THE

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

No. 11. AUGUST, 1856. VOL. 1.

THE RECENT SESSION: RELIGIOUS LEGISLATION

IT is a peculiarly distinctive feature in the parliament of this country, that not a little of its labors each session is devoted to matters which in Catholic countries are purely and entirely within the domain of the Church. It is scarcely edifying to read the parliamentary debates upon such occasions; God's sacred Volume is torn into tatters in the endeavor to bring it to Whig or Tory side of the house. Yet it is, after all, a state of things rendered necessary and inevitable by the relative position of church and state in this country. When we bear in mind how much the House of Commons had to do with the introduction of the Anglican system, how much to uphold and maintain it when introduced, we cannot wonder that religion is in England so mixed up with law, so much a thing of acts, statutes, clauses and proclamations. Indeed so utterly absurd does it seem to Englishmen, so entirely beyond their comprehension, that it should be otherwise, that they have scarcely recovered from a paroxysm of indignation into which they were thrown by a simple act of a Catholic emperor of a Catholic people placing the spiritual administration, as it might be, above and beyond all trammel or control of the temporal power in his dominions.

The Session just terminated affords an illustration of the principle. Two bishops are about to lay down their croziers, incapacitated by old age from discharging the duties of their position; a proceeding purely and entirely concerning the domestic affairs of their Church. How is the change effected? Not by synod, or council, or conclave—by an act of parliament. It is then in no way inconsistent or extraordinary that the application of Mr. Hayter's whip, one way or another, is to decide the truth or falsehood of the Bible, as it stands at present translated; or that the vote of some *blase* member of parliament is to settle the amount of *ennui* a man shall endure with a wife before he put her away. Amongst the subjects of religious legislation during the past session was one thus affecting the institution of marriage; Mr. Heywood is bringing forward the other, startling enough in its way;—the Bible is to be altered by act of parliament!

This distinction must be confessed between these two subjects: the latter, all truly religious minds will regard as one with which the legislature is incompetent to deal; the former is one with which it is necessary that a legislature should deal to a certain extent. That extent ought to be the recognition of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in its regard—no more, no less. Matrimony is justly held to be at once a religious obligation and a civil contract; hence it is necessary for the civil power to legislate upon the subject; but, wherever legislation has set out with the assumption that the civil contract is superior to or independent of the religious; wherever, in fact, it has attempted to ignore or set aside the essentially spiritual character of the vow, there ruin and rot have set in upon the social fabric. In England do we not see a striking and memorable example of the working of a

religious system that abdicates its functions, and abandons to the civil power all jurisdiction and control over this, the most important of all the institutions by which religion has strengthened and spiritualized the social state. Not more inevitably do decay and corruption seize upon the body when life has fled than have they followed, in this instance, upon the act which deprived the marriage bond of its life and essence—its sacramental character. For a long time it was saved from the fate of the other Catholic sacraments, placed by false teaching before the people as merely religious ceremonies or pious customs, right to be observed, but how far binding or essential quite dependent on each individual's opinion of how far they were so commanded in the Scriptures.

The observance of religious form, nay, reverence and regard for it as a solemn religious covenant, clung to it longest of all. It was not merely, a doctrinal question; not a simple belief and profession of a particular dogma; it was an ethical question, one within the scope of that moral theology which may be found intact even where the faith has been lost—that moral purity and truth which the more pious and virtuous among non-Catholics, are not unfreqently found to possess. Consequently though various sects, revolting from the original secession, took up new and extravagant positions upon other points, such as Baptism &c., none were found, until recently, to pursue to its logical termination the new theory upon Matrimony. Only within our day has Protestantism given birth to that monstrosity called Mormonism; boldly and impiously appealing, in true Anglican style, to the Bible in support of polygamy, and declaring the institution of Matrimony, as hitherto observed among christians, to be a Popish interpolation, a corruption of the dark ages. Unwilling as we have been to occupy our pages with any notice of this sect, their growing strength in America, fed from England and Wales, taken in connection with the fact that this town is the rendezvous from whence, fleets sail laden with Protestant men women and children bound for Utah, brings the subject directly and unavoidably in our path when dealing with our present topic. Surely if ever there was a case where "he that runs may read" it is here. If this sect had sprung from the Catholic; if it were recruited from a Catholic country, and if in no other country it could find a foothold or a follower, surely men would not be slow to read the lesson such facts conveyed. But, if, moreover, the sect were found justifying their secession from that church by one of its own favorite principles, Catholicism would not unjustly be held responsible for their sin and crime. Though polygamist principles are of recent promulgation in England, it is a question how far the restraint of the civil power alone prevents their rapid spread amongst that portion of the community with which social and moral considerations upon the point do not weigh. With them the religious ceremonial had long since ceased to be regarded as essential: this is proved, by the significant fact that the civil administration having established a formula of a purely legal character, thousands avail themselves of its powers. They are, we are satisfied to believe, unconscious of any moral criminality in their proceedings: it is, of course, regarded as "law" in the social sense, but certainly not criminal in a religious sense; except, we are happy to remind our readers, among Catholics. Catholics are taught that Matrimony is a Sacrament; and one which is to be religiously and solemnly approached, and cannot be administered by an official behind a desk in a government office. Not an empty form, not merely a pious custom, but an outward and visible sign of an inward grace.

And as in binding so in loosing. Because there were certain rights secured on the one part and responsibilties undertaken on the other, in the civil contract of Matrimony, so is it only just and requisite that the civil power should take cognizance of the divorce. But, a merely legal act is, in a religious sense, a divorce as little as the signing of the Registrar's book is a marriage—thus with Catholics at least. And are we not safe in asserting that did the laws of the land afford as cheap and ready means of dissolving as they have done of contracting the marriage tie, so called, the same results would follow; thousands daily would sign the book that made them free. This is the secret of the opposition so strenuously but vainly offered by the Protestant bishops to the divorce bill in the late session. The facilities for contracting legal marriages have been the means of exposing the utter disregard of clerical functions, once the people had been left free to decide for themselves whether such were essential or not; so the bishops know that in proportion as facilities for divorce are afforded, so will a like result follow. Keenly must they feel the humiliation of a church, bond-slave to the civil power.

The subject which Mr. Heywood has introduced is, indeed, a grave and important one; and the fact of such a motion being made in such a place, and by such a man, is one of the most instructive lessons presented to a Catholic mind within our generation.

The subject of Bible translation touches the key-stone of the Anglican system, or at least the phase of it presented in the professed principle of Dissenters. To raise the scornful taunt against Catholics that they blindly bow in belief to the decision of mortal fallible men; to tickle the whimsical fancy by the idea that Protestants trust nothing to man, and have an infallible rule in "the Bible alone;" and while placing this Book in the hands of simple persons and telling them they have the happy freedom of not being required to take mortal man's word for anything in faith, to require them, at the same time, to believe fallible man's assurance that it is a copy of words said to have been written eighteen hundred years ago on a manuscript which no one can produce; not a translation from a Greek or Hebrew copy of doubtful authenticity, or a corrupt translation of an authentic copy—not an imperfect translation, not a doubtful or fallible translation—but a safe, sure, perfect, and infallible guide, without note or comment, direction, or instruction, from fallible man; this, surely, is incomprehensible to a dispassionate mind. But when, after years of this kind of teaching, with plenteous sneer at councils of the Catholic Church and their decisions, we see these men declare their infallible rule in need of alteration, and alteration, of course, by the hands of fallible men, then, indeed, we begin to ask if self-delusion and fatuity are never to have an end.

This subject of translation leads to the natural questions, what is to be translated, and who is to translate it. By the manner in which non-Catholics talk of translations, good or imperfect, anyone would think that translation alone was the difficulty; that the originals were as easy of access for the purposes of consultation and comparison, as a document in Doctors Commons. But is it so? No. From what then, is this translation to be made, should parliament pass Mr. Heywood's motion? Will a select committee seek attested copies of the Divine originals not forthcoming? Will Mr. Spooner trace any one, even the oldest of the parchments that can be had, and tell the House who copied it out, and whether he did so faithfully? Can the honorable member declare them infallibly copied and translated by the "monkish ignorance and superstition" of the dark ages? Will he state that considering the number of times each copy was copied again and multiplied by the labor of Catholic hands, and the consequent liability to err, if not inclination to corrupt, on the part of those engaged in the task, no manuscript extant can be received without a certain share of caution, doubt, distrust? Where there is doubt, there cannot be faith, since faith is the very essence of a belief that rejects the possibility of doubt under any shape or circumstance whatsoever. Honorable members know that to stir this question is to raise a cloud of doubt around the alpha and omega of their belief, and so we may expect some curious speeches in the debate. Most probably some honorable member will declare that the incorrectness of the old manuscripts is immaterial—that the third Person of the Trinity will reveal to prayerful seekers that which is true, and that which is not; upon which another honorable member will, doubtless, retort, that, in that case the question before the house is unnecessary, as the same prayerful seeker must detect the alleged inaccuracies in King James' Bible as well as in the monkish manuscript. Perhaps some scoffer at all religion—for there are some such in the house, the oaths exclude Jews, but not infidels; it is necessary to swear that Popery is damnable and idolatrous, but not that Christianity is the salvation of man—perhaps, we say, some rationalist member will remark that this is reducing to every-day, to momentary occurrence, that manifestation of God's miraculous interference which is sneered at so largely in the case of Catholic miracles. All this is probably matter of debate. But there is another important branch of the subject, apart from the absence of originals or copies not taken on Catholic testimony. Will the new translation be received on the assurance of mortal fallible man that it is faithful and correct? Who is to decide whether King James' bishops or Queen Victoria's are to be the more trusted; will a vote of the House—ayes to right, noes to the left, majority, one—decide the question? Will some honorable member move that the word *munera* (gifts) be read *monere* (to admonish) on the grounds that in the original Hebrew text there were no points to express vowels, and that in placing them the aforesaid error crept in? Will some other honorable member move that it be read *minora* (less things) on the same grounds? Will Lord Palmerston declare that her Majesty's government are resolved to stand or fall

by *munera* and call on all who desire to see the Queen's government carried on, to vote against both amendments. All this, we submit, is fair subject for conjecture; all this is the result of a religious system that sneers at councils of men consecrated to God, and prefers, instead, the legislation of congregated political factions and conflicting creeds.

What is essential to such translation as this the subject proposed for legislation? Not learning alone; not sanctity alone. Who would commit to the most learned Atheists in Europe such a task? Who would depute it to the most pious ladies of Exeter Hall, innocent of Hebrew or Greek, but trusting to miraculous guidance to learn from the old manuscripts, the intentions of the inspired writers of the originals? What let us ask, has been the history of Protestant translations? Zuinglius the "Reformer" declares of Luther's first translation that in it the translator had shewn himself to be "a horrible falsifier of God's word—a common corrupter and perverter of the holy Scriptures." Those who have read his books" says Bellarmin, "bear witness that in the New Testament alone he has changed above a thousand places." Zuinglius himself undertook a translation, of which Luther says, "its translators were antichrist's deceiver's — of an ass-like understanding." The Basilian translation of Œcolampadius was to have been a great one; Beza, however, assailed it as being "in many places wicked, and altogether differing from the mind of the Holy Ghost." He also applies the following pretty headroll of descriptive epithets to the highly-lauded translation of Castalio: "sacriligious, foolish, bold, unskilful, blasphemous, vicious, ridiculous, cursed, erroneous, perverse!" Such is, exclusively, Protestant opinion of Protestant translations.

Into the history of English translations our space just now will not permit us to enter; at a future day we may return to the subject in connection with the new Bible being compiled by the American Bible Union. Enough has been shown to make us tremble at the idea of staking one's salvation on such a cast;—upon a translator and a compositor rejecting all instruction, all exposition explanatory or commentary, by those to whom God committed the sacred task.

How can we wonder at the unstable and shapeless opinions on Christianity and revealed religion, that shock us so much in many of our non-Catholic youthful friends? It is only by the incorporation of Catholic principles or a reliance upon Catholic truth to a greater or lesser degree, that this perilous, this fatal theory is restrained from developing more startling results. Even as it is, Neology has seized upon the seminaries in Germany; Materialism is carrying all before it in England; and here in Liverpool we have seen the promulgation of curious theories on inspiration. In Parliament—in the session just closed—we have seen Protestant bishops unable to make the voice of religion heard or respected; next session will probably see it despised, and the measures we have noticed pass into law. For us to indulge in any unseemly taunt or uncharitable reproach, on these events, would be to forget the teachings of that Mother and Monitor but for whose protecting care—the channel of God's mercy and grace—we too might be among those whose groping and stumbling we may sorrow over, but not exult in.

PAINTING OR MUSIC.

It has often occurred to us, as a curious subject for speculation, to compare the arts of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Music with one another; and especially Painting with Music. The conclusion we have arrived at is that of all these arts, Music is the most intellectual, and less dependent than any of them on material existence.

PAINTING, as it seems to us, even in its highest, and most intellectual departments, speaks to the eye; is limited by the range of that organ; depends for the endurance of its works on the perishable materials of wood, or canvas, and an artful mixture of colors. At a few yards distance, or if light fail, a masterpiece of genius is a blank; totally ineffective. SCULPTURE, in a similar manner, addresses itself to the eye, in a way still more limited, inasmuch as it is generally confined to the delineations of form and outline alone, without color. Its materials, indeed, are more lasting than those with which Painting has to deal; but they are subject to accident; and must be defended from violence, weather, and the rest, if the ideas of the sculptor are to last. How few of the great works of art have descended to our day, when compared with those which have perished. ARCHITECTURE, also, has to deal with what perishes in the using; frost and heat, and wind, and rain, war or popular violence, threaten its noblest works; undermine, weaken, and at length overthrow them; they may stand for centuries, but time will at last corrode them; generations which grow

up, around their ruins may be unable to restore them; even to comprehend them.

But MUSIC, seems of a nature wholly different. It is more nearly allied to that of a noble language, than any of the arts. It subsists in symbols, which represent the ideas of the Master; it lives among the affections of a nation more extensively even than the ability of deciphering those symbols. To convey, indeed, to the million a conception of the Master's ideas, you require material instruments of complicated construction; just as to perceive the full meaning and power of a great writer of Tragedy, you must hear and see a Garrick, or a Kemble. But adepts in the alphabet of music require no such material aids; they can drink in the beauty of the Master's conceptions in the silence of their own privacy. His mind communicates with theirs, through those simple signs. Or if his ideas are clothed in sound, for the gratification of the multitude, the range of their power far exceeds that of the human eye, in its appreciation of a picture. A hundred thousand persons may be thrilled as one man, at the same instant, by the majesty of the Master's work. Darkness and light are equally indifferent to their appreciation of his genius.

At this stage of our argument, however, we are reminded that a painting has this great advantage and superiority over a good piece of music, that it is always there; visit it when you choose, it is always ready to charm you, to instruct you. To which we reply, that a musical composition is equally ever ready to refresh you; either in the symbols which stand on paper, for the Master's ideas, if you have wit enough to understand them, without hearing them; or in the capacity of an instrument, or a collection of instruments, to translate those symbols to your ear, whenever you desire it. Every thought of every master, whose works survive is slumbering in our piano-forte, or violin; touch the instrument, and the Master speaks to your ear, as promptly, as unfailingly as the lines and colours of the Master of Painting address your imagination through your eye.

A wonderful ability is that of an orchestra to evoke the ideas of a master from dead matter, guided by the symbolic language of this beautiful art. Air, set in motion by the vibration of strings, pipes, parchment, becomes instinct with vital expression. No matter how long after the Master himself may have taken farewell of this material frame of things. The nation of which he was once an ornament may have long since perished; its commerce, arts, religion may have died out from its degenerate representatives; provided only one copy of his symbols has survived, the memory of his genius has not for ever passed away. It may be an old worn-out neglected manuscript, which had been transported by some emigrant, long ago, to a distant region of the earth; where under other skies, among a new people, arts and civilization may have taken root. It may have been, that while the Master wrote for the inhabitants of the old world, the occupiers of this new colony were painted and tattooed savages. But the wheels of time have run on; the bush and the morass once divided between the human and four-footed savages, are now the seat of agricultural and commercial enterprise; of smiling farms, of populous cities, and busy sea-ports; literature, the arts and sciences are cultivated, as in the old world. The brown manuscript of the Master is found, deciphered, appreciated, multiplied, studied; his ideas once more find utterance from instruments of construction perhaps unequalled in his experience; the orchestra assembles to translate his thoughts to an audience, to whom the very sound of his name is strange; and suddenly the genius of the old Master stands revealed, as fresh, as full of power, as centuries ago, on his own soil. Creations of sound, melting melodies, bursts of massive, transcendent harmonies, science, taste, feeling, imagination, in rapid and unwearied succession, lead thousands captive as one man. The lapse of time has taken nothing from the Master; has not even dimmed the lustre of his power. The achievements of his art are fresh in the bloom of unfading youth. The legacy he left to his own country has been appreciated, entire and unchanged, by the heirs of another race; while his genius suffers no disparagement; its vigor and its sweetness are as conspicuous as they ever were. He is again awake, among the instruments that convey his thoughts; his mind reigns supreme over the feelings and affections of his thousand auditors; ideas, thoughts, which have slumbered for centuries, are revived in their original force, and achieve new conquests for the fame of their author. As long as the symbols which they used remain extant in the world, MOZART will speak to the hearts of men, ten thousand years hence, as when he himself presided over the vocal and instrumental translation of his ideas; BEETHOVEN will hold communion, for centuries to come, with the great intelligences, and subtle thoughts of generations yet unborn; as when his un-

rivalled musical intellect compelled the sympathy of his contemporaries. The *Last Supper* of DA VINCI is already half effaced from the walls of the Italian convent; neither time nor neglect has impaired the least significant idea of PALESTRINA. When the picture fades, will a genius arise, to restore, or to surpass it? It is an isolated work; which all but the Master himself must be content to admire from afar, while it survives; to remember and deplore with unavailing regret, when it perishes.

Music, on the contrary, is a language, in which few indeed can compose, but to which many can give worthy utterance. It has few authors worth naming; but many auditors and translators. If the world lasts long enough, it is certain that the great schools of painting, in whose works we delight, will be known to later generations, only as the Greek painters are known to us; every vestige of whose works has disappeared. There is no reason why the compositions of the great Master-musicians of all time may not be heard and relished, till the latest period of the world's existence; so long as the symbolic alphabet of their noble language is known and understood. In this, they seem to us much to resemble the gifted authors of written language; Plato, Aquinas, â Kempis, Joseph Butler, Homer, Dante, Shakspeare will live as long as the languages in which they thought, and to which they committed their immortal conceptions. There may be a music of the Future, which shall surpass our present conception of what the art is capable of reaching, though that is difficult to imagine; as Dante soared higher than Homer, and our Shakspeare excelled Aristophanes and Sophocles at once, in his perception of the light and shade of human character. But to surpass is not to supersede; otherwise the history of literature would be an idle and unprofitable study. Hence we can never believe that any development of Musical resources will ever make the study of the works of past genius superfluous or unprofitable.

But here the spirit of objection whispers that the destruction of the manuscript is equivalent to effacing the picture; is equally fatal to the longevity of the Master's work. To which we answer, Not so; to remember the sounds represented in that manuscript, is to recover it. Mozart reproduced, at two hearings, the score of ALLEGRI'S *Miserere;* what equivalent to such a feat was ever done for a picture?

Perhaps, at some future time, we may be tempted to draw out a contrast between Music and Painting, in regard to the circumscribed range of the one, in opposition to the prolonged effects of the other. A picture can represent no more than a moment of time; the upraised arm of the warrior never falls; the painted ship never moves. Music, on the other hand, is a growth, a progress; the history of a life, of an age, may be represented by its winding harmonies, its involved progressions; its endless suspensions and resolutions of dissonance and concord. It flows on like thought; it makes thought flow in strange and unwonted channels. But having said thus much, we must refrain from this interesting branch of the enquiry.

In the longevity of musical genius, of which we spoke, there is more than at first sight appears. Are not mind and thought immortal? And what resembles thought more nearly than the mysterious web of harmonies, and flow of melody, concealed under their written musical symbols? Is not the song of the blessed to be the perpetual voice of the upper sanctuary? They need no artificial portraiture there; in the unchanging presence of all they care, or desire to remember. In that eternal city, the disciple of love perceived no material temple; for the Lord God and the Lamb are its temple. But they still require the eloquent majesty of choral song, to give worthy utterance to their ever-gushing sentiments of joy, and gratitude, and praise. As music, then, of all the arts, seems destined to a pre-eminence similar to that assigned by St. Paul to Charity over Faith and Hope; it is no more than might have been expected that, even here, it should contrast favorably with its sister-arts, in spirituality, in its superiority to material trammels; in its ability to survive what is, at best, evanescent and perishing. Because it depends less than they on what is material, it has a corresponding exception from the casualities and disabilities of all material things; being itself more spiritual in its own nature, than other arts, it addresses itself more promptly and more intimately to our spirits. Its majesty stirs, and moves, and sways the minds of assembled thousands, as no other art can do; filling a vaster space than any other; surviving the decay and death of every other; with a future destiny commensurate with the unimagined glories of the celestial city, with the everlasting duration of the Beatific Vision.

CLEVERNESS AND SUCCESS.

It is one thing to be a clever man, and another thing to be a successful man. To be clever may only imply that a person has natural quickness of perception, a power of seeing the combinations of things, or, on the other hand, their differences; or a rapid analysis, a retentive memory, a ready expression, a knack of words, a sense of the ludicrous, or a mere assurance in stating and defending his opinions. Any one of these qualities may win for its possessor the character of being a clever man; much more, when two or several of them are combined. A mere union, for example, of readiness with accuracy, or accuracy with assurance, or memory with the gift of language, or keenness in distinguishing with a satirical turn, will furnish a man at once with that sometimes unenviable, often superficial, attribute. But for a man to be *successful*, in any undertaking, and in any department of labor that shall indeed be worthy the efforts of a reasonable being, there must always be a combination of valuable qualities, and these quickened by energy and crowned with perseverance. Short of these, he might be the pleasant companion of an hour, the literary trifler, the man of wit and *bon-mots*, celebrated as a diner-out, or a contributor of fugitive pieces to the periodicals of the day. He might evidence just so much of powers uncultured and running to waste, as to disappoint his friends, and make them pity him. "How much more he might have done;" they will say; "Nay, what has he ever done, that was worth the doing? There is his cousin Richard, without half his talents; a mere well-conducted pains-taking lad, who never threw himself away, and see what *he* is now, and what *he* has done! a credit to all his family, and on the way to better things yet; while poor Eutrapeles will remain on our hands to the end of the chapter."

The world is full of such incomplete, half-formed existences, floating about in all directions, without aim or use; mere intellectual tadpoles, who have stopped midway in their growth, and darken the pool they cannot stir.

We do not mean to say that the name we are now going to quote is an instance of a man whose want of the more solid qualities prevented him from doing *anything* in his day. On the contrary, he did much, and could not but do much, in leading the minds of his cotemporaries, and of the succeeding generation, into peculiar channels of thought. He gave an intellectual impetus which has been sensibly felt, has been caught up, and is still working. But all this he did, merely because such force of intellect as he owned must needs, by the very law of its existence, work, and rise above the surface. All that he effected was spontaneous, and, as it were, involuntary: it was not the result of the will, and had not the merit of self-discipline or self-sacrifice. And in consequence, his powers, great as they actually were, gigantic indeed, as they might have become, were shorn of their glories, dwarfed in their legitimate proportions, from the want of a laborious overmastering conscientiousness, directing, harmonizing, energizing the whole. We speak of Coleridge, the intellectually great, the greatly unfortunate. What has he left behind him? A mere fragment of his true self, an abortion of what he was intended to be in the creating mind and will of God. With an intellect powerful, subtle, comprehensive, discriminating; with a knowledge of books and subjects approaching to the universal; with a heart alive and thrilling to the purest, to the tenderest emotions; with a perception of external natural beauty keen and high—we had almost said holy;—with the eye of a philosophic poet, gazing upon the seen and therein reading the unseen and spiritual; and finally, with a force, precision, and harmony of language which seemed to wrap every subject he handled in spontaneous fire and clothe it with vigorous bloom—the actual tangible result of all this rare combination of powers is to the powers themselves almost in the ratio of nothing to something. That all-but-nothing is very striking, we acknowledge, and very engaging; it fills the mind with a remarkable portrait of the man as he *was*, and shadows forth in larger outline what he *might* have been. His blank verse is among the finest in the language; his ballads among the most vivid and masterly; his prose graspings after dim truth—too dim and vague, alas! for his own happiness—have set inferior but more concentrated minds to work with something of a result, even as the wayward and aimless impulse of a water-course turns the more ignoble but more practical machinery of a mill. Yet after all, Coleridge, as a literary power, must be ranked rather among what theologians call possible creatures than among actual. *Non omnis moriar*, he might justly claim as the motto to distinguish him among his intellectual compeers. At the same time it must be acknowledged

that from misuse of his own mental powers he came as near as man could well come, to an intellectual suicide; and sank, if not into death, into a dreamy lethargy which was akin to death.

Place him now for a moment in contrast with his friend and cotemporary, Wordsworth. The admirers of the latter poet, (and he has many, highly-gifted, enthusiastic admirers,) would hardly claim for him, we imagine, an equality with the other in natural gifts, whether of the poetic or philosophic stamp. But what a difference between the two men in the *conscientiousness* of their self-cultivation! The one has done little more than fling from his lyre "loose fragments" of wild song, of marvellous beauty, but incoherent, if not aimless. The other has been indeed a *vates sacer*, a holy bard; going forth upon a steadfast crusade against other minds, more powerful, more brilliant than his own, who had debased the sacred functions of poetry to the cause of licentiousness and irreligion. His cause was just, and though late, yet securely, it triumphed. He won his hard-earned laurels, not because he sought them for their own sake, but because it was impossible that the champion of Truth and Purity should remain uncrowned to the last. In intellectual stature, we hold him to be a good head and shoulders beneath his friend; but in moral grandeur, in the holy and effective *use* of powers to their full extent, in diligent trading with his talents and the interest with which he rendered them back to the Giver, the last of these two men is first, and the first last.

It is but fair to say, that Coleridge was himself keenly conscious of this. He has left a noble poem, addressed to Wordsworth, and recording his feelings of self-reproach on hearing the latter read to him portions of his "Excursion." Well might he reproach himself with great powers spent upon little else but dreams. Peace be with him. We judge him not; and have only used his name as affording a notable illustration of our thesis, that talent is a very different thing to success. We have been simply concerned in proving that a man may possess great powers and yet fail to use them to the high and beneficial ends for which they were entrusted to him; and that perseverance, energy, self-denial, in a word *conscientiousness*, in the employment of our talents, whether fewer or more, is the quality demanded of us by the Dispenser of all good gifts, and the one true condition for making those powers tell for good upon our fellowmen, and upon our own probation for eternity.

RISTORI IN LIVERPOOL.

The circumstance of our having already adorned our pages with the name of this gifted woman may naturally prompt us to notice her appearance amongst us. To say that whatever expectations we had formed, from the glowing accounts of her representations elsewhere, of the excesssive gratification in store for us were fully realized; that we witnessed a degree of perfection in histrionic art which at once fascinated, startled, and appalled us; in short, that we were provided with something to think of, on which it will be long ere we can think calmly, would be to describe very feebly, the effect of these wondrous representations upon ourselves.

And it is singular that while this incomparable actress has achieved her greatest triumphs in representing the most appalling forms of human wickedness and woe, and that while the wonderful perfection she has attained, whirls us along with her in manifesting so vividly the passions which rage in her stormy bosom, yet we never recoil from Ristori; no feeling of dislike towards her beautiful self, ever lingers: we hear of no attempt to identify herself with any of her characters, nor has any sensitive writer criticised her as Mrs. Jameson has Rachel. Fascinated with the sustained energy and vast physical power with which true interpretation of her part has endowed her; surprised at the degree of artistic perfection, which, for the time being, absorbs our every thought and feeling, we are indeed carried along with her so completely as to forget the actress altogether in our terror of the wronged wife or insulted queen. But when the beautiful creature, still royal in gesture. and graceful in fatigue, comes forward to greet us at the end, we, at once, feel that our painful sympathy with the suffering *Medea*, or our horror at the horrible *Rosmunda*, were but evidences of the genius of the actress, and of the long perseverance, labor, and care of the patient woman.

It is useless to attempt a description of Madame Ristori, for those who have not seen her; and needless to further muse over her powers, with those whom she has astonished and delighted. The voice rich with the music of Italy; the eye sparkling like a diamond—with many lights from within; the gesture in suffering how fearful! in passion how descriptive! in command how splendid! must imprint those wondrous impersonations on memory where they will linger like an era in one's life-time.

DYRBINGTON.

CHAP. IX.

A NEW WORLD.

There was much to be done. Lord Westrey put Mayfield into what would be called in these days, "ornamental repair." Lady Westrey wrote long letters about Anna; and Mrs. Seaforth having volunteered the assistance of her experience, had been admitted to the family councils. It was determined that Anna should go to a lady living in France. with whom Lord Westrey had placed two wards of his, for their education. Julian was sorry to lose his child, even for a time. Mrs. Julian's heart trembled at the thought of a foreign country, but Anna herself seemed to like the plan.

In the house at Mayfield there was noise from workmen's tools. Painting had been done, papering was going forward—the busy sounds of polishing bright floors were heard, and the luxurious carpets were ready to put down. Yet, notwithstanding all this bustle, one part of the house was already inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Julian, their daughter and their servants.

The old house had not been left without a pang. Mrs. Julian had shown that she felt more than the others. When the moment came for her to go, to leave that place, not as one who is to return again, she paused by the door, and stepped back involuntarily, and placed her feet again within its threshold.—The possible contrast of the unkind future and the kindly past shot through her soul with lightning vividness.

The week passed on. Lady Westrey proposed that Mrs. Herbert—a friend of hers, who lived in Watermouth—should bring Anna to London, to meet Madame Lefranc. This offer was gladly accepted. No time was to be lost. Anna and Mrs. Herbert arrived at Lord Westrey's—and what a new world opened to her! Her father had done a good thing for her. It was a fine thing to have such happiness within reach. But in her heart there always lay an unanswered question—Where was Harold?

The voice was never strong enough to urge Anna to do anything to get that question answered. It never suggested to her to ask her father, or speak to her mother. She had the strongest feeling that she would rather not do either of these things. She did not wish Harold to be spoken of. She did not wish to be obliged to speak of him herself. She dreaded the record of an opinion, or the expression of a feeling on either side.

Anna and Madame Lefranc were charmed with each other. Such feelings of sorrow as had come over her when parting with her parents all fled away when she became known to her future instructress and friend. And when Lord Westrey told her they had sent for her brother to spend a couple of days with them, before her departure, her happiness was at its height.

She had so often been to Lullingstone Court with her mother, and had so often played on the lawn with her foster-brother and his sister, that as a little child she had not felt the difference in their respective positions, and now that she had passed childhood, something had happened:—the effect appeared to be a sudden disappearance of the space dividing the families, as much by Lord Westrey's will, as by her father's good fortune.

The days were fresh in Anna's recollection, when her mother had very often lectured her on the impropriety of speaking to her playfellows as if they were her equals, and calling them simply by their christian names,—days, when she was very small indeed, and when Lord Westrey had often interrupted her mother by saying "never mind, never mind, good Mrs. Julian—there's time enough for that!" Those days were fresh in Anna's mind, and the intervening time seemed to have dropped out of remembrance. Again, in the simplicity of childhood, she seemed to be their equal; and she looked on her foster-brother Lullingstone as if some real relationship existed between them; "I wonder," said Lullingstone one day, "I wonder if I am as clever as your brother Edward was at sixteen. What do you think, Anna?"

"Indeed I cannot tell—you know I cannot possibly be able to tell you; I don't know anything about Latin."

"Of course you can't—I wish all girls learnt Latin. I'm so glad that Edward is coming. Edward often comes to see us—does he tell you, Anna?"

"Yes, he always mentions Lord Westrey's favors when he writes to my father."

"That's a very formal speech, Anna. Do you really think Edward's coming here a *favor?* You know that he is getting on wonderfully—shall you think it a *favor* if he takes the highest honors?"

"I don't know," said Anna.

"If he had been stupid, and vulgar, and conceited, and—and ugly, perhaps that would have made a difference—what would it have been then, Anna?"

"Oh, a great favor I am sure," laughing.

"No, not a favor at all—only a piece of folly in papa, that's all—a piece of inexcusable folly; that's what I think."

"Well, perhaps so—yes, I think so too."

"It's always folly to have anything to do voluntarily with anybody you are ashamed of. That's a rule," said Lullingstone boldly.

Anna said nothing. Presently Lullingstone began again: "Anna, how much older are you than me?"

"Five weeks, I think."

"Oh!"

"What are you going to learn at Madame Lefranc's?"

"All that I am capable of learning."

"Oh! Do you like learning?"

"Yes, very much."

"What languages are you going to learn?"

"Only French at present, at Madame Lefranc's; but I shall not give up learning when I leave there."

"That's right; but why only French?"

"Lady Westrey says that I shall not have time for more."

"Mary says that you have a beautiful voice."

"Madame Lefranc thinks that I may sing well if I be taught."

"Do you know Caroline and Jane Eastner?"

"No."

"They can't do anything."

"Oh! Don't say so—neither can I."

"But they can't learn."

"Perhaps you'll say the same of me when I come here with them at Midsummer."

"No, you are Edward's sister."

"Well?"

"He knows you, and he said you had great abilities."

"When?—to whom?"

"To Mr. Parker, when papa sent Mr. Parker to Oxford the other day. Did not Edward begin to teach you Mathematics?"

"Is Edward anxious that I should get on?"

"Yes, very."

Anna was silent; she meditated and was pleased.

"I will never marry any one but a clever woman," was Lullingstone's parting remark.

The day fixed for Edward's arrival came, and he came with it. Anna had not seen him for several months; he was grown, and improved in person and manner.

Anna was delighted with him. She thought him the handsomest—except Harold—the handsomest person she had ever seen. But this exception was made to herself, she never uttered Harold's name and was very glad that Edward did not ask after him, or make any mention of Lyas.

Edward had not spent Christmas at Watermouth, and so he had not seen Harold as an inmate of his father's house. He had heard of his father taking him, and had felt glad of it at the time; but other things had removed the remembrance of Harold from his mind, and now he did not ask about him because he did not think of him.

The moment of Edward's arrival was one of general joy in the house. Mr. Parker and Lullingstone had been expecting him for full half an hour, and the stopping of a hackney coach at the door had made Lullingstone exclaim: "There he is: there's Edward—it must be him," and forthwith rushed to meet him. Lady Westrey smiled, and looked in her sweet placid way towards Anna, who was standing up irresolute, and listening. Then came another cry from Lullingstone, "Yes, yes; here he is—it is Edward—here he comes." And then Anna bounded out to meet him, and embrace him, in the anti-room.

The brother and sister had never met more fondly, and never so admiringly; and one at least, felt the full importance of the prospects opening around them. Edward had had a short, but a sufficient acquaintance with the world, and he well knew the value of the wealth his father had gained for him. He had felt that the life of a struggling man was before him; and though, full of youth, vigor, and spirit, he had always assured himself that the struggle would be successful, he yet had known enough of pain, and enough of ambition to feel how sweet it was to be thus carried on by a high unexpected wave to fortune. When thoughtful and alone it had wrung tears from his boy's heart to think of this happiness. And now he was again in his kind patron's house, with, if possible, a freer smile, and a firmer foot than before. He was no longer the being toiling for bread, but one who pursued distinction for distinction's sake, and loved learning for itself.

"Dont you think your brother very much improved Anna," said Mary Westrey to her that morning.

"I admire Edward so much, how bright-looking he is," said Anna frankly.

Mary raised her large dark soft eyes slowly from her work; they fell on Anna for a moment, and were again withdrawn. "He is very handsome," said Mary.

"Oh Mary," said Anna; and the roses were very bright in her cheek.

"Is'nt he?" asked the other, again speaking in that quiet way.

"Well, yes, I suppose he is."

The next morning the two girls were assembled in what was called the inner drawing room; Lord Westrey was there reading the newspaper; Lady Westrey was in her dressing-room writing letters. The two boys and Mr. Parker had not been seen since breakfast. It was raining heavily, and the atmosphere was so dense that a lamp had been lighted. At last Lullingstone came in, all excitement, with some papers in his hand. "Look here Papa. See—Edward has done this beautiful passage of Shakespeare into Latin, which Mr. Parker says is splendid. I proposed his doing it in joke, because I thought he couldn't do it, and he did it directly. Mr. Parker is quite delighted, I assure you he is Papa." Lullingstone was most energetic in his manner, and Lord Westrey, smiling, took the paper from him; but Lullingstone had more to say: "And see here Papa I brought this to show you, here's that pretty song that Mary sings—is'nt it a wonderful translation?" Lord Westrey took that too, and was just murmuring: "extraordinary—really very clever—the most interesting youth altogether, that ever was met with"—when the boy in question entered.

"You young rogue, you've run off with my property!" he cried, springing over certain intervening sofas and chairs, and pouncing upon Lullingstone, who laughed heartily and made signs to his father to secure the papers.

"Catch him and punish him, Edward: I allow no thieves here," said Lord Westrey pocketing the manuscripts, and rising to effect a safe retreat. "Punish him as he deserves Edward, I leave him to your mercy," and so saying, Lord Westrey left the room; and Lullingstone, having escaped from Edward's hands, tried to go after him, but was turned aside at the first bound, upon which followed a game of flight and pursuit, first about the room, which made the girls laugh heartily notwithstanding the peril with which it seemed to be attended, and afterwards still further continued into remote regions, till Lullingstone throwing his arms round his friend announced, with a triumphant laugh, that his father had had the papers all the time.

"Please to forgive me for having taken such a liberty with your song," said Edward Julian to Mary Westrey that evening.

"Did you like it very much?—I dont recollect you ever saying that you admired it."

"Possibly not," said Edward. He spoke the words in an odd dry sort of way, which made Mary look at him.

"But you did like it—and very much?"

"Yes, very much; more than I ever liked a song before. I liked it all, words, and music, and—and—everything."

"I will sing it this evening," said Mary.

"No—no, thank you,—dont sing it," said Edward abruptly. Mary again looked up into his face.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because Lord Westrey has that paper, and if you sing the original it might bring notice upon us—I beg your pardon—upon *me*."

"Yes, yes," said Mary.

Edward knew what he was doing perfectly well. He had known it a long time. He was in love with Mary Westrey. He knew that she was already admired in that great world on which he could only look from the threshold which, as yet, he had not crossed. As yet—he said the words to himself emphatically. He who would marry Mary Westrey must not look to bring her down from her own station, but must, like a conqueror, win his way to her side, and of his own right meet her and win her as an equal. Edward had thought it all over again and again, and he knew that it was this that he was doing. He knew that his life was wrapped up in the hope before him. He knew that for it he lived, and for it had developed in mind and feeling. He knew that it was in obedience to it that he had toiled, and that to it he owed such success as he had already had, and should owe all that was to come. He knew also that he might be disappointed—that he might be simply too late; or that he might speak and be rejected, be told that his love—surely love so strong, so sure, so true, and so courageous, should meet a better fate—that his love could never be returned; and he felt that such an end would break him down, ruin him, perhaps be his death. Well? He could not change his views, or moderate his hopes. He loved; he loved with all his soul; with an energy that united the ardor of youth to the strength of a man. It was the fruit of the man's mind and the boy's heart that belonged to him. The time came for him to go, and he went,

leaving Anna, who was to remain two day's longer. Edward looked upon Anna's visit to the Westrey's as the first acknowledgment that had occurred of the power of wealth. It had been a great happiness to him. As to Anna she liked to be a gentlewoman, and to look forward to the ten thousand delights that life seemed to offer her. New thoughts and expectations crowded upon her when alone—when the day was over—when the time for thought was come—when all was quiet and she was alone with recollections of the past. And always, in those peaceful hours, that unanswered thought would arise of *Where is he?* and mingle with the new ideas which occupied her mind.

CHAP. X.

ABSENCE AND MEETING AGAIN.

Neither Julian or his wife had forgotten Harold. Unknown to their daughter they had each been at different times to Lyas Norwood's house. But they had not seen Harold either time. Julian had been the first to visit them; he had gone the day after Harold's departure. As he neared the dwelling he had looked out anxiously hoping to see him; but only Lyas stood outside the house, and he, not a little to Julian's relief of mind, advanced to meet him.

"Never mind it; never mind it Julian. I try not to mind it myself—why should you care?"

"I loved the youth," said Julian.

"Yes, I believe you did; I believe you do; but not as his father loves him, Julian, and yet I—*I* tell you not to mind."

"Where *is* Harold?" asked Julian.

"Gone," replied Lyas, abruptly. "Gone." He seemed suddenly affected.

"But where," repeated Julian. "Tell me where he is. Tell me something about the youth, Lyas. Tell me, or I shall be miserable. I loved Harold, but I could not give her to him; think Lyas"——

Lyas started. "He did not ask her of you, did he?"

"No; but had our circumstances been as he supposed, he would have looked forward to the day when he might have asked for her. I told her how things were before him, and he went away."

"And departed in friendship?"

"Yes more; God knows,—in love."

"Then all is right," said Lyas.

"He must hope no more," said Julian with solemn emphasis.

Lyas bent his bright black laughing eyes on Julian, and gave him a moment's silent gaze, as if he would carry his scrutiny to the farthest depths of his heart, and bear that independent merriment along with it.

"He must not hope! *you* tell *him*, tell *me*, tell *any* man that he must not hope! Tell the glorious sun to warm us no longer with his beams. Tell him as he now pursues his way to the summer's highest point to go back in his career, to sink again to his lowest state, to rise no more; never again to gild our days and warm our bodies and rejoice our hearts; and when *he* obeys you then tell *man* not to hope."

Julian repeated his question concerning the youth.

"He is gone," repeated Lyas in answer to the request. "He is not here; you cannot see him—he is gone."

"But where? Where is he gone? urged Julian.

"He is gone," said Lyas; "far off—away into the world; away into the midst of that teeming chaldron of life; away in the strength, Oh Julian, in the strength of his *Hope*!"

"You have done wrong," exclaimed Julian hastily. "That youth gone, and alone! You don't know what may happen to him! And you will not tell me where he is?" urged Julian for the last time.

"I don't know," said Lyas; and turning from his interrogator he walked slowly towards his house. Julian returned to Mayfield.

Julian and his wife worked busily at Mayfield. They were to see their children in July and desired to finish their arrangements before receiving them. The Westreys had remained in London for masters for Mary. They were returning to Lullingstone the first week in August, and it had been arranged that Anna and Edward were to meet again in London at their house, and that Anna was to return to Watermouth with them.

As the time approached Edward felt full of home thoughts. Over and over again he read his father's and mother's letters. They seemed so happy in their improved fortune, and all things belonging to their new station seemed, from the first, to have come so naturally to them. This thought could not but have occurred to Edward, and he entertained it willingly, as a strong proof of the natural superiority of those he loved.

His mother told him that a horse had been provided for Anna, and another for himself. He already had heard from Anna of her having a riding-master. He thought often of the pleasure he should have in riding about with her. Then he heard that his father had hired a groom, a young man highly recommended by his last employer, and all the more acceptable to Mr. and Mrs. Julian, because he was the son of one of Lord Westrey's grooms, and one of the Wyches who were formerly of Dyrbington. And many other things were said, and many additions to their comfort were recorded; but all was said—and this did not escape Edward's quick mind—with such modesty and simplicity, and with so deep a sense of the pleasure and advantage that would arise to their children, that, as Edward read, and re-read, it was always with increased admiration.

"Oh blessed home! Oh happy Mayfield!" he would exclaim, "your's are the thoughts and associations to live among. How easy it seems to be grateful, good, and happy, when I think of you!"

At the appointed time Anna Julian arrived again in London; Jane and Caroline Eastner were with her, and they were escorted by Madame Lefranc, who was not a little proud of her last pupil. There was such a welcome, with such scarcely suppressed astonishment at Anna's improvement in every way and congratulations such as only very tender friends can venture upon, that the young object of so much interest could only answer by tears. She stifled such demonstrations of joy and gratitude as well as she was able, and succeeded pretty well for some time; but it is on record that, in the evening, when she sang her last song to Madame Lefranc's accompaniment, and Mary Westrey, overpowered by surprise and pleasure, exclaimed: "Indeed mamma, it is wonderful!" such a torrent of tears burst forth as could not be suppressed; and that Lady Westrey carried her off to her dressing-room, and praised her, and fondled her, and bid her weep as long as she liked, and kissed her very often, and finally shed tears for company. Then there came a night of peace, and a morning of brightness, and Anna rose early, thankful and happy.

It was quite true that Anna was greatly improved. Not five months had elapsed since Anna had left the friends who had now welcomed her, but it seemed as if a full year's work of change had been wrought upon her.

Edward was delighted. She submitted very readily to be catechised on what she knew, and took all criticisms in good part. It was pronounced that Anna could not draw, and that to devote any more time to that accomplishment would be only wasting it. But this was the only thing in which she had not succeeded. She was declared to have a decided genius for languages, and her singing was singularly delightful. It is not surprising then that Edward was delighted. Even Lullingstone put her through a species of examination, conducted with all his boyish quickness, and tenacity of purpose, and at the conclusion knew not which to admire most, her good humor, or her knowledge of such things as she had studied.

All looked forward to the time of leaving London, and seeing Old Court Lullingstone again. At last the day of departure came, and the journey was accomplished, and all arrived at Lullingstone. Lady Westrey had asked Mrs. Julian by letter whether she would like to be at Lullingstone to receive her daughter; but the alternative that had been offered was accepted, and the morning after Anna arrived, she was sent to Mayfield under a promise that when her parents could part with her she should return.

And now it was Anna's turn to be surprised and delighted. Her father and mother looked the same as ever, only her mother's dress was richer in texture than it had been before. Perhaps some change had come upon her father in this respect, but if so, it was so slight as scarcely to be observed. He was, compared with Mayfield, very much what he had been compared with his old home, and Anna thought that she loved him much better for it.

As to Mayfield itself, the most fastidious could not have found much to blame in it. There is no describing the joy that Julian and his wife had in beholding their children at this time. Such feelings are perhaps the nearest to perfect happiness that are allowed to earth. That tall, great, ungainly-figured man would limp about near Anna. The power of speech seemed to be almost gone. It had never been his way to speak much when he was pleased, and the greater his happiness the less he could say about it. And thus in a state of silent jubilation he would follow his daughter about, and contemplate her as if she had been some rare thing never seen before.

"You must get a piano-forte for me, father," said Anna; "do you know that I can sing."

"You shall have it, my child—Do you sing *well* Anna;—are you admired, my child?"

Anna laughed, such a light happy gay musical laugh, and threw her arms round her father and held up her sweet face to him for a kiss, and said "Oh yes! dear father: but *you* must admire me. I can't be satisfied with anything else."

That evening Mrs. Herbert came in, "just for one hour," to see Anna after tea. And soon after her arrival Mr. and Mrs. Seaforth appeared, "just for a few minutes," and for the same purpose. Mrs. Herbert had been asking Anna some questions about her studies, then she asked her if she would sing to them, and Anna did so. The room was a very good room for music, and the exercise of the voice was easy in it, moreover Anna was in good voice and in high spirits, and she knew she had loving judges, and so, was not nervous; and she wished to please them, and so did her best. She sung a glad-sounding joy-inspiring melody. It stirred the souls of her listeners to drink in the rich full notes of her trained and flexible voice. And when she ceased there came a burst of praise, with which her light laugh mingled in all the unaffected joy which the easy exercise of an unfailing power gave to her. Only Julian did not praise, yet none had listened with such a hushed spirit as his. He murmured to Mrs. Herbert who sat beside him: "Does she do it well?" and when her soft answer came, "Beautifully, excellently, I am surprised and delighted;" she, only, saw the look on that father's face. How glad he was.

Then came another day, and Anna and Edward must try their new horses.

"Come Ned, get your sister on horseback, and mount yourself, I want to know how you like my choice. I used to think that I knew something about a horse. Will you take Michael Wyke with you?"

"Oh no," cried Edward "we will go by ourselves. But this is only our second day at home; you must not expect us to go far today. But we will try the horses. I do long rather to do that. And do you know, father, that often at college after receiving your and my mother's kind letters saying how much you had provided for us, I used to sit still, and fancy the delight of seeing you again, and of riding about with Anna, and feeling so proud of her, and so thankful to you. I used to think of these things, and believe, as I fully believe now, that they are the real happiness of life."

"Good boy, good dear boy," said Julian, stroking his son's head as he used to do when he was a child. "But there is more to come yet Edward. Our stores are not all opened yet I believe. But may heaven bless you my son, and now go; hasten your sister; I want to see you."

Edward and Anna were soon mounted.

"They are beautiful, beautiful," he murmured, as his glance followed them. His heart beat against his gaunt form, as they passed on to the entrance-gate. He could see them go through it. Some one outside opened the gate for them, and he heard Edward's voice thanking him, and Anna's head was bowed, and her face was turned so that her father could see it, and he felt almost jealous of the bright smile that dwelt upon it.

Julian hurried on to see who the person was on whom these recognitions had been bestowed. The person proved to be Ralph Seaforth; he advanced up the drive to meet Julian. Julian felt vexed and troubled.

"I came on to congratulate you on the sight that has passed by me," he said, in accents far more bland than his usually were. "Really, Mr. Julian, people may talk of money, if they please—but *they* are the things to be proud of. I consider your son Watermouth property. I always say that he is our show-boy The school may well be proud of him. But strong wits and such a figure don't often go together. He is the handsomest young man I ever saw."

"I have no fault to find with Edward—a good boy, a fond affectionate dutiful boy, Captain Seaforth. He's an excellent boy; and his mother and I are thankful for him.

Julian had turned towards the house, and now, by the side of his slow-moving, shuffling figure walked the guest whose presence was certainly not desired, and whose strong, powerful, largely-developed and upright form, with a scarcely perceptible swagger in the gait—for Ralph was trying hard to do the gentlemanly—offered an extraordinary contrast to Julian's appearance. Julian, because he felt a little annoyed, bowed his head lower on his chest, and bent his knees more than ever. So they advanced, each in his way, till they reached the turf before the drawing-room window. There sat Mrs. Julian, very calmly busy at some household sewing. She spoke to the Captain and asked if he would come in. But Julian had seated himself, not very ceremoniously on a garden sofa, which stood by, and Captain Ralph chose to remain with him.

It was a sweet home-scene to look at. The sun's rays lit up all around them, but was screened off from themselves. There was the bright green close-cut turf, and some trees of majestic growth beyond. In places the turf had been removed, and large beds of flowers had been made, and there they now spread out their rain-bow colors, and gave forth that delicious scent only known to summer.

"How beautiful this place looks, now that it is kept in good order," said Seaforth.

"Yes," said Julian, growing very thoughtful.

"Though almost in the town, you seem, when here, to be quite in the country."

"Yes."

"And so quiet."

"Very."

"It looks so happy." (No answer.)

"You ought to be the happiest man in the world." (Silence.)

"I don't think that you have much to wish for."

"Ah?"

"What a glorious day this is!"

Julian looked up to the unclouded sky, and down again.

"I am thinking of buying a little property; something like this."

Julian gave an excursive glance around him.

"I suppose my brother told you that he has given me two thousand?"

"No he didn't?"

"Well, he did. He does not want me to go to sea any more, I see that; in fact he told me so; but I must have a little more, and so must work a little longer. Besides, I am a lucky captain. I have been in a thousand dangers and never brought any loss to my employers in my life. That stupid milk-and-water fellow, Brown—he was a great loss to both of you, notwithstanding the gain."

"I can't help that—I am contented—the Browns come in here sometimes, we know them. I like the family—steady, quiet, people; I like them very well."

"However, as I was saying, I want to buy some nice little place, and turn steady and quiet myself. People get tired of a wild life after a time. I am tired; I think of settling down."

Julian gave an approving nod of his head.

"My sister, Mrs. Seaforth, encourages me greatly. She says I shall make a good fellow with a little more of her teaching; what think you, Mrs. Julian?"

The window had been opened high, so that Mrs. Julian had heard all that had passed. She had also heard before of the talked-of amendment, for Mrs. Seaforth, good kind woman, was a believer in it; and looked forward with great satisfaction to its consummation. She argued with herself that, as her husband and herself had no children, it would be such a nice thing to see Ralph, who had long been nothing but a trouble to them, a reformed character, and steadily settled, and married to some nice woman, and having a family out of which they might choose an heir. She was such a loving, kind-hearted woman, that she could hope and believe anything that promised good, even to that most unpromising saying, that "a reformed rake makes the best husband."

Mrs. Julian made the best reply she could. And then after a rather prolonged silence, all at once Ralph made a sudden start in conversation, and began to say how he had seen such trees as one fine specimen from Japan growing in its native clime; and then followed lively accounts of hair-breadth escapes, and droll adventures, so graphically told that, in spite of themselves, the listeners were interested. And this seemed to be all that he had in his mind to accomplish that day, for he then rose to go; and Julian shook hands with him, and Mrs. Julian gave him a sweet gentle smile, which encouraged Seaforth a good deal, in more ideas than one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ST. GALLA.

Galla was a Roman maiden,
Daughter of patrician line,
Reared in a suburban palace
Trellised by the laughing vine.

Young and fair, a noble suitor,
Wooed and won her for his wife.—
Twelve months had not run, before he
Passed into another life;

Leaving her a youthful widow
In the opening of her days;
Sweetness, grace, and queenly beauty
Filling all men with her praise.

Friends and kindred much desiring,
Galla should again be wed;
All the while her heart declining
Other husband than the dead.

Gently from their counsel turning,
Not in anger or reproof,
Galla sought a life of penance
'Neath a convent's humble roof.—

Peacefully the years had glided
Since that hallowed hour, away,
Prayer and charity dividing
Galla's life from day to day.

All those busy years expecting,
Till the long-wished hour should come
When her Lord, her toil rewarding,
Should invite her spirit home.

Now a sharp disease assailed her
Ravaging her tender breast,
Night and day it preyed upon her,
Robbing her of wonted rest.

On her pallet, watchful, tortured,
All the weary night she lay;
Brief repose she seldom tasted
Till the breaking of the day.

Two clear lamps beside her burning
Cheered her with their friendly light,
Far all shadowy phantoms chasing
Through the dark and silent night.

Once, when many months of anguish
Weighed upon her aching head,
Peter, Prince of the Apostles,
Close appeared beside her bed.

Strong in love she straight addressed him,
"What has brought thee here from heaven,
Blessed Saint, pray deign to tell me,
Are my many sins forgiven?"

Countenance of glorious aspect
Smiled upon her, as she lay,
Token meet of calm assurance,
"All is pardoned; come away."

In the moment of deliverance
Hovering, like a gentle dove,
A dear Sister she remembered,
Bound to her by mutual love.

"Humble thanks, O blest apostle,
To thy Master and to thee;
One more wish I would have granted,
Let my sister come with me."—

"'Tis not well, my dearest daughter,
God deferreth thy request;
Not thy friend, but yet another,
Passeth with thee into rest.

Three days hence, it is appointed
Thou and she will reach the end;
After thirty days, the angels
Will return to claim thy friend."

Slow the vision faded, leaving
An unutterable peace,
In the thought of separation,
From her Joy, so soon to cease.

Three days later, her companion
And herself in Jesus slept;
After thirty days, the convent
Round a third dear sister wept.

Once a year,* the Roman office
Bids recite her simple tale,
How St. Galla and her sisters
Past in peace within the veil. J.A.S.

October 5th.

THE MOON DOES NOT ROTATE ON HER AXIS. *

The arguments on the moon's rotation in the July number of the Catholic Institute Magazine do not meet the point at issue. The whole attempted demonstration, in favor of the moon's rotation on her own axis rests upon the assumption that she does so rotate, whether the body itself be the centre or point upon which she turns, or whether, ceasing to be, or removed from, the point or centre, she moves round that very centre or point she herself previously formed or occupied. Or, because she rotates on an axis of her own when she herself is the point or centre, she also rotates on an axis of her own when she moves round a distant centre.

These two cases are widely different. A body turning round upon one spot, upon one point, rotates upon its own axis; a body moving upon a line, whether straight, crooked, serpentine, or circular, without rolling head over heels, or turning round itself once at least between one end of the line to the other, does not rotate upon its own axis, but simply glides or moves forward. The author of your last article on this subject unconsciously admits the difference. Page 295 he says: "Now, suppose that instead of *rotating upon the spot* on which he stands, *he walks* (not *rotates*) round a small circle of which M is the centre.

In your former article it is shown, how a body, changing from a linear, spiral, or orbital motion into centre axial rotation, must begin, at some time or other, to have an extreme eccentric rotation, ending by centre axial rotation. Beginning the spiral motion by parting from the centre, *ceasing to rotate* and beginning *to walk*, the motion becomes more and more eccentric as the spiral line advances, until finally the body parts altogether with the axis round which it originally rotated; but from that moment rotation has ceased, and the quiet *walk* or revolution round the now distant axis or centre commences. And this last is the case of the moon; she quietly advances on

* Our articles on this subject have brought us a vast number of contributions, arguing the question with much cleverness, and occasional bitterness. We have now concluded to publish but one more paper—in reply to the present; and apprehend we shall then have acted fairly towards both sides in inserting so much, and wisely towards the general reader in declining any more.

her orbit keeping her face steadily to the earth by which she is captivated, without ever turning her back upon it, because she does not rotate.

The arguments of F. B. D., and of the Athenæum, reduced to nought in your number for June, are but repeated in a different form in the number for July; the former begin with orbital revolution and finish by an easy method in centre axial rotation to prove their point; in the latter case the beginning is made with centre axial rotation, changing at a leap into an orbital walk, and yet said to preserve a rotating motion. It must surely be clear, that the moon's motion is not of the same kind as the man's motion No. 1; and this point settled, the rest naturally falls with the assumed foundation on which it is built.

It therefore, also remains true, that the motion of a body on a line when level is the same as when the line is formed in a circle. A man walking from Liverpool to London, from thence to Lisbon, no more turns round on his own axis, or turns head over eels, than when the line of his journey is prolonged until it forms a circle round the earth. The moon no more rotates on her own axis floating round the earth, than the man at the tread-mill, in the tread.wheel of a crane, or the horse coursing round the circus.

Exterior objects remain the same whether we look at them from a point on which we rotate, or whether we walk in a circle round such a point; the circular orbit is but an extension of the point equally in every direction, though a person forming such a point or centre, and a person walking round him, *form two different bodies*, of which the one *rotates*, and the other *circulates*.

Journey No. 2 is out of place, as there is no such movement in nature. The author has nevertheless proved by it, that a body may circulate without turning on its own axis, whilst all the time that body has only one object in view, that, in fact, to keep an object constantly in view, *requires the condition of non-rotation*, or, that, as long as an observer keeps an object uninterruptedly in sight, he does not rotate on his own axis.

In the case of journey No. 2 the person keeps only one side of the room in view; in the other, it is the earth only which is uninterruptedly looked at by the moon; the one looks at an object outside the circle of his motion, and the other at an object within the circle of her motion; let each one of the observing bodies rotate on its own axis, and the objects observed will not constantly be kept in sight. Try the experiment by walking round a flower, a tree, etc. The motion of man and moon in the preceding instance is, however, different so far, that that of the latter is more easy than that of the former. The man must preserve his paralellism with one side of the room whilst moving in a circle, that is, to succeed in his object he must walk forward, sideward, backward, sideward, and forward again, whilst the moon with ease preserves her paralellism with the earth and with the line of her orbit, whilst the man is always at various angles with the line of his circular path. But, whether the circular motion No. 2 of the body be as described, about one fourth forward, one fourth sideward, one fourth backward, one fourth sideward, and forward again, or forward only, sideward only, backward only, the movement is all the same without rotation; and hence, the moon moving forward only, without turning over, or her face away from us at any time, without ever turning round to look back, as it were, upon the path she has left behind, at least once a month; *she does not rotate on her own axis.*

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. VIII.—BRITAIN IN THE SIXTH CENTURY.

The events which take place on the face of the earth when represented to our minds in the pages of history, are, from their number, confused and crowded, like the towns and fields, and trees, and persons on a plain, when seen from a hill. But at times, when a ray of sunshine breaks out, the objects on which it falls are kindled into a distinct and beautiful pre-eminence, and there are grouping, and color, as well as form; and we wonder that we should have passed over, without notice, a spot now so superior to the rest of the landscape. Thus it is when we read the last chronicles of the British historians which describe Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table; the light which invests them is that of the departing glory of the Celts; and seldom does an earthly sunset invest the mountains of western Britain with such a brilliant splendor, as then illustrated the champions who fought for Christianity against the heathen invaders of Britain, and made their deeds the theme of poetry through the romantic ages. Arthur was born at the end of the fifth cen-

tury; he was Celtic by descent, and related to Caerwallon, the Celtic king of the Silures who possessed South Wales, and his chief capital was the ancient city of Caerlleon. He was born at the castle of Fintagel, on the north-western coast of Cornwall, and to this day its ruined keep excites awe and wonder by its position on a rock hollowed out by the billows of the Atlantic, and accessible from the precipitous coast only by a narrow path carved along the ridge of a rocky isthmus whose upright sides are washed incessantly by the waves. He was educated, as the poets say, by an aged sage, at the foot of the Anan mountain, in South Wales;

Under the foot of Rauran mossie hore,
From whence the river Dee, as silver clear,
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle rore;
There all my days he trained me up in virtuous lore.
Fairy Queen.

When his father had been poisoned at Winchester, in consequence of his crimes, the Celtic nobles met at Silcester, and proposed to Dubritius, Archbishop of Caerlleon, that he should consecrate Arthur to fill the vacant chiefship. Dubritius, with the other bishops, put the crown on Arthur's head, and so inaugurated him at that ancient city, whose ruins are yet shaded by huge oaks. Arthur was then only fifteen, and he was of so generous and sweet a temper as to be universally beloved. The Saxons again menaced war, and he led on the soldiers at once to attack the enemy in the north, but he was obliged to retreat to London.

There he assembled all the nobles in council, and ambassadors were sent to his nephew, Hoel, prince of Armorica to come over at once to the succor of his countrymen; and the Saxons were driven into the wood of Caldron. A battle was also fought in Somersetshire, and before it began Dubritius stood on the top of a hill, and cried aloud: "You who have the honor to profess the Christian faith remember the love you owe to your suffering country, and he that shall die for his brethren offers himself a living sacrifice to God, and has Christ for his example; and to die in this glorious cause shall be the penance and absolution of his sins." The romantic legends of Christendom say that Arthur wore a royal coat of mail, and helmet on which was engraven the figure of a dragon, and on his shield was painted the image of the Blessed Mary, Mother of God, in order frequently to put him in mind of her; and both his shield and lance had a name, as well as his good sword, Caliburn, which he drew while he called on the name of the Blessed Virgin; and so great was the merit of his prayers, that when he rushed among the enemy, no one who felt his stroke escaped. He conquered the Saxons, and drove them to Thanet, in the south, and to Loch Lomond in the north. Then he attacked the Scots and Picts, and drove them to the rocks of Loch Lomond, and would have exterminated the race, had not the bishops and clergy come in procession bearing the relics and consecrated things of the Church, and pleaded for their miserable country. Arthur kept the feast of the Nativity at York, and beheld with grief the desolation of the churches, which had been half burned when the holy archbishop and his clergy had been expelled. The king held an assembly of the clergy and people, and appointed his chaplain to be Metropolitan; and he rebuilt the churches, and restored the country to peace and good government. He then married Greenever, celebrated for her beauty, and descended from a Roman family; and after conquering Ireland, he reigned twelve years in peace. He invited to his court all foreigners celebrated for valor; and such was the politeness which prevailed there, that foreign princes emulated him, and feared him and his chivalrous knights so much as to make preparations of war against him. It is recorded, and certainly it is not impossible, that Arthur conquered Norway and Dacia; and then, with the aid of Hoel, he made war on France and held his court in Paris, and having established peace and justice, he returned to Britain. It is believed, that at some period of his life, he visited the Holy Land. The Saxon king of this period was Cerdic, who, though often defeated, continued to attack the Britons, while Urien, king of Reged, opposed them in the north, and fought battles which were praised by Llywarel Hen and the bards in that best age of Welsh poetry. Arthur waged war with Cerdic, along the southern frontier.

The British historians say that Arthur was twelve times chosen Pendragon, and won twelve victories over the Saxons: in one of these Arthur bore the image of the cross, and of Holy Mary, ever Virgin, and through the power of our Lord and Saviour, he won the victory. That cross had been made and blessed in Jerusalem, and the fragments of the image of the Blessed Virgin were preserved in Vallis Doloris, near the once noble monastery of Mailross, in Scotland. The twelfth and last of his battles was on the Baden-hills, near Bath, where, relying on an

image of the Virgin which he had affixed to his armor, the king, single-handed, attacked and routed the foe. After these victories Arthur kept the feast of Pentecost in 520, at Caerlleon, and in order to show his joy, and do honor to the festival, he resolved to hold a magnificent festival at his coronation. Ambassadors were sent to invite the foreign sovereigns, as well as the kings of Scotland, and North Wales, South Wales and Cornwall. The three Archbishops of York, London, and Caerlleon, among whom St. Dubritius was Apostolic legate, were there; and there were also the consuls of the chief cities, among which were Gloucester, Worcester, Bath, Salisbury, Leicester, and Oxford, with the officers of state; and there were the kings of Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, the Orkneys, Norway, and the Dacians; the princes of Gaul and the islands; the twelve peers of Gaul; Hoel duke of Armorica with his nobles and a train of mules and horses; and all the princes on this side of Spain. Arthur was invested with his royal robes, and led by two Archbishops to the metropolitan church, and four kings carried golden swords before him; while the queen was led by archbishops and bishops to the Church of the Virgins, four queens bearing before her four white doves. During the holy ceremonies the king and queen laid aside their crowns, and afterwards the king feasted with the men, and the queen with the women; for the Britons still preserved that custom of their Trojan ancestors: the Knights of the Round Table, whose chivalry formed the heroic character of the middle ages, were there in their splendid and uniform attire; while the women, who were equally celebrated for their wit, were dressed also in uniform apparel. The knights then fought a mock-battle in the fields, while the ladies looked on, and showed regard to the bravest, after which there was archery, and casting stones, and playing dice; the prizes being given by the king. The last day of the feast all vacant offices, and even archbishoprics and bishoprics were given away; but Dubritius desired to leave the world, and resigning his see, retired into solitude, and led a mortified life until he quitted the earth to take his place among the saints. Such was Britain in the days of Arthur, and when he fell in battle, fighting ingloriously against his unprincipled nephew, the Britons would not believe his death, and continued for many ages to expect his return from some unknown place of repose; so that Henry II found it necessary, after he had conquered Wales, to take up the stone coffin which lay deeply buried between two pyramids, in the church of Glastonbury, and when it was opened there were seen the bones of a gigantic man, and beside him the remains, doubtless, of Queen Greenever, whose beautiful yellow hair was still plaited, and appeared perfect, till at a touch it fell to dust. A leaden cross was on the stone and an inscription; *Hic jacet sepultus inclytus Rex Arturus in insula Avallonia.*

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT "PRIVATE JUDGMENT."

A century ago when Mr. Handel and Mr. Buononcini were rival composers in London, there were two rival parties of admirers, who filled the town with the noise of their disputes as to the relative excellencies of the respective *maestros*. Some caustic wit, wondering how people could quarrel so about mere sounds, wrote the well-known epigram ending with the lines:—

> Strange such a difference should be
> 'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

A great many people have arrived at the conclusion that the disputes of philosophers and divines are no more substantial than those of musicians; they will tell us that our quarrels are merely about words, and that the result of our arguments is words, and mere words, and nothing but words: that there is no truth, no substance on which they rest, and that one side is just as right and just as wrong as the other.

Now there is a great deal of truth in the saying that our disputes are often matters of words only; but not if you interpret it like the people alluded to; they mean that the words God, and soul, and heaven, and hell, are only words, that there is nothing in the world which answers to them, and that to speak of them, or to argue about them is merely a waste of words upon words. In this view our disputes are not concerning mere words, but concerning the great realities of the world. But our disputes, as disputes, are often, only, about words; if we understood words in the same sense we should be much nearer agreement. We have all the same human nature, with its hopes and fears, its rules of reason, its principles of conscience, and understanding; we should agree much more than we do if we could all be brought to use the same words in the same sense.

But it is the interest of the leaders of mankind that people should not all understand the same words in the same way. They invent party cries with the very intention of preventing this agreement. For instance, all must agree that in a certain, very true sense, liberty, equality, and fraternity are excellent things, and represent a free, noble, unreserved intercourse between all ranks, the fact of the common humanity outweighing all factitious differences of station and wealth. But however good the words may be in their proper sense, the French have become very tired of them, when they found that they meant, not my liberty to keep my own, and to do that which I had a right to do, but your liberty to make free with me and mine, whether I consented or not—that equality meant not only your right to rise to my rank, if you took the same pains, and had equal luck, but your right, without any trouble on your part, to take your seat by my side, to make use of my position, and to kick me out of it when it suited you. That fraternity meant not the unsuspicious intercourse of persons of one family, who love one another sincerely, though they adopt different habits, dresses, and homes; but the suspicious surveillance of man by man, wherein you arrogate the right to stuff all your theories, even to the cut of a cravat, and the color of a cockade, down my throat, and to cut it, if it manifests a repugnance to swallow the mess. Of course if I become the victim of such liberty, equality, and fraternity, I hate the words all my life afterwards, because I understand liberty to mean oppression, because equality suggests being knocked down, and fraternity some such love as Walter Palmer experienced from his brother. I cry out, and hiss when they are mentioned; and the party leaders on the opposite side exclaim, there is an aristocrat who hates liberty; a fellow who thinks himself of far too exalted a nature to be equal to such riff-raff as ourselves; who would rather cut his right hand off than salute us as brothers. That is, because I hate your exemplification of liberty, equality, and fraternity, you hold me up as an inhuman monster, who would destroy all liberty, equality, and fraternity from among men; a malignant supporter of despotic power, of feudal rank, of slavery and oppression of all kinds. This is the use of party cries; it clothes party vices in very pretty virtuous names, and makes all impugners and resisters of these vices odious, as opposers of the virtues which they counterfeit.

When a party, therefore, puts on the externals of virtue, and claims our adherence as the champion of some dear right, or duty, let us examine it, not by a merely verbal criticism of its cries, but by an historical criticism of what meaning, it in fact, attaches to the words. Look not at what it says, but at what it does. Of course everybody uses good words; all cry out for right, truth, justice to all, liberty, and so on, even if they are attempting to tread all right and justice beneath their feet. Party morals, then, are not to be interpreted by the words but by the deeds of parties. The words of course are good, and have a good meaning, or they would have no hold on the reason and conscience of the masses; but they may be used as means of justifying acts which are the very reverse of good.

Now among religious party-cries, there is none that has been more used, none that has had greater effect in this country than the words "private judgment." We deny that the "private judgment" is the ultimate test of truth; that it is the highest tribunal for the public determination of what is the revealed doctrine of Christianity. And because in this restricted sense we deny the rights of private judgment, the assertion of it is made a war-cry; the dragoons of Protestantism ride at us shouting: "God and private judgment;" and we are proclaimed to be persons, who, in opposing private judgment deny the existence of the individual soul, or sacrifice it to the good of the society, deny all personal responsibility, and all the rights of the intellect and free-will. Yet it will not be difficult to show that when you understand "private judgment" in this respectable sense, as the responsibility of the individual soul, its superiority to all considerations of policy, and the sanctity of its rights, the Catholic Church is the champion and upholder of private judgment, while Protestantism tramples it under foot, and outrages it in the most extravagant manner. And that Protestants only tolerate private judgment just where it is intolerable, just where it is altogether out of place, just where in fine, the Catholic Church condemns it. And yet, though Protestants do outrage all the solid and legitimate rights of private judgment, by loudness of voice, they have managed to set themselves up as its champions against us, who maintain its rights where Protestants trample on them, and only disallow it where it is obviously unequal to the part claimed for it.

"After all," says the Protestant controversialist, "is it not the individual soul that has

to be saved? It is the peculiarity of our religion that it makes the individual the object of its address, of its immediate and final action. With you the Church, the Pope, and Hierarchy, are all in all; to the prosperity of this political association all considerations of persons are sacrificed: yet, after all, persons are responsible, not parties; or if parties are responsible, it is only as a number of individuals who have done the same things, and merited the same retribution. It will be no answer to the accusation of your Judge to say that you followed the multitude. Multitude cannot save you; then why bow down before it, and sacrifice yourself to its interest? No, be independent, stand by yourself, judge for yourself, and let not man cheat you out of your reward."

Such is the declamation which you may often hear from the orators of Protestantism; much of it is quite true, but very little to the purpose; the peculiarity of it being, that so far as it is true, it is Catholic, and not Protestant, practice and doctrine.

Is it peculiar to Protestantism to place the soul above the Church? Has ever any one been told that he should sacrifice his soul for the good of the Church? that he may commit sin even for the salvation of the whole world? The very notion is strange, and the proposition abominable to Catholic ears. The language of our Divines is that all Christians ought to choose rather, if possible, to lose heaven than to commit a venial sin.

But if this is the Catholic doctrine, the practice, if not theory of Protestants, is just the contrary.

Ask any of the numerous body of converts, especially those who have been Ministers in the Established Church, what their friends said about their "perversion." What have any of these persons done but follow the Protestant precept of obeying their individual convictions? Yet when they urge this consideration on their friends, when they say that they have only obeyed their conscience, and followed their private judgment, they have always been told that they are despicable perverts, turn-coats, deserters. "I despise the soldier who deserts his post," says the virtuously indignant moralist. Now what does this mean when you come to analyze it, but that as military service requires the soldier to sacrifice his life for discipline, for the army, its officers, or its Queen, so Protestantism requires its ministers to sacrifice their convictions, their conscience, their truth, their honor, and their souls, for the good of their party, and their Establishment. Experience abundantly demonstrates that such is the general feeling in this country. First, a man has no business to incline to Popery at all—but next, if it unfortunately happens that he does so, let him keep his feelings to himself, and stay where he is; better stifle his convictions than be a turn-coat. A turn-coat is worse than a rogue. That is, party is superior to truth; that is, again, the Protestant doctrine, or rather practice, sets their "Church" above the individual soul. Therefore, so far as private judgment means care of the private interests of our soul before the public interests of the community, private judgment is a Catholic, but not a Protestant possession and practice.

It is not "the peculiarity of Protestantism that it makes the individual soul the object of its address," for this every one who aspires to teach his neighbors must do; Aristotle himself could not approach Tom's mind through Jack's brains; the peculiarity of Protestantism is that it encourages the indvidual to hear only himself, to let the soul address itself, and pooh-pooh any one else that attempts to talk to it; only reserving the right, when a person manifests a disposition to fly off to the borders of Popery, to address him with infinite disdain, and to try to compel him to relinquish his convictions for the supposed safety of the Protestant cause, and to deprive Catholics of the triumph of his conversion.

Again, they often speak of us, as if we denied the responsibility of each individual before God: they make us say that we leave it to our priests to tell us what to do, and that they will have to bear our delinquincies; that we, in fact, shuffle off our own guilt upon other men's consciences. But that in return for this we have to follow implicitly all that priest tells; that we have to take his advice what books to read, what trade to follow, what speculation to pursue, what person to marry, what school to send our children to, what acquaintances to cultivate, or what friends to disown. They represent us as fastening a chain round our necks, and politely giving the end to the priest, to whom we are thus bound body and soul, and who directs all our opinions and all our acts.

Now if this were the case, would it not be curious that so much political division and disunion exist among us? Look at other religious bodies—do we not see in all of them that a certain line of politics seems intimately connected with the religion? That, in fact,

the religion is a mere phase of politics? Read the history of the Church of England, and you will see that the doctrine for which she has suffered most, in fact the only dogma for which any of her children have suffered a martyrdom is a merely political tenet,—the Divine right of Kings. Orthodox Church of Englandism is essentially Toryism. So again, Dissenters are usually Whigs; Socinians usually Radicals—But what are Catholics? As a body they have absolutely no politics; And if the Church were a political body, as is pretended, and the priests her unscrupulous servants and organs, and the laity passive in obedience to the clergy, is it not certain that our great union would be political? Is it not evident that we should all hang together, vote for the same persons, organize ourselves into political societies, and learn somehow to show a united front to our enemies? We do not get much good by disunion; surely no one can grudge us the right to extract an argument from it. We ask, then, what is the reason that a certain definite line of politics almost invariably accompanies other religious professions; that the High Churchman and the Evangelical, the Baptist and the Quaker, the Socinian and the Infidel would be sent to Coventry by their companions, if they deserted their party politics. While the Catholic alone, as Catholic, has no politics, but may belong to any or no party? Is this like direction? Is this like bending on our knees to every Clergyman, to receive our rule of life from his lips? And those who know us, know that we act as independently in our religion as in our politics; the Catholic faith is known to the laity, not so extensively or so scientifically, but as well as to the clergy; the laity, are in their measure as jealous guardians of it as the hierarchy. A man who preached notorious heresy would be very soon reported to the bishop by the members of his flock: and with regard to a new definition, like that of the Immaculate Conception, it is the people that push forward the clergy quite as much as the clergy who drag on the people. And if this is the case in matters of faith, much more is it true in matters of morals. In confession, we judge ourselves before the priest judges us; for most persons we are sure the priest is more ready to extenuate their faults than they are themselves. Then, too, if we do not like the confessor's manner, or suspect him of rigor, or of Jansenism, do we not at once leave him for another? In other words do we not judge our confessor before he judges us? Do we not go to him as a simple minister and functionary of God, a dispenser of certain forms and certificates, but not answerable for the genuineness of the coin which we tender in payment? Let not our Protestant readers pretend to misinterpret our figurative language; by *coin* we do not mean real money, but that whereas a tax collector is answerable to the government for all the false coins and forged notes which he accepts, our priests on the contrary, are not accountable for the feigned sorrow, repentance and faith which hypocrites produce as their title for absolution. A man goes to the priest, says he is sorry, promises amendment, and gets absolution as a matter of course.

Who then ever heard of Catholics pinning their faith on single men? Who ever heard among Catholics of any names like those among Puseyites, or Wesleyans, or Socinians? The old Tractarians used almost to worship Dr. Newman; make them Catholics, they still have the highest respect for the man, and the greatest admiration for his virtues and genius. But do they pin their faith on him, do they follow him about, as if they could only learn the truth from his mouth, do they ape his talk, his walk, and his manner, as they did while they were only Tractarians? No; all converts feel that their conversion was their emancipation from personal dependence, that they have become members of a body where no one is absolute, where tradition, and custom, and law, and the human reason and conscience are supreme, where no man dares be viewy, or startling, or novel, where no one can pretend to be a discoverer, or the founder of a school. No; we are emancipated from all that is merely human. We have nothing analogous to Luther, or to Calvin, or to Wesley; but it is the boast of Protestantism that it was moulded by human hands; that it received the Reformation from the mind of Luther, or adopted the platform that Calvin's criticism first forged as Biblical. It is the Protestant, not the Catholic, that pins his faith on another man's sleeve, who varies with his variations, sucks in each of his fresh interpretations of the Apocalypse, and reckons all persons reprobate who despise his claims to inspiration. Protestantism has no private judgment in this sense; no convictions emancipated from personal dependence; no independence of the preacher or party to which the individual is attached.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Reviews.

The College Irish Grammar. 1 vol. Dublin: O'Daly.

The appearance of this handsome volume cannot fail to gratify the Irish readers of this Journal. In an introductory notice, itself very pleasing for its eloquent and worthy enthusiasm, the author clearly points out the necessity for some attention, on the part of her sons, to the time-honored national language, when, as we fondly hope, Ireland is herself at last rising to her long forbidden place amongst the nations. The time has happily passed away for ever, when our brothers of the sister island could carve out their fortunes, or rise to honorable fame, only at a distance from their native land. The genius that was so tardily acknowledged, and the industry which was so constantly denied, have made clear the Irishman's heritage of natural gifts, not alone in other lands. Irish talent and Irish taste, the lasting love of country and the warm true heart, surviving the terrible consequences of fierce party bitterness and excessive national suffering, may now taste prosperity in their home. The history and antiquities of this eldest child of Western Christianity are being lifted out of ages of oblivion; and as records of an interesting past, will be examined by many an enquiring stranger who may have never seen her face. The prejudice against her sons is, in their own energy and perseverance, being removed by a process which must bar its return; [the beauty and mental worth of her daughters is now being acknowledged where her name was a bye-word; and the religion which through vast wrong and terrible suffering she had ever fondly remembered, in choosing a locality for an University in these islands, has, with the approval of Catholic mankind, decided that she was the most worthy.

Nor should this revival of learning in Ireland be kept out of sight in noticing the volume before us: although coming from her elder sister, we feel sure that the impetus to the study of Irish literature which the new University must have already imparted, has had some share in the production of this Grammar. That the two colleges working together, so far as may be, in kindliness and affection, will go on with the good work of promoting the study of the Irish language, we have no doubt; and truly their being thus mindful of the old land, amid grave and important studies, proves themselves worthy of her in the opinion of every Catholic friend of Ireland.

A glance will show the most uninitiated that the grammatical rules are here full, clear, and well arranged; and that experience and anxious care are evidenced throughout. The collection of Irish proverbs, and specimens, and description of Irish poetry, are interesting and pleasing.

It but remains for us to express a hope that this laborious volume may secure attention from the studious Irishmen, who are necessarily separated from their native land. That the Irish language, history, and antiquities, can be less attractive here than elsewhere, at once seems unlikely, when we call to mind the treasures of antiquarian and historical importance, as yet unexplored, and remember the application and close attention we constantly see devoted to the Layard and other discoveries. It would truly appear both natural and wise, that this opportunity for readily acquiring an intimacy with the Irish language, should not be lost upon those who connect the Green Isle with the dearest memories of childhood, and even fondly hope to return to her to end their days.

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey, to the Death of Elizabeth. By James A. Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. I and II. London: Parker and Son.

[concluded from page 315.]

We now arrive at the more strictly historical part of the work before us, and must try to be more sparing of our quotations, in order that we may present our readers with a continued view of what we owe Mr. Froude, and the newly-discovered documents; premising that this theory represents the Church's recovery of her power, after the assaults on it in the fifteenth century, as a recovery of the form only, not the life; a theory, which he expresses, by saying that Henry VIII., though "saturated with theological prepossessions, and trained by theologians for a new Alfred, or Charlemagne, discovered that the church of the sixteenth century, as little resembled the church of the eleventh, as Leo X. resembled Hildebrand, or poor Warham resembled St. Anselm."

And here, perhaps, it will be as well, once for all, to state the conclusions at which Mr. Froude has arrived respecting the character of Henry. He considers him one of the ablest, most accomplished, and most virtuous princes of his time; as always regulating his conduct by what he owed to God and his subjects; as by no means deficient in the more tender excellencies of humanity, though unhappily wanting in delicacy towards the female sex; as most reluctantly giving in to the changes in religion after seven years' patient experience of the dilatoriness of Rome, in gratifying what she confessed to be a lawful wish; and after being disgusted with what was plainly proved of the necessity of the Reformation of the Church in England, and of the utterly hopelessness of her reforming herself. Such is his estimate, and we are excused from the necessity of any remarks upon it by his own promise to publish those authentic documents which have led him to differ so much from other, if not all, historians, both Catholic and Protestant.

Meanwhile, we must state in order the opinions which prevailed about the divorce, and thus show the footing on which that great occasion of the religious change appeared to have been placed. It is confessed, on all hands, that no anxiety appeared for a separation of Henry and Catherine till the failure of all hope of male children from that union. This, and the delicate health of the princess Mary, made men, with the recollection of the civil wars of the Roses fresh upon them, naturally look forward to similar commotions on the occasion of a demise of the crown. Besides the rival English claimants, there would be France and Scotland in a united attitude. So much was this felt, that in the year 1526-7 a treaty was in progress for the marriage of Mary to a son of France, in order to break that union, and secure the latter power on the side of England. And it is remarkable that the Bishop of Tarbès, in conducting the negociations was the first to moot the question of the legitimacy of the princess; that is to say, of the validity of the dispensation granted by Julius II, to legalize Henry's marriage with the widow of his brother Arthur. The question, of course was, whether the Pope had not exceeded his powers, in pretending to dispense with a Divine law. It is certainly matter of astonishment to us how such a question took so long a time to settle; seeing that the Divine law had provided for the very case, by ordaining that where an *inheritance* was at stake, a second brother was to marry his elder's widow, in order to provide for a regular succession in the family. In fact, it would seem that we can account for the difficulty and the delay, only by remembering the close connection which, unfortunately for religion, she at that time had with politics; a connexion which has so often worked her woe and sorrow. Had it not been for this, and for the complicated political relations of Europe at that time, we can easily believe the question would have been promptly decided. It was all very well for Clement to say that he was not the proper party to decide on the extent of his own jurisdiction, and that the question would be better reserved for a Council. But it may be said, in reply to this, that if the Church of each age does not show herself sufficient for every emergency of that age, she herself may be an occasion of scandal to the weak, and inject into their minds, as was the case in this instance, suspicions of her authority. Had a prompt negative been at first returned to Henry's request, instead of deferring it for so many years for fear of offending him or any one else, the matter might have dropped: but it was not likely that, after his own divines and the Universities of Europe had pronounced in his favor, he would be satisfied with a refusal which appeared dictated by resentment or by expediency, rather than by justice. Here, as every where, the honest and straightforward policy is the best; though it is very difficult to make priests or laymen believe this in certain circumstances.

At the same time, we must not allow ourselves to suppose, that what appears so clear to us on general principles had not its special complications, other than political. Henry, at his brother's death, was under the age at which he could legally sue; and dissatisfaction was expressed, even by Churchmen of the Council, as to the adequacy of the forms observed. This, of course, makes the matter more difficult, and must have struck Clement in that light. The betrothal, too, was cancelled by Henry, when he was fourteen, by his father's orders; and the recollection of this act, (we do not see why Mr. Froude should call it a *vow*,) may well be supposed to have pampered him in later years, and assisted other causes to make him anxious to get rid of his queen. But surely this recollection, on one side, may well have been balanced by that, on the other, of what he had done, by the advice of his council, when he was *eighteen* years old. But Mr. Froude, with all his ad-

miration for Henry, admits that he "saw his duty through his wishes," which are the very worst spectacles in the world; while of Catherine he says that she "measured her steps by the letter of the law." Of two such parties, we need hardly ask any honest man which is the more likely to be right. But it is at this point of the story that Mr. Froude's want of religious faith so strongly breaks out: he considers the fears about the succession quite sufficient to justify Henry's desire, and has evidently no notion of what any Catholic child could tell him, viz: "that a sin must not be committed even to prevent the dissolution of the world.

We are happy to find, however, that his manly mind condemns the Puseyite "delusion —that it was possible for a national Church to separate itself from the unity of Christendom, and at the same time crush or prevent innovation of doctrine; a mere phantasm, a thing of words and paper—fictions, as Wolsey saw it to be. Wolsey knew well that an ecclesiastical revolt implied, as a certainty, innovation of doctrine; that plain men could not reverence the office of priesthood when the priests were treated as the paid officials of an earthly authority higher than their own," as is the case with the Anglican clergy at present. Mr. Froude, as he has not the grace of faith, has consistently dropped all dogma, and sometimes praises Christianity for its want of it. This, however, is a little too much. There are many strong assertions of dogma in the New Testament; and we know nothing more demoralizing than for a religious establishment, calling itself a Church, to clinch these dogmas with such damnatory clauses as occur in the Athanasian creed, (which parsons and people must recite thirteen times a year,) and yet number among its members and ministers, perfect latitudinarians, if not pantheists; for Mr. Froude sometimes speaks of the heavenly and supernatural "powers" in a way worthy only of one who does not even believe in a personal God.

We need not wonder, then, that such a man should tell us that "the power of the See of Rome in England was a constitutional fiction, acknowledged only on condition that it should be inert." Religion knows of no such fictions. Her Author declares that, as the result of His advent, passion, and triumph, "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of God and of His Christ;" that is, that while in a political sense they continue *kingdoms*, in a spiritual they constitute *one kingdom*; and what can this be but the papacy, the real fifth monarchy predicted by Daniel? This, however, the proud spirits of earthly monarchs will not endure; and therefore so often have they "stood up, and the princes met together, against the Lord, and against his Christ. Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast away their yoke." But this psalm of Christ's triumph goes on to assure us that the decree has gone forth, and that they must either submit or be broken in pieces; the necessary result, in fact, of their throwing from them the only element that can secure and preserve their power.

It was the consciousness of this that made the bishops speak out so boldly in that answer of theirs (to the petitions of the Commons for reformation in 1529,) which Mr. Froude regards so contemptuously. Professing themselves willing, where abuses have crept in, to reform their own statutes according to Scripture and Holy Church, they naturally hope that the king and parliament will be equally ready to temper the national laws, where necessary, in the same direction. This, Mr. Froude thinks a great presumption. But why? Simply because he views everything from the natural and human point of vision, and entirely ignores the supernatural and divine. Reasoning with such authors is useless: they lack the gift of faith, and are as impervious to conviction as is a blind man to the sensation of color.

His estimate of Henry's logic, however, is just enough:

"He could see no justice on any side but his own, or understand that it was possible to disagree with him except through folly or ill-feeling. Starting always with a foregone conclusion, he arrived of course where he wished to arrive. He uses many words to prove what the pope would not have questioned, and either they conclude nothing, or the conclusion is assumed."

This may serve for the description of many a person besides Henry, and especially for such, in all ages, as set themselves up for reformers of religion. The success of such depends very much on the state of the church, as to purity, at the period of their attacks. A state-paper of the time, quoted by Mr. Froude, has these words: "shrink to the clergy, and they be lions: lay their faults roundly and charitably to them, and they be as sheep, and will lightly be reformed, *for their consciences will not suffer them to resist.*" It was the enormous abuses of the church-courts of those times that proved the occasion of the apostasy.

An attempt, on the part of a cook, to poison Bishop Fisher leads us to note the curious contrast between those times and ours as to the light in which such a crime was viewed; and the subject is of special interest just now, while the public mind is taken up with the subject of poisoning.'

The crime was then new in England, and a new punishment was invented for it. *The poisoner was boiled alive.* We of the nineteenth century think hanging far too severe, familiarized as we are with the crime by the spread of Protestant principles, which, teaching as they do that poverty is a curse, instead of a blessing as the Gospel accounts it, naturally inspire them with all sorts of ingenious devices to get wealth, and to remove out of their way such persons as are obstacles to the acquisition.

Every now and then Mr. Froude gives utterance to maxims which lead us to hope that he will yet be a Catholic Hear him on the "insight of faith."

"Those only read the world's future truly who have faith in principle, as opposed to faith in human dexterity, who feel that in human things there lies really and truly a spiritual nature, connexion, tendency, which the wisdom of the serpent cannot alter, and scarcely can feel."

Who can read this, and not send up a prayer for him to her who has *crushed* the serpent? *Maria sine labe concepta, ora pro nobis!*

Again, what deep meaning and fine wisdom in the following:

The history of this, as of all other nations is the the history of the battles it has fought and won with evil. To have beaten back, and even fought and stemmed those besetting basenesses of human nature, *now held so invincible that the influences of them are assumed as the fundamental axioms of economic science;* this appears to me a greater victory than Agincourt, a grander triumph than even the English constitution.

He is thoroughly honest as regards the character of Anne Boleyn, daring to stem the great tide of Protestant controvertists and historians. He insists that she had every justice. Among the commissioners appointed to try her accomplices were, her uncle the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Wiltshire, her father, the lords chancellor and treasurer, and the nine judges. We must either allow her guilt, or charge all these, together with numbers of others of highest name who composed the grand juries, of a most wicked and atrocious conspiracy against her.

With the narrative of her execution and of its immediate results does the second of these volumes end, and we shall anxiously look for the appearance of the others, which cannot, if proportion be regarded, be fewer than eight, making ten in all. We feel that we have done but scant justice to the work, in consequence of our limited space; but we must now conclude with a Catholic estimate of it. It is, doubtless, one which in a Catholic country would immediately have a place in the index; and indeed we rejoice that its price will place it out of the reach of a great many Catholics. The author's want of a definite faith, his bold exposure of the corruptions of the Church in England before the Reformation, his honesty, and his insinuating style, all make the book dangerous to persons of weak faith, and for such as have not, by an earnest and practical love of the Divine law, attained that "much peace" against which the Psalmist assures us "there is no stumbling block." The consolation of such,—when they hear of, or find in their own path, heartlessness and tyranny in rulers and ministers of the Church is, that it has all been matter of forewarning; that "the foundation of God standeth firm;" and that He who cautioned His countrymen against imitating the scribes, commanded them, nevertheless, to obey their injunctions, because they sat in the chair of Moses.

AILEY MOORE, *a tale of the times. Showing how evictions, murder, and such-like pastimes are managed, and justice administered in Ireland, with many stirring incidents in other lands.* By Father BABTIST. 1 vol. London: DOLMAN.

Ailey Moore has already received much commendation from many of our contemporaries, and we consequently sat down to its perusal with much expectation. By reason of its spirit and aim we would warmly praise it likewise, were these, in our opinion alone, to be considered.

But unfortunately for our good wishes towards this production, readers now-a-days very wisely look for more than merely praiseworthy spirit and purpose, ere they will enable a book to pay its expenses;—they expect to find interest excited, and ability displayed. We all know what sort is the competition among authors—and above all, among story-tellers—in these days; how determined and careful is the

struggle, and how numerous and powerful the competitors. And while the absence, from almost all of them, of the tone and feeling peculiarly grateful to the Catholic reader, causes us some regret, the absence, on the other hand, of their taste and artistic power from many of such works as those before us often causes us much pain.

Ailey Moore seems to have been originally intended for an Irish tale, and the "stirring incidents in other lands" thrown in to make up the volume. What connection London, Paris, and Rome can have with the heroine, or by any means need have had with the other numerous characters, we are altogether unable to perceive. The reader is knocked about between Ireland and those cities with marvellous rapidity; and though prompting some pleasing description and much sensible writing, this rapid change of scene, being very obviously resorted to by the author merely to find occasion for what he has to say, damages the production as a work of art. Nor does all this opportunity for description and remark suffice;—the "filling up" is moreover provided for by passages almost always common-place, and not seldom silly. We may contrast the following passages in justification of this opinion: the author very ably claims attention for his story:—

"We beg the reader to believe that we play not the nurse to his imagination, nor do we essay merely to adorn a tale, while we indite the dark history of human ruin and wrong. Far from it. Here we speak only that of which we are cognizant, from a thousand sources to which the trader in flimsy romance can never have access. We have laid our hand upon the heart of misery, and felt its burning throbs. We have watched the scalding tear of guilt and wretchedness, until it wore furrows in the cheek of youth, and dried up the life of premature old age. We have seen the conflict of passion and penitence, on the wet straw and hard floor to which legalized ferocity and robbery have condemned the last days of grey-haired men, and, alas! the last and first days of harmless innocence. And while we mingled our tears with the unhappy and doomed children of dependence, we blessed the providence of Him whose law so frequently shields tyranny from vengeance."

Compare with this the following:—

"Next door to a gréat gloomy archway—the remains of the old city gate—there is a poor shop, kept by a poor man, who sold bread, and breast buttons for shirts, and tapes, and threads, and pipes, and many things besides, which we have no need to mention. Indeed we mention these not from the importance of the things themselves, so much as to give an idea of the poor man's dwelling,—of course he sold many things of which we make no record, but we are quite certain we enumerate every thing which appeared in the window, "A Wellington jug" remarkable for a huge nose, contained the pipes; and perhaps in honor of Waterloo, that important fact should be mentioned. Whether it be judged important or not we hereby note it, and leave all discussion regarding it to those who are fond of subtlety."

Again our reverend author seems nervously careful not to make use of words without acknowledgment, which, perchance, may have been used before in like combination. Thus every-day expressions, which are obviously every body's property are popped between commas so frequently, as to become jerking to the reader, and appear simply ridiculous.

We do not, however, attempt to deny that there are many excellences in this volume. Regarded as a story we apprehend it may not become popular for the reasons we have stated, and moreover, in the drawing of the chief characters there is not much that is very clever, and scarce anything that is very new. All the good people—at least all that we are shown of them, is perfection, while all on the other side are desperate criminals. Ailey and Gerald Moore are somewhat instrumental in the conversion of Frank and Cicely Tyrrell; the four are wonderfully handsome, and ultimately become very wealthy; there are two marriages, and the curtain falls upon the perfect happiness usual in novels. In some of the famine details in Ireland we however meet very ably described scenes, and good description, and well-written passages frequently occur,

"Far away in the mountains, about twenty miles from Kinmacara, is an old castle, one of those strongholds of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which stand, like the milestone on Time's journey, marking the distance he has travelled. It is not all a ruin. The basement apartment, or whatever it may be called, is still protected from the elements by the massive floor, on which, in times of yore, the rude chieftain rioted in conscious strength, on feudal offering or rich rapine. The gateway crowned a ditch, still deep and often filled with water, and is built up with loose stone and mortar except one narrow entrance-hole, above the string course, window after window, or rather aperture after aperture, look down the eyeless socket of a monster skeleton upon the rude rocks below."

"It was in the twilight nearly night, the sheep started, paused, and ran; the oxen lowed; and the wild birds rose from their resting-places by the rocks, and screamed as the echo of footsteps disturbed their repose. A sharp strong wind hissed through the herbage, poor even in summer's richness, and heavy dark clouds hid the first glances of a young moon. A strong heart and head would feel solemn on such an evening, and in the midst of such a scene."

Again:—

"Ailey was her (Cecily's) angel, and she looked in imagination into those charming eyes, and on the face which bore the hue of Paradise, and on the figure round which a charmed atmosphere was ever diffused; and as her tapering finger listlessly passed over her neck, she touched her cameo. This was to her a ray from heaven; she seized and drew it forth, and a hundred times she kissed the ornament—it was Ailey's— and then her eyes rested on the figure for which its former owner loved it so well—the figure of Mary! Cecily's thoughts immediately took a new turn; heaven's light stole in to brighten, as well as to sanctify the stream of feeling that flowed through her soul. She looked at the mild maiden of Israel, the Virgin whom God loved from eternity, and whom he honored more singularly than all men, and all angels, and all things that have been or will be, and Cecily's heart opened, and tears found their way forth upon the image, and she whispered in the language she was devoted to, the words of the canticle:—

'Tutta bella sei mia amica.'"

We would gladly close our notice here, but that we consider there is an error in this volume which should not be passed over. In the character of Shaun the author has sketched one of that misguided class whose misdeeds have entailed such terrible evil on Ireland, and so deeply stained her modern annals. The air of romance thrown around this wretch, and the wish apparently to extenuate his bloody thirst for vengeance should, we believe, be condemned by every friend of religion and order. We know very well that such *may* not have been the intention of the writer of *Ailey Moore*; but we yet think, that where he has graphically depicted the consequences of misdeeds; the terrible fruits of oppression, and even the punishment here below of crime, he might well have spared a page to denounce the hideous error of that lawless code which makes a hero of a revengeful assassin, and a duty of a cold-blooded murder.

Who wrote the Waverley Novels? London: Effingham Wilson.

This question, at first laughed at as an ingenius joke, has, through the earnestness and research of the author of this clever pamphlet, become a subject for serious thought. There is a clear air of probability about the investigation; and the spirit of fair play which it evinces will induce many to weigh carefully the pros and cons of this curious argument.

It is evident, that, Thomas Scott possessed the powers of an accomplished story-teller, with sufficient literary practice to roughly work up excellent materials, in an attractive manner. It is certain, that, Mrs. Thomas Scott was a lady of considerable talents and acquirements, with habits of intense literary industry. All readers will remember the frequent assertions, in prefaces to different novels, that the "editor" had obtained parcels of papers and materials &c., of which he had constructed the story. The notorious fact, that, in the short intervals between the publication of some of his most elaborate works, Sir Walter was very greatly occupied with other matters, or, was in very imperfect health; must have puzzled most readers of his life. Admirers of the Great Unknown must remember, also, the painful impression left on their minds, by Sir Walter's repeated and solemn denials of the authorship of the Scottish Novels. With the supposition that such denials had *no* foundation in truth, Sir Walter's propensity for mystification, his delight in gammoning* his friends and the public—a prominent feature in his character—all the aforesaid argue the possibility; whilst the peculiar positions, wants, capabilities of the family argue the probability of many of the earlier and best Waverley novels being joint-stock productions. A goodly edifice may be raised; and the discovery and collection of materials,—the design and construction—the carving and gilding; plumbing, painting and glazing—the finishing and polishing—may have been the work of various heads and hands. The possibility and probability of Sir Walter having been aided, more or less, by Thomas and his gifted wife may readily be conceded.

How much of certainty can, at present, or at future time, be attained, must be sought for in the writings of the Pamphleteer and others, who will devote their labors to the subject. To do justice to the memory of the benefactors of mankind is the interest and desire of all good people. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.*

The Surprising Adventures of Jean Paul Choppart. 1 vol. London: Lambert & Co.

"Jean Paul was we grieve to say greedy, saucy, stingy, spiteful, cowardly, sly."

"It was evident that it would take a long time and much suffering to make him quite what a little boy ought to be."

This jolly, but elegant-looking little volume

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* Fastidious reader! Webster hath legitimatized the verb-transitive "to gammon:" *vide* Dictionary wherein it meaneth "to humbug."

is a translation from the French, and while it contains much fun is all the more likely to become popular with boys in not attempting to cram them with good advice;—the following little bit may however be worth quoting:

"Wherefore dear reader avoid with care any imitation of them. Do not pretend to smoke little rolls of paper or bits of cane. It is by imitating such as these that many great boys whom we see smoking real cigars or long stinking pipes began their detestable apprenticeship."

Under a brilliant blue and gold cover are to be found the wonderful adventures of a naughty little boy. How he used to tie a dog's tail to the school-bell; squirt ink through keyholes; lock up babies; "prig" sweetmeats; until at last at the mature age of nine-and-a-half he ran away to go all round the world! like the "Enfant trouve" he suffered and was reformed.

The literature of boyhood has truly been enriched of late years; and even with the delightful works of Captain Mayne Ried before us, we believe this nicely got-up little volume one of the most pleasing modern additions to the Boys' library. Should more sedate personages, however, look into these pages, we suspect their sparkle and humor will carry them on to the end.

Cardinals Wolsey and Fisher. London: J. SHEAN.

This little book purports to be the "substance of a lecture, delivered at the Metropolitan Catholic Library," and we heartily wish that the editor had left the lecture to its natural course. As such, it was well enough, an audience listens to a lecture, and carries therefrom a general impression, which impression in the present case would have been a just one; but, as a book, we reprobate its utter want of originality. It produces nothing in any way new, in augmentation of the undoubted claims of Wolsey to the admiration and gratitude of posterity; and, in its attempt to defend his reputation upon those points on which he has been, we think justly attacked, it contents itself with generalities instead of facts, with insinuations in the place of arguments.

We are anxious to encourage every little historical sketch by a Catholic author, as we feel that on such works we must greatly depend for the removal from the popular mind of the false impressions so fatally prevalent in this country; which are fostered and promoted by the ever accumulating mass of tracts, pamphlets, and lectures, issued at almost nominal prices, and gratuitously distributed in thousands by our opponents; but we can by no means lend our approval to any attempt at misleading in an opposite direction. We are accustomed to see biographies of our great men of other days, in which every little error, every trifling defect is depicted in the brightest colors, and censured in the strongest terms, while the noblest virtues are briefly hurried over in half-a-dozen words, but we have no wish to see a corresponding wrong on the other side. Catholic biographies of Catholic personages are much to be desired, but while they point out for our admiration and imitation that which is good, they should also in justice show us in their proper lights the errors by which great virtue was dimmed, or the inconsistences by which great abilities were impaired.

First Annual Report of the Catholic Young Men's Society of Dublin. COYNE.

We feel sure our brothers in Dublin will at once believe us sincere in expressing the very warm pleasure the receipt of this report has afforded us; we may truly add, there is an air of completeness and a business like finish about it, which to our thinking augur well for the stability of the association, whose aims and prospects, it so clearly explains. For us—who know so well the difficulties, and have also, thank God tasted the high ennobling pleasures which attend the early struggles of communities hostile to so many of the world's ways—it is surely unnecessary to urge our friendship on the belief of this new society. That it is *established*, a glance at the rules and statement of finances will show, and the names on the title page are a sufficient guarantee for its perseverance. May it appreciate the warm welcome which we now offer it, and feel as we do the absence of all rivalry.

Almighty God and His Perfections. By the REV. J. FURNISS. Dublin; DUFFY.

Mothers and guardians send for this tiny volume. It is a collection of such tales as ye weave for little children, pleasing their fancy, while you try to rear in their beautiful minds the love of true beauty. We have known some who would learn off many of these, to retail them to others who would remember them long after. To glance over this publication is like prattling with a dear little child.

The Beleaguered Hearth.—A novel. 1 vol. London; DOLMÁN.

The credit of good intentions must we presume be accorded to the anonymous author of the volume before us, but with such commendation as this acknowledgment may be considered to amount to, he must rest contented. Novel writing is very evidently not his vocation, and if our impression be correct, that he hoped by this work to advance the interests of the Church, we would most sincerely entreat him to exert himself in future in her service, in any way rather than with his pen. For a moment we had intended to criticize this book at length, but as the expression of strong censure is most distasteful to us, we rest satisfied with such brief remarks as are necessary to shew the motive for our advice.

Whom our author may be, we know not, but we hope that he is a foreigner, for he is evidently utterly ignorant of all that constitutes the beauty of English composition. His style is clumsy in the extreme, and while it shows a singular poverty in command of language, is rich enough in slang. His sentences are abruptly short, or overburdened with needless parentheses. His descriptions of scenery, evidently intended to be romantic, are such as might be expected in the letter of a schoolboy making an excursion in the holidays. His description of his heroine is vulgar and unintelligible and that of "*a* being" who "*infested* the country in the northern neighborhood of the villa Algorouki," when that remarkable individual appears on horseback, is very like nonsense. The dialogues are badly introduced, and still worse conducted, and in short the material of an interesting and exciting story is wasted on a tiresome stupid book.

A FEW WORDS FROM HUMBOLDT.

The following eloquent protest from the pen of the illustrious Humboldt, against a practice which the late controversy respecting the Montalembert translation has brought forward, may prove interesting to our readers. In a Berlin journal the great traveller says:

"Under the title *Essai Politique sur l'Isle de Cuba*, published in Paris in 1826, I collected together all that the large edition of my *Voyage aux Regions Equinoxiales du Nouveau Continent* contained upon the state of agriculture and slavery in the Antilles. There appeared at the same time an English and a Spanish translation of this work, the latter entitled *Ensayo Politico sobre la Isla de Cuba*, neither of which omitted any of the frank and open remarks which feelings of humanity had inspired. But there appears just now, strangely enough, translated from the Spanish translation, and not from the French original, and published in New York, an octavo volume of four hundred pages, under the title of the *Island of Cuba*, by Alexander Von Humboldt, with notes and a preliminary essay by J. S. Thrasher. The translator, who has evidently lived a long time in that beautiful island, has enriched my work by more recent *data* on the subject of the numerical standing of the population, of the cultivation of the soil, and the state of trade, and, generally speaking, exhibited a charitable moderation in his discussion of conflicting opinions, I owe it, however, to a moral feeling, that is now as lively in me as it was in 1826, publicly to complain that in a work which bears my name the entire seventh chapter of the Spanish translation, with which my *Essai Politique* ended, has been arbitrarily omitted. To this very portion of my work I attach greater importance than to any astronomical observations, experiments of magnetic intensity, or statistical statements. A steady advocate as I am for the most unfettered expression of opinion in speech, or in writing, I should never have thought of complaining if I had been attacked on account of my statements; but I do think I am entitled to demand that in the free States of the Continent of America, people should be allowed to read what has been permitted to circulate from the first year of its appearance in a Spanish translation."

All rightly thinking men will at ance perceive the force and truth of this protest, and its tone and moderation cannot fail to raise this eminent man, if possible, higher in the esteem of all who have ever heard his name. Now-a-days when literature is not the feeblest weapon in party conflict, it surely becomes its chiefs to put down finally and speedily every unprincipled attempt to distort their own views—brought forward with all the weight of noble services and well-earned fame—to far other and less worthy ends. This is not a solitary instance of this shameless and misleading practice; but we have brought it forward here as being connected with one whom mankind has admired so long, and loved so well.

LITERARY ITEMS.

In a very comprehensive and pleasing paper on the late Samuel Rogers, in the *Edinburgh*, we notice the following interesting anecdote of the Banker-poet's own version of his nearest approach to Matrimony:—"In early life he admired and had sedulously sought the society of the most beautiful girl he then, and still thought, he had ever seen. At the end of a London season, at a ball, she said, 'I go to-morrow to Worthing, are you going there?' He did not go. Afterwards, being at Ranelagh, he saw the attention of everyone drawn towards a large party that had just entered, in the centre of which was a lady on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his love. She merely said, 'you never came to Worthing.'"

Whatever may have been our political feelings of late towards Jonathan, we certainly are not very hard upon him in a literary sense;—a leading London journal a few days since in reviewing Mr. Olmsted's *Our Slave States* remarks with due seriousness apparently, that the work is written with a comprehensiveness, profoundness, and depth which could only be expected from a member of the Union!

We observe that a periodical devoted to the biographies of musical celebrities, has been started in Hesse Cassel. Amongst others, lives of Mendelssohn, Cherubini, Auber, and Beethoven, have already appeared.

A Chinese dictionary, in one hundred and thirty volumes, and a Chinese encyclopedia in ninety six volumes, are offered for sale in Paris.

The facility with which the "foreigners" make John Bull "hand out," is as notable as ever. Further proof has been brought forward, that the much admired, and much more abused *Paul Veronese*, lately added to the national gallery, at a cost of something like £3000, was as stated by Mr. Bowyer in the House of Commons, offered in Paris for £50!

Sir John Bowring has been elected a member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, the King of Denmark is President of this society.

The chair of logic and metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, vacated by the death of Sir William Hamilton, has been filled by the election of Professor A. C. Fraser, well known as a writer in the *North British Review*. Professor Ferrier, son-in-law of "Christopher North" and editor of the collected edition of the latter's works, now publishing, was rejected by a majority of seventeen to fourteen.

We noticed some months back Madame Ida Pfieffer's intention to set out for Madagascar, during the present summer. We hear she is now in London *en route* thither; and has a letter of introduction to the world in general, from the oldest of living travellers—Alexander Von Humboldt.

Mr. Thackeray has a new serial nearly ready for the press. This industrious author requires but twelve months to prepare one of his elaborate works; Mr. Dickens takes two years; while Mr. Lever generally has a new one ready, by the time the old one is completed.

We observe that some unpublished letters of Cowper are announced for sale during the month. Sales of pictures, and art collections of every sort, follow closely upon one another; if collectors are numerous in this Country, there seems truly no lack of material.

The Pope has provided for the completion of Tasso's monument from his privy purse. The monument is being erected in the Church of St. Onufrius, where the poet lies buried. His Holiness has also just presented the School of Cadets with a splendid work, containing designs of the military costumes of the various European powers.

We regret there seems no chance of our being enabled to judge for ourselves of the powers of Madlle. Johanna Wagner, of Lumley *v.* Gye notoriety. The criticisms of the London journals are so conflicting, as to render it almost impossible for people at a distance to form an opinion.

A grand Concert hall is about being erected in London, by a joint-stock company. The building is to be on a magnificent scale, and to cost £40,000.

We notice a new edition, *newly edited*, of Horace Walpole's letters, announced by Mr. Bentley.

Catherine Hayes, so long absent from this country, is on her way home from Australia.

We believe it to be generally understood that Covent Garden Theatre is to be rebuilt forthwith.

The article *The Police and the Thieves* in the new number of the *Quarterly* is a capital paper from a very clever series.

To our Subscribers.

As we are now looking forward to our second volume we find it necessary to urge upon our Subscribers that speedy payment of all Subscriptions is urgently needed. Our readers and the trade know very well that we have acted towards them on other terms than are usual in such cases, and it would well become all who are devoted to the cause and friendly to ourselves to promptly render us this assistance—no less just than necessary.

We then earnestly request that all amounts owing to the Magazine—and they are many in number and considerable in amount—be at once remitted. It cannot embarrass any one to forward so trifling an amount, while in the aggregate it would be to us a most valuable supply—without such assistance what resource have we? Why should the almost total surrender of every leisure moment not be sufficient without the excessive anxiety the carelessness of others entails?

PASSING EVENTS.

If "passing events" are to be considered as the faithful foreshadowing of those that are to come, their contemplation can afford but little satisfaction to the adherents of the modern theory of human perfectability. In England, day by day, the newspapers bring disheartening proof that crime is fearfully increasing, not only in amount, but in atrocity, while in Ireland, one of the most opposed of all the countries in Europe to that style of progress which these theorists advocate, they show the direct reverse. The notorious poisoner, Dove, has been found guilty, but with a recommendation to mercy, for which the only assignable reason seems to be the intense wickedness of his life, and the diabolical callousness that characterized the murder which will, we trust, bring to a close his horrible career.

The infamous "divorce bill" is for the present withdrawn, but Government is next session to introduce a new one, which Lord Palmerston pledges himself shall contain no clause to exclude a most abominable description of marriage, because the noble Lord considers that such a prohibition would be *not only a cruel but an immoral prohibition.*

For one year more, has been suspended the confiscatory operations on Catholic Charities of the "Charitable Trusts Act" to allow of that special legislation which, postponed now for the fourth year, seems to be as far as ever removed from probability.

The arrangements for the *retirement* of the *Bishops* of London and Durham are not yet completed but their discussion has dragged the "church as by law established" through a degree of degradation which renders it hard to believe that it can long continue the system of plunder on which it has so long flourished.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

We beg to refer several correspondents to the note on page 328.

G.M.—We regret the error in transcribing your initials in our last number. With reference to your enclosures, we have no doubt of your own sincerity, but for our belief in your views, assertion too largely preponderates over argument in their statement. You say you intend to break up the Newtonian theory, and we can but applaud your doughty resolution.

Frank, who turns out to be a lady, thinks we have not paid sufficient attention to a contribution acknowledged in our last number. The terms of her letter do not incline us to any very profound regret, even had such carelessness occurred,—in short, our fair correspondent is angry, and like most angry people, has said unkind things, which we feel sure she would not repeat now.

M.B. Southampton.—Pray hold us excused this month, your not having heard from us was occasioned by circumstances altogether unforeseen.

A.M.S.—Yours reached us too late; we regret our not having remembered your kindness, and acted spontaneously as you have now requested. *You* however, can excuse us.

R.M. London.—You can obtain the information which you are good enough to credit us with, from any classical dictionary, an article in the last number of the *Westminster Review*, will tell you something of Dr. Smith's Latin Dictionary.

Lisbon.—You have rightly estimated our feelings towards your friends. They are too kindly to permit us to insert the poem.

W.S.—A.—Philo-Junius—J.T.—Fitz and *Sampson* received.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—Bridge's Ancient History; Life of St. Vincent of Paul. We have also to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Dolman, in regularly sending us *The Lamp.*

☞ We particularly request that Contributions, Books for Review, and all Communications for the Editor, be sent to the Printer, until further notice.

Contributions, not inserted, are destroyed.

Obituary.

Of your charity pray for the soul of the Right Rev. Dr. Egan, Bishop of Kerry, who died on the 21st ultimo.

Printed by RICHARD CAMPBELL, No. 11, Temple Court, Liverpool.—August 1, 1856.