

THE

# CATHOLIC INSTITUTE

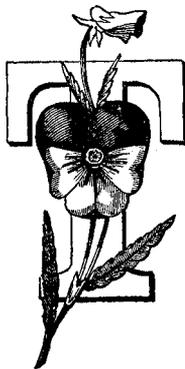
## MAGAZINE.

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### CHURCH-GOING IN LIVERPOOL.



HE "Third Annual Report of the Liverpool Church of England Scripture Readers' Society. Instituted 1852," lies before us.

There is nothing very remarkable about this document, unless it be the single fact, that such a great combination of machinery has been so utterly inoperative.

We should never have gone out of our way to notice it at all, only for a paragraph occurring in pages thirteen and fourteen. The committee is summing up the results of its year's operations, which it does under several heads that are no immediate concern of ours, till it comes to the paragraph in question, where it pronounceth in this wise:—

"One other department of the work yet remains to be mentioned—namely, the efforts made by the society on behalf of our Roman Catholic brethren. Three distinct means have been employed to induce them to 'search the Scriptures,' and to excite among them a spirit of enquiry into the truth. First, *Courses of Lectures*, . . . . for the purpose of comparing the peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome with the plain statements of the Word of God. . . . Secondly, two *Classes for Enquiry* have been carried on, . . . . to discuss the chief points of difference between the Romish and Protestant Churches. . . . Thirdly, it is a part of each Reader's duty to visit the Roman Catholics in his district." &c.

Very kind, indeed, of these good men, to give themselves so much trouble in looking after our erring souls, and in return we heartily wish them joy of the instances of Romish families and individuals brought over to the

*Reformed Church*, which they safely allude to in this very general way; only it does seem to us that they somewhat resemble Mrs. Jelliby, in *Bleak House*, who interests herself deeply in the conversion of African negroes, while her own children are unshod, unwashed, unfed, and unkept.

For, suppose such a thing as that the brethren of their own household want looking after; suppose that the doctrines of the "Reformed Church" fail not only to produce holiness of life in its children, but if they do not even secure the first auxiliary and proof of piety—attendance at Church on Sundays; and, suppose, that the priests of "the Romish Church" do contrive to attain this primary and cardinal point, at all events, how would it be if these sanctimonious personages were to abandon us to the error of our ways—were to leave the dead to bury their dead—and employ themselves in what we would deem the more congenial labour of caring for their own, instead of wasting their energies upon us, outer aliens, who, we fear, generally do not justly appreciate their very kind efforts in our behalf? Saint Paul declares a man to be little better than a heathen that neglects the affairs of his own household. And in the business of life, one could not strongly commend the man that should leave his own house in flames to lend a hand at the fire-engines that were playing on a conflagration in a neighbor's premises. Or are these gentlemen ignorant of the wisdom of the old axiom:—*Est caritatis bene ordinata, domi incipere*. In plain English—"Charity begins at home."

One scribe, in the *Westminster Review*, goes further than these unselfish Liverpooldians. He not only taunts us with being in error, but he absolutely makes us out to be irremediably vicious, and lays all the crime of Liverpool at the door of the Irish immigrants. Heaven help them, poor fellows! If poverty, the deepest

crime in the Englishman's decalogue, be a crime, then are they steeped in guilt; their offence is rank. But in our next, we mean to measure swords with the sapient reviewer of the *Westminster*, who makes this rash assertion, with the calendar of the last Liverpool assizes staring him in the face.

*To return to our muttons.* A very accurately prepared table of statistics, which appeared about three weeks ago in the *Liverpool Mercury*, as to the attendance on Sundays at the various churches and chapels in Liverpool,

will aid us in testing the question at issue, whether the Catholics, Dissenters, or Protestants are most assiduous in their attendance at religious worship on Sundays. And it must be borne in mind, that the figures quoted below are prepared by a non-Catholic for a non-Catholic journal.

The numbers quoted as attending on Sundays were ascertained by actual calculation at every service held at each church and chapel, and the total of all the services is the number given.

Number of Churches or Chapels.	Denomination.	No. of Sittings in Church or Chapel.	Attendance on Sunday, as ascertained by actual reckoning.
55	Protestant	63,009	44,842
9	Presbyterian	8,680	6,784
11	Baptists	7,100	5,464
4	Unitarians	1,900	1,638
11	Independents	8,450	7,282
32	Various sects of Methodists	24,764	17,779
17	Various sects.	4,450	2,014
		118,353	85,803

#### ATTENDANCE AT CATHOLIC CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

	Seat room	Numbers as actually counted.						Total, morning and evening.
		First service	Second service.	Third service	Fourth service	Fifth service.	Sixth service	
St. Nicholas's, Copperas-hill ....	1050	436	541	518	1723	737	—	3955
St. Patrick's, Park-place ....	2000	1357	1791	970	2330	1184	—	7633
St. Francis Xavier's, Salisbury-st.	1600	455	523	1302	510	—	—	2786
St. Mary's, Edmund-street .....	2000	1000	1073	846	1035	1335	538	5827
St. Alban's, Athol-street .....	800	805	886	188	—	—	—	1879
St. Joseph's, Grosvenor-street ....	1800	441	572	438	1039	1236	—	3726
Holy Cross, Great Crosshall-street	700	355	576	758	163	—	—	1852
St. Anthony's, Scotland-road ....	2000	1262	1270	1124	1087	1594	706	7043
St. Peter's, Seel-street .....	1200	406	492	556	1195	994	—	3643
St. Vincent de Paul, Norfolk-street	550	386	373	484	238	—	—	1481
St. Anne's, Edge-hill .....	800	377	478	426	213	—	—	1494
St. Augustine's, Great Howard-st.	700	472	594	916	326	—	—	2308
Oratory St. Philip, Hope-street....	400	311	319	373	—	—	—	1003
* Oratory La Salette, Blackstock-st.	300	—	—	—	—	—	—	1500
Total.....	15900	8063	9487	8899	9859	7080	1244	46130

\* This Oratory was not included in the statistics in the *Liverpool Mercury*.

Now for a few deductions from these figures. The census of 1851 gave the population of Liverpool as 376,000. Now, setting the Catholics down at about 90,000 adults, and deducting that number from the whole population, it will leave the Protestants and Dissenters 286,000 in number; or, striking a ratio between them, from their attendance at Church on Sunday, we may put down 158,885 for the former, and 127,115 for the latter.

Thus, then, stands the case:—

The Protestants, with church accommodation for 63,009 people, gather in to worship 44,842 souls out of their total of 158,885. That is to say, they collect at all their services put together about two thirds of the number which their churches would hold at one time. Or, putting the case the other way, suppose all their worshippers at the two or three services, as the case may be, collected at once, they would do very little more than

occupy two out of three benches prepared for their reception. We have never enjoyed the felicity of beholding a gathering of the sons and daughters of the Establishment; but, from the figures given, there must be "a beggarly account of empty benches." Had we turned into St. David's, Brownlow-hill, for instance, on the Sunday when the numbers were taken, we should have witnessed the phenomenon of a church with sittings for 1200, occupied by 41, 71, and 33 persons, at the morning, afternoon, and evening services respectively. The ratio between the number of Protestants in town, and the church-goers, is as 4 to 1.

The Dissenters stood thus:—Number of Dissenters, 127,115; Church accommodation, 55,344; number actually present on a given Sunday, 40,941. So that they occupy 8 out of 11 sittings; and 1 out of 3 are gathered in from the highways and byeways.

Now for the benighted Catholics. Suppose them to number 90,000 souls in this town (which we believe to be a just estimate), with church accommodation for 15,900, they assemble for their Sunday devotions to the number of 46,130. This is an attendance of more than 1 out of every 2; and the only wonder is that the ratio is so high, when we consider the thousands of homeless, moneyless, raimentless, foodless creatures that call the Catholic Church their mother in Liverpool. We fill our accommodation three times over. And, if anybody doubt it, let him pass a Sunday morning in St. Anthony's or St. Patrick's, or indeed in any Catholic Church in the town, and he will witness such a sight as not "all the King's soldiers nor all the King's men" could realize in behalf of the Protestants.

And yet, forsooth, these are the men that vouchsafe to send us their Bible-readers, and who get up lectures and discussions for our enlightenment and edification. Their Parsons are over a hundred in number; and their Readers amount to twenty-seven. Upon this latter class alone a sum of £2,404 11s. 1d. was expended during the last year; a sum, we will venture to assert, equal to the united incomes of all the Catholic clergy in Liverpool.

Let them hand over to us any superfluous churches or cash they may have (and they would seem to have plenty of both), and we will engage to turn both to usurious account in bringing up attendants at Church services; but as for their sending their spiritual laborers into our fields, it is simply insanity, at a moment when their own vineyard is thus

deserted, weedy, fruitless, and unprofitable.

And in general, it may be said of them, that were they, like the Catholics, to mind their own business; were they to pay less attention to polemics, and more to morality; were they to join with us in our common crusade against dishonesty, indecency, drunkenness, and vice in general, Liverpool would not be the sink-hole of sinfulness and immorality that it is.

#### ON PARODY.

Of all species of wit, parody is perhaps most calculated to yield a quiet enjoyment to the merry faculties. No loud laugh accompanies its perusal, but the satisfaction derived from the perfection of the resemblance between the original and its parody, fills us with a sort of gentle laughter in the sleeve, the more enduring from its gentleness. This species of wit, if we may venture to define where so many have failed, consists in implying a congruity between mean and dignified ideas or things; this congruity being implied by the resemblance of phrase, measure, or manner.

To any of our readers of the Beckman type, curious about inventions and discoveries, we can only say that some learned men—more learned, perhaps, than philosophic—attribute the invention of parody to Hipponax, of Ephesus, who lived about five hundred years before the Christian era, and whose mastery of his art was so great, that two sculptors, who carved a statue representing his deformed little body, committed suicide on having launched at them the terrors of his ridicule. Pretty as may be the tale, we must assign the "invention" previous to the sixtieth olympiad, and to a greater author than the Ephesian refugee—human nature itself.

From the character of this wit, no subject is safe from being made its butt—the holiest of beliefs, the words of divine writ, the prayers consecrated by the use of ages, our best affections, the most beautiful sentiments, are as open to it as all that is false and meretricious. It requires good taste for its guide, and the fundamental canon of that taste is, to parody or countenance the parody of nothing, save what is justly deserving of ridicule, or will not suffer by the wit. Fortunately, all the parodies, so far, at least, as our own reading extends—which ridicule any of the above classes—are as poor in their wit as detestable in their taste. The mock litanies, by which the Puritans and

Cavaliers attempted to cover each other with ridicule; even the Jacobite *Te Deum* on the House of Hanover—the best of its miserable class—would not now find admittance into *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper* or *Reynolds's Miscellany*. Rail as any of us may against the present age, we must admit that if there is no progress in moral and religious feeling, there is at least an advance in *refinement*.

We must, however, make a distinction between what may be called caustic parody—intended to cast ridicule on the original—and the pleasant or genial parody, which cannot be taken otherwise than a compliment—even a mark of affection—for the original. Such were the elections in old mediæval times of the King of Fools and the Abbot of Misrule, which were but to extend a Greek distinction—dramatic parodies. To enumerate all the cases which come under the legitimate jurisdiction of caustic parody would be a difficult task, but that exaggerated sentiment, affectation, pompous diction and conceits owe allegiance to it, none will deny.

One of the best of the caustic parodies in our language, to which prudence and space require us to confine ourselves, is that by our whilom parliamentary representative, Caning, on the late poet laureate, Southey's "Inscription," for the apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Martin the regicide (of Charles the First) was imprisoned thirty years. The original was written during the temporary insanity produced amongst the English Liberals by the outbreak of the French Revolution, and before their practical but unlogical good sense had perceived its necessary final consequence. We give the original, as the Doctor's conversion to Toryism did not increase his anxiety for its circulation, and it may be new to some of our readers:—

"For thirty years secluded from mankind;  
Here Martin lingered. Often have these walls  
Echo'd his footsteps, as with even tread  
He passed around his prison. Not to him  
Did Nature's fair varieties exist.  
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,  
Save when through yon high bars, he poured a sad  
And broken splendour. Dost thou ask his crime?  
He had rebelled against the king, and sat  
In judgment on him; for his ardent mind  
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,  
And peace and liberty, ~~would~~ <sup>would</sup> dream! but such  
As Plato loved: such as, with holy zeal,  
Our Milton worshipp'd. Blest hopes! a while,  
From man withheld, even to the latter days,  
When Christ shall come, and all things be fulfilled."

The parody which appeared in the "Anti-Jacobin" selects not for its vehicle the

murderer of a king, to whom, through the infirmity of our humanity, a sort of *prestige* is attached; but one Mrs. Brownrigg, a milliner of London, whose cruelties had caused the death of her two apprentices; it is entitled, "Inscription for the door of the cell in Newgate, where Mrs. Brownrigg the 'prentice-cide was confined, previous to her execution."

"For one long term, and ere her trial came,  
Here Brownrigg lingered. Often have these cells  
Echo'd her blasphemies, as with shrill voice  
She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her  
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street  
St. Giles! its fair varieties expand;  
Till at last she went in slow drawn cart  
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?  
*She whipped two female 'prentices to death,  
And hid them in the coal hole.* For her mind  
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. *Safe schemes!*  
Such as Lycurgus taught when at the shrine  
Of the Orthodox Goddess, he bade flog  
The little Spartans, such as erst chastised  
Our Milton, when at college. For this act  
Did Brownrigg swing. *Hard laws!* but time shall  
come  
When France shall reign, and laws be all repealed."

In collections of parodies by the same hand, those of James and Horace Smith stand pre-eminent, compared with any others extant. Destitute of the creative faculties which form the soul of poetry, they possessed in the highest degree the power of imitating its life. Unlike Bon Gaultier, who, in the parodies, never gets rid of his own innate poetry, and often, minus the "slang" and curt phrases, elevates his original, they had the tact of seizing on the weak points of each author, and so insinuating his peculiar style as to delude many into the belief that the "rejected addresses" for the re opening of Drury-lane Theatre, after the fire, were the genuine productions of these whose well-known initials were appended. The peculiarities of Sir Walter Scott—his reverence for lineage, his patronage of all that was worthy yet "ignoble;" his display of the grand accessories of his subject, rather than the living, and moving, and thinking subject itself, are well hit off in the caustic vein. Our illustration is the parody on that part of the sixth canto of *Marmion*, beginning—

"With fruitless labor Clara bound,  
And strove to staunch the gushing wound."

and concluding by describing *Marmion*:—

"With dying hand above his head,  
He shook the fragment of his blade,  
And shouted, victory!  
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!  
Were the last words of *Marmion*."

And well, indeed, does the parody serve its purpose, for the contest is not between the Norman chivalry of England and the flower of Scotland, left dead on the field of Flodden, but between the firemen of the Eagle Insurance Company and the raging element consuming the Drury-lane Theatre.

"An awful pause succeeds the stroke,  
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,  
Rolling around its piteous shroud,  
Concealed them from the astonished crowd.  
At length, the mist a while was cleared,  
When, lo! amid the wreck appeared,  
Gradual a moving head appeared,  
And Eagle firemen knew  
'Twas Joseph Muggins—name revered!  
The fireman of their crew.  
Loud shouted all in signs of woe—  
'A Muggins to the rescue, ho!  
And poured the hissing tide.  
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,  
And strove and struggled, all in vain,  
For, rallying but to fall again,  
He tottered, sunk, and died!  
Did none attempt, before he fell,  
To succour one they loved so well—  
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire  
(His fireman's soul was all on fire)  
His brother chief to save:  
But, ah! his reckless, generous ire,  
Served but to share his grave:  
His blazing beams and scalding streams,  
Through fire and smoke, he dauntless broke,  
Where Muggins broke before.  
But sulphurous stench, and boiling drench—  
Destroying sight—o'erwhelmed him quite:  
He sunk to rise no more!  
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,  
His whizzing water-pipe he waved:—  
'Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps:  
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps—  
Why are you in such doleful dumps:  
A fireman! and afraid of bumps—  
What are they feared on! 'od rot 'em,'  
Were the last words of Higginbottom."

There is perhaps no other contemporary writer whose productions afford a more ready vehicle of parody than Thomas Carlyle. The service which he has rendered the English language by his importation from our German cousins of the old Teutonic modes of expression has contributed in no small degree to rid us of the attenuated style of the last century, formed in slavish subserviency to French *moods*, altogether alien from the genius of our tongue, second to none save that of Greece in copiousness and pliability. But all reformers to produce much effect must somewhat exaggerate their claims, for few of us will move out of our grooves from mere rational considerations. Some little singularity, affected or otherwise, is necessary to give the requisite salt to the imagination. The quotation, which is from

*Punch* deals with the question of "Bloomerism" after Mr. Carlyle's manner in dealing with more momentous subjects.

"A mad world this, my friends—a world in its lunes, petty and other; in lunes other than petty, now for some time in petty lunes, pettilettes or pantallettes, about these six weeks, ever since when this rampant androgynous Bloomerism first came over from Yankee land. A sort of shemale dress-you-all Bloomerism; a fashion of Sister Jonathan's. Trousers tight at ankle, and for most part frilled; tunic descending with some degree of brevity, perhaps to knees, ascending to throat and open at chemisette front, or buttoned there; collar down-turned over neckerchief; and, crowning all, broad-brimmed hat—said garments severally feathered, trimmed, ribboned, variegated, according to the fancies and the vanities: these, chiefly, are the outward differences between Bloomer dress and customary feminine old clothes. Not much unlike nursery uniforms you think this description of costume, but rather considerably like it, I compute. Invisible are the merits of the Bloomer dress, but such it has. A praiseworthy point in Bloomerism—the emancipation of the ribs; an exceeding good riddance the deliverance from corset, trammelling genteel thorax with springs of steel and whalebone, screwing in waist to Death's hour-glass contraction, and squeezing lungs, liver, and midriff into an utterable cram. Commendable, too, the renouncement of *sous-jupe bouffante*, or ineffable wadding, invented, I suppose, by some Hottentot to improve female contour, after the type of Venus, his fatherland's and not Cythera's. Wholesome, moreover, and convenient the abbreviation of trains serving, in customary female old clothes, the purpose of besom and no other: real improvements, doubtless, these abandonments of ruinous shams, ridiculous unveracities and idolatries of indescribable mud. Python disputes about surplises in pulpit and alb, elsewhere, ~~the~~ place to controversies in theatres and lecture-halls, concerning petty lunes and frilled trowsers, paraphernalia, however, not less important than canonicals, I judge for one. But here are we, my friends, in this mad world, amid the hallooings, and bawlings, and guffaws, and imbecile simperings and titterings, blinded by the November smoke-fog of coxcombries and vanities, stunted by the perpetual hallelujahs of flunkeys, beset by maniacs and simpletons in the great lunes and petty lunes; here, I say, do we, with Bloomerism beneath us bubbling uppermost, stand, hopelessly upturning our eyes for the daylight of heaven, upon the brink of a vexed, unfashionable gulf of apehood and asshood, simmering for ever."

The poetry of Thomas Moore, with its many excellences, possesses grave faults, and none perhaps greater than the false sentiment, exaggerated beyond all nature, which pervades many of his lyric pieces, and the fact of many excellent parodies having been written on them, shows that the general verdict coincides with our opinion. The false sentiment contained in his

"When in death I shall calm recline,  
O, bear my heart to my mistress dear;  
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine  
Of the brightest hue, while it lingered there.

" Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,  
To sully a heart so brilliant and light ;  
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,  
To bathe the relic from morn' till night,"

is well and deservedly parodied in,

" When in gaol I shall calm recline,  
Bear my best coat to some pawnbroker near,  
Show him how stylish the gilt buttons shine,  
And ask him a price that is not too dear.

" Bid him not search for bank-notes in the pocket,  
For they were lugged out to pay an old debt ;  
And all he'll find will be an old locket,  
Of Sal's, she gave me, when last we met."

But we must conclude. The influence of parody is, indeed, great ; when heavy and elaborate reasoning would utterly fail in its proposed object of repressing what in common, but expressive, phrase is termed " nonsense," the wit succeeds. Artistic composition, and the grace of style, will cause many a false opinion or sentiment to find acceptance, which if presented in a ruder garb, would be immediately rejected. The parody by displaying the same art, and the same grace on low or unworthy objects, restores the balance of mind, and the opinion or sentiment stands or falls on its own merit. No exhibition of the imitative power can permanently injure the true and the beautiful, though its systematic indulgence may cloud an individual mind and unfit it for their appreciation ;—and gloomy indeed is the sign of that age which rates wit higher than truth and beauty. One thing it is ever necessary to remember, that the sword of caustic parody may be used in an unjust as well as in a just cause, and that it should never be drawn except in defence of our higher motives and of good taste.

#### FASHION.

What is fashion ? Our fair readers will think us very daring when we attempt to define it, for most surely we have no pretensions to fashion practically, albeit we may have our opinion about it theoretically. Let us however attempt it, and perhaps they will be amused at our unconscious absurdity, whilst we, delighted to entertain them, even at our own expense, will congratulate ourselves at the seeming failure.

Fashion then, as it seems to us, is such a mode of thinking, speaking, dressing, or conducting one's self, as is consonant to the taste

of that portion of society who have the power of setting that taste.

Does fashion depend upon beauty ? Far from it. Many fashions are exquisitely ugly. We need not here allude to the flat or pointed heads of certain tribes of the American Indians, distortions produced by pressing the soft skulls of the poor infants between boards ; nor to the pointed shoes of the Plantagenet era which were so long that they required to be fastened to the knees by chains. We need only look at the pictures of the fashions used in the days when George the Fourth was Regent, to enjoy at once a good laugh, and be convinced that whatever be the principle of fashion, it is not beauty. Sky-blue frock-coats, with wasp waists, huge rolls of linen for neck-ties, boots with tassels at the knees !

Fashion depends not on any fixed laws. Its very essence is to be continually changing. Your eye is no sooner accustomed to it, than it melts into some fresh modification. Hats have been peaked ; have been broad at the top ; have had narrow brims and broad brims, broad bands and narrow bands. Bonnets have been shaped like coal-scuttles at one time, and at another like small saucers pinned on the back of the head, for by what other mechanism the ladies fastened them we know not. Sometimes they required " uglies," to aid in furnishing that shade one would imagine a bonnet was itself intended to supply. Sometimes, as now, their type seemed taken from a gigantic umbrella without its stalk and handle, or from a huge overgrown Brobdignagian mushroom. Sometimes wide sleeves seemed beautiful, sometimes narrow. Sometimes blue was pitched upon as the loveliest color, and then again cloaks must be made with a large red tippet, the more glaring the better. In one year, all the fashions are arranged according to elegance and perfection ; in another, the clumsier and ruder and rougher they are, all the better do they conform to the inscrutable idea which reigns in that strange region, the charmed circle from which fashion emanates.

In amusements it is the same. To be fashionable, an amusement need not be really amusing, unless we think Cochin-China fowls are in themselves more interesting than homely geese or turkeys. We are old enough to remember when every lady, short-sighted or long-sighted, tall or short, elegant or dumpy, must be fond of archery, just as cross-stitch reigned in drawing-rooms years longer ago than we desire to remember, and was displaced

by crochet, which in its turn is departing, and will leave behind it a veritable literature of its own.

Does fashion depend upon high birth? Not absolutely. It is not always highly-born people who "set the fashion," and fashion may reign even where aristocracy, in the proper sense of the word, does not exist; as much in revolutionary, as in regal or imperial France, as much in Broadway as in Pall-Mall. On weather it certainly does not depend, nor on genius, though both these things may be "the fashion," that is, the possessors of them may be "the fashion," though they themselves are not "fashionable."

It is for the multitude who follow it a purely arbitrary thing, a taste in the first instance belonging to a few, who, like the late Count D'Orsay, and (behind the scenes, the tailors or bootmakers who advertised by his means,) have the power of beginning or setting in motion any mode or manner, and who know how to leave it off, or withdraw it, just when it is on the wane, in consequence of the natural changeableness of the world. Men therefore often create fashion who are themselves the most remote from it. And, once set a-going, like the circles on a stream, it widens as it proceeds, till what was at first the choice refinement of the Court, disappears among the pawnbrokers.

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INDEPENDENCE.—To be truly and really independent, is to support ourselves by our own exertions.

None profit by experience except those who would get on very well without it.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not wish to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

THE GREAT VALUE OF ACTION.—So much only of life as I know by experience, so much of the wilderness have I vanquished and planted; or, so far have I extended my being, my dominion. I do not see how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, and want are instruments in eloquence and wisdom. The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action past by, as a loss of power. It is the raw material out of which the intellect moulds her splendid products. A strange process too, this, by which experience is converted unto thought, as a mulberry leaf is converted into satin.

#### DEATH OF DANIEL POWELL, ESQ.

On Friday, the 19th of October, it pleased Almighty God, by the death of the late Daniel Powell, Esq., to deprive the commercial world of Liverpool of one of the most enterprising and most honourable of its merchants, the Catholic charities of one of their most generous benefactors, and the Catholic community of one of the most resolute of the defenders of its rights.

Of the Catholic Institute he was the untiring friend; he presided at the laying of its foundation stone, and at many meetings of much importance to its interests, and contributed largely from his time, his energies, and his substance to the advancement of its ends. A zealous and sincere Catholic, always uncompromising in his avowal and advocacy of the doctrines most distasteful to those without the pale of Holy Church, he has died respected and deplored by a large and influential circle of Protestant friends. An active politician, he was ever found in a prominent position on the side of liberality and of popular advancement. Ever ready with his purse, to promote all works of benevolence, his truly Christian charity did not content itself with the mere granting of pecuniary aid, but was always prompt to add the kind word of consolation, or to afford, in friendly counsel, the advantages of his abilities and experience. He lived an honest, enterprising, kind-hearted man, and at his death he has left many to recall his generous hospitality, but none to say that from him they ever received wilful injury or unkindness. His loss is regretted by friends of all sects and of every shade of political opinion, and to the judgment seat of God will rise in sorrow and in gratitude the prayers in his behalf of hundreds, whose afflictions his kindness has relieved.

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET  
DICTIONARY.

*For the use of those who wish to understand the  
meaning of things as well as words.*

[By the BROTHERS SMITH, Authors of "The Rejected  
Addresses."]

**ABRIDGMENT.**—Anything contracted into a small compass; such, for instance, as the Abridgment of the Statutes, in fifty volumes folio.

**ABSURDITY.**—Anything advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

**ACCOMPLISHMENTS.**—In women, all that can be supplied by the dancing-master, music-master, mantua-maker, and milliner. In men, tying a cravat, talking nonsense, playing at billiards; dressing like a groom, and driving like a coachman.

**ADVICE.**—Almost the only commodity which the world refuses to receive, although it may be had gratis, with an allowance to those who take a quantity.

**ANCESTRY.**—The boast of them who have nothing else to boast of.

**ARGUMENT.**—With fools, passion, vociferation, or violence; with ministers, a majority; with kings, the sword; with men of sense, a sound reason.

**AVARICE.**—The mistake of the old who begin multiplying their attachments to the earth just as they are going to run away from it, and who are thereby increasing the bitterness without protracting the date of their separation.

**BAIT.**—One animal impaled upon a hook in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

**BEAUTY.**—An ephemeral flower, the charm of which is destroyed as soon as it is gathered; a common ingredient in matrimonial unhappiness.

**BEER, SMALL.**—See Water.

**BLUSHING.**—A practice least used by those who have most occasion for it.

**BOOK.**—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside.

**BREATH.**—Air received into the lungs for purposes of smoking, whistling, &c.

**BUMPER-TOASTS.**—See Drunkenness, Vice, and Ill-health.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Grile.

I.

Across the sun-lit ocean,  
He gazed with tearful eye,  
And oft, with sad emotion,  
He heaved a tremulous sigh;  
But his sorrows were unspoken,  
And he pined in silence on;  
For his heart was nearly broken,  
And his hopes of joy were gone.

II.

Those hopes which he had cherished  
In his boyhood's enger day,  
Each after each had perished  
From his longing sight away.  
Gone was the glittering treasure  
Which fancy oft had shown  
Of dreams of future pleasure,  
And he was left—alone.

III.

And no loved hand was near him,  
To hold his drooping head,  
No kindly voice to cheer him  
Beside his lonely bed.  
And in his hour of danger  
No kindred heart was nigh;  
But the cold, unheeding stranger,  
Met his dim and languid eye.

IV.

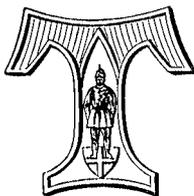
And though that he was dying,  
He never mourned his fate;  
To him 'twas bliss when flying  
From scenes so desolate.  
For now that joy was banished  
From his lone, despairing heart,  
When earthly hopes had vanished,  
He was longing to depart.

V.

He died, alone—untended,  
On a far and foreign strand;  
His hour of life was ended  
Far from his own loved land.  
But memory brought around him,  
Ere yet his soul had flown,  
The spells which once had bound him,  
And his dying word was "HOME."

## Tom Howard, the Liverpool Apprentice.

"Honest occupation better than easy dissipation."



OM HOWARD was a Carpenter's apprentice. He was sauntering back to his workshop, one day, along Lord Street, with his hands in his pockets, his nose up in the air, and his eye into every shop window, giving a nod of recognition to one comrade, or receiving one from another, and all the while singing lustily the popular melody of the day.

A cab passes by; on its foot-board behind is hanging on a smallish urchin, with a brown-paper parcel fastened to his back by a piece of string. There is room for one beside him, and in a moment Tom fills the vacant place. Comfortably seated side by side, our two youngsters soon find out that they are old chums.

"Hallo, is that you, Tom?"

"Nobody else, Walter; how d'ye get on?"

"O, gaily! You're still an apprentice, I suppose?"

"I'm sorry to say, I am. And you; still at school, eh?"

"O dear, no. Let me see, it's three months since I left school; yes, I've been in business now fully three months."

"*In business!* You're an apprentice I suppose."

"Not by any manner of means, my dear boy. Something far better than that."

"Indeed; chip-seller, custom-house officer, or what?"

"Something better than either of them. I'll tell you: I'm a book-seller's agent."

"*Book-seller's agent!* what's that?"

"Don't you know? It's a capital job, and no mistake. This was the way of it. I was in the Free Library in Duke Street a little more than three months ago, looking at the papers, when as good luck would have it, an advertisement in the *Mercury* caught my eye that has been the making of me. It was to this effect: "*Wanted a few respectable young men to solicit orders for a new and popular work on the war, which is selling largely in London. A liberal commission will be allowed.*" Next day, I donned myself up in my other coat, went to the address mentioned in the paper, and asked to

be employed. At first they were inclined to poke their fun at me, thinking me too young; but I gave them a few sharp answers—a little Liverpool clack, you know—and the end of it was that they engaged me to sell their books for them, allowing me a shilling on every five shillings' worth I might sell. It's capital fun. I always had a pushing way with me; so I go about among the merchants on 'Change, and through the offices, and sometimes I cross in the Eastham or New Brighton boat, selling as I go. You see, that's better than being always cooped up in an office or a workshop."

"You're a lucky fellow," said Tom.

"I believe you, my boy. Why, I clear fifteen or sixteen shillings a week, and that's not so bad for a lad of fourteen. In fact, I've left my father and mother, and am living in furnished lodgings. Come and see me sometime; number one hundred and twenty-seven Cumberland Street, next door to a coal-yard, the sixth storey, up the ladder at the end of the passage.

"I'll tell you what," said Tom, somewhat dazzled at this splendid recital; "I shouldn't mind changing places with you. You don't know what dull work carpentering is; no sitting down, always on your legs, always driving that everlasting plane."

"And besides, I forgot to tell you, master gives me an allowance every day," said Walter. "I'm only short of one thing now—and that's a good suit of clothes. So I'm saving up, to buy an outfit at Hyam's, and that will do the trick for me at once; it will double my gains in a week."

"I'm in rather a different fix from that," said Tom, sorrowfully. "If I leave the shop, every minute is put down; and they give me jobs a journeyman couldn't do, and journeys too long for a horse. I have two masters to please, master himself and mistress; very often, I haven't a free Sunday; kicks and dry bread, those are an apprentice's pleasures."

"And you stand all that?"

"I can't help standing it; I must learn my trade."

"Just as you like about that. I would rather be making money, walking about, and taking the world easy. Always remember the motto on the Liverpool arms: *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit*, which your knowledge of Latin, Master Thomas, will teach you, means —."

But before he had time to furnish the translation, two smart lashes of a whip dexterously applied round the side of the cab put a stop to their colloquy, and unceremoniously lodged

Master Walter and his friend in the abundant stratum of mud that generally adorns Lime-street in drizzly weather.

This put Walter into a passion, who stood rubbing his shoulder, and assailing the cabman with a selection of epithets picked up in his peregrinations about 'Change and the merchants' offices, or in his voyages to Eastham and New Brighton. Of course, a large crowd was soon assembled, for the cab happened to be pulling up at the stand near the *Holy-lamp-post* in front of Saint George's Hall. Tom, more timid than his companion, slipped out of the crowd quietly, and made the best of his way back to his workshop.

"Here you are at last, you lazy scamp;" cried Mrs. Browne, (one of the *masters* above alluded to) the moment he set foot over the door-way. "What o'clock was it when you left here this morning? D'ye hear me? Are you going to answer me, you rascal?"

"They kept me waiting so long," grumbled the apprentice.

"Where did they keep you waiting?" asked Mrs. Browne.

"At the plumber's, because the master was sick in bed."

"O, you bad boy! you're at your lies again. Why it isn't five minutes since he left here. Threats and promises are lost upon you; you're quite incorrigible. And look what a sight you are; you must have been rolling in the gutter."

"Now, look you here, sir;" interposed Mr. Browne: "here's a little job that will keep your fingers going till supper-time;" and he pointed out to him a heap of tar-smear'd boards in a corner, the last remains of a barge, that had many a time floated adown the Mersey's busy tide. "You see these planks. Now, to bed you don't go to-night till you have planed every one of those as clean and white as new deals. So the sooner you begin the better."

Tom rubbed his eyes, and quite done up with his morning's excursion, set to work with no very good grace. Like every lad working near a dissatisfied master, he was clumsier than usual, spoiling the wood and the tools, and in fact he was clearly in for another thrashing, when luckily twelve o'clock sounded. The journeymen hastily put on their coats and jackets, and hurried off to dinner, leaving the disconsolate Tom alone in the deserted workshop. He now began to breathe more freely; he threw down his chisel and plane, and stretched himself at full length on the work-table, on a copious bed of fragrant shavings. All the good luck of Walter came back to his

recollection, and the thought of it rendered his own condition more insupportable than ever.

"What a lucky fellow you are, Walter," said he to himself. "While I'm lying here, crying myself to death on my shavings, and shut up like a prisoner in this filthy workshop, you are free, you are walking in the fresh air in the finest streets in Liverpool, or perhaps at this very moment, you are sailing across the Mersey in the Eastham or New Brighton boat. Oh, you fortunate fellow, not to be an apprentice!" While indulging in these and similar thoughts, whether it was the closeness of the shop, or the fatigue of the morning, Tom felt his senses little by little growing confused; his head turned to one side; his heavy eyelids closed; he was in a deep and heavy sleep.

And now came all sorts of dreams and nightmares, each more horrid than the last, to trouble and assail his slumbers. First, it was his mistress's face; then that of his master, in what poets call "a fine phrenzy;" but somehow Tom answered all his rebukes so readily and so justly, that Mr. Browne stood quite dumbfounded; but alas! in this moment of his triumph, the harsh and well-known tones of the lady's voice broke in to undeceive poor Tom, and to recal to him the disagreeable fact that he was still Tom the Apprentice, everybody's whipping-post and foot ball.

"Pretty work, this;" said she. "Is this the way you make up for all the time you lost this morning, you idle dog. Come, Sir; jump up this moment, and get the handcart out of the shed. Charley will help you to load it; and will tell you where to take it. Come; look sharp now."

"And who's to drag that great handcart?" asked Tom.

"Why, you, sir; that is if it please your lordship."

"But I cant move it by myself."

"Oh, indeed! And do you suppose Mr. Browne is going to let a man lose a day for fear of working your bones a little? Very likely. Come, now; don't let me have to tell you again; but jump up and get a-going."

Tom had nothing for it but to obey. They loaded the cart and harnessed him to it. Charley pushed behind till they had passed the Sailors' Home, and got to Paradise Street. Here he left him, wishing him a pleasant journey with his load.

Most people know what Paradise Street is about two o'clock in the afternoon; if they

don't, they had better take a hand-cart, loaded with deal planks, and try to make their way among cabs, carts, lorries, wagons, omnibuses, drags, and every conceivable and inconceivable sort of conveyance, and perhaps they'll have some idea what it is by the time they get into Church Street. There was our poor friend Tom, in the middle of all the hubbub and confusion, dragging like mad at his great heavy hand-cart, and scarcely making any head-way at all. The wagoners swore at him; the

cabbies, more merciful, satisfied themselves as they passed with twitching the flies off his eyes or his ears; perspiration flooded him; the harness tortured his shoulders; the noise confounded him, till he reeled like a drunken man. He had managed to reach Welsh's cigar shop at the corner of Paradise Street and Lord Street, and here he fairly stuck fast. In vain he pulled and tried to get a start; his poor shoes slipped on the greasy pavement; if he got one step forward, he seemed to slip two



back. Some pitied him; some laughed at him; and at last, to crown his troubles, the pole of a lumbering omnibus caught the side of his cart, and without more ado lodged himself and his load safely in the gutter. Some of the crowd now came forward out of sheer pity to help to re-load his cart. It was at this moment that Walter, ever cool and confident, was seen making daylight for himself among the crowd.

"Hollo, Tom, my boy, what a mess you are in," cried he; "but don't flurry yourself. There's no great harm done yet. A helping hand from some of these good folks will soon

set you to rights. So, while they're getting your planks up, step into these vaults to dry your clothes and get a glass of something comfortable."

Tom lets himself be persuaded; they go in, and over a glass of warm punch, provided by Walter, all the fortunes of the one, and the misfortunes of the other, are freely discussed. The conversation is engrossing, and drives Tom to the confines of envious desperation. Time flies on; till at last, after the expiration of perhaps half-an-hour, Tom cries out suddenly, "Well, but what about my hand-cart?"

"Aye, to be sure," said Walter, "upon my life, I had forgotten all about it."

If he had forgotten it, somebody else had remembered it; for, on coming out of the vaults, a single glance was enough to satisfy them that the cart had disappeared.

"Oh, dear! what ever has become of my hand-cart," cried he in dismay.

"Hand-cart!" said the newspaper boy from the next shop, "Was it a light-blue one and full of deal planks?"

"Yes; where is it?"

"Oh, far enough by this time. I seen two young men a-wheeling it away about twenty minutes since. And didn't they go it along Whitechapel? Rather!"

Tom was seized with horror; but it was only for an instant. After a moment of silence, he cried out, "It's a blessing from heaven, and no mistake about it. I cannot return to my master, now that the cart is gone. Neck or nothing, I leave him. I'm an apprentice no longer; Walter, I join you; I too am a bookseller's agent."

"Well said, my lad," cried Walter; "spoken like a man, as you are. To-night you share my supper and my bed; to-morrow I present you to my master. Tom, I'm your friend, and your fortune's as good as made."

"I'm all right," said Tom; "nothing to do but knock about town, and plenty of money for my pains." Oh, I wish I had only known of this sooner!"

And in fact, his golden dreams seemed destined to be realized. He cleared ten shillings the very first day, and to the apprentice this income seemed more gorgeous than "all the wealth of Ormus or of Ind." And his good luck lasted several days; but somehow this endless walking up and down the streets, this ferreting into all the holes and corners about Liverpool, this exposure to all sorts of weather, the broiling sun and the pelting rain, seemed to him at first somewhat less exciting than he had anticipated. But use is everything; and in course of time, he began to come round to Walter's opinion, that nothing was comparable to the free-and-easy life of a bookseller's agent. Walter's friends and associates became his. From being sober and industrious, as he once was, he became dissipated, lazy, and fond of gambling. At first, he attended to his work pretty regularly; after a time, his master saw him only once a-day or so; and at last, he was absent for whole days and finally for weeks together. A long term of indulgence was accorded to him, but

his irregularities and dissipation became at length so much beyond all bounds, that he was shown to the door, and his friend Walter along with him.

"Well, what's to be done now," said the two friends.

"I'm not sixteen years old yet," said Tom, "so I shall go back to my apprenticeship."

"And I shall set up in business," said Walter.

"In what line?"

"You know Harry Grundy, that used to be at Mr. Carrier's, of Ilkeston; I'll set up a jewellery stall with him!"

"And some fine morning, you'll find that he has bolted with the capital, stock, and profits. For you know Harry understands a little sharp dealing, occasionally."

"But what if I steal a march upon him?"

"And make yourself a thief?"

"Hush; mum's the word! Not at all; merely a sharp practitioner."

"Good bye to you, Walter; I prefer the workshop to the hulks, so I return to the chisel and plane."

But it doesn't always follow that because a man wishes to work he can do so. Tom soon discovered, that after his long continued habits of idleness and vagabondage, it was no easy matter for him to submit to regular, continuous, and heavy labor. The master who was induced by his sturdy appearance to receive him into his shop, very soon repented of his bargain. The moment Tom stood at the work-table all his old disgust came back upon him, and he set to work so languidly and so lazily, that from morning till night he drew upon himself the reproofs and reproaches of his master and the foreman. At last, they grew tired of him, and he was turned out once more. He then tried the bookseller again; but with his torn coat, his carpenter's paper cap, and above all, with his lazy, dissipated, and debauched appearance, his old employer declined having anything to do with him. Two means of livelihood now presented themselves to Master Tom, begging and stealing. He was fertile in resources, and did not select either of them. Never; while a chip could be sold, or a rag-and-bone could be gathered. He stiches an old shirt up into a bag, gets a sort of lantern, fastens a nail at the end of a stick, and so, duly and properly equipped as a rag-and-bone gatherer, he sallies forth after dark to grope in the gutters and sewers, disputing with the homeless dogs of Liverpool the possession of a bone or a morsel of mouldy crust.

One evening as he was rifling an ash-pit, he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and looking up, he perceived a young man of about his own age, in a Talma wrapper, a noble waistcoat and trousers, with an Albert gold guard, as thick as a ship's hawser, hanging at his button-hole, and sparkling rings on half-a-dozen or more of his fingers.

"Here I am again;" cried Walter, snatching the bag, stick, and lantern out of Tom's hands; "send those tools to the devil, and listen to me."

"I have listened to you only too much already," said Tom with much sorrow, "you have been my ruin, when you disgusted me with my honorable trade, and enticed me from my lawful apprenticeship. Leave me now; you only wish to draw me into some new trouble."

"You are raving, my dear boy," said Walter, not at all disconcerted. "I have my pockets full of money; and I am going, not only to give you a good supper, (and I'm sure from your looks you stand much in need of one), but, more than that, once more, I am going to make your fortune for you."

"You are set up in some new line, I suppose," murmured Tom.

"The prince of lines, my dear boy: I am engaged in the handkerchief and watch line; d'ye twig?"

"I'm afraid, I do twig," replied Tom.

"It's a paying business, very; far better than planes, port-folios, or bone-bags."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Wouldn't you like to try it?"

"No, thank you."

"Very well, die of hunger, if you prefer it."

"There are many things I should like better than to die of hunger."

"Take my advice then. You're just the man to get on in our line. You have a very demure look; and no one would ever think of suspecting you. In a short time, you could make from fifteen to twenty shillings a-day."

"Do you really think so?"

"I'm sure of it. I make twice as much, and I'm only a beginner."

"How do you manage it?"

"Nothing easier. Look here; you see the handkerchief sticking out of that fat old gentleman's pocket; look at it well."

Walter, walking away a few paces from Tom, went and knocked against the old gentleman who was hobbling slowly along. Having made a hasty apology to him, Walter walked forward, made a little detour, and returning to

Tom, "*There you are,*" said he, drawing a splendid silk handkerchief from his sleeve. Tom was amazed. "Now then, it's your turn," said Walter. "You see that crowd round the newspaper shop, reading the latest news from the Crimea. Slip in among them; push against everybody; have a soft and light touch; and I'll answer for your success."

"Hang it," cried Tom; "I can't lose much by the change, thief or rag-gatherer; here goes."

He makes the attempt. His hand slips furtively into the first pocket he can find; it belongs to an old gentleman that is anxiously reading the telegraphic dispatch. In the depths of the pocket his eager fingers clutch a heavy snuff-box. Tom's heart beats against his ribs like a sledge-hammer. No doubt, it is of gold. He is drawing it softly out, when he finds himself clutched in a powerful grasp, and a hand larger and stronger than his own nails his hand to the bottom of the pocket. He strives madly to drag himself away; but that iron, stern grasp holds him still ruthlessly. He would flee, but his limbs obey him no longer. He strives to cry aloud, but not a word can he articulate. Beaten down with fear, his heart throbs till it almost bursts; he is faint, and suffocated; he really feels that terror is killing him.

A voice rings in his ear:

"You lazy, good-for-nothing rascal, is that the way you make up for lost time? Come, jump up, you young monkey, and get to work with you. Do you know that it is after half-past two o'clock, and you've scarcely touched a plank yet."

Tom opened his eyes. Making out the visage of Mrs. Browne, he shut them again in a moment. He then began rubbing them very hard, opened them again, and made out the same visage once more. He raised himself up, and began to look about him. He was in the workshop of Mr. Browne, still lying on the work-table, on the copious bed of fragrant shavings. Once more he rubbed his eyes with a hearty good-will. "Now then," said his mistress, "what's the matter with you? Don't look at me like that, it's enough to frighten one." And she still grasped her apprentice by the arm, never loosening her hold for an instant. "What ever's to do with the lad? He is all of a sweat; and his eyes glare like a mad dog's. Why you must have had the night-mare."

"The night-mare!" cried Tom, "Is it possible?" He sprang up. "Then it was only

a dream, and I am still at Mr. Browne's; I am still an apprentice?"

"You are; very much to my sorrow," replied the good lady; "but are you going to be a fool out-and-out?"

"Then I haven't been a bookseller's agent?" continued Tom, whose face still exhibited traces of alarm, "Then I haven't been a rag and bone man; and I'm not going to be hanged?"

"Hanged!" cried Mrs. Browne, in the greatest state of alarm, "Will you give up your nonsensical talk, I say; for it quite frightens me, and disturbs my digestion, especially after them oyster patties."

But Tom didn't hear a word she said. "So, I'm still an apprentice," said he joyfully, "still a carpenter;" and seeing his jack-plane lying on the floor, he snatched it up, and pressed it eagerly to his lips; and after that, he served his rule in the same manner, and hugged it to his heart.

At this moment Mr. Browne walked in, and then there was another scene.

"Master," cried Tom, throwing himself at his feet, "please to give me a good thrashing, to make me quite sure that I'm your apprentice still."

"Hollo! what's the matter with you now," said Mr. Browne, with a very dissatisfied look.

"Browne," said the lady, "I'm sure the boy's gone mad. For more than a quarter of an hour that I have been talking to him, he has never made me a sensible answer, but has been talking all sorts of extravagant nonsense. Deary me, we can never keep an apprentice that turns us all topsy-turvy like this."

But by this time Tom was at work. He had adjusted a plank on the table. The shavings were flying about him, right and left, and deluged the whole table and the floor.

"Let him work," said Mr. Browne at last, after looking at his apprentice for some time, "I never saw a man work like that. It is not merely a willingness, it is a passion for work. Make your mind easy about him; I'm satisfied we shall be able to make a workman of him yet. I know very well what has made this change in him; it's that box in the ear I gave him this morning. Haven't I always told you, my dear, that there's nothing like a good thrashing from time to time for encouraging an apprentice?"

But the end of it was, that from that day till the close of his apprenticeship Tom never drew upon himself any more of these encouraging boxes in the ear. Not that his

term of service wore away without tedium and temptation. For in the weary hours of labor, that fatal longing for freedom beset him many a time, that seduces those youths who know not its deceptive glitter. And chums and comrades, beginning the facile, downward career of vice, strove to allure him aside to pleasure from the uncompromising path of duty and labor. But he withstood their repeated assaults with brave and manly determination, persevering in honest, hard work, and gradually but surely securing triumph over all the difficulties of a hard trade, and the still greater conquest of himself. In course of time he became foreman of the shop; and at this very moment, Mr. Thomas Howard is a master carpenter, successor to the late Mr. Browne, and employs seven journeymen and three apprentices. What would have become of him, had he yielded to the first impulse of disgust and discouragement, and had he abandoned his apprenticeship, his calling, and his work? Probably, he might have become what was foreshadowed in the dream, sent no doubt by his guardian angel.

Work then, ye young, for work is your best friend; work it is, that saves you. It is for you a source of grace, virtue, and happiness. This is the great secret of living well; work instructs and amends; it renders us habitually industrious and clever, frequently rich, always estimable and honorable. In fine, work, with the proper intention, procures peace upon earth, and happiness in heaven.

Whenever we find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, we may take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

To most men, experience is like the stern-light of a ship, which illuminates only the track it has passed.

"I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, or of his faults behind his back."

If we would only give ourselves half-an-hour's serious reflection at the close of every day, we should preach to ourselves seven of the best sermons that could be uttered every week.

Silence is the best remedy for anger: if you say nothing, you will have nothing to unsay.

LIBERAL CATHOLICS.—Those who surrender the outposts of the Faith to the enemy, for the purpose of thereby more securely defending the citadel.

## Reviews.

*A Glance behind the Grilles of Religious Houses in France: With a comparative view of the working of the Church system abroad and at home.* Second edition. London: LUMLEY. 1855. pp. 308.

The obstinate blindness of Puseyites is something astounding. Here is one of them, whose object, as one would suppose from almost every page of the work, is to show the total difference of the "working" of the Papal system from that of the Anglican; and who yet, on the very title page, pretends to identify the two.

Take, again, the confession implied in the Dedication, where we find that "unity is lost to Anglicans," and that the said unity "forms the sure and enduring basis of an organization for the restoration of which we should do well to unite in prayer." Of course they would; but, in the meantime, the very thing likely to hinder the success of the prayer is their impudent assumption of that unity for the restoration of which they ask;—for what less is implied in their continual boast of constituting "a branch of the Church Catholic?"

The next confession (for we shall find plenty of them as we go on) is that the Anglican establishment, "except in a few individual instances, has ceased to be that centre from which the spirit that vivifies all charitable foundations should emanate." What is this but an acknowledging in other words, that she has ceased to be a portion of the Church of Christ? If ever *exceptio probavit regulam* it is here. We see, on the one hand, certain generally diffused and spontaneous results; on the other, certain individual struggles against the stream, certain efforts disapproved, discouraged and snubbed by the authoritative heads. To what conclusion can an honest mind come but that the former *system* is Catholic, and the latter anti-Catholic, and therefore anti-Christian? For there is no medium, and to mince matters is the real uncharitableness. We recollect feeling hurt at hearing a priest say that the Catholic was the only Christian; but on reflection we said to ourselves: Were those at Antioch, to whom the name of Christian was first given, in union with St. Peter, and the *great body* of Christians then existing, or were they not? If they were, (and who doubts it?) then it is of no use to pretend that *other* bodies, *not* so united, have a claim

to the appellation. The world understands this principle perfectly well, and applies it with admirable shrewdness, in the things of the world. Let a corporation be founded with certain exclusive rules and privileges, and in vain will any persons endeavor to share these privileges who either have been cut off from the body, or, never having belonged to it, pretend that an imitation of it is equivalent to identity. Such a claim is laughed to scorn by every man of sense; and similar would be the case in spirituals if men brought to the consideration of these the same amount of deliberative and unprejudiced reason which they take good care to exhibit where the paltry interests of time solely are concerned.

But perhaps the most ludicrously suicidal passage in the whole work is the concluding one of the preface; where the author (our readers will hardly believe it) declares that

"There can be no reason why—provided our succession be as indisputable, *the supremacy of our visible head as valid, and, THEREFORE, our sacramental system as efficacious*—we should fail in surrounding the Church in England with, &c.,"

Now here is a plainly implied avowal that the efficacy of the sacramental system, in the English establishment, depends on the validity of the headship of Queen Victoria, who yet is debarred, by the 37th Article of that establishment, from the ministration of that system! So that the "Queen's Clergy" derive their authority from one who is incapable of doing what she yet is supposed to commission and authorize them to do! Did ever fatuity go farther?

A theory, or rather a no-theory, like this, leads of course to dishonesty when the holders of it are pressed. The author represents the Superior of the English Benedictine College at Douay as enforcing the self-evident proposition, that

"No Church which disclaimed a visible and jurisdictional authority could ever be safe from sectarian disputes. I said we held that convocation rendered any higher appeal needless." p. 29.

Now here the author was guilty of a known untruth; for the patent fact is, that whenever convocation is allowed to speak it renders higher appeal ten times more needful by its endless squabbles; and therefore the more judicious High-and-Dries and Evangelicals detest and try to smother it. It is only the simple and silly Puseyites who make an idol of it; forgetting that, Dagon-like, it is sure to tumble, and will most probably smash them in its fall.

It is delightful to find the author contrasting

the beautiful ecclesiastical arrangements for the Catholic poor with

"That wretched mockery of religious worship a *workhouse chapel*, with its bare walls, naked altar, high pews, prison windows, a damp musty atmosphere, chilling soul and body with one deadly blow;" p. 32.

or rather it *would* be delightful, could we forget, as we read, one after another, the interesting details throughout the work, that accumulated responsibility which rests upon the head of one who can see and describe such things and yet resist the voice of God, inviting into the Church, St. Cyprian's "home of unity and peace."

Not only is there this strictly religious contrast: Catholicity, as the author shows, has flung its radiance all around, and entered every corner and cranny of humanity.

"I looked on the tender and compassionate sisters, one of whom walked before me gently leading in a blind and infirm old woman; and the good-natured *conciierge*, who had a friendly salutation and a kind word for every one he met,—and *thought* of those human harpies who call themselves matrons and nurses to their victims, or the liveried jacks-in-office whose occupation it is to drive the destitute from their doors." p. 32.

And now for the dead.

"A little corpse was laid out of a young girl who was to be buried to-morrow. Several persons came and knelt beside it. One old woman stood by, carefully keeping off the flies. The head was crowned with flowers, and a thin square of cambric covered the face. Flowers were strown over the coffin. How different, thought I, from the parish dead-house, and the two gaunt paupers hurrying through our streets with a black box strapped together, and containing probably the mangled remains of some young surgeon's anatomical investigations. Here, the poor must feel there is something in religion. They share its hopes and consolations equally with their richer brethren. There,—what can they think? It is not *my* business to inquire." p. 33.

Indeed! it was thus that Cain asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and it is thus that every Protestant, in self-condemnatory phrase and thought, shoves off from himself, and on to some one else, what life is given him to determine;—just as if he could be damned by proxy! With all this want, however, of the very element and essence of religion in the Protestant system, its members can be very sanctimonious, and appear much shocked at any inadvertent issuing of sacred names from the mouths of Catholics. Just listen to our author on this point.

"I remember observing it in a *religieuse* [wrongly written *religieuse*] to whom I was once introduced. Indeed the very first word I heard her utter was an exclamation which in England would sound very shocking even from secular lips." p. 35.

And what, do our readers think, was this horrible instance of what our author positively classes under the head of inadvertent blasphemy? Here it follows:

"I was apologizing to her for the *dérangement* I was perhaps causing her, when she interrupted me with *Mon Dieu! Monsieur, ne faites pas d'excuse: je suis charmée de faire votre connaissance.* And this was not only a woman of family and education, but of remarkable holiness of life."

To be sure she was; and she *showed* that holiness, as saints always show it, by *inadvertently* making manifest that they have *set God always in their sight*, as the Psalmist speaks; and therefore, when a stiff, stuck-up parson, with his starched jack-towel-like white cravat rolled about his neck, and his sanctified look, utters his *niaiseries*, they first turn to their God with a holy protest, and then proceed to demolish the unfortunate word-monger. In brief, good Catholics have the name of God so frequently on their lips because they have Him constantly in their hearts; whereas Protestants, whose whole religion is a constrained effort to *bring something near which is far distant*, find it a task to think of Him, a penance to love Him, and therefore think He is pleased with their never mentioning His name except formally and in Church, or at the *family-altar*, as they call a despatched breakfast-table, covered with the relics of ham and eggs, redolent of potted shrimps, and where some disgusting-looking plate or saucer has been shoved into the centre to make way, in a corner, for the "Family-Bible."

The author is next astonished, p. 36, at "the Bishop joining, as lustily as any one," in "The Psalms for the day chanted to Gregorian tones." This certainly must have surprised one accustomed to see the spiritual lords of parliament on their cathedral thrones, looking on their prayer-books, with cold dignity, while the choir is doing the necessary work. We suppose the author felt inclined to put, to his lordship, a question similar to one put by a Chinaman to certain dancers whom he saw figuring at Almack's: "Why," said he, "don't you pay people to go through this troublesome ceremony for you?"

In p. 39 we again find the author lying for the good of his church.

"I said the Sovereign was the only visible head of the English Church, but it was in temporal, not spiritual matters. The privy council's power was very far from being recognised by the church, and the proof of this *would be*, that no sooner would convocation be re-established (which it was our *earnest hope* would shortly be the case), than its first

net would doubtless be to reverse this very decision." [The Gorham one,—p. 39.]

These *would-bes* and *earnest hopes* are pitifully ludicrous; but the author found that he had caught a Tartar in the principal of the *Seminaire des Promenades* at Arras, to whom this blatant nonsense had been uttered.

"Ah!" he said, "but you have not got your convocation yet? there does not seem any certainly that you ever will have it; and when you *have* got it you will have no security that all its members will be agreed, and there would be no appeal." "In that case," I said, "a very improbable one, (!) we have the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Those of our readers can best apply the practical comment here who happen to remember this same Archbishop's answer to Mr. Maskell, who applied to him for a solution of difficulties. Dr. Sumner very honestly replied to this effect: "You have your Bible; and there is nothing which makes me one whit a more authoritative interpreter of it than yourself. I have the honor to be, &c., &c.;" But of course the Puseyites know much better than His Grace, what his powers are; and they occasionally stir him up, with no gentle hand, for not exercising what *they dream* him to have received.

The author gives a very interesting account of the Abbé Mullois, the chosen chaplain of the Emperor; but for this, and many other things, we must refer our readers to the book itself; whom we would respectfully solicit, as they read, to offer up a prayer for the unfortunate writer; whose knowledge leaves him without excuse. Our few remaining notices will be such as combine with what we have already examined to enforce this, and to show more clearly what an object of compassion he really is.

"I had been told there was an English Church in the Rue Royale, and that once a fortnight the celebration of the holy Eucharist was held there, alternating with.....I found this English Church was a Wesleyan Meeting Room, so that in fact the holy Eucharist is only thought necessary once a month, or twelve times in a whole year, to the English residents in Paris! I thought of my own weekly, which I hoped soon to make a daily, celebration, and felt that even then I should make a very poor figure among these hard-working priests, in whose churches celebration follows celebration from half-past five till twelve at several altars. No wonder that, judging from the scanty hebdomadal services with which, so far as their experience goes, English people content themselves, they refuse to acknowledge our religion as forming any part of the true Catholic Church." p. 77.

"Being *Sacrament Sunday*! I pursued my way to

the Rue d'Aguessan. The cheque-takers sat at a little table, receiving the money and giving change. I thought of the buyers and sellers our Lord turned out of the temple. My next neighbor lolled back during the whole service. I could not detect that she made any responses, though she persisted in repeating every word of the Absolution. During the Litany she as well as others maintained their sitting position, and fanned themselves languidly while confessing they were *miserable sinners.*" p. 78.

In pp. 255 and 256 we find him in a high state of irritation at the want of politeness among converts. They are so much less *amiable* than they were. The secret of this is that Catholics, being possessed of truth, speak it, "call a spade a spade," and will not let their neighbors be damned, if they can help it, for want of a little plain dealing. He says to a sister Mary:—

"Among all the other converts with whom I have had any intercourse, I have been met in a bitterness of spirit, and a rancour of invective, which I have thought not only at variance with the laws of Christian charity, but even with the usages of polished society." p. 255.

This "polished society," is one of the Englishman's Trinity; and the other two are Mammon and Comfort: for any one of these he will at any time sell his soul. But it is fortunate that the parson gives his specimen of this awful affronting of the fine feelings and delicate nerves of Anglicans. "You shall see," says he to the Sister, when she ventured to express a doubt; and then comes his converted friend's letter.

"The Church, as you remark, has plenty of work for her children to do. I speak, of course, of the One, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, the same throughout the world, identical in doctrine and discipline, in perfect unity, obedient to the Vicar of Christ. The miserable system founded by Henry the Eighth has no claim to that title. It is a mere Erastian body, without a priesthood and without sacraments,—a mass of heresy and schism."

And for simply writing this, which every Catholic *must* feel to be not only true, but infinitely important, the poor convert is accused of such an offence as ought to shut against him the doors of "polished society." If so, we pray God we may never have them opened to us; and are prepared, in this and many other matters, to follow Christ "without the camp, bearing his reproach;" convinced more and more, every step of our pilgrimage, that every attempt to unite Catholicity and this world's fashions must be more than futile, and only embarrass and injure him who makes it. And with this remark we take leave of the sensitive parson and his too candid production.

*Noctes Ambrosianæ.* By Professor Wilson. Vol. I. BLACKWOODS.

After a full share of advertisements, and more than ordinary expectation, the first vol. of this handsome reprint of the celebrated "Noctes" is at length before us. The numerous readers of periodical literature are now worthily reminded of the deep sigh they breathed when they learned, some eighteen months since, that "Christopher North" was no more.

Once more we are in the little tavern off Gabriel road; the hour, midnight; and our companions, the great Editor of "Beloved Maga," good-humored Tickler, and the Et-trick Shepherd, the "tall square green bottle, and genial mirth." Christopher North reigns supreme, and as he disputes with the honest shepherd, Tickler now and again chiming in, we listen to much eloquent dissertation, subtle reasoning, and acute criticism. Hours fly away. Christopher North is again before us, and startled afresh by his wonderful genius, we view in our mind's eye his manly beauty, and are charmed in imagination by the melody of his voice.

*Shepherd*: "It's maist the only voice I ever heard, that you can say is at ance persuawsive and commanding: you might fear it, but you maun love it; and there's no a voice in all his Majesty's dominions better framed by nature to hold communion with friend or foe."

The most charming characteristic of these "Noctes" is the vast number of topics treated of in their pages. "Music, marvel, melancholy, moonlight," fails to give a fair idea of the wonderful power of the critic's pen to enlighten and to please, as evidenced here. Early in the volume, North, speaking of a "Virgin and Child," remarks:—

"What meek maternal love, mingled with a reverential awe of her own divine Babe! How beautifully has Mary braided—scarcely braided—folded up as with a single touch, ere yet her child had awoke, that soft silken shining hair—tresses rich in youthful luxuriance, yet tamed down to a matron simplicity, in sweet accordance with that devout forehead and bliss-breathing eyes.

*Tickler*: Such pictures scarcely bear to be spoken of at all. Let them hang in their silent loneliness upon the wall of our most secret room, to be gazed on at times when we feel the emptiness and vanity of all things in this life; and when our imagination, coming to the relief of our hearts, willingly wafts us to the heaven which inspired such creations of genius."

Further on the shepherd soliloquises:—

"Such a show of clouds! A congregation of a million might worship in that cathedral! What a dome! And is not that flight of steps magnificent?

My imagination sees a crowd of white-robed spirits ascending to the inner shrine of the temple. Hark—a bell tolls! Yonder it is, swinging to and fro—half-minute time—in its bower of clouds; the great air-organ 'gins to blow its pealing anthem; and the overcharged spirit, falling from its vision, sees nothing but the pageantry of earth's common vapours, that ere long will melt into showers, or be wafted away in darker masses over the distance of the sea. Of what better stuff, O, Mr. North, are made all our waking dreams? Call not thy shepherd's strain fantastic, but look abroad over the workday world, and tell him where thou seest aught more steadfast or substantial than that cloud-cathedral, with its flight of vapour steps, and its mist domes, and its air-organ, now all gone for ever, like the idle words that imaged the transitory and illusive glories."

In a different mood, when Tickler compliments the same personage for never being absent in company, and North, for never spitting on the carpet, he answers:—

"The one's just as bad as the ither, or rather the the first's the warst of the twa. What right has ony man to leave his ugly carcass in the room by itself, without a soul in't; surely there could be nae cruelty or uncourtesy in kickin't it out o' the door."

The Shepherd says that the critic

"Should tell you at ance what the plot is about, and how it begins and gangs on and is winded up, in short pithy hints o' the characters that feegur throughout the story, and a masterly abridgment o' facts and incidents, wi' noo and then an elucidatory observation, and a glowing panegyric, but above a' things else, lang, lang, lang, extracts, judiciously seleckit, and lettin' you ken at ance if the author has equalled or excelled himself, or if he has struck out a new path or followed the auld one into some unsuspekkit scenery o' bonny underwood."

He thinks that Ghost scenes should be seldom used:—

"Gin you introduce a real Ghost at a', it maun appear but seldom, and never but on some great or dread account, as the Ghost of Hamlet's father. Then what difficulty in makin' it speak with a tomb voice! At the close o' the tale, the mind would be shocked unless the dead had burst its cerements for some end which the dead alane could have accomplished—unless the catastrophe were worthy an apparition.

He finely remarks on the effect on the mind of standing amid a thunderstorm;—

"The heart quakes, but the imagination, even in its awe, is elevated. You still have a hold on the external world, and a lurid beauty mixes with the magnificence till there is an austere joy in terror."

On the homage due to nature by art, we hear North himself:—

*Shepherd*: "Sketchers are geyan apt, howsomever, to be wearisome wi' their critical cant, and even to talk o' nature hersel, as if she were only worth studying for the sake o' art."

*North*: "Very true James. There was a painter,

more twenty years ago, of the name of Havel—dead now I suppose—who really painted with some spirit and splendour. He was all in all with an amateur friend of mine; and I remember once contemplating a glorious sunset among mountains with the said amateur friend, when, after a “*syncope and solemn pause*,” he exclaimed to himself in soliloquy, ‘Havel, all over, Havel, all over.’ He complimented the sunset, James, Nature’s own midsummer sunset at the close of a thunderous day, James, by likening it to, or rather identifying it with, a bit of oiled canvas, run over by the brush of a clever Cockney!”

And on political morality Christopher remarks:—

“Nothing, my dear James, as you well know ever prospered long, even in this wicked world, but plain dealing. Public and private morality are not to the outward eye the same,—for the coloring is different. But essentially, they are one, and every attempt made to separate them recoils on the heads of the schemers, and strikes them all to the earth.”

The “Noctes” abound, too, with beautiful poems and pleasant songs—

“There’s joy in the blithe blooming feature,  
When love lurks in every young line;  
There’s joy in the beauties of nature,  
There is joy in the dance and the wine;  
But there’s a delight will ne’er perish  
Among pleasures so fleeting and vain,  
And that is to love and to cherish  
The fond little heart that’s our ain.”

With the editing of this volume, however, about which Professor Ferrier “makes so much ado” in his preface, we are by no means satisfied. In the first place, we cannot believe that the course which he has adopted is “that by which the author’s reputation has been best consulted, and such as he would have approved of had he been alive.” We know that to many of those who are alluded to in these pages, as “feeble rascals,” “Irish jackasses,” or “old ruffians,” &c., Christopher North made literary, and to some personal, amends during his lifetime. We know that more than one of these were afterwards numbered amongst his most intimate friends; and feeling the justice of the severe remark of a contemporary, “That the school in which Christopher North was a master did not fight with the weapons of gentlemen,” we have little doubt that had these “Noctes” re-appeared before his death, most of those scurrilous epithets would have disappeared.

And with the editor’s own part we are further disappointed. Amongst the “glossarial notes,” which he takes care to tell us in his preface, “are subjoined for the sake of those who labor under the disadvantage (?) of having been born on the south side of the

Tweed,” there are many, indeed we fully believe a majority, that might as well have been omitted; numerous words are construed which, with the context, could not possibly be misunderstood; many really strange words are passed by, and some explained twice over, and, can you believe it, reader? we unfortunates south of the Tweed are not expected to understand such terms as “wiselike,” or that “wizen” means the throat, and that “lugs” signify ears. Towards the close of the volume also, in explaining the meaning of the common phrase, “hit off to the nines,” our Editor expresses his total ignorance of its *unde derivatur!* There is, moreover, running through both preface and notes, a matter of fact pretension to literary knowledge especially disagreeable; we like a little room for our imagination, some exercise of memory, a little play for our fancy, and we fully believe that all likely to read the “Noctes,” know who were Byron, Hobhouse, L.E.L., De Genlis, De Stael, or Joseph Hume, the author of Vivian Grey, or W. H. Ainsworth, quite as well as Mr. Professor Ferrier.

But, to return to the work itself, we welcome old Christopher to his share of our leisure hour, as, “in his sporting jacket” on the hill-top or by the rivulet, he long ago delighted our childhood; and however we admire the sound sense of the honest shepherd, or appreciate the kindness or well-timed remarks of Tickler and the others, like a cathedral in a city, Christopher himself rises above them all. Although he gives to all his impersonations an original tone, and provides each with an original and gifted mind, yet ‘tis when he speaks or writes in *propria persona*, that we feel every line to be instinct with genius. Thro’ him and his “beloved Maga,” how many have learned, for the first time, to appreciate and warmly admire literary excellence, though tainted with false doctrine, and surrounded with distasteful politics: to them how many are indebted for their love of beautiful nature, their command over degrading prejudice, or a kindness in social life? In his pages how many opinions do we find which a long future has fully ratified, how many criticisms afterwards proved sound, and how many reputations permanently founded? In these delightful “Noctes” will be frequently met with just estimates of many, in the very commencement of their careers—a keen perception of the excellencies of Campbell, a beautiful extract from “Delta,” a tribute to the genius of the gifted Audubon, or a kindly com-

pliment to Mary Mitford—at once beautiful and just. In conclusion how many will peruse this reprint, feeling that the prophecy is signally fulfilled of that friend, who, he tells us, had in his early youth already carved out a future life for Christopher North—a life leading to honor, and riches, and a *splendid name*.

*The Dublin Review*. No. LXXVII. October, 1855. London: RICHARDSON and SON.

Here is a goodly repast for any moderate feeder on books; indeed for an ogre of any conscience. We certainly have none of those deeply learned papers in science, archæology, or foreign literature, which have given the *Dublin* its high status among kindred publications; and only one of those rigid (*ineluctabiles*) polemical dissertations—moral bridle-bits—that have kept our Puseyite friends in their wits, since Whateley, like the pea-bird, raised the warning cry, *Tendimus in Latium!* But we fail to regret their absence, when our eye lights on the appetizing *carte* displayed in the table of contents. The *pièce de resistance* is a long and searching article on *Luther*. Rather an ominous title, after all that has been said, sung, and written on the libidinous father of Protestantism. The paper, however, brings together an immense amount of new matter, or groups old material in new combinations, so as to give a “sun-picture”—all the better defined for not being too discursive—of the career of the Augustinian renegado. *Food and its Adulterations* comes next; a paper to which every one will turn with curiosity: but it will disappoint them. For it merely contains a hash of extracts from *The Lancet’s* commissioner, that have been “going the round of the papers” any time these last five years. An entertaining and instructive *Pilgrimage to El Medinah* follows; it will tempt many who read it to purchase Mr. Burton’s book, an effect already produced on ourselves. This was a pilgrimage undertaken, by a gentleman in the East India Company’s service, to the tomb of the Prophet. For *El Medinah* is the Medina marked in our library atlases; for he tells us that, “*El Medinah* merely means ‘the city,’ and is but a brief and familiar form for *Medinah el Nabi*, ‘the Prophet’s City,’ by which designation it has been known in Moslem history from the very date of the Hegirah itself.” It would seem that our geographers write most of the names incorrectly in their maps of Arabia. Mr. Burton gives a ludicrous instance of this

in the case of a city called *M’adri*, which in Arabic means “I don’t know,” evidently the answer given to some enquiring traveller. Of the great peninsular wilderness of Arabia, the Pilgrim learnt only “that its horrid depths swarm with a large and half-starving population; that it abounds in wadys, valleys, gullies, and ravines, partially fertilized by intermittent torrents.” It may be conceived how new the ground is that Mr. Burton has gone over, and therefore how much interest attaches to his narrative, from the jealousy with which the Moslems guard this, their sacred territory. “*El Medinah* and *Mecca*,” says the Reviewer, “are still regarded as cities, which the tread of an infidel foot would desecrate, and the rigour with which the exclusion of foreigners has been enforced has hitherto sufficed to preserve one spot, at least, sacred from the explorations of the Geographical Society.” Mr. Burton, however, aided by a perfect acquaintance with Eastern manners, a complete masquerade as to dress and social observances, a knowledge of Persian, Hindostance, and Arabic, great tact, and indomitable perseverance, succeeded in hoodwinking his jealous Moslem fellow-pilgrims, and not only visiting the renowned “Tomb of the Prophet,” but keeping a regular diary of his adventures and observations. This was not done without danger. “His note-book was composed of long slips of paper, and made to fit in the breast of his gown without being seen. At first he wrote his notes in Arabic, in order to avoid the risk of discovery; but after a time, emboldened by impunity, he continued them in English. In all cases, however, they were made with great caution and privacy.” From these notes he now reproduces his “full, true, and particular account” of the *City of the Prophet*, for the delight and instruction of those “who stay at home at ease.” A review of De Ravignan’s *Times of Clement XIII.* and *Clement XIV.* is the next paper. In this work, the learned Jesuit does a triple service; he replies to Fr. Theimer’s *Life of Clement XIV.*; he champions his Order (and he does it like a true champion, *sans peur et sans reproche*), and he vindicates the Holy See in defending the character of Clement XIV, and establishing the validity of his election. This may seem strange for a Jesuit; but he does it, and does it well. He paints Ganganeli, as a Cardinal of “well-known piety and moderation,” one revered for his “eminent virtues,” and who, on receiving the Tiara “had not the choice between good and evil, but between two evils of prodigious magnitude.

But in making every allowance for this Pontiff's personal virtues, and the difficulties in which he was placed, the Fr. Ravignan never becomes his panegyrist so far as to abandon the cause of the Society for a moment. The reviewer feels the good father has left nothing unsaid that could be urged in any view of the subject; and that, assuming his facts to be authentic, which cannot well be disputed, his case is clearly made out. The next two articles form a kind of moral pillory, on which two kindred spirits are very properly gibbeted. *The Action against the Cardinal*, and *Rome and Sardinia*, in a very able style, and the cars of Messrs. Boyle and Victor Emmanuel, *arcades ambo*, to the whipping-post of public opinion. *Anglican Rationalism* and *Sidney Smith* complete the number. Of these papers we will say nothing; as we have not space at our disposal to enter upon the former; and we purpose having a substantive review of the latter work ourselves in an early number. And so we take leave of this varied and entertaining number of the *Dublin*.

*In Physical Science the Handmaid or the Enemy of Christian Revelation?* By the Rev. J. A. STOTHERT. Edinburgh: MARSH and BEATTIE. pp. 70.

"A globe, an inch in diameter," says Mr. Stothert, "consisting of air of the ordinary density at the earth's surface, if it could be removed into space, one radius of the earth, say 4,000 miles, would expand into a sphere exceeding in radius the orbit of Saturn, as Sir Isaac Newton has calculated." After reading our author's treatise carefully through, during a pleasant trip across the water, we cannot but regret that he has not subjected his own pamphlet to a process of expansion similar to the above. This might have been done, and still the result would not have suffered from tenuity. For into these seventy-odd pages we have an incredible amount of science compressed; sufficient, indeed, to have been advantageously diluted into a couple of average volumes. Nearly every scientific mine has been explored, and the store of gems collected is inlaid in a judicious posey of argument and reflections. To Mr. Stothert may be applied poor Oliver Goldsmith's epitaph; "*Omnia tetigit, et nil tetigit quod non ornavit*;" for has he not been before the public as a lawyer, an archæologist, a historian, a theologian, a lecturer, and now a philosopher? And in every capacity, the public verdict has pronounced him excellent.

## NOTICES.

We have received the following excellent works, of which we have only room to remark that each is good in its way. They are all from the fruitful presses of Richardson and Son, of Derby, and Marsh and Beattie, of Edinburgh. To both these houses the Church in England owes much, especially to the former, with whom, acting with the Rev. T. Sing, of Derby, originated the idea of the cheap reprints of Catholic works, that have flowed among us in such an abundant and fertilizing stream since 1842.

## 1.—Ascetical.

*The Children of Mary Instructed*: Richardsons (Should be found in all families and confraternities of young people). *The Hidden Treasure*: Marsh and Beattie (the first translation of Blessed Leonard's esteemed work on the holiness of the Mass). *Manual of La Salette*: Richardsons.

## HISTORICAL AND DEVOTIONAL.

*Manual of Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus*: Richardsons. *Interior Conversations with Jesus and Mary*: Richardsons. *Manual of Confession*: Richardsons. *Book of the Confraternity of the Holy Family*: Richardsons.

## 2.—Controversial and Apologetic.

*Reasons for Submitting to the Catholic Church*—By H. W. Wilberforce, M.A.: Richardsons. *Why I have become a Catholic*—By a Shopkeeper's Wife: Featherstone. *Answers to the Objections raised against Religion*: Richardsons. *Hay's Enquiry: Can Salvation be had without the Faith?* Richardsons. *What Every Christian must Know*—By Rev. J. Furniss: Richardsons. *Reasons for embracing the Catholic Faith*—By A. Dick, Esq.: Marsh and Beattie.

## 3.—Hagiography.

*The Legend—A History of our Lady*: Translated and versified by G. P. Coddan: Richardsons. *Brief Sketch of the Life and Miracles of B. Germain Cousin*—From the Italian of F. Boero, S.J.: Richardsons. *St. Edward the Confessor, King of England*: Richardsons.

## 4.—Pamphlets.

*Facts and Correspondence, relating to the Admission to the Catholic Church of Viscount and Viscountess Fielding*—By the Right Rev Bishop Gillis: Marsh and Beattie. *Maynooth—A Speech Delivered in Parliament*—By J. F. Maguire, Esq., M.P.: Richardsons. *The Discourse Delivered at the Opening Session of the Second Provincial Synod of Oscott*—By the Right Rev. Bishop Ullathorne: Richardsons. *A Letter to the Provost of Edinburgh*—By the Right Rev. Bishop Gillis; Marsh and Beattie. *The New Penal Law—Its bearing upon Scotland*—By the Right Rev. Bishop Gillis: Marsh and Beattie. *A Discourse on the Mission and Influence of the Popes*—By the Right Rev. Bishop Gillis: Marsh and Beattie.

All of which we cordially recommend.

## INSTITUTE LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS.

*Three Lectures on Self-Improvement, by R. Ornsby, Esq., M. A., Oxon., Professor of Classical Literature in the Catholic University of Ireland.*

In our last number we promised our readers an outline of these excellent lectures, a promise which we have now much pleasure in fulfilling, because even a skeleton or chart of Mr. Ornsby's observations will be valuable to those members of the Institute who wish to bear his suggestions vividly in remembrance.

In the first lecture, the subject of which was "The Art of Self-Improvement, its definition, objects, and instruments," Mr. Ornsby began by explaining the nature of an art, and observed that it was concerned with producing results, but not results of every kind, distinguishing the results effected by instinct, chance, passion, and unreasoning aptitude from those of art. The former depended on causes of which those who produced them were themselves ignorant; there was no progress, and no command over the cause, characteristics the reverse of which appeared in arts. After explaining the origin of arts from the investigation of causes, he defined art in two different points of view, to be either a system of rules certainly producing a result, or a habit of using these rules to practice.

After discussing the subject of art at some length, the lecturer proceeded to consider the second element of the subject, viz, *self*; and showed how in early life, improvement is chiefly attained by the action of *others* upon you, by the management of your time and studies, by advice, by rewards and punishments, and how afterwards, improvement is mainly effected by yourself, and this, either unconsciously or consciously. On this head he commented at considerable length on the danger of egotism, or subjectivity, arising from the contemplation of self, and contrasted in this respect the present with earlier ages of literature, pointing out, and illustrating with anecdotes the importance of forgetting self and directing one's efforts to an end to be attained for the greater glory of God.

On the third element, improvement, he first considered what its object was, which, taking the word in the sense of "end," was improvement itself; in the sense of "material," lay the mind. The latter turned on two things, the discipline of the faculties, and the manipu-

lation of instruments. The faculties, (following a division found in St. Ignatius) he divided into the will, the reason, the imagination, and the memory, adding thereto the faculties of expression. Instruments were either internal, as thought, languages, mathematics, and logic, or external, as writing and conversation, which he classified under various heads. Lastly came the manipulation of the conditions and matter of study, as time and books. A system of rules on these subjects constituted the art of self-improvement. He concluded by discussing the question "how long does improvement go on?"

In the second lecture, Mr. Ornsby examined the subject of self-improvement as a system of rules, distributing his observations under the several heads above-mentioned. Commencing with the question, "What is the cause of the failure of early promise, so often observed in the career of those who distinguish themselves at school?" he proved this to be owing chiefly to deficiency of concentration, when left to themselves. An object must be gained, or else nothing is done. The object might be attained in various ways; by natural tendency, by arbitrary choice, the least advisable course, by watching the course of circumstances, and by getting on a particular track of reading, by following out questions of interest which occur in the books one is engaged with. The great rule however was to narrow one's field, a principle the importance of which he showed by instances like that of the life of Alexander the Great or of Cicero, which branch out into such an infinity of subjects.

He then pointed out the value of having certain heads of thought applicable to all subjects alike, to enable one to elicit from each the information it contains, giving specimens of such heads of thought as applicable to the history of a war, such as the present, or to a question of civil government, such as slavery. After some further remarks on this head, and on that of elasticity of mind, or control over the thoughts, and on the conduct of the imagination, the lecturer proceeded to give rules on the subject of memory, examining various systems of artificial memory, such as those of Sully, of Grey, and of Feinagle, and stated the principles of cultivating the natural memory, insisting chiefly on the value of systematic and periodical, though brief, review of what one has acquired. Writing he commented on, under the heads of analysis, extracts, journals, records of thoughts, and letters; conversation, under those of joint

study, of debating, of writing, of teaching, and of general conversation. Books might be divided into two classes, compendia, and original works, that is, *sources*, as containing the statements of eye-witnesses. In general reading, sources were always to be preferred.

After some observations on the subject of languages and the most useful of them, the lecturer went on to fix rules on the subject of distribution of time, entering particularly into the subject of early rising, and concluded by stating as the most important precept for turning leisure time to the best account, that of aiming at very little, but doing that little every day.

The third lecture, the subject of which was scholastic and university education, Mr. Ornsby commenced by contrasting the education of the boy with that of the man, the former being concerned chiefly with instruments, and depending on the memory, the latter with sciences, and depending on the judgment. The latter constituted the business of universities, at which there was an assemblage of means for learning each science. To learn one with advantage, a tincture must be obtained of all,—and further, and more particularly, a thorough acquaintance with the liberal studies, as logic, rhetoric, the Greek and Latin classics, mathematics, &c., which lay at the foundation of all the higher professions. The necessity of this he showed by several considerations, viz.—that professional education depended on “getting up books,” on combination, on ascertaining general principles, generalizing from facts, &c., &c., all which belonged to university education; and also in a cultivation of the whole mind and demeanor, which was only obtained by writing and the collision of mind with mind. Stating the two definitions of a university, a place where we may gain universal knowledge, or to which students universally resort, he found in the latter that indirect training which was so necessary for professional success. Men find their own level in a university as in Parliament,—inequalities of character are reduced and local prejudices subdued. The lecturer then entered into a lengthened explanation of the constitution of the medieval universities and their colleges, such as Oxford and Paris, and showed how that ancient system, originated by the Catholic Church, had been swept away by the French revolution, but was now being reconstituted, particularly instancing Louvain, by the same power from which it had at first emanated. On the subject of the University

of Louvain, its colleges, and great professorial system, he dwelt at considerable length, since Louvain was exhibited by the Holy See as the model upon which the Catholic University of Ireland was to be constructed. Coming to the subject of the latter university, he went into the question of the state of the higher education in Ireland hitherto, and the evils of Catholics attending Trinity College, Dublin, and still more the Queen's Colleges, and pointed out how education was vitiated by the exclusion of what ought to be its leading principle. After remarking on the character of the subscriptions for the University, especially from America, as coming to so great an extent from the humbler classes, and showing what a noble interest those classes felt in this higher education, the lecturer went on to give a variety of facts with reference to the success of the Catholic University, that its members had doubled in less than a twelvemonth, and already contained representatives of all classes, the highest, as well as the people, and from various countries, thus strictly exhibiting the proper mark of universality. He spoke at large of the state of society in Ireland, in which Protestants were placed, among the rest, in the position of an aristocracy, and followed the natural course of aristocracies, which was to diminish in numbers, whilst the Catholics were daily increasing in wealth, in cultivation, and in power, and consequently imperatively required an institution like the present. Whilst all connected with the University were fully satisfied with the progress which it had made, he insisted that after all, numbers were not the real test. Institutions always began with a few; and moreover their real strength, and, where mischievous, their real danger, consisted in the fact that they were *institutions*, not merely assemblages of persons. He then showed at length what had been done in less than a twelvemonth, and described the various establishments which in the course of that time had originated in connexion with the University;—the University-house, Rector's house, School of Medicine, &c., and described the academical system of the University, students, exhibitioners, scholars, literati, &c., remarking on the latter, which is a degree for persons engaged in education, as a new feature. The lecturer then proceeded to explain the difference between catechetical and professorial teaching, and reported the success which had attended both these, as well with regard to the students, as to the interest felt by society in

Dublin. He then in general gave an idea of the professorial staff, and of the most distinguished of its members, and of the proposed system of university sermons. Such were the institutions which had been founded under the blessing of St. Peter. He concluded by a brief examination of the generation, to what extent self-improvement could supply the want of scholastic or university training, and by some remarks on the value of establishments like the Catholic Institute in reference to the University, and on the duties and position of Catholic young men in the present age.

October 1st, *A Waverley Reading; by W. C. Maclaurin, Esq.*

We can do no more than record this evening's entertainment; though it is with regret, we find ourselves compelled to withhold the learned lecturer's agreeable and instructive running commentary, in the shape of a torrent of anecdotes, and explanatory remarks on Scottish law and jurisprudence; the origin, nature, and present state of clanships; and the contemporary history of the times of Waverley. He read with great gusto, and the true twang, sacred to the Land o' Cakes.

October 8th, *The Influence of the Church on Men and Manners; by the Rev. H. Marshall, M.A.*

We shall insert this lecture *in extenso* in our next.

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

It is well known to most of you, that Philosophy means *the Love and Pursuit of Wisdom*; and that it has, for its aim and object, the raising men from the *low and degrading* pursuits of this degenerate world, and the occupying them instead, with what is noble in itself, and necessarily *tends* to ennoble and to elevate the student.

The philosophy, then, of the human mind, our present subject, is the love and pursuit of wisdom as regards the *constitution* of that mind, its faculties, and the laws which control its operations. For, as regards the *nature, or essence, of mind, whether divine, angelic, or human, the knowledge of this is not attainable* by us in our present state, but is reserved for that *future and perfect* condition, in which, being permitted, in a way we cannot now comprehend, to see *God, as He is*, we shall of course see all *created things in Him*, and

therefore in *their essence*. For, as He is the only independent and necessary being, the sight, or perception, of Him will necessarily involve in it the perception, also, of every thing dependent *on Him*; that is, in other words, of the entire creation.

Neither need we wonder at this incapacity, in our present state, of understanding the essence of mind, when we consider, that even that of *matter* is hidden from us. The most that can be done, by the ablest and most successful investigator of any department of the material creation, is to deduce, from the facts which he has carefully arranged and compared, certain important truths respecting the *qualities* of bodies, and the laws which regulate their phenomena. Farther than this he cannot go. Of the *essence* of that matter which he can test and control, he is as ignorant as is the child to whom it is but a play-thing or a wonder.

Limited, however, as philosophical enquiry so far necessarily is as to its *objects*, we find ourselves, when we begin to reflect, in possession of two grand ranges, or fields, of thought; two departments into which *all that exists* is primarily divided; and those are,—God, and the dependent universe. Leaving the former of these to theology, the first and sublimest of the sciences, we descend to what is *created*; and here again is a division equally formed on eternal distinctions. It is that suggested by the fact, that, among the immense variety of creatures, there are *two great classes*; one made after the likeness of the Maker, and the other not; one intellectual and immortal, and capable of free action,—the other capable only of *receiving* impressions; in a word, the material and immaterial creations.

The only consideration which appears to clash with the primary division of the created objects of thought is that presented by the *inferior animals*; some of which do undoubtedly display such signs and tokens of a kind of *reason*, that, whatever we may *call* this, we feel compelled to separate it, even essentially, from anything that can be the result of the most subtle forms and refinements of matter. It will be sufficient, however, by way of disposing of this difficulty, to observe two things; first, that the wonderful discoveries, in modern physical science, respecting *imponderable* material substances, that is, substances *without weight*, such as light and electricity, go far towards establishing the theory, that the souls of brutes need not on account even of the most wonderful approximation to reason, be

ranked under the strictly *intellectual* division of created substances; and, secondly, that there are certain barriers which these souls are absolutely precluded from passing. Whatever acuteness of instinct, or fidelity of affection a *dog* may show you, you cannot, by any elaborateness of method, make him comprehend the notion of space, time, or God. He is incapable of abstracting, or of generalizing; and therefore the substance, whatever it may be, which forms his *soul*, must be regarded as something essentially distinct from a human mind, in which these processes and these conceptions form an essential part of what nature has intended for its occupation and destiny. Indeed, it has often struck me, when reflecting on this subject, that one of the strongest arguments against the *immortality* of animals is that they are incapable of *conceiving* that immortality; while the fact, that to the human intellect the conception of infinity and of an infinite Being easily becomes familiar, affords, independently of revelation, an easy proof that such intellect is *created* for that infinity, and that infinite Being is our last end as well as our first beginning. His infinite wisdom and goodness would neither have *given us* a capacity for what we were not intended to enjoy, nor have *denied to brutes* the conception of what was to be their portion.

Dismissing, then, this apparent difficulty, as at least not affecting the practical purpose and design of the above-mentioned division of things created into material and immaterial, we may now proceed to remark on the very different character of the two species of philosophy, the natural and the mental; notwithstanding that they alike depend upon an intelligent *deduction* of facts for the successful pursuit of them.

In considering this difference, the principal thing that strikes us is the comparative *ease* with which the study of mind may be pursued. *Here* is no need for expensive laboratories, long arrays of instruments, laboriously fitted-out expeditions, experiments to which the health and sight frequently fall victims; no exclusion of the great mass of mankind from the study, no confining it those favored by fortune with the means of costly and difficult implements of investigation. *Every* man may be, in his measure and degree, a mental philosopher, who is able and willing to make use of the powers God has given him in examining the phenomena of his own mind and of those of his fellow men. The only thing needful is, that he be convinced there is something nobler,

even in the pursuits of this world, than the accumulation of money, worldly rank, or sensual gratifications; those three enemies alike of God and true human progress which act with so fatal an efficacy upon the mass of mankind, and fix grovelling upon earth souls which otherwise might soar in air and taste empyreal pleasures.

While this facility of investigation constitutes a decided advantage in the study of mind over that of matter, it must be confessed, on the other hand, that the latter also has its advantages. Inasmuch as *mathematics*, which is a fixed and certain science, enters into the greater part of physical investigations, the conclusions drawn from a full and fair induction cannot be disputed. There only needs, therefore, a thorough investigation of facts in order to unanimity. But it is otherwise in *mental* science. From the more subtile nature of the subject, there arises less probability of men being agreed. Hence we have had system after system, each displacing the one immediately before it; and even at the present day the philosophers of the mind are nearly as wide apart as ever. The cause of this, I apprehend, is twofold. Men do not confine themselves, as they ought, to the strictly proper objects of the science; and they do not take sufficient pains to be agreed as to the meaning of their fundamental terms. Hence follows a *vagueness* which is detrimental to the exact pursuit of truth, and which has no counterpart in the physical sciences. With respect to the former of these causes, no great time has elapsed since mental philosophy began to insist on being a science by itself, instead of a mere department of what was called, rather vaguely, metaphysics, or, from a Greek word for *being*, ontology, or some other name. With respect to the latter cause, we shall be better able to comprehend instances of it when we have entered farther into our subject. But it may be as well to remark here, as in the most convenient place, that the science of the human mind has been principally expressed by the two words of Greek derivation, *psychology*, or the science of *soul*, and *pneumatology*, or the science of *spirit*. The latter word we find used by Lord Bacon; in words which, by the way, powerfully confirm what was said above respecting the essential difference between human and merely animal souls. "I do not," says that great authority, "approve of that confused and promiscuous method in which philosophers are accustomed to treat of *pneumatology*; as if the

human soul ranked above those of brutes, merely like the sun above the stars, or like gold above other metals."

While this passage of Bacon justly rebukes those guilty of the confusion charged on them, it also pointedly shows that neither the word he uses nor *psychology* is a sufficiently clear expression of our science. For as long as we allow (and who can help allowing) that the brutes have *souls* of some kind or another, so long will it be wrong to call the philosophy of the *human* mind a mere science of soul, while, to the other term, *pneumatology*, there are still more powerful objections. It is derived from the Greek word *pneuma* which, like the Hebrew *ruach*, the Latin *spiritus*, and the Saxon *gas* or *ghost*, signifies *breath*. If the question is put, How do these words all come to signify both a material emanation and the substance of mind, whether divine, angelic, or human? the reply is obvious. As no *mental* object can be expressed except by words which primarily express *material* objects, we naturally take those words which are used to denote the *least* gross of these latter, and apply them to mind, in which there is *no* material grossness at all, because there is no matter. While, however, this does very well for ordinary purposes, the inconvenience of adopting it when we wish to be exact is sufficiently obvious from the fact, that an opening is thus afforded to materialists; who argue that, because we are obliged to express mind by words which properly denote matter, therefore there is no essential difference between the two substances. Do not imagine that I am here raising, as the saying is, a man of straw for the purpose of knocking him down. Far from it. To mention only one instance, a late President of the United States of America, the celebrated Jefferson, expressly says, in one of those numerous treatises of his which have come down to us, that to say God is not material, is to say there is no God. He could conceive of no existence which was not material, and he no doubt thought himself borne out by the common use, among philosophers, of the figurative terms (for they are nothing more) of which I have been speaking.

It is of great importance, therefore, in fixing our terms, to select such, for the definition of the sciences, as at least have no recognized and known derivation from material use. And this, as Dugald Stewart has observed, is the advantage possessed by the word *mind*. This word may,—nay, if an observation made above be well founded, it *must* have been

originally taken (that is, the Latin word *mens*, which furnishes us with it must have been so taken,) from some word employed to denote something material; nevertheless, inasmuch as we do not now know what that word may have been, and have not before us the figurative process employed in the transference, it answers the purposes of exact science quite as well as if there had never been such transference at all.

The mention of the erroneous opinion that there is nothing but what is material naturally leads us to the contrary error of the celebrated Bishop Berkely, who taught that *mind* is the only substance, and that *matter* is nothing but a series of *impressions* made on mind according to the will and arrangement of the Great First Cause. Before showing how the Protestant philosophy paved the way for this, and how the Bishop was strictly justified in drawing the conclusions he did from the works of preceding writers whose authority was admitted by his contemporaries, I wish to observe that he seems to have had two motives in deducing, by a chain of argument which is irrefragable if you allow the principles on which he built his argument, what necessarily appears to all men a complete paradox. The former of these motives was a good and noble one; with the latter we, as Catholics, cannot sympathize. Seeing as he did the lamentable tendency of the age to materialism, he thought if he could only convince men there was no such *thing* as matter, mind would resume, and more than resume, its supremacy, as the only substance in the universe. It is needless to observe that he overshot his mark; and that, instead of men listening to him as to one who was re-establishing the authority of mind, the general impression was that so concisely and humorously described by Lord Byron, where he remarks that—

"When Bishop Berkely said there was no matter,  
The world thought 'twas no matter what he said."

So far, however, though he of course failed of his end, and reasoned from false premises, the philosopher's reasoning of itself was stringent, and his end laudable; but I fear his second motive was a wish to undermine the foundations of Catholic belief. You know that for some hundred years back the great bugbear of Protestantism has been, and is, our great, holy, central, and most enlivening and consoling doctrine of Transubstantiation; a doctrine, by the way, so undeniably held by the early Christians that we find some of their writers arguing for our Lord's divinity, as a thing dis-

puted, from His real presence in the fact, which was *not* disputed. As to the former, the first Ecumenical Council was convened to declare it; as to the latter, no council found it necessary to declare it till after the rise of Proestanism.

Now Bishop Berkely, though vastly above any of the common low motives of worldly minds, was not without a certain subtle ambition which led him to think he would do a great thing in serving his church and country by an argument which would attack this glorius doctrine. And he thought he found his fatal weapon in the denial of material substance. For, certainly, if there were no such substance there could be no *transubstantiation*, or *change of one substance for another* while the accidents or qualities of the Bread and Wine remained the same. In fact, on the supposition that there is no material substance, all that we see, and touch, and taste would be *nothing but* accidents or qualities; and, as it is confessed that these remain unaltered, there would be no alteration at all, because there would be nothing *else* to alter. It therefore becomes important, in the service of Catholicity, to expose that philosophy in the steps of which Berkely did but consistently tread when he advanced, in a train of reason which, as I have already said, cannot be refuted if you allow his principles, the paradox of the non-existence of material substance.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

October 22nd. *A Grand Concert, by Members of the Institute and other Gentlemen.*

On this evening the routine of lectures was again agreeably diversified by a musical entertainment. And the numbers attending testified that recreation goes down better than even the most eloquent didactics. A *grand concert* was a misnomer; it was simply a miscellaneous concert of glees (German and English), songs, instrumental solos, and concerted pieces. They were all above the average in execution. The German glees were all top and bottom; they wanted the middle parts bringing out, or else there was a good deal of the German dash about it. Mr. R. Campbell's Irish songs were, of course, *encored*, as also *Nelly Bly*, by Master Taylor, a scholar of the Institute. The concert was got up by Mr. D. C. Browne, who presided very ably at the piano during the evening.

#### DOINGS OF CHEMISTS.

Amidst the tumult of war, and the wrangling of parties, it is pleasant to observe the philosophic mind, seemingly, and, doubtless, really callous to those baser subjects, directing science in the path of discovery, and eliciting from the union of principles of induction, when brought to act upon materials around, facts of great importance relative to our social advancement. It may happen that while engaged in this work, to a few the philosopher seems neglectful of nobler pursuits; but we ought to remember that to him, the midge borne before his eyes on filmy sail or the worm beneath his tread, speaks to his susceptible mind as eloquently as the minister from the pulpit, of the power and majesty of God; and that by such, a chord might be touched in his breast, which responds with an earnestness and zeal that might well cause the cheeks of many of us to be mantled with a blush of shame! This may be said of those who are not of us, although they would be apt to turn with jeering contempt to laugh at that which they, poor souls, do not, and apparently cannot, fathom, were it not that they see others who are more than their compeers in art and knowledge, already under the holy mantle of the Church. However, we can afford to turn a deaf ear to them in these cases, for the sake of the good they do in their way.

Among the class mentioned, the battalion of chemists, if I might be allowed the expression, claims pre-eminence, not, perhaps, from their faculties being more acute than those of other men—although it is indisputable that in this they claim a high position—but from their selecting a department of the field of knowledge, where everything cultivated contributes to the well-being and social advancement of the community, in the science of life. The daily labor of the chemist tends to the development of the uses and benefits to which matter may be turned; and as we are told that nothing has been created in vain, and also, that as governor of the world, man can employ these in a rational way, we should be ready to bid the chemist God speed in his enterprise.

During the last fifty or sixty years, it cannot be doubted but this class of men has been true to their calling, as well here as on the continent, and that there results daily from their researches discoveries of the highest importance. The most useless, nay, loathsome, of substances, have, under the magic touch of the chemist, been turned to valuable commo-

dities, as well in relation to their money value, as to the revolutions which their introduction into manufacturing industry causes in other arts.

A discovery of this description has lately come before the scientific world in the subject *Aluminum*, a metal extracted from alumina, the basis of alum, porcelain, bricks, &c., and found in all soils to a considerable extent. The existence of alumina was nothing new, even before the days of *Roger Bacon*, the Franciscan monk, who may be said to have laid the foundation of experimental chemistry in England; it was thought, however, to be a simple body, in which belief succeeding chemists remained steadfast till the days of *Sir Humphrey Davy*. This philosopher indirectly showed that it was not a simple indivisible substance, from the fact that vapors of potassium—a light plastic metal extracted from pearl ash—passing over it at a red heat, extracted oxygen from it. Wöhler, of Giessen, was more successful in his researches upon this subject, in 1828; but, although he opened the path, the track was left doubtful by his meagre description of the natural properties of the metal. No further notice was taken of this fact, except that it was recognised as a triumph of science, till *M. Ste Clair Deville*, a French *savant* of celebrity, under the encouraging patronage of his government, took the matter in hands, and succeeded in obtaining the metal in large quantities, at least sufficiently so to examine its properties more truthfully. The method pursued by this gentleman is similar to that followed by Wöhler; namely, of preparing first the chloride of aluminum, and then heating this in a confined vessel with sodium—a metal obtained from common or culinary salt. The result of this heating is the reduction of the aluminous compound with the formation of common salt, which can be removed by solution in water. The finely divided metal is subsequently fused and cast into ingots or any other appropriate shape. It appears that the natural qualities of aluminum adapt it with more fitness to many purposes than iron or even silver. It has an argentine hue, is capable of receiving a fine polish, is light and as sonorous as the best bell metal. It is ductile and malleable to a degree, and may be lamellated without annealing, which is not the case with iron or copper. It is very tenacious, conducts electricity eight times better than iron, and is not tarnished by exposure to moist air or sulphurous vapors; hence its superiority over

iron and even silver for decorative and household uses. From its tenacity, hardness, and lightness, its specific gravity being nearly equal to flint glass,—it has been suggested as a substitute for steel in the manufacture of warlike implements, such as cuirasses and the like; and also its introduction into the cutler's art has been meditated. Time, however, will have to mature and simplify processes before these ends can be accomplished; but from the interests which chemical philosophers evidently take in the question, there is every probability that such will not fail to be accomplished. It will be a boast for those who are cognizant of the fact, even if science should fail in this effort, to assure their friends that, however ungainly their home may appear, yet the walls of the mansion are built of wedges of precious metal! How will the *free-men* of Liverpool comport themselves with this plain fact before them?

## SONNET

TO THE MEMORY OF NAPOLEON I.

Napoleon! thy name has left a spell  
 To stir the nations, and to heave the sea  
 Of populous mind: the past eternity  
 Has stamp't its impress on thee, and men tell  
 Of thee and of thy course, as sounds the shell  
 To th' ocean-billows, tho' remote they be.  
 Symbol of strife! one name alone o'er thee  
 Shall triumph, and thy boasted influence quell:—  
 The crozier, mitre, chalice, font, and shrine;  
 These are the gifts of *peaceful* sovereignty:  
 A king they speak, but 'tis a king divine,  
 Whose sceptre sways the heart all tranquilly.  
 Thy legacies, the three-hued "Rainbow," Star,  
 And blood-gorged Eagle, signs of hopeless discord are.

A GLIMPSE OF WINTER JOYS.—Thank Heaven for winter. Would that it lasted all year long! Spring is pretty well in its way, with budding branches and carolling birds, and wimpling burnies and fleecy skies and dew-like showers softening and brightening the bosom of old mother earth. Summer is not so much amiss, with umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunder-storms. Nor let me libel autumn in her gorgeous bounty, and her beautiful decays. But winter, dear, cold-handed, warm-hearted winter, welcome thou to my fur-clad bosom! Thine are the sharp, short, bracing, invigorating days, that screw up muscle, fibre, and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremona discursing excellent music. Then the long snow-silent or hail-rattling nights, with earthy firesides and heavenly luminaries, for home comforts or travelling imaginations, for undisturbed imprisonment or unbounded freedom, for the affections of the heart and the flights of the soul!—*Noctes Ambrosiane*.

## THE MUDDLETONIANS ;

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

## CHAP. I.

I left home, a mere boy, in the year 18—, and spent the next twenty-eight years of my life in a foreign clime. I had now arrived at an age when the world is no longer new to the imagination. The mind, matured by experience and often, too, by sorrow, estimates more philosophically both men and things, and gives to both praise or blame, not as an echo of popular clamor, but according to their real worth. I longed to revisit the scenes of my early youth, there peacefully to enjoy by an honest fireside the fruits of the arduous labors of the spring of life. Accordingly, one early day of the month of July, 18—, I stepped on board the good ship *Vasco di Gama*, and after a pleasant, and, for the period, a rapid voyage, cast anchor opposite the borough of Muddleton, in the county of——. Reader, I need not tell you exactly where it is; every county has one or more good towns of Muddleton with some scores, hundreds, or thousands of Muddletonians.

I had no particular anxiety to settle at once in my native village; indeed my long absence from England made me wish to spend some time in roving about from place to place, quietly philosophising and observing the sayings and doings of the new generation. On the morning after the ship's arrival off Muddleton, I took a boat and got myself conveyed ashore, and thanks to the most vociferous and importunate of the many touters who swarmed about me on landing, soon found myself welcomed in the principal hotel of the place, which bore the antiquated denomination of the *Old Inn*, and not the less for that reason obtained my preference over its more modern rivals. I had no reason to repent the choice I had made. The house was old and quaint, but very strong and comfortable. Its trim garden, though the season was late, yet bloomed with a variety of sweet flowers. The landlord was a hearty-looking old Boniface of the old school, and his port wine altogether unexceptionable, though moderate in price.

Muddleton looked a pleasant place enough, gently sloping upwards from a noble stream, and gradually dying away over the hills among the teeming valleys and wooded uplands of one of our most fertile counties. Prominent from the river rose the steeple of the Town-church, as ugly and dingy a brick building as ever was raised in that most unartistic age—the reign of the First George. The old church

had been accidentally burned down, but it was of too mediæval and Popish an aspect not to have its lofty arches and symbolical pinnacles replaced by the more suitable flat roof and square windows of the pure reformed Faith. The good town had plenty of religious edifices besides for the due “accommodation” of its pious denizens. There were St. James's and St. Luke's, St. Thomas's, and Trinity, besides, for members of the Establishment; then, in main thoroughfare and back street, rose here a Bethel or a Zoar, there an Ebenezer or a Bethesda; further on a Wesleyan, or a Zion any-thing-arian of bran-new yellow brick, and sundry other ugly piles from which, at times, issued forth the edifying strains, roars, squeaks and groans of Baptists, Methodists, Quakers, Ranters, Shakers, and Mormonites, and a host of others, of old and new connections, and every complexion besides, too numerous to mention.

Right opposite the “Old Inn” there stood another and rather stately building, with no inconsiderable pretensions to architectural beauty. “In fact, sir,” said the grey-headed waiter to me, as I rather admired its proportions, “in fact, the best church we have in Muddleton.” The Catholics called it “St. Gregory's Church;” the aforesaid members of the multitudinous creeds styled it, “the Romish Chapel,” and some affected almost to ignore its existence, others, to predict its downfall, while all united in the most bitter hostility to the ancient Faith of which St. Gregory's was both the symbol and the temple.

Behind this Church of St. Gregory, in a modest though neat cottage, dwelt an unostentatious, good man, of middle age, whom his own people affectionately called *Father Ambrose*, but who was better known in the town by the ominously sounding name of *The Priest*. He was of foreign blood, though of English education and manners, and but few would, at first sight, have taken him for a stranger. Of a grave and somewhat melancholy face, the result, probably, of early misfortunes, the Father might be seen early and late in the back lanes and among the slums of the water-side, the ordinary abodes of the very poor, in busy search after lost souls, or at the bed-side (often such bed-sides!) of the sick, exhaling sweet words of comfort and peace, and inhaling the pestilence of filth or fever. Retiring in his habits, he had no other acquaintances than his flock, his books, and his church; yet no house was better known in the town than his, and his door might be said to be for ever open to the many poor who flocked to it for succor, and seldom in vain.

Such was the Pastor of St. Gregory's Church, even in the estimation of many enemies of his creed, as I learnt ere I had been many days in Muddleton. Why such a man should have been hated and persecuted, as the sequel of this history will show, is a mystery to a philosopher, but none to the Christian, who remembers his master's prediction: "*If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you.*"

There were other notabilities in Muddleton. It was a corporate borough, and therefore enjoyed the inestimable blessing of a mayor and town council, among the members of which were an ex-lieutenant, R.N., two or three doctors, a sprinkling of lawyers, and sundry tailors, cheesemongers, and other most useful subjects of the realm, who rejoiced in thoroughly English, if not aristocratic, names. There were Hobsons, Dobsons, and Nobsons; Higgses, and Diggses; Flubbses, Chubbses, and Stubbses. There were Midges, Ridges, and Bridges. While one gloried in the sweet appellation of Tippetts; another bore the appetizing name of Tripes. Few boroughs in England could boast of a richer concatenation of family patronymics than fell to the lot of the burgesses of Muddleton.

Nor was there any lack of spiritual guides among the good citizens. They sat under as many reverences as might have supplied a pretty decent convocation. The Ebenezers and Bethesdas, the Zions and the Zoars had each one or two heroes in white neckcloths and more or less seedy black coats; who, while they affected to despise the dignified-looking clergy of the Establishment, nevertheless assumed their titles of reverend, and aped their ways and their dress as much as broken-down tailors or bankrupt chimney sweeps can imitate the dress and behavior of gentlemen. There were the Reverend Ezekiah Fusby, of the Baptist persuasion, and the Reverend Joel Newlights, the Independent Minister. Not many doors off, might be seen a brightly-burnished brass plate, indicating the residence of that burning and shining light of the Primitive Methodist Connection, the Rev. David Piggin, a diminutive native of the Principality, but of whom it might be said that he bore—*Mens magna in corpore parvo*. This gentleman beautifully contrasted in external appearance with his controversial antagonist, the burly Reverend Goliah Tupps, the Wesleyan preacher, with herculean whiskers and stentorian lungs; and the renowned conflict between the colossal Philistine of old and the valiant Hebrew shepherd, often found a modern counterpart in the theological single

combats of these eminent divines, to the no small edification of the enlightened Muddletonians. I say nothing of the smaller fry of the Gospel Ministry among the Shakers, Ranters, Mormonites, and the rest; and pass on to the last, though not least, of the reverend body, the clergy of the Church as by Law Established. These were, upon the whole, as proper and gentlemanly a body of men as ever graced the pulpits or cheered the dinner-parties of a second-rate country town. They wisely, for the most part, let Father Ambrose and his church alone; for abuse, you know, is a dangerous weapon, and besides is not considered a gentlemanly thing. As to the Dissenting preachers, they received from the clergy that well-bred indifference which goes by the name of a thorough snubbing.

I said, *for the most part*; for as there is scarcely a rule without exceptions, so there shone forth, among the clerical gentlemen of the Establishment in Muddleton, a star of the first magnitude—the Rev. Fitzhugh Comyns, M.A., Incumbent of St. Luke's—a formidable champion of Evangelical truth, and a fierce abhorrer and denouncer in pulpits, drawing-rooms, and on county meeting platforms of Puseyism and Popery. He was one of the heroes of the United-of-all-Nations Protestant Alliance Association, and having a peculiar talent for interpreting dreams, and revealing the arcana of apocalyptic mysteries, he went among the vulgar by the name of "Prophecy Comyns." This gentleman, some half-score years before, had come from the Sister Isle, like a ship on ballast, intent on laying in a rich cargo, and dropping, no one knows how, among the old ladies of Muddleton. What with some shrewdness, a smooth face, a faultless necktie, and plenty of impudence, he soon created a *furor* among the fair members of the Muddleton religious world. Who shall tell what pretty purses (empty, of course), what countless pairs of slippers—very loves of patterns—made their way with scented notes to the lodgings of the popular curate? Fortune speedily smiled; richer prizes were not long in expectancy. One fine morning the "*Muddleton Independent*" announced, with a flourish, in its columns, the marriage of the Rev. Fitzhugh Comyns, M.A., with the relict of the late Sir Consequential Bumble, Knight, an aldermanic worthy, who, some twelve months before, had turtle-souped and port-wined himself into the grave. The zealous Evangelical had bagged a still buxom widow and £5,000 a-year!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ADVANCE OF CATHOLICITY.

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

ON September 24th, the Archbishop of Dublin laid the foundation-stone of a new hospital of the Sisters of Mercy. It is to be provided with five hundred beds for the sick poor of all denominations, and will be supported solely by voluntary contribution.

On September 24th, the Chapel of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Newcastle-on-Tyne (diocese of Hexham), was solemnly opened by the Bishop of Hexham.

THE sum of £472 15s. 6d. was realised by the bazaar for the new schools at St. Augustine's, Granby Row, Manchester.

ON October 24th, a new church was solemnly consecrated at Barnstaple (Plymouth).

ON October 16th, the Young Men's Society connected with St. Mary's Church in this town, celebrated their annual gathering in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson-street. The spacious building was crammed in every part by a respectable, orderly, and, apparently, a happy assembly. About nine hundred sat down to tea. The Institute string-band, and the Holy Cross brass-band lent their services. The Rev. J. Sheridan occupied the chair. The speeches of the evening were by the Rev. Chairman, Rev. Messrs. Nugent, Grant, O'Brien, Noble, and Messrs. M'Donnell, Clements, and Devlin. Mr. Daly, the hon. secretary, read the society's annual report, which was extremely satisfactory. Not only is the society flourishing in numbers, but the touchstone is, that St. Mary's beholds monthly the sight of four or five hundred *young* men approaching the holy communion. The members have instituted a News-room and Library, a Debating Society, a Course of Lectures, a Savings' Bank, a Friendly Burial Society, &c. This last association is not a means of inducing parents to poison children, but a Christian union to secure decent interment in consecrated ground for those of their brethren that are too poor to secure this blessing by themselves. It must have been delightful to Father Sheridan to sit there with the flower of his flock, all aiming at religious life, gathered around him.

\*.\* We are anxious to make the *amende honorable* to Mr. Bulmer, the artist, for any pain our remark in our last number may have caused him. We have since learned that the expression to which we took exception, was not from his pen, but from the *Manchester Guardian*, a Protestant journal.

## LITERARY ITEMS.

THE library of the Marquis Campana, at Rome, has been enriched with a precious engraving of the Divine Comedy of Dante, executed in 1488, at Venice, by Scoto, of Monza. On the margin are passages taken from the "Inferno" and "Purgatorio," of Dante, in the undoubted handwriting Galileo.

DICKENS'S new serial is to be called "Little Dorrit."

VOLUMES three and four of Macaulay's History of England are to appear in December.

A COIN of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, who flourished about the middle of the second century, was found at Lancaster a few days ago.

MR. BAILEY is on the eve of producing a new volume of poetry. These are glad tidings to all that have read his "Festus." In a letter recently written by the author, he makes the following remarks about his forthcoming work:—"I believe that the two principal poems which are intended to be in the volume, are each *sui generis*; nothing in modern poetry at all resembling either of them. They contain, however, the result of much thought and study."

MUSIC: *Mozart's Requiem*.—The clergy of Copperas-hill took advantage of the late foolish holiday in Liverpool, on the occasion of the Duke of Cambridge's visit, to turn the disengagement of their congregation to account, in celebrating a solemn *Missa de Requiem* for the poor soldiers that have fallen in the Crimea. Mr. Richardson seized the occasion to *get up* Mozart's celebrated *Requiem*; a mass which one seldom has an opportunity of hearing complete; and, indeed, the present occasion was the first time it was ever performed in Liverpool with a full orchestra; and his name is a guarantee that it was well *got up*. It was accompanied by a full instrumental orchestra. Many local musical celebrities were attracted by it, and must have been highly gratified. We have not room for lengthened criticism; but if we were to particularise any part as being grand, where all was so good, we would mention the *Rex tremende* in the *Dies Ira*, the *Benedictus*, and the masterly performance of the *fugues*. The orchestra was complete in every department, and consisted of about a hundred performers.

WE have not yet had an opportunity of visiting the Liverpool Exhibition of Paintings; but we hope to do so in time to be able to direct the attention of our Liverpool friends to some of its good points in our next.

INSTITUTE LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS  
FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

November 5.—“Macbeth:” A Shakspearean Reading, with critical, historical, and explanatory remarks, by W. C. Maclaurin, Esq.

November 12.—The French Revolutions of '92, '30, and '48; with the Revolutionary Songs of each, by M. Cope.

November 22.—Musical Festival, in honor of St. Cecilia: to be held in the Clayton Hall, Clayton-square.

November 26.—Readings and Legends of the Wells, Rivers, and Lakes of Ireland, by the Rev. J. Nugent.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

*James O'Carroll.*—We answered your question in our previous number, under the initials, “J. O’C.”  
*Discipulus.*—Your essay on *the Development of the Soul* is too sublimated for both yourself and us.

*R. V. S., London.*—Your story will scarcely suit us. The events are too startling and improbable.

*W. B. K., Liverpool.*—Your sonnets on Rome, Paris, and Madrid, are very fair, especially the second. That one shall appear; perhaps the other.

*J. Spencer.*—Your Litany is very fair for a lad of twelve.

*W. K. S., Liverpool.*—Your *Sketches of Character* must stand over for the present.

“*Five Minutes from the Life of St. Francis Xavier,*” in our next.

*Modestus.*—Will you oblige us by sending the measure.

*Peregrinus Catholicus, Glasgow.*—This gentleman sends us what he calls “an article;” in length, thirty-one lines of five words each, and headed, “*Vera Philosophia.*” For this favor we are to remit “five shillings, per P.O.O., or in stamps.” *Peregrinus* also submits the titles of thirty-three other articles, with which he is willing to furnish us on the same terms. His modest proposal we decline. The article in hand would fill about one-third, or, perhaps, half a column; and, were we to pay for all our matter at this rate, we should have to disburse from £30 to £40 a-month for contributions alone, to say nothing of paper, printing, advertising agency, postage, carriage, &c. To meet all this we should require a more extended support than that usually vouchsafed to Catholic periodicals. We recommend our correspondent to put his *vera philosophia* on the shelf, and apply a little *common-sense philosophy* to his proposal; and we think that he will conclude with us, that the article is a waste of good paper, good time, and some very beautiful penmanship.

*Aloysius.*—*Second thoughts are best thoughts*, says the “*Guesses at Truth.*” On *second thoughts*, we shall insert no letters in the Magazine; so please, hold us excused for not finding yours a local habitation.

*Josephus.*—On the *Work of the Patronage*, in our next or following number.

*A Member of St. Mary's Young Men's Society.*—You really must excuse us sending a reporter to attend and report the discussions of your debating society. We debar ourselves the pleasure of mentioning our own debates in these columns, as wanting in public interest, else, we assure you, we could fill the whole number with our own “sayings and doings.”

DEATH OF FREDERIC LUCAS, M.P., ESQ.

OUR obituary of this day records the demise of FREDERIC LUCAS, M.P., Esq. To speak as we should of such a man, in the narrow limits at our command, is impossible; but we cannot allow the melancholy event to pass without some tribute, however brief, to his memory. In his private character, he made himself appreciated and beloved by those who came in contact with him; as a journalist, he was a fearless, uncompromising, and persevering champion of the right; as a writer, few equalled him in his nervous Saxon style and the vigorous intellectual grasp, handling, and sifting of his subject, some of his leaders being equal to anything that has appeared in the language; as a Catholic—on this head we will be silent, for his name is in all the churches; and our only fear is, that as his writings for the faith entitle him to be considered as a confessor of the Church, so may his sufferings for the truth give him a title to be enrolled among her martyrs.

CONVERSIONS.—The son of one Protestant bishop, and the brother of another, have lately been received into the Church in America, the Rev. G. H. Doane, son of Dr. Doane, Bishop of Jersey, and C. R. Bayley, Esq., brother of Dr. Bayley, Bishop of Newark.

Obituary.

On October 8th, MARY ANN GORDON STUART, wife of Donald Gordon Stuart, Esq., of Liverpool, aged 39. In her the poor have lost a kind friend; and the Catholic institutions of Liverpool a generous patroness; especially the Blind Asylum. R. I. P.

On October 19th, after an illness of thirty-six hours, DANIEL POWELL, aged 50, to the personal affliction of every Catholic in Liverpool. R. I. P.

On October 24th, FREDERIC LUCAS, aged 43. R. I. P.

\*\* For the sake of our readers-unaquainted with Latin, we beg to explain that *Quisquiliæ*, a word occurring in our table of contents, signifies in Latin “sweepings,” and by it we mean the odds-and-ends that fill up our unfinished columns.

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