculty of association, and how necessary it is to guide and guard it well. If, as is indisputable, a few notes of music may not only unlock the fount of sensibility for the present, but enable, and even force us to retrace the pleasing or melancholy memories of the past; if farther, by yielding to or controlling those associations which lead to evil, and by cultivating or neglecting those which are favorable to moral excellence, we may powerfully affect the frame and habits of our minds and lives, who does not see the immense responsibility which rests upon us with regard both to ourselves and to others? Let no one, then, who reflects on this powerful faculty, neglect to watch his own associations, or, in selfish indifference to his neighbor's spiritual welfare, exclaim, or think with the first murderer: "Am I my brother's keeper?" *Every one* of us is, in this sense, the keeper of his brother, and may inflict injuries which a lifetime cannot efface, or confer benefits which a lifetime will not be long enough gratefully to acknowledge.

With these remarks, ladies and gentlemen,

I conclude the present lecture. Should I have an opportunity of addressing you again, I hope to introduce the topics of reflective *consciousness*—of our notions of power—of the freedom of the will—of the standard of virtue—of moral truth, so far as it can be ascertained without Divine revelation—and of the various kinds and degrees of *evidence*.

In the meantime, let me endeavor to impress on all a frequent study of such subjects—a study, I may observe, more easy to such as have always been Catholics, than to those without the fold, or to those who, like myself, have been brought into it at a mature period of life, and this because the Church early introduces her children to the habit of systematic religious meditation; a process which can also be employed, advantageously to both, on the kindred though subordinate subject of that philosophy of the human mind, to my remarks on which you have now done me the favor to listen.

THE LENGTH to which we have been drawn in inserting the remainder of Mr. Maclaurin's admirable lecture, prevents us from doing more at present with respect to the other amusements of the month, than recording that the lectures, &c., came off according to announcement. The Rev. Mr. Worthy's lecture (Oct. 29) on *the Souls and Instincts of Animals*, we shall strive to insert at length in early numbers. Mr. Maclaurin's reading of Macbeth, and the French Revolutions, passed off successfully.

#### FIVE MINUTES FROM THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

The fierce Indian sun glowed on the ill-built mud-walled houses of Malacca. The broad leaves of the palm that shaded the porch of the Governor's house hung motionless; the lizard stayed panting and basking in the glare of the white marble columns: not a breath from the sea to assuage the quivering heat. Yet the sky, though scorching, was not clear: a lurid pestilential haze was brooding over the town and suburbs—sure token that a wasting sickness was there sweeping off its victims wholesale. Had you threaded the streets, the reality of the fearful visitation would have come home to you closer. Every here and there, a little funeral train of persons trode its way cautiously along, the acolyth sounding the death-bell, the priest in sable cope and slow-measured chant; tapers and holy-water, and the native bearers, burying their faces in the swarthy arm left free from the weight of the

bier, and holding their breath as well as they might from the infection of the corpse that lay above them. And that corpse! how ghastly and how livid, as it lies with face and hands exposed on its death-palanquin! Give one glance at those swollen, mottled lips, still half opened with the agony of the last struggle; and that brow, disfigured by the fatal spots of putrid fever: and those dark lean fingers, that clutch so tightly the small crucifix, which had been the sufferer's last link to consciousness, as in his broken Spanish he had murmured the names of Jesus and Mary with his death-sigh. The look of it strikes dread into those two Indian children, who are crouching in a little spot of shade formed by an angle in the wall of the Governor's house.

"See," said Atan'tala to his sister, "if it is not young Francis Ciavos whom they are carrying forth to burial! and 'twas but the night before last, as I heard, that he was stricken with the fever. Oh, how his face is changed; and he used to look so kindly, and smile as he passed our mother's door; sadly, too, he looked at us, as if he pitied us for something: yet he was but a poor ragged youth, while we had good clothes and food. Why should he pity us? Well, he will never look at us any more, that's certain. His eyes are close shut, and—ugh, it is an ugly sight."

Little Mainude made no answer to her brother. Her dark eyes were rivetted on the face of the dead; a youth of scarce twenty years, whom they had often seen in health and strength, as he went round the city selling his mats. Often, too, had he looked upon Atan'tala and his sister, and sighed to think that, bright and happy-looking as they seemed, their souls were in the darkness of the shadow of death. The new birth of Baptism had never passed upon them, and they were strangers to the holy faith, and foreigners from the one true Church, whose sacraments and worship had become his own consolations in his poverty. Seldom had he failed to say an Ave Maria for them as he passed by; and the children, who little guessed they were being prayed for by the poor mat-seller, were still struck by his pensive, composed manner, and attracted to feel kindly towards him, they scarcely knew why. He had even gone so far as to beg Father Francis Xavier, of whom all in Malacca and Goa were telling such wonders, to make a memento for them in his mass. The Mother of Mercy did not let herself be supplicated in vain; and the Divine sacrifice, offered up by the hands of the holy missionary,

drew down upon Ciavos himself, as well as the objects of his anxiety, a greater blessing than he then thought of. You shall hear.

Yes, Father Francis had now lately arrived from Goa. Wherever he went, wonders of grace attended his steps. He had spent years in different parts of India; he had given health to the sick, and read men's consciences at a glance, laboring more abundantly than all others, by reason of the zeal for souls that burned as a consuming fire in his breast. He had wrought miracles of conversion and healing; had struck astonishment into nations who could not speak each other's languages, by the gift of tongues, which enabled him to preach the Gospel, and them to hear it, each "in his own tongue, wherein he was born." In these ways he had been held forth to the kingdom of Satan, a living fulfilment of his master's promise, that His disciples should do yet greater works than He had himself shown forth among men.

But the crowning miracle of all was the grace poured upon the saint himself, the depth of his lowliness, his deadness to the world's good opinion and offers of pleasure, his contempt of self, his ardor in prayer, the austerities that made it a daily marvel that he should still be alive, and the extasies of Divine love, that raised even his mortal body from the ground, as though he were already ascending to the heavenly crown that awaited him, when once his labors of love were done.

And see; at the very moment when the disfigured corpse of his young namesake is being carried past the spot where Mainude and her brother stand, Father Xavier appears walking rapidly, in spite of the heat, towards the Governor's palace. Since his arrival in Malacca, he has been constantly employed in tending the fever-stricken. And truly, the need was very great. Among the heathen, a selfish love of life had overpowered all the bonds of blood and affection: children left their parents, brother his brother; the husband fled from the wife, the cherished companion forsook his friend. Dread of infection—this was the one absorbing thought; and the sick, who might still be saved, and the dying, who might be tended or consoled, were all alike deserted. They toss restlessly on their couches, craving one drop of water in vain—nay, horrible to tell, often dragged into the street by those to whom they had given life, to perish in torment and madness under the fierce sun, that the house whose daily bread they once provided might be freed from their infection. Alas!

Catholic charity, too, had waxed cold amid the panic. The scandal had been not seldom exhibited to the eyes of the Indians, who smiled a bitter hardened smile to see men professing a Gospel of love and self-sacrifice, yet equally with themselves under the dominion of selfish terror.

To these scenes of confusion and horror Xavier came like a ministering angel. That one man, and he worn out with long labors and self-severity, seemed to have a superhuman strength and energy given to him. You might almost fancy that he had been multiplied, for he was to be met with at every turn. Here he was directing the few zealous Catholics whom he could collect, to convert some warehouses into temporary wards for the sick; there he was seen carrying towards the hospital in his arms a poor feeble Indian, who was breathing the deadliest infection into the face of his benefactor. There, in his stole, attended by clerics with lighted tapers, or alone, if the danger is too urgent, he is administering to a dying Catholic the most Holy Viaticum and the last unction. Just before, regardless of the certain death from which nothing but a miracle can preserve him, he had been kneeling by the pallet of that expiring penitent, his ear close to the parched and gasping lips, gathering the few words which the tongue could scarcely frame, and himself, by the clear insight he possesses into the secrets of that laboring conscience, supplying and completing the confession of the awe-struck sinner, who then learned what it is to be assisted in the last extremity by a Saint.

And now that the contagion has slackened, and those who have not been carried forth from the hospital to their graves, are leaving it with slow steps, supported by their friends, Father Francis takes an early opportunity of paying his respects to Don Alvarez d'Atayda Gama, the Governor of Malacca. As he turns the corner of the street in which the palace stands, he meets the funeral of Ciavos. Dearly had he loved the youth; thankfully he had watched the good seed of grace ripen in his soul; yet he shows no surprise at the sad sight presented to him. Had he already seen it in the light of God?

"The saints guard you, Don Miguel," said Francis, courteously saluting the priest, who was chanting one of the psalms for the dead; "for once I venture to deprive you of the merit of your work of mercy; for this young man has been given to my unworthiness. And you, my sons, set down the bier."

All stood still at the words of the Saint. Don Miguel, who mistrustful of the growing society of the Jesuits, had accused it in public conversation of introducing novelties into the Church, and (if it must be said) disliked it also for the exemplary strictness and devotion practised by its priests, looked on in no very charitable mood. The bearers, glad of a resting-time from their burden, stood a few paces off to take a deep breath as the holy missionary approached the body. Atan'tala and Mainude bent forward eagerly, first taking a nearer view of the face of the corpse, and then rivetted on the Saint, whose pale gentle face, dark steady eye and loving smile, attracted them with a feeling of confidence and reverence they had never known before.

"He is one of the priests of those blood-thirsty Spaniards," whispered the brother to the sister, "but see how he looks! He never would counsel the governor to oppress and torture us. I could run and kiss the sleeve of his long black garment." "Hush," answered she, "it is true, he has not at all the look of our bonzes: but let us listen. What will he do? Why, see if he is not going to speak to the body!"

And at that moment, the sweet loving voice of Francis was heard, as he signed the holy sign of the cross over the face and breast of that livid corpse.

"Francis Ciavos, in the name of Jesus, whose Society thou shalt enter to the sanctification of thy soul, I command thee, arise."

And Mainude cried out in terror, and Atan'tala and the bearers threw themselves with their faces in the dust, and Don Miguel dropped upon his knees and called on his angel guardian, as the eyes of the dead unclosed, and the color of health returned to his cheek, and he sat upright on the bier. In one hand he still held the little crucifix, and the other was passed over his forehead, as one who wakens out of a refreshing slumber.

Some few minutes of awe, of wonder, and joy. Then Saint Francis was instructing Ciavos what further he should do to dedicate himself to the Lord who had given him back to life, and Don Miguel was making before him all demonstrations of reverence, and contrition for his hard thoughts, when Indrāuda and Lotokūt, two of the bearers, men long hardened in indifference and heathenism, fearing neither death nor aught that came after death, knelt before the Saint, with their broad hands clasped on their breasts, their eyes streaming with tears and fixed on his face.

"What would you, my children?" asked Francis, breaking off his discourse with the young Spaniard, and addressing them in their native tongue.

"Baptism, Saib!" cried the penitents, "the baptism of the Christians: for you have with you the power of the Most High God."

"We too, we too!" cried the children, making their way through the circle; and throwing themselves before the Saint they clung to his threadbare cassock. "Ah, Ciavos, will you not speak for us, that we too may be baptized?"

There was no need of speaking for them. Father Xavier raised his eyes in thankfulness to Him who had thus added to the children of His Kingdom above: and committing the little band of converts to Don Miguel for instruction, laid his hand upon them in blessing, and walked forward without delay to the Governor's house.

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FAITH.

Midst the shout of the Jews the cross was raised high,  
That in anguish the Saviour might breathe His last  
sigh,  
And the wood of that cross, and the ground where  
they trod,  
Were crimsoned alike with the blood of their God.

The head of that Saviour in meekness was bent,  
Whilst trembling, the earth to its centre was rent;  
And the sun hid its light, as the God they denied,  
By the hand of the Jews, thus crucified, died.

On a cross by his side, the penitent thief,  
Awakened in death to a Christian belief,  
Cried "Oh! Saviour of men, from Thy kingdom above,  
Look down on a sinner with merciful love."

And from cross on to cross, the winds as they fly,  
Bear to Jesus the sound of that penitent cry,  
And swiftly fulfilling their mission sublime,  
Return to the thief with this promise divine:

"With my Father in Heaven this day shalt thou live,  
For thy prayer I have heard, and thy sins I forgive,"  
And weeping with joy for the Heaven so near,  
The Jew died baptised with a Christian's tear.

All the powers of Hell in that struggle were rife,  
In death not to lose what was theirs throughout life,  
But the faith of the Christian, tho' born at the last,  
Atoned before God for the sins of the past.

## Reviews.

*Stanhope Burleigh, or the Jesuit in our Homes.*  
By HELEN DHU. 1 Vol. Edinburgh:  
BLACKWOODS. 1855.

Passing an evening with a literary friend, we saw him tear a leaf, with which to light his cigar, from the heart of a volume on the table, and, on our starting at the destruction, he calmly remarked that indeed he did so on principle; he liked, he said, to find a use for everything, and he could imagine none other for the majority of those Yankee shilling novels. Smiling at his coolness, we quietly helped ourselves to a leaf, and thought how true was the severe remark.

This ridiculous production, ycleped "Stanhope Burleigh," is eminently one of our friend's "majority," and comes also, we almost regret, from the land of Longfellow and Irving. It is from beginning to end an abortive attack upon the Jesuits, and contains but a howl of indignation against the advances which its ribald authoress believes the order to be making in the United States; with all the impertinence of an ignorant woman, there is an attempt throughout to show off various kinds of information; hence the most absurd mistakes constantly occurring. We have a sprinkling of nautical phraseology, that a sweep would sneer at, and much bombastic description, and numberless faults of orthography and grammar, that a Cockney would be ashamed of. About the commencement there is an air of toleration towards the Catholic Church in general, in order to render the more forcible the writer's anti-Jesuit wrath; further on, however, this feeling is forgotten, her anger bursting all bounds, besmeared with the slime of its vituperation every shade of Catholicism and the holy name recurring in her pages with a painful frequency. She would attempt to force upon her readers, in some cases, an absolutely blasphemous conclusion.

And who are the men, and what the order, to her protest against which, this Yankee solicitor for British shillings calls the attention of literature? We are not of those who condemn *all* historic strictures on this wonderful body in the same spirit which we now show to the worthless novel before us. Originally founded in, we believe, the most momentous period of the world's history, its founder was one, the powers of whose heart and mind were by nature

of his temperament absorbed by a chivalrous enthusiasm, an ardent thirst for glory: "He had chosen a Dulcinea, and had flattered himself with the hope of laying at her feet the keys of Moorish castles and the jewelled turbans of Asiatic princes." That this huge element of power, for good or evil, was engrossed by an especial Providence, we have never doubted. Purified by excessive suffering and terrible privation, he founded an order, which was destined by Heaven for a splendid mission. For several centuries its illustrious children fought the battle of the cross with determined courage and startling constancy; in laws or literature, in science or philosophy, they numbered amongst them the most gifted of mankind. Of wonderful purity, alike in theory and life, in the hovels of the lowly and the cabinets of rulers, they pursued their steady course as the soldiers of God. Acquiring vast resources still, we believe, under the same high patronage, they revived the worship of their Master where it had faded, carried the banner of Christianity to far distant shores, and understanding the dialects of climes where civilization had never trod, they preached of the Redemption to boors in the Hebrides, and lectured on the Trinity to idolaters in Japan.

The vast theme grows beyond our reach. We shrink from the noble office of defending men whose grand offence to their enemies has ever been, that they were unconquerable in the energy of union, and "strong with the whole united strength of virtue and of mammon;" and as great subjects have oft times an attraction for little minds, we can understand this one forming the theme of "Stanhope Burleigh." After a tolerable display of ladylike sentiment in her preface, in which is acknowledged the fair writer's obligation to Nicolini, the scene opens in Genoa, on the eve of the breaking out of the revolution which swept over Europe in 1848. We are introduced into the council-chamber of the "Supreme Commandant of the Company of Jesus," and learn all about the beauty of his person, the careful appearance of his nails, and remarkable fineness of his linen; afterwards we are conducted by this personage to the death-bed of Charles Albert, accompanied by an accomplice of the Padre, and by means of secret passages, trap-doors, and the various carpentry of melodrama, the Padre hears the King's confession, and remarks to the other, *still present*, that the "game is up." After a little small-talk, about political affairs, Metternich, &c., the Padre recommends the King's undertaker (!)

these are the books to be given as prizes in schools, academies, and even in the junior schools of colleges. They are inexpensive, as prizes should be; for the candidate for literary pre-eminence should always be taught to consider the honor of receiving a prize, rather than estimate its marketable value; in the same spirit as the men of old, who prized a laurel or an oaken crown more than barbaric pearl and gold. For travellers, these volumes are worth a gross of the gaudy and flaring trash that one picks up, when one wishes to spend a shilling on an anti-soporific for a long journey. Not but that these books are neatly and even elegantly got up. For in addition to their intrinsic worth, they are beautifully and clearly printed, on a stout, good paper. Not a slight consideration, the leaves are already cut to your hand; and the wrapper is a very pretty, showy, and artistic design, pleasing to the eye, and fit to be seen in any bookcase or on any drawing-room table. We warmly recommend them to all classes to whom such things are a want.

*Catholic Pictorial Bible and Church History Stories.* Principal Dépôt, GEORGE OVERS, 81, Great Russell-street, Birmingham. Part 1.—*From the Creation to the Death of Joseph.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

Sir,—I value much the opportunity your request places at my disposal of setting myself right, with an influential portion of the public, through your columns, on the subject of the publication of the Pictorial Bible Stories, which I am endeavouring to carry forward. It is a thing of happy augury to find Catholic publications willing to further each other's progress. But, not to consume your space in mere compliments, I proceed to business thus.

It is not necessary, I may take for granted, to say anything about the utility or plan of the work. I presume, in an age where people cry out for the "diffusion of knowledge," that Catholics will be all of one mind to desire the diffusion of the knowledge of their faith, and the spread of holy rather than of mere profane knowledge; and they will be equally unanimous in desiring to see such an extremely popular art as that of wood-engraving made subservient to further the spread of the holy knowledge which they love. In their own minds I consider that every single Catholic must be a real well-wisher to the enterprise that has this object in view. But now comes the only question that can occupy the minds of sensible people—can it be carried through? "You have begun to build," people will say to me, "but can you finish?"

Now, in reply, I desire to plead that I have only professed to make a beginning! A certain sum of money has been gathered together, and invested in an edition of 20,000 copies of a book of popular religious knowledge, 12,000 of which are sold. The proceeds of which sale, together with our small

capital, is being laid out in paying off accounts, and on the works that belong to the sequel: thus the building is slowly advancing. But one stonemason might just as well be expected to undertake to complete the cathedral at Cologne, as I can be expected, by myself, to complete what has been begun: others must help the building forward, if it is to be finished.

"But if you had no expectation of being able to finish, why did you begin?" I ask attention to a parallel fact, in another department of human enterprise. When Mr. Stephenson, and some few others, of Liverpool, planned the first railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, and saw before them the virgin map of Europe of that day, with not one solitary railroad marked upon it, did they begin the construction of their little road with the intention of changing the face of Europe? No! They went upon the principle that convenience and rapidity of traffic is a want of civilized society, and that to supply a want of society a beginning must be made. Now their beginning has in thirty years changed the face of Europe.

Traffic is no more a want of civil society than the diffusion of the knowledge of religion is a want of Catholic society. There is a void of the knowledge of religion in our ranks that is infinitely more detrimental to faith and morality than the absence of railroads was obstructive to commerce. What is the bane, the root of the feebleness and degradation, of the great mass of the Catholic population? It is not their want of faith; for they are often rich in the gift of faith. It is their terrible want of anything like knowledge. This present absence of knowledge is not a state of things that can possibly continue! Knowledge constitutes a traffic in civilized life which cannot be put down; and knowledge is too much a personal and social want of humanity that, like other people, Catholics should not in the end come to feel it. What then, if when they come to feel the want of knowledge, they find everything that is profane and on the side of unbelief, made attractive, charming, and cheap, and everything on the side of religion of the old fly-wagon order of things? The result, of course, is, that the whole charm and attractive powers of knowledge—and this is no slight thing—become thrown into the scale of unbelief. Knowledge becomes the ally of unbelief. Not that religion has not a knowledge of her own that would not be far more charming in itself, and might not be brought out in as cheap, as beautiful, and as accessible a dress. But if it is not there in a tangible form, people take what they can get, and what comes in their way ready to hand. As long, therefore, as Catholic enterprise hangs fire, and cannot succeed in stirring up activity, and in getting a market for the knowledge of religion, the knowledge that is on the side of unbelief carries all before it.

I hope that there are good signs all around, that we are opening our eyes to the necessity of taking knowledge out of the hands of the infidel, and making it to serve the cause of religion: and I am thus able to answer the question, why I have tried to make a beginning, though I cannot be supposed, by myself alone, to be able to finish. Religious knowledge is an absolute want of our day—*our millions want it*—and without religious knowledge, their faith will be swamped in the flood of infidel knowledge. It is, therefore, as reasonable to make a beginning to improve the means of diffusing the knowledge of religion, as it was for Engineer Stephenson, and those who backed him, to lay down the first line of rails between Liverpool and Manchester.

to be sent for. Charles Albert dies—and the first scene is over.

Our next introduction is to a young American of wonderful genius and all sorts of accomplishments—Stanhope himself. We are immediately informed that he is travelling in Europe to give the finishing touch to his "course of academic and law studies, completed at Harvard University;" and a little further on we hear that "his *alma mater* was Cambridge." This youth discovers, by the merest chance in the world, that his ladylove is confined in a convent in Genoa, under the auspices of the Padre, and that her father, a retired American merchant, is also kept almost a prisoner, with a view to wring from him his trifle of money—some ten millions of dollars! The revolution breaks out, however. Stanhope ships Genivra, her father, Padre and all per an American clipper, which happens, by another rare stroke of luck, to be lying in the harbor, with nothing to do; and after sundry interesting adventures, sailing along the coast of Granada at the rate of sixteen knots per hour, with some more nautical nonsense, the party arrives at New York.

The Padre has a strange parting at Genoa with the Abbess of Genivra's convent, who turns out to have been a fancy of his own some eighteen years before, in the mountains of Granada, and he takes with him to America one Carlo, who, in order apparently that no base-minded suggestion may be wanting to lend its foul attraction to the story, afterwards figures as his daughter Inez.

After the arrival in "our homes," we have pages of description as to the working of the order in the United States; and amidst a medley of bigoted ravings, there is so much falsehood with regard to the most common-place facts, and so many startling assertions as to Catholic teaching and doctrine, that all credibility in the volume is at once destroyed. The further details are absolutely not worth notice. The plot is wound up in fury, and bursts in a yell of melodrama. We may, however, give an extract to support our views.

Macaulay, we think, in treating of Addison, remarks that the latter had in his hands one of the greatest powers ever wielded by man—the faculty of making other men appear ridiculous. We wonder if he ever succeeded in its use more completely than this woman does in her own regard, in such passages as the following. Jaudan is the transported Padre, and Hubert the Jesuit chief in America; the *italics*, we may add, are our own:

"Hubert was a man to whom Jaudan could say this with truth. He was the Gamaliel of American Jesuitism. He was to it in the New World what Jaudan had been in the Old. They were moulded much alike: both were born to command; each was equal to almost any emergency; for neither was wanting in resources, and both were always prepared for anything that was to take place. Physically they were not unlike. Hubert was not a high-born man; but he had the best Irish qualities in him, without those defects which so often make a great Irishman an unsuccessful man (?) and he had one quality, which would go further than any which Jaudan possessed. It was what every superior Irishman is endowed with—electric appreciation of popular feeling, and comprehension of popular tendencies.

"But, after all, Jaudan had some advantages over Hubert, which, in the long run, were sure to make themselves known. Jaudan never would have addressed an Irish mob at all, much less would he have been seen in Carroll Hall, surrounded by a reeking mass of men, maddened by bad whiskey, and fired only by the madder intoxication of cutting Protestant throats. Besides, Jaudan was a high-born man; by which we mean only this, that he was born in the establishment of a gentleman—a man who had good blood in his veins, and a fine brain in his head; for why is not good blood in a man worth as much as it is in a horse?—a man who was thoroughly illuminated by all the lights of his age:—a good swordsman, a good patriot, a man of learning, a good agriculturist, a man who would unsheath his blade in any good cause, who would not allow an opportunity to be lost to render a noble service to his neighbour, his friend, or man as man."

"Another thing: much as Hubert had been in Europe, he knew nothing about it in comparison with Jaudan. Jaudan had been in America, North and South, in the West Indies, in the Pacific Ocean, all through Asia! and as for the Continent of Europe, he had mapped it out, studied every controlling mind in it, been intimate with every great man, been all things to all men, and in a sense Paul was not. He was a scholar when he was a boy, which Hubert was not; for when he was a boy, he was digging with the pick and the spade, that doomed inheritance of the Celtic race—[Bad manners to her impudence.] Of course, then, Jaudan was Hubert's superior, not only by good blood—[thorough-bred, we presume]—but by early training,—early familiarity with good society and cultivated minds. He had also been familiar with the best and worst thoughts of the best and worst men in Europe (!!) He was, moreover, esteemed by the Jesuits of the earth as the worthiest successor of Ignatius Loyola."

The foregoing will give a fair idea of the elegancies of composition plentifully scattered over this volume. With regard to mistakes in grammar, &c., their name is legion. The authoress enriches her vernacular with such terms as "shakely," "slouchy," "enginery," &c., and is throughout perfectly innocent of adverbs. Towards the close of the work we have a long summary of all the "secret rules of the order," which, besides being found elsewhere and the composition of some ingenious machiavellian pen, contain so clear internal evidence of ex-

travagant falsehood, that we have no concern with them now, save to notice their damaging contrast with the writer's own feeble pages.

And, as the length to which we have extended our notice may appear anomalous in the case of a volume of bigoted absurdities, totally devoid, at the same time, of one literary merit to redeem them; we may account here for our condescending to notice it at all. Cheap novels, in many cases American reprints, have now and again, of late years, sprung into a circulation, which we have sometimes been quite unable to believe that they deserved. Bigotry and intolerance, however, we are well aware; always find an echo wherever they find a hearing, and when catholicism and its children are maligned, there is invariably a very large, if not a very intelligent class, ever ready to receive them. American literature of this class is often welcomed in England, and it helps to further amongst the narrow-minded a belief in the vaunted happiness and freedom enjoyed in its land: these people seem to forget that this boast is very nearly a delusion, that freedom in America is very much the freedom of bowie-knives and revolvers, that her states are as much as any other, torn with social hatreds and convulsed with party strife, that she is the refuge for the outcasts of other communities, and swarms with lawless and desperate men.

And in dealing with this volume, which of course brags its share about this liberty and happiness, let it not be supposed we have forgotten that its writer is a woman, and even, in spite of much vulgar thought and numberless grammatical errors, may perhaps possibly be a lady; we plead guilty to no such oversight; but when a woman, clearly without any literary mission, leaves her true sphere, in which manly feeling and social suffrage so powerfully reinforce her, she can have obviously no further claim on our politeness to tolerate her impertinences in print. This volume is so unequivocally worthless, that we would regret the hours lost in its perusal, but that we hope we may have saved them to another, and hurried itself on its speedy course to limbo.

*The Amusing Library for Home and Railway.*

London: LAMBERT. Edinburgh: MENZIES.

*The Curse of the Village, and the Happiness of being Rich.*

*The Lion of Flanders.*

*Romantic Tales of Great Men.*

*Sea Stories of Discovery, Peril, and Escape. Tales of Humour; the Court, the Highway, and the Forest, &c., &c., &c."*

Like a squirrel in a revolving cage, how eagerly did we, in boyhood, read the small circle of *harmless* books of amusement then in existence. *Robinson Crusoe, The Exiles of Siberia, The Old English Baron, The Son of a Genius*, and perhaps as many more, were the moral cage round which we scampered. There were other pastures to be sure; but they were forbidden tracks as containing poisonous pasturage. For instance, *The Arabian Nights* was dazzling and attractive, but the elder squirrels shook their heads, and told us that two hideous dragons guarded its entrance; these were Lust and Lewdness. So we ran back to our cage, and took another turn. Then, learned professors had a cage also. When they came to distribute prizes to athletes who had successfully driven their literary *curriculum*, among non-religious works they had *Rollin*, and *Waterton*, and *Cowper* to choose from; and when they got tired of these, they might turn to *Cowper*, and *Waterton*, and *Rollin*, by way of a change. There certainly were a few good and harmless works besides these; but not many. And there was no middle term—no *mezzo termine*—between cage number one and cage number two. Then as to journeys, the less said the better. Those endless, dreary, crampy, shivery, stage-coach pilgrimages! But now we've changed all that. Stage-coaches are not; a gently-gliding, cushioned, carpeted, curtained room has driven them off the road. And squirrel-cages for master and man are amongst the things that were. Plainly, this excellent series of books has been long and sorely wanted. Boys have here got no end of attractive books in which they can revel luxuriously. They never need to go over the old ground twice, for here they can have "fresh fields and pastures new" every week in the year. Humorous tales, droller than Rip Van Winkle; fiction, if not equal, at least much akin to, *Robinson Crusoe*; tales of chivalry, as good as *Sir John Froissart*; stories

Of moving accidents by flood and field;

Of hair-breadth 'scapes;

and tales and romances in every walk of letters. And, best boon of all, every line is pure; not a word from title to colophon that could raise a blush. These are the books for parents to put into the hands of children—books uniting the useful with the agreeable;

these are the books to be given as prizes in schools, academies, and even in the junior schools of colleges. They are inexpensive, as prizes should be; for the candidate for literary prominence should always be taught to consider the honor of receiving a prize, rather than estimate its marketable value; in the same spirit as the men of old, who prized a laurel or an oak-leaf crown more than barbaric pearl and gold. For travellers, these volumes are worth a gross of the gaudy and flaring trash that one picks up, when one wishes to spend a shilling on an anti-soporific for a long journey. Not but that these books are neatly and even elegantly got up. For in addition to their intrinsic worth, they are beautifully and clearly printed, on a stout, good paper. Not a slight consideration, the leaves are already cut to your hand; and the wrapper is a very pretty, showy, and artistic design, pleasing to the eye, and fit to be seen in any bookcase or on any drawing-room table. We warmly recommend them to all classes to whom such things are a want.

*Catholic Pictorial Bible and Church History Stories.* Principal Depot, GEORGE OVERS, 81, Great Russell-street, Birmingham. Part 1.—*From the Creation to the Death of Joseph.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

Sir,—I value much the opportunity your request places at my disposal of setting myself right, with an influential portion of the public, through your columns, on the subject of the publication of the Pictorial Bible Stories, which I am endeavouring to carry forward. It is a thing of happy augury to find Catholic publications willing to further each other's progress. But, not to consume your space in mere compliments, I proceed to business thus.

It is not necessary, I may take for granted, to say anything about the utility or plan of the work. I presume, in an age where people cry out for the "diffusion of knowledge," that Catholics will be all of one mind to desire the diffusion of the knowledge of their faith, and the spread of holy rather than of mere profane knowledge; and they will be equally unanimous in desiring to see such an extremely popular art as that of wood-engraving made subservient to further the spread of the holy knowledge which they love. In their own minds I consider that every single Catholic must be a real well-wisher to the enterprise that has this object in view. But now comes the only question that can occupy the minds of sensible people—can it be carried through? "You have begun to build," people will say to me, "but can you finish?"

Now, in reply, I desire to plead that I have only professed to make a beginning! A certain sum of money has been gathered together, and invested in an edition of 20,000 copies of a book of popular religious knowledge, 12,000 of which are sold. The proceeds of which sale, together with our small

capital, is being laid out in paying off accounts, and on the works that belong to the sequel; thus the building is slowly advancing. But one stonemason might just as well be expected to undertake to complete the cathedral at Cologne, as I can be expected, by myself, to complete what has been begun: others must help the building forward, if it is to be finished.

"But if you had no expectation of being able to finish, why did you begin?" I ask attention to a parallel fact, in another department of human enterprise. When Mr. Stephenson, and some few others, of Liverpool, planned the first railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, and saw before them the virgin map of Europe of that day, with not one solitary railroad marked upon it, did they begin the construction of their little road with the intention of changing the face of Europe? No! They went upon the principle that convenience and rapidity of traffic is a want of civilized society, and that to supply a want of society a beginning must be made. Now their beginning has in thirty years changed the face of Europe.

Traffic is no more a want of civil society than the diffusion of the knowledge of religion is a want of Catholic society. There is a void of the knowledge of religion in our ranks that is infinitely more detrimental to faith and morality than the absence of railroads was obstructive to commerce. What is the bane, the root of the feebleness and degradation, of the great mass of the Catholic population? It is not their want of faith; for they are often rich in the gift of faith. It is their terrible want of anything like knowledge. This present absence of knowledge is not a state of things that can possibly continue! Knowledge constitutes a traffic in civilized life which cannot be put down; and knowledge is too much a personal and social want of humanity that, like other people, Catholics should not in the end come to feel it. What then, if when they come to feel the want of knowledge, they find everything that is profane and on the side of unbelief, made attractive, charming, and cheap, and everything on the side of religion of the old fly-wagon order of things? The result, of course, is, that the whole charm and attractive powers of knowledge—and this is no slight thing—become thrown into the scale of unbelief. Knowledge becomes the ally of unbelief. Not that religion has not a knowledge of her own that would not be far more charming in itself, and might not be brought out in as cheap, as beautiful, and as accessible a dress. But if it is not there in a tangible form, people take what they can get, and what comes in their way ready to hand. As long, therefore, as Catholic enterprise hangs fire, and cannot succeed in stirring up activity, and in getting a market for the knowledge of religion, the knowledge that is on the side of unbelief carries all before it.

I hope that there are good signs all around, that we are opening our eyes to the necessity of taking knowledge out of the hands of the Infidel, and making it to serve the cause of religion: and I am thus able to answer the question, why I have tried to make a beginning, though I cannot be supposed, by myself alone, to be able to finish. Religious knowledge is an absolute want of our day—*our millions want it*—and without religious knowledge, their faith will be swamped in the flood of infidel knowledge. It is, therefore, as reasonable to make a beginning to improve the means of diffusing the knowledge of religion, as it was for Engineer Stephenson, and those who backed him, to lay down the first line of rails between Liverpool and Manchester.

I notice in Liverpool, school buildings of a higher order of architectural solidity and magnificence than in any other town, and I cannot refrain from putting a question. Are these buildings expected to form the minds of the pupils? Are they meant to teach? No; masters and mistresses, and books, do the work of teaching! Well, but surely such magnificent schools have fine Catholic books for the pupils? It is almost a mockery to put the question, for there scarcely are such things. Is education, then, a work only for the stonemason, the bricklayer, and the carpenter? Catholic schools, and no Catholic books for them to use. How is the phenomenon to be explained?

The phenomenon points in a most sadly significant manner to the crying necessity for a beginning to be made!

Now, five per cent. upon the money expended in the school buildings of Liverpool alone would suffice to start a trade in Catholic books, which, under proper management, would be quite adequate to supply the entire demand. It is a want of our times, and it is good that a beginning should be made.—  
Your obedient servant,  
HENRY FORMBY.

*St. Chad's Birmingham.*

## THE BOOK OF NATURE.

CHAP. I.—INTRODUCTION.

*On the Dignity of Man.*



BELOVED reader, come and leave awhile the tumult of the world, the din of war, the noise of the many voices of men, that are sounding like the roaring of the sea, on the arena of politics, of polemics, and science, and come and consider the great-

est of God's wonders, the most perfect of His works in the kingdom of nature. Come and contemplate yourself!

Come, and reflect upon the structure so marvellous and noble, of your body; and while you contemplate the immaterial substance which animates it—subjects so worthy the attention of an intelligent being—adore the wisdom, admire the power, and bless the goodness of that God who has made you what you are, and learn, at the same time, the inestimable value of that life which he has given you to live upon earth.

The universe, then, is as a vast picture, which, unless it be regarded from a correct point of view, presents nothing to the sight but a confused mass of indistinct impressions. The immense multitudes of divers beings, which compose it, and cover its face, would be a very chaos, if man were not there to give them

order and relation, and reduce them to harmonious unity. All that is in the world is made for him, and tends towards him. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that we should not err in the view which we take and the idea we form of man. That view must not be too low on the one hand, otherwise the world would appear too grand and magnificent; nor yet too exalted on the other, lest it should appear too vile and narrow for him for whom it was created. A wise Providence has ordered every thing in just measure and proportion. The palace has been erected and adorned according to the wants of the master who is to inhabit it. And if the edifice itself is wanting in anything, this is because the one for whom it was destined is a being himself subject to many imperfections.

But because man has his faults, am I then to confound or to level him with the other creatures? No, certainly not. He has been created to reign over them: this is his dignity. On the other side, he has been drawn out of nothing; and more than this, he has made himself guilty—this is his defect, and he is not perfect. In our view of man, then, as he walks in the kingdom of nature, let us never separate his defects from those qualities which exalt him so far above all else that exists—let us not degrade him as a stupid brute, which has no understanding, nor exalt him as an ideal being which has all perfection and no failing.

Man, in truth, presents a strange mixture of greatness and littleness in his composition; however, let us admire once more the wisdom and goodness of God towards His self-degraded creature. Let us admire this great masterpiece of His hand; and the fruit of this study will be to carry us up from ourselves to the contemplation of the author of our being, by a road which cannot lead us astray.

The all-wise and all-merciful providence of God, with what ceaseless murmurings is it not assailed! How perpetually is base ingratitude raising its voice to degrade man, and to blaspheme his Creator. They, on the other hand, who are ever exaggerating their own ills, aggravate them thereby, and render them incurable; while those who close their eyes to the real advantages which they enjoy, render those blessings null. No: I for one cannot be of this number; nor will I recognise myself in this portrait traced by an ancient philosopher.

According to him—"Man is a most vile and despicable animal. Nature seems to treat him more as a step-dame than as a mother. The

trees and plants she has covered with bark and bushes; all other animals of the creation she has clothed with warm coverings to protect them against the inclemency of the seasons, but man she has cast out, on the day of his birth, as naked as the dust on which he is born. Nor is this enough. Scarcely escaped from his mother's womb, this animal destined to rule, is thrown into chains. His life begins with pangs, and tears, and cries, and his only crime is to have been born. His ignorance equals his weakness. While all other animals at their birth are robust and skilled enough to swim, to walk, and to take food, man can at this period do nothing for himself; he has need to learn everything; all that he knows to do of himself is to utter cries of pain, and shed tears of sorrow. And if nothing is more weak and contemptible than man at his birth, nothing is more horrible and detestable than he, when he is grown to maturity. Each savage beast has indeed some particular instinct, which makes it formidable to us; but man alone comprehends in himself as a whole what only exists in beasts as a part. He has on his tongue the venom of the asp; in his mind, the tortuous folds and wiles of the serpent; in his heart, the gall of the basilisk; in his comportment, the fury of the lion; in his cruelty, the rage of the tiger. In short, the richest present that nature gives to man in his life, is the power to give himself the stroke of death."—*Seneca de Benef, Lib. iii.*

Such is the language of the degraded and ungrateful man. Inflexible pride and hardness of heart arms his hand against himself and against his God. He chooses rather to vilify himself in his own eyes, than be grateful for the marvellous blessings which have been lavished upon him. Ah! far be from me these false and desponding views! How consoling, on the contrary, how ennobling, how affecting are the words of true wisdom, when they pourtray man to me in his true colors!

"O God!" she cries out by the mouth of David, "how wonderful is Thy name in all the earth! Thou hast raised Thy glory above the heavens: out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings hast Thou drawn Thy greatest glory, and covered with confusion Thy enemies. Thou hast made man all but equal to the angels: Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor: Thou hast subjected to his dominion all the works of Thy hands. He sees beneath his feet all other creatures; all sheep and oxen, and all the beasts of the field; the birds of the air and the fishes of

the sea, that walk in the paths of its waters."

How striking is the contrast between these two portraits of man! Under the pencil of the philosopher he is the butt of nature. Drawn by the pen of Truth he is crowned with glory and honor! All is subject to him in the world of sense and sight; his very infancy is the object of the complacency of the Most High.

Compare then the sublime and tender accents with which the view of man's grandeur inspired the royal prophet, to the mournful murmurs of false reason, and judge for yourselves, all you who have any perception of the true and the beautiful. And learn how vast is the difference between this false philosophy and that revelation which it is ever straining to undermine. In the one, all is consoling and noble; all inspires meekness, gratitude, wonder, and patience. In the other, nothing is good, but all is to be despised as vile; all breathes dissatisfaction, ingratitude, and rebellion against heaven and earth. Pride is not satisfied with having been placed only a little below the angels; it would have itself exalted on a throne as high as that of the Eternal One!

Having taken this general glance at that most perfect of God's creatures, Man, we will view him more nearly within and without, and we will take to pieces each part of this wonderful machinery,—and see whether viewed in its parts, or contemplated as a whole, our last thought is not as the first: how noble a creature, how wonderful a being, is MAN!

[From our London Correspondent.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE  
MAGAZINE.

Sir,—I am afraid that I have little of interest to communicate to you, concerning the events of the last month. The war, with its appliances and results, still occupies the principal attention of all classes. How can it be otherwise, for every one is more or less affected by them. In the Catholic world, the death of Mr. Lucas and his funeral at Brompton made, as it were, a small ripple upon the waters, which seems already to have disappeared; whether in Ireland or in Parliament his loss may produce more lasting effects, it is too early yet to form any opinion. In the *Tablet* of last week, there is a well written leader respecting a curious decision lately come to in London and at West Bromwich, concerning the "Mormonites." These people, it seems, are not to be entitled to the privileges of Protestant Dissenters. They are not Protestant Dissenters. Then what are they? "The magistrates in question," says the *Tablet*, "have found out, it would appear, a point where Protestantism ceases, an eruption to a uni-

versal negation." The Mormons are a wicked sect, we know; but can they be worse, in any sense, than Luther, Cranmer, and the rest of the earlier reformers? But the enormities of these persons are now considered respectable. That which the Pope never attempted,—the dissolution of a valid marriage—may be effected by the British Parliament for £1,000; therefore, it is *comme il faut*,—quite a proper thing. "Joe Smith had no respectability to keep up, and his bread to earn; so he made short work of shams, and turned the English fact into a Mormon principle." The article is too long to quote in *extenso*; but it is worth referring to.

"Mr. Alderman Fairbrother is becoming a great man in the church; he disposes of livings with almost incredible facility, and is therefore patronised and courted by a large body of aspiring clerics." Then follows a list of the *cures of souls* parted with, or to be parted with, by this Alderman, for a "consideration." "The lots are not of the very highest quality, but any of them will answer very well for the younger son of some wealthy commoner or of some poor lord to try his 'prentice hand' on, and whet his appetite for a more luxurious living." It is a comfort in one sense to think that these people are, what they are, without *order*: they cannot commit sacrilege. As a more interesting subject, let us turn to the opening of the new schools and chapel of "Our Lady of the Rosary," in the Edgeware-road. Though not within the last month this has taken place I think since the publication of your first number; and any one who knows, or has known, anything of the spiritual destitution of London, will be delighted to hear at any time that the inhabitants of a locality so necessitous have had the means of grace carried at length to their very doors. This work of mercy was brought about chiefly by the aid of an individual who desired his name might be concealed from men; but who, happily for himself, was called away to give to God an account of his labors, on the very day, I believe, on which mass was first said within the walls which he had erected.

During this month, churches and individuals are alike occupied with the concerns of the faithful suffering in Purgatory. On the 7th instant a *Requiem* Mass was everywhere celebrated for the souls of those who have recently fallen in battle. The happy conversion of another of the Scott clan—the Duchess of Buccleugh—is probably by this time no news to any one interested in hearing it. She was received on the 3rd of September at Farm-street Church. At that church, Dr. Manning's lectures on the Beatitudes are attracting, as his preaching usually does, a crowded audience. Three of the lectures (at the Sunday vespers) have already been delivered:—"Blessed are the poor in spirit"—"Blessed are the meek"—and, lastly, "Blessed are they that mourn." To do justice to even a sketch of either of them, the whole space allotted to this letter would not suffice; for these sermons are not like some which, though very good, are capable of being almost indefinitely compressed; I find that my notes, instead of being shortened, as I intended, would to answer any purpose, have to be filled up from memory. Wishing all success to your Magazine, which, I trust, has the good will of some influential people in London, believe me to remain, sir, &c.,

R. D. S.

London, November 15.

#### DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM GILLET.

On the morning of Friday, Nov. 15th, death removed from his labors and from a prolonged illness the above esteemed priest. He was educated at Ushaw; but, owing to delicate health, he was obliged to return to his native village, Lytham, where he completed his theology under the Rev. Joseph Walmsley. For eight years he labored assiduously—only too assiduously—in the Church of St. Anthony, in this town; and they who lived with him best knew his unvarying goodness of heart and singleness of purpose. Last autumn his health gave way; and for purer air and lighter work, he was put in charge of the mission of Douglas, Isle of Man. What had been long lurking in his system now assumed a form; a violent attack of jaundice prostrated him. From this he never recovered, though it was thought that a short residence in a southern county had done much to restore him. On Thursday evening he retired, much in his usual health and spirits. About two in the morning, he awoke and began to vomit; he rang for his servant, and in five minutes he was no more. We have known him from his boyhood. At college, he was always considered an estimable companion and a good student. As a priest, he was charitable, hard-working, unobtrusive, and zealous. He was noted as a man of sound judgment, kind heart, and honest purpose; in fact, he was a good man and a good priest in every sense of the word. In many of our readers, when these lines meet their eyes, a sad feeling will be awakened at the loss of one, that was so beloved in "auld lang syne." For the sake of old times, say a *De Profundis* for a departed friend.

He was buried on Monday, Nov. 19th, and many of his old friends assembled to pay their last sad tribute to his remains. The following clerics were present: the Revv. Messrs. Toole, H. Newsham, T. Newsham, Power, Phelan, Arrowsmith, O'Reilly, Carr, Wallwork, Hawksworth, Nugent, Duggan, Tobin, Magraw, Walsh, Walton, Fleetwood, Walmsley (Lytham), Orrell, Flynn, Dunderdale, G. Fisher, Green, Wells, Hardman, Dutertre, Kelly, Hall, and Carter. At the High Mass the following assisted: Priest, Rev. G. Fisher; Deacon, Rev. J. Nugent; Sub-deacon, Rev. J. Wallwork; Master of Ceremonies, Rev. J. Carr. The Rev. H. Newsham, of the Willows, preached.

MAY THE DEPARTED REST IN PEACE.

## ADVANCE OF CATHOLICITY.

"Fautavit ut gigas ad currendam viam."—Ps. xviii.

A GENERAL gathering of the Dublin Catholic Young Men's Society was held in the Music Hall, Lower Abbey-street, on the evening of Monday, October 29th. The Very Rev. Dean Meyler presided. During the evening several eloquent and animating speeches were made, and enthusiastically received by a respectable audience, who crowded every portion of the hall. Among the speakers, we are glad to observe the names of W. Gernon, Barrister-at-Law, Esq., and Professor Ornsby, M.A., both well known to many of our readers on this side of the channel. The Very Rev. Chairman, amidst the deepest and most respectful silence, announced that a Plenary Indulgence had been granted by his Holiness to the Members of the Young Men's Society, at the solicitation of the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, approved by the Archbishop of Dublin. Several annual subscriptions and some donations were announced.

CONVERSIONS.—The Duchess of Buccleugh has been received into the Church by the Very Rev. Dr. Manning.

The Rev. F. Lascelles, LL. B., incumbent, of Merevale, has resigned his benefice, and has been admitted into the Catholic Church.

An hospital is to be built in London, and when completed is to be under the care of Sisters of Charity, in which sick Catholics of all nations will be received and attended. The Emperor of the French has sent a donation of fifty pounds towards this object.

CATHOLIC STATISTICS IN ENGLAND.—A document has just been published, comparing the number of Catholic Churches, &c., in England in 1851 and 1855, from which it appears that there were, in 1851, churches, 586; colleges, 10; religious houses, 68; priests, 826. In 1855, there are—churches, 653; colleges, 11; religious houses, 97; priests, 957.

In the second week of November, a new church (Goldie, Archt.), was solemnly opened by his Lordship of Beverley, at Ugthorpe, a town about nine miles north of Whitby. This, as his Lordship observed, is one of the few favored spots in England, in which the true faith has never been obscured, and into which the so-called Reformation has never penetrated. This edifice owes its construction principally to the liberality of the Hon. Charles Langdale, and the untiring exertions of the

Rev. N. Rigby, who has served this mission zealously for thirty years.

ON Nov. 13th, a solemn *Requiem* Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's, Moorfields, for the soldiers of all the Allied Nations, who have fallen in the present disastrous war. His Lordship of Southwark celebrated, and an appropriate sermon was preached by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop. A magnificent catafalque was erected in the centre of the church. It bore the following inscriptions:—

MILITIBUS. QUI. TERRA. MARIQUE. PRECLARE. DECERTANTES. IN. PACE. TAMEN. CHRISTI. DIEM. SUUM. OBIERUNT. SACERDOTES. POPULUSQUE. WESTMONAST. SOLEMNI. RITU. LITANTES. D. O. M. PACEM. ADPRECANTUR. MDCCCLV.\*

On one side:—

IN. CERTAMINE. FIDELI. COMMILITONES. NOSTRI.\*

And on the other:—

HABETE. ANIMAE. GENEROSISSIMAE.\*

The catafalque was erected, on a very brief notice, by M. Nosotti. It seems to have been all in good taste; only we fail to understand on what principle he introduced into the church the banner of Victor Emmanuel, "an excommunicated thief," as Dr. Marshall happily terms him.

## LITERARY ITEMS.

M. THIERS has published the twelfth volume of his "*History of the Consulate and the Empire*."

A pleasing letter, bearing the signatures of Thomas Carlyle, Charles Dickens, and John Forster, has been addressed to the *Times*, in behalf of the god-daughter of Samuel Johnson, who is living, with her sister, in a state of great poverty in London. The object of the letter is to obtain about £400, just sufficient to purchase an annuity for the two living representatives of Johnson. A similar movement is being made in favor of the great-grandson of Defoe, by the veteran Walter Savage Landor. It is to be hoped that this appeal in behalf of the last representative of Defoe—"who has lived seventy-seven years, and whose eyes cannot see far into another"—will meet with success.

THE *Karlsruher Zeitung* states that Dr. F. Mene, of the University of Heidelberg, has discovered in the Convent of St. Paul, in Carinthia, a codex of Pliny the Elder, containing nearly the seventh part of his *Natural History* (Lib. xi. to xv.)

\* Translation:—For those warriors, who, though fighting bravely on land and sea, still passed away in the peace of Christ, the clergy and people of Westminster, with solemn rite, suppliantly beg rest from God, great and good—Our fellow-soldiers in the conflict of faith—Farewell, most noble souls.

## INSTITUTE LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS.

NOTICE.—As we have now entered on the season of Advent, and as we are about to celebrate a Novena in honor of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, we beg to apprise the friends of the Institute, that our Lectures and Amusements will be suspended for the present; that they will be resumed early in the new year, and continued regularly. But, for reasons that need not be stated, we shall meet on Wednesday instead of Monday evenings. We thank those friends who have supported us through the autumnal session, and when we resume, in 1856, we hope to see a numerous gathering of the old faces. In the meanwhile, we wish all our friends and readers “a merry Christmas,” and all the blessings of the season.

 *To our Subscribers and Readers.*—The present number of the CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE completes the first quarter of its existence; and we beg to remind quarterly subscribers, who may still wish to support us, that their first subscription is now exhausted; and we shall be glad to hear, at an early date, from those who intend to renew them. To prevent confusion, we wish it to be understood, that when subscriptions or orders for the Magazine are sent direct to the Institute, they should be addressed: “Mr. Moses Doon, Catholic Institute, 8, Hope-street, Liverpool;” to whom also post-office orders are to be made payable. Of course, the numbers had better be procured through the agents, in towns where agencies have been established.—The second edition of No. I will be ready for delivery with No. IV on January 1, 1856.—Literary communications to be addressed to the Editor.

\*\*\* When we spoke of excluding letters from our columns, of course we reserved to ourselves the right of using friendly communications on literary subjects, as the letter of the Rev. H. Formby, in our present number; or a London or foreign letter occasionally. Indeed, we have made arrangements to have a London letter regularly on the events of the month.

\*\*\* The Rev. Dr. Marshall's Lecture on the *Influence of the Church on Men and Manners* in our next. Want of space has compelled us to hold it over; as also a notice of the Concert on Saint Cecily's day.

RECEIVED.—A passage from the Tales of Sainthood—The Newsboys of Liverpool—Rev. H. Formby on Catholic Art—A Letter from the Rev. S. Vincent Parelose to B. Aumbrie, Esq., of S. Boniface College, Oxon—Simplicity of the Creation.

## NOTICES AND REPLIES.

*A Reader.*—The Author of the Review of “A glance behind the Grilles,” is sorry the *Reader* was shocked by the Nun's expression, but very much doubts the *Reader's* statement, that the majority of Catholics, in this country, would have looked on it as a breach of the commandment. If so, the fact would prove, that, living in an heretical country improves men's spiritual discernment, instead of making them half Protestant in cant and hypocrisy, as well as in the worship of mammon. Who made the *Reader* a judge of the “necessity or just cause” of the Nun's expression? Does not charity teach us to interpret it thus?—“My God! thou knowest how little I think of the *trouble* of which this man speaks, and how willingly I would encounter much more to bring him into the Church.” And if this was the Nun's sense, she certainly did not speak “without

devotion.” But, be this as it may, it is well *Readers* should know that our Reviews are not written to make them *writers*, which would be endless work. Reviewers have their opinions, and readers theirs, and so ends the matter.

*P. R.*—All short poems cannot be termed sonnets. A “*sonnet*” is of a peculiar metre, and must consist of a fixed number of lines. That inserted in our last number is correct in all details; therefore, study it to learn the proper construction of the sonnet.

*Miss C. W., Thirsk.*—The stamps reached us safely.

*R. V. S.*—Before using the lines, *On the Joys of Heaven*, we should wish to know whether they have previously appeared in print; and if so, where?

*P. Lyland, Hanley.*—We had previously seen the letter you have been so kind as to send us, and shall use it in the article on the subject. It cannot be prepared for the present number, but shall appear in our next.

*A Catholic.*—Your letter, *On the necessity of a Catholic Newspaper for Liverpool*, contains good points; but we do not insert letters; nor can we use them substantially, when they bear no signature.

*W. R. H.*—“Oh! for a clasp of the hand,” shall appear.

 We are sorry to learn that some of our friends, whose good opinion we covet, consider our replies to correspondents to be occasionally tending towards harshness. Nothing is further from our wish than to wound the most sensitive. But the uninitiated cannot conceive the immense quantities of fustian that almost every post brings us; and we only speak out when the superlatively absurd calls for the ferule. By way of “a sample brick from the house,” we think it well to insert *literatim* the following *bonâ fide* erotic from an amatory son of St. Crispin:—

sir—may I hope that the following lines are worthy of a place in your Magazine:—

A Shoemaker

I pity them that wend their way

Through all this worlds strife

That—ploding onward day by day

yet never cheerful never gay—

have naught to love but life.

They know no Joys that life may bring

from loves scelestial berth

That life and love together cling

Or up around True Love may spring

A Paradise on Earth

To weary mortals herebelow

A fount of bliss twas given

as scolase in our worldly woe

And on us wreched worms bestow

a slight fore taste of heaven

Then shurely man when sad or sane

Would chose fond love before

The richest pearls beneath the main

Thrice counted ore for love is taken

from heavens choicest store

## Obituary.

On Friday, November 15, at the Chapel-house-Croft, the Rev. William Gillett, formerly of the Isle of Man, St. Anthony's, Liverpool, and St. Wilfrid's, Manchester, aged 33 years.—R. I. P.

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