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LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

NO. II.—ST. ELIZABETH'S INSTITUTION.

England has long been celebrated for the abundance and the pithiness of the adages in circulation among her people, but her social history does not show that the practical exemplification of the precepts which they so tersely convey can by any means be justly named as one of the sources of her national pride. There are few phrases in more common use than the brief assertion "prevention is better than cure," and there are few truths more thoroughly neglected in our social organization than that which it enunciates.

Our machinery for the detection and punishment of crime is on a scale of wondrous magnitude, and is directed with a degree of skill such as might be expected in a nation which claims to rank among the first of the peoples of the earth; but until very recently little or no effort was made to prevent the germination in the minds of the youth of the poorer classes of those poisonous seeds of vice whose fruits are shown in the fearful deeds of wickedness that fill the columns of our newspapers with reports of robbery, brutality, and murder.

Children are, in the few years during which they are too weak to work, taught in the charity schools to read and write, and are trained in the moral principles of Christianity, as far as such principles can be impressed upon their unreasoning minds by means of a system which robs Christianity of all that gives it the strongest hold upon the affections, as well as of all its material and practical aids for the preservation of grace. But once they are strong enough to work, into the never-ending "battle of life" they at once must plunge, to fight their way through "the vale of tears" as best they can unaided and alone. If they fall ill or are corporally injured by an accident, hospitals and infirmaries are ready for their relief; but while they are in health the whole world about them seems united for their persecution. Laws, bye-laws, and police regulations meet them at every turn to impede their efforts to gain an honest livelihood.

England, bible-loving church-going England seems to have forgotten that the Founder, the God of the religion which she professes, was Himself poor and in all things studiously gave honor to honest poverty. With her poverty is looked upon almost as a crime, and in many cases is treated worse than crime.

If after a long day's toil carrying about for sale a few penny-worth's of fruit, some wretched girl worn out with fatigue rests her basket on the kerb-stone, she herself standing meanwhile with her shivering feet in the running waters of the gutter, or in the wet mud of the carriage way, an over-zealous policeman forthwith orders her away, enforcing his commands with a rude push or a still ruder blow; or perhaps summons her for obstruction to the police court, there to be fined a sum larger than she ever earned in a fortnight, and in the inevitable default of payment to be sent for a week or two to study morality in a gaol. There is no friend for her above the level of her own class; there is no refuge, no resource for her but the workhouse; and when in hunger and despair she turns to that, she is met, and if possible thrown back upon her own resources by some gruff official, whose feelings have been deadened by long habit; or worse still, by some heartless busybody, who, with an ambition despicable below contempt, strives to gratify his cravings after a base popularity by thrusting himself between the poor and their wretched pittance, that he may boast at a vestry meeting of the dimunition in the parish expenditure, caused by his energetic attention to the interests of the ratepayers.

With misery gnawing at their hearts; with troubles and sorrows on every side; with every sense displaying to them the inability of such morality as they have learned, to procure them happiness or comfort in this life; and with none to console them and to show them a loving example of endurance here for the sake

of joy hereafter, what wonder is it that hundreds of poor girls should yield to the temptations of surrounding abundance, and swell with their names the catalogue of youthful thieves which fills the pages of the police registers? What wonder is it that hundreds more, lured on by the fascinations of vice, or bewildered by the prospects of pleasure should abandon themselves to nameless sins, and fall into the ranks of that fearful host of hapless outcasts who haunt our streets at close of day, and rush through a life of hollow gaiety and depraved excitement to an early death in misery and shame.

Asylums few in number and small in extent have been founded for the reception of penitents, and reformatories are being established for the redemption of youthful criminals, but little indeed is done effectually to prevent the occurrence of the evils which these costly institutions are intended to cure.

The picture we have drawn is a most melancholy one, but is there a charitable Catholic or a philanthrophic Protestant among our readers who does not feel its truth, or who would not gladly help to throw some little light into contrast with this mass of shade?

Already one bright little ray is beaming forth, here in our own town, and hailing its appearance with sincerest joy, we proceed briefly to portray the circumstances of its advent, and the happy effects which already have resulted from its cheering influence.

In the month of December, 1853, a few Catholic ladies made the modest beginning of a work which, with God's blessing, now makes good promise of taking a very high position among the Catholic charitable institutions of the town. The use of a room was obtained from the good Sisters of Notre Dame, into which were daily received a number of poor girls in want of employment. Here they were taught to sew, they were instructed in the principles of religion, they received each day a meal of good food and they were regularly paid for their work, the productions of which their kind benefactors sought to sell for the benefit of the new charity. The result of the undertaking was not however satisfactory to its pious founders. The girls returned nightly to their own homes and employed their evenings in various pursuits which tended to undo much of what during the day might have been effected for their moral advancement. Experience proved that if any real good was to result the system must be entirely changed.

The little band had been reinforced by the addition to its ranks of the lady who, under the title of its Superioress, has since become the guiding spirit of the institution named at the head of our present paper; a lady whose name we suppress solely in deference to her own modesty, and whose unwavering charity and patient perseverence have so earned our respect, that we refrain from giving expression to our admiration, almost as much from consciousness of our inability to do justice to the theme, as from the feeling that she acts from love of One whose acknowledgments, when the time for them shall come, are such that before them the praises and rewards of men sink into an insignificance which we have not language to exemplify.

The ladies determined to exert themselves to procure if possible the foundation of an institution which might save young girls from such fates as we have referred to in our introductory remarks, and after struggling for some time for the realisation of their desires against difficulties which to aught save Catholic charity would have been insurmountable, they fell back upon their strong faith, and engaged, on the 1st of August, 1854, the house now known as St. Elizabeth's Institution, in Soho-street. The house had but ceased to serve as military barracks, and was delivered up to them in a condition much more easily imagined than described. Nothing daunted however, by its appearance they entered into possession with a stock of furniture consisting of little more than half-a-dozen chairs, a table, and a desk. Intimation had however been judiciously given to many charitable friends of the objects for which the house was taken, and no sooner was it secured than donations of furniture, earthenware, hardware, linen, and many other requisites for housekeeping were poured into it. Young artisans of various trades, painters, plasterers, joiners, coopers, and ironworkers thronged its rooms after working hours, and under their active hands walls and wainscoatings were decorated; floors and ceilings assumed the beauteous hues of cleanliness; tables, chairs, benches, and washing-tubs sprang into existence. In short these noble-hearted youths not only gave with joyful alacrity the work of their skilful hands to make all that was most urgently required, but refusing all other means of procuring the necessary materials they went about and begged for them.

Although the house is even yet by no means completely furnished, it was thus so well and so usefully supplied that the ladies have hitherto been able to carry out their charitable

project without entailing upon the funds of the institution any charge for furniture, excepting for the beds and bedding; and to sum up all, a family long known for its charity, paid for them the first year's rent.

But we are putting the cart before the horse; we have told that a house was taken, we have told how it has been furnished, and it is quite time that we should say to what end has all this been done.

Briefly then, into this institution are received destitute young girls between the ages of eleven and sixteen, who are there thoroughly instructed in all the duties of household servants, and are lodged, fed, and clothed until they are able to enter into suitable situations. Orphans or girls whose parents are unable properly to support them, are equally admissible to its protection, provided only that there be no stain upon their own character. They are taught to read and to write, to sew and to knit, to cook plain food, to wash and to bake. They are zealously instructed in the principles of our Holy Religion, and carefully trained to habits of cleanliness and order. In short, to repeat the words of the amiable directress of the institution addressed to ourselves on the occasion of a recent visit: "We do not attempt to teach them astronomy, botany, chemistry, or geology; we never dream of embroidery or wool work; but when we send a girl to a place we know that she has been well taught her religious duties, that she is skilful with her needle, that she is cleanly and orderly, and that she can wash well, and bake good bread."

The institution at present shelters four-and-twenty girls. During its brief existence it has already sent out to service seven, every one of whom is, we understand giving complete satisfaction to her employers; and within its walls twelve have been prepared for their first communion.

The training of the girls has, with episcopal sanction, been undertaken by the superioress already referred to, who, a nun without the vows, resides in the house, and without hope or desire of any reward, other than the glorious one of another world, has devoted herself entirely to this noble work. The government of the institution, with the same high sanction rests with the Very Rev. Canon Kenrick, the Lady-president who first sowed the little seed from which this goodly tree has sprung, and the Superioress. The priest of the district attends to the spiritual necessities of the children, and in their daily instruction valuable assistance is rendered by a number of Catholic young ladies who attend in rotation for that purpose.

The history of St. Elizabeth's institution, short as its existence has yet been, gives abundant illustrations of the activity and untiring energy of Catholic charity, and if the contributions to its funds should become proportionate to its merits, and its managers be thus enabled to enlarge, as they wish to do, the scale of its operations, its beneficial influence on the social state of Liverpool would be incalculable. It has a small list of annual subscribers; the girls make a considerable quantity of clothes suitable for the use of the poor, for sale to the charitable; and some young ladies, with a charity beyond all praise, have devoted themselves to the irksome task of making collections, the fruits of which they bring in monthly. These, with the proceeds of an occasional little raffle or lottery in which the prizes are the gifts of benevolent friends, are the precarious sources on which the institution must rely for the means of existence. With these it has already effected much good, and in strong faith and pious hope its founders look forward to the future without fear, knowing that He, without whose knowledge not even the vilest insect falls to the ground and dies, will, if their work be good, raise up to them friends and helpers in their time of need.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

CHAP. III.

The members of the human frame are disposed and arranged according to a law of grace and use combined.

In examining the exterior of the human body, we are compelled at once to acknowledge that all and each of its parts are judiciously arranged, in place and method, for the easy and exact discharge of the divers functions for which they are severally destined. But Divine wisdom, in thus assigning to each member its most proper and useful sphere, has also added to this provision for the ease and wants of man, the charm of beauty, the grace of ornament, and the symmetry of proportion.

First of all, it is evident, without further demonstration, that all these members are disposed of in the most advantageous manner possible. The human body is a self-acting machine, which is to be set in motion by the inherent powers given to it, without the necessity of foreign impulse or the intervention of a force exterior to it. Its members have to execute with facility and exact despatch the commands of the soul's will. The *bones*, for instance, are primarily destined to give solidity to the whole machine; but in order that man

may make easy use of his limbs, that he may extend or fold his arms, that he may bend or raise himself at will, the bones are divided by several joints, and each of the principal bones terminates in a round head or pestle, which, embedded in the spherical cavity of another bone, works there without hurt or pain, being protected by a polished cartilage, and continually moistened by a self-acting supply of unctuous humor, which lubricates their action and counteracts the inconveniences of friction. Again, on the other hand, these bones are so firmly attached by strong ligaments, that they cannot slide one over the other; and though the feet have to support the heavy pressure of the whole frame, and the hands are often called upon to raise enormous weights, none of the parts get out of place, nor are the bones detached from their sockets, except by some overpowering shock, or when strained to perform offices beyond the powers which nature has measured to them.

Nor, secondly, in this arrangement of our members has less regard been paid by the Divine Artificer to the *commodity* of man. The soul has been furnished with all kinds of organs for the execution of its will without let or hindrance. The senses are there like outposts, or sentinels, to give it instantaneous warning of all that may interest it, and the other members obey with the greatest loyalty and docility all its commands, like subordinate officers. For example, the *eye* being charged to keep a look out for the whole man, is stationed upon the most elevated post: it can revolve on either side, and observe all that is passing. The *ears*, posted likewise on an eminent situation, are open night and day, to give alarm to the soul of the slightest noise, and to communicate to it the impression of every sound.

Again, as the elements have to pass through the *mouth* before entering into the stomach, the organ of *smell* is placed immediately above it, to keep watch together with the eye, that it admits of nothing which may be noxious or corrupt. As for the *touch*, it has allotted to it no particular seat: it is so diffused throughout the whole habit of the body as to be able to distinguish for it pleasure from pain, and to turn these sensations to the advantage of the individual. The arms, as we saw before, are the servants whom the soul makes the most use of for the executing of its orders. Situated near the chest, the strongest part of the body, and removed at a convenient distance from the lower members, they are arranged in the most convenient position for all sorts of exercises and works, and ensure the safety of the head, as well as of the other members. But lastly, the Sovereign Creator in fashioning our body deigned to occupy himself with its elegance and grace, as well as with its use and conveniences. This *beauty of the body* of man consists in the harmony and exact proportion of his members and the agreeable combination of colors in a fine and delicately woven skin. Thus the double members, such as the eyes, the ears, the arms, and legs are set each on a side at an equal and symmetrical height; whilst those which are single, such as the brow, the nose, the mouth, and the chin, hold a middle place. This harmony is preserved throughout the whole man. In infants the head is proportionately larger than the other members, as being the principal part of the body, and the seat above all of the four senses, it is required to arrive the soonest at perfection. It is composed, moreover, mainly of bone, and would therefore not be developed or expand so quickly as the more fleshy members. A wise provision has thus been made against this inequality of ulterior growth, and the blemish at the same time to harmony, which would otherwise have been its necessary result, has thus been providentially anticipated, Whilst all the works of creation—the plants of the field, the bodies of men and animals—present such tokens of Divine workmanship, such admirable proportions, such adaptations to their several wants and destinies, is it not strange that any should be found who, when they behold some bodies ill-proportioned or deformed, or when they meet some monster or other, begin to deduce doubts from thence as to the intelligence or providential agency of the Supreme Artist? As well might they enter the laboratory of a sculptor, and condemn him of ignorance and want of skill, because they saw figures here and there mutilated and defaced. Unnatural children, who eye their mother askance, and find fault with her, that they may thence infer that they are justified in straying from her laws! They will not believe that these very irregularities are based upon general laws, which to make things right according to them, would *have to be suspended* in these particular cases; a suspension and continual variation which would prove to be a real disorder, and a far greater discrepancy than these rare phenomena which they impugn with so much ignorance and presumption.

Oh! mortal man! far from daring to contradict or oppose the currency of these laws, to thwart the works and ways of thy Maker, admire rather the perfection and beauty of thy

own body, the intimate relations, the nice adjustments, the harmony and perfect symmetry of all its parts. Each member you see is closely connected with the other: they do not clash, nor embarrass, nor interfere; they are all and each set there, exactly where they will best fulfil their several offices, and render mutual aid to the whole body. All these organs are so many springs acting one on the other in unanimous concert, to procure the weal of each and all together. Beware of mutilating a work so skilfully constructed, so delicately adjusted, and so exquisitely adorned. Beware of distorting or degrading it by excess and disorder. Beware of damaging and vilifying it by shameless passions. Thy body should be ever a monument of the wisdom and goodness of God. Take care to preserve it as such, without blemish and without disfiguration. And above all take care that thy soul, so degenerated by sin, be re-established in its primitive beauty, and restored to its original glory, by the Grace of the Redeemer. Thus wilt thou be compensated hereafter, for the temporary revolution which thy body must undergo, when it shall again for a little time return to the dust out of which it was taken.

CHAPTER IV.

Man—Variety in his Features. The Hair.

The wisdom and goodness of the Divine Author of nature are as strongly impressed, and clearly manifest, in what to the rash sceptic appear to be the anomalies, defects, and diversities of nature, as they are broadly engraved on every line of its wonderful harmonies and matchless perfections. What a diversity for instance reigns in the external forms of men; and yet in this variety what unity—and in this very diversity what wisdom and goodness are displayed! Man is everywhere like to man in his essential parts, and yet there is always something in which he differs from another, and by which he may be easily distinguished without risk of error or confusion. Out of so many thousand millions of individuals of the same species there have never been any two that have exactly resembled in every part the other: each one had and has some particular mark by which he could be distinguished; and this characteristic diversity generally resides in that part most exposed to the eye or ear, the countenance, the voice, or the tongue. But in this very variety another wonder meets us again. For the parts which compose the face of man are but *few* in number, and those parts in each subject are arranged according to one and the same plan, and yet the physiognomy of no two are perfectly uniform. O! whose work can this be, if it be not that of the infinitely wise Master and Ruler of the universe?

If all things here on earth be the production of blind chance, why is it that all the faces of men are not the same, like bullets cast in the same mould, eggs laid by the same fowl, and drops of water distilled from one cistern? No; the infinite goodness of the Sovereign Lord of all things devised this variety for the comfort and benefit of man, and His infinite power effected it. Supposing the face of every man resembled that of his fellow, who can imagine the inconveniences, the dangers, the disorders to society which would immediately and necessarily be the result—society could not exist, man would never be sure of his life, of his honor, of his goods, nor of the virtue of his spouse. The assassin and the brigand could not be distinguished, nor could the innocent be known from the guilty, if there were nothing in the voice, or face, or speech to betray them. Exposed as he is to the malice and jealousy of the wicked, the honest and virtuous man would never be secure for an instant against the attacks, surprises, circumventions, and frauds of his enemies. What hopeless uncertainty in contracts, in commerce, in conveyance, in exchange, in courts and tribunals! What subornations in witnesses—what confusion in the domestic circle! In a word, uniformity and perfect resemblance in the species, such as would be the result of any but a Divine authorship would be the annihilation of human society, and, therefore, the destruction of the whole race itself.

This variety of feature enters into the preconceived scheme of God's government and economy towards us; it is a permanent and ever palpable proof of the care which His sweet Providence takes of His creature—man: and once more—for every step we take, every part we analyse, every fibre we examine, elicits the same tribute of gratitude and admiration, not only the general structure of his body, but also the disposition of its divers parts, the unity in the variety, and the difference in the uniformity—all these are the fruits of the profoundest wisdom, and the operations of an all-benevolent Will.

The *Hair* is one of the most beautiful ornaments of the human head: but this appendage has been given to man to serve an end higher than that of pleasure, as we shall see.

Take this hair—a single hair of your head: here you have a long and finely-drawn filament

ending in a knot thicker and more transparent than the rest, and both visible to the naked eye. The filament is the body of the hair; the knot or butt is its root; and the whole is composed of three parts—the exterior envelope, the interior tubes, and the marrow. When the point of the hair has arrived at the surface of the skin, through which it is to shoot its way up and force its passage, it is then strongly protected by the pellicle of the root, in which it is enveloped—it then puts forth the epidermis, of which it makes to itself a kind of sheath, and which, when the hair is young, is a soft and transparent substance, but which becomes hard, brittle, and elastic when it is fairly grown and matured, so as to recoil with audible violence when broken or cut in sunder.

This exterior envelope preserves the hair for a long time. Immediately beneath it are various fine small fibres reaching from the root to the extremity: they are all united one to the other, and bound likewise to the sheath by several elastic threads. This collection of fibres form a tube, which is filled with two substances, the one fluid, and the other solid, and these constitute the marrow of the hair. This wonderful composition, however, can be analysed only by help of the microscope.

Such is the form and matter of every thread of the human hair. We may conclude then, that from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet there is nothing in man which does not tell of the perfections of his Creator. The very parts of his frame, which at first sight appear the most insignificant, and such as we might readily pass by, derive a wonderful importance, either when viewed in their relation to others, or examined in their structure, or considered in the ends which they are adapted and destined to fill. And yet, how many are there who regard the hair of man as unworthy of attention; and imagine that here, at least, are to be discovered no traces of the wisdom and love of the Divine Artist; no impressions of the finger of God. That the hair contributes to the beauty and ornament of the head and visage, all are agreed indeed; but this is one of its least advantages. The hair serves to protect the head, to preserve it from cold and damp, and preserve the natural warmth of the brain; it procures a gentle and imperceptible evacuation of certain humors which require to be carried off from the skin; and it promotes genial perspiration.

And how many other advantages, yet unknown, may not even this part of man contribute to the well-being of all his parts.

THE BARD OUTWITTED.

In all countries, from time immemorial, it has been the custom of persons belonging to the lower classes, to forsake friends and home, and seek their livelihood by wandering minstrelsy. But in a country so essentially musical as is Ireland, it is to be expected that this custom should have been carried out to the fullest extent. And in effect it was. And those minstrels were not all members of the lower, for several from the middle, classes were found in their ranks.

At the time to which my tale refers, those "wandering minstrels" or "bards," as they were called, were treated with the utmost respect and attention by the country-people—for it is to these I allude,—not for the virtues or good qualities which they possessed, but in order to induce them to celebrate their hospitality in song, or, where no such ambition existed, to keep themselves from being a bye-word in the mouths of the surrounding peasantry. For these worthies exercised an inconceivable influence over the circles in which they mixed. They would laud to the skies the person in whose house they had been well treated. But woe to the unfortunate being who had the misfortune to displease one of these potentates. His name would infallibly be handed down to posterity, in witching verse, as the worst of human kind, scarcely fit to exist in the fair land which, perchance, gave him birth. Hence it is that we find such pieces as "Connor O'Reilly of Clounish" (Conchobhar u a Raghallaigh Cluan) by Carolan, "Planxty Kelly," &c., in the national music of Ireland; and it was the aim of every peasant—aye, and gentleman, too—to give the best reception possible to the "son of song" during the latter's stay at his place.

The prince of "bards" was Brian O'Connor, the hero of our present tale. He was a big, broad shouldered, good-humored son of Erin, (by the way where is the Irishman who is not this last?) possessing two sturdy legs encased in comfortable worsted stockings, which terminated at one extremity in a pair of well oiled, heavily-nailed brogues, the pride of some country shoe-maker; and at the other in a handsome corduroy knee-breeches neatly fastened at the knees with bright and handsome brass buttons. His coat was of Ireland's staple production—grey frieze. His figure was surmounted by a conical hat, technically termed a "caubeen." To complete this imperfect sketch we have merely to add the much loved harp—the grand point of attraction upon which centered more than half the desire evinced for its possessor.

Such is Brian O'Connor as he appeared at the door of Larry Mahony's house one fine Autumn evening about dinner time. Larry was glad to see the Bard, and invited him into the house as a matter of course, while at intervals he eagerly desired all the news of the country to be imparted to him.

"Arrah! Brian honey! and sure its a cure for sore eyes to see yourself at all at all. And its me-self that's glad to see you; come in avic. The dinner is just ready."

"Biddy here's Brian o'Connor," said he addressing a fine rosy-cheeked woman, who was sweating over a fire on which boiled a pot of potatoes.

Biddy's welcome for Brian was not a whit less energetic than her husband's; and a seat was prepared for their illustrious visitor just beside the fireplace. Larry after a short conversation left the fire-side and beckoned to his wife, who immediately followed him into a room off the kitchen, where her

husband entered into an explanation of the tactics he intended to pursue with regard to the unconscious Bard. He told her to put a quantity of butter into the pot, of course unseen by Brian, and when the potatoes were boiled to dip some rushes in the grease and leave the rest to him. Biddy then proceeded with her domestic duties, while Larry betook himself to the fire-side to resume the conversation which had been interrupted previously.

Now, while dinner is preparing, we will step outside and view the situation of Larry's house and land.

It, the land, formed an angle of an old churchyard which had fallen into disuse, and was extremely rich and fertile, and highly prized by the worthy farmer with whom we are acquainted. He worked night and day, if I may be allowed to say so, on its improvement, and had the satisfaction of hearing from all his neighbors that it was the "best land in the county—aye, or in Ireland." The house was pleasantly situated at a little distance from the road, and differed in no way from other country houses occupied by farmers.

Here then did Larry Mahony and his wife, with a large but cheerful family, live in happiness, the only draw-back being the visits of the oft-mentioned Bard, a proceeding which the worthy farmer was fully determined to prevent for the future.

We will now enter the house and see what has taken place there during our absence.

A table covered with a snow-white cloth stands in the centre of the floor; a large wooden bowl or dish is on the hearth ready to receive the steaming potatoes as soon as they leave the pot; while the good woman of the house, our friend Biddy, is busily engaged in skimming some very greasy matter from the water before pouring the latter off.

This greasy matter excites the Bard's curiosity. He endeavors in vain to account for the strange proceeding. But when she begins to dip the rushes he exclaims in an impatient tone:—

"Arrah Biddy! what the deuce is that?"

But Larry takes upon himself to answer the Bard's question, and enters into an explanation which I am sure our musical acquaintance had not the remotest idea of receiving.

"You see, Brian," began the host, "that our garden is a part of the old church-yard that I walled in some time ago; and it is a great matter that I did so, for we save a great deal in the year by dipping the rushes as Biddy is doing now. The fat of the dead bodies that we skim off the top of the water is so thick——"

"Thunder-an'-turf man! d'ye want to poison me?" screamed Brian O'Connor. Gi' me my hat, an' let me out of the house, you set of haythens. O, dear! what'll I do? I'm poison'd!" And with such like expressions did poor Brian bolt from the house of Larry Mahony, while the latter and his wife were ready to *burst* with laughter at the trick played the unfortunate Bard.

I need scarcely say that Brien O'Connor never troubled the house of Larry Mahony again, who lived ever after in perfect happiness (if such a thing exist here) beloved and respected by all his neighbors, to whom long after he used to relate the wicked trick played upon his unwelcome visitor.

It is necessary to add that if Larry Mahony did not dread the cutting reproof, which would certainly be administered had he pursued such a course, he would have taken a more summary way of disposing of the harper's unwelcome services.

THE MUDDLETONIANS;

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAP. IV.

The few days I had spent in Muddleton had not tended to raise my opinion of its inhabitants generally. I was, indeed, prepared to see much of the working of English bigotry in its excited moments, but by no means would I before have believed the possibility of such scenes as were to take place so few days after my arrival in that town. Being absolutely unknown there, I resolved to avail myself of that circumstance to neutralise, if not to bring to nought, the efforts of the conspirators against Father Ambrose and his flock. How far I succeeded in this purpose, the reader will judge. Meanwhile let him follow me to London, whither some important affairs required that I should repair for a day or two.

In that famous metropolis of the world there is a spot which cannot fail to have attracted, at some time or other, the notice of every Londoner—a spot chiefly remarkable for its teeming population, wonderful dirt in wet weather, and almost countless gin-palaces and pawn-shops. The locality is intersected by two great lines of thoroughfares, running into each other at right angles, namely, the New Road and the Tottenham-court and Hampstead Roads.

At the back of these two main streets are numerous dingy-looking smaller ways, chiefly inhabited by little peddling tradesmen, third-rate city clerks, and not a small number of those unhappy women who nightly haunt the streets. At one of the corners of the two main lines stands a gigantic gin-shop, with magnificent plate-glass windows and a huge gilt lamp overtopping the principal entrance. Inside the ever-opening-and-closing swinging doors are ranged on shelves Herculean barrels, garnished round their bases with innumerable bottles of every shape and variety of contents, while the gilt and framed window labels invite the passers-by to come in and revel for next to nothing in the supreme happiness of quaffing down the steaming purl, the manly ale, or the delicate cream of the valley. In and out of the doors passed and repassed a never-ceasing file of worshippers at the shrine, mostly, though not all, of the lower orders. There might be seen the seedy tradesman, whose rusty threadbare attire and faded features but too well indicated what fatal passion had marred his prosperity. Behind him came a brawny fellow

in ragged fustian and a dirty face, whose twelve shillings a-week, when earned by the painful labor of the hod, were reduced before he reached home late of a Saturday night, to something like half-a-crown, wherewith a wretched wife and five children were expected to sustain life for a long week to come. Then came a tattered woman, with a miserable infant in her arms, her eyes and those of the poor unconscious babe watering in the fierce excitement of the recently swallowed gin-draught; for, alas! these heathen mothers are not satisfied with hourly drinking the vile public-house compounds, mis-called gin and rum, but they must also pollute the lips of their puny infants with the unhallowed potion, and pour into their doomed little frames the liquid fire which will, ere long, parch up the very stream of life. Before the bar, which was gleaming all over with polished ivory and burnished gold, stood—for they were not allowed to sit—a motley mass of men and youths, women and girls, drinking, shrieking, cursing, and vociferating in lewd language, while the atmosphere—a London November atmosphere, too—was redolent with the accumulated fumes of tobacco, filthy clothes, and evaporating liquor.

I was on my way from the city to Paddington, and rode outside an omnibus, for the novelty to me of every object made me unwilling to lose any sight, when the vehicle prepared to pull up as usual at the aforesaid tavern. Just at that moment a large drove of cattle were on their way to the Copenhagen Fields, and as they jostled on in serried ranks, urged by the fierce barking of the drovers' dogs, a large furniture van, in order to avoid them, made a sudden side movement out of its path. To avoid an imminent collision, the omnibus-driver backed his vehicle right over the curb-stone of the footway. A scream was instantly heard, followed by an eager rushing of the crowd; a poor woman had been run down whilst attempting to cross the road. She was immediately carried into the public-house, and laid on the floor of a back parlor, while a surgeon was being sent for. I was not unacquainted with the surgical art, and thinking I might be of some service to the poor woman, I left the omnibus, paid my fare, and stepped in.

Fortunately, she was not much hurt. The wheel of the omnibus had grazed her leg, but spared the bone. Fright had, however, deprived her of her senses. I thought no time was to be lost; I quickly took out my penknife, and bled her in the arm: as the blood oozed out thick and black, consciousness and speech returned. The woman opened her eyes, and staring at me with all her might, called out with much volubility: "Take me home to Muddleton. I live in Muddleton—number one Pecker-street. My name is Lillypegs—Mrs. Lillypegs, grocer and bookseller, Muddleton. Send for Father Ambrose, quickly! Oh, dear; oh, me; I am dying!"

"No, my good woman, you will not die yet; you are but slightly hurt: all will be right if you will only keep quiet for a few hours. I know Muddleton; I will see you conveyed thither, if you are not able to return alone."

"Thank you, thank you; you are a dear good soul. Are you sure I don't want Father Ambrose?"

"You mean the Priest at Muddleton, don't you? Be comforted, I am a Catholic myself; I'll see to all your wants. But there is no need of a Priest for so trifling an accident as this."

I bade the little woman make herself as comfortable as possible, promising I would shortly return; and recommending the landlady to take every possible care of her for that day, I passed through the bar into the street to proceed to Paddington.

I gave an involuntary start, however, when I saw two men leave the tavern before me, and recognized one of them at once as the Muddleton bill-sticker. He was rather better dressed than usual, and held a busy conversation with his companion, a dubious-looking young man with a red nose, whose peculiar appearance at once struck me, and forcibly realised in my mind the well-known proverb:

> Birds of a feather
> Flock together;

for he had a sinister squint of the right eye, black smoothly-combed hair, what should have been a white neckcloth, and a slouching gait in walking, as if he had been perpetually looking over his shoulder at some savage enemy. I was close behind them, and could scarcely help overhearing their conversation. I made no scruple, however, to do so, as I felt sure they were after no good, and possibly they might bring Father Ambrose and the Muddletonian doings into their confabulations. I was not mistaken.

"I hope that woman didn't see us," said Hiram; "she has a tongue of her own; and just fancy her gadding about among the Muddleton Papists that Mister Hiram Holy was seen at the bar of a London gin-shop!"

"Who is she?"

"Why," answered the bill-sticker, "her name is Lillypegs; she keeps a little shop in

our place for tea and sugar, as well as Popish books, beads, pictures, and all that kind of idolatrous trumpery. She is a mighty favorite of the Priest's, for she puts him up to all that's going on. I hate the creature! But wait a bit, if there isn't a smash there also in a few days. I hope she did not see me, though."

"Well, scarcely, I think; for she seemed unconscious when brought in."

"May she remain so, and rot in't!"

"Amen," piously drawled out the city missionary.

Some one else had, who would do as well, Mr. Holy.—The two worthies left the main thoroughfare they had been pursuing for a quarter of a mile, and turned to the left down a bye-street, which we must call Verner's-street. At number nineteen of this street, Hiram and the city missionary stopped, and after a repeated single knock were admitted within.

Good reader, like all story-tellers, I must assume that you believe in my omnipresence and all but omniscience. How else could I tell you what was said and done in that same number nineteen, and many a place besides? Let me then at once claim my privilege, and do not find fault if the story appear to lose by it some of its probability.

Hiram and his friend were ushered into a large room, the window-blind whereof was adorned with a wire-worked semblance of a large Bible, with a cross on one side, a crozier on the other, and overtopped by an episcopal mitre. A scroll ran round this symbolical representation, bearing the words: "United of all Nations' Protestant Alliance," thereby informing all religiously-minded Christians that this house was the central focus whence emanated throughout and over a benighted world floods of evangelical refulgence and Bible-spreading zeal. Over the mantel-piece was a large engraving representing a tall besandalled and be-corded monk, with a furious countenance flashing from beneath a huge cowl. The said monk held aloft in one hand a crucifix, in the other a scourge wherewith he appeared to threaten some dire misfortune to a very meek and learned-looking young lady, with one hand extended over an open Bible, and a pair of blue eyes upturned to Heaven, in most admirable melodramatic expression. In the back-ground, was a dismal prison-cell, with high barred windows, and sundry frowning ferocious satellites armed with huge keys and various instruments of torture. The picture purported to be a faithful representation of the persecuting spirit of the Church of Rome, as exhibited in a late case of tyranny in the dominions of the Bible-hating Grand Duke of Brittany, where a god-fearing young Deborah had endeavored to enlighten the heathen natives with the saving knowledge of Gospel truth, and had thereby incurred the never-forgiving hatred of the friars. It was the master-piece of a celebrated R.A., to whom the Protestant Alliance had voted a handsome douceur, as a feeble mark of their sense of his Christian zeal.

In the middle of the room was a square black leather-covered table, with various papers and pamphlets on it, and round the walls were rows of pigeon-holed shelves, each with an inscription on the top board. One or two ran thus, and are a specimen of the rest: "Convert. Priests' Dep.," "Dingle Ref. Schools," "Rec. Facts ag. Popery," &c., &c. On the mantel-piece itself, and beneath the picture of the ferocious-looking monk, was a large japanned tin-box, with money-slits above and around, wherein dropped the frequent gold or silver contributions of godly old ladies and other dupes of the pious swindlers that managed the affairs of this wonderful Protestant Alliance.

The city missionary and his companion appeared pretty familiar with the particulars just described, as they sat for still some time without looking at any one object in the room, only now and then whispering some remark to each other. Another knock at the door announced a fresh visit, and almost before Holy could assume a look of solemnity, and his friend smooth down his greasy hair, and take up his pocket-Bible, two personages entered, and at once sat down before the table, unrolling some papers deposited there before their arrival.

The bill-sticker and his friend remained standing in an attitude of the most profound humility. "I congratulate myself, Sir John," said the former, in an oily tone, "that by the favor of the Lord I am privileged to see so zealous an upholder of our pure faith as yourself. My friend here, Mr. Pourforth, told me I might be honored with your directions as to the grand movement we are about to organize in Muddleton; and you, as well as this reverend gentleman," bowing and scraping to the Baronet's friend, "may confidently rely on my strict fidelity in carrying on your revered commands."

"Hang the fellow!" muttered he of the squinting eye, "for a greasy-tongued rascal!"

The Baronet thus addressed was the well-known city banker, Sir John Fibby, of the firm of Fibby, Stibby, and Coates. Exeter Hall had not a more zealous patron or pious speaker.

"Mr. Holy, I believe, from Muddleton?" responded he, looking up with a patronizing air. "Ah, yes, here is a letter from my worthy friend Popson, speaking highly of your efficiency in the cause."

Another low bow and scrape from Hiram.

"Have you just come from Muddleton?" asked the banker's hitherto silent companion. "I suppose you are ready to give me the various particulars I need to make my forthcoming lecture more effectual and damaging to Popery?"

Hiram expressed himself ready to do so. While in his own peculiar way, the bill-sticker answers his interlocutor's questions, let us for a moment look well at this personage, for never did human countenance better express the inward nature of a heart than did that of the Rev. Achilles Malvoglio.

He was a trifle above middle stature, square shouldered, and remarkably thick-set for a foreigner. His face, rather dark than otherwise, was made up of large and luscious features, over which there shone an extraordinary kind of varnish which made one think of the hardness and burnish of brass. He had no beard or whiskers, but a profusion of long and coarse black hair; and the unusual fleshy development of the lower part of his face, as well as his greasy look in general, gave a certain indication of his being more than ordinarily given to sensual habits of life. He was simply what we would call a disgusting fellow. His eyes, however, were the great indicators of his mind. Very flat and staring in aspect, there was a fixed, hard, impudent look about them which morally proved a long antecedent career of shameless profligacy on the part of this chosen champion of the purest Protestantism. For all this, his manners were entirely at his command, and his language refined or coarse, religious or impure, as it suited his interest to make it, and according to the sort of persons he had to address.

"Sir John," said he, turning to the baronet, "do you think this worthy Mr. Pourforth well qualified to play his part?" and there was a comical twinkling in his grey eyes as he spoke.

"No doubt of it, no doubt of it," replied the banker, he must have seen a great deal of life in his London perambulations, and he has a good name for cleverness. With your able direction, he will make an excellent African prince."

"We must call him 'King Quaqua;' you will remember, Mr. Pourforth, you are called 'Quaqua.' Be particular about it; it's a real Timbuctoo name. Levy, of Holywell-street, has every part of the requisite costume. Here is a note of the articles you will require. Sir John here will give you a cheque for the necessary expenses. Have you your part well by heart? Just try a little now, we can't be too sure of ourselves for the cause's sake."

He of the squinting eye stood up, deliberately drew from his coat pocket, and fastened to his head a savage diadem, composed of sticking up feathers of some outlandish great bird, and began:—

"Kristan Bridin, me Quaqua, King of Timbuctoo, lub all ye Inglis kristan. Me cum Inglis land, tank great Vader for me bin kristan. Houra great King Victoria!"

"Capital," said Sir John, "that will do well for Muddleton. It's an excellent and ingenious device, my worthy reverend friend, and will greatly help our work. Mr. Holy," continued he, addressing the bill-sticker, "you will not fail to be at the railway-station on Wednesday afternoon to meet us and take us to the mayor's house. We need not your services to-day any longer; be sure your preparations are perfect. Here is your cheque upon our city house. You will still be in time if you make haste, (looking at his watch), to cash it to-day."

So saying, he held out a cheque for twenty pounds. The city missionary quickly stepped forward to take it up, but Holy was quicker, and securely held the paper, which he put into his pocket, to the evident vexation of his companion.

"I'll have it yet," thought Pourforth; "confound the fellow! It would just take me to America!"

On leaving Verner's-street, our two worthies cut across Oxford-street, threading their way through the somewhat intricate regions of Soho, and after sundry turnings, emerging into the Strand, and proceeding eastward, soon found themselves in the well-known Jewish Holywell-street.

What a contrast between that street in the year of grace 18— and the same spot four hundred years before! Then, almost any day, might one have seen a gaily-painted and decorated barque deposit its human freight on the shore which is now occupied by Somerset House, but which was then the garden of the presbytery of St. Clement's. A procession would then form, headed by the sign of Redemption, and enlivened by burning tapers and floating banners; and with melodious singing of the beautiful inspirations of the Royal Prophet of Sion, the numerous pilgrims would proceed to the Holy Well, dedicated to the

saintly virgin-martyr Winifred, and there supplicate Almighty God, through her intercession, for health of body and soul. But now, go through Holywell-street, and only glance at those frowsy children of Abraham. How unmistakably impressed on their dirty faces is the love of gain, and the sharp cunning of unscrupulous traffic! Dingy-looking shops, full to suffocation of cast-away frippery, and exhaling far and wide an indescribable fusty odor, have replaced the smiling orchards of ancient days and the pretty way-side oratory whence many a fervent prayer or charitable wish made its way to heaven.

"Shentlemens vant a good coat, sheap?" kindly inquired Mr. Moses Levy as he saw our two friends approaching, and the Israelite rubbed his hands together, and gave his head, mediæval-image-like, a shoulderward inclination, as he joyfully anticipated custom. "Coats, great coats, veskits, all sheap, very sheap, shentlemens, given away in fact!"

Mr. Levy's smiles gave way to a keen, business-look, as Hiram and King Quaqua turned into his shop. They soon found what they wanted in that vast receptacle of odds and ends from a fire-shovel to a peer's faded robe, not, however, without a considerable deal of higgle-haggling, in which the Jew's cunning, great as it was and well practised, almost found a match in the shrewdness of Holy.

"Shentlemens going to private theyatricals?" quietly, yet inquiringly said the Hebrew trader. "Shentlemens will find here, for ready monish or little bills, a great stock of shammeries, masks, swords, bishops' wigs, and preashing gowns. Shentlemens would not want a lot of shermons? very good shermons, sheap, ten shillings and sixpence each, by a clever evangelical clargyman. In course, shentlemens, anonymous, but, 'pon my honor, never preashed anywhere....."

"Thank you; no," interrupted Hiram, "we've got what we want." And carrying a large bundle, the two friends went down the street, and round the corner into Drury-lane, where, a little way up, stood the "Jolly Fighters" public-house, into which they quickly entered.

"Hollo, Tippy!" called out the lusty, white-aproned Boniface, as the city missionary hastily passed the bar, followed by Hiram. "Wot's in the vind, now? you look mysterious, raythe r!"

"Hist," whispered Tippy, *alias* Pourforth, *alias* Guagua, "I'm on secret service; ahem, have you got a nice private room, with a Psyche in it?"

"A wot?" said the puzzled landlord.

"A Psyche, don't you know, you stupid? a large looking-glass on swings, to be sure!"

"Oh, you calls it a Sikey, do you? Vell, the vorld is a turning round, now; it used to be called a glass, vhen I vas a boy?"

Of course, there was a private room at the *Jolly Fighters*, with a *Psyche* in it; it was too near the theatres not to possess that rather luxurious article.

Boniface ushered Holy and his companion into a back parlor, casting as he entered a keen side-look at the bill-sticker to ascertain, if he might be one of the fraternity. For it may as well be said, *en passant*, that the stout landlord of the "Jolly Fighters" had been in his younger days a noted celebrity of the "prize ring," and that our friend Tippy, alias Pourforth, had been his pet and favorite disciple in the noble art of self-defence, until the youth, too presuming of his own skill, and not sufficiently obedient to his master's sage advice, had in an evil hour ventured to stand forth, in the Tilbury marshes, against the renowned "Norfolk Cub," the result whereof had been for Tippy the speedy demolition of one of his eyes and three of his ribs. Unable any longer to follow his original vocation in the pummelling line, the ingenuous youth had turned his attention to a nobler species of wrestling, and devoted himself in the service of the United-of-all-Nations-Protestant-Alliance, to the overthrow of the devil and his great ally, Popery. And he found this new pursuit, if not so profitable as his former one, yet more easy and far less damaging to eye and limb. The *Jolly Fighters*, both out of gratitude and inclination, remained one of the chosen haunts where Pourforth would pursue his scriptural studies, and daily refresh his parched lips after the laborious occupation of reading and expounding the Word.*

The bundle was unrolled, and the looking-glass duly bent to the proper angular degree, while Boniface looked on in silence to see the new dodge. Quaqua divested himself of his integuments, and piece by piece, with the help of a close-fitting black oilskin mask, the forementioned savage diadem, and sundry old pantomimic habiliments from Mr. Levi's repertory, he soon turned out a complete and

* Let not the reader deem this character overdrawn. Every body knows the exposure lately made by a Protestant clergyman of some of these city missionaries who were proved to be the most infamous characters in the metropolis. Yet, Exeter Hall refused to interfere for the sake of the cause!

perfect King of Timbuctoo. "Perfectly true to nature," vowed Hiram, "and strictly in accordance with the written notes of the Rev. Achilles Malvoglio."

"Vell," said Boniface, as he surveyed with evident admiration the metamorphosis of his ex-disciple, "vell, the world is a-turning round, it do! S'pose you make a speech, Tippy, my boy. Queer lingo they do speak, I should rayther think, in them blackamoor countries."

"There's no harm in trying again," added Holy; "practice makes perfect."

Thus encouraged, the ingenuous Tippy placed himself before the glass in an attitude that would have raised a thunder of applause at the Surrey, and stretching forth his right hand with a look of intense majesty, began:

"Kristan Briddin, me King Quaqua, great Quaqua of Timbuctoo . . . . . ."

Roars of laughter interrupted this fine beginning; all parties concerned suddenly looked round towards the door, and beheld what will be described in the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

MONEY.—May be accused of injustice towards mankind, inasmuch as there are only a few who make false money, whereas money makes many men false.

ORIGINALITY.—Undetected imitation.

OSTENTATION.—The real motive of many who wear the disguise of hospitality, and invite their guests "to choke them with envy, not fill them with meat."

PEACE.—A cessation of those wholesale murders which prevail during three-quarters of every century in this enlightened era, and which are sanctioned and inculcated by all Christian governments under the name of War.

PARTY-SPIRIT.—A species of mental vitriol which we keep to squirt against others, but which in the meantime, irritates, corrodes, and poisons our own minds.

QUART.—Rather more than a pint, according to the bottle-conjurers of the wine trade.

SATIRE.—Attacking the vices and follies of others instead of reforming our own.

SCANDAL.—The tattle of fools and malignants, who judge of their neighbors by themselves.

VANITY.—Another term for the whole fleeting pageant of human existence.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

II.—THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

A few years before the birth of our blessed Lord, Julius Cæsar, whose Commentaries are read by every school-boy, had led the Roman legions to conquer the savage nations who inhabited the territories of Gaul. When he reached the north-western coast, he beheld the white cliffs of this our island, and he called for the merchants who were used to trade thither for the pearls which are still found on our coasts, and perhaps for the cattle, and for the tin, and iron, and silver which was dug up, especially in Cornwall. They told him that the white cliffs were called Albion, and that the country was inhabited by some warlike tribes called Britons. Cæsar waited for a fair wind to cross the unknown seas, and sailed with many boats up the Thames, where there was already a town and a port, where London now stands. But Cassivelaunus, the chief of the British kings, met him with the men of Kent, and repulsed him. Cæsar landed again on the banks of the Thames, and once in the Isle of Thanet, but he was repulsed each time, as the British historians say, with disgrace; and as the Roman historians say, after he had granted peace and imposed a tribute. When Augustus became Emperor, our blessed Lord was born in the distant regions of Syria; and in the days of Tiberius, He was crucified for the redemption of mankind; and His Apostles soon afterwards went forth to preach the Gospel among all nations. In the reign of Claudius, the British king refused to pay the usual tribute to the Romans, and an army was sent to re-conquer the island. Plautius, the general, after a severe struggle, obtained possession of Britain, and a peace ensued, which is generally believed to be the period when Christianity was first brought into this country.

Wordsworth, the poet of natural religion, says in his Ecclesiastical Sonnets:—

If there be prophets on whose spirits rest
Past things reveal'd like future, they can tell
What powers presiding o'er the sacred well
Of Christian Faith, this savage island bless'd
With its first bounty. Wandering through the west
Did holy Paul a while in Britain dwell,
And call the fountain forth by miracle,
And with dread signs the nascent stream invest?
Or he whose bonds dropp'd off, whose prison doors
Flew open, by an angel's voice unbarr'd,
Or some of humble name to these wild shores,
Storm-driven, who having seen the cup of woe
Pass from their master, sojourn'd here to guard
The precious current they had taught to flow?

It is recorded that St. Paul had already

preached, and St. Peter had already established bishops in Gaul; and it is probable that some of the Apostles, as St. James or St. Simon, or more probably St. Paul himself, preached here, according to the testimony of St. Jerome and the Fathers, who say that Britain was converted by apostolic preaching. There was also another way opened for the introduction of the Gospel. Plautius, the general of Claudius in Britain, married Pomponia Græcina, a British lady; and Pudens, who is mentioned by St. Paul, was an officer in the Roman legions stationed in Britain when he married Claudia Rufina, who was also a Christian.

The next revolt in Britain led to the capture of the Great Caractacus by Ostorius, another general of Claudius. Tacitus gives a very interesting account of the battles fought by that warlike king in defence of his country; and he describes his manly bearing when he was led in chains, with his captive family, along the streets of Rome. He asked for his liberty with such a noble and dignified firmness, that Claudius released him, and he, with his father Bran, were converted to Christianity at Rome, where St. Paul, a few years afterwards, was preaching in the Via Lata. His father returned to Britain, and probably brought with him the good tidings of salvation, for the epithet attached to his name is "the blessed."

Once more the Britons revolted; and Suetonius, the general of Nero, penetrated the mountains of Wales, and crossed into Anglesea, where the lofty groves and vast stone temples of the Druids remained in their terrific grandeur. While the Britons fought furiously, the Druids in their white robes were uttering curses on the invaders, and the women, with their hair dishevelled, rushed about in black attire, brandishing their torches; but the Roman soldiers advanced boldly, though they as pagans felt some superstitious terror: and they conquered the Britons, expelled the Druids, and cut down the groves which had been polluted by their heathen rites. Suetonius then turned his arms against the warlike tribes who dwelt in Norfolk, whose queen, Boadicea, has been described by historians and poets so often, that the very school-boys can tell how she drove, in her scythed car, up and down the British ranks, urging the soldiers to revenge the injuries of the Roman conquerors. But she was defeated, and with the despair of a passionate woman without religion, she poisoned herself.

The conquest of Britain by the Romans led to some most important consequences. The Roman manners and laws were introduced, and the country became civilized: palaces were built, and baths, and marble columns and walls of Roman brick, and pavements of tesselated patterns are often dug up at the places where they were stationed. Not only are their coins found, and the foundations of their camps and castles, their towns and even their villas, but the names of many of our cities are derived from their word "castra" (or camp)—as Gloucester, Chester, Cirencester, Worcester, and other places; and these still prove that this country, which was once the abode of savages, and now of industrious and wealthy Englishmen, was for a period of three hundred years a Roman province, with Latin laws, and language, and governors.

Nor is it only a gratification of innocent curiosity to know that this country was once Roman. It was from Rome that England became Christian. For this great purpose the Roman empire was permitted to spread so far, that through all its provinces the messengers of God might travel as in one country. Thus it was that they came here, and there were even then converts, who called on Christ to bring this island into the one fold of His Church. And it is a remarkable truth, that though their history is almost forgotten, and other missionaries founded the present Church in England, yet the first as well as the last missionaries came from Rome.

There is one account of the introduction of Christianity, given by William of Malmsbury, who wrote in the twelfth century, which deserves mention. He says that during the peace which followed the first Roman conquest under Claudius, St. Joseph of Arimathea, who had already preached in Gaul, came with twelve disciples to England. They arrived sixty-three years after the birth of our blessed Lord, and fifteen years after the Assumption of our Lady, and the barbarous King Arviragus, "though he was unwilling to become a Christian, yet because of their long voyage and great virtues, gave them a spot of ground surrounded by fens and marshes, that they might build a place of worship. The other pagan kings, moved by their great sanctity, gave them lands which were afterwards the property of the Abbey of Glastonbury. These holy men had not been long settled in the wilderness before they were commanded by the angel Gabriel to build a church in honor of the blessed Virgin; and they built a chapel, of which the walls were made of twisted osiers. It was finished

thirty-one years after our Lord's Passion, and although the building was mean, it was remarkable for the Divine presence, and the beauty of holiness, and it was dedicated by Christ himself in honor of his blessed Mother. These twelve holy men served God with extraordinary devotion in this place, and made special addresses to the blessed Virgin, and spent great part of their time in watching, fasting, and prayer; and they were supported under their difficulties by the aid, and also by repeated visions of the blessed Virgin." and William of Malmsbury gives as his authority for all this, the charter of St. Patrick, and other ancient writings; and it is interesting to find a local tradition faithfully witnessing the fact that St. Joseph of Arimathea was in the Avalonian Isle, and that his staff, which he planted in the soil, grew up into a hawthorn, bearing an abundance of snowy flowers between the Festival of Christmas and St. John's Day, and it is certain that such a tree blossoms there still, and bears the same full foliage and opening blossoms in the depth of winter.

——— the Julian spear
A way first open'd; and with Roman chains
The tidings come of JESUS crucified;
They come—they spread—the weak, the suffering,
Receive the faith and in the hope abide. [hear;

THE VICTORY!

"The things that were gain to me, the same I have counted loss for Christ."

"Father, I seek your convent halls,
A traveller from the court of Spain;
Some ghostly counsel here to learn
And bear it to the world again.

"How great, methinks, your lot! to yield
All self, a holocaust to heav'n;
Oh, blest with more than king's estate,
To whom such joyous call is given.

"What high serenity of soul
Adorns him, as toward his crown
He gradual mounts, and passion freed
Calm on the lessening world looks down!"

They pace the noiseless cloister through,
The prior opes one lowly door;
A stalwart monk within his cell
At once kneels down upon the floor.

"Stranger!" exclaims the father stern,
"Mark ye the man? O sight of shame!
Who would have deem'd a coward's heart
Throbs in the pulses of that frame?

"Was it not shame, from manly fight
To flee, to cower in cloister'd shade,
And cling to a dishonor'd life,
While kinsmen sank beneath the blade?"

The lip close set, the changeful brow,
Show'd what emotion shook the frére;—
He answer'd not—the latch was clos'd
While still he kneel'd submissive there.

"Spare him, good father, taunt so keen!
He comes, belike, of servile race;
Religion sure may crown the brows
That glory's wreath could never grace."

With patient smile the prior strode;—
"Fair stranger, learn ere thus you speak:
No knightlier blood proud Spain can boast
Than glows within that brother's cheek.

More honored name in camp or hall,
More dreadful to the foe, was none:
Your cavaliers would welcome death
Renown so peerless to have won.

"Ever, amid the bristling press,
His falchion drank of bravest gore;
Alone through serried ranks he burst
To win the banner from the Moor.

"Now in a harder, deadlier fight,
For life eterne ye see him close;
By will subdued, by lowly prayer
The prize to win from ghostly foes.

"Our rule austere he closely treads,
No murmurs pure obedience mar;
Only one stubborn foe within
Against the Spirit still makes war.

"One idol yet, though tottering keeps
Its antient place—his knightly fame!
The old self writhes with sudden wound
If taunt of fear assail his name.

"Hence at uncertain times, as now,
Is he held forth to blame untrue,
Till that last lingering frailty yield,
And Grace, triumphant, all renew.

"Till, following One whom a lost world
Join'd to dishonor and deride,
The robe of scorn he lov'd to wear,
By its keen virtue purified.

"Stranger, thy lesson thou hast learn'd,
While that dear frére the merit gains:
No offering pure he gives to God,
Who vows his all, and part retains!

If men did but know what felicity dwells in the cottage of a virtuous poor man—how sound he sleeps, how quiet his breast, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his provision, how healthy his morning, how sober his night, how moist his mouth, how joyful his heart—they would never admire the noises, the diseases, the throng of passions, and the violence of unnatural appetites, that fill the houses of the luxurious, and the hearts of the ambitious.

The brave man is known only in war; the wise man in anger; the friend in time of need.

SOULS AND INSTINCTS OF ANIMALS.

It may be reasonably supposed, that a working priest in England has more than sufficient to engage his attention in the study and care of the human soul, without troubling himself about the souls of other animals. But as the question of the souls and instincts of animals has always found a place in the course of a liberal education, and has, during the last century, became doubly interesting, in consequence of its natural obscurity and difficulties having become more approachable by the accumulation of evidence and argument respecting it, an attempt to bring an interesting metaphysical subject within the reach of the popular mind, will not, I trust, prove either idle or vain.

In making an inquiry about the "Souls and Instincts of Animals," I mean, of course, all animals except man. For although man is an animal, still, as his soul, with its properties and powers, is essentially different from the souls of other animals, we shall not notice it, except in so much as other animals are to be compared with him.

My object will be to show that animals have *souls*, and are not mere machines; and, that those souls are often highly gifted with such wonderful powers and faculties as to make them appear, to a casual observer, almost similar to a human soul, whilst they are still at an immeasurable distance from real similarity. In speaking of the *Instincts* of Animals, it is not my intention to expatiate upon the wonderful instances of instinct, with which every one is sufficiently familiar, but rather to show that instinct is not the *only* guide of animals, although, it is the principal motive of their actions. Should I enunciate any philosophical propositions upon this subject, which some may be unwilling to believe, I beg to assure them, that I don't profess to give Articles of Faith upon the subject. I merely express my own humble opinion as formed after a short study of the question. Each one may, therefore, adhere as tenaciously as he pleases to his former convictions, and to that Englishman's Article of Faith which teaches, that you may believe just what you think proper, and nothing else.

Upon the subject of the souls of animals there have been, and are still three classes of opinion. The 1st—degrades animals to the nature of mere machines, without souls, without sensation, without intelligence. The 2nd—exalts animals to a level with man, teaching that there is no *essential* difference between them, but that they only differ in *degrees* of perfection, mental and corporeal. The 3rd opinion takes a middle course, and admits a great many mental faculties in the souls of animals, common to them and to man, but in a less perfect degree; and yet that there are most *essential* and important distinctions between them. Those who degrade animals, often do so out of an unreasonable fear of lowering the character of the human soul; or of giving any countenance to the second class which exalts animals and consequently, they aim at making the distance between man and animals as great as possible. They have an intense horror of being like unto beasts, in anything which concerns the soul. The 2nd class, on the other hand, which, includes many infidels and libertines, make beasts appear as much like man as possible, in the hope of extinguishing moral responsibility, in themselves. For as they are sure that other animals have no moral responsibility, and will find no hell or other punishment after death, they would like to persuade themselves that man's soul will be equally exempt, and that he need entertain no fears about futurity! In these two classes, "the wish is farther to the thought." Instead of arguing from facts to theory they have a pre-concerted theory in their mind, to which they are determined to accommodate into every fact that appears.

But these two classes of philosophers are both like bad captains of vessels. The timid one keeps too close to shore, and by his false caution is grounded on some unexpected shoal. The other fool-hardy, and whose greatest glory is found in perishing, dashes head-long amid storms and breakers, without the aid of sufficient skill to meet his difficulties. The third class, in whose vessel I hope to sail, launches boldly forth into the doubtful sea but takes with him all the appliances of art and science, to enable him to contend succesfully with unexpected obstacles. Let me not, therefore, be considered rash in admitting that animals have souls, and that many of those souls have in a limited degree, most of our faculties, for this can be done without compromising the superior excellence of man: and with a perfect certainty that after all man is an essentially different creature from other animals; that he shall put on immortality, whilst they shrink back into their original nothingness; and that the words of the Psalmist are still as beautiful and as

true as ever; "thou hast made man a little less than the angels; thou hast set him over the works of thy hands, thou hast subjected all things under his feet, all sheep and oxen, moreover the beasts also of the field, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, that pass through the paths of the sea."

It is hardly necessary for me to prove at any length that animals are something more than mere machines; for the subsequent portion of my lecture, which tends to prove that they have *highly gifted souls*, will necessarily prove that they have souls, still I will not leave that theory unnoticed upon its own ground. Those who assert that animals have no souls, but are mere machines, acting by necessity in all their impulses and operations, would have us believe that Almighty God has constructed these machines so admirably, that whilst they are worked by the Laws of Nature, that is, in fact, by the indirect wisdom and power of God himself, every possible circumstance or contingency, or obstacle, is provided against in that wonderful piece of mechanism, and that their organs are so nicely adjusted that they cannot fail to guide them correctly in all their operations; and that they have no souls at all, no powers of thought or sensation, no choice or liberty in their actions, in fact no life except something more perfect than, though analogous to, the life of vegetables, which keeps their organism from decomposition.

This theory has the sanction of learned men, and yet it is a strange mixture of wisdom and absurdity. It gives us a very exalted idea of the wonderful wisdom of God, who no doubt could have created such perfect mechanism, and yet it is quite evident that he has not created such a mechanism. And whilst this theory exalts the wisdom of God, it lowers His infinite majesty and dignity. For if animals have no soul, no will, no choice, God is made the *moving cause* of all their insignificant and even improper actions; and in some instances, as we shall see presently, it would make God the author of positive error. For animals fall into error; and if these animals are mere machines, directed by the power and wisdom of God, they would be referable to God himself; this would be blasphemy, and therefore the theory is false. For example: there is a plant called the carrion plant, from its unsavory smell; and in this plant the blue-bottle fly sometimes lays its eggs, under the false impression that it is flesh meat, in which its instinct teaches it to lay its eggs, that the young grubs may have something to live upon when hatched. Again, instinct, or the machine, as they call it, sometimes falls into error and goes wrong, even in that perfect specimen of the animal kingdom, the hive-bee. I have in my possession a hive of bees, in which the architect bee made an egregious mistake in his calculations—a misfortune that happens occasionally to all architects, both human and animal. He drew out the plan, and laid the foundation of a *double* honey comb, that is, with cells on each side of it, in a part of the hive where there was not room for a perfect double comb. It was the last comb constructed, and next to the glass window which enabled me to watch the proceedings of the bees. The *working* bees, who, as amongst human builders, had no business either to doubt about or to inquire into the propriety of the architect's plans, went on building for a week before the error was discovered. Whether they, or the architect, or a clerk of the works, discovered it, I could not ascertain. But there was evidently a stoppage of the works, and much apparent consultation, and running about, and planning by the architect about the remedy. The comb was the size of my hand, and it would evidently have been a great loss of labor and material, either to abandon it, or to pull it to pieces, or to use it as it was; for the cells, which should be half-an-inch deep to contain young bees, were only a quarter-of-an-inch deep, and there was no room to make them much deeper. The two cells, at opposite sides of the comb, could not be made into one, by eating out the partition; for in a honeycomb, the *middle* of one cell always coincides with the partition *walls* of the opposite cell. The machine was apparently at a dead lock. But the ingenuity of the living soul of the architect bee, who had discovered his error, unlocked it and made the best of a bad job, by sacrificing one-half of the expended labor, to save the rest. The bees were ordered to pull to pieces all the cells at one side of the comb; they eat the ends out of the cells on the opposite side, and extended them to half-an-inch deep, as they now had room to do so, by the opposite cells having been removed. And thus, after much labor lost through the architects blunder, a single-cell comb was produced, as it ought to have been at first. Now from this fact, two most important conclusions show, 1st,—that the bees did not work as mere machines, and 2nd,—that they were not even guided by instinct alone, but by something superior to

instinct. Machines and instinct both act with the same unchangeable certainty, and always in a similar manner under similar circumstances. Now if the bees had acted as machines or by a sole instinct, they neither could have got wrong, nor could they afterwards have set themselves right. They acted quite differently under the same circumstances, and in the same place; making a double comb in the first instance, and changing it into a single one when they grew wiser by *experience.* Generally speaking, the instinct of animals does direct them infallibly in *most* of their actions; but still we find a certain variety in the habits, and dispositions, and actions of animals of precisely the same family, which proves that they are endowed with some liberty of action, proportionate to their intelligence, and which deprives them of the character of mere machines. We find also that their dispositions and instincts can be considerably improved by training and experience. But a *machine* made by God can hardly be said to be capable of improving itself, or to be susceptible of improvement by man.

Some have endeavored to prove from Scripture or Revelation the truth of their own conjectures about the question of souls in animals. I believe that Scripture teaches us nothing positive upon the subject either *pro* or *con.* But I believe at the same time that it appears to teach quite as much, if not more, in favor of souls in animals, than in countenance of the "Machine Theory."

In Genesis, 1st chapter, verses 20-21-24-30 we find the phrase "animam viventem," a *living soul,* constantly applied to animals, birds, beasts, reptiles, &c.; whilst in speaking of plants, we find another phrase, "herbam virentem," *the green* or *budding herb.* Again, in Daniel, chap. 3, verse 81, we find "all ye beasts and cattle bless the Lord." And Isaiah, chap. 1, verse 3, says "the ox *knoweth* his master, and the ass his master's crib." And yet Psalm 31, verse 11, says "do not become like the horse and the mule which have *no understanding.*" I repeat then that Scripture throws no positive light upon the subject. But animals have sensation; they display feeling if you hurt them, and pleasure if you gratify them; they understand signs amongst each other, and even from man; they can think of the meaning of an arbitrary sign which man gives them. And all these things pre-suppose the existence of a soul, or of something far superior to a mere machine, like the sensitive plant.

We come now to another portion of our subject, that which compares the souls of animals to human souls. If animals have souls, we wish to know how far those souls are gifted with any share of the intellectual faculties with which man is endowed; and whether they have reasonable souls, or are confined to the guidance of instinct alone. I purpose endeavoring to show that they have highly-gifted souls, not only capable of thinking and of entertaining some ideas, but endowed also with a limited share of the ordinary powers of the human soul, will, memory, and understanding; and further, that they have reasoning faculties to a certain extent; which reason not only assists their instinct in those circumstances which would never occur in a state of nature, but which, in many instances, makes them do violence to their natural instinct, and act in direct opposition to its imperative dictates. As we here approach that portion of the subject about which the learned world is most divided, viz., the disputed boundary between instinct and reason, we must in the first place know what is meant by instinct, before we can assign any action of the animal kingdom to its dominion.

For brevity's sake, I will not give all the definitions of instinct which have been framed by various writers, for the following description of it, taken principally from the Encyclopædia Brittanica, appears to embody all the characteristics given by other writers.

"Instinct is a certain power, or disposition of mind, by which, independently of all instruction, and prior to experience, without deliberation, and without having any end in view, animals are unerringly directed to do spontaneously whatever is necessary for the preservation of the individual, or the continuation of the kind."

"Instinct differs from intellect," says another writer, "by the unerring certainty of the means which instinct employs, by the uniformity of its results, and the perfection of its works, prior to, and independently of, all instruction or experience. The actions of every individual of the species are, when dictated by instinct, similar, whenever the circumstances are the same."

From these descriptions of instinct, we may see pretty clearly what are its limits, what it is capable of doing, what actions may be attributed to it, and of what class of actions it cannot claim to be the author. From the examples which I shall adduce of various extraordinary actions of animals, we shall find that instinct, properly so called, could not produce those actions, and consequently that they were the result of a kind of reasoning in the animal mind. We shall find that animals are capable

of thinking, of comparing one idea with another, of exercising and restraining their will or choice, of receiving instruction in things quite strange to their natural wants, of remembering those instructions, and of reducing them to practice, the stimulus either of fear or pleasure; we shall find them in some instances, appearing to draw conclusions from one consequence to another; influenced also by the pleasures and troubles of the imagination, where there is no intervention of the senses; acting against their natural instinct, when their better judgment bids, instructs them to do so; communicating their ideas to one another and to man, and receiving ideas from man which is in fact a kind of dumb language. We shall also discover in them what may be called high capabilities of social virtues, both between themselves and man, and amongst one another, displaying a wonderful amount of fidelity, gratitude, affection and kindness towards those even of whom instinct teaches them nothing. Let it not be supposed, however, that I wish to attribute all these extraordinary powers and faculties to all animals, or indeed to any of them individually; but that embracing in one view the whole animal kingdom, from the sagacious elephant, monkey and dog, to the almost lifeless zoophytes which look more like plants than animals, we find here and there amongst them various mental qualifications differing widely from instinct. And whatever capability of soul is found in any animal, that quality may be referred to the animal soul, when we speak of it in general. For as some men have more brains or intellect than others, so animals have various degrees of understanding.

I am quite prepared to give instinct its full due. I admit that every action of animals, which comes naturally, without deliberation, or experience, or instruction, and which is found uniformly in the same species, &c., no matter how brim-full of reason it may be, is still the result of instinct. The wonderful economy and architecture of the bee, and the still more wonderful calculations of the beaver; the pretence of death which we observe in the catterpillars and other insects which roll themselves up like a ball, and lie perfectly motionless even when you annoy them; the mockery which seems to be made of corporate towns by the wisdom of moles, badgers, &c., which construct a town with a fortified citadel in the centre, lay out principal streets and branch streets, dig wells, lay down sewers, and provide various chambers as storehouses, &c.; these and similar natural wonders, in spite of the wisdom they display, all proceed from instinct, because they come naturally to the animals, without any instruction, experience, or deliberation. They are the designs of the Creator rather than of the creature for whose preservation he has connected such capabilities inseparably with their organism and their mind. In the same way there are some instincts in the human race, though very few compared with animals. Man has more reason, and therefore less instinct. For the providence of God has wisely ordained that instinct shall increase as reason diminishes, and vice versa. Savages have far stronger instincts than civilised men. It is said that if they are put down in the midst of a dense forest, many miles from home, they will find their way home as easily as a bee, with scarcely any effort of the understanding, and though they may never have been in that locality before. Whereas, we know, on the other hand, that a civilised man is often lost on an open moor, where he can see all around him. A child sucks its mother's breast by instinct; and children sometimes, by instinct, greedily devour chalk, when their organs require it, and when they do not receive it in any other shape in their food. Yet a reasonable man would not do so by instinct. And he would be in danger of perishing for want of chalk, unless science came in to his assistance. It is also said that we wink by instinct, when any danger approaches our eye. But that you may see how few are man's instincts compared with animals, this last example is by some denied to instinct. For it is said by those who have tried the experiment that a child, for a few days after it is born, does not wink at the approach of danger to its eye; that *experience* teaches it to do so, and that an instinctive *habit* is then formed. For reasonable habits may become instinctive or natural to us, by a second nature; but instinct can never be construed into reason. I will give an instance of the wide field which I allow to instinct, that I may not be supposed to be a special pleader against it. A hunted fox, at his wit's end how to escape the pursuing hounds, met a flock of sheep in a field. He seized one of them, killed it, and eat his way into its bowels to hide himself, and would probably have by that means escaped the hounds had not an old dog, under the conviction that there are exceptions to every general rule, and that in this instance he would be excused from the grave charge of sheep-worrying, persevered in tearing the sheep to pieces, in spite of the

whips of the huntsmen, until he brought out the fox. Novel as was the stratagem, I allow that, probably at least, it was instinct and not reason which taught the fox to hide himself, not exactly there, but anywhere that he could.

It remains now for us to consider a number of anecdotes of animals, and many wonderful actions recorded of them, and to examine them with reference to the principles laid down, and see whether they can be reconciled with the dictates of pure instinct, or whether we must recognise in them the workings of some reason and of the intellectual faculties. It is useless for us to call in question the authenticity of the anecdotes, which seem incredible merely because they militate against our pre-conceived ideas and theory. We might as well deny any fact of history, as many of the recorded anecdotes of animal life. The numbers of years in which they have been accumulating, the various classes of witnesses who have recorded them in every part of the world, the learning and character of many of those witnesses, and the positive opposition of some of them to the idea of reason being accorded to animals, all combine in assuring us that we shall be unreasonable if we reject the testimony of men upon no other ground than that the facts appear at variance with our previous ideas, and that our own eyes have not seen them.

The examples which I shall relate, I shall endeavor to reduce to five classes; 1st,—those which exemplify the powers of understanding in animals, their reason, capabilities of growiug wiser by experience, instruction, &c. 2nd,—those which present animals to our view whilst acting in opposition to their natural instinct. 3rd,—those which refer to their imagination. 4th,—their powers of language, or the communication of ideas; and 5th,—their social qualities and capabilities.

I.—THEIR UNDERSTANDING, ETC.

A dog which had been left in a room by himself, and wanted to get out, was accustomed in several instances to ring the bell for the servant. Instinct did not teach it to do so; for very few dogs would do it. It had seen the door open when its master rang the bell, and it judged the door would open also if it rang. The Very Rev. Canon Toole, assures me that he had a cat which performed the same feat. It tried to open the door itself, and not succeeding went and mounted a chair near the bell-pull, took hold of it with its front legs, and pulled perseveringly till the servant came, when puss marched out without any further remark. A goldfinch had been trained to get at its food by raising up a heavy lid with its beak, and then keeping it open by keeping its foot upon a certain lever. Another bird, called a Redpole, was in a neighboring cage, and had never been taught to do so, but from frequently observing the goldfinch, had learnt by observation, and experience, and memory the method of getting at that food. And the first time it got loose, it showed how well it had learnt its lesson and how faithfully it remembered it against the time of need. Many years ago, a cat frequented a closet which was fastened by a common latch. The cat had seen her mistress get in and out by raising this latch, and from observation learnt to do the same thing herself, and continued the practice for many years. A similar case was recorded, a few months ago, at or near Bristol. The meat safe in the yard was fastened by a button-bolt. The cats observed that the servant turned the bolt in order to get at the meat, and during the night they frequently opened the safe by jumping up at the bolt until they turned it. They were watched and caught in the fact. Of the observing powers of the monkey and the good use he makes of them, the following is a good illustration. A dog once attacked a monkey, the companion and property of two barrel-organ Italian boys. When words ran high between the respective owners of the monkey and the dog, it was at last agreed that the monkey and the dog should fight it out for themselves; but the monkey being the smaller animal was to be allowed a stick. The Italians then taught the monkey how to act in the coming battle, which they did in the following manner. One of the Italians went on all-fours, barking like a dog, whilst the other got on his back, grasped his hair, and beat him about the head with a stick. The monkey looked on with great gravity and attention, learnt his lesson, took his stick, and no sooner saw the dog coming against him, than he leaped upon his back, and went through the same process as his master, so successfully, that he nearly killed the dog. A still more remarkable instance of monkey cleverness may be seen detailed at length in *Chambers's Journal* for May, 1855. It is called the man-monkey of Brazil, from its near approach to human habits and capabilities. It is an accomplished tailor, a well-trained and good-mannered waiter at table, and a good general servant. It makes its own clothes, sweeps the house, waits at table, brings in lunch at the proper hour, hands round lemonade and glasses to the company, shows the house to visitors, loads a gun and fires it

with apparently as much caution and knowledge as a man. Its owner and trainer is a Mr. Vanveck, and the monkey may probably be still seen alive by any one who doubts the reports of those who have seen it.

Cats have been known to learn lessons from dogs. When they have observed dogs, at the dinner-table, getting something to eat in consequence of sitting erect on their hind-quarters in the attitude of begging, they have concluded by a process of reasoning that similar causes should produce similar effects. They consequently tried the experiment, and their anticipations were realised. We are told by credible observers that when an Egyptian dog wishes to drink at the Nile, he howls for some time on the banks of the river, till the crocodiles, attracted by the sound, crowd up to the spot where he is; and then he runs in haste to the part of the river which the crocodiles have left, and drinks in safety. Dogs in India have recourse to a similar stratagem when they wish to swim across a river in safety. How did dogs learn such an expedient? Their instinct taught them to dread the crocodile and to run away from it; but it was reason and experience combined that taught them to attract the crocodiles towards them for ulterior motives. Whether man has ever taught them or their ancestors to have recourse to such an expedient, I know not, and it matters not to the argument. For whether the dogs acquired the habit from instruction, or from individual experience, or from heriditary experience, it would no longer be instinct, which acts "prior to all instruction and experience, and without having any end in view" Again, place a stick, three feet long, in the mouth of a dog, and watch him attempt to enter a door two feet four inches wide. At first he will not manage it at all, because he does not think of the comparative dimensions. But by experience he grows wiser, and either carries the stick aslant in his mouth, or turns his head sideways when he arrives at the door, and thus introduces it without difficulty. And even when his experience has taught him to act thus, he does not do it by instinct, but by real thought. For if you hurry him, or attract his attention to something else when he is near the threshold, so that he cannot think of what he is about, he forgets himself, and again attempts to carry the stick in square. It is his *thought* then that makes him provide against the known difficulty; for *instinct* cannot *forget* its dictates. There was a remarkable instance of sagacity in a dog, lately recorded in the newspapers. A few miles north of Inverness, a retriever regularly watched the arrival of the coach, and begged charity from the passengers. A gentleman, informed of the dog's habit, gave him a penny, and followed him to a neighboring shop, where, placing his fore-paws on the counter and exhibiting the penny in his mouth, he silently asked for a roll. The roll being produced, the penny was dropped. "Take back the roll," said the gentleman, and the woman did so; upon which the dog took up the penny and was walking off. He was recalled, the roll was given to him, and he again paid down the penny. In this case, instruction and experience had taught the dog the value of a penny, which instinct taught him to be worth nothing. The dog also, by silent signs or language, conveyed both to the gentleman and to the woman an idea of his wants, and to the latter, his determination that if she did not give him the value of his money, he would go somewhere else for it. The capability of receiving instruction, and his willingness and anxiety to receive it, are so remarkable in the dog, and of such common occurrence, that examples would be superfluous. The mere remembrance of what each one has seen or heard or read of sheep-dogs, cattle-dogs, game-dogs, &c., is enough to prove that their instruction and intellectual development are more wonderful than any anecdotes that I have yet related.

And who does not know of the clever schemes by which old rats and mice, birds, fishes, and badgers escape the traps, which by experience they have learnt to be dangerous? Fishes are often tame in a pond; but let one of them be caught and they soon learn to be more cautious. The very proverb respecting the difficulty of "catching *old* birds with chaff," and of catching an *old* fox, teaches us that many animals grow wiser by *experience*; and consequently that as instinct cannot be improved, and is "independent of all experience," their improvement is the result of their reasoning faculties. There is an instance of still more perfect logical deduction than any I have hitherto mentioned, recorded in the Encyclopædia Brittanica, by a writer whose prepossessions are rather against allowing any reason to animals. The purport of it is as follows. Crows, by instinct, in search of food, take shell-fish high up in the air, and drop them upon the rocks, that by thus breaking the shell they may get at the fish. Now this looks like the reasonable action of a man; but I allow it to be instinct. Next

comes the real process of reason. A cat annoyed two crows by endeavoring to get at their nest. It required much vigilance and many a battle to keep her away. One morning, when she had made an unsuccessful assault, and had taken shelter under a hedge to escape the bayonet-like beaks of her adversaries, they brought a long range of vertical shot to bear upon her. For one of them, taking up a stone from the garden, and hovering over her in the air, aimed at letting it fall upon her back the moment she emerged from the hedge. The writer says the fact was communicated to him by a gentleman who saw it, and whose veracity was unquestionable, and who was no philosopher, and had no favorite hypothesis to support. He adds, that the crow must have inferred, by her power of reasoning, from the effect of one fall in the case of the shell-fish, to a similar effect in the case of the cat. Can any one imagine that the crow was directed in this case by mere instinct, one of whose essential characteristics is to act "without deliberation, and without having any end in view?" Another instance of deliberation, and of adapting artificial means to compass an object in view, is found in the fact that elephants and bisons, though naturally careful about cleanliness, sometimes cover themselves all over with mud, in order to protect themselves from the bites of musquitoes. An ass is looked upon as a stupid beast; but even he has scheming and deliberation enough in his head to rub his rider's legs against a wall, in order to make him dismount; and when that does not succeed, to walk into a pool of water and lie him down, to punish his rider with a ducking. Is not all this done with a knowledge of the end which he is desirous of attaining? An instance of the wonderful sagacity of rats in adapting means to an end, is found in the following anecdote, recorded by a man of undoubted veracity, and who was a deliberate eye-witness of the fact. The gentleman found that some Florence flasks of oil in his store-room, had the bladder eaten of the mouths of the bottles, and that the oil was fast diminishing, though the bottles were packed in a box, and the oil could not be spilt. Determined to find out how the oil was got out, he watched it through a window, and to his amazement he beheld the rats deliberately dip their tails into the bottles, and then lick off the oil. If instinct taught those rats such an unnatural use of their tails, every rat should act in the same manner under similar circumstances, and at the first opportunity or necessity. But we may rely upon it that most rats would be a long time in discovering such a plan or device, unless some clever one set them the example.—With one example of the extraordinary sagacity of an Arabian horse and its fidelity to its master, I shall conclude this portion of my subject.

The horse and its master were both taken prisoners by an adverse tribe. The man was bound hand and foot, and the horse was fastened up for the night at a distance from him. During the night the man managed to crawl unperceived to his horse, and loosened his tether, with the intention of letting him return home, in order that his friends, seeing him return without his rider might have their alarm excited, and come to his rescue. But the horse would not go home, without his master, though commanded to do so. The truth at length flashed across the horse's mind; he saw that his master was in fetters and unable to ride. He seized his clothes with his teeth, lifted him from the ground, and galloped off at full speed, and never stopped until he laid his master down at the door of his tent, and shortly afterwards sank lifeless to the ground, exhausted by the effort which he had made. Now many no doubt will say they cannot believe such a story. But why not? Oh! it is too good to be true. That is to say, your estimate of the sense and of the affection of an Arabian horse for its master is too low. But remember that the mutual attachment of an Englishman and his faithful dog, is often but a shadow of the mutual attachment of the Arab and his horse. And if dogs will preserve the lives of their masters when drowning or attacked by robbers, why should not horses do the same. And if dogs carry cats about in their mouths, in the most friendly manner, without either hurting or annoying them much, and if a horse has been known to take a friendly cat in his mouth, and lift it gently out of the manger, and place it upon the ground, when he wanted to eat his corn, why should not the affectionate Arabian horse have credit for his sagacious liberation of his master, to whom he is so affectionately attached? I repeat the warning that I have already given that we must beware of refusing credit to the wonderful instances which are recorded of animal sagacity and reason, unless we have made up our minds to believe nothing but what we see with our own eyes, and to judge of the probability of recorded facts by the pet theories which are in our mind, rather than follow the ordinary course of philosophy which deduces theories from recorded facts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Reviews.

History of England, from the Accession of James II. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vols. III and IV., 8vo. LONGMAN, 1855.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 122.)

The next chapter takes us to Ireland; and we may at once state with what pleasure we perceive this history shows some justice towards that land. Macaulay has travelled himself over the localities he mentions, and the exact information thus acquired will not fail to render more valuable this portion of his work. The ruthless oppression of the Celt by the dominant class, is fairly stated, and more than once affords, throughout the work, matter for much keen argument and for many beautiful illustrations. The whole campaign in Ireland, both previously to William's retirement in disgust from before Limerick, and subsequently under Ginkell, is patiently followed; this picture of the Irish war, though of course frequently one-sided and uncandid, is on the whole vivid and complete, and the relations of James with France are described with much felicity and care; and when at last the bloody record closes in devastation and misery, we are told with as much truth as power, that at last the native population was tranquil, but with the ghastly tranquility of exhaustion and despair.

But it is when he conducts us to Scotland that Macaulay's flowing style truly appears, and his information and beautiful writing delight us once more. In the numerous details of Covenanters, conventions, hatred of Episcopacy, and squabbles about Church government, we have no pleasure or concern, and quickly passing them over, we are in the mountains amongst the clans and red deer. Macaulay invests this portion of his subject with an interest rarely called forth in Waverley, and we have some pages of fine writing, assuredly not to be found in even that wonderful series.

"It is not easy for a modern Englishman, who can pass in a day from his club in St. James's-street to his shooting-box among the Grampians, and who finds in his shooting-box all the comforts and luxuries of his club, to believe that, in the time of his great grandfathers, St. James's-street had as little connexion with the Grampians as with the Andes. Yet so it was. In the south of our island scarcely anything was known about the Celtic part of Scotland; and what was known excited no feeling but contempt and loathing. The crags and the glens, the woods and the waters, were indeed the same that now swarm every autumn with admiring gazers and sketchers. The Trosachs wound as now between gigantic walls of rock tapestried with broom and wild roses: Foyers came headlong down through the birchwood with the same leap and the same roar with which he still rushes to Loch Ness; and, in defiance of the sun of June, the snowy scalp of Ben Cruachan rose, as it still rises, over the willowy islets of Loch Awe. Yet none of these sights had power, till a recent period, to attract a single poet or painter from more opulent and more tranquil regions. Indeed, law and police, trade and industry, have done far more than people of romantic dispositions will readily admit, to develope in our minds a sense of the wilder beauties of nature. A traveller must be freed from all apprehension of being murdered or starved before he can be charmed by the bold outlines and rich tints of the hills. He is not likely to be thrown into ecstacies by the abruptness of a precipice from which he is in imminent danger of falling two thousand feet perpendicular; by the boiling waves of a torrent, which suddenly whirls away his baggage and forces him to run for his life; by the gloomy grandeur of a pass where he finds a corpse which marauders have just stripped and mangled; or by the screams of those eagles whose next meal may probably be on his own eyes.

"It was true that the Highlander had few scruples about shedding the blood of an enemy: but it was not less true that he had high notions of the duty of observing faith to allies and hospitality to guests. It was true that his predatory habits were most pernicious to the commonwealth. Yet those erred greatly who imagined that he bore any resemblance to villains who, in rich and well-governed communities, live by stealing. When he drove before him the herds of Lowland farmers up the pass which led to his native glen, he no more considered himself as a thief than the Raleighs and Drakes considered themselves as thieves when they divided the cargoes of Spanish galleons. He was a warrior seizing lawful prize of war, of war never once intermitted during the thirty-five generations which had passed away since the Teutonic invaders had driven the children of the soil to the mountains. His inordinate pride of birth, and his contempt for labor and trade were indeed great weaknesses, and had done far more than the inclemency of the air and the sterility of the soil to keep his country poor and rude. Yet even here there was some compensation. It must in fairness be acknowledged that the patrician virtues were not less widely diffused amongst the population of the Highlands than the patrician vices. As there was no other part of the island where men, sordidly clothed, lodged, and fed, indulged themselves to such a degree in the idle sauntering habits of an aristocracy, so there was no other part of the island where such men had in such a degree the better qualities of an aristocracy, grace and dignity of manner, self-respect, and that noble sensibility which makes dishonor more terrible than death. A gentleman of this sort, whose clothes were begrimed with the accumulated filth of years, and whose hovel smelt worse than an English hogstye, would often do the honors of that hovel with a lofty courtesy worthy of the splendid circle of Versailles."

William returns discomfited from the Continent to England, through the fall of Mons,

and encounters the usual reaction in the mind of his dissatisfied people. Numerous plots for restoring the half-idiotic James are discovered and suppressed. The ministerial arrangements are one amongst a host of causes for fierce party disturbances; but William ever carries his point, and scorns to notice even the treachery of his highest servants.

"In general he was indulgent, nay, wilfully blind to the baseness of the English statesmen whom he employed. He suspected, indeed he knew, that some of his servants were in correspondence with his competitor; and yet he did not punish them, did not disgrace them, did not even frown on them. He thought meanly, and he had but too good reason for thinking meanly, of the whole of that breed of public men which the Restoration had formed and had bequeathed to the Revolution. He knew them too well to complain because he did not find in them veracity, fidelity, consistency, disinterestedness. The very utmost that he expected from them was that they would serve him, as far as they could serve him without serious danger to themselves. If he learned that, while sitting in his council and enriched by his bounty, they were trying to make for themselves at Saint Germains an interest which might be of use to them in the event of a counter-revolution, he was more inclined to bestow on them the contemptuous commendation which was bestowed of old on the worldly wisdom of the unjust steward than to call them to a severe account."

The history of the rise of the East India Company is noticed at great length early in the fourth volume, and all the arguments on its public advantages, its pernicious monopolies, and its celebrated misdeeds are minutely detailed. These pages, and those further on relative to the state of Scotland, the attempt to buy over the clans, and the appalling massacre of Glencoe, are, to our thinking, as specimens of rare information and very beautiful writing, unsurpassed in the whole work. The rise and vicissitudes of Marlborough, and the equally strange career of his cunning Duchess, are ably treated, and we rejoice that he, although but one from a crowd equally degraded, at last meets with the merited condemnation, for deeds, anomalous in a hero, and which, as a man, rendered him a disgrace to the English name. The demons, Oates, Jeffries, Ferguson, and their worthy disciples, are also not forgotten.

Passing on in search of merely literary beauties, as we postpone to a future period any remark on double-sided history, we find the gradual increase of the country in wealth laid before us. For although "taxation, both direct and indirect, had been carried to an unprecedented point," and yet the revenue had fallen far short of the outlay, still the overflow in the money-market was increasing every day. Capitalists were eagerly seeking what to do with their money. Upstart companies, which are here detailed with much quiet humor, were patronised in the absence of sounder investment. And when at last we are clearly shown that the State wanted money, while the capitalists had more money than they knew what to do with, the origin of the National Debt is powerfully brought forward.

"There was, indeed, nothing strange or mysterious in the expedient to which the Government had recourse. It was an expedient familiar during two centuries to the financiers of the Continent, and could hardly fail to occur to any English statesman who compared the void in the exchequer with the overflow in the money-market.

. . . . . .

How, indeed, was it possible that a debt should not have been contracted, when one was impelled by the strongest motives to borrow, and another was impelled by equally strong motives to lend? A moment had arrived at which the Government found it impossible, without exciting the most formidable discontent, to raise by taxation the supplies necessary to defend the liberty and independence of the nation; and, at that very moment, numerous capitalists were looking round them in vain for some good mode of investing their savings, and, for want of such a mode, were keeping their wealth locked up, or were lavishing it on absurd projects. Riches sufficient to equip a navy which would sweep the German Ocean and the Atlantic of French privateers, riches sufficient to maintain an army which might retake Namur and avenge the disaster of Steinkirk, were lying idle, or were passing away from the owners into the hands of sharpers. A statesman might well think that some part of the wealth, which was daily buried or squandered, might, with advantage to the proprietor, to the tax-payer, and to the State, be attracted into the Treasury. Why meet the extraordinary charge of a year of war by seizing the chairs, the tables, the beds of hard-working families, by compelling one country gentleman to cut down his trees before they were ready for the axe, another to let the cottages on his land fall to ruin, a third to take away his hopefnl son from the University, when Change-alley was swarming with people who did not know what to do with their money, and who were pressing every body to borrow it?"

We regret we cannot adorn our pages with the entire passage on the rise and growth of the huge national burden; it cannot fail to arrest the reader's attention, together with that which follows on the first murmurings for Parliamentary reform, which have since so often swelled to a war cry; both are beautifully written; the latter teeming with information as to the freedom of Englishmen, the other highly instructive as to the wonderful progress of England.

The establishing of the freedom of the press, and abolition for ever of Government censors to restrict its movements, are detailed further on, and the characters instrumental in for-

warding this great cause, are duly noticed. We are tempted to extract one or to sentences occurring here, as specimens of the quiet pleasantry we have remarked before.

"Blount also attacked Christianity in several original treatises, or rather in several treatises purporting to be original; for he was the most audacious of literary thieves, and transcribed, without acknowledgment, whole pages from authors who had preceded him. His delight was to worry the priests by asking them how light existed before the sun was made, How Paradises could be bounded by Pison, Sihon, Hiddikel, and Euphrates, how serpents moved before they were condemned to crawl, and where Eve found thread to stitch her fig-leaves.

. . . . . .

"The literary workmanship of Blount resembled the architectural workmanship of those barbarians who used the Coliseum and the Theatre of Pompey as quarries, who built houses out of Ionian friezes and propped cowhouses on pillars of lagulite."

The formation of the Bank of England, and the abortive attempt to establish a land bank, are related in due course, and there are some highly interesting pages devoted to the currency question; the terrible distress consequent on the calling in of the hammered money, and on the contemporary drainage of William's warlike policy towards France, are vividly described. We have also minute details of the various Jacobite plots, of the bribery amongst officials, and of the plans and attainder of Fenwick. Macaulay goes into these latter at great length, and the following is a fair specimen of the plausible reasoning with which we are already so familiar in his writings.

"The Whigs had also a decided advantage in the dispute about the rule which requires two witnesses in cases of high treason. The truth is that the rule is absurd. It is impossible to understand why the evidence which would be sufficient to prove that a man has fired at one of his fellow-subjects should not be sufficient to prove that he has fired at his Sovereign. It can by no means be laid down as a general maxim that the assertion of two witnesses is more convincing to the mind than the assertion of one witness. The story told by one witness may be in itself probable. The story told by two witnesses may be extravagant. The story told by one witness may be uncontradicted. The story told by two witnesses may be contradicted by four witnesses. The story told by one witness may be corroborated by a crowd of circumstances. The story told by two witnesses may have no such corroboration. The one witness may be Tillotson or Ken. The two witnesses may Oates or Bedloe."

The very short time these volumes have been in our hands compels us to close our hasty notice; after calm perusal and close study we will take an early opportunity to return to them again; and indeed the short interval (1689 to 1697) which these 1600 pages cover, showing how minutely detailed is the charming story, is also proof that they cannot be too calmly dealt with. We close them feeling that their author is indeed a great writer, and lay down our pen dismayed at the vast dimensions of the task we have undertaken. But we even now cannot avoid noticing one or two impressions which we are convinced a perusal of these volumes must leave on the minds of most candid readers. In the first place they seem less the history of England than the biography of William; the great Dutchman stands out boldly from amongst his contemporaries, and, in following his career, the work is swollen with a mass of details, certainly of only remote connection with their legitimate subject, William's newly-acquired kingdom. We have the ministers and policy of his great adversary, Louis, very fully treated of; we are present at the taking of Mons and at the fall of Namur; at the bombardment of Brussels and at the battle of Landen. Whole pages are devoted to declaiming against the selfish quarrels of the several combined states, the rapid decay of Spain, the outrageous demands of Austria, and the strife by the Danube. All these are noted in terms worthy of their historian, but as England herself is his proper theme, we may well regret that he thus renders impossible the performance of his early promise. Few moreover will coincide with him in his anxious eulogy, even while they fully appreciate the great artistic power which has enabled him to make out for his hero so good a story. Again, it is impossible not to feel that with all their dissertation these volumes, in every thought and line, are Whig to the core. Every one of the great social questions we have noticed is made to adorn the Whig party; every notable member of that party is minutely sketched with great brilliancy and power, while the policy and chiefs of the opposite side are shelved more and more towards the close, to a degree that we, who care nothing for either side, consider grossly partial. Macaulay, too, has determined to exalt Mary of Orange, at all hazards and he gladly seizes every opportunity to allege the great purity of her motives and remarkable piety of her life. Now, that serene piety and odious duplicity can co-exist in any mind, we deny, and this degrading fault is notoriously proved against Mary. During the many years whilst William was preparing for his great expedition, quarrelling with the States General and laboring to circumvent France, his politic

wife was corresponding with her imbecile sister and credulous father in terms of respect and affection; she cannot but have known that her shrewd lord was plotting to ruin that father; nay, she flirted with Monmouth who paved for William the way. It is idle to say that Mary reluctantly surrendered her judgment to others, and merely followed the fortunes of her husband. She coveted the English crown for herself, and proved that she did so by the childish joy in which, immediately after her arrival, she ran about the apartments at Whitehall, and admired with greedy wonder the appointments of the same chamber, aye, the very hangings of the bed, from which had fled in terror and dismay but a few hours before, the father that had thought of her so often and had loved her so well.

We moreover consider it unnecessary to record now any protest against the nasty epithets and hard names which Macaulay's abundant vocabulary supplies for Catholicism and its children, merely because we can feel no inclination to grumble at not finding what we never had any intention to seek. Nobody looks in Wordsworth for the deep passion of Byron; or in the scoundrelly decisions of Jeffries for the fine intellect of Mansfield; and a search in the pages of a popular Whig historian for justice or generosity towards the Divine Institution—dear to us as the honor of our mothers, and loved by us most in suffering and sorrow—we hold to be simply a preposterous enterprise. But, while on the one hand, from the early stage where Macaulay himself notices the monstrous absurdity of a woman being called to the head of a church in which an Apostle had forbidden her to let her voice be heard, he throughout lays bare to the mind of every thinking reader the miserable sub-divisions of the church he so fondly eulogises, its endless internal dissensions, its total want of any Divine origin, or of any connecting link between the chosen band on which the Holy Ghost descended, and the Ministry too many of whom wring handsome fortunes from the scanty substance of a Catholic people. And while, on the other hand, these volumes at least in rare scholarship and brilliant composition are worthy of their great predecessors, they further prove how wisely their author has discerned his true calling in his retirement from public life. The mission of him who could choose England for his theme and secure mankind for his audience was obviously not in the ranks of selfish statesmen, who in their intrigues for power forget their country in peace, and in war lower her amongst the nations, and squander her blood and treasure. Nature had in truth appointed a nobler office for her gifted son, and in the sympathy of genius, he has responded to the call: withdrawn from the stormy arena of political strife, rescued from sharing the huge blunders of the party still so dear to him, and perhaps the tremendous fall of its greatest chief; preserved, it may be, from the corroding sorrows of Edmund Burke, or the broken heart of the second Pitt; from his Academic groves he sends forth volumes to charm the taste and cultivate the mind of future ages.

Tolla, a Tale of Modern Rome. By EDMOND ABOUT. 1 Vol. CONSTABLE. 1855.

We have somewhat delayed in calling our readers' attention to this fascinating story. Our admiration was so very warm we almost feared to trust our judgment, but even now we are sure many will feel grateful for the introduction.

Tolla is a daughter of the noble house of Feraldi. Endowed by nature with very choice gifts, her hand is eagerly sought in marriage by many of the young nobles of Italy. A prince of the great house of Coromila-Borghi is, however, the favored one, and the tale of Tolla's strong love, of Manuel's timidity and vacillation, of the anxieties of her parents, and the uncompromising pride of his, of the gaieties of modern Roman life, and the clearly-defined peculiarities of the supernumerary characters, forms the subject of this clever volume. There are many truths deduced, there is much eloquent writing, and there may be derived, from even a single perusal, many wise and useful lessons.

Tolla's youth;—

"The fairest days of Tolla's childhood were spent at L'Ariccia. She was more free there than at Rome, even although she had been placed under the absolute government of the little Menico, the son of her father's tenant. Menico, which means Dominique, was five years older than Tolla; but he never abused the authority he possessed in right of his age and the confidence of the countess. Indeed, he could refuse Tolla nothing. In spite of all the exhortations to prudence and abstinence which had been lavished upon him, he himself placed his little pupil on the backs of all the donkeys in the village, and robbed for her sake the most carefully-enclosed gardens round. More than once this Mentor had been found laughing with delight at seeing Tolla in the act of devouring a heavy bunch of golden grapes, or of smearing her

cheeks with a large purple fig. For twelve years the gardens, the woods, the donkeys, and Menico, were Tolla's only preceptors; save, indeed, that from her mother she learnt the rudiments of religion and music. As she was never forced to the piano, she used to like to come to it; her little fingers delighting to run over the ivory keys. It was found that her ear was true, and, what is less common in children, her sense of time accurate."

Tolla goes to school—

"At the age of thirteen Tolla knew how to read and write, to climb trees, to leap ditches, play on the piano, love her parents, and pray to God. At length her father perceived that, with all her acquirements, her perfect ignorance. and her great qualities, she was not very unlike a hawthorn-bush in flower, they resolved, accordingly, to send her to school."

* * * *

"Tolla, thrown without any transition into the midst of the regular and almost conventual habits of a great community, had not time to regret her liberty, her family, or the woods of L'Ariccia. She was seized with a sudden passion for study, in which curiosity was a more prominent element than emulation. She cared little to appear clever; but she had an incredible thirst for knowledge. All the serious faculties of her nature, abruptly roused, entered at once into action, and it was evident that her former idleness had but increased her powers a hundred fold. Her mind resembled those virgin soils of the New World, which only wait for a handful of seed to reveal at once their inexhaustible fertility. To her, ignorant as she was, everything appeared new—everything excited her curiosity; she disdained nothing, found nothing trivial or trite."

Tolla goes into the world—

"Tolla bore without the least awkwardness the little triumph that was decreed her. We all know how difficult it is to receive composedly a shower of compliments. This ordeal, a trying one in all countries, is really formidable in Italy, the land of hyperbole. Tolla had to hear herself compared to all of the most perfect that the three kingdoms of nature contain; she was styled at one and the same moment, a star, a prodigy, a divinity. Even the ladies took part in the chorus, fully prepared meanwhile to declare her vain if she accepted their praise, and foolish if she rejected them. But, in the natural mirthfulness of her character, she found a safeguard against either accusation,—she neither received nor refused the flattery with which they hoped to crush her. Sometimes she would playfully bear with it in a manner which seemed to say, 'Politeness bids me listen to what politeness bids you speak;' at other times she would return it, especially if offered by women. She paid them back their praises with usury, giving them diamonds for crystals, suns for stars. These innocent and *naïve* sallies won the silent but unanimous applause of all the gentlemen—so difficult is it to resist the charms of youth. In this way the prettiest girl in Rome, without trying to be brilliant, without any witticisms, or any evil speaking, gained at once her brevet of clever woman."

Tolla is betrothed, and has held that "everlasting conversation which the human race has repeated for so many ages without ever finding it monotonous." She tries to improve Manuel.

"Tolla was too sincerely pious herself not to think much about the spiritual welfare of her lover. It may have been, too, that a secret instinct warned her that he would not forget his duty towards her so long as he remembered his duty towards God. In pleading the cause of Heaven she was pleading her's as well.

"Manuel had never neglected those obligations to external piety which the laws of Rome constantly remind of, nay, impose upon all the subjects of the Pope, and which the most dissipated young men perform without a moment's opposition. He indeed did much more in appearance than even the most austere religion would have exacted; but Tolla had much difficulty in restoring to him the pious sentiments that he professed indeed, but no longer entertained. She used to lecture him gently, and to implore him to conform his opinions to his conduct, 'Thou art,' she would say, 'a singular species of bad Christian. Others think rightly and act wrongly; thou thinkest wrongly and actest rightly. I will not, therefore, say, as do my fellow preachers—Conform your practice to your faith; but rather—Try to believe in what you practice.'"

But we could fill the number with quotations. We must not, however, detract from the reader's interest; we cannot resist the temptation to extract one passage from poor Tolla's last letter to Manuel—

"'When I appear in the presence of the Almighty, I hope that He will forgive me for having loved thee better than Him. As for thee, thou wilt live long; I will pray my guardian angel to add my years to thine. Be happy, in return for all the happiness thou hast given me. When thou saidst to me, *Tolla Mia!* I saw the heavens open, thou hast promised me never to marry if by any chance thou wert to lose me: that was a promise that held good formerly, at the time when we thought ourselves eternal; but now I command thee to forget it. Thou wilt not disobey my last request? Choose a gentle and pious wife, who will not forbid thee to pray for me. If thou hast a daughter, try to obtain permission to call her Tolla; in this way thou wilt remember my name all thy life.'"

Such pages speak to the hearts of all, and need no eulogium of our's. *Tolla* is a highly finished work of art, and yet lively with the beautiful freshness of a young mind. The irresistible charm of the early scenes is not the less enduring, because the close is steeped in sadness.

Clifton Tales 5.—*Winifride Jones, the very Ignorant Girl.* 6.—*Well Known to the Police.* 7.—*James Chapman, or the Way of Common Sense.* BURNS AND LAMBERT, LONDON.

It was with no little regret that we saw, some seventeen months ago, the announcement by the editors of this pretty little series that it was necessary for a time to suspend their publication, and our regret has been confirmed and increased by a recent re-perusal of the

three little tales whose titles head our paper. These very pleasing stories are written in the true Catholic spirit; entirely free from all attempt at the romantic, the homely but life-like incidents follow each other with such truth to nature, that the attention of the reader never wearies, and while anxious as a novel reader ever should be to get at the *dénouement*, he finds the details too interesting to admit of the usual spring from the first to the middle chapter, and from that to the last. Written with a simplicity that makes them intelligible and agreeable even to children, they contain such evidences of sound thought and of intimate acquaintance with the nature of the good and the evil influences at work around us, as render them not unworthy companions for the leisure hours of matured and intellectual men. Animated by a spirit of true practical charity, they enter into the sufferings and necessities of the poor with a tone of sympathy, of consolation, and of encouragement that must make them prime favorites among readers of that class, while the kindliness and force, with which they explain and illustrate the respective duties and responsibilities of each, make them useful monitors to both rich and poor. The little dissertations on religious subjects seem to arise so naturally in the current of events, that they never have the appearance of intrusion, they are so short as never to detract from the interest of the story, and are yet sufficiently long to afford to a thoughtful reader matter for serious reflection.

Simple and unassuming as are these little tales, we hesitate not to say that no one need consider the time as lost which he may expend in reading them, and there are few we think so good but that they may derive from them a gentle hint which well applied would make them better.

SONNET.

ON A PICTURE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, BY RAFFAEL.

O blessed Mother, mild and lowly!
O blessed Virgin: virgin wise and good!
Woman immaculate: O symbol holy,
And great example of pure womanhood!
A twilight heaven of loving melancholy
Shadows thy beauty; and o'er thee doth brood,
And Him, the blessing of thy solitude.

Dream I, or am I waking? Softly, slowly,
Up from that lovely shape upon thy knees
Methinks I see the motherly pleasure creep:
Now on thy parted lips it seems to seize;
And now it palpitates on either lid.
Heavy he lies in the divinest sleep
That ever held the living or the dead.

AUBREY DE VERE.

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE.

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. JAMES NUGENT.

On the evening of Thursday, January 17, the Company of St. Philip Neri and the Members of the Institute Literary Society, assembled to celebrate the time-honored season of festivity, by a dinner and sociable soirée. Invitations had been largely issued; amongst the rest to the Bishop of the Diocese, the Coadjutor Bishop, and the senior Priest of each church in the town. A number of lay friends were also invited. Their Lordships, the Bishops, and several of the clergy sent letters of apology; still the club-room was densely packed.

J. B. Aspinall, Esq. filled the chair, and W. C. Maclaurin, Esq. acted as croupier. Among the company we observed the Revv. Messrs. Marshall, Sheridan, O.S.B., Grant, S.J., Magrath, and O'Reilly; Messrs. E. Hore, Meany, Harnett, Murphy, Clements, Scratton, Perkins, Nolan, &c.

The dinner arrangements were unexceptionable, and carried out with taste and profusion. A magnificent round of beef, presented by Mr. Perkins, formed the *piéce de resistance*.

On the removal of the cloth, the Chairman announced that before proceeding with his ordinary duties, as laid down in the programme, there was a short episode to be gone through which he felt sure would meet the approval of all present; indeed he might say that it had already their approval; for almost every one who heard him was aware of the matter to which he alluded except one, who, strange to say, was, notwithstanding, the principal party concerned. As he saw a deputation from the Company of St. Philip Neri, with their worthy president, Mr. Curran, in readiness, he would not further obstruct the gratifying proceedings. (hear, hear).

Mr. John Curran then read the following address:—

TO THE REV. JAMES NUGENT.

"DEAR REV. SIR,—We, the members of the Company of St. Philip Neri, and the young men connected with the Catholic Institute, who for so long a time have been the objects of your solicitude, avail ourselves of this opportunity to mark the appreciation which your labours, in our regard, have merited. While fully sensible of the complete inadequacy of our gifts to compensate for the anxiety which a desire for our welfare has entailed, and conscious that our language must necessarily fall short in describing the feelings which prompt us to the utterance of our gratitude, yet we cannot refrain from adverting to some of those undertakings, which, being sustained by your zeal and directed by your prudence, have been productive of so many advantages to religion, and of so

many benefits to us. We cannot but remember how special your mission has been to young men, and how peculiarly qualified you are for winning their affections and leading them to good. That liberty of spirit, so characteristic of our Holy Father, St. Philip, by which he could gain the hearts and direct the wills of those young men who flocked to that little room of his which overlooked the Tiber, has been the prevailing feature in our intercourse with you. In you, young men have had that cordial sympathy which secures, without solicitation, the most perfect confidence; and your exertions have evinced the greatest desire to free them from the dangers which beset their most trivial amusements in this great town. To you the Catholic young men of Liverpool are mainly indebted for the means of a safe and agreeable recreation, as well as for the opportunities which the Catholic Institute affords of improving relaxation and intellectual pursuits. But it is for much more than these that we, who are assembled here, have to be grateful; for to you we owe whatever of pleasant association has attached us to the Institute. As night after night we have assembled for social pastime, your presence has given the charm to the evening's amusement; and, by your kind word and generous counsel, we have been consoled for the difficulties and trials which beset our daily life.

"In you we have had the kind friend, the prudent counsellor, and the affectionate pastor. As the father of our Company, and the director of our devotions, we owe you more than words can tell; for you have led us to the love of our crucified Lord, and placed us under the protection of Him who is so particularly the pattern for these modern times. In doing this, you have adopted a model who has successfully combined necessary amusements with the spirit of fervent devotion; and one that, even in recreation, can lead to the love of our Immaculate Lady. As, then, it is in the name of St. Philip Neri we assemble for our weekly prayers, and receive each month the bread of life in the Holy Communion, so, in his name, we beg your acceptance of the accompanying chalice. And, though it is but a slight testimony of our regard, it may still serve to indicate the spirit, which will make our offering acceptable.

"Receive, then, this humble tribute of our esteem and affection; and may you, reverend father, as you offer up the Holy Sacrifice, be mindful of us, your children in St. Philip, to whom we will continually pray, that he may guide and protect you during a long and useful ministry, and, having obtained for us all the grace of final perseverance, we may be united for ever in Heaven."

The reading of the address was frequently interrupted by loud and enthusiastic cheering, which was caught up with fresh vehemence when the chalice, a massive and richly-embossed piece of workmanship, and bearing a suitable inscription, was formally presented to the rev. gentleman.

The Rev. Mr. Nugent rose amidst renewed cheers to reply. He said—"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,—I must say that this is certainly a surprise to me, for it is a most unexpected and unlooked-for mark of your affection. I assure you, when you arranged with me for this little entertainment this evening, I had no idea that you had such a plot in the back ground as has just come forth. If I have entered into this little work of the Company of St. Philip Neri, it has been, you know, that I might in some way carry out a work which I had marked out for myself when I first conceived the idea of establishing the Catholic Institute (cheers). One must know the difficulties that young men are exposed to in a town like this; and if St. Philip were to come into the world again, in no place could he find such a place for his mission as the town of Liverpool (hear, hear). At the present moment all classes—all branches of the Church Establishment, seem to be centering all their forces in drawing young men together. This seems to be their great object. If you take up the *Times* you will find announced *a prayer-meeting* for young men at one place—a Sacrament day set apart at another—and that Mr. So-and-so will preach with a like object next Sunday. Well, we have, I believe, a power of drawing young men together which those without the Church have not—because we have a rule and standard to guide us. But if we look to the spirit of those without the Church, you will find that their model is how they will make a young man's position in the world; but when the Catholic Church comes to deal with young men, it sets before them the model of Christ and the saints (hear, hear). In this society we have taken the model of St. Philip. We keep before us his counsels of humility, obedience, and self-sacrifices; and, if I have done anything for you, it is only because I felt peculiarly drawn to that kind of work. Being a native of this town, I understand the difficulties that young men are exposed to. and I have made some exertions for them (hear, hear). I have made myself your companion—I have made myself, I am happy to see, your friend (cheers). I have been, I hope, also your father and spiritual guide; and it is a consolation to me to think that, taking part in all your amusements, I have never yet felt the dignity of priest sunk or compromised. This mark of your affection proves it. If you had offered me money, I candidly tell you I would not have accepted it; but, as you have offered me a chalice, it shall be St. Philip Neri's chalice; and as long as this Institute exists, it shall remain in it—a memorial of your affectionate kindness (cheers). I must say again I cordially appreciate this mark of your affection (hear, hear). It shows me that your affection for me is as your priest—the greatest satisfaction to me, and the highest compliment you could pay me (cheers). You say you have always found me a friend and companion. I trust you may ever do so (hear, hear). I trust, too, that you may go on and gather round us more young men of the same spirit. Let us try to infuse a new spirit into the Catholic young men of Liverpool (hear, hear). We, as Catholics, have a great mission to fulfil; and if God Almighty has given us opportunity, as members of this Institute, let us try to get others to enjoy the same advantages, so that going into to their various positions in life—in the shop or in the office, or whatever part may be assigned them, they may help to diffuse the Catholic spirit, and that those around them may see that they are different from others, and become impressed that the Catholic Church has a power of moulding them to Jesus Christ (cheers)." The reverend gentleman again acknowledged the kind and unexpected manifestation of the good feeling in his regard of the Company of St. Philip Neri, and concluded amidst general cheering.

The Chairman, Mr. Aspinall, then proceeded with the list of toasts. After the usual formal toasts, he proposed "The Company of Saint Philip Neri,"—responded to by Mr. Murphy in eloquent terms. "The Literary Society in connection with the Institute,"—responded to by Mr. Whittaker Edmondson,

in a pointed and humorous speech. Songs were then sung, in excellent style; and, Mr. Aspinall being compelled to leave,

The chair was taken by the Rev. Mr. Marshall, who, in a lengthened speech, announced the intelligence of the success of the interference of the Emperor of Austria in the peace negotiation. "All honor to the brave," said the rev. gentleman in conclusion, "honor to the brave who have suffered—honor to the brave who have fallen—honor to the brave who remain (cheers)—all honor to chivalrous France (cheers)—all honor to patient England (hear, hear)—all honor to heroic Russia (oh, oh). Yes, all honor to those who are at feud and at war no more, and who have now to enter into the rivalry of another pursuit—the interests of peace—the furtherance of European prosperity, and the liberty of the world" (cheers). The rev. gentleman concluded by proposing "The Young Men's Society" (cheers).

The Rev. Mr. Sheridan, of St. Mary's, eloquently responded.

The next toast was, "The Cause of Catholic Literature, with the Institute Magazine."

Some other toasts of a complimentary character were proposed, and several songs excellently sung; and, at an early hour, the company broke up.

INSTITUTE CHRISTMAS PLAYS.

On the evenings of January 3rd and 4th, the scholars and members of the Institute entertained their friends with a dramatic soirée at the Clayton Hall. The orchestra was composd of the piano-forte, under the skilful manipulation of Mr. D. C. Browne, and of the brass and string bands of the Institute, conducted on the former evening by Mr. Baetens, and on the latter by Mr. H. Garvey.

The entertainments began with an original prologue of some merit. *Mirth* (Mr. Campbell) declares winter to be eminently the season for enjoyment, and argues away the pretensions of the sister seasons to any real claim to jollity. He introducces the two chief representatives of Christmas fare, *Mr. Twelfth-cake* (Mr. Collins), and *Mr. Plumpudding* (Master Taylor), each dressed in character A trio is sung by these, celebrating the old English fare of Christmas-tide.

The tragedy of *Macbeth* followed; and it did the greatest credit to all concerned in getting it up. The elocutionary portion, prepared by Mr. Booth, cannot be too highly praised. And we do not pass this encomium as mere holiday critics, determined to be pleased with anything; but, after soberly watching the performance from first to last, we could not but conclude that the play was excellently and artistically acted. Of course there were shortcomings; but it would be invidious to dwell on these. For all the players were only school-boys, and many of them wore the *cothurnus* for the first time. We may be permitted to mention the following as having performed their allotted parts in a most praiseworthy manner:—Master Macauley as *Macduff*, Master Cain as *Macbeth*, and Master M'Ardle as *Lady Macbeth*. It was a neck-and-neck run between the two former, as to which should wear the palm for clever and sustained acting. But undoubtedly the gem of the whole piece (if we select a single point) was the reading of the letter by *Lady Macbeth*. We never remember to have heard *Seaton* applauded before, an honor secured for his impersonation of it by Master Thompson. We never saw a better dressed *caste*, though we have seen *Macbeth* on many stages, from Winchester, immortalized in Nicholas Nickleby, to the classic boards of Old Drury. The farce was *Paul Pry*. *Billy* was a masterly rendering; *Sir Spangle Rainbow* was well conceived, but inefficiently brought out. He was a living Sir John Chester. *Oldbutton* would have pleased much for his evident earnestness and complete identification of the character; only a certain forcing or straining of the voice rather pained the auditory for the actor's sake. *Paul Pry* failed in not having read his part over and considered it in its entirety, so as to preserve its unity; this made it uneven and patch-worky. But the grotesque comicality of the rendering blinded the audience to this. *Paul* would do well to subject himself to a twelvemonth's training under Mr. Booth. *Captain Hazleton* wanted the services of the drill-serjeant as well as of Mr. Booth. *Crimp* was excellent; *Pomade* required more of the tiptoe and less of the heel. Altogether, the evening was a hit; all did their best to please; and to the thrilling strains of *God Save the Queen* and *Partant pour la Syrie*, the company broke up in the best of tempers and good spirits.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT REVEREND GEORGE BROWNE, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

This venerable prelate expired at his residence, Catherine-street, at a quarter-past eight, on the morning of Friday, January 25th, in the 70th year of his age. His death may be said to have been sudden; for though he had been for a considerable time in a delicate state of health, and latterly had suffered much from rheumatic gout and an affection of the chest and lungs, yet neither by his medical attendants nor the members of his household was the melancholy

event anticipated. On Thursday evening, he was in excellent spirits, conversed freely with visitors, and wrote several letters, some on important business matters, with a clear style and a firm hand. Soon after eight o'clock on the following morning he was attacked with paralysis, and before medical aid could be had, or the clergy from the Catholic Institute, who were at once sent for, could be in attendance, life was extinct. The saintly prelate's long life was entirely dedicated to the advancement of religion and the saving of souls. To those seeking his guidance or requiring to converse with him, he was affable and easy of access. His ministrations and episcopal rule over the clergy subjected to his jurisdiction were eminently characterized by Christian zeal and brotherly love.

Dr. Browne received his education at St. Cuthbert's College, near Durham, where he was a favorite pupil of the celebrated historian, Dr. Lingard. He was remarkable during his college career as a writer of sweet and classical Latin; and for his literary attainments he was promoted to superintend the education of the students, in the important capacity of Prefect of the Studies. He afterwards became vice-president of the college and professor of theology. On leaving the college, he was appointed missionary at Lancaster, where he remained many years, much beloved, and where his memory is still held in benediction. On the partition of the northern district, previously governed by the present Bishop of Beverley, into three bishoprics, Dr. Browne was appointed to the Lancashire diocese, and was consecrated at St. Anthony's Church, in 1840, as Bishop of Bugia *in partibus*. He was afterwards translated to the See of Tloa *in partibus*, and finally, on the reconstruction of the hierarchy in 1850, he was appointed to the important diocese of Liverpool. On visiting Rome, towards the close of the pontificate of Gregory XVI., Dr. Browne was appointed Domestic Prelate to his Holiness, and Bishop Assistant at the Pontifical throne.

The continued bad health of Dr. Browne rendered necessary, some years ago, the appointment of a coadjutor, in the person of Dr. Sharples. The diocese enjoyed the government of this prelate for a very brief space; and on his death an interval of rather better health allowed Dr. Browne to act unassisted; but again a coadjutor became requisite. This was the present Bishop of Liverpool, Dr. Goss, who was consecrated Bishop of Gerens *in partibus, cum jure successionis*.

During the fifteen years of Dr. Browne's episcopate, the important diocese committed to his pastoral care flourished in the increased number of religious foundations, schools, churches, and priests. The following comparative statistics of the state of the diocese at the introduction of the hierarchy, and in the year 1855, will enable us to judge of what was done during these five years. In 1851, number of churches, 79; convents, 1; priests, 113. In 1855, churches, 88; convents, 6; priests, 138.

A solemn *Missa de Requiem* was chanted for the deceased Bishop at the Institute, on Monday, January 28th. The same evening, Matins and Lauds for the dead were recited by the clergy at St. Nicholas's, Copperas Hill; and the following morning a solemn dirge was sung in the same church *præsente cadavère*. The body was afterwards borne for interment to the Church of St. Oswald, Old Swan.—R. I. P.

[*From our London Correspondent.*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir,—The gaiety and rejoicing, obtaining by prescriptive custom, during the present season, have been in most circles in a great measure damped by the anxiety felt respecting the proposed "conditions of peace." Few people, it is said, desire they should be unconditionally accepted by Russia, on account of the great glory that must necessarily accrue to England by the intended operations in the Baltic, now that gun-boats are at length being sent there. Would that in this anticipation, and in so just a feeling of patriotism, there were some hope that England might look to the advancement of her real and lasting interests. So far as individuals are concerned, we may well believe that such has already been the case; that among the fallen, many now rest assured of Heaven, who but for the visible dangers that surrounded them would never have sought the grace to merit it.

The Church is everywhere progressing; such is the cry of her adversaries, and God forbid there should be cause to contradict them! At Devonport, so long a stronghold of Protestantism, a sectarian meeting-house, valued at some thousands of pounds, has lately been bought, and has been, or is about to be, consecrated as a Catholic Church. In London, in spite of the pressure of the times, a new mission was lately opened in one of the crowded courts of Fleet-street, and the promoters of it entertain every hope that it may steadily advance in prosperity. It is placed in the hands of one of those zealous Italian clergy who have been in the metropolis long quietly undermining the openly-boasted evil deeds of their countrymen—some of these latter are now beginning to unmask the horrible propositions enunciated by Gavazzi, within the last few weeks, have been such as to shock even pious Protestants.

A recent convert from the Establishment has brought with him many wavering souls, and induced them to lay down their burden of doubt and of pride in a loving submission to the Church of God. Surely "in a short course he has already fulfilled a long one," and shown how, in the providence of God, a laborer coming in at the eleventh hour may equal one who has borne the burden and heat of the day. That a healthy state of feeling is growing up in America is evident from the fact that the Association for the Propagation of the Faith is rapidly spreading there.

The *Pio* College at Rome, the future Alma Mater, it may be, of some of the pupils of the "Catholic Institute," has a new Rector, Father Gaudi, who lately filled that office, having been elevated to the Purple; Padre Joso, who succeeds him, is of the same religious order as that of St. Domini. While noticing different movements in the Church, some of the proceedings of its adversaries deserve for their very drollery to be recorded; that, for instance, of Lord Plunkett's *printed* dread of Puseyism in Connaught, a county in which no such thing was ever heard of, but which, purely for his lordship's convenience, who is located there with the title of Bishop, is supposed to be infecting the ranks of Protestantism in his diocese. To be made the victim of literary plagiarism was probably one of the last things that the Right Rev. John Bird Sumner ever anticipated; and that any should have been found to do it, is perhaps one of the most singular literary facts upon record. His Lordship of Exeter's letter on Dr. Lushington's decree, is a complete contrast to Bishop Plunkett's "charge," inasmuch as though very funny, it is a very *original* document; the ecclesiastical learning displayed in it is almost equal to that of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who in a note to his novel of "Harold" explains "compline" to mean second vespers.—I am, dear sir, &c.

M. I. L.

London, January 17th, 1856.

LITERARY ITEMS, &c.

Mrs. Gore is about to publish *Memoirs of the Present Century, Social, Literary, and Political.* The publication of this volume has been hastened, we believe, through the recent failure of Strahan & Co., by which this pleasing writer has lost the proceeds of a long and industrious literary career.

We are about to enter on a grand Macaulay Controversy. Mr. Hepworth Dixon has on the eve of publication a reply to the historian's charges against Penn, and it is rumored that Macaulay is preparing a rejoinder, as also an answer to the strictures of the *Athenæum* and *Times.* We have seen it stated that the Messrs. Longman have already paid Macaulay the large sum of £16,000 on account of vols. iii. and iv. An advertisement in a Calcutta paper promises a good supply of these volumes early in the month (January). It is rumored that the fifth volume is in the printer's hands.

The correspondent of the *Times*, at Berlin, has been prevented from collecting books for the German Legion by the Russian police.

The Christmas present from the Emperor to her Majesty has been much admired. It is an album illustrative of the visit to Paris. The drawings are in water-color, by the most eminent French masters, and produced at a cost of one thousand guineas.

Mr. John Forster, author of the well known *Life of Goldsmith*, and, we believe, one of the writers on the *Times*, has been appointed Secretary to the Commission of Lunacy, at a salary of £800 a-year. Barry Cornwall is a member of the Commission, at a salary of £1,500,

The Kaffir Journals of Sir James Cathcart, lately killed in the Crimea, are in the press.

The report that Mr. Layard has a volume on Assyrian Antiquities in the press, we regret turns out to be unfounded.

The executors of the late Samuel Rogers have decided on placing his effects in the hands of Messrs. Christie and Manson for sale. His books, pictures, &c., are said to be worth £40,000. There have been many reports as to *Diaries* and *Memoirs* of the Banker-Poet. His publisher, Moxon, is said to have several volumes of the former in the press, and the Rev. Alexander Dyce is preparing a volume of *Reminiscences* for immediate publication.

Accounts from America state that the second volume of Irving's Life of Washington has appeared, and that Mr. Allibone, a gentleman of great attainments, is preparing a *Critical Dictionary on English Literature* on a novel plan.

The Institute of Sweden has elected Prince Lucien Bonarparte a member. The Prince is now, we believe, a member of most of the Academies of Europe.

A daily newspaper, *The Bizarre Gazette*, is to appear at Cork on the 4th instant; the subscription to be one shilling per annum!

The Father of the Irish Bar, Robert Holmes, is actively engaged in writing a *History* of his life and times, Mr. Holmes was called to the bar in 1795!

A new religious journal, *L'Observateur Catholique*, is about being published in Paris.

The literary journals for some weeks past have not spared government on account of the miserable pension to Haydn, author of the well known *Dictionary of Dates*, &c. This interest in his broken fortunes comes too late, however: the hardworking scholar is dead.

Mr. Charles Braham, the English tenor, has appeared at Lisbon in Verdi's operas, with great success.

INSTITUTE LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS.

The Annual Soirée of the Institute took place last evening, January 31st, at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson-street. We have not time to say much of it in our present number, but will return to it on a future occasion. The principal speakers were the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, formerly Vicar of St. Margaret's, Leicester, and the Rev. H. Marshall. A debate was maintained by the day-scholars of the Institute. Several songs and glees lent a charm to the meeting; and a farce, *The Irish Tutor*, wound up the proceedings of a very agreeable evening.

We have much pleasure in informing our friends that arrangements have been made for a Course of Lectures and Amusements during the Spring session. As before announced, the evening has been changed from Monday to Wednesday—the latter being more convenient in many respects. We hope to have the pleasure of meeting again the well-known faces of former friends with the addition of many new ones. The arrangements for the month of February are as follow:—

February 13.—On the Ancient Civilization of Ireland, by — M'Carthy, Esq.
February 20.—Charles, "The Pretender;" illustrated with the Jacobite Songs and Choruses of the period.
February 27.—The Catacombs of Rome, by the Rev. P. Kaye, of Blackburn.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

*** It is requested that all Communications be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

John Tynan.—We are in some uncertainty ourselves as to the continuation of the *Legend of St. Germain.* The gentleman from whose talented pen it proceeded has left England, and is at present residing at Lisbon.

James Duff.—The King of Prussia received the *soubriquet* of "Cliquot," from *Punch.* As to the reason of it, that assigned is the following:—His Majesty is represented as being partial to champagne, of which wine that called *cliquot* is said to find especial favor in his eyes.

> "I know not how the truth may be,
> I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

X; Mullingar.—The writer of the tale you criticise stands corrected. He was a volunteer, and merely trying "his 'prentice han'." Might we suggest that you should try your own hand on a paper for us; your critical acumen would lead us to expect something worth reading. If you consent, write to us, and we can suggest a subject that we are satisfied you could do justice to. Or, are you a mere critic, like Horace's whetstone, that has the property of imparting to the blade a keenness not possessed by itself?

A. C.; London.—You can have your Lines on Canterbury Cathedral returned by complying with the condition mentioned in our last number.

H.—In Memoriam will not do. Though written like verses, it contains neither rhyme nor metre. The sentiment is unexceptionable.

*** *The Life of St. Hilda* and *The Life of Father Verbiest*, though very carefully and well written, are not suitable to our columns. They would be very acceptable in some quarters.

Scholasticus.—We shall probably make use of your Memoir of Lord Bryon in an early number.

R. V. S.—We should have been happy to oblige you, but we would rather not insert verses that have been sent to another periodical.

John Collins.—Brunell was the engineer of the Thames Tunnel. Backed by the Duke of Wellington, he carried his design through in the face of much opposition. The Tunnel was opened on the 25th of March, 1843.

☞ We have much pleasure in announcing that our next number will contain the opening of a new story, by an author of great celebrity in the literary world. The title of the story is "Dyrbington."

Holy Cross Temperance Society.—We have to thank the Secretary of this excellent institution for sending us its yearly Report, from which we are happy to learn the flourishing and efficient condition of the Society. We congratulate the members on the success of their efforts to find employment and furnish instruction to poor girls and boys, and on providing innocent amusements for working people. This latter object has our warmest sympathy; and, indeed, the fact of the Holy Cross Temperance Society holding its social meetings on Monday evenings, was one consideration that weighed with us in transferring our Lectures from Monday to Wednesday.

*** *Phrenography; Gossipings with Herodotus, the Arch-Gossip; A Portrait of John Bull by a French Artist; Autobiography of a Sausage*, and other papers, in early numbers.

Birth.

December 31, 1855, the lady of FRANCIS DOBSON, Esq., of Manchester-street and Everton, of a son, who was christened the same day at St. Alban's Church, by the Rev. Thomas Kelly, under the name of Joseph Francis.

Obituary.

Dec. 31, 1855, NICHOLAS MEGRAW, Esq., aged 98, of Abercromby Villa, Waterloo, R. I. P.

Jan. 20, 1856, ERASMUS MULLEN, aged 25, formerly member of the Institute Literary Society, R. I. P.

Jan. 25, at his residence, Catherine-street, Liverpool, his Lordship, the Right Rev. GEORGE BROWNE, D.D., Bishop of Liverpool, aged 70. R. I. P.

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