

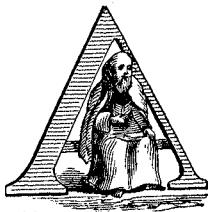
THE
CATHOLIC INSTITUTE
MAGAZINE.

No. 4.

JANUARY, 1856.

VOL. 1.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.



S many of our readers have probably seen an exquisite sketch, by the inimitable Cruikshank, of "*Tempus Edax Rerum*," they will recollect that the old gentleman is seated at a well-spread table; and the materials of his repast are churches, castles, bridges, and the other works of man. He is sticking his fork into some crumbling old building or other, while a spoon is conveying to his mouth what is visibly still nearer its dissolution. Then the expression of face, compounded of a yawn and a leer,—ah! it is indescribable, unless, indeed, some *pen-Cruikshank* were to take it up, and do justice to his brother of the pencil. Destitute as we humbly profess ourselves to be of all such powers, we must not let the new year open without some attempt to fix its infant features on our readers' minds. But first let us pay a tribute to its predecessor, who is now, as Young has it,

"—with the years beyond the flood;"

—as hopelessly sealed up, beyond reach or hope of alteration, as if, instead of just having escaped us, and existing still in our clearest recollections, he had seen the ark preparing and the waters rising, and the countless antediluvians trembling when too late, as they regretted having turned a deaf ear to the accents of Noah, that early "preacher of justice" and denouncer of the judgments of the Lord.

"*Tempus edax rerum.*" *Time is the devourer of all things.* How true the accusation! how inexorably does the old mower confirm it! Melancholy is the thought that no lingering graces, no "calm decay," as Keble exquisitely sings, no touching beauty, can avert the stroke. Look at that lovely old

church, far in a winding vale. See how its mullions, reft of the pictured glass of which they were so proud, invite the ivy, or the wall-flower, or some more brilliant ornament of the field, to twist and twine itself between them, as if emulous of bringing back the lively hues that glass afforded. Cannot stone and flower together, as they cling and plead, avert the stroke? Ah no! down they must soon come, and the hermit, who has so often watched the latter, as they gradually pale in the incipient twilight, and thought how lovingly they would lie and form a pavement for the feet of Jesus in the Adorable Sacrament, should England again be Catholic, must soon see them for the last time, and start, some early day, to find the shafts fallen, and the flowers left to wither. That castle, too, through whose gates have issued so many proud processions of knights and ladies, and whose walls have echoed in turn to the cry of the warder and the horn of the huntsman. How beautiful is it in its decay!—like a sweet rest after a troublous life! Cannot its stillness, and the picturesque distinctness with which its battlements (where yet entire), divide heaven's azure, form a charm against dissolution, and obtain for it at least an immortality of green old age, a verdure which is not of youth but of the tomb? No, not even this can be granted. The fiat is gone forth: the towers must fall; and some future traveller is to guess their locality from the unevenness of his path among the mounds which cover them.

But this is not all. Not only has Time an absolute dominion over the material works of man; he makes strange havoc also of man's thoughts, schemes, opinions, rules, and influences. Who can promise us that any given product of the brain shall continue beyond a pedestal of authority which may now support it? The very provinces of thought are continually changing their denizens. What is now deemed sober fact, may turn out, in a few years, to be a groundless fiction; while, on the other hand,

the most extravagant fancies, which obtained for those who formed them a high name as inventors, may become the very materials of every-day transaction. Hear old Strada, the Jesuit, in the second book of his "*Prolusiones Academicæ*," giving his imaginary account of a correspondence between two friends, by means of two extraordinary *needles*. Such virtue had these needles acquired from a wondrous stone, by which they had been touched, that when one began to move, the other, though in a different hemisphere, made a movement precisely the same. The two friends, each having his needle with him wherever he might be, made a *dial-plate*, with the twenty-four letters instead of hours. At a fixed hour of the day, they retired to converse. He in Europe would begin to work his needle, and form his words and make his stops; and lo! the temporary inhabitant of Asia reads the *litero*, and responds! The good father does not—how could he?—enter into the question of "Greenwich time," or trouble us with the consideration that the *conversing time* of one friend might unhappily be the midnight of the other; but, to let that pass, have not our readers anticipated us in the remark, that the ingenious fancy of the learned Jesuit, who died at Rome two hundred and seven years ago, and, doubtless, was well bepraised for the fertility of his imagination, is become, in the electric telegraph, a mere every-day fact. Verily, it might provoke our fathers, could their spirits *walk*, to find that what they viewed as choice efforts of the brain and to be held up to common view only as surrounded with the paraphernalia of mystery and romance, are now the sport of vulgarians, and the money-getting implements of fools; that the *needles*, which it was a high stretch of fancy to imagine friends employing for philosophizing and endearing converse, are now at the service of every butcher who may want to inquire of his brother ox-feller in a distant town, the latest price of "beasts" at such a market. Yet so it is. Time, the mightiest of magicians, has stolen in; and, as if in indignant denial that his power is confined to matter, has wrought this and similar revolutions in the works of mind; making the rough places plain, and leveling the heights; conveying intelligence of events as passed, to people whose clocks have not arrived at the given period, enshrined and established on that hour at which the said events happened; and, in a word, making extremes meet, and tempting the highest civilizator to exclaim, "Chaos is come again."

We feel ourselves, then, with old Time be-

hind us, somewhat as felt those antediluvians to whom we have already referred, as they stepped from rock to rock to avoid the approaching deluge. No sooner have we selected some new *stance*, as the Scotch say, and feel ourselves *here* at least secure, than we get a glimpse of the old scythe-man, with his comical front-lock,—certainly not one of those "love-locks" which so excited the outcry of the Puritans—and begin to have disagreeable suspicions of a new instability. Is there, then, we exclaim, no refuge from the old tormentor? no spot where we can defy him, and say, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther? There is such a spot, and our figure of the deluge will point it out to us. What, as the waters were spreading, and the nations beginning to despair, was the place of safety? What, but the ARK, that floated triumphant on the waves? And what is *our* ark but the Church—the eternal Church? that only *match* for the ocean of time on which it is upborne, because to *both* may be truly said what the poet says to the ocean only,

"Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow:

Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

The Church alone, then, is the defier of Time; and that because she is, in language taken from the same sublime description of the ocean,

"The image of *Eternity*, the throne
Of the Invisible."

The empires which have in turn resisted and courted her are changed, and their pristine places know them no more; but the resistance and the court have left her alike unchanged. Such as she was when her first Leo faced the conquering Goth, and bade him tremble and retire, such is she still; the only thing which tyrants fear and hate, just as Milton tells us that the great adversary, while hating all things fears nothing but "God and his Son." Her divine panoply is still about her; and O how different from the array of her enemies! Against their fleets and armies, cannon and bayonets, she sets her surpliced priests, her cowed monks, her wreathing incense, her hallowed tapers, her holy water, her relics, her peaceful processions, her measured chants, her misereres of penance, and her jubilant alleluia of praise. And which are the more powerful? Answer ye generations past: tell from your tombs that you have witnessed power after power crumbling like the fabrics which they raised, while the everlasting Church passed from them, green, beauteous, immortal, ever young.

And what is the secret of the Church's

unchangeableness? It is, that she consists, not of the works of men, whether material or mental; not of the creations even of souls, but of *souls themselves*—souls regenerate by the Breath of God and the Waters of Baptism; souls which, originally immortal in their destiny and purpose, are marked, when they enter and form part of the Church, with the tokens of a *blessed* immortality in the presence of Him who is unchangeable. Thus the Church is ever new, because she is ever receiving new accretions and assimilating them to herself. Her armies compose a compact phalanx, in which, as fast as the front and veteran ranks are seen no more, because their warfare is ended, and they have gone to their reward, new lines fill up the blank, animated by the same spirit, burning with the love of the same God, hating what He hates, signed with His impress, ranged under His cross, and trusting to conquer in their turn.

Here, then, the soul finds its true destiny. No longer at the mercy of its own powers and works, and vainly depending on them for a poor permanency which cannot, at the best, outlive the last great fire, she seeks and receives from Him who created her the impress of His own eternity. No longer boasting of aught that may and must perish by Time, she takes new ground and defies the conqueror. Time and Death, and Sin, in vain assail her, for she belongs to a society whose function is to triumph over them all.

But what (we think we hear some querulous reader say) what are you going to do with the new year, who lies smiling before you, and with promised "thoughts" for whom you headed your article? We will tell you what we mean to do with him. Not being of the world, worldly, we will not hail him, as the world does, with promises of fresh flowers, less stained with tears than were those of his predecessor. We will not congratulate our readers on his offering them new earthly enjoyments and earthly hopes; on a fresh career of pleasure, ushered in with thoughtless mirth, and kept alive by a like want of recollection. In short, we will welcome the New Year as the Church does,—who, ere the joyful accents of Bethlehem have died away, calls us to listen, on the very Octave of the Nativity and beginning of the year, to the first wail of pain from the Infant Saviour,—thus reminding us, even amidst our spiritual rejoicings, that the path of a Christian must be one of suffering, and steeling our coward hearts to bear it well by the example of Him who began so early to endure.

And now, to turn in, for a concluding moment, to our own "business and bosoms." A first new year has just dawned upon our Magazine; and it is a happy omen that we have heard, from several quarters, that our last number is the best, and that we are thus giving hope of progress. What time, then, more fitting than the present to renew (so to speak) our editorial vows? to promise a rigorous adherence to the principles on which we started? to assure our readers that we will not abate an iota of those principles, but will pursue our conscientious way, regardless either of clamors from without, or murmured dissatisfaction from within, the circle in which we move? This is the only way to deserve, and in the long run to ensure, success; and with this pithy remark, we conclude,—only adding, to all our readers, the cordial wish of

A Happy New Year.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

CHAPTER II.

On Man—His Body viewed from without.

Raise thine eyes, then, O! brother man, and behold a wondrous sight: behold once more thyself, as the mirror reflects thy exterior to thee. A wonderful machine indeed thou art! A machine, composed of innumerable parts, many of which are so exquisitely fine and delicate as to be imperceptible to the keenest sight: a machine, which by its solids, represents levers, cords, pulleys, weights, and counterweights; which by its fluids, as well as by the vessels, which contain them, obeys the laws of *equilibrium*, and of the motion of liquids:—which by its pumps, to draw in and to expel air, is regulated by the inequalities, and the pressure of the atmosphere:—which, by lines and threads, all but invisible, lacing it even to the extremities, supports it in its numerous relations to a continual contact, with all that surrounds it: a machine which is acted upon by every object in the universe, and which, in its turn, reacts upon them: which, like the plant, nourishes, develops, and reproduces itself, but which adds to this vegetable life the motion of progress: a living mechanism, but all the springs of which are within, and hidden from the eye; while from without, nothing is seen but its decoration, simple, and at the same time, magnificent—a decoration in which are blended together the charm of color, the beauty of form, and the harmony of proportion. Such, dear reader, is the grand

spectacle which we set before you, and ask you to gaze upon in the human body—in yourself.

Look at that body again! All that is in man proclaims him to be master and monarch of the earth, and announces his superiority over all other living creatures. His attitude is that of command: his head erect, and turned towards the heavens, presents to the beholder an august countenance, on which is impressed the character of his divinity: the very image of his soul is depicted in his physiognomy, and the excellence of his noble nature transpires, and oozes out, as it were, through the grosser organs of matter, animating with heavenly fire the lines of his face. His gait majestic, his step bold and firm, and his dignified carriage tell of his rank, and of the nobility of his origin! He scarcely touches the ground, and that only with the extremities, the farthest removed: he sees but at a distance, and in his very look there is dignified disdain. His arms are not given him as appendages or ballast to an unwieldy body; nor are his hands fashioned to burrow in the earth;—that delicacy of touch (of which they are the principal organs) is blunted and worn away by no such friction as this, but reserved for uses more noble: they execute the orders of the will; they grasp objects remote; remove obstacles; prevent collisions; and repel all shocks which might do hurt; and while they reject what might offend, they retain only what may please, and bring it at the same time within reach of the senses. Amongst the visible parts of the body, the *head* holds the first rank; both because of its beauty, and also as the seat of the principles of sensation and motion. It is to the *face*, the most beautiful part of man, that all the feelings and passions travel up to be painted and expressed; here are also found the organs of the principal senses, by means of which he is enabled to receive impressions from objects without; while the divers movements of the tongue and lips give him the capacity, by the number of various inflexions which they give to his voice, of conveying to others all that passes within his own soul. Lowered upon the *neck*, the head revolves upon it, as upon a pivot. After the neck come the *shoulders*, adapted for the support of heavy burdens. To the shoulders are attached the *arms*, and to these the *hands*, so formed as to execute all sorts of manœuvres and movements, the facility of which are provided for in the *bones* and *joints*. The *chest* is destined to protect and envelope the heart and lungs, and is therefore composed of ribs and strong palisades

of hard bones. The *diaphragm* separates the chest from the *venter*, in which are found the stomach, liver, kidneys, and intestines. All this mass now reposes on the *hips* and *legs*, which, like the arms, have various joints, to facilitate motion, or give repose. The *feet* support as a base the whole machine, the *heels* and *toes* contributing to this, in enabling them more securely to keep firm hold of the earth. This machine is covered all over with *flesh* and *skin*; and is secured against the injurious effects of heat and cold, as to the parts most exposed, by *hair* and *eyelash*.

The body of man, when well formed, is square, and the turn of his limbs is strongly marked. His sinews and muscles should be also vigorously prominent, and the lines of his face well formed and clearly distinct. In the woman all is more rounded, the forms are more soft, and the lines finer and less strongly marked. Man has strength and majesty: grace and beauty are rather the appendages of the other sex.

Such, then, at first sight, is the King of the Earth; and this first view of him has already proclaimed his lofty destination. What variety we see in the exterior of his person. The form of his members, their structure, their order, their place, their movements, their harmony, their symmetry, all furnish incontestible proofs of the wisdom as well as the goodness of his Creator. Not one is imperfect, or deformed, not one without a use, not one injures or envies the other, not one is out of its place: on the contrary, the slightest change in their number, disposition, or arrangement, would render the body less perfect. If, for instance, I were deprived of the use of my hands, or were they furnished with fewer joints and ligaments, I should no longer be able to perform a number of operations essential to my well-being.

If, in retaining my reason, I had the form of a quadruped, or a reptile, I should be wholly unfit for the exercise of many arts. I could neither sit nor move with ease, nor contemplate without effort the spectacle of the heavens. If I had but one eye, and that were placed in the middle of the forehead, I could not look on the right hand or left, nor embrace so large a space and distinguish such a number of objects at a time as I do now. If my ear were elsewhere placed, I could not hear as I do now what passes all around me.

In a word all the parts of my body are constructed and arranged in such a manner as to

conspire to give beauty and perfection to the whole ; at the same time that they are all intimately adapted for answering the ends for which they were made.

O ! blessed be Thy name, then, O good and mighty God, who hast given me a body so beautifully formed, so perfectly fitted out ! May this sentiment of praise and gratitude never grow weak or cold in me. May the contemplation of my body, the good use of my senses and faculties, awaken this feeling in me ever more and more ! Then I shall not be using them amiss, I shall be employing them all for the good of society, and the glory of Thee, my Creator and Preserver, making it my study to be always applying that body and spirit which Thou hast made so glorious for me to procure honor and glory to Thee.

And I am all the more obliged to make this noble use of my body, because after having been deposited for a short time in the tomb, it will be restored to me again in a condition infinitely more beautiful and perfect still. Can it possibly be, then, that I should dishonor any part of myself, reserved as every part is for so brilliant an end ? Can I ever profane a body, one day to be conformed to the likeness of the glorious Body of my Saviour ? Shall I abuse members created by a God, and destined for such noble employments ? No : the blessed and ravishing hope of my future glory and elevation will excite me from this present moment to consecrate myself entirely to the service of God, to reverence my body as the temple of the Divinity, and to preserve it pure and unsullied until the time of the arrival of the Great King shall be come.

THE MILITARY COMMISSION.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

The Commissioner never seemed to consider himself sufficiently remunerated ; he had the hard-heartedness to take away a wretched miniature from an old woman, who wept when she was deprived of what was to her a valuable treasure. This same kind of visit, with much the same results, was paid to all the principal houses in the town, which were thus pillaged with as little noise as possible.

At the end of the town was the church, on which was floating the tricolor flag : the presbytery was just at hand. The Commissioner said that he wished to pay a visit to the Curé. I observed that it was unlikely we should see him, as no doubt he had heard of our arrival.

He replied, hastening his steps, we will not have to reproach ourselves with the neglect of any duty.

It was a small house, half hidden under the ivy and the vine. I fancy I can see it now. We crossed an uncultivated spot, where the mallow, the sunflower, and other plants were growing in disorder ; there was also the ruins of an arbor, surrounded by a thick thorn hedge. A child, almost in rags, was playing with a goat, which was fastened to a plane-tree. The Commissioner asked him, by way of precaution, if there were any one in the house. He raised his head ; but immediately let it fall, with the uncouth timidity peculiar to the children of the south, and then pointed to the house. A servant appeared at the entrance. She had neither the presence of mind to retire nor to answer the questions we put to her. We entered the parlour on the ground-floor. The Curé was seated in a large arm-chair, near the window, with a book in his hand ; he was rather bent with age, tall, and thin, and with thick powdered hair. He raised his head, and looked at us through his spectacles.

The Commissioner, without making the slightest salutation, thus roughly addressed him :—" Ah !—as for you, my dear friend, I must decidedly take you with me. The Commission wishes to put a few questions to you. You must accompany me to Lyons ; and prepare to set off immediately."

The Curé took off his spectacles, put them in his book, and laid it on the table. He endeavored to stammer out a question, but was quite unable to utter a word.

" Come," said the Commissioner ; " come ; we have no time to lose ; we must depart immediately."

The good man then rose, saying : " I think there is not anything with which they can reproach me."

" That you can explain to the Commission ; there is no alternative now but to go with me."

The Curé looked very much aghast, and replied : " I am very much beloved, sir, in this neighborhood, and I was assured that if I conformed to the laws"—

" Make yourself easy," interrupted the Commissioner ; " the laws are just. And, besides," he added, with a consequential air, " I will take you under my protection ; once at Lyons, I will not abandon you."

" Very well, sir ; my mind is at rest. I will follow you."

" You will require money there ; you will not find every thing you will need in the

prison. You had better take all that you have at hand. I will take charge of it for you."

The Curé shrugged his shoulders, went and opened a large chest, and brought a small paper packet, which contained two crowns and six livres.

"Why you are joking," said the Commissioner. "You must keep your money in the church or the sacristy. Please to take us there."

He then made a sign to us to follow him towards a passage, which led into the church. The Curé, meanwhile, said a few words of direction to the housekeeper, and then hastened to lead the way, saying, as he did so: "You will find there only the ornaments and vessels used in the service of the church."

"Well! we shall see," said the Commissioner. At the end of the passage was the sacristy, which he entered.

"Open your shop," said he, striking some panels with the scabbard of his sabre.

The Curé drew a little key from his pocket, and opened a large closet, in which was carefully arranged every thing required in the celebration of the Mass, and other services.

"Ah! ah! very good!" said the Commissioner; "here is money, lying idle. What is the use of leaving this here?"

He then unfolded the stoles, the chasubles, the copes; and, tearing off all the lace, divided it into a number of pieces, and distributed them among the soldiers. Then taking the chalice, he flattened it with his knee, in order to make it more portable. He did the same with the other sacred vessels, securing every thing that was at all valuable; and finished by kicking the vestments back into the closet. My attention was so completely riveted by the proceedings of this man, that it never occurred to me to notice the countenance of the old Curé, though he was standing by my side, twisting his pocket-handkerchief.

The Commissioner now prepared to depart. The Curé moved towards the house; but he stopped him, saying: "Do not trouble yourself about anything. If, by chance, your imprisonment be prolonged, I shall be there, and can procure whatever you may require; but, however, I shall take care, and arrange so that you may return as soon as possible." And he drew him towards another door, giving him a friendly pat on the shoulder.

As we crossed the garden, his housekeeper ran after him, bringing his hat and his snuff-box. The garden appeared to me to form part of the cemetery, for I have a confused recol-

lection of seeing the remains of some black crosses in the grass.

We were scarcely out of the garden, when a child ran after us, exclaiming, in the patois of the country: "Monsieur le Curé! Monsieur le Curé!"

It was the little child, whom we had previously seen playing with the goat.

He rushed up to the Curé, and hid himself in the folds of his cassock.

"Monsieur le Curé! where are you going?"

"I am going to Lyons."

"Ah! then you will bring me something?"

"Yes, I will."

"Ah! what will you bring me? Bring me—no, bring me a chaplet."

The old man took him in his arms, and embraced him.

"Send the child away," said the Commissioner.

"He is the son of one of our country-people, who lately died in the army," said the Curé. No doubt he had taken on himself the charge of the child, for he appeared to be living at the presbytery.

"That soldier was a very brave man," continued the Curé, wishing to appear at his ease, though he spoke with a faltering voice. The Commissioner drew near to me. Soon after he ordered the recall to be beaten. The ranks were formed. The Curé marched in the centre of the first division.

We traversed the whole length of the town to the sound of the drums; and although it was mid-day, everything was silent, and the street deserted, as if it were the middle of the night. I only observed, behind the window-shutters, the heads of some of the good people, following with their eyes the movements of their poor Curé. We relieved the sentries at the end of the street. I collected together the rest of the detachment, and we retook the road by which we had entered, the Commissioner and I always at the head, the Curé among the men of the first rank. I could scarcely imagine how a man, at his time of life, could, for three leagues, keep pace with the troop. He did not complain. We arrived at Lyons at about three o'clock in the afternoon, following the course of the Rhone until we reached the heights of the Jerreaux, which it was necessary to cross, we hurried into a street opposite the bridge Moraud. When we had gone about half-way down the street, the drummer stopped. The end of the street which looked into the Place was filled with people and troops. I advanced in order to

ascertain the cause of the stoppage; the gendarmes called out to me something that I could not understand, and I replied by a gesture of impatience, to which they instantly paid attention. The drummers pressed through the crowd, and the head of my column advanced into the square, which we were to cross diagonally; but I then saw it was impossible to do so. It was the hour when the executions generally took place, and they lasted usually the whole afternoon. The place was crammed with people and troops, and the latter formed the square round the scaffold. The blade of the machine rose and fell with the regularity of a hammer on the anvil; and amid the mournful silence that prevailed, nothing was heard but the clashing of arms and the movement of horses' feet.

I turned towards the Commissioner, to consult on what was best to be done. He cried out: "Forward!" and advanced towards me. Seeing his scarf, the people made way for him, and we got close to the gendarmes, who surrounded the scaffold. Our presence caused some stir, and all eyes were turned towards us.

The commissioner advanced through the gendarmes, and made a sign to one of the men on the scaffold; while he was approaching, the Commissioner took the Curé from my side, and then gave him up to the man. Turning towards me, with a significant sneer, he then said, pointing in the direction of the horses: "You may return to your quarters." The ranks of the gendarmes closed up.

I hardly liked to imagine what could be the motive of this last act of the Commissioner. I went before my men, passing close to the troop by the side of the scaffold, and hearing the horrid preparations for the executions. At the end of the place, and just before quitting this terrible scene, curiosity tempted me to direct my eyes towards the scaffold. A long black figure, with white hair, was mounting the steps. I lowered my eyes, but raised them again in spite of myself. The head of the old Curé fell.

I turned towards my men; they had seen all, and understood all. They marched in silence, their eyes riveted on the ground. At this moment the Marseillais saluted our ears. "The rascals!" growled my old sergeant, who had been in the old regiment Auvergne. I never understood whether he was speaking of the executed or the executioners; but, as he was so old, and had such a respectable appearance

"What was the name of that man?" said I.

"What man?" said the Colonel.

"The Commissioner."

"I do not remember; I am not sure that I ever heard it."

"My God," said I, "how can such names ever be forgotten. They shed blood enough to have them inscribed in red on every monument in France."

"I have spoken to you of a priest," said the Colonel. "One day they guillotined on the same spot twelve religious and their chaplain, for having sung the psalms: that was the reason assigned. Another day, during the executions, a man in the crowd shrugged his shoulders, either from a feeling of horror or of pity: they took him, and dragged him on the scaffold, and his head was soon the companion of those he had seen fall."

* * * * *

Some months after the above was written, I passed through the city of Lyons. Pacing with musing steps through the Place des Terreaux, the preceding facts recurred to my recollection; and I observed on its mute walls the last traces of the axe of '93. The busy passers-by hurried along the causeway, hawkers were carrying their goods, young folk were reading the news at the café doors, a barrel-organ was playing a new Parisian air; all this recalled to my mind indistinctly this phrase from that immortal work, *Considerations sur la France*, with which it opens: "Our children will care but little for our sufferings, and will dance upon our graves."

A LETTER

FROM THE REV. S. VINCENT PARCLOUSE, CURATE OF
N——, ———SHIRE, TO BERNARD AUMBRIE,
ESQ., OF BONIFACE COLLEGE,
OXON.

N——, *Vigil of Remigius.*

MY DEAR AUMBRIE,—I have now been here for some six months, and have quietly settled down into an active, and, I hope, not an unprofitable Parish Priest, devoting my best endeavors to carry into effect those great Catholic principles which we imbibed together in the peaceful cloisters of St. Boniface.

The Church, dedicated to the blessed St. Winifrede, is a noble building of second-pointed architecture, with a well developed chancel and Sacrarium, but defaced in some parts by the introduction of late third-pointed work, and the traces of Protestant violence. The interior is terribly disfigured by pews.

The squire's pew is an enormous Jacobean structure, with a heavy canopy which completely blocks up one side of the chancel. I trust, however, in time, to make some wholesome alterations in this respect.

My Rector, Mr. M——, is a most worthy man, but quite one of the old school. I fear he has few ideas beyond Beveridge, Bull, and Hooker, and is totally destitute of all rubrical sympathies. I question much whether he knows the difference between an albe and a chasuble; he is, however, tolerably free from prejudice, and interferes very little in my plans.

The rector's daughters, however, and some other ladies in the parish, are deeply imbued with true Catholic spirit, and are of very great assistance to me. When I first arrived, I found that my little rooms had been appropriately fitted up, and Miss Ellen M—— had, with her own hands, papered my study with some magnificent brass rubbings, most judiciously selected, and all of an early date. She is a very superior young lady, of most pleasing appearance, about eighteen years of age, and full of zeal for antiquity. I am going to-night to read to her an essay, written by me at her request, "On the propriety of enforced celibacy among the clergy of the Anglican Branch."

We have also a powerful auxiliary in the village apothecary, who is a thorough churchman, and possessed of indomitable resolution and energy. He is very popular among the ladies, who, with pleasant humor, call him "the seraphic doctor." I confess I find him a little inclined to be dictatorial, and too desirous of managing matters in his own way; but, with all his faults, he is a most valuable assistant, and one of the main promoters of the daily service, though his numerous avocations do not permit him to attend himself. This latter circumstance has given rise to an ill-natured remark on the part of some malicious persons, who say that, though he is continually parading his energy and activity in carrying out the Prayer-book, he is not often seen engaged in carrying it in; in other words, that he does not attend church very regularly; but this is scandal.

Our sisterhood, I am sorry to say, has had to be given up. The rector objected to his daughters wearing the proposed dress—serge robe and tippet, white cowl, cord, iron cross, and black hood over all—so that the poor are visited in a desultory manner by the ladies, undistinguished by any emblems of their authoritative mission.

We have established the daily offices of the Church most successfully, though at present only ladies attend them. I hope, before long, to get up a procession, though it will be attended with some difficulty, as, in consequence of the unfortunate rubric on the subject, we have nothing to carry. I have presented two large candlesticks to the church, which are happily allowed to stand on the super-altar, and I trust in a few years, if the times are favorable, to be permitted to light them.

I have persuaded the rector to omit the prayer before the sermon, and to diminish the duration of his discourses from forty minutes to a quarter of an hour, and the change has been effected without the slightest opposition on the part of the congregation; but they do not, strange to say, recognize the equal propriety of the introduction of the prayer for the Church militant, and the majority of them most irreverently leave their seats at its commencement.

On Easter-day, I obtained the rector's consent to place a pot or vessel of incense behind the sacristy-door. It would have been injudicious to have put it in a more conspicuous position, as it might have awakened the prejudices of the ignorant. I had, unfortunately, no recipe for making incense; so I directed the village chemist to prepare a composition of any fragrant and aromatic spices he might have by him, which I trusted would answer the purpose, but, I regret to say, the imitation was most unsuccessful, for some cayenne pepper had been improperly mixed with it. When lighted, the fumes were absolutely suffocating: the vessel was instantly removed, and every available window and door thrown open before the office could be proceeded with.

We have attempted wall-painting with some success, and have commenced a fresco over the sedilia on the south side of the chancel. We have no regular artists among us; but this is rather an advantage, as perspective, shading, and anatomical drawing would be quite inadmissible, and Miss Helen M——'s figures are most astonishingly similar to those of the thirteenth century. She has, indeed, drunk deeply of the mediæval fountains.

On the whole, I think the prospects of the Church, not only in this neighborhood, but throughout the country, are most gratifying to contemplate. I trust that, as we become more alive to the beauties of Catholic usage, and more zealous for antiquity, we shall wake a corresponding spirit in the people, and may gradually draw ourselves towards the holy

Eastern and Western Churches, and regain the ground we so unhappily lost at the disastrous Reformation.

I grieve much to say that a Popish mission has been established at N——, and that the emissaries of Rome are straining every nerve to seduce the children of the Church from their allegiance. A lady of my congregation, one of the most active of my sisterhood, has unhappily fallen into their snares, I fear irretrievably. What makes it more unaccountable is, that she is possessed of great knowledge of ecclesiastical embroidery, and is quite an authority in church music, so that one would have thought she would have appreciated the extraordinary privileges she might have enjoyed at St. Winifrede's. I in vain endeavored to explain to her the fatal error of the step she was about to take. In vain I showed her that if she were in France or Spain, the question would be totally different, but that in England she was bound to remain an Anglican, and that as a Roman Catholic, she would become geographically schismatical. She persisted in asserting that the Catholic Church must of necessity be universal, not local; and I was unable to undeceive her: she was, in fact, received that evening. I felt in duty bound, therefore, to exercise the power of the keys, granted to me at my ordination, and the next Sunday morning, I solemnly excommunicated her from the altar, for which I have been presented to the Bishop by the senior churchwarden, who says I have no right to curse any one, except on Ash-Wednesday.

The spread of these heresies might be arrested, and the English Church defended from such insidious attacks, if it were feasible to establish a church union, composed of the clergy of the diocese; but this is impracticable, as the most lamentable difference of opinion prevails in the surrounding parishes, and I have been obliged to abandon the scheme. One man is unsound on Baptism, another objects to the Athanasian creed; one vicar is an Arnoldite, and another a Zuinglian; two neighboring rectors are Calvinists, and a perpetual curate is a disbeliever in eternal punishments. The incumbent of the next parish to us openly preached against the doctrine of apostolical succession, and his curate has been heard to speak slightly of antiquity. If all were willing to agree in the great Catholic principle of submission to our bishop, we might obtain some settled unity by allowing him to decide our differences, and yielding to his judgment; but this, you know, is virtually

impossible, as, though a most estimable and worthy man, he entertains scruples," conscientious no doubt, concerning the Nicene creed.

I have established auricular confession, but none but ladies have at present availed themselves of it. The rector's daughters are most regular in their attendance, and each lady has her stated evening. This evening is Miss Helen M's. I have to put the finishing stroke to the paper I am writing for her, on celibacy, which I mentioned before, so farewell for the present, and believe me to be, ever faithfully yours,
S. VINCENT PARCLOUSE.

P.S.—DEAR A., I open my letter in haste to add a few lines by way of informing you that, since the conversation which I have had with Miss Helen M——, this evening, my views concerning the celibacy of the clergy, which were enunciated in the pamphlet I mentioned before, have been considerably modified. If our lot had been cast in those palmy days, when the doctrines of the church were dogmatically defined, and her discipline imperatively enforced, we might have had, perhaps, no choice in the matter; but in these unfortunate times, when her voice is silenced, and her arm fettered, we have no authority to appeal to, and are clearly left to act on our own discretion, and may perhaps display more humility by conforming to the usual order of things; nevertheless, I am so desirous of acting in all matters under the direction of my ecclesiastical superiors, that I shall lay the question before one, to whom, above all others, I owe canonical obedience, viz.—my rector, whom I shall consult on the subject to-morrow, and Miss Helen and myself will submit implicitly to his decision. I send you the pamphlet, as I do not think it will be of any further use to me.—Ever yours,

S. V. P.

A SHORT LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.—Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. If one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper; small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of mind. Never play at any kind of game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow unless you can't possibly avoid it. Never speak evil of any one. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

LINES SENT WITH A TWELFTH-CAKE.

As, in the constant dance of years,
 Gay Father Christmas still appears,
 And takes a parent's kind farewell,
 In Twelfth-night's joys and festival,—
 Ere books again your thoughts engage,
 Meet nurses of your tender age,
 Your hearts may ask, "What means this show?
 To what good genius do we owe
 The cake with each adornment due,
 King, queen, and all the motley crew?"
 Listen, while I the source unfold,
 Of pastime, drawn from custom old.

When He, the universal Lord,
 By highest heavenly hosts adored,
 Came to redeem His creature man
 From sin and sin's attendant pain,
 'Tis known, a stable poor he chose,
 There, humble first on earth to unclothe
 The eyes that look but to forgive,
 Whose dimmest beam bids rebels live.
 O'er all the East report had run,
 That He, the great Creator's Son,
 Should come to rule and bless the earth,
 And now was nigh His wondrous birth.
 To magian princes, men of grace,
 Who long'd to see their Saviour's face,
 A star, more beauteous than the sun
 When riding in his highest noon,
 Glittered along the heavenly road,
 Till over Bethlem's vale it stood,
 And pointed to the cradled God.
 The grateful chiefs their offerings bring
 To Him, their new-born Saviour-king,
 As on the breast of Mary mild,
 In lovely infancy he smiled;
 This was the scene made known of old,
 By sages and by bards foretold,
 When Christ should first to Gentile eyes
 Unveil the radiance of the skies.
 In mem'ry of the hallow'd deed,
 The Church a festival decreed;
 And, through the long and dreary age,
 When few could know the lettered page,
 And pictured forms, or scenic show,
 Taught the great truths 'tis life to know
 The magians' homage was portrayed
 By men in borrowed garb arrayed.
 The heavenly Babe, the Maiden blest,
 The stall, sole home by them possessed:
 The lowing ox, the scattered straw,
 In show distinct our fathers saw.
 As learning broke through mental shade,
 The needless splendor soon decay'd;
 But, still was kept a record faint,
 In annual show of pictures quaint;
 And scenes erst acted 'fore their eyes,
 Now took their first and thin disguise
 Of *paint'd* stall, and Maid, and Child,
 The chiefs, the oxen couching mild,
 The gold and myrrh, a goodly show;
 Emblems of homage, paid below
 By grateful hearts, with goodness stored,
 To Heaven's incarnate Maker Lord.
 Soon fainter still the record grew:
 Vague and promiscuous scenes they drew,
 And sport his gay additions threw;
 And now spiced cake and pictured toys,
 To please sweet girls and rosy boys,
 Are all the traces that remain
 Of solemn show and stately train.
 Think not, dear boys, I mean to frown
 On harmless mirth in field or town:
 No; draw the lots, and eat the cake,
 And loud and long the joy partake.
 But, when the frolic scene is past,
 And all have romp'd and toy'd their last
 For twelve long months, at least, to come,—
 Then be each breast reflection's home.
 Think not your youth forbids to share
 In serious thought or holy care;
 But, when you seek the welcome bed,
 Ere yet you rest the weary head,
 Forget not, kneeling lowly down,
 Your God and Saviour I love to own;
 And ask of Him the mighty pow'r
 Who hears when children's lips implore,
 That He, who shone on Gentile eyes,
 May deign to bless you from the skies.

SIMPLICITY OF THE CREATION.

[COMMUNICATED: INSERTED AS AN INGENIOUS THEORY.]

Concise View of Mr. Adolph's New Theory of the Solar System, Thunderstorms, Waterspouts, &c., the Tides and Oxygen.

In the beginning God created heaven and earth, that is: He created substances, but *no forces*; *forces*, "*per se*," He could not create, because, *reposing or active*, they are *inherent to His Omnipotence*, to one of the attributes of God. Therefore, the exercise of an *abstract force* in nature, as for instance, the generally adopted centrifugal force of the earth can emanate from God direct only, and in a special manner, that is, He Himself it is who continually turns the earth round its own axis. God, however, rested on the seventh day of creation; and since thus, according to our conceptions, God does then only operate or act in a special and direct manner, when he suspends, abrogates, or supersedes those laws which, at the creation, He gave to nature, or when He creates, it follows, that there cannot exist any such powers or forces by themselves. These supposed forces exist only in imagination, because they are only *effects*, an *activity* of the Divine Omnipotence, or effects whose material causes are still unknown. For this reason, also, all assumptions of such abstract forces in nature are false, and consequently, also, the calculations founded upon them; for they are based upon an *effect*, upon an imaginary abstract power, but not upon a material cause. God, however, created *material causes*, *substances*, to which His wisdom and Omnipotence gave certain properties and powers, to which He attached effects; and, when *in nature* we perceive powers or forces, they do not directly emanate from God, but from the substances, the things, the *material causes which He created*.

Of all created substances, electricity, the slumbering light, seems to occupy the first rank. He divided this matter into positive and negative, and the one or the other gender penetrates and unites, more or less, with every other substance, ponderable and imponderable. From these two proceed light and warmth, expansion and contraction, attraction and repulsion, motions. The whole creation in its immeasurable expanse, is filled with positive electricity. Within this universal globe of positive electricity, all the heavenly systems are moving round a centre, and most probably round our own solar system. Every solar system has its own solar atmosphere, in which

the planets, belonging to the system, are moving in regular order and in undeviable orbits. The positive electricity accumulates round all heavenly bodies, as round the cylinder of an electrical machine. This accumulation is greatest round the suns, and shows itself as a burning body, as an electric light, according to the same laws which produce lightning of every kind and the Aurora Borealis. By this accumulation the solar systems repel each other like so many electrified pithballs, and thus is caused an *Universal Systemal Repulsion*. All the planets are attracted by the sun, in whose system they revolve forward, and the moons are attracted by the planets in whose sphere they float. Thus, besides "*Universal Systemal Repulsion*," there is but a "*solar*" and a "*planetary*," but not an "*universal gravitation*," which keeps the heavenly bodies mutually in their paths and positions.

The heavenly bodies themselves, including the solid bodies of the suns, are filled with *negative electricity*, according to their size, density, and the place and purpose assigned to them by their Creator; they have an interior electric organisation, a heart, veins, and arteries; and, as blood pervades the human body in the most minute parts, so are they moreover thoroughly penetrated with the electric matter. The crust, the shell of our earth, harmoniously entwined with the most variegated materials, holds the electric element in bond, though it seeks to break its fetters and burst the walls of its prison; and this is manifested by earthquakes, shocks, and volcanic eruptions. The sun warms the earth and planets; by this means the nonconducting air is warmed and expanded, the earth perspires, and negative electricity is liberated; by the aid of conductors, of grass, shrubs, trees, and mountains, the liberated electricity rises in streams and volumes into the upper air, and in the phenomena of lightning, waterspouts, and the Aurora Borealis, unites with the positive electricity of the upper regions, accumulated there in the clouds in the case of thunderstorms and waterspouts. The fire-veil of the sun, at a corresponding distance from the solid body of the sun, is produced in the same manner, by the union of the negative electricity within, with the positive electricity without.

The electric inflection of the planets, the more and more attenuated and elastic envelopes, or oceans of matter, which far beyond our atmosphere of air embraces our

earth as with a web, alone render it possible, that they are borne and wafted along by the indescribably thin and elastic atmosphere of the sun, and that they move therein with inconceivable rapidity, according to the same laws by which balloons without number float in our atmosphere, with this difference only, that like moons, balloons do not revolve round their own axis.

The rotation of the planets, if we take our earth as a pattern, comes from this, that the sun shines always upon one half of it. On this heated half of our globe, particularly round the girdle of the equator, the air is expanded, the negative electricity within the earth set in motion, and partly liberated. Towards this excited negative side, the mid-day side of the earth, flows from the positive, the mid-night side of the earth, in its spiral course, in its spiral circulation, the electric current within; and as the flow of this current through the conducting and non-conducting masses of the earth, within the crust, the periphery of the solid body of the earth, is unceasing, particularly round the belt of the equator; and as, moreover, the rapidity and power of electricity is of that kind, that at the earthquake of Lisbon, in 1755, its effect was felt in three parts of the world at the same time: it is capable of turning the earth with ease round its own axis, whilst the evaporation of electricity from the opaque body of the sun, by its union with the positive electricity of the upper sphere produces the veil of fire; this luminous envelope, this fire-veil of the sun, reacts again upon the solid body; and the large black spots upon the sun, thousands of miles in extent, serving as breaks of contact, turns him also with ease round his own axis.

The axis of the earth, like those of the planets, are *horizontal*, and at the times of equinox perfectly parallel with the equally horizontal axis of the sun. As by Divine arrangement and organization the sun revolved from west to east when he enkindled his light, so the planets followed in his train, and revolved round him in the same direction; and in consequence of the interior organization of the planets, the spiral circulation of the interior negative electric current, their north and south poles, the sun at one time attracts the one, and at another time the other pole, so that our earth in one year undergoes two oscillations. This disturbs but very little the present arbitrary adoption of the inclination ecliptic, the position of the earth in regard to the sun and to the ecliptic, and explains the seasons in the

most simple manner, whereas until now they have not been able to be explained except by anomalies, and by the most arbitrary, however ingenious, assumptions. For, according to the present universally accepted theory, without cause, except the *direct agency of God*, without reason, and against a law of nature, the earth always revolves at angles with its line of progression, whereas it should revolve in the direction of its path; and it is only by hook and crook, to account for the seasons, that the earth is made to dance stooping upon its south pole, forwards, sideways, backwards, sideways, and forwards again, whilst, according to the very same theory, which adopts afresh an irregular in a straight line, and a deviation from this straight line by the attraction of the sun, the earth ought to move round the attracting body, round the sun, as a bird would do, or an arrow shot off, head, point, or north pole always in advance. The present theory, moreover, holds, singularly enough, that the earth moves within an *empty space*, in a *creation* which, according to this, would, in its greatest extent, be no creation at all; for, where there is *nothing*, there is also no creation; and among those who imagine *empty spaces* in creation, spaces where there is *nothing created*, there are perhaps many who set no limit to the created world, to the creation; who hold it to be *infinite* like God, and who will not hear of an *exterior* to the creation, filled by God only from eternity to eternity.

Into the empty spaces, within which the earth is said to move round the sun, God pushed it, according to the present theory, in a straight line, because, however, to all appearances, *His will* was not sufficient in empty space to produce a curve, or to make a bended line out of the straight one; He first deposited the abstract power of attraction into the sun, that he might draw away the earth from its straight path; otherwise it would have had to travel in *endless* line to all eternity, and never have been able to turn off and revolve round the sun. *Did God, however, give the push at all? And to the planets only?*

My new theory supersedes all these assumptions, and solves every anomaly and difficulty, and *must on that account be true*; it explains, moreover, the rotation of the earth's axis, the inclination of the elliptic, the elliptical orbits of the planets, and even the diversities of the seasons in various years, though the latter will most likely have to be ascribed more particularly to the oscillations of the sun himself.

The procession of the equinox proves, that

during the two oscillations to which our earth is subject in a year, it does not make a complete revolution round the sun within that time; or, if the revolution be complete, that all the heavenly systems move eastward round their common centre, round our own solar system.

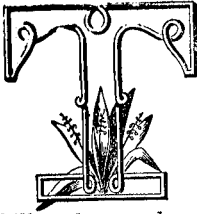
The moon, if ever she was a planet, which I do not believe, presents, at all events, the appearance of an exhausted one; the crust which confined the electric element is cracked and rent asunder far and wide; for this reason, she does not revolve round her own axis, but floats, like a ship on the sea, round our earth, on one of the upper oceans of our sphere, on which she exercises a double pressure, that of her specific gravity, and that of her progressive motion. This pressure acts upon our atmosphere of air, and this again produces the tides, according to the same laws by which a ship moving on a canal causes an accumulation of water in front, and another accumulation at a somewhat greater distance behind, driving at the same time the water up at the shore. If the ship on the canal, like the moon round the earth, were going round a globe of proportionate size, there would be high water before and behind the ship, and low water immediately underneath as well as on the opposite side.

The envelope, or ocean, which immediately above our atmosphere of air surrounds our earth, is oxygen, in its natural state lighter than air. On coming down it unites with the heaviest, yet undetected portion of nitrogen, carbon, or with the metallic solutions which fill our air, and thus easily sinks down to us with uninterrupted regularity. For this reason also, according to the analyses of scientific men, it remains heavier than the air from which it has been separated. In the state in which we breathe it, it does not, *per se*, appear to be contained in the air, the water, or the earth; and, as regards its gravity, it is more difficult to explain how, against the law of gravitation, it rises in undiminished proportion to the extreme height of our atmosphere of air, than to find a reason for its gravity and its coming down to us.

The details of the new theory are in progress of arrangement for publication.

FAITH.—Faith is required no less by art than by religion. A man without faith may be cunning and clever for a time, but never truly wise, and never a great benefactor to his species.

REVOLUTIONS.—Revolutions are often the utterance of some one long-felt truth in the minds of men neglected by rulers.

A PASSAGE FROM THE TALES OF
SAINTHOOD.

HERE are few cities which surpass Prague in grandeur of appearance as it is viewed from its old stone bridge of sixteen arches. The houses rise, tier above tier, from the banks of the Moldau ; and then the everlasting hills take up the prospect. No stranger can enjoy this prospect, at a favorable season of the year, without saying to himself, " This ought to be the capital of an independent kingdom."

And so indeed it was till the early part of the sixteenth century, since which time it has formed an appendage to the empire of the wide-encroaching House of Austria. Bohemia still ranks immediately after Hungary among the great members of this union, and possesses the following remarkable privilege. Although its crown is hereditary in the imperial family of Austria, yet, in case of the extinction of this dynasty, the right to choose a king is vested in the Bohemian estates ; that is to say, in the clergy, high nobility, knights, and burgesses.

The ancient glories of Prague have been succeeded by a considerable modern position as regards commercial advantages. The rapid Moldau, which falls into the Elbe, about thirty miles below the city, secures for it facility of transport, farther advanced by roads and railway. But our present business is with that olden time when the river was its only great channel of communication.

It was pretty far on in the night of May 16th, 1383, (which day was that year the Vigil of the Ascension), that a sight was seen on that river which arrested the steps, and absorbed the attention, of all passers-by. The straggling passengers on the noble bridge were seen crowding to one side of it, and eagerly gazing on the water ; while all who were proceeding along its banks, as well as several who had reached their homes, having heard a stir and hum outside, had rushed to their windows, were eagerly bending forward their heads and necks, and many of them clasping their hands in wild surprise, as at something terrific and unprecedented.

This remarkable appearance was as follows. A bright flame was observed to dance, or rather float, upon the water about the centre of the stream. The length of the luminous body was about six feet, and its breadth about two ; so that, had it been seen on the land instead of

the river, it might have been taken for one of those corpse-lights said to be produced by the rapid decomposition of a body, when the gas which it gives out happens to take fire, or in any other way become phosphoric.

Among the many spectators of this unusual appearance was the good Empress Jane, daughter of Albert of Bavaria, and who had been early married to Wenceslas, the son and successor of Charles IV. She immediately ran to her royal husband, acquainted him with what she had seen, and inquired what could be the occasion of it. Instead of answering her, he stared like one distracted, and ran wildly from her presence and from the town without a single attendant. In fact, his guilty conscience told him too plainly the meaning of the supernatural light. Half an hour before its appearance, the waters had been stained by a most abominable and sacrilegious murder, and that by his orders. John of Nepomuc, his court-preacher, had long endeavored in vain to touch the stubborn and sensual heart of the Emperor Wenceslas. Like Herod, indeed, the monarch had " heard him gladly," and made some show of being impressed by the salutary truths he delivered. He had even offered him ecclesiastical preferment of great value, which the holy man refused, accepting only the office of royal almoner, which he discharged in the most edifying and beneficial manner. The Empress, charmed with his virtues, chose him for her spiritual director. And here it was that the way was opened for his martyrdom. The increased piety of Jane, after she had made the above choice, and had time to profit by the lessons and example of her new confessor, greatly provoked her brutal husband, who now added jealousy to his other faults. The thought struck him, that by tampering with John he might discover something in the Empress to confirm his suspicions. Thinking that no priest, especially of the court, would dare to resist an Emperor, he in time came openly to demand information as to the matter of the Empress's confessions. In spite of John's earnest remonstrances, Wenceslas secretly determined that either the disclosure should be made, or the holy almoner should perish. And an occasion soon offered of beginning the persecution. For remonstrating against a horrible instance of cruelty on the part of the Emperor, John was confined for several days in one of the dungeons belonging to the palace, and some of which extended below the bed of the river. " There," thought the tyrant, " his zeal will cool, and I

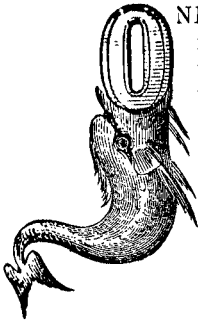
shall bend him to my will." With this view, after in vain letting him know that compliance was the only condition of his obtaining freedom, he changed his tone, and sent a friendly message, to the effect that he was expected to be present next day at a court banquet, where honor would be done him before the denizens of the palace and the chief nobility. This promise was abundantly realized, in order to soften the heart of the saint. A private interview followed, at which the detestable solicitation was renewed. "I do but ask you," said the tyrant, "to tell to me, her husband, who have the best right to know, what are the principal sins confessed to you by the Empress; your compliance shall ensure you every thing you can desire; your refusal shall as certainly be followed by the most dreadful tortures, and by such a disgraceful death as your disobedience will well deserve." From that moment the saint made up his mind to martyrdom. Attempting, in vain, to convince the Emperor, and bring him to reason, he was hurried back to his dungeon, racked, burnt, and otherwise tormented. Nor, when the Empress had obtained him liberation, and some favor, did he ever allow himself to suppose that he was to survive this crisis. On the contrary, the following was the tenor of his secret devotions:—"O Lord, my Almighty Friend and Protector, whence is this grace to Thy poor servant, that he should have the inexpressible glory of being the first martyr for the inviolable sacredness of the seal of confession? Even so, rather because it has seemed good in Thy sight, strengthen me, then, unto death; and let my name be the watchword to many a poor and lowly priest in ages yet to come, when he may be tempted to that of which Thou knowest I abhor the thought, and, for refusing which, I have already suffered, and am prepared, joyfully, to suffer more. And you, O saints of former times, pray for me in my trial. Glorious Ambrose, who didst stand at bay against Theodosius, and make thy crosier stronger than his sceptre! invincible Thomas of Canterbury, who didst so meekly bow thy head to the murderous ministers of the Norman tyrant, assist me by your prayers, and add me to your number." While such was the current of his private thoughts, in the pulpit (he now preached more than ever), he was bold and prophetic. One of his last sermons was from those words of our Lord—"A little time and you shall not see me." "Rapt into future times," he foretold the coming judgments on Bohemia;

the rise of the Hussite heresy, and the long train of wars and tumults it was to occasion. Returning from a visit to a famous image of Our Lady, he was observed by the Emperor from a window of the palace. In a fit of passion he sent for him immediately, and gave him his choice between compliance and present death. The answer was simply a bowing of the head, expressing his readiness for the latter. The Emperor ordered him to be thrown into the river as soon as twilight should be ended. The impious order was executed; and, no sooner had his pure and resolute soul taken its flight to heaven, than a token of his immediate glorification was given in the bright light we have already described. While the Emperor, as we have said, struck with horror and remorse (alas! there was no *repentance*), abandoned his city and court, the news of the miracle rapidly spread, and the confessions of the executioners explained it. The body, thus wonderfully revealed, was taken up by the dignified clergy, borne to the nearest church, and venerated by the multitude. In defiance of the imperial orders, it was soon buried in the cathedral, and a most full, minute, and honorable inscription engraven over it. This epitaph is still legible. Numerous miracles were vouchsafed in honor of the saint's intercession; his persecutor was at length deposed, and his death-bed showed no signs of grace. The tomb of the saint was miraculously defended against heretical spoilers; and, when it was opened, more than three hundred years after his death, his tongue was found uncorrupted. All Bohemia, indeed, had venerated him as a saint from the time of his death; but he was not solemnly canonized till the early part of last century. Of the three fairs annually frequented at Prague, one is called the fair of St. John of Nepomuc, the invincible martyr, the heroic defender of the seal of confession.

IDEAS.—The ideas of right and wrong in human conduct are never observable in a young child. How many little acts of an injurious nature would he commit if not restrained, without knowing that they were injurious! He seizes every thing within his reach, without any sensations relative to justice or injustice. The humored child always thinks that he has a right to every thing that he desires, and resents a refusal as an injustice and cruelty. The little tyrant behaves, in his small circle, like great tyrants in their large spheres, as if the whole creation were at their disposal, or formed for their sole gratification.

PAIN.—Pain has its own noble joy when it kindles hope and a strong consciousness of life, before stagnant and torpid.

No. 1. THE HISTORY OF BRITAIN DURING THE EARLIER AGES.



ONE of the most intellectual men now living said in the true spirit of this presumptuous age, that "History is of no more value than an old Almanac." This is a bold and clever, but is it a true saying? Is it reasonable to assert that we, who have the gift of memory as well as those of will and understanding, should find no use for that which is the

first, and generally the strongest of the three powers? And is it not the selfish principle which would counteract the right use of these, and would persuade us to consider all things as centering in utility; and, therefore, is it not one step above this selfishness to ask what relates to our fellow-creatures, and especially our own ancestors?

The present state of England is that of a busy, powerful nation, and the buildings and produce are those of wealth and luxury. Was it always thus? How came it to be thus?—And sometimes enquiring persons find remains of antiquity which do not belong to anything we now use, and it is but natural to ask, who built these? There is no one, however stupid or ignorant, who could see Stonehenge without asking what people have raised those vast and shapeless stones on the open plain?—and he would be told by the people in the neighborhood that the stones have been there for hundreds of years, that there is no stone like them in the neighborhood, and that the people who brought them there must have been powerful and intelligent; and some one who read history might tell him that these were piled in a circle by the Druids, who lived for years before the Christian era, on this very soil we tread. It is quite true that this rich and cultivated England was then the abode of uncivilized tribes. It was covered with forests, there were no towns, nor bridges, nor corn, nor cattle; the first inhabitants came across the sea in little open boats, and lived by hunting stags and wild boars and bears, and they learnt by degrees to milk the wild cattle which grazed in the open pastures. These men could neither read nor write: they listened, as the North American Indians do now, to the aged or the venerable, and those whom they respected as such were called the Druids. These Druids did not teach idolatry, for they had

learnt in the East, which was their native country, something of the religion of Abraham. They taught that there is one God who rewards virtue and punishes vice; but they knew no more than this. They had never heard what His law is, nor how those who break it may be restored to His favor; and the Devil abused their ignorance, and led them to satisfy their guilty consciences by sacrificing men in those rude temples of stone which remain, as it has been said, "An enigma and a wonder." There were, also, bards, who were listened to by those who desired to learn something above the things they saw around them, and some of our English poets describe them with more splendor than they probably deserved. Mason, in his *Caractacus*, says—

"Yonder grots
Are tenanted by bards, who nightly thence,
Robed in their flowing vests of innocent white,
Descend with harps that glitter to the moon,
Hymning 'immortal' strains."

It must be remembered that Britain was peopled at different times and by different tribes, some from the North, some from the South of Asia. That colony which came from Asia Minor, about the time of the taking of Troy, though they were, like other Gentiles, ignorant of the law of God, yet they did not believe the superstitions of the Celts and their Druids, and they had kings and cities, and something like national governments. It was at this period, which was more than one thousand years before the Christian era, that there were kings whose names yet belong to rivers and countries, and whose legendary history has afforded subjects for the best English poets. As an instance of these ancient names, that of Britain is derived from Brutus, who is said by the British historians to have led a colony from Troy to the south coast of this island, and built Troynovant, as London was formerly called. One of his sons was Lochrine, who gave his name to a district now forgotten, but another was Camber, from whom Cambria was named, and another Albanact, from whom Scotland was called Albania. Lochrine slew a king of the Huns, called Humber, near the river which bears that name, and his daughter Sabrina was drowned in the river whose name is now altered into that of Severn. Milton says of her in *Comus*—

"Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
Whilome, she was the daughter of Lochrine
That had the sceptre from his father Brute;
The guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged step-dame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course."

Several towns were now built in the most suitable places, as York, Dumbarton, Carlisle, Canterbury, and Winchester; and King Bladud built Caerlud at the hot springs of Bath. It was Leir, whose name is made so familiar to us by Shakespeare, who built Kair Lece, or Leicester. The British historians relate that when he asked his eldest daughter how much she loved him, she replied more than her life. The second said she loved him more than all creatures; but Cordelia, the youngest, said she loved him as her duty required. The two elder daughters possessed the kingdom, but Cordelia had nothing. She was so lovely and so gentle that she was chosen, though without a dowry, by the King of Gaul, to be his Queen, and when her elder sisters drove out their aged father to perish in the wilds, she received him with filial devotion. Shakespeare describes the entreaties of the helpless Leir to Goneril:

"If you do love old men; if your meek sway
Allow obedience; if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down and take my part—

And when he is exposed on the heath to the fury of the elements:

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O I have ta'en
Too little care of this!"

It is recorded by Milton, in his history of England, that when King Beli and his brother Brennus were about to fight, their mother, after "embracements and tears, assails Brennus with such a motherly power, and the mention of things so dear and revered" as irresistibly wrung from him his enmity against Beli, and he turned his arms against Italy, where his name is famous as having led the Goths to the foot of the Capitol at Rome. Beli afterwards built a town on the Usk, where is now Caerlleon, and a wonderful gate at Troynovant, in a part of London, which yet bears the name of Belin's-gate, as Ludgate is named from Lud, one of his successors, who also made a causeway from Menevia (or St. David's) to Southampton, which was crossed by another from Cornwall to Caithness. There is a beautiful instance of the domestic virtues in the reign of Elidure, King of Northumberland, which has been dramatized by a lady. The story is shortly this:—King Archillego was for his bad conduct deprived of his crown, and his brother Elidure the Pious, reigned in his stead. One day, when he was hunting in a forest in the North of England, the King met his exiled brother. He took him

to his royal city, Alclud (now Dumbarton) on the Clyde, and there feigning sickness, he introduced his nobles, one by one, into his chamber, and made them swear allegiance to his brother, whom he accordingly restored to the throne:—

"Bright was the promise of their early youth;
Archillego was ardent and courageous,
Impetuous, not implacable, his nature:
But Elidure was all a mother's soul
In its proud fancy's fondest dream could frame."

And after all his sufferings, Elidure says:—

"Yes we will note it as a tale gone by,
Yet full of matter for our future warning,
Thou shalt instruct me how calamity
Tutors the soul. I knew that it would make thee
The wisest, purest, best of human kind."

SPECIMENS OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

GLORY.—Sharing with plague, pestilence, and famine; the honor of destroying your species, and participating with Alexander's horse the pleasure of transmitting your name to posterity.

GOLD.—Dead earth, for which men sacrifice life and lose heaven.

GRATITUDE.—A lively sense of future favors.

GRAVE.—The gate through which we pass from the visible to the invisible world.

HAPPINESS.—The health of the mind, produced by its virtuous exercise. They who would attain it otherwise may search for the word *Will-o'-the-Wisp*.

HEAD.—A bulbous excrescence, used for hanging a hat on, taking snuff with, shaking, or nodding; or as a target, which they who know its value offer to be shot at for a shilling a day.

HEALTH.—Another word for temperance and exercise.

HERO.—A wholesale man-butcher.

HEARSE.—The triumphal car in which bones and dust proceed in state to their final palace—the grave.

JEALOUSY.—Tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another.

LARK.—The matin chorister that first sets the light of heaven to music.

LOAN.—A means of robbing our successors for the purpose of destroying our contemporaries.

MILK (London).—The joint production of the cow and the pump.

MISANTHROPE.—One who is uncharitable enough to judge of others by himself.

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

NO. I.—THE BLIND ASYLUM.

"RELIGION," says the Abbé Bez, "has a consolation for every sorrow—a solace for every species of suffering, a remedy for every ailment; what she cannot cure she at least alleviates; she breathes the sweet words of resignation and of hope into the ears of the unhappy sufferers; she presses them to her heart, she warms them in her bosom, she tends them as her own dear children."

The truth of the pious Abbé's words, viewed as a Christian theory, no professing Christian would venture to deny; the probability or even the possibility of the practical exemplification of their truth would to most Englishmen appear Utopian.

Protestantism talks much of the consolations of religion, but as a rule refers its children each to his own reflections, or to the pages of a corrupted Bible, there to seek as best he may these consolations for himself. It is loud in its admiration of the beauty of Charity, yet in its works of benevolence, stupendous as in this country they sometimes are, it proceeds with a fixity of system, a calm calculation of practical results, a rigid economy of good works, which utterly destroy to Catholic eyes all that in Charity is most beautiful and most holy. We would not say that the sublime spirit of self sacrifice has never manifested itself in a Protestant breast; we speak not of individuals but of a system. We deny not the noble acts and generous thoughts of the many glorious though perverted minds whose biography illuminates the gloomy pages of Protestant history, but we deplore the nature of the system which, though it boasts of them as of its ornaments, had no part in producing them, and whose stony coldness simply failed to chill the fire of their own warm hearts.

No! if we wish to see what are the real practical effects of Christian Charity, it is not in proud and wealthy England that we must seek them—hospitals, almshouses, dispensaries, and other splendid foundations for the relief of the poor, she has in abundance, and managed too, with a skill that does credit to a nation of shrewd and calculating merchants; but if we look for those evidences of self-sacrifice, those marks of brotherly love and sympathising forgetfulness of self which are the most sublime distinctions of God-like Charity, she is eclipsed, with all her magnifi-

cence, by the most wretched principality, or by the most despotic empire in which Catholicity holds sway over the hearts of the people.

We do not now refer to the holy ministrations of the Priest, the pious words of consolation, the loving words of admonition, and far beyond all, the holy and all-sufficient Sacraments, which make the sufferings of earth seem light by raising the mind to the contemplation of the joyful glories of Heaven. We content ourselves with referring, for the justification of our bold assertion, to such works of mercy as are more intelligible to those who see no good but that of which the results are directly manifested on earth. We point with loving reverence and with grateful pride to the countless hosts of Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of St. Joseph, and other religious women, toiling with unremitting patience, and with untiring activity—solacing the sorrows of all who come within their reach—as attentive to the most loathsome as to the most interesting—as cheerful with the most restless and ungrateful as with the most resigned and the most thankful. We feel that we do nothing when we point to the hospitals and infirmaries of Catholic countries, though inferior in no respect to those of England, and infinitely superior to them in the comfort and kindness resulting from the presence of religious nurses; but in spite of ourselves we almost yield to the impulses of pride when we look upon their hospitals for incurables, their Magdalen Asylums, their successful reformatories for young criminals of both sexes, their houses of refuge and laboratories for criminals of maturer years. To attempt a catalogue of the noble works which Catholic charity has founded with success for the alleviation of the miseries of humanity would keep us too long from our immediate duty, suffice it to say, that on the Continent of Europe the enquiring observer may find in active operation some work for the remedy of every evil which the infirmity of human nature or the persevering malevolence of our great enemy has entailed upon our race. Among the Catholics of England the same spirit of Christian Charity of course exists: it is inseparable from their Holy Faith, though in the hearts of many it seems sadly chilled by the cold atmosphere around it. It is exercised, however, amidst the restraints and confinement of countless obstacles to its natural development. The great bulk of the Catholic population is hopelessly poor, the number of our priests and religious is miserably disproportion-

tionate to the amount of the labor they are obliged to undertake, and the watchful jealousy of our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen, excited by the incredible misrepresentations of a certain portion of their so-called pastors, clogs and impedes our every action. The years are few since the removal of the penal laws has permitted us to give any public scope to our religious feelings; and yet, in spite of the difficulties to which we have just referred, in spite of the necessity under which we lay of expending a very great portion of our means in building churches to supply the places of the stately edifices of which the ruthless injustice of a tyrant had unscrupulously deprived us, England is already giving abundant proof that no persecution can stifle the Church of God, no pressure of poverty can destroy the Charity of her children.

In every corner of the land are rising buildings devoted to works of Catholic charity; and it is our intention, from time to time, to call the attention of our readers to some of those which ornament our own town.

We begin with the Blind Asylum,—not because it is the oldest, nor because it is the most important, but simply because we must begin with something; and as a Bazaar will in a few days take place for the benefit of this Asylum, the time appears to us an appropriate one for giving to our readers some idea of its nature, its merits, and its claims.

The Catholic Blind Asylum of Liverpool—the only *Catholic* blind asylum, we believe, in the United Kingdom—was established in the year 1841. The importance of the charity, and the activity and zeal of its originators, among whom our late revered Vicar-general, the Very Rev. Dr. Youens, held a prominent position, secured for the infant institution a fair amount of public support, and even obtained for it some liberal donations. But the path of its early progress was beset with difficulties; here no devoted religious were to be found to guide its tottering steps, and lead it to that height of efficiency invariably attained by good works under the care of those whose sole business in life is to labor for the poor for the love of God. The details of its management were of necessity entrusted to persons who undertook the task for a stated remuneration, and who were directed and controlled therein by a committee, whose members could devote to its welfare only such time as could be spared from employments to which it was their duty in the first place to attend. Want of experience in such works, and want both of time and money, for a while

prevailed against zeal and good will. The pressure of an increasing debt weighed heavily upon it, and its committee were induced almost to despair of its ultimate success. Its Very Rev. President, Dr. Youens, however, was not to be daunted; an earnest appeal made by him to the whole diocese, and a most opportune legacy from the late Mr. Dillon gave the means of at least temporary relief from the most urgent claims. Only a small portion of the legacy was ever received, but the hopes of the committee were revived, their courage was restored. They had acquired some experience; they made some improvements; they had the good fortune to procure the services of a matron who had previously occupied a position of a somewhat similar nature, and who organized a complete course of work and diet, and introduced into the management of the household a system at once economical and efficacious. Her valuable services were not long available; she received a more lucrative appointment elsewhere, and was succeeded by her relation, the present matron, a lady who, though not a member of a religious order, evidently acts from the high motive which best secures success. She has performed the duties of her important office, almost without intermission, since 1844; she has sacrificed much, both as regards health and comfort, in her assiduous care of the pupils and by her constant attention to their wants in sickness, and her unremitting kindness at all times has justly entitled herself to their gratitude and their love.

The institution, since its establishment, has, in all, given shelter and instruction to sixty-two blind persons, of whom twenty-eight are still enjoying the shelter of its roof. Of these nineteen are of the male and nine of the female sex. The whole of the inmates, of both sexes, are instructed in some useful art, according to their respective tastes and abilities.

The men and boys produce large quantities of baskets in every variety of form, fire-screens, cradles, chairs, and other articles of wickerwork, thread-mats, chain-rope mats, cocoa-fibre mats, wool hearth-rugs and fancy door-rugs. They weave also from coir-yarns a very durable and useful species of carpeting. The girls are chiefly employed in knitting and the various descriptions of wool-work, and one of them, by the assistance of a machine, manufactures an excellent sash cord. A large assortment of the various products of the industry of the blind is always exposed for sale in the shop attached to the institution in St. Anne-street, and orders for any article not found in stock are always

promptly executed. Many of the blind possess a considerable taste for music, which is cultivated under the care of skilful teachers, and on every Wednesday afternoon, from two to three o'clock, a little concert is given, to which all who make a small purchase in the shop are admitted. The pupils provide from among their number a choir for St. Joseph's Church, and organists for that of Holy Cross and the Institute.

Of course, in a Catholic institution, the most important of all instruction, is that having for its object the attainment of eternal happiness, and the inmates have the good fortune to enjoy in this respect the advantages arising from the care of the Sisters of Mercy, and of the Very Rev. President of the Committee.

The revenues of the institution are derived from various sources; a small remuneration is received from the churches already named for the musical services described; concerts are, with the kind assistance of the musical teachers, from time to time given, not only in Liverpool, but also occasionally in the neighboring towns, and have hitherto been attended with satisfactory results. The sale of the articles manufactured is steady, though not so extensive as could be wished, nor as the good quality of the articles themselves deserves. At the commencement of each year a bazaar takes place at the Asylum, when the accumulated stock of the shop, and a variety of fancy articles generally contributed on such occasions by charitable ladies, are disposed of. In addition to these, annual subscriptions are received to the amount of about one hundred and fifty pounds.

The whole of these sources of income combined are not, however, sufficient to meet the expenses of the institution, if efficiently conducted on its present scale, and debt had once more commenced to weigh heavily upon it, when last year his lordship, the Bishop of Liverpool, caused collections to be made for it throughout his diocese, and so rescued it from the impending danger.

The doors of the Asylum are open to the poor blind of all parts of the United Kingdom, and a considerable portion of its present inmates are not natives of Liverpool; yet beyond the limits of our own town it receives comparatively little assistance except on the occasions of the concerts, to which reference has already been made.

Some few kind friends it has who remember its necessities, even when far removed from the scene of its good works. It has received orders for mats from the West Indies and from

Germany; it has received donations from distant counties and from the United States; but away from its own immediate vicinity, the universality of its charity seems to be better known to those who need its help, than the consequent universality of its claims seems to be remembered by those capable of assisting it.

THE WORK OF THE PATRONAGE: WHAT IS IT?

The Patronage! The work of the *Patronage!* What is this *Patronage?* What is this *work*, of which we have heard so much as being the surest obstacle to oppose to the terrible dangers which menace, and the unhappy falling off, which every one deploras, among our Catholic youth? So said we to ourselves, as we turned over the pages of the little manual which we had purchased to serve as our guide to the different charitable institutions of Paris, and our eye rested upon these words, *Work of the Patronage of the Children of St. Vincent of Paul.* We were determined to see and judge for ourselves. The same day saw us at the door of one of the houses of the Patronage indicated in our guide-book, that situated in the Rue de Regaud, No. 14.

Finding M. M——, the Director, engaged in the reception of a young aspirant to the tender care and watchful guardianship of the Patronage, we occupied ourselves in examining the general aspect of the room into which we had been ushered, which let us into some of the secrets of the house.

The room was large, and adorned on one side with a little altar of Our Blessed Lady, tastefully decorated. The walls, moreover, are ornamented with painted representations of the saints who are honored as the patrons of the various trades and professions; St. Joseph is there for the carpenters; St. Luke, for the painters; St. Hubert, for the gunners; St. Martin, for the printers; and so of the rest. Below each of these again was the name of some pious and virtuous Christian, who had sanctified that state by his holy life, and who was proposed to the apprentices as a model for their imitation in that particular path of life. But allow us, patient reader, to present you with a document, which, in the absence of pen, ink, and paper we took the liberty to transcribe into the tablets of our memory, and we trust it will present as pleasing a picture to your mind as it did to

ours. It was written in a youthful hand, and attached to one of the pillars which supported the roof.

GREAT FEAST.—ROSARY SUNDAY.

10 A.M.—Arrival at the house. Recreation. Conferences of the Monitors.

12 A.M.—Mass.

1 P.M.—Lunch at the house. Receipts for the Savings' Bank.

2 P.M.—Instruction and Benediction.

3 P.M.—Conferences on the Visiting of the Sick.

3½ P.M.—Gymnastics.

4 P.M.—Recreation in the Gardens of the Luxembourg.

5½ P.M.—Return to the house. Evening Prayers. Distribution of good marks. Return of the children to their parents and masters.

N.B.—Confessions will be heard by the Father Director of the Patronage on the Saturday Evening and Sunday Morning, for those who purpose to honor the Feast of Our Blessed Lady by approaching to the Holy Sacrament.

A GRAND LOTTERY

will be held in the course of the evening of the Feast. All will be winning numbers, and will entitle the fortunate holder to the possession of some article valuable in regard to taste, amusement, or utility.

We had but time to cast our eyes upon another paper suspended from the walls, containing the names of all the millionaires of the Savings' Bank, from the holders of 250f. (£10), to the happy possessors of 25 centimes (2½d), when we were summoned into the presence of Monsieur, the (lay) Director of the Patronage.

We will not speak to you of the good deeds, the devotedness, the self-sacrifice, and withal, the humility and simplicity of this veritable child of St. Vincent, nor will we even mention his name for fear of shocking his modesty, should these lines fall under his eye, we will confine ourselves to setting down in a few words the substance of the information with which he favored us, and which we gathered from our own observation, on the "Work of the Patronage."

The Patronage, then, is that noble work of charity which receives under its maternal care the young boy growing up into youthdom, with his rising passions and his opening intelligence, and his inconstant and ungarded heart—which receives him at a moment when the devil and the world are beginning to claim him as their own, and hem him in with snares and perils of all sorts, at an age when he is least able to detect and defeat them—which adopts him at the very time when his earthly parents too, often prove inefficient for their responsible charge, and are forced bitterly to complain that they can no longer manage and

control him. But then it is that God, the Father of the orphan, and of him who is well nigh as destitute as the fatherless, inspires into the hearts of certain pious, heroic, and self-sacrificing young men the generous resolution of devoting not only their alms, but what is far more, their time of innocent amusement and recreation, and their energies, to the noble work of rescuing from the universal corruption which threatens to involve them, the cherished youth of God's Church, the hope of the present, the fathers of the future generation. They meet together to concert their plans of operation, or if it be, as generally it is among the members of the Conference of St. Vincent of Paul that the idea has had its birth, the arrangements are made by the committee of management, and proposed at the next meeting to the acceptance of the members. A house is rented, one if possible with a play-ground attached, which may serve as a place of resort, of recreation, and instruction for the young protégés of the Patronage. One of the most convenient rooms is fitted up as a chapel, and some zealous priest desired to undertake the spiritual direction of the house. A lay director is also appointed, whose duty it is to be ever on the spot upon the days of meeting, and at stated times during the week for the reception of new members, the apprenticing of old ones, in a word, for the transaction of the general business of the Patronage. This is a most important office, and requires particular qualifications. To the Director it belongs to arrange the whole programme of the day's proceedings, the prayers, the games, the walks, the fêtes, &c., and not only that, but to keep the whole going on to the satisfaction and profit of all parties concerned. Assisted by other pious and devoted young men, he mixes with the young, joins in their games, encourages their shyness, smooths down their roughness, makes himself all to all, gains an entrance into their hearts, studies their character, develops and affords a field for their good qualities, checks and provides a remedy for their evil ones. It is his duty also to make himself master of their various tastes and acquirements, to obtain for them a suitable apprenticeship if they are not yet placed, to transact the business of their engagement and secure for them honorable and advantageous conditions from their various employers. But that is not all: he watches over the exact fulfilment of the terms of the engagement, protects the interests of his protégés, both in a moral, religious, and temporal point of view, and provides for them the

means, if necessary, both of completing their primary education and of cultivating those particular qualifications which will enable them to attain greater success in the various paths of life which they have chosen. This the Director effects in a great measure by the means of the particular patrons, assigned to each of the children on the day of their reception. These young men become responsible for the conduct and well-being of their respective charges. It is their duty to visit them very frequently at the schools and workshops at which they have been placed, to receive reports of their conduct and progress, to assign them good marks, and to inform the Director and Committee of all necessary particulars. Thus do poor, friendless, and neglected boys find in the bosom of religion what frequently they have in vain sought in their own family, true friends, fathers, and protectors. Their hearts open under the influence of such generous devotion, their evil habits are eradicated, their passions checked and their youthful ardor diverted to some lawful object; deep principles of piety and habits of virtue are implanted, and thus a pious, exemplary, and intelligent class is trained up in the lower orders to become later the bulwark of society and the ornament of religion. All do not indeed correspond equally with the graces received, nor repay the care and expense bestowed with the same gratifying results; but we were informed by the Directors of two houses of patronage which we visited, and concerning which we made the most minute enquiries, that these cases were but a small proportion, and that frequently these unfortunate youths, after causing every trouble and anxiety to their generous protectors, and defeating every effort made for their reformation, returned in after-life, with tears in their eyes, to beg pardon for their former conduct, and produced, in that late hour, solid fruits from the religious principles instilled into them during their youth. Many simple and affecting incidents of this nature were related to us by a lady who has been many years in charge of the House of Patronage opened by the "Société des Amis de l'Enfance," in the Rue Culture St. Catherine. The recital of one of these may not be unacceptable to the reader.

Some years ago, this lady received under the care of the institute one of the *gamins* of Paris, and a very unfavorable specimen who defeated all efforts made for his reclamation or even his settlement in life. He neglected the

schools, disregarded the instructions, was idle and untractable, and to crown all, deserted many times from the masters to whom he was bound as an apprentice. At length he ceased to frequent the House of Patronage, during the whole time of his attendance on which he had not exhibited one sentiment of religion, or even one trait of good feeling. As is customary in Catholic countries, the feast-day of the patron saint is kept with great solemnity and rejoicing, and so it happened on the Feast of St. Nicholas, the patron of Madame, the Directress of the Patronage, all her friends, and in particular, the young men who either then were or had formerly been members of the Patronage, came to congratulate her in her gaily decorated room, and to present to her their bouquet of flowers. Among the rest she perceived one who hung down his head, and did not venture to approach to present the offering which he held in his hand. It was Jules, the scapegrace of the Patronage. She approached and kindly took him by the hand, expressing her pleasure at seeing him, and making many enquiries after him. The poor youth burst into tears, and could not answer her a word. When she had led him into a neighboring room, "Ah, Madam," said he, "I did not venture to come forward to present my bouquet, for I did not know how you would receive me after the trouble and anxiety which I have caused you. I did not think then how good you were and what an ungrateful reprobate I was; but I know it now. No words can express what I have suffered since I left the House of Patronage, but far beyond all was the remorse which I felt for having neglected so many means of improvement and treated with such heartlessness those who took so deep an interest in my welfare." The good lady reassured him and pointed out to him the means by which he might repair his past conduct and become a useful member of society. But Almighty God accepted his sincere contrition, and his good purposes, and had reserved for him a different lot. Shortly afterwards he fell dangerously ill, and was conveyed to the hospital where he edified all about him by his heroic patience and his fervent sentiments of piety. He received the holy sacraments with the most edifying disposition, insomuch so that many of those about him, asked for a confessor in consequence, and he expired with the holy names of Jesus and Mary upon his lips. A few hours before his death he wrote a letter to M^{de}., the Directress, overflowing with gratitude for her tender care

of him, the fruits of which she had now the consolation of reaping in his happy and edifying death. Consolations such as these are the well-merited reward which Almighty God not unfrequently bestows in this life on the Directors and co-operators of the Patronage.

Let us now terminate an article whose length will we hope be excused by the importance of the subject, by an extract taken from a work lately published by the Director of the House of Patronage, in the Rue Regaud, before alluded to.*

I am not afraid to say, that in the age in which we live, without the Patronage there is no security for the scholar, the apprentice, and the young workman.

He goes on then to explain the nature and objects of the Patronage.

A Patronage is an institution formed for a double object.

1.—To preserve the young from the corruption of the workshops, by providing for them the means of persevering in their religious duties.

2.—To preserve them from misery by procuring for them suitable situations and good masters, and protecting them from ill-treatment or excess of labor.

To these benefits the Patronage ordinarily unites Sunday réunions in which the apprentices meet again the friends of their boyhood, and unite with them in the amusements befitting their ages. Walks in the country, fêtes, and the distribution of prizes for good conduct, industry, and regular attendance, are of frequent occurrence.

The reader of these lines will not, I am sure, refuse a *Hail Mary* from time to time to beg that Our Blessed Mother will inspire and assist some pious, generous, and devoted souls to commence and carry out this noble and truly Catholic work, in the midst of our numerous but sadly destitute youth.

BARWELL RISE.

(Air.—HOHENLINDEN.)

On Barwell Rise; as oft my lot
Has led me through the lowland dun,
Crowning the southward slopes, a cot
Stands out, and fronts the cheerful sun.

Who knoweth, while the windows flame
With dazzling light the hill-side o'er,
Whether for blessing or for blame
The mark of heav'n be on the door?

But well I deem, a heart in tune
With all things pure in earth and skies,
Glows warmer, brighter, than in June
The sun-lit cot on Barwell Rise.

Trudge on, trudge on! nor weary yet;
There's nought is cold or dark but sin—
He basks in beams that cannot set,
Whose sunshine radiates from within.

* L'école après l'Apprentissage, a notice of which will be found in another part of the magazine.

Reviews.

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

Well nigh seven years have passed away since this great master of English rhetoric adorned our literature with volumes I. and II. of his *History of England*. In the interval have appeared many works now celebrated in almost every department: history, travel, poetry, and fiction, have each lent their attractions, in number and variety, to enlighten and to please; but, when thoughtfully dwelling on this interval in our literary annals, we believe a great majority will agree, that Macaulay's *History of England* has outrun all in the splendid race for fame.

But let it not be inferred that Macaulay's literary name—that name so popular and splendid, is dependent on his *History of England*. In the masterly essays, which from time to time for the past twenty-five years, he has contributed to the great northern review, his fame has been long since established. The grand genius of the historian unmistakably shines in each of those beautiful compositions, so elaborately polished, yet so deliciously flowing on, where so much anxious study is disguised by the "outward ease with which superior strength smiles under its own exertions." It is not that we are ever overwhelmed with a display of vast erudition, or have our scruples swept away by marginsful of authorities; Macaulay's fascinating style is at once more convincing and more genial. For the historical student, indeed, authorities must often be provided, and the foundations of arguments, tending to clear away historic doubts, must frequently be detailed; but on questions, such as Macaulay has so often chosen, which have been eagerly canvassed by numbers on both sides, whose solution depends on clear reason and common sense, and whose fruits or consequences extend to our own day, we may rejoice in the absence of small print and mere detail of other men's doctrine, and revel in these pages appealing to sense and reason.

And although in Macaulay's writings there is a total absence of gratuitous display, and his highly cultivated taste never allows his gifted mind to descend to a mere parade of its own acquisitions, yet there is in every line clear evidence of wonderful memory, and proof

of the startling compass of his reading: each particular portion of history which he chooses for his subject, is handled with a familiarity which could only have been acquired by intense scrutiny and excessive study, while the vast range of that study is proved by the variety of race and period he treats of. At one time he places vividly before us the position of Charles II. and the corrupt social state of his capital; at another, the temporal vicissitudes of the Papacy, the intricate history of the Jesuits, or the dawn of the "Reformation" in the land "where the beautiful language of Oc was spoken." In one charming paper he forms our judgment in an acute criticism on poetry and poets; in another he powerfully arouses us to the past appalling mismanagement of our Indian Empire, and proves, by terrible illustration, that to force British criminal law—the offspring of British society, on races imbued with Oriental deceit and Brahminical superstition, is alike a burlesque on legislation, and an outrage on justice and reason. With the same graphic power and wonderful familiarity with details, are held up to view the characters and deeds, aye, the very thoughts and feelings of departed orators and statesmen, the rise and fall of parties and cabinets, the vices and virtues of kings and rulers, and cause and result, prosperous issue and terrible calamity, are as acutely discussed as though the greatest riddles of history were but plots of his own weaving, and the master-spirits of other days merely creations of his own genius.

The eye runs down along page after page of this enchanting writer until long past midnight far into the morn. Questions for which the reader had long sought a solution, and traits in historical characters that he had in vain striven to comprehend, are there made clear to him by reasoning that appeals to his common sense, and by arguments springing from the author's truthful observation in a long commerce with mankind. As if lest details might weary, we have occasionally a somewhat extraneous topic introduced, never indeed appearing to interrupt the narrative, but growing naturally out of its original subject: witness the character of Sir Robert Walpole, the tribute to the antiquity of the Catholic Church, or the interesting mention of Junius. Sentences of surpassingly beautiful structure are adorned with Scriptural or classical allusions, ingenious arguments are brought home to us by a choice metaphor, and we have now and again a page of description—such as the Hall of Rufus on the

opening of Hastings' trial, or the tribute to the departed splendors of Holland House, which for elegance of composition, we believe, unrivalled in the language.

But while endeavoring to express our cordial, it may be excessive, admiration for Macaulay's style and erudition, let it not be concluded we believe him without sin. There, naturally perhaps, often glares forth a prejudice which we painfully feel unworthy of his genius, and occasionally a little inconsistency which surprises us in a so careful writer. In one of his essays, for instance, he stigmatises "dignity of history," as a detestable phrase, and yet he makes use of it himself in the first volume of his "England;" and in the latter also, although he avails himself of apparently every opportunity to impress upon us the fact that a *fourth* or *fifth* part of the incomes of our time is fully equivalent to those received under the Stuarts, he yet distinctly states, that because the English country gentleman derived from his acres only a *fourth* part of what they now yield to his successors, he was at the time of the Reformation comparatively a poor man. Nor are we at all inclined to subscribe to the "pure old Whig's," fond praises of the early chiefs of the Whig party; the imbecile Rockingham appears to us eminent only for his wealth and consequent station, and posterity will scarcely justify Mr. Macaulay's idol, Charles Fox, for his selfish lust of power, or for so cowardly humiliating England in the eyes of Frederick and Joseph.

When, however, we realise to ourselves the vast expectations which these essays excited, with regard to the first announcement of his History, we can form some idea of the splendid talents which so signally fulfilled them. In the short interval above noticed, its mere commencement has run through ten colossal editions, and been favored with a vast number of readers, which at once powerfully attests the world-wide fame of our literature, and is unparalleled in its annals. The enthusiasm, however, which saluted Macaulay's reappearance with a universal hymn of praise (we remember, of course, the reptile exception), has in some measure passed away: the first two volumes are now estimated almost like a completed work, and men of every creed or party will now express a calm opinion. The vast reading majority—those who so warmly appreciate the combination of pleasure with profit, still are, as we believe they ever will be, in its favor. The severe historical student, suspicious of its command of language and

charm of style, dissenting from the too frequent exaggeration of its details, or perhaps offended with its Whiggism—though probably only so by reason of its own prejudices—may sometimes lay it aside for more congenial arguments and sterner diction. While the “small and creeping things,” who are often willing to disgrace their manhood in obstructing the rise of a fellow, those waspish critics—who so profoundly ignorant of all that Macaulay could so admirably teach, frequently acquire in daily life an undeserved reputation for wisdom, through their familiarity with other men’s sophisms, in a sweeping condemnation, would forsooth have us believe that the work is perhaps fairly written, but worthless in every sense as an historic record.

We have perused the first two volumes again and again, each time with a keener relish, and more clearly recognising their substantial claims, at least on literary grounds, to an enduring popularity. To every mind and class they powerfully speak, and in their pages, on some particular ground, all find a congenial tone. The statesman sees the policy of his predecessors clearly explained, their faults or blunders fearlessly stated, the English friendship for precedent and gradual growth of English mind patiently followed and graphically portrayed. He sees how the prerogatives of Royalty were, after lawless tyranny on one hand and bloody struggles on the other, at last surrendered to the parliament, and how the parliament finally became sole guardian of the liberties of the people; how the guilt of wrong in the use of power was visited with a just retribution, and how corrupt practices in public life so often led to a dishonored grave; he sees the comparative perfection of the system under which he now serves, and the strong temptations by which he is untried. The soldier sees the gradual formation of our army, and the causes which drove so many to acquire amongst strangers the glory of which the land of their birth was afterwards so proud. The sailor sees the glowing contrast between the wonderful naval organisation of our time and that of the miserable fleet in which “the sailors were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not sailors.” No detail seems wanting in filling up this picture of the life of our ancestors: misrule and insurrection in England, rebellion and religious strife in Scotland, Celtic barbarism struggling with a fiercely-hated “civilisation” in Ireland; the rise of towns and the temper of counties, the statistics of population and the changes of manners,

foreign relations, national pleasures, trade, taxation, furniture, fashion, each and all are faithfully remembered; and, that in our attempt to account for their popularity no claim may be overlooked, the “superstitious mummeries,” and “idolatrous rites” of Popery meet with a degree of censure in these volumes amply sufficient for the most intolerant mind.

All the acknowledged merits of the essays must be also perceived in the history: it is itself a grand essay. Between the time when “the country, lost to view as Britain, reappears as England,” and the starting point named in the title, the interval is run over in a masterly survey. The various changes in the public mind, and each remarkable historical occurrence are carefully noted, their general causes explained and actual consequences made clear. The public censure which destroyed Charles, his execution, which was afterwards so terribly avenged on his people, and the consequent reaction which welcomed his libertine son, the results of puritan fanaticism and of the fearful power acquired by one party over another, are all so clearly brought before us, that as the flowing dissertation at last merges in the detailed history, we are the more interested in its perusal from having been thus enabled to compare its leading events with those of former times.

And when at last the detailed history commences, we find one valuable characteristic of Macaulay’s style still everywhere apparent: instead of leaving us to form our opinion of public men from their detached actions, he accordingly, as they first appear, lingers a moment to describe the character and antecedents of each, and thus enables us to understand their motives and account for their errors and successes, from the opinion of them thus already formed. Nor is the history, minutely detailed and plentifully supplied with references as it is, a shade less pleasing than the swift preceding narrative; there are the same keen remarks, beautiful metaphors, and charming illustrations; as when he tells us that “James learned by rote the common-places which all sects repeat so fluently when they are enduring oppression, and forget so easily when they are able to retaliate it;” when explaining the perplexed feelings of the Tory, after James’s policy had severed in his mind the connection between Church and King, he remarks, “What situation could be more trying than that in which he was placed, distracted between two duties equally sacred—between two affections equally ardent? How

was he to give to Cæsar all that was Cæsar's, and yet to withhold from God no part of what was God's?" Or as when he likens the manly courtesy of Louis towards the fallen tyrant, to that with which Edward, the Black Prince, had stood behind the chair of King John at supper on the field of Poitiers.

We confess it is with sincere diffidence we employ our unskilled judgment even in merely noticing a great work like the present, and one which will assuredly monopolise, for many months to come, the ablest critical pens in England; and while in the volumes before us we acknowledge the same evidence of Macaulay's great literary ability—on which, indeed, our admiration is almost entirely grounded, and in which we recognise his *greatest* claim to future popularity—we feel bound to acknowledge, also, that our praise must well nigh terminate here. In the arguments on open questions, and on such general subjects as concern more national honor abroad than party roguery at home, in the beautiful anatomy of character and the very pleasing surveys of mere daily life and manners, we fully believe that Macaulay will be regarded as a valuable reference for condensed information, and have not the slightest doubt but that he will be, at all times, read with much profit and intense gratification. But on the true eras of history and real turning points of nations, where long-lived parties are formed and lawless men rise to power through dishonor which their followers would attempt to justify, where are laid the seeds of future prejudices, and where we must so often seek the causes of subsequent dissensions, we consider that Macaulay is essentially a partisan writer. We have no idea whatever of allowing his charming style and beautiful diction to carry us along with him in his excessive esteem for Cromwell, the blaspheming usurper and ruthless oppressor of Ireland, regarding that unfortunate land as the fair booty of a conqueror, as, indeed, we often fancy, he would have regarded England herself had he dared. It will truly require something more than good-humored assertion or sparkling narrative to prove that this man's nationality was not ambition, or that so much of his so-called virtue as was not hypocrisy was anything save the fanaticism in which age often seeks to make a frantic atonement for the excesses of youth. We cannot at all admire Macaulay for his very able but deeply prejudiced condemnation of narrow-minded James; nor at his bidding absolve William of ambitious de-

signs throughout on the English crown, or coincide with him in glossing over the latter's infamous private life, while at the same time every proof of similar excesses, on James's part, is brought boldly forward. Agnes Strickland proves, moreover, clearly enough, that William's infidelity to Mary, marble-hearted and undutiful as she was, embittered her life, from her marriage to her grave. We cannot for a moment fancy that William's aim was, as described long ago, and as now reasserted by Mr. Macaulay, merely to circumscribe the power of France; that with this view alone he meddled with English affairs; that for this he *accepted the invitation* of discontented English nobles, and previously averse to Monmouth's invasion, *consented* to become the "deliverer" of England. Our firm belief is, that a great majority now, and a yet greater one hereafter, will decide on exactly the reverse—viz., that William's appeal to the prejudices of contemporary sovereigns against the growing power of France was far more, because Louis patronized James, than by reason even of William's own hatred of France; that William favored Monmouth, and himself finally invaded England with but very remote reference either to the encroachments of Louis or the tyranny of James; that the aim of William's scheming life, at least until his usurpation, was less to check the power of Louis than to rob James of his birthright; and that the prejudice of Macaulay's effort to degrade James, and of his attempt to prove William a hero, is in both cases equally glaring: discerning posterity may consider the former less knave than fool, and though allowing the other to have been a brave soldier and a wily statesman, will, we are convinced, steadily deny that he was an honest man.

Although the first portion of the work concludes with an elaborate dissertation, yet we rush into the third volume without any perceptible break in the fascinating story. Of course the determination to raise William above censure or suspicion, is persevered in. The loud applause which hailed his usurpation, arising itself from a reaction in the public mind, and nourished by the complete success which throughout attended all his schemes, very quickly cooled down when those schemes were accomplished, and when his friends came forward for their rewards and his enemies recovered from their dismay. On this topic, so peculiarly suited to Macaulay's essayist pen, he is as sparkling and as brilliant as of yore. In the full tide of his prosperity, the new King, he tells us, had foreseen the reaction which

might have been predicted by a less sagacious observer.

"Thus it was now in England. The public was, as it always is during the cold fits which follow its hot fits, sullen, hard to please, dissatisfied with itself, dissatisfied with those who had lately been its favorites. The truce between the two great parties was at an end. Separated by the memory of all that had been done and suffered during a conflict of half a century, they had been, during a few months, united by a common danger. But the danger was over: the union was dissolved; and the old animosity broke forth again in all its strength."

By coolness to friends, however, and by carelessness towards enemies, William establishes himself, apparently unmindful of censure or of praise. Through the fearful disorganization of the legislative machinery, he had a difficult task to perform—all was strife, confusion, and uproar: he dared not employ his own trusted friends, because of national jealousy, and he could not favor either side, as he had friends in each: both were powerful and at open war with one another.

"If he employed men of one party, there was great risk of mistakes. If he employed men of the other party, there was great risk of treachery. If he employed men of both parties, there was still some risk of mistakes; there was still some risk of treachery; and to these risks was added the certainty of dissension. He might join Whigs and Tories; but it was beyond his power to mix them."

Once firmly seated, William, with his characteristic shrewdness, occasionally withdraws from the scene, and leaves the hostile parties to fight it out between them. We have keen discussions on the Comprehension and Toleration Bills, and in treating of the Coronation Oath, Macaulay gives us many pages on the scruples of Churchmen in acknowledging the new Sovereigns. The doctrine of Hereditary Right, already discussed at the close of the second volume, is again opened out, and as it is, moreover, minutely debated once more further on, in treating of the Nonjurors, all interested in its history will not be disappointed in these volumes.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

The Story of the War in La Vendée and the Little Chouannerie, being vol. VII of the Catholic Popular Library. London: BURNS and LAMBERT.

That the gallant French people should stand tamely by and see the head of Marie Antoinette roll in the dust, caused the English historian of the French Revolution to exclaim that *the age of chivalry was over*. And yet

within a few days after that base murder, a war burst out in the western provinces of France, which, for gallantry, daring, unselfishness, high principle, and honorable purpose, is unrivalled in the chivalric chronicles of the world. It was entirely a war of principle; a hopeless war in defence of religion and honor. For from the first shot that was fired, its prosecutors knew that their efforts must end in disaster and ruin. But in spite of this dismal prospect they struggled heroically to the last in defence of their altars and their hearths. When the flame of the revolution first broke forth, the people of Brittany and La Vendée, in their remote seclusion, heeded it but little. They went on peacefully, tilling their acres and tending their flocks. But when the conflagration gained strength, and almost the whole of France quailed before its destructive advance, when the legitimate monarch of France was assailed and assassinated and the church of their fathers was menaced in the deportation or imprisonment of the clergy; the peasants of the west suddenly awoke to a sense of their real position. They abandoned the plough and the spade for the trumpet and the sword. Ploughmen became heroes; country boors, tacticians; every man, a warrior. They knew there was no chance of success against the overwhelming odds on the other side. But the old Catholic chivalry of their race forbade them from yielding tamely without striking a blow for the right. When D'Eblée was invited to take command of the little gallant army, witness the spirit that animated him as portrayed in the following extract:

"My children," he said to his tenants, when they pressed him to put himself at their head, "you know I have never deceived you: and I shall not deceive you now in this most important matter. The revolution is a fact: it will not, it cannot be undone. It will devour all that is good in France; and our efforts at best can be but feeble against a power which strengthens every day. I am ready to die for God and my King; but I will not command men who are not worthy of being martyrs. Go back for this night to your cottages; reflect that an act of yours may set them on fire, and ruin your families; and weigh well what I have said to you. To-morrow morning come back again, if God inspires you with courage to die; and then I will go with you."

It was indeed a holy war—a crusade. Not only grown-up men poured into "the ranks of war;" the students of a college, mere boys of thirteen and fourteen years of age, became the heart and sinew of the struggle. They formed a regiment, learned their military evolutions by watching the Imperial troops at parade, which they rehearsed afterwards secretly,

either after nightfall or leaving their bed before the early dawn. Mothers kissing the downy cheeks of their lovely boys, little deemed that those soft hands had been handling the musket or plying the broadsword, not in childish play, but in real preparation for the stern game of war. Behold the gathering storm in these heroic young hearts.

"The professor of mathematics at the college, who was in very bad odour with the boys on account of his imperialist predilections, first lit the spark of actual insurrection. One day, after goading his scholars to madness by his insufferable air of triumph, he had the audacity to walk across the court before the very eyes of the young royalists parading an enormous tricolor cockade. They resented the insult by rushing with loud cries upon the enemy, and rolling his hat with its offensive appendage in the mud. Complaints were made to the local authorities; but the poor principal, anxious to compromise the matter, drew up a sort of lame apology, which he prevailed on one of the boys to read to the prefect in the name of the college.

"The professors of the school, afraid of incurring the anger of the imperialists, yet anxious to conciliate their pupils, endeavoured to steer a middle course between the two parties. This produced a constant controversy between the upper boys and their masters; and protestations were constantly being made against some fresh act of concession to the usurping power. When any such protestation had to be made, some boy was chosen for spokesman who was at the head of the class, and who wore in token of that priority a little cross of silver with *fleurs-de-lis*. This symbol, at once Catholic and royal, the prefect of the department ordered to be changed for the imperial eagle. The poor principal, although he knew what an effect this order would produce upon the boys, durst not refuse to enforce it, as such an act would be considered tantamount to rebellion. He endeavoured, therefore, to effect the change by a stratagem. He began by being extremely bland and affectionate; and then said to a little boy of the name of Rio (since favourably known to the world as the author of *La Poésie de l'Art Chrétienne*, and of other interesting works), who wore the decoration, and who owed to that circumstance the important part which he subsequently played, 'My good friend, give me that cross; I will return it to you in a few days.' At these words every eye was fixed upon the lad upon whom had devolved the duty of expressing the general feeling. The little fellow well knew that all his companions dreaded to see him submit; and he said, proudly, 'Sir, I have to tell you, in the name of all my companions, that you had better keep your eagles to yourself, unless you wish us to tread them under our feet. We will not change our decoration as often as some people change their cockades (this was in allusion to the professor's having worn a very tiny tricolor cockade); and our breasts are not made to be soiled by what we consider an emblem of apostasy.' The school was silent at this audacious reply; but the little orator could read in all faces an applause more flattering than any cheers would have been. The poor principal stammered out a few words of menace, and then drew from his pocket a

lecture ready written on the inevitable ruin which their obstinacy would bring upon the college.

"In the dead of night, armed with ladders and paint-pots, cunning artists were despatched to paint over the college gateway a colossal eagle—an eagle worthy of the empire—an eagle whose outspread wings would extend as far as the walls would allow. The next morning the scholars who lodged in the town assembled as the bell rang, and the first object which met their eyes was this gigantic bird staring at them from its inaccessible height; while streets and windows were filled with spectators curious to see the young royalists pass under the yoke, and rejoicing in the prospect of a laugh at their expense.

"But instead of entering the college, they all stood outside discussing the state of affairs, and at length formed into a series of semicircles round the object of their wrath, the townsmen wondering the while what was coming next. It had rained hard in the night, and the feet of some hundreds of scholars soon worked up the road into a thick paste. At a given signal all threw down their books and their dinners, and gathering the mud in their hands, discharged a heavy battery on the bird. Gradually it disappeared from the light of day, and in five minutes not a feather was to be seen; and then, with triumph in their faces, and *non indecoro pulvere sordidi*, ('Soiled with no dishonourable dust') they went to their classes, where the masters were awaiting them, trembling with terror at the audacity of the young rebels for whose good conduct they were responsible."

Young warriors and old, they formed an army of martyrs. Prayer, confession, and communion preceded every engagement; and when they hurled themselves on their knees *en masse* before a *Madonna* by the wayside: "*Let them pray*," said their general; "*they'll fight none the worse for it*."

Space fails us, else could we dwell with pleasure on the deeds of the gallant little Vendéan army. We are doing a real service, to our readers in calling their attention to this excellent and cheap volume. We are satisfied that in the whole range of cheap literature they cannot find any work, better calculated than this, to please, instruct, and elevate the mind during these long winter nights. The reading public ought to be most grateful to the publishers for the series of beautiful works which they are now bringing out in such liberal profusion; and they cannot better testify their appreciation of the boon, than by aiding by purchase and recommendation to their friends, the necessarily heavy outlay which accompanies their production.

Après l'Ecole ou L'Apprentissage par un Directeur de Patronage. Paris, Rue de Regaud.

This is a decidedly clever, amusing, and truly Catholic book, written expressly for the

young apprentice or aspirant to apprenticeship, by the Director of one of the Houses of Patronage opened by the Society of St. Vincent of Paul in Paris. The book consists of a number of original stories, which not only amuse and interest the general reader, but lay before him a true and graphic picture of the character, occupations, and amusements of the Parisian youth. It is written evidently by one who has studied deeply not from books but from daily observation and experience, the manners, disposition, and character of the *gamin* of Paris. For the young, for whom it is written, by one who has long become one of themselves to gain them to Jesus Christ, it is in the highest degree beneficial, as containing, under all the attraction of fiction, most important and timely advice on their choice of a state of life, the imminent dangers which beset them, and the means by which the happy, joyous innocence of their youth may be preserved or re-established. To the work there is an appendix subjoined which contains many useful hints on the apprenticing of the young and the nature of the *Patronage*.

See an article upon this work of charity contained in the present number of the Catholic Institute Magazine.

Nouvelles Morales des Faubourgs. Paris:
CHARLES DANIEL. Rue de Tournan.

The above is a work of a similar stamp to the "Après l'Ecole," written expressly for the youth of Paris, by a worthy curé, who has long worked among them for their moral and religious improvement, and is now devoting his pen to the same noble end. The stories are simple, but well worked out, and we candidly recommend them to the perusal of the young French scholar. Many are deterred from the study of the French language by the over-rated difficulty of the undertaking, but we can assure such, by experience, that after the first preliminaries of grammar have been mastered, it is very possible in a few weeks to become sufficiently conversant with the language to read it with ease. Books like the above entice us on, and give us each day an increased facility—and then what a noble field is opened out to us of history and biography, sacred and profane, of fiction, science, and philosophy! Here is a new region for us to explore where we shall find ample treasures without the discomforts and disappointments of the Australian diggings.

A Compendium of Modern History. London:
BURNS AND LAMBERT.

This important work we shall speak of in a future number. Would that we could have procured such a three-and-sixpence worth of lore in our school-days! It contains a rapid survey of history from the earliest times to the peace of 1814: no idle words, but an intelligible style and *lucidus ordo*, and an immense range of matter. That most essential point in a general reference has been most carefully prepared, a copious and correct index. There are also the necessary comparative tables of sovereigns.

Manual of Serving at Mass; by Dr. PICQUOT.
London: JONES.

This is a very excellent little manual; but we should have liked it better, had the responses at Mass been placed in a consecutive form, without the intervening prayers at the end of the book.

Jesus Christ, the Model of the Priest; from the Italian, by the Rev. J. L. PATTERSON. London and Derby: RICHARDSONS.

On the plan and in the style of the Imitation of Christ, with a strong infusion of the same devotional spirit. There could be no better pocket companion for the priest in a solitary walk or long journey.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Catholic Almanac for 1856. Richardsons.
The Conversion of Marie-Alphonse Ratisbonne: Burns and Lambert.

Verba Verbi. Burns and Lambert.
Litany Chants, and Words of the Litany of Loretto. Marsh and Beattie.

The Music of the Hymns, Anthems, and Litanies for the use of the Confraternities of La Salette; edited by the Rev. J. Wyse; music arranged by Mr. Spivey. Richardsons.

Legends of History. Burns and Lambert.

All of the above we cordially recommend to our readers.

ETHICS FOR YOUNG MEN.

II. DEBT.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

"The human species," says Charles Lamb, "according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow and the men who lend.* To these two

original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, and red men. All the dwellers upon earth, 'Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites,' flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. 'He shall serve his brethren.' There is a something in the air of one of this caste, lean and suspicious, contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.

"What a careless, even deportment bath your borrower! What rosy gills!—what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money,—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! What approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*,—to the extent of half of the principle at least.

"He is the true taxer, who calleth up all the earth to be taxed! His exactions too have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state gatherers,—those ink-horn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season! Every day is his Feast of Candlemas, or his Feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse—which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves, as naturally as the cloak of the traveller for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontic which never ebbleth! In vain the victim, whom he deligheth to honor, struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend, therefore, cheerfully, O man ordained to lend—that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and Dives!—but when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were, half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See, how light he makes of it; strain not courtesies with a noble enemy."

Well said, Charles. There is nothing like your quiet irony; it depicteth well the brassy impudence of the borrower. Which of the *two races of men* do you belong to, good reader?

We trust that few of our readers belong to the *great race*.

We will spend but few words over the *lenders*. It is a thing that very soon corrects itself; for, in nine cases out of ten, you will find on lending, that "loan oft loses both itself and friend." This only would we remark. Where real necessity exists, where you can supply the ripe wants of a friend, without injuring yourself, lend, and lend cheerfully. Do it as you would any other work of friendship and mercy. But when the improvident fool—one of the *great race* comes to play upon your benevolence suspecting your inability to say *no*, trample on false delicacy, and plainly deny him. Your borrower is a capital physiognomist—none in the world cleverer at detecting the word "fool" written on any body's forehead: resist the gentle torment of his bland look, and refuse him. By so doing, you confer an obligation on him as well as yourself.

Would that it were as easy to caution against *borrowing* as *lending*! Debt is the most fatal of worldly evils to the young man. Do you wish to be pressed down with despondency—get into debt. Do you wish to become a stranger to peace, to independent spirit, to energy—get into debt. Do you wish to be oppressed with an everlasting day-and-night mare, the last gnawing thought in going to sleep, an overwhelming and leaden presence in your troubled slumbers, the first spectre thought as you toss miserably on your pillow during the endless, weary hours of grey daybreak—get into debt. Do you wish your friends to say: "*What's come over him lately? I never saw any one so changed; he's not half the man he was*"—get into debt. Debt is a young man's chancery suit—the fly in his ointment—the Damocles's sword of his merrier moments.

The Latin phrase for debt is *as alienum*—*another man's brass*. How expressive! it meets you at every turn. If you buy a new pair of gloves or a hat—*another man's brass*: I am eating into his substance: I am doubly infringing the first law of society—I am not living by my own labor—I am preventing another from doing so. Every penny I spend is *another man's*. I am making a direct aggression on his property, rights, and capital.

The Roman law made the debtor the slave of his creditor—no such law needed making—the great *lex non scripta* of nature was already in force. The debtor is the worst of slaves; he skulks unmanfully before the eye of the

man he has wronged. Ingoldsby represents a fashionable ball-room as thrown into a tremor by a *single* knock at the door; everybody thought it was a bailiff's *single* knock, and declared it was perfectly disgraceful and shocking that anybody should frighten *respectable* people by giving single knocks at doors. Dick Swiveller had to go three miles round if he wished to cross the street, every nearer thoroughfare was blocked up by debts; a suit of clothes in one street; his laundress in another; and the cook-shop in a third. Debt killed Sir Walter Scott; and debts, though not of his own contracting, had brought the bailiffs for the ninth time into Newstead Abbey, when Byron said of himself that *he stood upon his desolate hearth, with his household gods shattered about him!*

But to a man of any heart, the worst consideration connected with debt, is, not his own misery and degradation, so much as the misery it frequently brings upon others. Take a single class of debts—the most common of all as an example; those between buyers and the tradesmen who supply their wants. No adequate notion can be formed of the blessing prompt payment is to these humble creditors. We scarcely can imagine any means by which so much good may be done as by a speedy settlement of tradesmen's accounts. Our trifling debt, with Mr. A's., and Mr. B's., and Mr. C's., added to it, amounts to a formidable sum in poor Mr. Z's ledger. Enter his back parlor, and watch his emotions, his hopes, and his fears, as he pores over those columns of fate. We consider him a dun, when he calls to trouble us for his "little account;" but accompany him home; and as the disappointed dun tells his tale, behold the agony which his words produce in poor, fond, tender hearts, that had looked to his return for relief and gladness. Space fails us; so with a few brief considerations, we conclude.

Discharge these little liabilities as speedily as possible. Live within your income. "Annual income;" it is Mr Wilkins Micawber that speaks: "Annual income, twenty pounds Annual expenditure, nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence—result, happiness. Annual expenditure, twenty pounds, no shillings, and sixpence—result, misery." Do not borrow; "he that goes a-borrowing, goes a-sorrowing." Do not buy whether you want the thing or not, merely because it is a good bargain. A thing is always dear if you do not require it. Except in extreme cases, do not buy on credit, but question yourself

thus: "Would I buy it if I had the money about me?" If not, do not buy it. Pay all your liabilities or portions of them at the earliest moment. Always endeavor to have something laid up for the rainy day; for, depend upon it, there's no friend like a shilling in your pocket. Remember the old English song:

It's a very good world that we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to borrow, or beg, to get a man's own,
It's the very worst world that ever was known.

[From our London Correspondent.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE
MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir,—The prosecution of the Redemptorist Fathers, carried on, as some of your Protestant contemporaries say, "at the expense of discretion and common sense," has been one of the principal objects of religious interest during the last month. "Catholics with the spirit of mice, to say nothing of higher principles (I quote the words of the *Weekly Register*) would have been excluded from every office the Queen can give rather than conduct such a prosecution:—and it originated with the conductors." Had the law-officers of the crown been Protestant, it is more than probable so foolish and wicked a display would never have been thought of. But it is over, and Father Petcherine acquitted—acquitted of using one means among the many open to him for preserving ignorant people from the contamination of false doctrine.

The conduct and position of the Right Rev. John Bird Sumner comes before us as rather an amusing contrast in this particular. He has very consistently and properly refused to give any decision in the case of Archdeacon Denison, on the ground "that his judgment would have no weight with the Church." If this declaration do not open men's eyes, perhaps the decision of Dr. Lushington may, which goes to abolish every kind of religious symbol from Protestant churches in future. They belonged to Catholic times, and now "the altar is gone, and the Mass, root and branch, extirpated by the authority of Parliament."

While on Protestant ground, I may mention that Mr. Jowett, Professor of Greek, at Oxford, is to be, it is said, called to account for denying the doctrine of the Atonement. This was only to be expected from some other member of the body to which Professor Maurice belonged; it is but another and very natural step in the downward progress of the Establishment.

Your readers are, no doubt, familiar with the reception the King of Sardinia met with from the "Young Men's Christian Association," an affair which even the *Times* pronounced "disgraceful." What a lesson for all luke-warm Catholics! "I would thou wert cold or hot;" so because thou art luke-warm, and neither "cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." Notwithstanding the admirable lectures of the Cardinal Archbishop upon the subject (two of which have been already delivered at Moorfields) the ferment in the popular mind, respecting the Austrian concordat, appears not as yet to have subsided. It

would be exceedingly curious could we discover how these people suppose this matter affects themselves, many of them eliminate from it grievances entirely opposed to those they thought themselves suffering from during the "Papal aggression" mania; but that makes no difference; logical contradictions, it would seem, are easily jumbled together by those who are fighting the Devil's battle against God's Church. The Redemptorist Fathers have been giving a Retreat since my last letter, at the new little "Chapel of the Rosary," in the Edgware-road; they drew crowded audiences, almost entirely composed of laboring people, who had been neglecting the Sacraments for years. The permanent good effected, and yet to arise in consequence, it is thought by the resident priests, will be very great. Connected with this chapel there is a "Young Men's Society" formed, at which the Cardinal Archbishop gave the opening lecture "On the nature of an inaugural discourse." His Eminence took occasion, in the course of it, to correct the mis-statements, and fill up the omissions, of Lord John Russell at Exeter Hall. On Sunday, the 25th of November, the Cardinal held an ordination at the Brompton Oratory. On that occasion two Oratorians were admitted to the priesthood, and three members of the Passionist Institute.

Mr. Formby has suggested, in a letter to the *Weekly Register*, that in place of endeavoring to collect so much money for "Reformatories," it would be better to expend a smaller sum in trying to prevent the need of them by means of education. There may be truth in this view, nevertheless we cannot venture to hope that reformatories will not still be required; and it is encouraging to find that the Abbot of Mount St. Bernard has the desire and intention of establishing one under the immediate superintendence of the Cistercian Fathers. I intended to mention before a new mission in the neighborhood of London, established by the Capuchin Fathers at Peckham. The blessings of religion were very much needed there, the inhabitants having been living hitherto at a great distance from any church. We learn from the Continental papers, that at Munich a society is being formed for founding perpetual Masses at the Holy Sepulchre. It seems singular, on a first view, that this is now to be done, and has not been already accomplished; but there have been reasons probably, and insuperable obstacles in the way. I have, I find, left myself but little room for news of a general character; but if it be true, as it is said, that in the European capitals there is a very general belief that peace is at hand, that fact will, in interest and importance, absorb every other.—I am, dear sir, yours, &c.,

R. D. L.

London, December 17, 1855.

LITERARY ITEMS.

We hear strange stories relative to Macaulay's re-appearance. The issue is, we understand, 30,000, and has swallowed 5,000 reams of paper, six tons of milled boards, 7,000 yards of cloth. Westley and Co., the great binders, have turned out 6,000 volumes per day; and the Row has been rather inconvenienced in finding room for the immense issue.

Lord Broughton—immortalized in the dedication to "Childe Harold" as John Cam

Hobhouse, has appended to a new edition of his "Albania," some interesting remarks relative to the refusal of the Westminster Dean and Chapter to admit a statue of Byron into the Abbey.

M. Dumas has gotten himself into trouble at Paris through some expression of sympathy with Brussels politics and late doings at Jersey. The indefatigable author is about to publish two new plays, and after superintending the re-issue of his collected works in 300 volumes! intends setting out on a tour through China.

We are promised a life of the celebrated authoress of "Jane Eyre," from the pen of the clever writer of "Mary Barton." "Jane Eyre" has, we learn, been dramatised and acted with signal success at the Vaudeville theatre, Brussels.

We are glad to hear that Messrs Hurst and Blackett intend publishing their newly acquired property, the Dublin University Magazine, in Dublin, as heretofore, and that they will preserve its national character as much as possible.

Mr. Joseph Guy, the well known author of the "Spelling Book" &c., is at present in very indigent circumstances near London.

The *Scotsman* says that the friends of the poet Robert Nicoll are making considerable progress towards raising a monument to his memory.

Cardinal Wiseman contradicts the report of his appointment as librarian of the Vatican.

Shakspeare's *Tempest* has been lately performed with great success at Munich. It is we believe the first English drama ever presented in Germany.

Amongst recent deaths in the literary world we may mention those of Robert Montgomery, the notorious author of *Satan, &c.*, of Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, authoress of much bad poetry, and of Robert Bunyan, of Lincoln, the last male descendant of the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The venerable author of the *Pleasures of Memory* has also very lately departed.

An ultramontane journal resembling the *Univers* at Paris is about to be established at Vienna.

The library of the late president of Magdalen College, Oxford, Dr. Routh, willed by him to Trinity College, and consisting of 20,000 volumes, has arrived in Dublin.

We are glad to hear of Catherine Hayes' cordial reception at Sydney, N.S.W. Her greatest triumph there appears to have been as *Amina* in *La Sonnambula*.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

The whole of the Church Office for Christmas-eve was celebrated at the Institute. The Matins were not recited merely, but chaunted in choir, with the Lectios and Responsories complete. All who assisted in the Sanctuary communicated at the High Mass, and Lauds followed as a fitting thanksgiving after Holy Communion. We believe this is the first time that the entire office has been chaunted in this country, except in one or two of the colleges. We trust it will become more general now. It is a beautiful service.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

*** It would oblige us much, if all friends who address us in writing and require written replies, would take the trouble, besides merely signing their names, to say at the foot: "Address to Mr. A., Mrs. B., or the Rev. C. D." Because we not unfrequently find ourselves in considerable difficulty as to the proper title to be used; not having the faculty of decyphering "the name, weight, and color," of the scrivener from "a specimen of his handwriting."

Unsuitable Communications.—We have several such on hand; many of them accompanied by pressing entreaties to return them to their owners if not required by us. This we cannot by any means undertake to do. We hold all that have been sent up to this time; and any of them that are required we will restore on receipt of envelopes stamped and addressed. But this cannot be done after the present notice. We, therefore, trust our correspondents will preserve duplicates of what they send.

The Boys' Cereimonial.—We have received suggestions from more quarters than one as to points that might be used in speaking of this matter. We thank our friends; but we cannot use their hints. It is quite foreign to our purpose to involve ourselves in any controversy, especially with a priest.

Ich Dien, Monmouth.—The very idea you express has occurred to ourselves as to the use of "outlandish" names of persons and places in works of fiction. But we do not conceive "Muddleton" to come under this category. This very doubt was maturely canvassed before the story appeared, and we satisfied ourselves and some critical friends that the names were not too quaint—certainly not "outlandish." With Dickens's *Reverend Melchisedech Howler*, and Sir W. Scott's *Cleishbotham* and *Dryadust* before us, we felt no hesitation how to decide. *Malim errare cum Platone, quàm cum aliis reetè sentire.*

Phrenology.—We have received a communication, headed: "Answer to the usual objections against

Phrenology." It seems to us, that beyond rather smart writing, the paper contains nothing very new. Suppose the writer were to send us a substantive article on the science first, this supplemental *answer to objections* might come in very well afterwards. Will the writer communicate with us?

*** The compiler of *A Prayer to be used by Priests*, wishes us to draw attention to it. We have much pleasure in doing so, as far as we can. It is very devotional, and contains suitable aspirations for preparation for Mass. It is printed on a small fly-sheet, that would do very nicely as a marker in an Office-book. It can be procured from Mr. Buller of Preston.

Quisquilæ.—We again wish to explain this term, which occurs in our table of contents and in our advertisements. It is the Latin word for "sweepings," and by it we mean the odds-and-ends that fill up the corners of our columns occasionally.

R. S. P.—The passage you object to was a quotation, and marked with inverted commas; therefore, we are not responsible for the punctuation, which certainly is open to objection.

A Book-keeper, Lord-street.—The Institute Literary Society is open to all respectable visitors; and you cannot employ a spare hour on Thursday evenings more agreeably than by dropping in there.

W. R. H.—We insert your lines according to our promise. But they are not quite the thing, for all that. You do not seem to have studied the laws of metre, as some of your lines are broken-backed. In the regions of poesy, the line and rule are as much required as in brick-laying:—

OH! FOR A CLASP OF THE HAND.

Oh! for a clasp of the hand once again,

That now is contracted and cold, in death,

That has grasped the sword 'gainst his country's foe,

Nor yielded it up till his latest breath.

Tho' glory's meed be awarded his name—

Tho' the twining laurel be plac'd o'er his bier,

Oh! rather a clasp of that hand, than his fame,

For those he has left, and to whom he was dear.

Oh! for a word from the lips that are mute,

Now, alas! silent for ever and cold;

Whose impassioned tones excited the brave

To actions, rivaling heroes of old.

Tho' his words be emblazoned in glory's fane,

And history point to his deeds well approved,

Could one word from those lips be spoken again,

It would be sweeter to those by whom he was loved.

Obituary.

On December 14, the Rev. James Newsham, founder of the Mission at Southport.—R. I. P.

Lately, at Torquay, the Rev. G. Gradwell, of Preston, aged 28 years.—R. I. P.

Printed by EVAN TRAVIS, at No. 57, Scotland-road, Liverpool.—January 1, 1856.