

THE

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE

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VOL. I.

OUR PROSPECTS.



THE Catholic Institute Magazine," says the *Weekly Register* of the 15th of last month, "may now be considered to be fairly established, having reached its sixth monthly number." We joyfully accept this judgment of our respectable and respected contemporary, and pit it against those sinister prognostications of our

friends with which our ears were treated about the beginning of September last, when the fortunes of the future bantling were discussed round a table in one of the rooms of the Institute. Wise were the faces, curt and shrewd the apothegms, on that occasion. "We have not the talent for such a thing," said one, speaking in his own name and in those of his brethren then and there assembled, as well as absent. "There is no want of such a production," said another, judging of the æsthetic requirements of others by his own. "It will not pay," said L. S. D.;—and so on.

We remember a case in domestic history, where a delicate lady, who had been married several years without any apparent likelihood of becoming a mother, at length produced a puny, weakly, sickly little object, very like herself; and thus, as may be supposed, afforded opportunity to the gossips, of acquiring a cheap reputation for foresight. Confident were the decisions respecting the short-lived destiny of the babe. But the father, a sturdy, rough-going sort of fellow, who had no idea of being talked out of his little daughter, who, with all her tenuity, was fixing on him a pair of pretty

expressive dark orbs, rather astonished Mrs. This, and Miss That, by telling them, by way of what they considered rather a rude answer to their predictions, (which ought, they imagined, to have been received with a submissive and somewhat grateful sigh, turned-up eyes, and other amiabilities), that the child would live as long as it should please the Almighty. "As if we had not known that, indeed! Poor man! he will repent, when his treasure lies a little corpse before him, of his very improper way of receiving our well-meant and kind, though of course rather sad, intimations."

Now somewhat similar to this reply is that which we have been tempted to make when assured, by our *literary* gossips, of the premature fate which awaited our Magazine. While we do not for a moment wish it to live longer than it pleases God, we feel confident that if He has anything for it to do it will fulfil that mission.

"But are you not," some objector will say, "talking in too high a strain of your little one, and allowing the interested parent to dictate to that 'impartial spectator,' who, in the philosophy of Adam Smith, is the person in whose place every man should put himself who wishes to entertain right judgment and feelings on matters where he is personally concerned?" "No," we reply; and this for two reasons. In the first place, as to the *interest*, the Magazine has not yet brought a halfpenny of profit either to the Editor or to contributors. We were determined to try it on its own merits, and to see what might be done at the outset by "labors of love." Then, secondly, we deny that we talk in too high a strain; for our strain is justified by the literary facts and character of the age in which we live; which is too busy and bustling for hard reading, and therefore, if taught at all, must be taught through the medium of what is called *light literature*. Hence, we find men whom our

ancestors would have thought degraded by anything less ponderous than a folio of Divinity or Ethics, content to filter their wisdom through a fictitious tale; find Dr. Newman courting public favor by his *Loss and Gain*, and the Cardinal Archbishop charming all men by the sweetness of his *Fabiola*.

If, then, men are to read magazines, the question comes to be, *What* magazines are they to read? Are we Catholics to leave them to the exclusive perusal of such works as the *London Journal*, the *Family Herald*, and the like; in which positive and dogmatic religion is ignored, to say the least? If St. Paul tells us that whatever is done by Christians must be done to the glory of God, why should not a magazine be written and sustained for that great end? Why should not the faithful have beside them, on their tables, a rival to the popular productions of the day; and such a rival as will rather fail in excitement than pander to what is evil? But we need not go on with our questions. The public have kindly anticipated us; and, by the success which has hitherto attended us, have encouraged us to go on. For, while one critic will say of the work, "It is no great things, but what can you expect for fourpence;" and another, "It is deficient in any distinguishing principle or line, and you cannot expect people to care for it:" the *fact* is, that it has been well received, extensively read, kindly criticized by contemporaries, and, crowning fact of all, is now bringing out its seventh number.

Among the prognosticators of evil to whom we have referred at the beginning of this article was one whom we designated L. S. D., and whose pithy observation was—"It will not pay." Now we are quite willing to allow that this remark had, as old Dr. Johnson would have said, "a bottom of good sense" on which to rest. For, true as is our assertion, already made, that the bulk of our countrymen, if instructed at all through the press, will be instructed by *light* literature, yet it is equally true that they will not long value even this *if it do not value itself*; that is, if it be gratuitous on the part of the writers. We are such a mammon-worshiping people that we cannot for the lives of us imagine that anything can be good without being well paid for. The same national turn of mind, so unintelligible to Continentals, which makes an injured husband seek pecuniary *compensation*, and think himself highly fortunate if his wounded honor has ten thousand pounds poured into it, by way of balm and oil, from the pocket of the man who has in-

jured him, stamps itself on every other department of our life and history. And therefore, if a Magazine or Review is known to bring in nothing to the purses of those who contribute to its pages, the gentle public soon begin to whisper, "Depend on it, the articles are worth nothing, or else they would *fetch* something. The authors would *demand* something; and the Editor, finding them clamorous, would affix a decent price to his publication, in order to be able to pay them. If he did not, *other* editors would find out their talent, and *offer* them something; and we need not say what would be the result." Very ingenious, good public, and in the main very true; but you forget *one* thing—and that is, that with respect to Catholic publications, the "other editors" are wanting. With the exception of the Dublin Review, we are unacquainted with any Catholic periodical which takes its standing alongside of the Protestant Quarterlies in point of pay and circulation; and the same thing holds, in its proportion, with regard to the monthly Magazines. To be a Catholic, and especially a convert, is, generally speaking, enough to damn any pretensions to be a contributor to the Protestant Magazines and Reviews; and therefore, with very few exceptions, those Catholics who wish to do good in this way to their generation, must be content with a far lower remuneration than falls to the lot of the children of this world, the votaries of schism, heresy, pantheism, or infidelity. None of these vitiate a production in the eyes of the world: "Papistry" alone must be discouraged, and supposed to have about it so subtle and lurking a venom that, were one of the abhorred class to write an article on the growth of timber, a sound Protestant would be sure to find in it something Jesuitical, and adverse to "our excellent Constitution in Church and State, the admiration of the world, and the envy of surrounding nations."

Still, as "half a loaf" is said to be "better than no bread," and as we verily believe our contributors will not be half so much respected now that we have "let the cat out" about their working for nothing, we decidedly intend to make an alteration in this respect; and therefore our readers must not be astonished if, before many more numbers are out, we charge sixpence for the Magazine instead of fourpence. Let them consider that they will get their additional twopence-worth in the additional *respectability* of the concern! that they can no longer be pointed at by their Protestant fellow-citizens as taking a Magazine written by low fellows, whose articles are *worth* nothing.

Henceforth, on the contrary, they will take their stand among genuine out-and-out Englishmen, who know what is what, give their generous support to poor needy men of letters, comfort them with more frequent visions of a clean shirt, and, above all, get an article of some *value* for their money!

Our good friend the *Weekly Register*, in a short critique which we quoted at setting out, "cannot help thinking one or two articles rather too scholarly for the class of readers for whom we understood the Magazine was chiefly intended—we mean the members of young men's societies and similar Catholic institutions." Now this is, no doubt, a very fair inference from the title of our periodical; but still it may be strained too far. Supposing that the Magazine has mainly for its object the setting before this class of readers what will most easily and readily commend itself to their sympathies and habits of thought, yet, not to mention that others also ought to find in it what they can relish and enjoy, it is a fact, well known to those who have mixed largely in the different classes of society, that there often is, even in the ranks of those who have not been able to obtain a highly liberal education, a burning desire to pick up, every now and then, some of the waifs and strays of literature, so to speak, and a capacity eagerly to enjoy them. What, then, though the Gossipings about Herodotus, for instance, in our last number, introduced a subject little known, and perhaps entirely new, to many of our readers, is that a reason for the exclusion of such topics? Quite the contrary. Every glimpse which a man has into departments of knowledge which do not form the staple of his stores, tends to liberalize him, to humble him, to lower his tendency to dogmatize, and to teach him respect for those whose pursuits are other than his own. And who would grudge, to one whose days are spent in toil for some material end, the little ray of enjoyment which visits him when, at the end of his laboring-day, he finds, by dipping into such a work as the Magazine, that there are fountains and pastures in which he is allowed to feed and recreate himself, without that strain and stress of mind which would be the result of his meddling, in any other and more regular way, with matters out of his usual path and sphere? If

"— *ingenuus didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus.*"*

* To have faithfully learn'd the ingenuous arts
Softens men's manners and tames their hearts.

then every little rill of knowledge must do its part in the softening work, must rub off some little offensive corner of idiosyncrasy, and tend, in its own small way, to humanize and to refine. It is because each class thinks too much of its own pursuits, and abounds so much in its own sense, that we are so far off from that beautiful perfection of humanity which will consist, whenever it comes, in the realizing of that wonderful dream-thought of the Roman slave,

"Homo sum, et nil humanum a me alienum puto:

A man am I, and nothing human do I think foreign from me.

And surely any work which presumes to call itself *Catholic* must have for its special office, the heralding of that good and blessed time. For the Church, in her great function, is not only the uncompromising foe of *religious* discord and division, but of *every* thing that separates and secludes man from his fellows; and those who have most deeply studied her wondrous system are best aware how its tendency is to break down every barrier that human ignorance, prejudice, and wickedness, has set up between man and man, country and country, class and class, profession and profession, and unite all in a generous emulation who shall most benefit the rest, and thus carry into effect the benevolent designs of that incarnate God and Saviour who invites all of us to His bosom; whose cross was carried by the despised African, while the Roman Centurion bore witness to His divinity, and the favored Israelite laid His sacred Body "in his own new tomb."

CATHOLIC INFLUENCE A REFINING INFLUENCE.

No. I.

Nothing is much more common than for people to confound together in their thoughts a quality with its excess, a principle with its exaggeration; one maxim or proposition with some other bearing a relation to it, a certain similarity with it, but not the same, nor one of its premises, nor a deduction from it. At the same time, though few things are so common, few are more injurious to accurate thinking, clear statement, or perception of the meaning of others. Hence arise half the misunderstandings between man and man,

whether in the social or political order. One man will not be at the pains, or have the patience, to grasp the principles and real meaning of another; to ascertain their limits, or view them in their bearings, or distinguish them from other principles, or other deductions, or more unlimited statements, to which they may bear a first-sight resemblance. And hence, as Hamlet says of Oscar, they run away with what they bear, half-hatched, with the shell upon their heads.

It is so when we speak of refinement. There are persons who seem to be actually jealous of such a quality, or of any approach to it. Not only do their actions, gestures, modes of conduct towards those around them, habitual expressions, and the very tones of their voice, bear witness to their anxiety to keep at a safe distance from its infection. They really have, moreover, in the under-current of their thoughts, a half-formed persuasion, or more, that in order to be refined you must part with other valuable qualities inconsistent with what you are acquiring. To be refined, they think, is to be unmanly, indolent, and useless, out of joint with the age, unpractical, disabled from coping with life, with its difficulties and roughnesses, sickly, over-sensitive, shrinking from contact with one's fellow-men, and so forth. Refinement, in their theory, is a luxury reserved to the nobility and the landed gentry,* the men of leisure and fortune, who can cultivate literature and taste,

“Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful lives and dainty sympathies”—

and who move only in an easy-going circle among other favored beings like themselves. But for us common men, who occupy the lower section of the middle class of this vast society, who are fellow-lodgers with toil and straitness, familiar with the vulgarities and necessities of existence, forced to grasp and

* Among the most salient instances of vulgarity which have lately come under our notice, we may mention the spirit that dictated those lists of Catholic peers, eldest sons, landed gentry, ladies of rank, ladies of baronets, ladies (“by courtesy”) of knights, &c., &c., which appear in one of the Catholic Almanacks for this year. The spirit of toadyism, which is vulgarity in its essence, could not well go further, and we trust to be spared any renewal of an exhibition of it so degrading. If this is to be the tone we are desirous of assuming towards society, we deserve to be indeed the no-caste Pariahs, the servile Helots, which the popular tradition of England at present accounts us.

battle with daily difficulties—for us, on whose shoes is the dust we have gathered from tramping as travel-soiled foot-sore pedestrians along the high-road of life, refinement is a thing simply out of the question. Ask us to be refined, and to cultivate refinement? You might as reasonably ask us to set up a carriage; nay, more: to decorate its panels with a coronet and armorial bearings. You might as well ask us to build a new saloon for our library, and send our few broken-backed volumes to be bound in odorous russia, with our escutcheon and motto emblazoned thickly upon them in gold. Nay, it is more than unreasonable; there is a certain cruelty in the allusion. You are taunting us, not merely with our defects, but with the far-off sight of attainments which are for ever out of our reach. You are as heartless and inconsiderate as the Queen of France under the old *regime*, who, when the starving multitudes of Paris besieged the Palais Royal and clamored for bread, turned to one of her ladies in waiting, and wondered, if bread were really so scarce, why the people could not support themselves on *brioche*—a kind of expensive pound-cake, frequently seen at her majesty's select suppers. No; refinement, and all the class of ideas appertaining to it, may be very delicate sustenance to guests at the rich man's table: but for us it is *brioche*; we cannot even pick up the crumbs of so dainty a banquet. If we can get our wholesome crust unadulterated with any poisonous ingredients, let us not mind its coarseness: let us feed, and live, and be content.

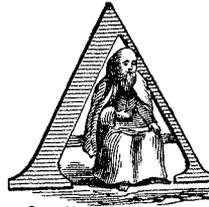
Now all this, which is so commonly expressed or implied, rests simply upon a misapprehension of first terms and first principles. True refinement, apart from the mere adventitious externals which are so often mistaken for it, is not the privilege of a few, but an attainment within reach of all. In a future paper we hope to show how the influence of Catholic doctrines, principles, and usages, tends to produce it. At present, we will close these remarks by considering briefly what it is in itself.

Refinement, then, may be fairly enough stated to be a sense of what is fitting and proper—a sense of harmony. As this is an intellectual perception, it is refinement of mind. As it is carried out into our external relations with others, it is refinement of conduct, manner, and expression. To be refined, is to have a temper of mind and modes of action purified from all that is mean, sordid, and, above all,

sollish : for selfishness is the master-enemy of true refinement. It is to be in the habit of considering others, and what is due to them, and how we may avoid painning them. It is to treat our fellow-men with the respect and consideration due to them as such, to adapt our conduct in every intercourse with them to the exigencies of the occasion, and to their claims upon our regard or reverence. In a word, true refinement, as we said, is a sense of *harmony*, and teaches us to harmonize our own impulses, whether of the irascible kind or the self-indulgent ; and to do our best towards harmonizing others also, bringing them into, or keeping them within, that sense of fitness by which we are endeavoring to rule ourselves ; and thus making things run smoothly, so far as in us lies, during their and our passage through the world. Scott, in one of his novels, has well described two sources of refinement in conduct and manner. He represents Sir Kenneth, the Scottish crusader, after a combat with Saladin, who is disguised as a knight of the Saracens, sitting with his late antagonist under a few palm-trees in the desert, and by the side of a fountain, to share with him a frugal evening meal. Both these brave men, says the novelist, were conspicuous for their courtesy of demeanor, though it was in either case of a different kind, and arose from a different source. The manner of the Scottish knight was frank, soldierly, and unrestrained, and his politeness seemed the natural expression of a wish to communicate the feeling of kindness which possessed him towards his companion. That of the Saracen was of a graver and more reserved cast, and appeared to result from the respect he entertained towards himself, which would not permit him to be deficient in any of the usages of courtesy.

Here is a distinction well drawn. Scott perhaps intentionally assigned to his Christian hero what none can doubt to be the more Christian type of refinement, inasmuch as it corresponds in a way which is quite lacking in the other, to that source of refinement which is indicated by the Apostle : "Render to all men their dues : tribute, to whom tribute is due : custom, to whom custom : fear, to whom fear : honor, to whom honor. Owe no man anything, but to love one another." We would, however, that no Christian—we would that no Catholic even—fell short of the standard of refinement set before him by the Saracen, and that the dignified polish and high-bred courtesy of the East were never a rebuke to the manners and customs, the words, and even the writings, of Western Christianity.

WHAT IS POETRY?



POET of no mean rank has answered this question by calling poetry "The best words in their best order," in contra-distinction to prose, which he defines as simply "Words in their best order." Another poet has made a description of his beautiful art the subject of a few exquisite lines :—

"He spoke of poetry, and how
Divine it was ; a light ; a love ;
A spirit which like wind doth blow,
As it listeth, to and fro ;
A dew rained down from God above.

"A power which comes and goes like dream,
And which none can ever trace ;
Heaven's light on earth ; truth's brightest beam,
And when he ceased, there lay the gleam
Of those words upon his face."

It may, perhaps, puzzle some of my readers to understand how so very prosaic and so very poetical a description can possibly belong to the same thing. Nothing is clearer than that (Coleridge, in the first, is describing the expression of poetical ideas in language, as we speak of a book of poetry, meaning a volume of thoughts, more or less poetical. Shelly, again, in the second, describes the power of genius to conceive, and then express such thoughts ; and unless we make a clear distinction between these things, we shall very soon get into confusion in our inquiry. Besides those meanings, however, there is another, which I would propose to call the capability of any thing to suggest ideas to the imagination. Whatever appeals to the imagination is poetry. The poetry of life, of religion, of science, &c., is all that life, religion, or science has to stimulate the imagination. There is poetry in music ; in the song of birds ; in many sounds. There is poetry, too, in much that we see ; perhaps I ought to say, in nearly all that we see. Landseer's *Challenge*, or his *Sanctuary*, is a beautiful poem. Words have only one way of reaching the imagination ; and not always the shortest, or the straightest.

Now it appears that if there is any truth in this definition of poetry, beauty and poetry are very nearly allied ; if, indeed, they are not

synonymous. It may be said that there is a kind of beauty which addresses itself to the understanding only; as when a mathematician speaks of a beautiful problem, or a beautiful proof; and yet a subtle turn of mind might discover something in the sense of fitness and adaptation which must enter into a beautiful proof, and something unfolded in a beautiful problem, which may affect the imagination, as well as the understanding; and, if so, even this intellectual beauty may partake of the nature of poetry.

We may take it for granted, then, that we are agreed on this point, at least, that poetry is beauty in relation to the imagination. Whatever, therefore, has in it any element of beauty which the imagination can appreciate, has to the extent of that element, a capability of becoming a subject for poetry. There are few things which are totally destitute of this element, either in their own nature or in the associations which gather round them. A four-legged table, whether of oak, or mahogany, does not, indeed, promise much in the way of poetry. But go back to the distant time when the dry spars and planks were living members of the green and waving wood, the home of beautiful birds, the shelter of the hare and the roe, sometimes of the wearied traveller, recal the summer calm, the winter uproar, the tempest and sunshine, that chased each other over the old oak for three centuries and more, and you will find some elements of beauty, I think, knocking at the door of your imagination. Or take it, dry and withered wood as it is, dead and polished. It has stood in this old house for a hundred and fifty years. Think of the bright faces that have gathered round it; of the life and gracefulness that adorned it; of the laughing children, the serene old age, the blooming manhood and maidenhood, it has revived; of the days of domestic sadness it has witnessed, when news came from afar that a vacant place here would never again be filled up; and so on. Why need I enlarge on so commonplace a theme? Here, again, is beauty of another sort; a melancholy beauty, if you please, but very beautiful, and therefore very poetical. Cowper managed to extract poetry from a sofa; he must be a poor workman, indeed, who could not make as much out of a common table if he tried. Could the scenes which it has witnessed be reflected back from the shabbiest piece of furniture in Wardour-street, like faded sun pictures reviving on a plate of silver, there would be ample materials for both comedy and tragedy.

But though there are few things that cannot be looked at from a beautiful or poetical point of view, the claim to beauty or poetry has usually been restricted to those things and those subjects which more immediately and directly, and in their own nature, suggest the one and the other. Now I am going to venture on a division of this branch of the subject, to distinguish between *natural* beauty, and *supernatural*; and in natural beauty to separate what is *material* from what is *spiritual* or *immaterial*.

1st. *Material* beauty is that which reigns in external nature—in the setting sun; in the rising moon; in the winter midnight sky; in the most striking features of the four seasons; in vegetation; in animal life; in scenery; in the ocean; in man; in woman; in children; in musical sounds; in the fragrance of flowers; in short, in everything material which addresses the imagination through the senses. All of these are obviously subjects for poetry, and have been constantly employed for that purpose, wherever a true poet has been found to use them.

2nd. But *natural* beauty has also a *spiritual* or *immaterial* division, which embraces every appeal to the imagination from mental or spiritual sources, from beauty of character, from natural affection, from love in all its kinds, from memory, from regret, &c.; and inasmuch as spirit must be thought superior to matter, this order of beauty is of a higher kind than that which is simply material. It is always entering into the province of material beauty, raising, refining that which is of the earth, earthy; enhancing whatever it touches. The beauty of external nature acquires more significance, when it is regarded as the reflection of the power and wisdom of a great Creator, such as even natural religion points to. Scenery is something more to any one who has enjoyed it in company with others who are loved; home affections can impart a beauty of their own even to what is naturally homely and unattractive. It is this reflection of spiritual beauty upon what is at best indifferent, that in the instance of the old table just referred to, elevates a few dry planks into a subject for a romance.

Beyond all these, Christians believe that the great Creator has revealed certain things touching Himself, and themselves, which nature could never have brought to their knowledge; and this *supernatural* revelation instantly opens up a wide field of beauty and of poetry, of the very highest order. The nature and attributes

of God, the scheme of redemption in all its parts and bearings, the means of communicating with what is unseen and eternal placed within our reach, the future joy and glory awaiting innocence or penitence—all of these suggest and represent whole worlds of beauty, whole worlds of subjects for poetry.

Such are the principal classes from which our ideas of beauty and poetry are derived, from which poets must choose their subjects, and their mode of treatment. Of course the third, or supernatural class, is sealed to every one who does not accept the Christian revelation; it is mutilated and curtailed of its fair proportions and boundless extent, to any who mutilate or abridge ever so little, the entire system of religion revealed, and ever since peculiar, to the Catholic and Roman Church. Dante and Calderon stand almost alone as the representatives of this grandest class of all.

The two natural sources of poetic beauty have been to all appearance nearly exhausted by a long succession of poets, who, some in one way, some in another, have illustrated, with more or less genius and success, the characteristic beauties of matter and of mind. You rarely find them dissevered. Some poets work more elaborately than others in transforming the charming features of material nature into their numbers; but they must draw, sooner or later, from the informing mind and soul of man, images and conceptions to animate their pictures. The fairest landscape, without some association with man, wanting some link with human affections, possesses only a cold and statue-like beauty. Pygmalion could not rest till his marble handiwork became animated; the poet of material nature must make it the home of man, with the spiritual beauty belonging to his nobler part, if the conceptions of genius are to have their full scope.

In like manner, poets who deal more particularly with the human unctions and affections, cannot shake themselves entirely free from some debt to material nature. Those affections must have a home in external beauty; they must be called forth by it; must be fixed and made real, by their permanent association with it. Beautiful scenery, beautiful features, are the vehicles by which the poet of spiritual nature conveys his ideas, and interests us in them.

But as material beauty is always rising up into that which is spiritual and immaterial, borrowing from it a soul to inform its own

perishable nature to perpetuate the memory of its own loveliness, long after it has been involved in the doom of everything material, so all natural beauty of either kind is always feeling for something of that which is above nature. "The glory of the sum of things" natural; all beautiful affections, hopes, regrets, &c., are only imperfectly represented and comprehended without association with the higher and enduring order, which reaches within the veil drawn in impervious folds across the vision of unassisted nature. Green and sunny landscapes, sparkling seas, majestic clouds, exuberant vegetation, splendors of the firmament; what is their material beauty compared with that nobler interest which invests them, the moment you look at them as the workmanship of one great and beneficent Being, who has spoken to the heart of man; the moment you regard them as the reflection, faint indeed, but true, of His beauty and His riches, who lies concealed, but close to us, in yonder little building, dedicated to his worship. All beautiful thoughts, affections, emotions perish hopelessly, if the dead rise not; but beyond the veil of the tomb, they live, awaiting a better resurrection, together with those around whom they once clustered and entwined themselves here below. The knowledge, too, derived from Revelation, that decay and death await the fairest, sublimest creations of material nature, adds, I think, an element of exquisite pathos to the external beauty of the universe. All that is visible, delightful to the eye, grateful to every sense, is devoted to destruction; is, even as we admire, wearing itself out, by the operation of the very causes on which its fascination depends. But in what we cannot yet see, exists the only stability; in what we have lost lies our inalienable treasure; above and beyond all natural beauty, whether of matter or of mind, there exists the unchangeable beauty of God, of which the loveliness of all that we know is only the broken reflection, which will one day come to satisfy us with its exceeding beauty.

Is it matter of surprise that this supernatural beauty, besides enhancing and ennobling every other, should have become poetry of its own, of which the writings of some holy persons, like St. Teresa, are remarkable examples? Can we wonder that it should fill the heart, and overflow the lips, as no other beauty or poetry ever did? I confess I have long been struck with a remarkable similarity between the poetical aspirations of holy souls after this sublimest beauty, and the purest and deepest

expressions of other poets, in relation to objects of natural love. I perceive two points, especially, where they are quite peculiarly similar; one of these is the total exclusion of every other inferior object from the heart where, for the time, this paramount emotion has the mastery; and another is the longing and exhausting desire of undivided union and nearness to the object of attachment. To give examples of what I mean, would lead me into greater prolixity than I can venture on in a short paper like this. I can only refer the possessor of Tennyson's "*In Memoriam*" to the hundred and fifteenth poem in that exquisite work; when I read that cry for union with his friend, I seem to hear St. Teresa saying, How I rejoice to hear a clock strike, for then I am an hour faster on my way to God. Persons familiar with Burns's poems will remember one, entitled "*Mary Morrison*," which, also, illustrates my meaning, and one stanza of which I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting:

"Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon, the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said, among them a',
Ye are na Mary Morrison."

I may also refer to a song, entitled, "*Forlorn, my love, no comfort near*," which we owe to the same poetic genius, and which remarkably illustrates the second point of similarity I have ventured to indicate.

"Forlorn, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here,
Far, far from thee, the fate severe,
At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

"O wert thou, love, but near me;
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me
And mingle sighs with mine, love."

There is only one point more, connected with this supernatural beauty, which I can refer to at present; that is the element of

mysteriousness, which enhances all poetry, and all beauty; the partially developed secret of attraction; the imperfectly comprehended return of what attaches us to itself, when only half perceived. I must find room for three or four charming lines, not published, which I owe to a valued friend, and which, with as much gracefulness as truth, set forth this element in poetic beauty:

"There is a beauty in mysteriousness;
The dewy mists of morning make a scene
Of common earth look like to fairy-land.
Why is the rose-bud lovelier than the rose?
Only because a veil enwraps her beauty.
Why is the future brighter than the present?
Because the one is known, the other hidden."

Here, as in all else, supernatural beauty surpasses every other; it is beautiful in its mystery; but that beauty will increase, not diminish, the charm it grows. It looks all-golden in prospect; but its present far exceeds its future; it has no past. When we reach its fulness, it will remain at full tide for ever. A glimpse of it far off inspired a great mind to exclaim: "O, Eternal Beauty, ever ancient, and ever new; too late have I known thee; too late have I loved thee."

And yet there are persons who maintain that Catholics of necessity can neither appreciate nor write poetry; Catholics, who alone possess the key which unlocks this world of sublime beauty; a glimpse into which is not only in itself poetry, but reflects a light and a beauty on all other poetry. I am persuaded that the fortuitous circumstance of a limited number of persons, at a particular time, not possessing a particular taste or faculty, is no argument against a larger number of minds, at another time, including some successful cultivators of the same taste or faculty. It will be, doubtless, a great gift, when the Catholic body in England is given a poet, who shall sing of the beauty of nature and of grace in our own tongue. That poet has not yet written a line; he is probably not yet born: but when he comes, he will redeem the character of the Catholic body; he will wipe out a slur on its fair name; he will demonstrate what we already know must be possible; that where the treasures of all beauty are found, may also be found an eye to perceive it, a tongue to sing of it, an audience to enjoy it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DYRBINGTON.

CHAP. IV.

HOPES.

Deep down in John Julian's heart dwelt hopes too powerful for words. The love of power, riches, and station which had tempted his ancestors to sacrilege, was firmly rooted in Julian's soul. It was the origin of all his oddness. It was that which led him to ponder on the past, and to see, in the passing away of many, the possibility of the elevation of himself. He always expected that some great change would come. It was an hereditary feeling. His father and grandfather had lived and died, loving, longing after, and expecting the power and distinction which had never come. It was like a disease, of which he preferred not to be cured, which was an occupation to him. He loved gold with a love which lay too close to his soul to be spoken of. Only to his little daughter he would utter mysterious hints; and when he saw Lord Westrey at his door, and received his kind greetings, and saw Anna stand by Lullingstone's side—then he thought, and thought in time became belief, that if his child had wealth, the hope of his heart might come true. Summer evenings, the Westreys would ride to Julian's on their ponies. There was a long line of hard beach, to which a narrow lane led them from Julian's house, and there Lullingstone used to ride his pony up and down. And Mary liked the sea-shore, and the sands; but sometimes she would stay on the high ground, and look out on the sea, while her father chatted with good Mrs. Julian, and Edward stood by her pony's rein. Mary would talk to Edward about the school. "So you are going to College?" she said, one day, and smiled as a woman might smile on a child, though she was nearly two years younger than Edward.—"You are going to College?"

"If I gain the scholarship—and I *shall* gain it," said Edward, enthusiastically.

"Why, Edward, you will be quite a gentleman," said Mary, a little thoughtlessly, as she felt a moment afterwards.

Edward's downy face became rosy red. He looked down, but spoke bravely:—"I shall be Edward Julian, as I now am. I shall not be better as a well educated man than I am now as a well educated boy."

Mary knew more about it than Edward. She had looked upon the world, of which he had

only heard the murmur from afar. She walked of right, with gentle steps, in paths towards which he would toil with his young life's best strength. It passed through her thoughtful mind, and she said—"I beg your pardon, Edward."

She could not help respecting the triumph she had imagined.—The youth looked at her, respectfully, yet wondering. But she was gazing on the broad waters, and did not observe him.

Edward Julian was a wonderful boy. He was more than clever; more than strong in mind, of quiet thought, and bright imagination; he was more than industrious, more than ambitious, more than courageous, more than persevering. He was pure-minded and honorable, and full of good desires and love of virtue. His whole religion lay in his mother and Lady Westrey—not because he had any defined ideas about articles of faith. He saw no difficulty in the fact of his heroines being of different religions—they were the romance of his life. He felt that his mother was always right. There was a sincerity, an openness, a frankness about her. She was patient, kind-hearted, and of an extraordinary cheerfulness of disposition; and her son was like her. But he went beyond her. He had aspirations of his own. And once, when Lady Westrey was pleased with something that he had said, and called him to her, and, holding him by the hand, looked into his face and said, "Dear boy!"—then he felt more than he could ever have told, and more than Mrs. Julian could ever have comprehended. It was as if, at that moment, he had vowed a vow to raise himself, to be sought after, to be the learned, the accomplished Edward Julian. He would not forget his early life: it should be known and told, but only to add to his merits. And he became ambitious for his sister. He wanted her to feel as he felt. He wanted her to be within Lady Westrey's influence. So Edward toiled, and no one doubted about his success. He toiled generously, not ashamed of being a working-man's son, and not discouraged by it—not flying from himself, not wishing to get rid of Edward Julian, but expanding the character of Edward Julian into all that Edward Julian might be.

Lullingstone Westrey had a tutor—Mr. Parker. He was very fond of Edward, and encouraged him, and assisted him in his studies. And Edward was often allowed to spend whole days with Mr. Parker and Lullingstone.

And Lady Westrey used, by numberless attentions, to distinguish Mrs. Julian, and she was very kind to Anna. She would make Mrs. Julian bring her to Old Court on her birth-day, and on her foster-brother's birth-day, and they all drank tea together in Lady Westrey's room.

Sometimes, on such occasions, John Julian walked to Lullingstone to bring his wife and child home; and then, occasionally, he did what perhaps he enjoyed more than anything in the world. He paced up and down the terrace with Lord Westrey while he waited for his wife. It is true that Lord Westrey enjoyed this also. He liked considering character:—human nature is very interesting to some people. It was to Lord Westrey. He encouraged Julian to talk by praising Anna, and speaking of the time when he was a boy in his father's house in Watermouth. And Julian did talk; and Lord Westrey used to get into wonderful puzzles. He could not understand Julian; and got thinking to himself:—"How could such a being as this persuade that pleasant, excellent, pretty, simple-minded, sensible little Mrs. Julian to marry him? How strange to see such an odd creature with that promising son and that gentle golden-haired daughter?" These questions Lord Westrey could not answer for himself.—The fact was that Julian, as he walked there, talked like a man in a dream. He spoke from within—from that heart of wonder, and hope, and mysterious belief in *something*—he could not tell what. He spoke from that deep, fixed, interior intention which passed over intervening obstacles, and rested on the future. He intended to be great. How? He could not tell. It was like a superstition. He was old; but it would come. He should see it before he died. In the mean time, he contemplated the only great man he knew, or could speak to, with wonder, interest, and even curiosity. No wonder that the great man could not understand him, and was sometimes guilty of thinking that, but for Mrs. Julian's love and reverence for him, he should guess him to be crazed.

In the same spirit Julian took his long rambles about the neighborhood. He had sat in the hut of the forest-settlers, and listened to stories of sudden success as a child drinks in a fairy-tale—with that strange belief in his own destiny strong within him, and thus thinking and feeling he would visit Dyrbington. It was a strange place now—bolted and barred, with windows shut and shutters never opened. Julian was always in his very strangest mood

after his visits to Dyrbington. He would work no more for a day or two afterwards, sometimes; but sit gazing from that oriel window, as if he could read his history upon the sea. It happened one evening after such a ramble, that Julian's eye caught, far in the offing, an approaching sail; he watched it at first out of idleness, and then with the interest that grew out of the fact of a large trading vessel nearing the port. Groups of men and boys on the cliff and sea-beach, watching her with telescopes, caught Julian's attention. The evening advanced. The vessel gracefully bore her steady way towards the land. The sun was down, but the moon's rays were on the waters.—And what an unearthly thing is the broad moonlight on the spreading sea. A whiter light and a deeper shade fell on the gathering groups. Julian joined the watchers, and heard that she could not come in that tide, and that people had gone out to her. Silently, slowly, he paced up and down, yet in his way joining in the general interest. At last, almost all were gone home, and Julian, as he, too, returned, heard some one say, "Good night, Julian—good night."—The tone of the speaker was that of surprise.

"Good night," answered Julian, coldly, strangely; his whole self absorbed in thought. Then came a playful "You are very late; you have no interest in her."

Julian stopped suddenly. He was silent for one moment. In that moment he took quick note of what he saw:—a merchant of Watermouth, called Seaforth, with his tablets in his hand and a thick roll of paper. There was thought upon his face, but benevolence and joy also. Julian looked at it, and read in its lines success. To the question asked in friendly merriment—"You have an interest in her?"—he answered, "No; but I wish I had."

In those words the secret of his life—the secret of his fathers' lives—had escaped. His earnestness made the merchant start: he had spoken from the depths of his heart. Mr. Seaforth paused. He remembered the gossip of Julian being rich. He felt that it was true. Taken by surprise, he spoke hurriedly, "I am going to fit out a privateer, will you?"—"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Julian. "You should be prudent," murmured Mr. Seaforth, still strangely considering.—"Your children?"—"But it is all for them," gasped Julian. "But how much?" he went on—"Oh, sir,—Mr. Seaforth—don't keep me waiting—how much?" He grasped the merchant's arm in his hurry,

and looked imploringly in his face. Heaven's light never showed a countenance of more anxiety, or more earnest entreaty. There was something terrible in it. Half repenting, not knowing what to think, but strangely influenced by the sight before him, Mr. Seaforth said something of which Julian only caught a word or two—"Two or three hundred—equal to that."—"More, sir, more," whispered Julian, his voice almost gone, under the awe which overcame him, when now for the first time he spoke of his wealth.—"More, sir, more; say thousands—yes, thousands—two or three; or, or,"—Julian gasped, and said again, "two or three, or MORE;" and the last word issued like a half-suppressed cry; and the secret of his inmost soul was escaping with it. Mr. Seaforth jumped back, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was involuntary. But, immediately taking Julian's hand, he said kindly, "You shall see me again about this." He passed on, leaving Julian in the still moonlight, alone on the sea-shore, wrapped in an unutterable surprise.

There, in the silence of thought, Julian remained some time; and when at last he gained, by slow steps, his own door, it was with the sense of being an altered man. The present, the past, the future, all seemed changed. *He had told it.* Every hope, every sensation, every recollection, ended in that—*he had told it.* That which had never before found words, had been spoken, and was known. Again and again his heart seemed to say, *it is told.* Again and again he recalled the short interview with the merchant, and as often as he did so, this fact came back upon his mind with appalling certainty. It was not that he repented what he had said; it was not that he regretted never having bound Mr. Seaforth to secrecy; it was not that he wished to conceal anything from one who had, in the first instance, behaved so generously to him; but the one habit of his life, which had never been departed from, had that night been broken. He felt as though a link between him and the wonderful past was severed; that that which had made the present as a mystery to many was cleared off; and that the doubts and wonderings which had obscured the future were removed. He was now as other men. He had now no secret: *he had told it.* How those few words had changed him. He could dream no more. He was old to change his life. Could he ply his work and talk to Anna as wildly as the mood suggested now? Might he take those wanderings, and work and

bargain for his toil now? Might he now indulge in those endless speculations, which had beguiled so many hours sitting in the loved old chair, in the peaceful pretty chamber? Julian was suddenly sad; it was sadness mingled with a sense of resignation. He never doubted of success. He never repented of his confession. He never departed from his resolution. He was sad under a sense of change. "Yet," would he say to himself, "it must be; I always knew the time must come; and how often I have wondered as to how it would arrive. And now it has come. It is past. It is known.—*I have told it.*"

That very night, after he had seen Mr. Seaforth, Julian locked himself into the room, of which we have so often spoken, and opened an iron chest which none but himself could open. It had been in his family, he knew not how long. He knew not what it had been used for originally. It had certainly come from the original "Julians," on the chapel's site, at the further end of the Old Monk's Bridge. Julian opened the chest, and looked on its contents. There it lay—the gold and the silver—old guineas, moidores, and half moidores, and nobles, and marks;—and the gold was parted off from the silver—heaped up by hundreds it lay; and then the hundreds were parted off in tens. Julian had never added to this treasure. He had taken from it, but sparingly, and when necessity demanded. But he loved the sight of it with that sort of fond, unreasoning love, with which we may imagine one's self to gaze on any wonderful thing connected mysteriously with the past, and over which we alone have power. He gazed and spoke to what he saw, as though it had possessed life and knowledge. "How you first came I know not: yet you are mine. I never thought to leave you to others, as you were left to me. I knew I could not. My family have ceased to be like those of whom you remind me; and it is well, for the times in which we live are changed; but I part from you with sorrow, because you have helped to make me what I am; and I feel that when you are gone, I shall cease in some sort to be what I was—to be myself. You will bring greatness—I know you will; and when greatness is come—when it is mine—when I possess and use it, and it belongs to me, and me to it, then I shall not feel the uncertain sort of creature that I now feel to be,—no more myself, since I told of you, and as yet nothing else—but I shall think of you with gratitude, and possess you again, but in another way.—Farewell: go, do your work, for the time is come.

CHAP. V.

DYRBINGTON AGAIN.

Let us look again at Dyrbington. Green lichen and dark moss grow upon the walls. The windows are closed, and insects build their nests, and make their safe retreat between the shutters and the glass. The last of the Dyrbingtons dwells within. The family after the John Dyrbington who appropriated the goods of the Chantry Chapel and Guild of St. George, rejoiced in a great prosperity. That is, it *looked* like prosperity. There was money and lands, and good connexions; and sons and daughters were born to them. But there was one remarkable thing. How few of the many—the unusually many—who had lived in the house, had been laid when dead in the church. Wherever there was danger or bloodshed, treachery or pestilence, there was sure to be a Dyrbington among the sufferers; and when public calamities seemed insufficient for their punishment, they had fallen on each other. There were strange stories told by the old people then living in the village, and there seemed to be no reason for disbelieving them. The present squire's grandfather was said to have died of a broken heart. He had two sons, the father of the existing "old Dyrbington," as he was generally called, and an elder brother. They unhappily both fell in love with a noble Spanish lady whom they had met in London. They spoke to their father before speaking to her, and he refused his consent peremptorily; threatening them with disinheritance if either disobeyed him. She was a Catholic, and that was the objection urged against her. The youngest—Mr. Dyrbington's father—never saw her again. The eldest saw her, and married her. Believing that he could manage matters with his father, he brought her to Old Court, Lullingstone, where she was received, and affectionately treated. But the father drove his son from his door, and in the bitterness of the moment, the brothers met and quarrelled. They fought, and the elder got a mortal hurt, of which he died within the year. The younger brother was a proud man, and never spoke of the thing to any one but his father, it was said. However, the Spanish lady was a widow, with an infant in her arms—a girl. Her husband lies in the family vault; for the father sent for the body when the life was out of it. But he would never help the wife. He went mourning for the rest of his life, but never repented: it was even said that, when

in some disguise his son's widow came to the house, he met her in the grounds, and drove her from the place with a whip, if he did not actually make her feel the scourge. She had fled with a loud cry, and an appeal to Heaven for herself and her child. Then the old man died, and Mr. Dyrbington's father inherited the estate. He had married an amiable woman, by whom he had one son, the present squire. His wife died of a lingering illness, which no one understood, and he was himself killed by a fall from his horse. The son suffered greatly when the parents died; it was a deeper sorrow than the world could understand; but after a time he rallied, and again became the popular man that he had been before his affliction. He was soon engaged to be married to a young girl of extraordinary beauty and good family, and seemed to be exceedingly happy. He certainly loved her devotedly; but she had only accepted him at the command of her parents. He fitted up Dyrbington magnificently for her reception; and the morning fixed for the wedding; she released herself from Mr. Dyrbington by running away with some one she liked better. He never recovered this. He ceased to mix in society; he discharged his servants; and gave himself up to the vagaries of an embittered mind. An old woman, the widow of a former gardener, lived in the house; and her son, Reuben, occupied a room over the stable. These were all his attendants. Twice a year, Mr. Benson, a lawyer from Watermouth, visited Dyrbington, and transacted business, as it was supposed, with Mr. Dyrbington. He never saw any of his neighbors, with the single exception of the family at Lullingstone: they were never denied seeing him; sometimes, too, he saw one of that family of forest-settlers whom Julian had made friends with: Norwood had interviews with him, much to Reuben's wonder and a little to old Martha's disgust. But Elias—Lyas, as he was generally called—was a very odd, independent sort of character, and a wonderful catcher of salmon; and but for the pride, proper to an old Dyrbington servant, Martha would have liked him very much.

Martha's work was not very hard. The whole house, except two rooms on the ground-floor, which served her master for bed-room and sitting-room, and the kitchen, was shut up. And it was a strange room in which the strange man sat: books were piled about in heaps; and they were such large, old, heavy books. One table, a great arm-chair which he sat in himself, an old ottoman full of papers—

that was all ; chairs had to be brought in when Lord Westrey came ; and there sat Mr. Dyrbington, always reading or writing, scarcely ever stirring, except to go to bed.

Mr. Dyrbington had just reached his seventieth year. He looked eighty. His face was wrinkled, his eye-lids heavy, and his jaw depressed. He had been of a tall and stately figure ; but now he was bowed down, and his legs trembled painfully till his knees knocked together. He was almost a skeleton. His long neck was bent, and his head almost rested on his breast, and strange clothes hung upon him, telling how much the withering frame had shrunk since they were new ; and Mr. Dyrbington was always cold ; his touch was like ice, and his voice shook, and snow-white hair strayed neglected on his shoulders. He was a picture of human nature, tired, worn-out, dejected, uncared-for, and alone.

Lord Westrey, with Mary and Lullingstone, are now riding across the wild and beautiful country which skirts the forest ; they are going to Dyrbington. They arrive. They are close to the church-yard. Lord Westrey pulls up ; his eye is attracted by a newly-erected tombstone. A low, merry, chuckling laugh is heard close by, and all three look round. A man in the prime of life, with a deer-skin waistcoat, and short boots reaching to his unclothed ankles, with sun-burnt face within an outline of short, glossy, jet-black, curling hair, looked at them good-humoredly enough. It was Lyas Norwood. " Whose gravestone ? " asked Lord Westrey, returning Lyas's smile, for, like everybody else, he knew the man very well. " Mine—that is, my father's ; I begged it of old Dyrbington," nodding his head towards the house in a way which, though familiar enough, did not seem destitute of love and respect ; " and it is the only thing I ever begged of man." But," he added with a grave voice, and a face raised to Lord Westrey's, " but the old woman—she who lies in the same grave—she who was his mother-in-law—she told me to ask it of old Dyrbington. She was a hundred years old when she said it ; I could not but obey her."

Lord Westrey and Lullingstone drew up their horses close to the church-yard wall, and looked more closely at the village-cut gravestone, with death's head and cross-bones, and the record, that Elias Norwood, who had been born, and who died in a hut in the forest, had reached the age of seventy-five. But Mary's head was raised, and her eyes were on the deep blue of the open sky ; and the horse she

rode stood still, and Lyas looked at her beautiful face, and wondered why her lips moved. And as the man looked at her he bared his head. For reverence was in his untaught soul, and he felt that Mary prayed for the dead.

Then, Lord Westrey and Lullingstone ride on, and Mary by her father's side, down a wide road, with high thick elms on each side, and Lyas, with a ringing laugh, bounds over the fence and is out of sight. They are almost immediately at the huge doors which open into the back-yard of Dyrbington court-house. A small door is by the side of the great doors. And this little door is opened by Lyas who has got on before them. The riders dismount—Mary runs in, and Lord Westrey and his son hold the horses as, one by one, the groom leads them through the narrow opening, and then all are within the walls, and the little door is closed again. They are among well-proportioned buildings, where all things speak of years past, and persons departed with them. But there is no trace of the living—none. They have entered like strangers, for whom no one lives to speak a welcome. But Mary's horse has got loose, and stands at the stable door, and paws with its hoof, as though it knew its way, and had recollections of entertainment served within. And the fair girl laughs, and praises her favorite ; and the servant finding the door fastened, runs to the further end of the court, and knocks loudly at the door, by which an inner court which adjoins the house is entered. Having knocked in vain, he calls to some one he hears within, and the walls ring, and in their emptiness echo the name repeated many times before an answer comes. But at last a thin, sharp, aged voice replies, " What do you want—what do you want, I say ? Can't you tell me who you are, before you expect me to draw the bolts ? If you want Reuben, he's not far off, and I suppose it's not *me* you're wanting."

The servant makes no answer to the querulous voice ; Lord Westrey smiles gently, and Mary's laugh, so full of mirth and happiness, makes music there. But Lullingstone cracks his whip, and cries " Yes, we *do* want you. " Come, Martha, open the door. We have had a glorious gallop, and the ponies want to get into the stable, and we want to come into the house. So, please unbolt and unbar as soon as you can. And here is papa and—" but the doors are opened, and an aged face, whose smiles speak a much pleasanter welcome than the voice promised, is seen, and salutations are exchanged of no cold character.

The groom, being possessed of the stable keys, walks off to fulfil his trust with entire satisfaction; and Lord Westrey and his children are soon standing in a spacious and very lofty kitchen, a corner of which suffices good Martha for her avocations. Yes, really a corner. And in this corner there is a small stove, a table, two chairs, a low stool, and such kitchen utensils as may be spoken of as in constant use. And this corner is divided off from the other part of the apartment by a high screen of Dutch stamped leather, every grotesque flower of which is well known to Mary, for she has studied them frequently and very attentively from her earliest years. And now, while Martha is telling her master of his guests' arrival, Mary surveys that room once more. The enormous stone-arched fire place, long disused, is now filled up with branches of very dusty and dingy-looking holly. It is renewed only every quarter, and Michaelmas is very near. And there, really in the chimney corners, are two stone seats, chairs rather, for they have backs and elbows. And by the side of the fire-place, projecting into the room, is a fine stone slab, well smoothed, and supported on stone pillars. But there is something in the appearance of that slab, unlike all the other stone in the house. Mary has often examined it by sight and touch. Her fingers wander along the edges, and on the under side, she finds small crosses cut near the corners underneath. Her lips move; but no one hears what she says. Martha says: "It was put there for a pastry slab. There's some curiosity about it," she goes on, "but nobody knows what it is now. It came out of the old house, I suppose, Miss Mary." Out of the old church more likely; for those crosses which Mary's fingers had discovered, show that it is an altar-stone. But now the party are proceeding to Mr. Dyrbington's room, and we must go there with them.

Mr. Dyrbington, on his guests' approach, rose from the seat on which, with bent form, he had been sitting, with his limbs drawn up beneath it, and his arms rested on each side of the large volume which was open on the table before him. He raised himself, like something unfolding from many layers and coils, and after a moment's vibration became steady, and attained to his full height, and welcomed his visitors with vivacity. But the bright glance, the erect posture, the quick smile lasted for an instant only. Mr. Dyrbington, sunk into his chair, in an attitude of so great exhaustion, that it seemed as though every joint had instantaneously lost the strength and

power requisite to the erect position so suddenly departed from.

The young people were well acquainted with Mr. Dyrbington, and there was not anything in his present appearance to claim any unusual sympathy. Yet, while Lord Westrey brought a chair forward to his friend's side, Lullingstone could not help drawing towards him, with an involuntary desire of rendering support and assistance; and Mary, getting still closer, put her fair fingers within his long large skeleton hand, and looking full into his face, smiled with so much genuine sympathy and love, that the thin lips and hollow eyes of the old man gave back the expression, and he impressed a kiss on the hand that had so gently sought his grasp, with more ardor than was common to him.

"These are the things," said Mr. Dyrbington, still holding Mary's hand, and glancing from her to her brother, while an expression of kindness and animation again crossed his face; "these are the things which keep men young, Westrey, you will never grow old while you have such to look upon."

"I wish they could persuade you that they were worth coming to Old Court to see," replied his friend, with more of solicitude in his voice than was expressed in his words.

"It is enough for me that they come here," answered Mr. Dyrbington, languidly; and then added, after a pause, "here, where manhood grows melancholy, and old age strange, and where only childhood, so wisely ignorant of evil, can look upon me with a smile."

"No man ever had more smiles to his own share than yourself, Dyrbington, in the days when you cared about them," said Lord Westrey; "and not false smiles from hollow friends. You have many now—yes, now; many as firm as myself, though not as bold, because you won't allow them to be so;" and Lord Westrey's voice faltered, for his thoughts had suddenly turned unbidden on other days, to which the present formed a melancholy contrast.

"These are the friends I want," said Mr. Dyrbington, stretching out his arm, and placing his disengaged hand on Lullingstone's shoulder, and again pressing Mary's fingers to his lips, "These are my friends, and perhaps to them I may yet do some good. Lullingstone," he then said suddenly, "tell me honestly—do you like coming to see me?"

Lullingstone blushed deeply at the unexpected question, and Mary's cheek grew as rosy as his own. The boy looked at his father, but Lord Westrey's eyes were fixed upon the floor. He then met Mr. Dyrbington's eager glance,

and said, with the mingled modesty and firmness of conscious truth, "Not much, sir."

His interrogator smiled.

"And why not?" he asked.

"Because," replied the boy, "I do not understand you; and you make me sorry for something; yet I don't know what."

"And you, Mary," said Mr. Dyrbington, drawing her closer to him; *you* tell me, do you like coming to see me."

Mary's answer was given with more than her usual energy. "Yes," she answered; "yes, very much."

An expression of pain passed across her friend's face, and her father appeared to grow suddenly interested in the conversation.

"And why?" asked Mr. Dyrbington.

Mary replied, "Because I should like to make you glad; and I think I do—a little; and I like to look at you, and everything about you; and I like to wonder what there is in the house besides this room and the kitchen, and what you felt when you were our age, and who were here when you were young."

Mr. Dyrbington listened to her thoughtfully, and then said: "They are a woman's thoughts and feelings; and so," he continued, looking at Mary, "you think of me, and everything about me, and wonder why it is—shall I tell you?" But Mary had become alarmed at her own candor; and as she had sought the protection of her father's glance in vain, tears were gathering in her blue eyes, and she stammered forth—"No, I think not, sir; if you please, I would rather not."

"'Tis the involuntary dread of innocence," said Mr. Dyrbington, speaking softly to himself. "They each of them feel it, only in different ways. Alas! poor Dyrbington, and your unhappy owner!" Then, rousing himself, he said with cheerfulness, "And so you never saw the house; well, then, you shall see it to-day. Now, Mary, run to old Martha, and tell her to open the doors and windows leading to the picture gallery, and we will remain there while she opens the other rooms—only what used to be called the state rooms, tell her; and if she wants assistance, here is one will render it to her;" and Mr. Dyrbington made a motion to Lullingstone to accompany his sister.

When the friends were alone, Lord Westrey was the first to speak. "I am afraid that for these children's sake you have set yourself a hard task."

"Let them learn of me," said Mr. Dyrbington, "that their hearts may remain for ever light and innocent as now." "Did your Honor mean the up-stairs gallery?" asked Martha,

entering with astonishment written in every line of her face, and speaking in every accent that fell from her lips. "Yes, the picture-gallery, at the head of the grand stair-case."

Hidden among the folds of her capacious skirt, old Martha held concealed a huge bunch of enormous keys. She now produced them, confessing her ignorance of the locks to which they belonged. "I've wiped them, your Honor, they always lie in the oil; but, bless you, never a living creature, unless 'twas the cat, or what she might be after, have been up those stairs since my poor dear old man departed, now six years nearly past. I don't suppose that it's my strength can turn the locks, and it's coming on to evening. It's altogether a job fitter for noon-day than twilight. And, indeed, your honor, if you'll be advised"—"We will all go together," said Mr. Dyrbington, interrupting her, and casting a smile of melancholy intelligence at his friend, "It is not as late as you suppose, Martha. But you must get a broom and some cloths to wipe the dust, we know not what we may find, to soil this lady's hands after such long neglect." Taking the keys, Mr. Dyrbington himself led the way up stairs, and Martha went away to fetch the things required, glad to be afforded an excuse to be in the rear rather than the advance of such an adventurous party. Locks creaked back with a rusty sound, and doors swung heavily on their hinges; shutters were thrown aside, and windows opened, and the soft light of the summer evening poured in its clear full flood. They all stood in the picture-gallery. Mr. Dyrbington gazed like a stranger on the things around him. Surprise was in his face—surprise that he should again behold them, and joy too, when Mary clasped her hands in ecstasy, and thanked him for the sight. But Mr. Dyrbington was little able to bear either fatigue of body or excitement of mind. He sunk upon a couch, and watched his friend and the children in silence. At last, Martha returned from what were called the state-rooms, and said they were prepared for investigation, and then the party proceeded through them. They were exactly as Lord Westrey remembered them, in all the magnificence of gold and tapestry, with rare cabinets of fine inlaid work, and many pictures on the walls. Old chairs, and curiously-shaped seats were there; and some of them were covered with satin, or damask worked in silver or gold. On the beds were coverings of the same magnificent materials. The children remarked them in voices suppressed with emotion, so great was their surprise and delight at

the costly splendor that surrounded them. "There is more to see," said Mr. Dyrbington, as they passed from these state apartments. "There is more to see, but Martha must first get us a light." When the light was brought, Mr. Dyrbington led the way to a small chamber, which was fitted up with iron "safes," as they are called. He opened them, and showed vessels of silver and of gold, at which Lord Westrey could not restrain his astonishment, prepared as he was, by his recollection of Dyrbington's days of greatness, for an unusual display. Plates, dishes, cups, flagons, and vessels of unknown use, and forgotten shape, were there. Mr. Dyrbington showed them all silently, without remark. After this he led the way back to the gallery, and taking the children by the hand, he showed them the pictures of his ancestors, naming each, and explaining their relationships to each other, and to himself. Then, sitting down and placing them beside him, he said: "It is now, my children, nearly time for you to return home. You must think of me often, and of all that I have shown you. But these things you will never see again. I have shown them now to you, that their recollection may impress what I am going to say upon your minds. Many of those things which you have just admired, once belonged to Almighty God. That is, they formed a part of the possessions of the Church. Many of these pictures, many of the most valuable of my books, the costly coverings of some of the beds and couches, the greater part of those gold and silver vessels were, by the unhappy zeal of one of my ancestors, taken from the Church, together with certain sums of money, and possessions in land and other property, and transferred to his own use, and so have descended through many hands to mine; and on that account a sore grief has, from that day unto this, cleaved to this place and to all its owners. Even when their exterior was fairest to the eye of the world, there was a blighting canker working its deadly influence unseen. And for that reason this house is shut up, and these fine rooms are deserted, and I am old, and alone, and, as it were, lost among men."

"But if these things ought never to have been here, why don't you give them back?" boldly demanded Lullingstone.

"The answering of that question, dear boy, has been the business of my solitary life," replied Mr. Dyrbington, "and I am not answered yet." Mr. Dyrbington rose in great excitement. But when Lord Westrey advanced, and gently laid his hand upon his arm—it

wanted only that slight remonstrance to bring him to himself. He walked towards the door, and leaning on his friend for support descended to his accustomed room. "I thank God I am the last, Westrey; the last of our unhappy line," he said. "If I can see no better disposal of the treasure which I, at least, have not dared to squander on myself, I shall, when I die, leave it to those who are HIS representatives. And *the poor* will not be robbed by the small alms required to support this trembling frame for its appointed time. Farewell!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DO THE WORK THAT LIES BEFORE THEE.

True mind has in it precious metal,
Tempered high, of ringing soundness;
Its special tone let others settle,
As richness, fulness, or profoundness,
But whate'er *thy* talent's kind is
Make it active *I* implore thee;
Be up, as every man of mind is,
And do the work that lies before thee.

Leave others to discharge their duty—
Trench not on their field of labor,
Thy work is the work to suit thee—
But as mankind is thy neighbor,
Be prompt to aid without regret
The young and weak, the old and hoary;
But in thy kindness ne'er forget
To do the work that lies before thee.

Perhaps thy lot is lowly—trying;
Be pure of heart, and that can't soil thee;
Thy soul is as a king's, undying—
Of it nothing can despoil thee.
Covet not a glorious name,
Let others try to shine in story,
Do thou for God, and not for fame,
The precious work that lies before thee.

In thy onward path, if ever
Thou dost fail or fall, despair not,
Lose thy true reliance never,
Nor look to those who heed not, care not.
Thou hast a friend, whose sleepless care
In trial's day will not ignore thee;
Him seeking with a heartfelt pray'r,
Renew the work that lies before thee.

How many minds of glorious stamp,
But yearn for deeds beyond their power;
They dream of battle-field and camp;
They fail in *duty* every hour.
How few they are who reach renown,
Though millions toil for human glory—
Seek thou a more enduring crown,
Work! and send thy work before thee.

See how march the waves of ocean
On with sound of strength and gladness!
Despite the hurricane's fierce motion,
Dashing back their crests in madness;
Thus heed not thou the storm's rattle;
To gain the prize which angels store thee
Nerve well thy soul for *thy own* battle,
And do the work that lies before thee.

TEMPTATION IN PRIVATE LIFE.

To any one of tolerably thoughtful habits, or of average observation, there are few subjects more worthy of attentive, though painful study, than the loss we so often suffer of pleasant acquaintances and companions, through their surrendering themselves to dissipation and vice. Coming amongst us, very frequently from distant and perhaps well loved homes, though too often, as we have regretfully noticed, regarding but as a grand emancipation their separation from those who alone know them well and love them wisely, they often attract notice which might be productive of much good to both sides by their goodness of heart and freshness of mind. A few years pass by, however, and the manly lad, often so accomplished in fine thinking and classical knowledge, has severed himself from us. The acquaintance that promised us so much pleasure and seemed so likely to warm into friendship, has been silently broken. Acquiring one by one many acquaintances who can appreciate his finer feelings, while their debased philosophy at once fosters and excuses his passions, his increasing friendship for vice quickly removes his fancy for us. We shake him off as "too fast," and feeling that our paths in life are no longer the same, lose sight of him among the vast crowd, in a worldly sense struggling to rise and morally sinking together.

We have no intention to approach this subject in a lecturing mood, far less to argue it solely on the grounds furnished by virtue and religion. We regard it as a social question to which much anxious thought and patient study might well be devoted, and one whose treatment, unfortunately, will not secure the ear of those we speak to, if it be not addressed less to their religious sense of right, than to their feeling of worldly reason.

In this view, then, we ask those who seek excitement for their unemployed hours in lawless pleasure, to bear with us for a while, for we write in warm kindness towards them, and mourn for their voluntary degradation. In the first place, it can scarcely be denied that now-a-days success in life may be very much promoted by the possession of a good name amongst our friends, and that while it is of so great value, few acquisitions can be more easily come by, or with less difficulty surrendered. To acquire a fair name, especially

in England, requires, in a respectable sphere, tolerable perseverance, thought for the feelings of others, but above all, the *prestige* that it is deserved. This latter, be it remembered, will establish character, if maintained, but not popularity, and moreover, possesses the advantage, that nobody takes the trouble to doubt its justice without reasonable cause. Many, indeed, daily around us, "get on" very well when totally devoid of this recommendation; but if we look into the species of *popularity* which these fast fellows enjoy and manage to preserve, we generally find that while it heightens their want of *character*, it is itself grounded on worldly respectability, accommodating politeness, and very often personal tact and cleverness, but worthless to free them from accusation or to defend them from slander. To acquire a name, good in permanence and sound value, we must carry with us into social life the known fact that our tastes shrink from dissipation, and that our amusements are above low resort, and be able to force even from the reptile slander itself an acknowledgment of our moral worth.

And the loss of this name, as to the value of which, even for mere worldly purposes daily life swarms with examples, is rarely unaccompanied by misery to the careless loser. Scorning kindly advice, and justifying himself even with the "still small voice" by the similar or more boundless excesses of those around him, he never seems to consider that every surrender to passion is a closer fellowship with animal nature, and that the argument, "can't help it," is but the excuse of a *slave*. Gradually but surely losing manly command over his mind when at leisure, and shunning with a weary feeling, nearly akin to disgust, the misfortune of being alone, the pleasure of study is at last swept away by the excitement of vice, and when the time of reaction surely arrives, instead of the gratifying sense of temptation bravely conquered, or of knowledge patiently acquired, languid sentiment, and the ridiculous pleasure of feeling miserable remain.

Nor is the consequence of this short-sighted gratification merely enervation of body, feebleness of intellect, and evil repute;—the whole view of life and tone of thought invariably become morbid. It must be acknowledged as a maxim, that when animal man habitually acquires a tyrannical power over intellectual man, the toils and troubles of the former increase with the increasing weakness of the latter. Hence, by the libertine, the labors of daily life are regarded with growing discontent, while

the courtesies and pleasures of social life are viewed with an unhealthy eye: the first increase in power to afflict; the others gradually relinquish their power to soothe. And when occasionally coming in contact with better natures, and now and again reviving his finer feelings in the sunshine of virtue and purity, we sometimes see the thoughtless *roué* aroused for a moment to the obvious worthlessness of his private life, we yet unfortunately can as often see this gleam of good sense pass away, and are, in addition, perhaps, not seldom annoyed with some of his unhealthy regrets, corrupt reasonings, or the excuses of his dirty philosophy. Indeed, on this point, we need only remark how frequently we are offered as wit what can only secure angry silence, or are startled by hearing at our elbow some outrageous criticism on the lady with whom, very likely, we had been pleasantly conversing but five minutes before.

But while keenly alive to the frequency and baneful consequences of the dissipation around us, we must not overlook the unfortunate social position of many, or attempt to lessen their excuse, that they are constantly tried by very strong temptation. Totally without worthy friends, as many are, some, in addition, have not the means within themselves of providing agreeable occupation for their leisure hours, and are thus, through mere force of circumstances, exposed to fiercer trial; and while, too, evil communication, and the fascinating excuse of evil example—"comforting the evil which is in oneself"—are for them as for all. We can but remind fellow strugglers, such as these, of the extra misery of follies, experience of which is contamination of manner and of mind, can but ground our hopes for them on their memory of early teaching, and trust that their Bright Angel may never slumber.

We have said that low haunts and animal vices vitiate mind and manner, but must, of course, be understood to speak with exceptions, and even although those exceptions are, perhaps, not unfrequent, yet full perception of them has not modified our views with regard to the rule; we, however, acknowledge that many of those cases are strange and puzzling, and that were they not outweighed by numberless examples of our previous remarks, we should, when observing them, be led to conclude far otherwise with regard to the effects of dissipation on character in social life. So far, indeed, from the creature of passion being disowned by even those who sincerely detest his lawless pursuits, we have observed

cases in which those very pursuits would appear to recommend him. How often are those met with, in even the most stainless circles, the chosen friends of cultivated men, and the prime favorites of the finest women, who are without any remarkable acquirement or mental gift, while their private lives are steeped in guilt. We have seen many such, and noticing sometimes their singular want of anything admirable or attractive, save perhaps a plausible manner or some command of small talk, have felt altogether unable to comprehend the social anomaly. Many, indeed, are patronized as old friends, and are presented even to relatives with some hope for their improvement—very much in the spirit truly of mistaken generosity, which sends one man to prison to keep another out of it. But most provoking of all, when any censure is passed on their mode of life, there is the invariable excuse: "Oh, yes, he is a wild dog, but then *he is such a good-natured fellow!*"

Now we firmly believe, it is these good-natured fellows who do nine-tenths of the mischief, and further, that until in society this cheap good-nature be no more received as an excuse for vice than it would be accepted as any justification of theft or bigamy, "fast" young men of respectable tastes and manners will be free from one of the most powerful restraints which society can impose. It not unfrequently happens that circumstances, or perhaps the prayer of a distant mother, may have steadied some young libertine, and withdrawn him from the follies that have too long degraded him, and from the good-natured society that lead him astray. After a while, however, Rob asks Harry what has become of Fred, and both, merely through some fancy for fellowship in crime—good-natured, no doubt—agree to "look him up." Manly resolution and the heroism of power over passion are quickly forgotten; Fred is whirled away once more by the same exciting follies, and the good-nature thinks nothing of finally breaking down an intellect and polluting a mind.

We have no courage to pursue the painful subject further; and it is one, for many reasons—memory of worthy friends lost, and of fine intellects degraded—peculiarly painful to ourselves. We lay down our pen in the pleasing hope that our little paper may awaken the good sense of perhaps some former acquaintance, even while he would scorn the lecture at our hands. We would remind him that mental cultivation is simply impossible so long as he submits to the degrading tyranny of

passion. We would remind him that while the aim of his laborious life is the acquisition of means, it is now that he must lay the seeds for their worthy enjoyment. We would remind him, that even should fortune smile, yet knowledge is power, and nothing can so honorably distinguish him from the herd in the valley of life, or so materially assist him to climb its steep. We would remind him, that while accident or misfortune may happen to any man, yet private character can raise him above both; and, in fine, that he can provide no brighter memory for his age than that of a blameless youth, and leave no rarer heritage to his children than a stainless name.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

IV.—ENGLAND IN THE THIRD CENTURY.

If it is difficult to imagine what England was while it was yet inhabited by savage tribes, and then what it was under the civilized but heathen empire of Rome; it is even more difficult to imagine the state of any particular town in the third century. For instance, the traveller passes rapidly from London towards Hertford, and when the train stops for a moment at a station, he sees at a distance a handsome old church, and several modern buildings; a court-house, a market-place, a union workhouse, and numbers of hotels, shops, villas, and all the bustle of modern days; and he is told the town is St. Albans. Perhaps he does not know why it was so called, and probably he forgets in the hurry that on that rising ground stood the Roman city of Verulam, with its temples doubtless, and its baths and porticoes; and that in its forum, justice was administered by a Roman prætor, surrounded by his merciless lictors, who held their fasces glittering amongst the bundles of birchen rods, and prepared alike to scourge or slay at his command. Such was the place before it was named St. Albans.

It was now nearly one hundred years since the Christian religion had been established by St. Lucius among his people. The British Church was flourishing, and was regularly governed by Archbishops and Bishops, and was in full communion with the See of Rome; but the magistrates were, generally speaking, Roman officers who carried out the same laws and customs, and also the same idolatrous worship which was the established religion of the empire. To insult or to neglect the wor-

ship of the Roman gods had always been treason against the majesty of Rome; and now it was become direct treason against the Roman Emperor, who claimed for himself supreme and even divine honors. The Imperial Throne was at this time filled by Diocletian, and the tenth general persecution of the Church bears his detested name. It was at the beginning of his reign that the following circumstances occurred at Verulam, just before the bloody edict was issued which caused the churches throughout the whole world to be thrown down, and the holy Scriptures burnt, and the pastors of Christ's flock to be butchered with their sheep, so that not a vestige might remain of His religion; and it seemed, said the British historian Gildas, as though the whole body of the Church was crowding towards their Heavenly home. One of those who led the front of this noble army of martyrs was Alban, now revered as a saint, and the proto-martyr of England. He was probably, from his name, of Roman descent, and he is recorded to have been noble, and to have been sent for his education to Rome; and on his return, he became one of the first citizens at his native place, Verulam, then a strong and populous city. He was yet a pagan when the Christians were sought after as victims to the jealousy of those in authority; and his virtues, especially his mercy and his hospitality, procured for him the grace of conversion. Through the fervor of his charity, he sheltered in his house a priest named Amphibalus, who sought to escape the persecution by flight. This priest, like the other Christians of that age, spent his days and nights in prayer. And Alban was not only moved to admiration by a sanctity so new to him, but he was so enlightened by grace, that he asked to be instructed in the mysteries of the faith. He was accordingly instructed, and then baptized, and for some days the holy priest remained to impart more knowledge to the convert. It was not long before the retreat of the priest was discovered, and the Governor of Verulam sent a party of soldiers to take him. When Alban heard of their approach, he covered the priest with his own cloak, and assisted him to escape, in order that he might carry elsewhere the news of salvation. Then Alban, full of the desire of martyrdom, presented himself to the soldiers, and was carried in chains to the judge, who happened to be at that time sacrificing to the devils. When he saw Alban, he was enraged at the deception by which he had saved his guest, and ordered that he should be dragged before the image of

his God; and pronounced that, as he had concealed one who was sacrilegious and a blasphemer, he should suffer in his stead, unless he sacrificed. Alban refused, and refused to give the name of his family, only saying that he was a Christian, and he boldly declared, that those who sacrificed to devils would suffer the pains of hell. The judge was furious, but the holy martyr calmly endured the scourging and all the tortures which his rage inflicted, and the judge at length condemned him to be beheaded.

So great a multitude followed to behold the execution, that the judge was left almost alone in the city. In the road was the River Coln, and the crowd so thronged the bridge, that it seemed likely that the day would pass before the martyr could attain his crown. Full of a holy impatience, he lifted up his eyes to heaven as he stood upon the bank, and the waters parted at his prayers, so that the martyr and a thousand persons crossed in safety. When the soldier who was to slay him beheld the miracle and the saintly behavior of Alban, he threw away his sword, and falling at the martyr's feet, he begged to die in his place. This conversion delayed the execution, and Alban was led to the top of a flowery hill, which is described by the old historian as sloping into a beautiful plain. There he knelt, and his thirst was quenched by a fountain which sprang up at his prayer. He was beheaded, but the eyes of the executioner fell to the earth, together with the head of the saint. With him was beheaded the converted soldier, who was then baptized in his own blood, and is mentioned in the Roman Martyrology. The judge himself was astonished by the novelty of these miracles, and honored the death of the saints by commanding that the persecution should cease. Many of the spectators were converted, and followed St. Amphibalus into Cambria, where they were baptized, and afterwards martyred by the heathen. The holy priest was brought back and martyred near Verulam. The day of St. Alban's death was June 22nd, and has always been celebrated as a festival. "In an old Agonal, or history of his passion, we are told," says Camden, "that the heathen citizens of Verulam caused an account of his suffering to be expressed on a marble, which they placed on their walls as a terror to Christians. But when the blood of martyrs had overcome their persecutors, a church of most admirable workmanship, and then a most magnificent monastery, was built to the memory of our Blessed Lord, and St. Alban, the martyr," whose abbot

had precedence of all other mitred abbots in parliament, in honor of the proto-martyr. The shrine of St. Alban was one of the three great pilgrimages, and he was long revered as the patron and intercessor of the island. Why is his aid no longer sought by so many who profess the faith for which he died? Is his holy prayer for the conversion of England less powerful now he is in glory? or has a fatal unbelief silenced the supplications which used to ascend from his native place? The change is not in him, but in his countrymen: and though some few faithful voices would still invoke him at the poor Catholic chapel of St. Albans, it cannot be, for it is marked in the register of this year as vacant.

HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF ST. ALBAN.

(From the Salisbury Breviary.)

England's protomartyr, Alban!
 Soldier of the angels' King!
 Thou art flower of the martyrs,
 Rose and lily of the spring:
 Pour to God thy supplication
 For the faithful of thy nation.

FIRST DAY OF SPRING.

'Tis Spring once more. The sun is shining fair
 In starlight showers upon the dimpled flood,
 Stirring in leafless woods the early bud;
 From Western shore of balm a blander air
 Thaws in the wintry heart its frost of care;
 To healthier pulses calms the fevered blood,
 In languid Sorrow wake new hopes of good
 For coming hours, and bids her wait and dare;
 From each bright bay of blue, where cloudlets float
 High up in heaven, a friendly whisper steals,
 A smile from home the exiled spirit feels,
 Beckoning her way to shores not far remote,
 Where the long winter of the heart is past,
 Its icy chain dissolved in vernal wreaths at last.

J. A. S.

We all have in the heart seeds of virtues and of vices; the main point consists in keeping down the one, and unfolding the other.

Endeavor to find out what you really are; and when you have attained it, you will be less ready to speak, to act, and still less to applaud yourself.

THE MUDDLETONIANS.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAP. VI.

Three singular looking men burst into the room just in time to behold King Quaqua's rehearsal, and the hilarity with which they welcomed his efforts, somewhat discomposed the dignity of that sable potentate. They were not strangers, however, and, like Pourforth himself, belonged to the industrious fraternity of street comedians. Most London people may have seen them at the street corners of genteel neighborhoods in the characters of Abyssinian minstrels, making a horrid din with an asthmatic guitar, a pair of castanets, and some other outlandish instrument, while they evinced the native ferocity of their cannibal natures by violent contortions and antediluvian singing. This was their daylight occupation in fair weather, and at night their popular strains were wont to enliven some one or other of the penny gaffs with which London abounds, and where juveniles, apprentices, and servant-maids receive fruitful lessons of morality and temperance. The "Jolly Fighters" was one of the houses of call where these worthies, and other birds of the same feather, would take refuge when driven from the streets by stress of weather or the wholesome fear of the police.

"Ha, Tippy boy," cried one of them, ere our city missionary had had time to cast off his barbaric integuments, "what's this new trade you are learning now? Something in our line, eh? Then, fair play is a jewel. We mustn't meet in the same beats, you know. But who's this gentleman?" turning to the bill-sticker; "pray do us the honor of an introduction."

How very polite are these gentry among themselves! Truly there is honor among thieves.

"Mr. Hiram Holy, gentlemen," said Pourforth, with a solemn wave of the hand. "Mister Holy, of Muddleton, a very respectable gentleman, now in town on business of much importance." An ironical emphasis was laid on the word "respectable."

"Here, landlord," called one of the Abyssinians; "we've had rather dry work this morning; let's have something warm—the mixture, as usual, as Dr. Jalop, says; and presto, my man!"

The landlord made his exit, and soon reappeared with pipes duly tipped with red wax,

tobacco, glasses, and a smoking hot brownie, viz., a stone jug which might hold a good gallon of liquor.

The stock in trade of our company was laid aside—to wit, masks, guitar, frippery, and all, and the friends drew round the fire, determined to have a jollification together now, if they should never meet again.

"Anything to be done in the provinces in our way, Mr. Holy?" inquired one of the artificial niggers.

"Why, yes," responded the bill-sticker, self-communing for a moment; "you might do a job or two in Muddleton, any how, and no great risk of loss. What do you say to half-a-crown a morning? Just half an hour of a morning for a week. Six mornings—it wouldn't do on the Lord's day; six week-day mornings, at half-a-crown each—fifteen shillings, eh? Lots of pickings in the town besides during the day."

"What do you mean?" asked the chief of the sable band.

"Just this," answered Holy. "S'pose you get a big brass trumpet for the occasion. *That* and your other traps 'll make a considerable noise, I guess. Well, you can come to Muddleton—say to-morrow night. Cheap fare—third class, sixpence. Next morning, precisely at eight—mind, not a minute later—you go and play your antics, and roar away with your trumpet, right under the windows of the Popish chapel there. That'll bring up all the boys, and kick up a pretty row. The old priest says Mass just then inside, and mutters his idolatry to a parcel of old women. You will keep up a nice chorus to his mummeries; oh, won't it be nice fun?" and Mr. Hiram chuckled and rubbed his skinny hands in the exultation at this beautiful plot.

"For half an hour, do you say? and we're to get half-a-crown each morning? Done!" said the Abyssinian chief, slapping the table; "and keep on for a month, if you like."

"No, that wouldn't do," said Hiram, "the old fellow might swear it's done on purpose."

The thing was arranged to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, and especially of Mr. Holy, who promised to himself an unusual treat on the said mornings. But the bill-sticker reckoned without his host.

Meanwhile the pipes of our friends filled the apartment with the redolence of their convivial fumes, and the stone-ware brownie once and again emptied and replenished, imparted no small amount of jocundity to their proceeding. Jokes flew about from one to the other, as the balls of a tennis-court, and ribald songs, alter-

nated with the concoction of sundry plans of obtaining money, or, as they elegantly termed it, of raising the wind, plans more or less ingenious, and within or without the law, as the case might be with fellows who had no other patrimony than their wit. There was bad money to be passed, or the collecting of a crowd in certain populous localities as ancillary to the labors of the light-fingered brotherhood, or again palavering some scandalous story of high life at street corners, that fashionable tradesmen might purchase freedom from the annoyance by paying the scamps to move off. But wickedness needs not always the cool calculation of unexcited brains; and the worst schemes of future crimes are not unfrequently hatched amidst the intoxication of public-house orgies. It was late in the night when, in obedience to the law, the landlord of the "Jolly Fighters" was compelled to put an end to the uproarious jollity of his guests, by having each one of them turned out of doors or carried to bed in a state of the most helpless intoxication.

But what of Mrs. Lillypegs all this time? The little loquacious lady had considerably recovered, so much so, that on the following morning she expressed her intention to return home. I had terminated my London business, and we arranged to return to Muddleton in company. On our way to the station, she had need of calling at a bookseller's shop, in Paternoster-row, in order to obtain a fresh supply of books for her little shop.

Now, Mrs. Lillypegs was not very familiar with London localities and London ways, nor, indeed, was I better than herself in that respect, having been abroad nearly all my life. We reached Paternoster-row, however, and looking carefully at every bookseller's name over his door, as we went along; we at last entered a shop which she said was the right one—there were two of the same name in the street—though I soon discovered her mistake.

It was a shop of considerable size and much display, full to overflowing of books of all sizes, from the fat octavo downwards, in every variety of cloth binding and Russia leather. Against the street windows were suspended, for the edification of a religious public, sundry engraved portraits of reverend notorieties, in the usual black garments and white neckcloths, looking very thunder-clouds of sourness, or smilingly self-complacent, as the case might be. There was one in particular, throning it above the rest, in all the glory of an imperial folio sheet, with a four-inch margin. I suppose he was the evangelical lion of the day. He was

represented standing erect in his pulpit, in the majesty of snow-white bands and beautifully-flowing robe, a profusion of black locks, artistically curled and parted on a lofty forehead. One hand, as soft and white as a court-lady's, rested on an open quarto Bible, richly gilt, and the other, dramatically raised aloft, seemingly asked the lookers-on: "Don't you think, now, I am very handsome?" The public were informed that this perfumed preacher of the Man of Sorrows was no other than the Reverend Arthur Milkyways, M.A., Incumbent of St. Stephen the Martyr, the "dear Mr. Milkyways," as old Miss Spraggs always called him in her admiration.

Before the principal counter stood a stout gentleman, to whom the shopkeeper appeared more than usually obsequious. While Mrs. Lillypegs was looking about, and busily reading the titles of the various books exposed for sale, I heard the gentleman in black tell the master of the place that he was on his way to Muddleton, to give an anti-popey lecture. It was no other than the Rev. Achilles Malvoglio. At the mention of his name, a sudden thought came into my mind; I passed unnoticed into the street again, and stood near the door, but outside the shop, gazing as a mere idler at the window, pictures and books. It was not long ere I heard Mrs. Lillypegs' voice:

"Have you any small 'Followings of Christ'?"

"Yes, ma'am, plenty—but this is considered much better. 'The Coming Events,' by the Rev. Fitzhugh Comyns, a capital book, ma'am, we've sold twenty thousand;—or, perhaps, you would prefer, for country circulation, 'A Morning with Beelzebub;' or 'Peranzabuloe;' both exceedingly spiritual works, and full of scriptural marrow; they are very much in demand, ma'am, ten and sixpence each; the Romish Anti-Christ has not had such a blow for a long time past."

While the shopman thus went on rapidly detailing the good qualities of his books, the little creature's face alternately assumed all the hues of the rainbow, with horror at the trap she had unwittingly been caught in, and she made some strong efforts not to choke with the out-bursting of her indignation.

"Hugh!" she wrathfully shrieked, when she found her voice at last, "you, you wretched whining methodists! you spawn of perdition! to want me to buy your trash! oh, indeed, keep them all safe, and heap them and accumulate them, and make 'em all very large, your precious books, to light a big roaring fire somewhere! Don't you know, more shame

to you, if you don't know, I am Mrs. Lillypegs, tobacconist, and Catholic bookseller, in Muddleton? Yes, Mrs. Lillypegs, staunch and ever true to the right faith, and none of your mushroom creeds for me!"

With that, the incensed lady rushed out of the shop, as she would have done from a house on fire, and a little further up the street found, with my help, the place she wanted, and where could not be found the precious productions of the Rev. Prophecy Comyns and Co.

CHAP. VII.

It was about two hours after noon, on November the 7th, and a beautiful day it was for the after season—a true Martinmas summer day. A few birds still kept up their song in Darnley woods, to bid farewell to the fast searing and departing foliage; and nature, full of that calm repose peculiar to autumnal days, scarcely yet gave any indications, besides the falling leaf, that winter was nigh with its blustering storms. Darnley woods lay about four miles from Muddleton, and the road thither from the town ran in a circuitous hollow along the margin of a little purling brooklet, half open and half hidden among ledges and hazel thickets. The London and Muddleton Railway ran on the northern high ridge, about a quarter of a mile from the rivulet, and the Darnley station stood within a few hundred yards of the corner of the wood.

About midway between the town and the wood, and going countryways, a man, reading a book, he held in both hands, pursued the path, walking rather slowly. This was Father Ambrose, who was, as usual, on an errand of mercy. For in autumn time there always lived, scattered over the country, a considerable number of poor Catholic families, whom the certain labour of hop-picking and potatoe-digging enticed away from precarious London existence, and the filth of obscure Clerkenwell courts and alleys. How can we, indeed, conceive life possible for those wretched multitudes who fester for months every year amidst the pestilential slums of the great Babylon, if it were not for the pure country breezes they now and then inhale when on the tramp, as they call it, as beggars or honest laborers among the metropolitan counties? Yet, even there, the miserable food they take for the most part, that they may save a little for their winter subsistence, and their absolute disregard of cleanliness as necessary to comfort and health, often make them the victims of disease, and cause them, like living plagues,

to be banished from the various villages by those who make use of them for field work. These poor outcasts may be seen in fifties and sixties, lying promiscuously at night in the huge barns which stud the large farms of our home counties; and it is seldom that fever or small-pox is absent from amidst the rags and rotten litter of these human hives. Father Ambrose was a frequent visiter of these places, and was on his way to one of them on this same autumnal afternoon.

To baptise the new-born babes of the poor pariahs of British society—to give religious instruction to young and old, to fathers and children—to attend them in their ailments, and minister both to soul and body, often performing for them nameless services which no paid nurse would have done—such were his ordinary avocations, and such again they proved on this occasion, until the afternoon was far advanced. The sun had disappeared beneath the top of the neighboring hills, and its slanting rays cast long shadows over the mellow pastures of the valley, when the Father turned his steps homewards, that darkness might not overtake him on the way. He was lighter in purse, though not in heart, the former was the usual result of his daily labors among the poor. As he crossed the downs on which he had emerged from Darnley chase on his way to the path by the brook, he suddenly became conscious of a feeling of sickness he had not noticed before. His forehead throbbed with unusual heat, and he experienced a strange kind of lassitude in all his limbs. It might be the effect of fetid air of the barns he had visited, or else of too great exertion of body, and anxiety of mind. He thought he would sit down for a few moments on a mossy bank by the edge of the wood, until he should feel revived.

He had scarcely done so, when a railway-train panted away past him on the hill top, on its rapid flight towards Muddleton. It had just left the Darnley station, and at some distance on his left Father Ambrose noticed some of the passengers who had recently alighted, diverge away from the hill to their various homes. Two of them, whose forms were clearly outlined against the glowing western sky, descended the hill-slope in company, and made straight for the wood. "Strange too," thought the Priest; for there was no path that way. The Father followed with his gaze the fast receding line of carriages, and his ear mechanically listened to the hurried breathing of the mighty engine, as it gradually faded away. "Poor Muddleton!" thought he, as his

eye caught sight of its distant steeples, "what would I not give that each one of thy people might know Him and love Him to whom my existence is bound! Alas! they know Thee not, O my God, and even now are plotting to persecute him whom thou hast commissioned to labor unto death for their souls! O God of my heart, accept the sacrifice, and give me courage, that like unto Him who died for me, I may gladly take up this coming cross!"

He was rising up, somewhat refreshed, to pursue his way, when he was startled by the loud report of a pistol a few paces behind him, followed by a death-shriek. He quickly ran into the wood, guided by the victim's groans, and soon reached the spot where a man lay weltering in his blood. A first glance showed him the murderer fast fleeing through the distant brushwood—a second revealed to him in the bleeding form before him the well-known features of Holy, the bill-sticker. Father Ambrose at once bound his handkerchief round the victim's head whence the blood issued forth copiously, in order to stop its effusion, and kneeling by the side of Hiram, he applied to his pale lips a small pocket flask of wine he always took with him in his visits among the sick. The bill-sticker imbibed a few drops, and revived a little, so as to open his eyes with a look of consciousness. What he felt on beholding before him the Priest he hated above all men, and what passed in his bitter mind at that moment, the sequel may indicate; but He alone knew who even then was weighing for future retribution every motion of the evil one in the cankerous heart of this bad man.

The Father stood bewildered for a while, wondering what to do in so dreadful a case. He remembered that there stood a cottage at no great distance in the wood. He would carry the dying man thither, and either send some one, or go himself, for surgical aid. He was in the act of gently lifting the moaning Hiram from the ground, uttering the while some fervent prayer for his conversion, when several people suddenly burst upon him, among whom was one armed with a truncheon, and wearing the uniform of the County Police.

"This is a pretty business!" exclaimed that functionary, as he rudely laid his hand on Father Ambrose's shoulder. "Perhaps, sir, you can tell us who has done this?"

"I do not know," quietly answered the Priest. "I saw a man make off in that direction, but thought it more pressing, instead of pursuing him, to try to save this poor man's life by attending to him. I pray you, lose no

time; but let us convey him to a neighboring house, where we may obtain help."

"Yes of course, these men will see to that," and he gave directions to the people about him, "but as for you sir, you must be so good as to accompany me." And he took a firmer grasp of the Father's shoulder as he spoke.

"Is it as a witness or a prisoner I am to go with you?" asked Father Ambrose. "Surely you do not suspect me of this crime, and you know who I am?"

"Well, I may, or I may not," gruffly answered the fellow, "I'll believe anything of a Priest; come on; I am only doing my duty!" And he hurried on towards the village of Darnley.

News of that kind flies fast. The whole village was in the street by the time Father Ambrose and the policeman reached it. Only imagine the ignominy of the scene. "Just think now," said one to his neighbor, "that old Muddleton priest has been cutting the throats of two men in Darnley wood!" "What is it?" eagerly asked another, as he rushed into the main street from a bye lane. "Oh, haven't you heard that three women and a child have just been murdered in Darnley chase; and that's the man has done it?" Fortunately for Father Ambrose the station-house was not distant, as the popular ferment increased every moment, and reached such a pitch of fury at last, that only the strong bolts and bars of the station-house cell could save him from being torn to pieces by the rabble. Meanwhile, the policeman's deposition was duly put in writing, and the Father was left for the night in the dismal solitude of a cold and dirty cell. The next morning he would be taken before a magistrate to undergo an examination. Father Ambrose sat meekly on the wooden bench of his prison, and prayed in silence during the long, very long night hours.

Within forty-eight hours the *Times* newspaper, copying the *County Free Press*, had in its columns the following paragraph, which a little later had been eagerly read by hundreds of thousands throughout the length and breadth of the land:—

"AWFUL MURDER BY A POPISH PRIEST.—A most mysterious and awful murder was committed last Tuesday in Darnley woods, in —shire, by a Roman Catholic priest—the Rev Father Ambrose. The victim, a well-known character in the town of Muddleton, was shot through the head, and, by the last accounts, was not expected to live an hour. It is said that the cause of the crime is a deadly enmity the priest had conceived against his victim, because of the zeal of the latter to defeat his Popish plans."

The huge lie had gone forth and done its work.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONNETS

TRANSLATED FROM PETRARCH.

I.

"IL LUOGO."

Thou valley, filled forever with my plaint;
 River, with tears of mine so oft increased;
 Fair, woodland creatures, wandering bird or beast;
 Or fishes, 'twixt your green banks darting quaint;
 Air, by my sighs made warm and hushed and faint;
 Path, sweetest once, and now the mournfullest;
 Hill, happy haunt, to which (now haunt unblest),
 Love leads me still, and custom's dear constraint!
 In you full well I trace your features old;
 Not in myself; who of that life bereaven,
 Am made a mansion of perpetual woe.
 Here I beheld my love: here still behold
 The spot from which she passed, disrobed, to heaven;
 Ah! leaving still that beauteous robe below!

A. DE V.

II.

"IL ROSIGNOLO."

That Nightingale which wails with such sweet woe
 Haply its young ones, haply its dear mate,
 Fills all the heavens and makes the fields o'erflow
 With its wild, broken chaunt disconsolate.
 All night beside me still, where'er I go,
 Its dirge reminds me of my own sad fate;
 And chides my blindness which refused to know
 That Death divine things too can subjugate.
 Ah! easy 'tis to cheat the self-deluded!—
 Yet who had ever dreamed those sunlike eyes
 Setting, should leave the world in darkness shrouded.
 But I my grief's high mission recognize.
 It wills that I should live; and weep; and so
 Learn that Delight abides not here below.

A. DE V.

The great failing in men is, that they never put themselves in the place of those whom they are judging.

A person who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults. Have a care how you listen.

Reviews.

Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert. By the Hon. CHARLES LANGDALE. 1 Vol. London: BENTLEY.

We looked forward to the publication of this volume with much expectation. We hoped to have a work giving us a detailed account of the most celebrated woman of modern times, and an interesting picture of a notable period, remembering she moved amongst those whose movements have become history. We have been disappointed however, and, indeed, have seldom seen a more flimsy book, considering the promise of its title, worse value, remembering its price, or one affording less information, and yet called *memoirs*.

The first pages remind us that their subject was born in 1756, and married in 1775 to Edward Weld, Esq., of Lulworth Castle, and subsequently, in 1778, to Thomas Fitzherbert, Esq., of Swinnerton Park, in the county of Stafford, who left her a widow for the second time before she had attained the age of twenty-five years.

It is not our purpose to follow her story further as detailed in the narrative left by the late Lord Stourton, written by him, and not by Mr. Langdale, and which occupies almost a third of this slight volume. The residue is made up of extracts from speeches, &c., and principally of letters from various personages one way or another connected with the fortunes of Mrs. Fitzherbert. These letters are, (if we except the one from Fox to the Prince, and which may be found elsewhere), of no great interest, and much repetition; we could have very well spared them altogether for a few concise pages giving us their matter with some connection as to details. As they stand now, however, they are wearisome to wade through, and while compiled with no very apparent plan, are of small value in themselves.

Lord Stourton was a personal friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and was chosen by her to clear her fame when she had herself passed away. In order to be the better able to fulfil this delicate task, he made himself intimate, during her lifetime, with every particular as to her first acquaintance and subsequent marriage with the Prince of Wales, and learned the trials she was constantly subjected to in his infamous attempt to degrade her before the

world, as also the particulars of her separation from him, and of her after-life. The narrative is pleasingly written, and evidently with feelings of deep respect for its heroine, as a woman, and of almost affection for her, as a friend. It points out her sincere determination to avoid the royal libertine at first, his equally determined prosecution of his suit, the somewhat romantic circumstances of the latter, and the final triumph—though at immense cost—of the systematic *roué*. It points out more clearly than ever the fearful position of the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, the unmanliness of him by whom her life was blighted, and the equally unworthy causes for his consenting to discard his wife and afterwards to destroy his queen. It points out Mrs. Fitzherbert's sound judgment and determined virtue, and even did these pages not clearly prove that, in the eyes of the whole royal family, of a proud and fastidious aristocracy, and of the Catholic Church, she was the wife of George the Fourth, they yet afford so many instances of the truth and candor of her conduct throughout as would at once establish her sincerity and good faith, and go far in themselves to brighten her memory and clear her fame.

But while recording our conviction of the honor and virtue of this celebrated woman, we cannot avoid expressing our regret that no clue is afforded in these pages to her reasons for finally agreeing to a left-handed marriage. If we admire her flight from the Prince, in the first instance, and praise the propriety and judgment of her refusals, it becomes difficult for us not to regard her final acceptance of him somewhat in the light of a fall. The determination of her conduct at the commencement, and the wisdom and dignity of her after-course, leave but little room for the excuse of vanity or ambition; and, inasmuch as she had herself to blame, they also lessen our sympathy with her after-display of much unnecessary heroism under much useless suffering.

The narrative was left by Lord Stourton to Mr. Langdale, with a view to its publication when rendered necessary by any censure on Mrs. Fitzherbert. This necessity Mr. Langdale fancies has arisen on account of some idle statement in Lord Holland's "*Memoirs of the Whig Party*," and by reason of some equally thoughtless remark in a late work* by Doctor Doran. We, of course, are glad to receive,

at any time, a work compiled in so worthy a spirit towards a virtuous lady, but yet believe Mr. Langdale's excuse for publication as an excuse wholly insufficient, while, too, he so often urges it. Nobody cared anything for the statements about which he alone "makes so much ado;" every one, in calling to mind the numberless memorable occurrences of those days, regrets Mrs. Fitzherbert's vicissitudes and thinks of her kindly: long ago an undoubted authority,* yet living, named her as "a woman of the most amiable qualities and the most exemplary virtue," and in this light we all regard her now.

One purpose these so-called *memoirs* will indeed serve, and one consequence will assuredly follow, from again opening up this subject. In his enthusiasm for his fair friend, Lord Stourton has reminded us very forcibly of the heartlessness and systematic libertinism of the wrongdoer. These pages cannot fail to place the "first gentleman in Europe" in no very graceful light, and to recall to mind how he discarded his wife in order to pay his debts, and fondled his mistress while he persecuted his queen. They cannot fail to illumine a portion of his stained youth, which can ill bear the light, and in making clearer his meanness, to heap further disgrace on his name.

Minnesota and the Far West. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Esq. Edinburgh and London: WILLIAM BLACKWOOD. 1855.

This is certainly the best book about America that has come before us lately. Professing to be merely the diary of a journey in the rough uncivilized far west of America, it nevertheless contains chapters giving more information on the politics, statistics, Indian affairs, &c., of Canada and the United States than are to be found in books of more pretentious titles, and for this the author was certainly well qualified from his late position as civil secretary and superintendent-general of Indian affairs in Canada. The journey consisted of a voyage up Lake Huron and Lake Superior, to a new settlement called Superior, on the far western corner of the lake, the remotest limits of civilization in that direction—a kind of place of which any one who has read Dickens's account of Eden in Martin Chuzzlewit will have a very good idea. He then pursued his journey across the country

* Lives of the Queens of the House of Hanover—1855.

* Lord Brougham—*Contributions*—vol. 1, 442.

which separates the sources of the St. Lawrence from those of the Mississippi to St. Paul of Minnesota, where the far west journey ends.

The book is full of anecdote, and very amusingly written. Take the following as specimens; the first to show the folly of paying one's debts. Two Americans, shooting the rapids of Sault Ste. Marie, were, it seems, upset:—

"As the accident took place immediately opposite the town, many of the inhabitants were attracted to the bank of the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate men, thinking any attempt at a rescue would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared rushing towards the group, frantic with excitement. "Save the man with the red hair," he vehemently shouted; and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals, proved successful, and the red-haired individual, in an exhausted condition, was safely landed. "He owes me eighteen dollars," said his rescuer, drawing a long breath, and looking approvingly on his assistants. The red-haired man's friend had not a creditor at the Sault, and in default of a competing claim, was allowed to pay his debt to nature. "And I'll tell you what it is, stranger," said the narrator of the foregoing incident, complacently drawing a moral therefrom, "a man 'll never know how necessary he is to society, if he don't make his life valuable to his friend as well as himself."

The description, too, of a Canadian veterinary surgeon:—

"He looked liked a cross between a needy curate and an unsuccessful blackleg. His sausage-like arms and thighs were clerical, but he had sporting extremities, and I was still speculating on his probable calling in life, when he proclaimed himself a veterinary surgeon."

His chapters on the politics, statistics, and society of Canada; on the immense fortunes to be made by judicious speculations in land, and where to select such land; on the Indian affairs of Canada and the United States, showing the difference of treatment the poor Indians receive from the two countries; on the copper mines of Lake Superior; and what he says of opinion in the United States about the annexation of Cuba and Canada, the extension of slavery to the Nebraska territory, and on the subject of the European wars, are very valuable. We were about to give extracts, but must forbear, or we should not know where to stop. But we may say that English people have scarcely any idea how the feeling against France and England, and in favor of Russia, prevails in the United States; indeed the author did not hear one solitary opinion in favor of the Western Powers, excepting in the cities of Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and in the west "public opinion

seemed unanimous in its expression of an earnest desire to see the allied armies defeated in the Crimea."

With prophetic instinct, too, he foresaw the row that must arrive amongst a people entertaining such sentiment, should the English attempt to open enlistment offices on the territories of the United States: "it is most earnestly to be hoped," says he, "that such an impolitic step will not be taken." The question of slavery, too, will end, he thinks, in a Kilkenny-cat process between the Northern and Southern States; the Northern States are, however, the greatest enemies of England, for they wish to annex Canada to counteract the Nebraska territory movement, and the influence gained thereby by the Southern States and they wish to go to war with us to gain a pretext for so doing; while the Southern and Western States show an equal anxiety with regard to Cuba.

We should have ended here, but there is one passage so interesting to Catholics at the present moment, when we are all giving thanks for the decree confirming the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, that we cannot refrain from quoting it, though a lengthy one. We will add nothing to it, for the quotation will speak for itself.

"Marquette (a town near Lake Superior) derives its name from the most celebrated of that devoted band of Jesuit missionaries who first sought, about the middle of the seventeenth century, to introduce Christianity amongst the red men of the far west. A disciple of St Francis Xavier, he is second only to him in the zeal and enterprise which characterized his labors. In the course of these noble endeavors to enlighten barbarous nations, he was enabled to achieve geographical discoveries, fraught with results of the highest importance to civilization. The first to reach the Mississippi from the north-east, he continued his explorations until he was satisfied that it was identical with the river already visited by the first Spanish adventurers from the Gulf of Mexico. His early labors were among the remnant of the Hurons who, persecuted by the Troquois, and other neighboring Indian tribes, left the shores of Georgian Bay, which they had originally occupied, and found a refuge at La Paine, a settlement on the southern coast of Lake Superior, near its western extremity. At this, the most distant point of missionary exploration, he succeeded Father Aloney, who had planted the cross there three years before; and meeting here, for the first time, the Sioux and Illinois, he prepared himself, by studying their language and customs, for that journey through their territory which he afterwards accomplished with so much success."

Father Marquette's discovery of the Mississippi is then described, and then the author proceeds:—

"Father Marquette's journal of his voyage is full of interest. An enthusiastic adorer of the Virgin

Immaculate, he at once named his discovery, after the object of his devotion, 'Conception,' and subsequently founded a mission on its banks. It is in the very first page of his journal that he announces his intention of doing so in the following terms:— 'Above all, I put our voyage under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, promising her that, if she did us the grace to discover the great river, I would give it the name of Conception, and that I would also give that name to the first mission which I should establish among these new nations, as I have actually done among the Illinois.' Elsewhere is recorded the daily devotions of the little band. After the Creed they said one 'Our Father and Hail Mary;' then four times these words—'Hail daughter of God the Father! Hail Mother of God the Son! Hail Spouse of the Holy Ghost! Hail Temple of the Holy Trinity! By thy holy Virginity and Immaculate Conception, O most pure Virgin, cleanse my flesh and my heart, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost'—and lastly of all, 'Glory be to the Father,' the whole being thrice repeated. At this particular epoch, it is not without its significance that this form of prayer should have been in the mouth of a missionary exploring an unknown American river nearly two hundred years ago. It is singular, moreover, that upon descending the Conception for upwards of 1,000 miles, Father Marquette should have reached that portion of it which had been first visited by De Soto, and named the *Espiritu Santo*."

It goes on to say that Father Marquette died in the odor of sanctity on an obscure river on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. Here we must end, recommending the book to the perusal of our readers.

A Narrative of the Siege of Kars. By HUMPHREY SANDWICH, Chief of the Medical Staff. London: MURRAY, 1856.

Those who have read the newspapers pretty regularly during the last two years, will have no need to be told of the miserable imbecility, rapacity, and covetousness, of the *employés* of the Turkish Government. They will find, however, by Dr. Sandwith's book, that there is such an Augean stable to cleanse in that particular, that they will wonder the French and English do not lay aside their endeavors in disgust. The little civilisation that exists in Turkey, is confined to the European part of that kingdom. The Asiatic subjects of the Porte, are not one whit superior to the savage and semi-civilised inhabitants of Borneo and Sumatra. We shall not allude to the parts of Dr. Sandwith's book which treats of the siege, or the Turkish *employés* further, but there are one or two other subjects treated of, which are not so generally known. English consuls seem to be quite as bad as Turkish Pashas. Few persons are, perhaps, aware of the power possessed by European consuls in Turkey.

They can claim justice for their countrymen in the most arbitrary fashion, and throw the shield of their protection over whom they like; and are only removable by an Ambassador or Minister of Foreign Affairs. We can easily conceive how, in the wild interior of Asia Minor,

"The Consul has little to fear from either, he can easily throw dust into their eyes, for his only accusers are Turks, whose word cannot be weighed for a moment against that of an English gentleman, though it is seldom indeed that the Consul comes up to our ideas of what is generally understood as constituting that character; usually, he is of quite a different breed, with different habits and ideas. The chief qualifications are knowledge of the country and language; these embrace a tact in money-making by sundry disreputable kinds of commerce, and in a rough and ready knowledge of some provincial patois."

"A British Consul, in Turkey, is in a different position from any other man in the world, he generally acts in the several capacities of a merchant, magistrate, ambassador, clergyman, and lawyer. He is often a sharp trader, and makes money, as he has immense advantages over all other merchants, inasmuch as he is free from very many of the legal obstacles to which natives are subject."

We gather from Dr. Sandwith, that the generality of English Consuls are money-making rogues—fully equal to the Turkish Pashas in extortion and other enormities. Now, is it not a disgrace to this country, that such a state of things should exist—how can we reprove the Turkish Government, when we equal them in oppression? We must quote again from Dr. Sandwith—comment is superfluous.

"I believe, that when a man has lived for years in so strange a position as that of Consul, he is apt to become very eccentric in his actions. He generally out-Herods Herod in acts of tyranny. Only the other day, an instance of this came under my notice. A Consul, residing in a town of Asia Minor, took a fancy to a Christian girl, and prevailed on her to come to his house. The brother, annoyed at the scandal and utter ruin to the good fame of the family, presumed to call on the Consul and demand his sister. He was not only refused her, but the cavass was ordered to take the fellow to prison; and this was done. Another Consul, lately dead, had such a sad reputation in this line, that he was the terror of all who had pretty girls in their families. I have been assured, that he would cause to be imprisoned, any man who tried to shield his victims, were he father, brother, or husband."

"I hear of Consuls who have made fortunes, partly by legitimate trading, and partly by buying bad debts, which they purchase at a nominal amount, and by their influence with the Pashas, cause them to be paid. Imprisonment, or threats of it, would be applied to a refractory debtor, while the Consul could find means with the Pasha for obtaining the liquidation of government debts. I have reason to believe that this sort of commerce is carried on to a great

extent in Turkey. Another source of profit, I am told, is that of selling British protection to natives, in other words, the manufacture of British subjects, which, unless I am grossly misinformed, brings in more clear profit than any other kind of trade. A cunning native will give a good round sum to be called a British subject, and to find himself out of the reach of his own laws, or indeed, of all law, which is pretty nearly the condition of all those who live under Frank protection."

We wonder whether Don Pacifico, of whom we heard so much, a few years ago, was made a British subject in this way; and, if so, what he gave for the privilege, and how much he made by it afterwards.

At the risk of being tedious, we must give one more quotation. It is a letter written by a newly-appointed Consul, and it shows the temptation to cheat and oppress, that seems so generally irresistible.

"The province is groaning," the letter says, "under oppression. No Christian is allowed to possess a piastre, or to eat the fruit of his labour in peace. The moment a man is suspected of being rich, he is marked as fair game, and persecuted till he disgorges his wealth. My arrival here is hailed with delight by the Christians, who all look to me for protection. They offer me the produce of their fields for almost nothing. I intend to farm a number of villages, and then no Pasha will dare to interfere with them. No soldiers shall be quartered on these villages, and if their inhabitants cheat or offend me, I shall just withdraw my protection, and hand them over to the tender mercies of the Turks. In short, I shall make a handsome fortune here, and I shall have it all my own way, as there is no other European Consul to interfere with me."

Dr. Sandwith, though not much addicted to field sports, gives such details of them as absolutely to make a sportsman's mouth water. The rivers and brooks, he says, "abound with trout and salmon," though we question whether the *salmo solar* is found east of the Pillar of Hercules, it must be some large kind of sea trout he means. The snipes in the marshes are like "flies in a grocer's shop;" you can shoot woodcocks by twos and threes at a shot from your dining-room window, and quails and grey and red-legged partridges abound, with plenty of wild animals, if a nobler kind of shooting is preferred. The plateau of Erzeroom being, however, 7,000 feet above the sea level, the cold in winter is intense, intermittent fevers are easily to be caught in the marshes, for which the sportsman must take care to provide himself with plenty of sulphate of quinine, as it is unprocurable in the country—powder and shot may be bought at about five times the English price—but the greatest danger of all is, the chance of being murdered and robbed, which considerably takes away from the amusement to be derived from the

sport, though we hope, that after the war, the country will be improved in that respect. Dr. Sandwith saw the body of a poor French officer who was shot by robbers, on his journey to Erzeroom. The following is a description of shooting in the marshes there. Dr. Sandwith evidently writes more as a lover of natural history than a sportsman:—

"After having missed a great many snipes, and killed a few, whose deaths might, in truth, have been termed accidental, I wandered away to watch, and to take a shot occasionally at the curious denizens of the marsh—birds which, in collections, I had gloated over as rare and beautiful specimens. I now saw, from time to time, within a few yards of me, a flock of birds of strange form and snowy white plumage fly past—I fired into them, and found I had killed four spoonbills, whose strange configuration of bill gives it the significant name. Another heron-like but smaller bird, was rolled over, and I picked up an egret, whose delicate white plumes are still worn in the steel casque of the Kurdish chief, as in the days of Saladin. The noises around me were strange and various. The loud cackling of flocks of wild geese, disturbed from their sedge resting places, mingled with the loud whistle of the curlew, and a thousand discordant cries. A flock of black long-legged birds flew over my head, and I recognised the ibis. Ever and anon, as I approached a clump of reeds, a large brown bird would rise with heavy flight. One of these I stopped in his career, and found I had slain a fine bittern. Herons, of various kinds, I observed from the large blue bud of knightly renown, to the rarer night heron, and the beautiful cream coloured squacco. I fired at a large black stork, a bird I had never seen before, but failed to reach him. Coots, innumerable and beautiful grebes, crowded the surface of the shallow waters, amongst which I observed the crested, the red-necked, and the eared-grebe, beside the active and vigilant little dabchek, so familiar to our English mill ponds. The crowds of gralloes or waders were indescribable, and their varied cries added to the noisy birds of larger size, combined to produce an ornithological Babel. Godwits, tringas, sandpipers, dunlins, reeves, redshanks, greenshanks, waterails were all to be seen in any part of the shallows. A flock of curious swallow-like birds would fly over my head. I shot one, and found it to be the Andrain pratineole. The movements of the terns, of which I observed a considerable variety, were most interesting. Their flight would be suddenly arrested over a pool of water; and, after hovering a moment like a kestrel, they would suddenly plunge to the bottom with the momentum of a stone, and reappear with a small fish in their beak. For the first time in my life I shot a scopopax major, a double snipe, which Bewick, in darker times than our own, supposed might be an aged adult, grown large and fat in solitude. This species, I was told, visits these marshes in vast numbers in the middle of May, but soon departs. He rises generally under the feet of the sportsman, and his flight is not unlike that of the woodcock, so he is by no means difficult to hit. Few are found here in the Autumn."

There is a chapter devoted to Christianity in Turkey. Dr. Sandwith declares that it is impossible for a Christian to obtain justice there, the simple word of one lying Musselman

being believed before the oath of any number of Christians.

"The Christians are a conquered race, and their conquerors ignorant and fanatical. The Turkish ministers, who are really enlightened and anxious to lessen these evils, are placed in a most difficult position. They see and deplore the evil, but a root and branch remedy is in all cases most dangerous; for they have to take into account the fanatical prejudices of a whole Musselman population."

Here is a faithful translation of a *teskeré*, or permit of burial given by the Cadi of Mardin, in the spring of the year 1855, to a Christian applying for it. He has given and does give scores of the like kind to all the Ghiaours in his jurisdiction. Here it is—

"We certify to the priest of the Church of Mary, that the impure, putrified, stinking carcase of Saideh, damned this day, may be concealed underground.

(Signed) "EL SAID MEHEMED FAIZI."

Again, no official or *employé* of Government is taxed in Turkey, and as every rich Musselman is an *employé*, all the taxation falls on the Christians. The number of Christian sects, too, is a great evil, and the miserable conduct of the Greeks and Armenians, and the way they behave towards their Catholic fellow-Christians, increase that evil. In 1828, ten thousand united Armenian Catholics were stripped of their property and sent into exile through the intervention of the schismatical Armenian patriarch; and now the appearance of English Protestant and Armenian Baptist missionaries on the *scena* make confusion more confounded.

We close our review of Dr. Sandwith's instructive book with an amusing story we find in it, and which we think is worth inserting.

"In the year 1831, an English sailing vessel, called the *Seyd Khan*, commanded by a first-rate master, began to ply between Constantinople and Trebizond during both summer and winter. This bold innovation on all the ancient rules of navigation, together with her regular appearance and departure, in all weathers and at all seasons, roused the Turkish manners, and after much pious ejaculation and pithy remarks, the shipmasters determined to call together a *mijlis* or council, to consider the possibility of their doing likewise. After sundry pipes had been smoked and various opinions given, most of which betrayed the conviction that *sheitanlik* or devilry was at the bottom of it, and that good Musselmans had better continue in the safe and beaten path of their forefathers, an ancient warrior, a white-bearded Baba, lifted up his voice and said, 'Il hamd-lillah! (Praise be to God) I have got at the truth, and I know the secret of the Franks' success—it is rum, they drink rum, and they can do everything. Mashallah! you don't know what rum is; these Ghiaours gave me a glass, the other day, and I ran home like a boy of twenty—my legs were like wings—let us drink rum, and we shall beat these infidels.'

'Ustafer ullah' (God forbid), answered a sanctified mollah, 'wine is forbidden by the Prophet of God (may God grant him peace and salvation!) and by drinking it we should become eaters of swine, even as the Franks, may God curse them.'—'But rum is not wine,' exclaimed the majority of voices; 'it is sherbet and not the juice of the grape. Send for Costake, and let us hear how it is made.' So Costake, a Greek shopkeeper who sold the liquor, was called, and he informed them that rum had no affinity to wine, that whereas the latter was the juice of the grape, the former was made from the sugar-cane, and therefore was but a kind of sherbet; and so the conclave of Musselman mariners agreed that it was a lawful beverage. A vessel was forthwith freighted for a winter voyage, and a large cask of rum put on board, with a crew of picked men, all part owners of the ship and cargo. They set sail in mid-winter for Constantinople. As far as the mouth of the Bosphorus their task was easy enough, as the weather was not bad, but hitting the boghas (the throat of the Strait) was no easy task during a foggy north wind. They now found themselves in difficulties, and they applied to their new friend the rum casks, which soon gave them light heads and bold hearts, in the face of the dangers which surrounded them. They were running delightfully on the rocks, and were only saved by a well-known Greek skipper, who providentially hove in sight and saved them from imminent shipwreck. It is satisfactory to know that they sailed triumphantly into the harbour of Constantinople, according, as in duty bound, all due praises to rum."

[From our London Correspondents.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

Sir,—According to the decision of their rulers, the laboring classes of England are to be for a further period condemned to idleness and immorality on Sunday; for by a majority of votes in the House of Commons, it has been determined not to open places of rational entertainment on that day. We talk of the progress of religion, and laugh at absurdities of this nature; but to God's poor they are a real grievance, and the advancement of religion with them is a fight up hill against government morality, and government ethics.

A sectarian chapel has been purchased lately for a new church in Edinburgh. This augurs well for a city having been so long in its tendencies unmistakably Protestant. I have known much of the convert mind in England; but it has always seemed to me that the experience of Anglicans must be tame, compared to the effulgent light which would break suddenly on the eyes of one, brought up in the religion of Knox or Calvin. At Abingdon, near Oxford, a mission was opened a few weeks since, and a church is about to be built there, by an individual well known in the literary and political world,—one who, if he has been called into the vineyard at the sixth hour, will be found to have labored there diligently to God's greater glory, and the good of souls. Abingdon, though little known now, was formerly a place of some importance, and the seat of a mitred Abbey. At Romford, in Essex, it is expected that a new church will be opened in May.

In London the kind of semi-Retreats—consisting of several sermons delivered during the day to persons still continuing their ordinary avocations, do not seem to attract the audiences they did a few years since. There have been others advertised; but the only two of which I can speak as knowing anything, is one conducted by the Jesuit Fathers at their chapel amid the "back slums" in Westminster, and another, undertaken by the Redemptorists at Warwick-street. There I have heard both have done great good among the poor, who, having succumbed to temptation, had been living for a longer or shorter time in neglect of the Sacraments. Warwick-street Chapel, if not the fashionable resort it once was, would seem now, by the class of worshippers it attracts, almost more than restored to its former importance. Going into it for the first time for several years last Sunday, I was surprised to find that during the High Mass which was just over, there could scarcely have been standing room for half the people present.

The papers speak of many conversions among the English at Rome, one especially of a Protestant clergyman, which, by its suddenness, appears to have given evidence of very extraordinary grace. "Rome," (says M. Rattisbonne in his life of St. Bernard) "is to Jerusalem what the head is to heart." Therefore from Rome we may well pass to Syria and the Holy Land, where there have been, according to the *Univers*, by the great mercy of God, two hundred conversions during the last twelve months. The Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul, says the same authority, have an extraordinary influence among the Mahomedans. The changes which religion has produced during the last few years in California are said to be most marvellous, where the laws of savage life only were known; civilized communities have arisen, and for the barbarism of ignorance, we find Catholic doctrines understood and practised. At San Francisco only there are five churches, and three conventual establishments, the Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of Mercy, and the Nuns of the Presentation.

The reconciliation of Spain with the Holy See is spoken of as probable. Let us trust that it is indeed likely to happen, and that the people of that country will take warning before proceeding too far on the downward path of Protestantism. I have not heard the result of the pilgrimages to be undertaken from Paris and Vienna on the plan of a company, to celebrate Easter at Jerusalem. The expense was to be £50 for the three weeks' journey there and back, allowing two months stay, or in our ordinary colloquial parlance, £50 first class return. What with coming from Rome in four days, and getting to Jerusalem in ten, without any fabulous amount of costs; our children at least may hope not to pass to their graves without seeing everything in the world that is worth the trouble. I had intended to have mentioned before the immense good lately effected in Silesia, and some other parts of Germany by the untiring efforts of that blessed society, which, with the sacred name it bears, has carried the love of Jesus into every known spot of the habitable earth. These holy Fathers are now founding a college at Halbissburg, in Austria, to which the young Emperor and the Arch-Duke Maximilian, following the example of their pious ancestors, have largely contributed. I had one or two other subjects to speak of, but I believe they must stand over till next month, and believe me to remain, &c.,

M. I. L.

London, March 17, 1856.

LITERARY ITEMS.

At a crowded meeting of the members of the Royal Literary Fund on the 12th ultimo, the subject of retrenchment in the expenses of management was again opened. After much discussion an amendment was moved by Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle-street, to the effect that the expenses were, under the circumstances, not excessive, and carried by a majority of twenty-one. Amongst the minority were Dr. Arnott, Messrs. Dike, Sir Edward Belcher, Charles Dickens, John Forster, Mark Lemon, Barry Cornwall, Albert Smith, and several other eminent men of letters.

Amongst foreign announcements we notice a *Life of Attila*, by M. Thierry, and the completion of Chevalier Bunsen's great work on Egypt.

Accounts from America state that Messrs. Harper have issued eighty thousand copies of Macaulay's *England*; that another posthumous volume from the papers of Madame Ossoli (Margaret Fuller) is announced at Boston, and that Miss Murray's late work on America has been very roughly handled by the critics.

Mr. Macaulay's new volumes have been publicly burned at Glenmore, by a body of Highlanders, in a fit of irritation, caused by the historian's remarks on their ancestors. A contemporary shrewdly considers—"the fact only serves to point more sharply Macaulay's remarks on Celtic barbarism."

There are forty candidates for election into the Royal Society this year.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer intends visiting Madagascar during the summer.

A new volume of poems from the pen of M. de Lamartine, to be entitled *Desillusion*, is expected. This voluminous writer's *Histoire de César* has just appeared.

Madame Grisi has reappeared at Paris in Semiramide.

A new opera, *Manon Lescaut* by MM. Scribe and Auber, and founded on the Abbé Prevost's celebrated novel, has just been produced at the *Opéra Comique*.

The *Publisher's Circular* of the 15th ultimo, notices a singular "error of the press" in the lately published edition of "*Men of the Time*." By a transposition of lines, a passage from the life of Robert Owen has found its way into the midst of the life of the Bishop of Oxford, who is described as "a Socinian and a believer in spirit rapping!"

There are now twelve newspapers and four reviews published in Constantinople.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH
AT THE INSTITUTE.

On March 5th, the Rev. P. Kaye, of Blackburn, delivered his lecture on the *Catacombs* of Rome, in the Hall of the Institute. The discourse was instructive and pleasing, and a new feature was introduced by the reverend lecturer inviting any of his auditors to ask questions on obscure points.

On March 12th, there was a miscellaneous entertainment, as announced in our last. The debate on the admission of ladies to the House of Commons produced much merriment, though its delivery was somewhat flat. There were some other declamations and a selection of musical pieces, Mr. Parkinson presiding at the piano.

On March 17th, being St. Patrick's Day, the members of the Institute assumed the duty of providing a suitable entertainment in honor of the feast. Accordingly, there was a grand re-union of Irishmen in the Concert Hall; the Rev. J. Nugent in the chair. Mr. Millar presided at the piano, and Mr. Streather at the harp. The music was exclusively Irish. The *bonne bouche* of the evening was a *melange* of Irish airs, arranged for the violin and piano by Mr. Baetens. It would be idle to speak of Mr. Baetens' masterly handling of his instrument; we will satisfy ourselves with mentioning its effects. Had the words of the various airs been sung, the tale of each could not have been more plainly told, than when discovered by this most eloquent music. At the pathetic and plaintive cadences, the countenance fell and the breast heaved, while uncontrollable laughter shook the rafters at the grotesque howls and twists of Paddy O'Rafferty and Garreyowen. The following gentlemen, among others, were present, the Revv. Messrs. Megraw, Tobin, O'Reilly (St. Vincent of Paul's), O'Reilly (Blackstock-street); Messrs. Levingston, M'Donnell, Brasnell, Egar, &c., &c.

The *Quarant' Ore* was celebrated in the Oratory of the Institute from the 8th to the 10th of March. It was most consoling to see the numbers that flocked to the adoration. The style of Exposition seemed to give great satisfaction, and we believe we are justified in saying, that it approached nearer to the Roman Quarant' Ore than any in Liverpool. There was all that appearance as it were of a fair, so familiar to those who have had the happiness of beholding the Exposition, or a Saint's Day in the Roman churches or religious houses. The functions of Holy Week were carried out as far as possible at the Oratory. The Tenebræ, Morning Office of Maundy Thursday; the Sepulchre, Adoration of the Cross; Improperia, the joyful morning service of the Holy Saturday; all were duly celebrated. Our great regret was, that the imperious calls of business left the Morning Offices with such a comparatively slender attendance of men,

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

A Correspondent (a native of Greece) has addressed us in a rather long, but clear and courteous letter, with reference to an article on the state of Greece in our last number, and reflecting very severely on the author of the work therein alluded to. We have no commission to defend M. About or his statements now; but we cannot coincide in our patriotic correspondents wholesale censure. We went further than M. About for authority for our own remarks; and, although we readily give credit to many of the statements before us, and have no doubt that the writer sincerely believes his country and her people to be immaculate. We are still unshaken in our opinion as to the present state of Greece, and feel that her worst evils have been wisely passed over by our correspondent.

M. (London).—The facts in Muddleton and the Muddletonians may seem incredible, but they are true. The writer can vouch for them. It was only last month that Liverpool was honored with a missionary visit from the Rev. Mr. Taylor, who exhibited a New Zealand Chief, in full costume. This was only a Barnum *ruse* to draw an audience.

H. A. E. (London).—You wish us to say simply, "Yes," or "No." We are forced to say the latter. We have tried to be faithful to our first promise, that our poetic effusions must be such numbers as "Gods, men, and the columns permit."

F. G. (Kingstown).—Your correction came too late. As "our fair friend" has interested you in our behalf, we hope often to hear from you.

D. D. (Dublin).—Your ballad is good, but we have not a corner for it this month.

M. S. (London).—You have our sincere thanks for the endeavors you have made to get subscribers to our Magazine. It is worthy of public support. If others would only imitate your example in extending its circulation, before many months its literary merits would secure for it a position among the first-class monthlies.

R. M. (Bristol).—Any of the back numbers may be had by sending five postage stamps to Mr. M. Doon, Catholic Institute, Liverpool.

The late total destruction of a celebrated "temple of the drama" claims a passing word of regret. We are sorry to hear that there are insurmountable obstacles to its being rebuilt, in spite of rumors to the contrary. Mr. Gye, with a view to fulfil his extensive engagements, and to keep together his band, &c., has taken the Lyceum Theatre for the coming season, having failed in his attempt upon *Her Majesty's* and *Drury-lane*.

The new Oratorio by Herr Rienthal, of Cologne—*Jephthah and his Daughter*—is in the hands of Mr. Hullah, and will be produced at St. Martin's Hall on the 16th instant.

Barnum, according to the American papers, is in a *fix*, being unable to meet the demands of his creditors. The fate of all enterprising men!!!

The celebrated Bowyer Bible, in 45 folio volumes, and containing 6,000 engravings, was sold by auction at Bolton, for £550.

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