THE

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

No. 10. JULY, 1856. VOL. 1.

CATHOLIC NOVELS AND PROTESTANT CRITICS.

WHATEVER may have been the pleasing recollections which the perusal of certain Catholic fictions has left behind it, their must have been included a feeling of curiosity as to how they would be received by our opponents, who could perceive their merit, but would dissent from their teaching. From our experience of the ungenerous feeling which in this country eminently characterizes every estimate of Catholic merit, no matter in what capacity it may appear, we might have remembered that here the old bitterness would assail it, though at least, in one instance, belonging to a man who had already risen to eminence amongst men of letters, and is confessedly one of the first scholars of his time. And though we knew well enough that some of the scenes in that story dearest to the Catholic heart, must suffer violence at the hands of the hostile critic, we yet believed the charities of literature sufficiently large, for its scholarship and good writing, its harmless aim, and absence of all "party spirit," to secure some appreciation from even our opponents.

But as if doomed to remain unsatisfied as to the degree either of literary justice we might expect, or of the same wilful blindness in this case, which we had already known full well on other grounds, we are unaware of any notice whatever having been taken of these productions, until the article before us* caught our eye. Nor did the omission in this case appear to result from the silent contempt, of which all fear the power, and which few have at command; although periodical literature in England has numberless readers in the Catholic body, and its arguments and criticisms influence the views of almost every man, yet some of the works referred to are too warmly admired amongst ourselves for such a weapon to prevail. It rather appeared, that as these works were clearly written for the instruction and amusement of our body alone, and do not assail the doctrines or meddle with the prejudices of any other, the latter not liking to admire them, and yet, scarce able to condemn them, with some judgment and good nature, merely let them alone.

But at last, in the search for an attractive subject, perhaps, which is so familiar to most writers in periodicals, the one "Wiseman and Newman's novels," is taken up, and handled with all the misrepresentation, abstract hostility, and ungenerous feeling of a self-elected enemy. In this journal, which, from its respectability and circulation, we feel justified in regarding as an exponent of the Protestant estimate of Catholic novels, the late fiction from the pen of Cardinal Wiseman, is,—with an unworthy pretence to justice and fair criticism, and also with considerable smartness,—assailed in the usual uncourteous terms, though, on somewhat novel grounds. The Reviewer makes apology at the commencement of his article for noticing novels in the pages of the *United Church Journal*, then slightly, and as appears to us, somewhat

* *United Church Journal* for May. Art. 1—"Wiseman and Newman's novels."

unnecessarily notices the distinction between religious and controversial novels, and while unwillingly placing *Fabiola* under the former head, insinuates that it belongs to the other.—Dear reader, *Fabiola* a controversial novel!

Following up this discovery, the Reviewer admires the ability with which the author avails himself of his opportunities for supporting the claims of his Church, to be identified with the Catholic church of early history; acknowledges the dexterity with which he insinuates that the heroism of early Christians honors that Church, and while noticing that these latter were Catholics and Romans, he joins issue with him at once, for asserting that they were Roman Catholics! The aim of the Reviewer is now clear; he cannot brook the idea, that the splendid sacrifices, and startling heroism of early Christians and martyrs, were also the early triumphs of the Catholic Church; he denies *in toto* that the Catholic Church of the third century is the Catholic Church of to-day, and states the author has stooped to insinuate what, we know, smaller men would smile on being requested to prove. In short, the writer of this article, like some witnesses for character, knows too much, and his assumption that the aim of the work is controversial, has led him into erroneous criticisms and false conclusions; the page of history here opened out before him and filled with life, is altogether unknown, and shocks his prejudices. That Cardinal Wiseman wrote this story to further the views here imputed, or indeed with any intent that apparently this Reviewer could perceive, is to our thinking, as positively untrue, as it would have been singularly unnecessary: and reminding the Reviewer of the celebrated acknowledgment of one of the very first of living reviewers that the "Catholic Church saw the commencement of all the ecclesiastical establishments that exist in the world," we need not further detain our readers here.

We next pass to criticisms which we can scarcely regard with equal patience. It has often been remarked, and by those whose wisdom and goodness entitle them to much respect, that any movement amongst the faithful for the greater honor of God upon earth often visibly arouses the powers below to fresh enterprise, and frequently in the very locality where the worthy purpose was effected. This is such a remark as youth and levity too often receive with derision, but it is one nevertheless which will surely rise to mind very often in after years. Thus where missions or retreats have been held, some foul calumny assails us, and the feelings and practices of Catholicity are exposed to the angry scorn of ignorant and rude men. Thus where, perhaps, some erudite and thoughtful man seeks the aid of literature to illustrate some cherished doctrine, for purposes of instruction or devotion, some attempted refutation appears which pains by its irreligion, or startles by its blasphemy. Now, we believe, one of the most valuable tendencies of the work, *Fabiola*, to be its power of prompting us to fresh devotion towards the Mother of God; its fascinating and skilful power of investing her patronage with a new beauty, and its gentle revival in the cold breast of manhood of the innocent child's enthusiasm in the cause of Mary. The Reviewer's treatment of this tendency, the value of which he is of course unable to realize, is a striking illustration of our past remarks, and his rude mention of the Blessed Virgin is painful to read. He states that on one subject indeed, the author's caution has forsaken him, but that it is one which no Roman Catholic writer could successfully escape,—the worship of the Virgin Mary. He then quotes one of the most eloquent and beautiful passages which we ever remember to have met with in the language as "a proof how completely modern Roman Catholicism had become the religion of the Virgin."

Such is the spirit in which we are compelled to believe our opponents—would we could say our literary brothers—regard those works that seek to withdraw Catholics from the poisonous reading which now abounds in this country: our purpose in bringing it forward here, is to refute the prevalent idea that much of their hatred is fostered by ourselves. So far as the article in question is written to meet the fancied controversy of these works, nothing can be more bald. The Reviewer has yet to learn that every view which he charges the accomplished author of the work we have named with endeavoring to support by insinuation and art, are the darling doctrines of the Catholic world, and are as independent of individual support as they are careless of hostile criticism; he has yet to learn that the faith and love which "saw the commencement of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world," though they may be illustrated in *Fabiola*, could no more be invented there, than they could be successfully claimed by himself for the cold self-sufficient mammon-worship of the nineteenth century.

The Reviewer's literary accomplishment is also rather small, and the apparent hostility which he has brought to his task has confused his views, and twisted them into inconsistency. Thus in one page he praises the "great industry" with which the author has "culled from all Christian antiquity," and in another, he takes upon himself to say that "he never goes beyond his breviary for his martyrology;" thus he makes great show of praising one passage "in justice to Cardinal Wiseman," and afterwards states that it is stolen from Dr. Donaldson; and further on he admires "the interesting antiquarian information collected," but instantly states that the book throughout is a copy of *The Last Days of Pompeii*. As however, the last work is tolerably well known, the question of truth or falsehood in this judgment we may safely leave to our readers.

We might delay longer with this subject in order to notice more fully the Reviewer's attempts to prove the author false and insinuating, did his criticisms betray any knowledge of his subject, or his statements ever rise above assertion: we have no taste for disputing however, and dislike controversy where there is seldom civility, or argument where there could never be change. We acknowledge to having sought the article with much curiosity, and confess, at least, equal disappointment. There is a spirit amongst the finer charities of Catholicity which may well be curious regarding the spirit this criticism evinces. The generosity is not rare amongst us which shrinks from antagonism of every kind, and seeks a common ground on which to enjoy those mutual kindnesses which it fancies might be common to us all. This feeling, ready to forget past hostility and greivous wrong in admiring the merit of an opponent, rejoices to meet valuable knowledge or literary power free from hostility towards our principles, and constantly admires them even when otherwise than simply devoid of the latter recommendation. People of this temperament frequently encourage the gratifying belief that much of the antagonism might, after all, be removed by more gentleness and forbearance on our side; in this view they praise any attempt to temporise or please, and warmly condemn equal abuse or hostility. In this belief there are, to our thinking, elements of substantial good which religion will ever sanction; means not easily found elsewhere for removing hatred from ignorance, and malice from prejudice; and a very obvious chance of enlarging the operation of the charities of life. We fear such worthy hopes must suffer considerably when we see works, written to withdraw us from prejudiced and provocative reading—and at the same time containing nothing hostile or unfriendly, thus received with bitterness and falsehood. In short, one conclusion seems inevitable:—the scholarship and beautiful writing of a Catholic novel are lost on a Protestant critic; nor can our opponents acknowledge a clever work to be inoffensive so long as it be devoted to the interests of the Catholic Church, though only intended to beguile the weary hours of her children.

THE CATACOMB OF ST. CALLISTUS.

BOTH ancient authority and modern research combine to show us that this was the most extensive and important of all the Roman Catacombs, and so rich is it in objects of interest that the difficulty is where to begin, and what to select for description, more especially as new discoveries are being made here every day. We must content ourselves, however, with naming a few of the most important points, such as we were able to comprise in a single visit. We descended, then, by an old staircase, lately restored, close to the now desecrated chapel, in which St. Damasus, his mother, and sister, were once buried. This staircase led us immediately to the very central point of attraction and importance in the whole catacomb. We came down upon the chamber in which were buried several Popes of the third century, and in which we saw the very tombstones of St. Antherus; of St. Fabian who sat in the Chair of Peter from A.D. 235 to 250; of St. Lucius who reigned in 252, and of St. Eutychianus who died nearly thirty years later.* We also saw here a very long and interesting inscription set up by Pope Damasus, towards the end of the fourth century, specifying who lay buried in this chapel, and expressing his own desire to be buried near them, but his unwillingness to disturb the sacred ashes of the saints; wherefore he built the little chapel already men-

* The grave of St. Cornelius, who came between the two last-mentioned Popes, is in this same catacomb, and will be mentioned presently.

tioned in the open air, immediately above this very spot. For the recovery of this inscription we are indebted to the skill and indefatigable labor of the Cavaliere de Rossi, who put together the hundred fragments into which it had been broken, and has now presented it to us in an almost perfect state, a few portions only being wanting, which he has supplied (in letters of a different color) from the published collection of Pope Damasus' works, in which this has always existed.

Before we entered the chapel, however, in which all these things are to be seen, our attention was called to the stuccoed wall at the entrance, which we found to be covered with innumerable scribblings, the work of devout pilgrims who visited these places in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, and who often recorded here some aspiration to the saint whose shrine they came to visit, or some prayer for the soul for whose sake they had undertaken the pilgrimage; just as the door of the theatre, or the walls of the barracks discovered at Pompeii bear the names which the soldiers idly scratched there, or just as we may chance to see names and remarks scribbled on buildings at the present day. It would require the patient practised eye of a De Rossi to decipher many of these scribblings, but some were sufficiently intelligible, even to us, such as *Sancto Susto,** *Bibas en theo,* (may you live in God) a curious mixture of Latin and Greek, and several more, and we were told that there were others still more clear in neighboring chapels.

On entering the chapel itself we saw round us the various epitaphs which I have mentioned, and which were gathered but a few years since out of the heaps of soil with which this chapel was then filled, and are now fastened into the wall, merely for the sake of convenience, and not at all with any idea of assigning that particular inscription to that particular grave; the inscription of Pope Damasus, which we have mentioned, is placed in all probability where it was first set up, and in front of it may be recognised the foundation of the altar with its four pillars.

In a corner of this chamber is an opening into the burial place of many martyrs, and especially of the most celebrated virgin saint of Rome, St. Cecilia.

The legend of St. Cecilia is peculiarly interesting and beautiful, and the truth of its main facts the research of modern time has tended greatly to corroborate; but for this we must refer our readers to the *Acts of Early Martyrs*, lately published.* All that we are concerned with is the re-discovery of her tomb two or three years ago; for the connection of the several minute links which form the chain of evidence by which the tomb was identified, is curious and interesting.

It had never been forgotten that St. Cecilia had been buried in the cemetery of St. Callistus, but it had been supposed that the latter was the cemetery to which we gain access from the Church of St. Sebastian, about a quarter of a mile further on in the Via Appia; and a French archbishop, therefore, in the beginning of the fifteenth century set up an inscription in that cemetery to commemorate the virgin saint. The place of that inscription had come in later times to be pointed out as the precise spot where she was buried. De Rossi, however, having discovered the chapel which we have mentioned, in which the Popes were buried, was sure that the real tomb of St. Cecilia could not be far off, because the acts of her martyrdom had told us that St. Urban buried her with his own hands, *near his colleagues.* Moreover, certain descriptions of the sacred places of Rome, written in the first half of the seventh century,—whilst yet the bodies of the saints buried in the catacombs lay in their original graves, not having been translatad into the churches within the city,—distinctly mention that St. Cecilia was buried in the chamber next to that in which were Saints Fabian, Antherus, and the other Popes. Lastly, we are told of Pope Paschal, who, in the beginning of the ninth century, removed the bodies of those saints, that, searching afterwards for that of St. Cecilia, he was told in a vision that, when he translated the relics of the Popes in question, she was so close to him, that she could have spoken to him *os ad os*, mouth to mouth. In consequence of this vision he returned to the search, found the body where he had been told, and removed it to the church of *Santa Cecilia in Trastevere.* Thus everything combined to assure De Rossi that he was now in the immediate neighborhood of her tomb. The chamber, however, was full of earth, even to the very top of the *luminare*, or open shaft which descended into it, and all this soil had to be removed. As the work of excavation proceeded, there came to light, first on the wall of the *luminare* itself, representations of three saints, each with his own name inscribed, Policanus, Sabastianus, and Cyrenus, who are all three

* St. Sixtus was martyred in this cemetery, and buried in the adjacent one of St. Pretex Latus.

* Duffy, Dublin.

named in the itineraries of the seventh century, as having been buried in the same chapel with St. Cecilia; then lower down, on another side of the chamber, and on the wall, appeared a painting of a young lady, very richly attired and ornamented with bracelets and necklaces, such as might be looked for in a high-born wealthy Roman bride, and which we can hardly suppose to be other than St. Cecilia. Still further down on the same wall, was the figure of St. Urban, in full pontifical dress, with his name inscribed; and also a large head of our Lord, represented according to the Byzantine type, and with rays of glory behind it in the form of a Greek cross. The whole character of the painting belongs to a late date, that is, to the sixth or seventh century, if not later, but it must have been executed before the tradition as to the exact position of the bodies was lost or obscured, and it is but reasonable to suppose, before the bodies themselves were removed. All these indications taken together put it beyond a doubt that we have now recovered the lost thread of tradition, and are again enabled to identify the sepulchre of the most famous of Rome's virgin saints.

Passing out of these chambers, which are thus proved to belong to the earlier part of the third century, we came to another series, probably of still earlier date, in which are repeated, over and over again, certain symbolical representations of Baptism, Penance, and the Holy Eucharist, which it would take us too long to explain here. Next we penetrated into the interior of the catacomb, till we came to a chapel in which there was a double *arcisolium*, one behind the other, capable together of holding five bodies, and on the wall above the *arcisolium*, very early paintings of the five saints who were buried there, paintings cut through, and spoiled in later times by the excavation of fresh graves, but still remaining in sufficient preservation to show the age to which they belong. Each of these saints is praying with hands extended, in the form of a cross, and over the head of each, is his, or her name, with the usual Christian formula; that is, *Dionysius in pace; Procopi in pace; Zoe in pace*, and the rest. Between these figures are interspersed birds and flowers, as emblematical of the joys and peace of Paradise, and below, on either side, is a peacock, the emblem of immortality.

Still further, in the interior, we came to a chapel whose paintings were yet more interesting. The central piece has been cut through, like the last paintings described, by a later grave, but enough remains to leave no doubt as to the subject, and De Rossi's explanation of it is so complete in itself, and fits in so well, both with the details of the painting, and with ecclesiastical history, that there seems no reason to dispute its correctness. First, the Good Shepherd stands in the middle, with a sheep on his shoulders, a goat on his right, and a sheep on his left. We know from Tertullian that great use was made of this parable in the early Church to reprove the undue severity of the Montanists, and that it was often connected with that of the Prodigal Son, who having repented, and returned to his father, was gifted by him with the best robe, with a ring for his hand, and shoes for his feet, so as to throw into the shade for the moment even the eldest brother who had never left his father's house. It is to represent this consoling truth of God's mercy towards penitent sinners, that the goat is here placed on the right hand, that is, is given the preference even over the faithful sheep. Then again, on either side of the Good Shepherd, an apostle is hurrying forth to gather more sheep into the fold, and here one sheep is turning towards the apostle, another turning his back upon him; a third, standing with outstretched neck, in the most striking attitude of attention, while a fourth seems to observe a kind of middle course, not altogether refusing to listen, but with his head bent down, busily engaged in feeding at the same time. Observe how aptly these different attitudes image the different dispositions with which different men receive the Gospel-message; some lend a willing ear, and take it in with their whole hearts; others utterly refuse to attend; while others again endeavor to make a compromise between God and mammon. A passage which De Rossi quotes from an early Christian writer, curiously illustrates this interpretation of the painting in question, inasmuch as it compares the poor to sheep in a barren desert, where, having no grass to feed upon, they have nothing to hinder their looking up, and seeking after those things that are above; whereas the rich are like sheep in a fruitful and pleasant pasture, with their heads and hearts always intent upon the things of this lower world. Then again a shower of rain is falling in abundance over the listening sheep, and more scantily on the one which is bending down to feed, while the one turning his back is left altogether dry; and no one, we think can doubt that allusion is here made to the refreshing showers of divine grace. This

interpretation of the picture cannot justly be condemned as fanciful or unwarranted, for every separate detail is supported by scriptural or patristic authority, and the artist has only combined them into a picturesque whole.

On the side of the same altar, is Moses taking off his shoe, and again, Moses striking the rock; and, on the other side, broken through however, and almost destroyed by a niche made to receive a large lamp, is a painting of our Lord, standing between two of the disciples, and multiplying the loaves and fishes. Thus we have the Sacrament of Baptism on the one side, and of the Holy Eucharist on the other, while that of Penance, or, more properly the whole gospel scheme, occupies the centre.

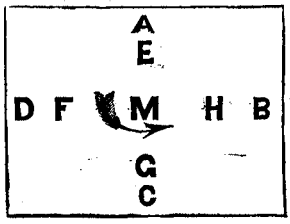
We had no time to penetrate far enough into the interior of this vast cemetery, to visit other chapels, where they told us we might see paintings of the four Evangelists, and other interesting subjects; we were obliged to content ourselves with one more monument of historical interest, which lay at the foot of a stair-case by which we might regain the upper air; this was the tomb of St. Cornelius, which lies apart from the chapel of all the other Popes, because he was not martyred at Rome, but at Civita Vecchia, and his body was brought to Rome, and interred in this cemetery, and by the private devotion of a noble Roman lady. This tomb is not a simple shelf, like the others in the catacombs, but a large, deep vault, with an arched roof. One portion of the stone which closed it, was found a few years since, among the monuments in the vineyard above; and having upon it portions of the letters N E. followed by L I U S M A R T Y R, De Rossi at once conjectured that it was the tombstone of St. Cornelius. When the Pope had purchased the vineyard, and excavations were begun there under the superintendence of the Commission of sacred Archæology, the other half of the inscription came to light, and proved his conjecture to be true. The letters, C O R N, E P, showed, not only that the martyr buried here was called Cornelius, but that he was no other than the Pope of that name. Even if the title Episcopus had been wanting, there would still have been no doubt of his identity, for on the wall by the side of the grave is a painting of the Pope, with his name written at length. Before this had been discovered, De Rossi had already expressed his confident expectation of finding at the tomb of St. Cornelius some memorial of his contemporary and correspondent, St. Cyprian. These two saints had been martyred on the same day, in two consecutive years, and their feasts were therefore always celebrated together, as they are now, and the celebration was held at the very tomb of St. Cornelius, as the most ancient calendars and missals assure us. Now, we read in one of the old itineraries already referred to, after a description of this spot; "Here were buried St. Cornelius and St. Cyprian." This last assertion, however, we know is a mistake, St. Cyprian having been buried in Africa, where he was martyred, but De Rossi felt sure that something which had been seen or heard at the tomb of St. Cornelius, by the pilgrim who wrote this itinerary, must have given occasion to the idea. This conjecture was again confirmed in the most remarkable manner; for, by the side of St. Cornelius, is another pontifical figure, and the letters of the name which still remain are sufficient to show that this was no other than St. Cyprian himself. Before these pictures is a low block or pillar, on which may be seen a portion of the marble slab which once covered the whole of it, and on this slab was a large vase of oil with floating wicks burning, from which the pilgrims used to help themselves at pleasure, carrying oil away as a relic from the shrine of St. Cornelius, just as the poor still do, from before the statue of the Madonna at St. Agostino, or other celebrated shrines in Rome. When the Empress Constantina wrote to St. Gregory the Great, at the close of the sixth century, asking that the head of St. Paul might be sent to enrich a chapel that had just been built in the imperial palace, he refused to comply with her request, on the ground, that in Rome they had no custom of breaking or dividing the relics of the saints, but went on to specify what relics Rome was in the habit of using and giving away. These, he says, are of two kinds, first: oil from the lamps, which were kept burning before the real relics: and secondly, *brandea*, that is, handkerchiefs or stoles, which had been let down to rest on the tomb of the martyr, and after remaining there a certain time, were sent away as relics, just as the *pallium*, sent by the Pope to the various archbishops of Christendom, lies on the tomb of St. Peter until it be wanted. In the Cathedral of Monza is preserved to this day a parchment roll, containing a list of relics sent by St. Gregory to the Lombard Queen, Theodelinda, and among them is *Ex oleo St. Cornelii*, which must have come from this very spot. These facts

are worth noticing, as they tend to explain many of those cases in which different churches claim to have the same body in their treasury of relics. One church, it may be, has the true relic entire, while the others, many centuries ago, received oil or *brandea* sent from that relic, and in later times, after the practice of giving such had died out, a tradition, or perhaps a written document, may remain, testifying to their possession of such and such a relic, which they have grown gradually to identify with the body of the saint itself. On the other side of the tomb of St. Cornelius is a figure of St. Sixtus, Pope, who, as we have said, was martyred in this cemetery, and of another Pope by his side; but for the legend which ran round these figures, as well as for the inscription of Pope Damasus around the grave itself, and sundry scribblings on the walls, we must be content to wait till De Rossi's great collection of all the Christian inscriptions of Rome during the first six centuries be complete and published.

DOES THE MOON ROTATE, OR NOT?

In this singular controversy on the subject of the moon's rotation, two of the main facts of the case are undisputed; namely, (1) that the moon travels round the earth; and (2) that the inhabitants of the earth never see the other side of the moon. Such being confessedly two of the conditions of her motion—does she rotate or not? One party maintains that such a motion is possible only on the supposition that she rotates once on her axis, during the progress of each of her revolutions round the earth; both of her motions beginning, continuing, and ending together. Mr. Symons and his party say, on the contrary, that because she does not complete a rotation on her axis at any one point in her orbit, or within any part of it, (as the earth does, roughly speaking, in every three hundred and sixty-fifth part of hers,) the moon does not rotate on her axis at all.

What are we to understand by rotating on an axis? Suppose an ordinary chamber of four sides, A B C D. Let M represent a man standing in the centre. Let him now, still remaining on the same spot, complete a revolution on his axis in the direction of the arrow. He begins to move, we shall say, with his face towards C. As he turns, he faces the sides B, A, D, successively, till he returns to his first position, with his face towards C. He cannot rotate on his axis without thus facing each side of the room in succession; to say that he thus faces each of them successively in turn, is only another way of expressing the fact that he rotates on his axis.



Now, suppose that, instead of rotating on the spot on which he stands, he walks round a small circle, of which M is the centre, keeping his left shoulder always turned towards M. He begins as before, we shall say, with his face towards C; that is at F. When he reaches G, his face now looks towards B. When he arrives at H, it is turned towards A; at E, he faces D; and at last, on again reaching F, he once more looks towards C. His face has thus evidently passed through the same successive changes of direction or position as it did while he stood on the central point at M, and simply rotated on his axis, with this difference only, that while he has thus faced each side of the room in succession, he has also in the second instance been travelling along a circular path around the centre of the room. But facing each side of the room successively, we found to be synonymous with rotating on his axis; therefore while he has travelled once round the centre M, in a circular path, he has also once rotated on his axis.

We will now ask him to repeat his journey, but, this time, with his face always turned towards the same side of the room, C, we shall say; in other words, without rotating on his axis at all. He starts, as before, from F, with his left shoulder turned towards M. When he reaches G, his back is towards M; at H, his right shoulder; at E, his face and at F, once more, his left shoulder. A spectator at M would thus have seen every side of him, during his path round M.

Let us call his second journey No. (2,) and his first No. (1.) In No. (2,) *because* he has not rotated on his own axis, but has always faced the same side of the room, a spectator at M has seen every side of him in succession. And *because*, in No. (1,) he did face each side of the room successively in turn, or, in other words, *because* he did rotate once on his axis, as he walked round the circle, a spectator at M saw only his left side. In this respect No. (1,) and not No. (2) represents the moon's rotation round the earth; but No. (1) has been proved to be performed of

necessity by rotation round an axis; therefore the moon rotates on her axis.

A simple apparatus will further illustrate this motion of the moon. Take a yard of common copper wire, thrust it through the centre of an apple or an orange; then bend the wire into a circular form and unite the ends. You have now a rude example of the moon's orbit; the earth being supposed in the imaginary centre of the wire circle. Suppose, now, we hold the circle horizontally, and take a short bit of wire, or a large pin, and thrusting it into the upper hemisphere of the orange, at any point, fix on the top of the pin a horizontal index of paper, or card, to indicate any rotatory movement of the orange.

We will now push the orange along the circular wire orbit in the same direction as the man walked just now round M. The index points at starting, we shall say as the man's face at F looked; that is towards us. When it reaches G, it will point towards our right hand, or the B side of the room; at H it points away from us, towards A; at E it is turned towards our left hand, or D; at F, it again points towards us, and the C side of the room.

Now the index represents the successive changes of position through which any point, and every point on the surface of the orange has passed, as the orange travelled once round its orbit; and by the conditions of the experiment, the same side of the orange has always been turned towards the imaginary centre of its orbit. It appears, therefore, that its journey has been performed under conditions similar to the man's No. (1). There has been a rotation round an axis, once; for the index has pointed to every quarter of the circle successively, which as we have just seen, necessarily implies axial rotation; and a spectator at the imaginary centre of the orbit would have seen only the same hemisphere of the orange during the whole of its journey.

It is a fallacy to say that if you separate the ends of the wire, make it a straight line, and then push the orange along it, the path of the orange is the same as before. *The index will at once shew you the difference.* The axial and rotatory motion has ceased; the index will therefore now point only in one invariable direction. The truth is, that for every portion of the circular orbit travelled over, there is a corresponding turning round the axis in consequence of the circular and orbital motion. If a circular graduated scale were laid on the table underneath the wire orbit, we should find that for every inch, say, of orbital progress, the index would show a rotatory movement round the axis equivalent to ten degrees of the circle. As the orange advances along the circular wire, the axial wire creeps round, till it has completed a rotation at the instant when a complete orbital revolution of the orange is accomplished. Relatively to the orbit, the index never changes its position; always remaining inclined at the same angle to it as that at which it first started. This is only implied in the condition of the experiment, that one axial rotation should be completed contemporaneously with one orbital revolution. If this angle of inclination between the index and the wire orbit ever varied, then, more or less than one such rotation would have taken place during a revolution of the orange in its orbit; which would have been contrary to one of the conditions of the experiment.

Let us now vary this experiment a little. Take a rigid ball of wood or metal, with an aperture through the centre, to admit the passage of a fine, flexible wire, three feet long through it. Fix an index in the same position as in the last experiment, that is, attached to a pin placed perpendicularly to the wire. The wire we will suppose to be straight, when the ball begins its motion along it. If it remains straight till the ball reaches the other end of it, then there has plainly been no axial rotation. But now suppose that for every twentieth of an inch of the ball's progress, we forcibly twist it, and the wire with it, till the index has travelled over half a degree, and continue this twisting till the thirty-six inches of wire have been travelled along by the ball, and bent with it; what shall we find? One point of the wire will meet the other, and the straight path will have become a circular orbit; the index having turned once round the whole circle; and hence one axial rotation having taken place in the exact time of one orbital revolution. The circular path of the orange in the first experiment may be considered as simply another form of this twisting of the ball in the second; in this, the wire has to be bent, as the ball advances; in that, it has already been bent from the beginning of the experiment. In both an axial rotation has taken place, contemporaneously, or, in the very same time with a revolution in the orbit.

From all of which we may perceive that if the moon's rotation is of the same kind as the man's, No. (1,) and as the motion of the orange, or the ball along its orbit of wire; the moon *must rotate* once on her axis, for each revolution in her orbit.

DYRBINGTON.

CHAP. VIII.

IS THIS SUCCESS?

Julian could not despair. He could not surrender the belief that that gold would return to him. That strange mysterious gold. That sacrilegious spoil of his strange ancestors. How many generations had possessed it. How sure had been the feeling that it would do something—that the hour would come when it would bring to its owner all that he desired. Julian could not despair. He could not think that that old iron chest was for ever emptied of its treasure. At the bottom of his heart there was a fixed belief that it would—almost that *it must* come back. Still Julian sat in the long evenings in the quiet chamber, that looked upon the water; and shading the lamp-light from his sight, he would gaze long on the waves as they reflected the star-light, which grew brighter and brighter in the frosty night. Then he would, after long watching, turn his eyes within, to that iron-wrought chest, now emptied of its store. Recollections would crowd upon his mind, memories of words which had hung on his ears in childhood, and he grew to know more of the history of that gold, than he had ever felt to know before. The chapel of St. Julian had yielded something towards its increase, but its sacrilegious commencement had been made of things pilfered from the chauntry chapel of St. George, at Dyrbington. It had produced its effect. Its influence had wrought actively on Julian's ancestors, and on himself, and this Julian knew, and felt that the treasure was not like common gold; it would not now sink and die, and become powerless, and no longer shed its strange influence on man; as if that, which had been devoted to His service by pious acts, and the Church's blessing, *could not* be inactive; but if prevented from its course of good, must then perform that other part, and be a curse, if not a blessing. But ever, and ever, his heart repeated—*it is not gone*—it is not passed away—it will come back!

It had been a dark threatening night, and when morning arrived, it scarcely seemed like the return of day, so much was the sky darkened by tremendous clouds, dense, heavy, and unusually black. The wind was blowing in a direction that always betokened storm, and often danger; for any vessel trying to enter the harbor of Watermouth at such times, ran great risk of being driven on a sand bank, which made shipwreck almost inevitable. The day of which we are writing, was one of those which wears an aspect of threatening, felt by whatever has life. The cattle seek for shelter, though the storm has not begun; the birds are unseen and unheard; the domestic animals refuse to leave the houses, and seem to look up to man for protection, and man himself feels awe in the consciousness of approaching terror. Julian wandered about, after the morning meal, as one expecting something. He approached the window, and looked out. Presently his wife spoke.

"It grows darker, and darker," she said, "How those gulls and sea-birds cry, and fly in towards the land. There is something awful in the roll of the waves."

"What is that?" asked Julian abruptly, and heedless of his wife's words—"What is that?" He pointed to a dark speck. It was a considerable distance off, beyond that sand bank. Snatching his telescope quickly from Anna's hands, Julian pronounced it in a minute after his first observation, to be a boat laboring with the waves, and wind, and in spite of the best efforts of her rowers, likely to be stranded. "They will be lost!" exclaimed Kate, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, for the danger was too apparent to need further explanation.

"Now God help them!" ejaculated Julian solemnly, and on the whole party fell that awful feeling of bitter danger and sure death near, and themselves powerless to save, or to assist.

It was but, as it were, a few yards of water. But those few yards separated life from almost death. There remains for them but a short time—a short time of living despair.

Strugglers with death! could you have known how hearts on shore yearned to give you safety, could you have known how many hearts, besides those in Julian's dwelling, were wrung to agony as the thoughts of *their* husbands—*their* children—*their* parents rose within—and one thought more of *their* unfitness to meet that moment which was seen approaching you—had you known this, your efforts might have been greater even than they were.

It was life's last hazard.

Now, would that they could have known that they were watched for—prayed for—cared for—would that their closing eyes could have seen the light on the good monk's hill—that their strained and sharpened sense could

have heard the gladdening sound of that chapel bell—that the rising breeze could have borne them *hope*. But no, those days were gone, their's was the worst bitterness of death.

Was there no hope?

"Save them!" exclaimed Anna, and falling on her knees, she again said "Save them!" Who heard her?—Not her parents, she had only spoken their own secret prayer, and they scarcely knew that the bursting thought had found a voice. But another was there—Harold—He rushed from the room. The beach, the cliffs, were in a moment, as it seemed, alive with human beings.

Some strong hearts, who felt it more sweet to share danger, than to look upon it in inactivity, brought out, and manned a boat. Among these men was Harold, the first proposer, the eager hastener of the enterprize. Suddenly there was a cry, and it was passed on from the watchers on the high lands, "there are more in distress—the boat surely belongs to a vessel, on this lower side of the Dead-man's point. If she breaks from her moorings she must be lost. Any moment the rising breeze may tear her away."

Then there were further cries of direction, for two or three small fishing boats, to be brought on men's shoulders to the top of the cliff, and down the other side by a winding path, to put out to sea, for the small distance between the shore and the vessel, which was almost a wreck, to bring the crew to land. And these directions were followed valiantly. The women worked like men, and the men like giants, in strength and activity. But still, the chief interest was fixed on the small number of brave men who had gone out to help the boat; but small as their number was, more than life for life was offering.

On hearing of this vessel, Mr. Seaforth had hastened to the height from which she was observed, and Julian had instinctively followed his steps. There lay a vessel, hardly kept from dashing on the rocks, her masts gone, and her whole appearance wreck-like.

"The *Sarah*!" cried Mr. Seaforth. And a hundred voices repeated the word.

"How was she discovered?" "Who first observed her?" Were questions eagerly asked as preparations for relief went forward.

Lyas Norwoood, attracted to the sea coast by its threatening appearance, had diverged from his usual route to the town, and had come suddenly on the sight of the *Sarah*, just as the more restless of the watchers on the beach had climbed the height which united the ridge of rock called the Dead-man's point with the land.

Below the Dead-man's point, there was a dreary looking little bay of water, formed, it would seem, by the constant, and unavailing efforts of the waves to surmount that steep and rocky boundary, which, jutting out so far into the ocean, had earned for itself its threatening name. It was in this little bay, that the *Sarah* was anchored. Only those who knew well, that dangerous mooring, could have ventured on so bold a measure.

Mr. Seaforth was full of activity; John Julian stood in tranquil wonder; but amid the bustle, his absorbed contemplative state, was not observed.

Suddenly Lyas Norwood was at Mr. Seaforth's side. "There is another," he said.

Another? Another?—What mean you?

"Another vessel. She has tried to turn the point and failed. She is on the rocks, and cannot last much longer. Come to the height and see. There are a few poor fellows clinging to the masts; but the tide is going out, and strongly too. She cannot last. She is going to pieces now. Every wave tells upon her."

"See, see, some of the men are washed off! Are we then to see death before our eyes, and be unable to send succor? Again, again—They cannot battle with their fate. They are worn out. Another, and another is washed off—Holy angels, what a sight. It is maddening, to behold it. Ah! a cry—what a note of agony!"

With such exclamations the beholders pressed their hands to their eyes, to shut out the terror they could not lessen, and some ran away a few steps, and others turned their backs on the awful woe, and stamped the ground in agony of mind, and a few fell upon their knees, and here and there, were seen on stern rough faces, hard-wrung tears.

Meanwhile, life was being given back to all on board the *Sarah*. Boat after boat safely gave in its living cargo, and such arrangements were being made, as would put the vessel in a position of safety, until she could be brought into the port.

The joyful proceedings now brought crowds from the beach to the scene of landing; all came but a few; those few whose hearts were with the adventurous in charity, whose fate was not yet sure.

Among those who had collected on the

highest ridges was Ralph Seaforth. He was the only one who felt no gladness at the sight of the *Sarah*. He stood angry, disappointed, revengeful; all that had occurred was as plain to Ralph Seaforth as if, there before him, the history of the last few months had been spread out.

The *Sarah* had captured a Spanish vessel, and Mr. Seaforth had just learned that the Spanish vessel was conveying an enormous amount of gold.

Let us leave the bustle and excitement of saving the half-dead creatures from the vessels on the rocks. All is doing for them that human effort can accomplish. Let us leave them, and turn to the beach, where multitudes are gathered, to welcome the boat which has just brought its burthen to the shore.

There was Anna Julian, and there her good mother also. And there was every woman and child who had seen husband, son, or father embark on board the *Sarah*.

Of those brought from the wrecks, few could climb the steep way to the town without assistance. It was all going on steadily and with quiet arrangements, and purposely with as little excitement and noise as possible. It was well to avoid the trial which loud grief and lamentation might prove to some, whose spirits seemed hovering between this world and the next. As silently then as possible, and with all speed the sufferers were taken to the places prepared for them; and they were conveyed to the town, not by the beach, on which so many were gathered, but by another, rather longer, but more quiet road, through a ravine in the cliff.

Anna had never moved from the beach on which she still stood, and where at last her mother joined her. She had heard of the vessel jammed in among the rocks, beyond the Dead-man's point. She had known of the multitude swerving that way; of some returning; of others gathering about them; of the sands being again filled with watchers. But what the senses took in, the heart never responded to. It was the boat and its fate that occupied her. The thing doing she knew to be full of danger, but that it was *right*, and that it *must* be done, she also knew—not once for an instant, did she wish they had never gone. But out with them had gone her heart—she was standing on the sands, but there—far off on the sea—there, where her eyes are fixed, there is her heart, there is her sense of being, there is her better part, as if for a time the soul had left the body, yet given it not up to death, but left it waiting till it should return.

It was cold, and the wind was rough and boisterous, and the people about her were looking up with anxious faces to the threatening skies. But Anna felt no cold, nor heard the wind, nor thought of where she was.

Every now and then it was thought that the laboring boat had sunk. Shrieks told the heart's dread. But Anna uttered no sound, no, not a sigh; she felt neither fear nor hope; the heart was still—quite still—no passion heaved it—it seemed to have left her—it was out on the sea, where the dark speck on the waters told of the laboring charities of the devoted few.

Some standing by were calculating the time. They were saying how long in fair weather it would take to row that distance. Some said that the rowers had been long, too long, that they had made no way, that they would never reach the perilled boat in time, that they would themselves be cast upon the bar, that they had better never have gone, and that they wished that they had some one with them who would say "turn back."

But not one anxiety passed through Anna's mind. There, there was no sense of time, no calculation of danger, no desire to change the past. In a trance-like state of waiting she stood, and still her fixed eyes were on the boat. She scarcely knew where she was, she scarcely heard what passed: she had no thought of her life past, or her life to come; no sense of anything but of the moment then with her—and not till those brave men had gained their perilled brothers side not till the words pealed forth around her; "They return, they return"—not till assurances passed about that the tide would help them; that they were nearing fast; that they were coming on bravely; that danger was over; that they were safe, they were safe—not till then did she hear and feel; and not till they were near enough, for her to see *one* who was called the best and bravest of all, did she tremble; and not till his feet touched the sand, amid the ringing cheers of those around did she drop against a friendly rock, and weep tears that would not cease till they had left the long pent-up fountain dry.

The women wept, and the men ceased their loud cheers, to grasp Harold's hand, and tell him that the brave deed was his, for that he had put the thought into hearts that would never have dared to attempt what they had accomplished, but for him. The five men

saved, were all men of Watermouth; fathers, husbands, and sons. The other sufferers were almost forgotten. In that moment of success, they would carry the men home in the boat that had saved them. The thought was no sooner spoken, than the thing was done. Immediately the boat was raised on men's shoulders, and with cheers and cries of joy, surrounded by almost all the persons who had collected on the beach, the men so bravely saved, were borne off triumphantly. But Harold stayed, and looked at Anna. He turned from her to her mother. Kate Julian's bright eyes were running over with gladness, love, and admiration. Harold put his hand in her's; she pressed it, raised it to her lips, left a mother's kiss upon it, and said; "Heaven will reward you!"

There was a deep glow on the young man's cheek, and his eyes dilated with a soft and peculiar light. "Let us go home," he said, "Anna, let us go home, Anna!" He dwelt upon the name. It seemed to have a sound upon it, that it had never borne before. He did not try to suppress its music, he said it again—"Anna!" She looked up. He saw that she had heard it.

That night Mr. Seaforth had said to Julian that he was rich. "Any position purchaseable by wealth is yours, Mr. Julian. I am glad that such singular good fortune should have fallen on one of such distinguished integrity of character. Not a creature in Watermouth but will rejoice at your success, sir—success! Yes, indeed—great, quite unparallelled success. For myself, I really can scarcely yet believe it. Good night—bear my congratulations to Mrs. Julian—and think of your son! Dear me," continued the kind merchant—"it could not have occurred to a better man. Just the very person to do credit to it. All things in a good train for its right using; I heartily rejoice!" And there, just where Mr. Seaforth had first heard the secret of Julian's store, did they now take leave. Mr. Seaforth made this a time for insisting on his brother accepting a sum of money, enough to secure his future independance. He bestowed ten thousand pounds on Ralph. But when pressed to allow him to take the command of his next vessel, he hesitated, avoided an answer, and when obliged to reply said; "that Ralph had so much lost him the respect and confidence of many whose good opinion he valued, that, he would not promise to employ him again, till there was an improvement in his character and habits.

Ralph heard in silence; he heard, and as he heard he determined in his mind that it was John Julian's respect and confidence that his brother disliked the thought of losing.

He looked upon him more surely than ever as his enemy, and hated him accordingly. Many and bitter were the promises he made that day in his heart against him. And, forgetting that he had no proof to go upon, he murmured to himself; "well, if I am his enemy, he made me so; he must take the consequences. If he cuts me out of my share of the wealth which he gathers in so richly for himself, he must not be surprised to find my hand in his treasures, helping myself in my own way." And then the thought of Anna Julian rose to his mind, and he went away with the stirring of all evil passions in his breast.

At John Julian's, better thoughts were working in a better mind. Harold was thinking that the time was come for him to say that he loved Anna Julian. And at Lullingstone, Lord Westrey heard of the arrival of the *Sarah*, and was very glad. Lady Westrey and Mary were in London. Lord Westrey had only come to Lullingstone for a few days, on business. On hearing the news he rode to Watermouth to congratulate Mr. Seaforth. Mr. Seaforth mentioned John Julian to Lord Westrey, and Lord Westrey felt that it was one of those emergencies in a man's life when he wants a friend.

He was soon seated in the quiet little parlor with the low window looking out upon the sea.

That cheerful little chamber, with its antique furniture, its chair from old Dyrbington, and its now emptied iron chest. How often had Julian sat just where Lord Westrey now was sitting, gazing on the sea, with eyes, as it were, enchained, and his whole self stilled, oppressed by a feeling prophetic of what had now come to pass. And now that it had come; now that he was rich, and certain of being richer, there was in his heart a want unsupplied, which money could not purchase. He wanted to be relieved of impertinent gossiping assiduities. He wanted to rise quietly, without any noise, and rude wondering congratulations. All that verged on loud mob-clamor was dreadful to him, even in idea. To him it was nothing astonishing that John Julian should be a rich man. It was that of which he had thought from youth to age. He had expected it. Yes, for long years he had looked out for the time that had now come; the present was

but the realization of the expectations of the past. And he had prepared for it. He had placed his son where he might have education equal to his fortune. He had brought up his daughter with a care which could not be exceeded. He had kept her always by his, or by her mother's side. He had guarded her from all acquaintances, and he had given her so much education as to make it an easy thing for her to advance to greater things. Had he ever, in any transaction of life, in any calculation that bore upon the future, forgotten for a moment that he must one day be rich—*must* be rich? He heard Lord Westrey's voice, and his heart beat quickly, and freely, relieved immediately of half its load. "Anything I can do for you? Julian, you know how sincere are our feelings of regard for you and your wife, and"—

"Lord Westrey—thank you—hear me"—interrupted Julian "I am rich, very rich, I never wanted a friend before, but to have one now—and such a one as yourself—is surely all that I want to crown my good fortune. But have you time to spare, for I have much to say?" Lord Westrey smiled. He thought that he had never heard Julian speak so directly to the point in his life before. "The whole day is at your service, if you please," he answered.

"Less than that will do, my lord. But you must hear a long story. First, however, I am rich. Lord Westrey, I am worth seventy thousand pounds, and expect to be worth much more."

Lord Westrey uttered an exclamation of surprise. He had thought of two or three thousand at the utmost. This announcement perfectly astonished him.

"How glad I am that I called," he exclaimed immediately. "Trust to *me* Julian—keep out of the way of all vulgar harpies. Think of your children—your charming girl, and that fine boy, your dear excellent Edward—seventy thousand!—what a situation for you to be in—I know not what to say, but that I am glad, very, very glad"—and Lord Westrey grasped Julian's hand with true-hearted warmth.

" Lord Westrey, you can be everything to me and the children that we want," said Julian.

"I will then," said Lord Westrey emphatically.

"But I have always been rich," continued Julian musingly.

"You, rich, always, what?" Lord Westrey's manner roused Julian from the reverie into which he seemed to be sinking.

"Yes, always," he repeated with animation. "And this is the story I want you to hear—but Kate must come, she has never known of this store, she "——

"Mrs. Julian never known? A secret store of money, all these years, and your wife never known?—Julian?"

"Its true, my Lord; she knows no more of what I am going to tell, than you do."

"What did you do with it—where did you keep it—how long have you had it—this is the most extraordinary thing certainly, that ever occurred!"

"I kept it in that small iron chest," said Julian, quietly pointing to where it stood in its usual place. "And I have had it ever since my father died, and his father gave it to him, and so from generation to generation it came on; but the world is different in some things to what it has been—Edward is different to me—things pressed it upon me that the time for the gold lying quiet in its old place was over. And, somehow, I always knew that it would bring riches. I always knew that when sent out it would come back—and so it has. But here comes Kate."

In half-an-hour's time Kate, in Lord Westrey's presence, had heard her husband's story. She heard with astonishment, and a sensation almost amounting to fear. Kate could only weep and wring her hands and sob forth that she did not like this wealth. So, Lord Westrey, having sent away her husband, was obliged to put some facts before her eyes with rather remarkable plainness. They were, that her husband was decidedly what the world would call an odd man; that, nevertheless, his children were now raised to a position in which they would be remarked upon by the world—not always the kindest in its judgments; and that the happiness and success of her offspring depended upon herself. Kate heard, and felt that all she heard was true. It was not a case in which there was any choice allowed to her. The thing had come—the time had arrived—certain responsibilities were her's, and she was lifted to a place which she must fill, and on the discharge of her duties depended her children's happiness, almost their respectability. "Perhaps," Lord Westrey had added, on saying this, "perhaps this is putting the case in its utmost strength; Edward could no doubt get on by himself, and Anna, might be driven to assert her rights; but let me say, that you will teach your children a bad lesson if you

teach them to do without you. Great as the exertion may be, you are capable of being all that they will require, and that is what you must set yourself to be. Lady Westrey will be all that an affectionate friend can be, but *you* must be *yourself*—not what you have been, but what you now are; and let me add one thing more, and I say it without flattery, there never was a woman better calculated to meet the responsibilities of an elevated position. You have but to think of how much depends upon you, to accomplish it all with admirable ability and grace. There never was any nonsense or pretence about you. You have quietness of mind, and courage, and a plain straightforward way of seeing things—" Mrs. Julian was smiling through her tears. "There," continued his lordship, "there, you will have accustomed your mind to all these changes in half-an-hour, and by to-morrow morning no one will know by Mrs. Julian's manner that her husband had ever a less balance at his bankers than he has at present. You must think of telling your boy now," said Lord Westrey, when Julian returned.

"I do not wish my lord that he should know all that I have been telling you, about that old gold in the chest. It is, I think, sufficient for Edward to know that I had money, and used it, and that it has multiplied to that which I now possess. The secret of the long-descended store is safe with you, my wife, and Mr. Seaforth. And I think it had better never go any further."

"You are right," said Lord Westrey, after a moment's thought. "Yes, you are right. I think that it will be best to tell Edward in this way. You continue your connections with Mr. Seaforth?"

"Yes," said Julian, "I reserve thirty thousand pounds for my wife and children, and the rest, with the exception of two thousand, to meet the expenses of my change of position, is to remain in Mr. Seaforth's hands, to be used again. This was his own suggestion."

"Very well; quite right and judicious," said Lord Westrey. "Now let me advise you about Edward. Let me send Mr. Parker to Oxford. He can take a note from you, and another from me. Edward must be told that you have made a beginning of unexpected success. So much so, that you are going to leave your present abode and commence another style of living. By the by, where will you go? Edward ought to be told all at once, I think."

"Your father's favorite spot, Mayfield, is empty," said Julian. "Your steward told me a short time since that you wanted a tenant."

"The very thing for you," exclaimed Lord Westrey. "I shall like extremely to have you there. And a prudent choice too," he continued smiling, "you may do the place justice on eight hundred a year."

Mayfield stood immediately on the outskirts of the town, on the road to Dyrbington.

"Then," continued Lord Westrey, "Mr. Parker is to tell your son that you are going into Mayfield immediately, and that, on his return in summer, he will find that place his home; and," — Lord Westrey paused and laughed—"and *if you can afford it*, a horse for him to ride will be in the stables. Ah!" he said, and laughed again, "we have to be very careful with these youths; they know so little of money that they are led to believe what the first extravagant fellow they meet with tells them, and half ruin us before we know that they have ever dared to change a guinea without a sigh. Ah! Mrs. Julian does not believe a word I say. Well, but I shall do as I have said; and now let us leave Edward; he will do well enough I dare say, and speak about the other—about Anna."

Mrs. Julian's face was lighted up by a sweet tender smile; but over Julian's countenance there passed quickly an expression of vehement interest which only by a strong effort he controlled. "She is almost sixteen," Julian went on in answer to Lord Westrey's enquiries. "She has had some pains taken with her; not that she has been to any school, I was afraid of her making acquaintances. She writes an excellent hand, and as to reading—you know the books that Lady Westrey has, at various times, bestowed upon her; history, and biographies: well, the volumes are not many, but she knows them almost by heart—I think that there will not be much trouble about her English education."

"You must let me tell this to Lady Westrey, and when you have heard what she advises, you must agree between yourselves whether or not you will abide by her decision."

"No fear of that!" ejaculated Julian.

"Then," said Lord Westrey, "we have now got full instructions for Parker; and as soon as I get back to town I will send him down to Oxford. Do you want me to do anything more for you. Have you told Anna?"

"I shall tell her to-night," said Julian. And then, after more thanks, and more assurances of kindness, Lord Westrey departed. Julian feeling that his visit to them had not been the

least wonderful of the events that had occurred, for it had led to the education of his darling Anna being placed in the hands of the very family into which—the whispering voice within never quite pronounced the thing that might be.

The evening came; a calm, still evening; for the late storms had spent their strength, and had left nature again to her repose. Within the house the mother's quiet step was heard as she went about her household work.

As yet there was only the knowledge of change in that mother's breast, there was no visible token of that which had come upon them. As it had been a month before, so was it then. The same neat, matronly figure, in the sad-colored gown and fair white apron, laid the neatly-spread table, for their usual meal. And still the slight graceful figure of a young girl, came and went, passed and repassed, assisting in the household work. That fair girl, in the dark winter dress lit the fire in the grate, which her own hands had that morning brightened, then ran down to the kitchen, and brought thence the steaming kettle, and having, with her mother, concluded the usual arrangements, disappeared to come again, with washed hands, and blooming face, and glossy ringlets parted on her fair young brow, to wait her father's entrance.

Perhaps the operations had been conducted rather more silently than usual, and perhaps the mother's eye had oftener wandered to her daughter's form, and had longer rested there. We dwell purposely on this evening, because there were hearts from which its memory never passed away. We like to think of Anna in her humble, but not degrading toil; we like to follow her to her small chamber, and see her as she made her simple adornments, because we are soon to take leave of such things, and to see them again no more.

When she returned to her mother, Harold was in the room. Four days had passed since the shipwreck, and to all they had been days of less labor than usual. Anna and Harold had been a good deal together, and to their mutual pleasure. It was not that Harold talked, and made himself what is commonly called an agreeable companion to Anna, for he said very little; neither was it that Anna talked to him, for she was seldom inclined to speak, when he was by. But it was that, in his presence there was an influence which she felt, and in which she rejoiced; an influence which produced pleasure, that was called forth by nothing else. And now that she saw Harold, her cheek blushed brightly, yet she advanced to him with a radiant smile. "I have not seen you all day," she said.

"I have been with my father," he replied.

They were simple words, yet Kate looked up anxiously. She looked at Harold. He was standing, gazing with a frank smile on Anna. A sudden sense fell on Kate's mind of his uncommon beauty, and of the charm with which his peculiar manner invested him. She had always known, as she afterwards said, that "he was not in anything like a common youth." One moment told Mrs. Julian the truth. One look at her dear Anna's blushing cheek as she met Harold's eye a second time; one other look at Harold, over whose face each feeling of the heart passed always in the unchecked freedom of the innocence which dares be bold, and where she had never seen the passage of a thought that required rebuke, and Mrs. Julian knew all.

The door opened, but no one saw it—Julian entered, but no one observed him.

"Harold!" exclaimed Mrs. Julian—there was a nervous tremor in the tone, and it thrilled through Anna's heart with a terror hitherto unknown—"Harold!"

"Yes, yes," he answered, and advanced to her, "you too have loved, and you know"——

"Hush," said a voice deep and low, stifled in its strength by the very intensity of the feelings that produced it. "Hush" cried the same voice, but all ungovernably loud, and more terrible than if it had gathered power from anger, for it was the cry of a heart troublingly gazing into the depths of despair—"Hush!"

It was Julian who spoke. All were silent—he advanced slowly, and as if a sudden palsy had robbed him of his strength. Anna and her mother looked and trembled; but Harold knew no fear, but spoke again: "I ask," he said, now addressing Julian—But again came that one word "Hush!"—as if Julian could say no more. There was a moment of terrible silence. Anna stood, the picture of meek stillness; her hands clasped, her figure drooping, her slow tears falling without sob or other sound.

Harold with anxious gestures advanced to Julian. He evidently knew not what was meant. He looked at him most lovingly; gently grasped his hand, and in soft, and tender, yet enquiring accents said: "My

friend?" The words recalled Julian to himself, and to a recollection of the character with which he had to deal.

"Yes, Harold," he answered "but *her* friend too!"

The youth gave a start, and then answered with a look of joyful acquiescense.

"Her friend too," repeated Julian; and still holding Harold's hand, he advanced to his daughter's side. "Anna," he went on, "I had something to tell you to night, and when I entered the room just now, I had come to tell it. I will tell it now, before Harold, for it concerns us all. It is a matter of great moment, Anna; unknown to your mother till this morning: when I told her before Lord Westrey."

Anna looked up into her father's face. Her interest was awakened, but on her gently-tinged cheek the large tears still lay.

"I have become, my child, unexpectedly rich; yes Anna rich, *very* rich, with expectations of being yet richer; so that my children must take their place among the higher ranks of life. Mr. Parker is to be sent to Oxford by Lord Westrey's kindness, to tell your brother. It will be necessary for us to act consistently, and we shall immediately leave this house; we are going to live at Mayfield. Lady Westrey will point out the best way of fitting you for your future station in life. At your age the ways of cultivated society are soon learnt, and such accomplishments as are required will not be difficult of attainment. I should have told your mother and yourself what your possible position would be before, had not the affairs in which I have been engaged been attended with such risk."

Anna turned her still pale face away from him, and fixed her eyes, which had lost all expression on Harold. He answered her look, with one of earnest steadfastness. All trace of the open ardor of unconcealed affection had passed away; and in its stead there was that which spoke of long endurance, and patient hope. Not a word did he speak; but he never took his eyes from the object of his powerful love. Still he looked at her, as if the longer he looked, the surer he was to see her again, and never lose her more; still he looked, as if the feeling of certainty grew upon his soul as he gazed.

Then, for a moment, he turned to Julian and extended his hand; it was grasped with a pressure intended to convey something of the mingled emotions in Julian's breast. Then to that good mother Harold turned, and his heart of honest courage trembled, as he looked at her. But quickly he grew strong again. It is the knowledge of faithlessness that makes man fear. Harold knew not what faithlessness was. His heart was only conscious of fidelity. He did not offer his hand to Kate Julian—he saw her mother's face of tears and smiles, of love and sorrow blended, and he laid his head for one moment on her shoulder, and threw his arms around her with a son's embrace. In another moment he was at the door, and stopping for one last look.

Still Anna's full sad eye was upon him with the calm gaze of a statue. But at that very moment there were rushing thoughts within her breast, as if another self was imprisoned there.

"Stop him! He must not go," said those agitated thoughts. "Give him one glance; speak but a word; advance a single step; Oh! stretch forth your hand only, and all will be done," urged wildly that imprisoned self; and still went on: He goes; the time is passing; another moment, and it will be for ever too late; the wealth that raises you might it not raise him? The influences that are to fit you for another station, would they be powerless upon him? Now—this instant—he goes—Oh! one effort!

But though Anna's eyes were fixed where Harold stood she did not see him. The rushing thoughts and wild enquiries within were answered by a vision which seemed to hide him from her sight. There was the log-hut in the forest; and Lyas Norwood; and there was a mazy sense of something that had conveyed her far, far, far away from it all. Between her and them there was a sense as of boundless space. The sound of work and toil had died away; the ear could no longer catch the voices it had known before. But suddenly that vision passed, dispelled by a short sound. Anna started—saw things in their reality once more—it was the closing of the door that she had heard, and Harold was gone.

And long years afterwards she was glad that it had been so. With a fervent thankfulness, impossible to describe, she was glad that that involuntary whirlwind of passion had found no vent—she was glad that he had departed without a word, look, or sign—with no other encouragement than that which his own brave heart afforded to itself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME TO ME."

Now, at last, to-morrow morning
Comes the slowly-creeping hour,
Sacrist, go, the shrine adorning,
Trim the lamp, and range the flower.

Children's little hearts are beating
At the thought of joy so near,
At the happy thought of meeting
ONE to children ever dear.

Save you, little maidens, save you,
Joy, O joy, this blessed eve,
In their keeping angels have you,
Christ your early vows receive.

Roughly spreads the world before you,
Softly may the coming day
Hover with its memories o'er you,
Far along your darkling way.

Morning dawns; the lamps are lighted,
Organ-music gently rolls;
Children's happy vows are plighted
To the Lord of virgin-souls.

One alone, in all that gladness,
One sweet face alone is sad,
One fair face in mask of sadness,
Grieves when all around is glad.

She, a maiden all too tender,
So they deem her, in their fear
For her fitness; so they send her
Back to wait another year.

Vainly, vainly she besought them,
Vainly for thrice thirty days,
Till a wondrous vision taught them
Genial judgments, kinder ways.

She the beauteous Rite admiring,
Dimly through a mist of tears,
Something in her heart inspiring
Solace swift for all their fears.

Now the Rite is almost ended,
Heaven has entered many a heart;
Joy and weeping, sweetly blended,
Bearing in the Rite a part.

Back the aged Priest is turning,
Slowly climbs the altar-stair;
Lo! the Holy One, returning,
Glides above the kneelers there.

O'er the maiden's forehead gleaming,
Poised above her, clear and still,
As the Star of morn, when beaming
Brightly o'er the Eastern hill.

Reverend Father quick descending,
Give Him to His chosen one;
Doubt and trial, question ending,
Simple love hath won, hath won.

Soon the darling maiden sickened,
Sickened of her long desire
Thus fulfilled; her pulses quickened
By a fever's wasting fire.

Dying, whispered: "Joys oppress me,
Now my cup o'erflows its brim;
Yesterday, He came to bless me,
But, to day, I go to Him."

J. A. S.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. VII.—BRITAIN IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.

While the Church of Britain was suffering from the heresy of Pelagius, the country was invaded by barbarians. They had in vain asked aid from Rome in a letter addressed to the General Ætius, and which was entitled "The groans of the Britons." After describing their sufferings they say: "The sea drives us to the barbarians, and the barbarians drive us back to the sea; thus we are tossed to and fro between two kinds of death." But though the Bishop of Rome had power to send his legate against the heretics, the Emperor was unable to defend even Italy against the northern hordes who continued to pour down from the Alps, like the successive waves of the flowing tide; and the Britons, enervated by prosperity, were abandoned to their foes. Early in the fifth century the Saxons had made inroads on the coasts which lay most opportune for their landing from the German and Belgian territories where they were already established; and while they made a descent upon the Eastern side, the Picts attacked the Britons in another direction. They fled for aid to the holy bishops, St. Germanus, and the Gallic prelate who attended him; and these inspired them with courage, and labored to prepare them, not only for battle, but for baptism. Thus, says Bede, Christ himself commanded in their camps; and the holy season of Lent approaching, the people were instructed by daily sermons. Most of the army desired baptism, and a church of twisted boughs was set up in the camp for the festival of Easter. The soldiers were still wet with the baptismal waters when they advanced against the enemy, who approached to attack, as they thought, an unarmed host. But St. Germanus, who had himself been in his youth a soldier, placed himself at their head, and drew up his men in a valley said to be near the village now called Mold, in Flintshire. When the enemy approached, those who had been placed in ambush started up, and the word "alleluia" was thrice given by St. Germanus. The soldiers repeated it with an universal shout, and the holy sounds reveberated from the hills, and terrified the enemy, so that the Britons gained a complete victory, and the field of Maes-y-Garmon still retains the name of St. Germanus. The battle was fought on the banks of the river Alen, in which the army had been baptized, and the enemy fled so hastily that many were lost as they attempted to cross that

stream; "the Christians fout and now the Pagans grave." The Britons beheld their destruction without the loss of a single man, and they rejoiced in the success which God had given them through the intercession of the blessed St. Alban.

But it was not possible that a luxuriant and immoral people should be long secure from punishment, and their king, Vortigern, by his crimes, seems to have hastened the vengeance of God. He had usurped the throne, and, as historians say, he gained it by murder. In vain had St. Germanus attempted to convert him by the most powerful persuasions, and in vain, as regards the conversion of the southern Britons, had he founded a Cathedral at Llandaff and placed St. Dubritius in the Episcopal see, where numbers of disciples and students gathered round him, and the annals of canonization are full of British saints who preached among the people the necessity of averting by penance the coming evil. While the Church enjoyed a golden age, the State was on the brink of ruin. A plague first ravaged the populous island; and it brought upon the nation misery without amendment, and, says Bede, those who survived the pestilence were not drawn from the spiritual death of their sins. The people "nothing bettered by these judgments," instead of acknowledging the hand of heaven, ran to the palace of Vortigern, to ask how they should escape the inroads of the Northern tribes," and he gave the fatal counsel which brought the Saxons into Britain, and destroyed the sovereignty of the Celts, though not their race, manners, and language. At the king's desire, ambassadors were sent to the Saxon council, requesting them to take pity on their distress, and deliver them from their enemies. The Saxon senators who governed the nation in times of peace, accepted the proposal, and two brothers of the royal race of Woden, Hengist and Horsa, were chosen leaders of the expedition. A mixed multitude of Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, came over in their long ships, and landed at Wipped's fleet, in the Isle of Thanet. Vortigern received the chiefs at Canterbury, and Hengist told him, that it was their custom to migrate as they were now doing, and Vortigern received them as allies, and gave them as much land as Hengist could surround with an ox-hide; but according to the ancient deception, he cut it into strips, and fixed himself in a place called Thong Castle. The enemies were soon defeated, but the Briton's found that their deliverers were become their masters. Fresh bands of Saxons landed on different parts of the coast, and Vortigern fascinated by the beauty of Rowena, daughter of Hengist, married her, though he was nominally a christian, and she a heathen, brought up to believe the dark mythology of the Scandinavians. This last infatuation rendered the Britons desperate; they abandoned their king, and took for their leader, the brave and virtuous Vortuner, son of Vortigern, by a former wife, and under him they had a short-lived success. He was poisoned by Rowena, and then Vortigern met the due reward of his sins. He endeavored to unite the Britons in a firm peace with the Saxons, and the chiefs of both nations attended Vortigern and Hengist to a solemn feast, on the plain where now stand the wonderful pillars of Stonehenge. The treacherous Saxon had commanded his followers to place themselves so that each Briton should have a Saxon on either hand, and while they feasted, each Saxon at a given signal, stabbed the Briton at his side. Vortigern escaped, but soon after died miserably, and as some say, struck by lightning, in a solitary town at Rhiuader Gowy, in Radnorshire, whither he had fled for concealment.

This invasion of the Saxons became a permanent conquest, and altered the name of Briton to that of England, and the race of its inhabitants from Celts to Saxons, whose language is that which we speak at present; and it is a startling proof of our descent from those ferocious heathens that the days of the week are named in our language, after their gods, as Wednesday from Woden, Thursday from Thor, and so on. And there is still the eager pursuit of gain so characteristic of that determined race, phlegmatic in their passions, and indefatigable in their enterprises. But when these savages became Christians we have reason to bless God for the transformation of their vices into virtues; the reckless pirate became a zealous missionary, and the dull and worldly soldier a devoted ascetic; they labored in sacred studies, and retaining that purity which was their only natural virtue, they filled the monasteries with holy monks and nuns, while bishops and priests, and hermits were canonized with them, and attained with them the crown of martyrdom. The national characteristics, as well as the faith of our ancestors have then descended to us; but while we see the fair complexion and robust figure, the calm and plodding temperament of the race, we have to deplore, as a nation, the loss of that virtue which formerly rendered the northern barbarians a reproach to the civilized barbarians whom they subdued.

THE AFFAIRS OF ITALY.

Ten years have just passed over since his present Holiness, Pius IX, was elevated to the chair of St. Peter. Scarcely had he ascended the Pontifical throne when he manifested an earnest sympathy with popular institutions, and showed an enlightened zeal for reform in all the civil departments of the state. His actions won for him the eulogies even of the most venomous enemies of the Popes and the Papal system. Ten years in the history even of a life is a brief period—much more brief is it in the history of a sovereign and a state. Yet it is not out of place to resort to these transactions in reference to the condition of Italy, of which we hear so much to day, and which will inevitably excite even more attention to-morrow. Every day's occurrences convince us more and more of this fact; and the whole course of public events proves that for this we have not long to wait. And we deem it necessary to advert to this decennial period, because we find that to-day, the same Pius IX who was then the model of a Reformer, and an example to all princes, is now denounced as a tyrant, and his reputation is assailed by our Parliamentary chiefs, and is stigmatised in our journals, as a virulent opponent of all that is liberal and enlightened in modes of government. Ten years since His Holiness was all that was noble in disposition and comprehensive in capacity—at this hour the same men tell us he is all that is narrow and bigoted. Now whence is this? Let us see. We have stated that Pius IX began his reign as a Reformer and we may indicate a few of those Reforms which emanated from his enlightened mind.

In this country, whether from our insular position, or the self-sufficiency of our national faith—of course we mean Protestantism, which never admits the existence of a virtue outside it—or from a combination of both, we are under the firm persuasion that municipal institutions are, somehow or other, connected with the Reformation. It cannot, therefore, be out of place to say that it is to Catholic times and Catholic countries we owe the existence of municipalities. The French revolution had, from its peculiar circumstances, much influence in Italy. Wherever the arms of Napoleon reached, there the Code-Napoleon was also introduced. That this Code or system of laws, had great merits is apparent from the fact that many countries preserved it, after the mighty author's power was crumbled into nothingness. In Italy its operation is still felt. The prevailing principle of this Code as of his system of goverment, was centralization; and of course this principle conflicts with corporate institutions. They suffered in Italy, therefore, and lost much of their vitality—a vitality they had not recovered when Pius IX commenced to rule the patrimony of the Church. It was one of his first steps to revive the municipalities of the state he was called upon to govern. Guilds and corporate bodies grew up beside the Church and under its influence, and yet men who forgot that Catholicity is not a thing of yesterday, and depends not upon a Reform Act, or the Privy Council, or a legislature, were astonished at the temerity of the policy which confided in the people. Pius IX, who knew history, judged otherwise, and the Romans saw their civic institutions resuscitated. But His Holiness did not stop here. He had before his elevation to the Pontificate administered an Archdiocese in that portion of the dominions of the Pope termed "the Legations;" these Legations have a separate administration from that of the Roman States, and this administration His Holiness rendered more in accordance with the tendencies of the age, and no doubt with the material advantage of the inhabitants. His Holiness knew the wants of these people and he was cognizant of their aspirations. He supplied the one, and indulged the other.

It is no part of our business to deny, and it is certainly not our belief, that the Roman administration did not need Reform then, or that it does not need Reform now. Christ committed to His disciples an infallible system of religion—not of government. For "His Kingdom is not of this world." The religion of Rome—that of the Catholic world, we know needs no change. Why? Because it is Divine. The Roman government like other governments we know nearer home, may be susceptible of improvement—for it is human.

Having reformed the government of the Legations, His Holiness next constituted a senate and a chamber of representatives. And in order that the energies of his subjects might have the fullest constitutional development, whatever post of trust, emolument, or honor, was not directly connected with ecclesiastical affairs, he committed to the exclusive administration of laymen. All this was done in a few short months—much within "one little year" from the date of the Pontificate of Pius IX. Before the year 1847 had expired, there was not in all Europe a country possessing broader and more comprehensive constitutional rights, or more thorough constitutional development,

than the States of the Sovereign Pontiff. During all this time nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the people for the Pope, or their zeal in the practices of Religion. The world echoed the praises of the Roman Sovereign, and they who hated the Faith of Pius, had encomiums wrung from their unwilling lips, for his merits as a constitutional Reformer, and his virtues as a monarch.

Italian hopes ran high, and that tradition of Empire over all Italy, from the Abruzzi to the Alps, that vain shadow of the past which gilds the idle vision of the Roman, was resuscitated. Pius IX was more than a hero. He had the grandeur of conception, and the comprehensive intellect of the chief; he had, moreover, the *prestige* and the virtues of the Pope. And then came 1848, with its barricades and revolutions, and overthrow of dynasties and integration of Republicanism; and then followed rapidly its reverses, and the overthrow of freedom, and despotism restored. The year 1848 found Italy in a flame, and nothing would satisfy "young Italy" but the expulsion of Austria and the establishment of an Italian republic. The Lombards flew to arms and the Venetians reared again the glorious standard of St. Mark, and a Confederation of the several states of Italy, northwards of the patrimony of the Church, was established with the avowed intention of driving the German beyond the Alps. And then from the mouth of the Tiber to the summit of the Apennines; and from the Gulf of Genoa to the extremity of Lombardy; and from the mouth of the Po to the hills of Savoy, arose that cry of liberty, and was heard that manifestation of the ancient spirit of the people, who from the walls of eternal Rome ruled the destinies of mankind. The enthusiasm of the scholar and the patriot responded to their aspirations. Again was recognised the distinction between the Transtevere and the Barbarian, and men prayed that victory might attend upon the Tricolor of Italy, and defeat drive back the Austrian eagle. But events happened differently. After enthusiasm came jealousy, and jealousy propagated division, and division brought defeat. Patriotism succumbed to ambition, and individual aggrandisement was preferred to that of country. The Austrian triumphed, and the Roman submitted to the "Barbarian."

Of this movement which began in ambition and ended in disaster the Pope was made the victim. The incident is disagreeable, but it is brief. As soon as the spirit of Italian freedom assumed consistency, and the States showed symptoms of unity, the late King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, thrust himself into the van. The Sardinian monarchs have long been known to covet an Italian kingdom, which should embrace all the States of Italy to the north of the dominions of the Sovereign Pontiff. Of course, one means towards this end is a loud protestation of especial Italian policy and feeling. But somehow or other, the Italians will not believe it genuine; and our own opinion is that, although Victor is so especial a favorite with England at this moment, the aspirations of the Savoyard are far from their realization. In 1848 Charles Albert believed his hour of destiny had come, and that the possession of Lombardy would enable him to swallow up the smaller States, Tuscany, Parma, and the rest, at leisure. When this was done the Pope might be used—or crushed as occasion answered. An Italian League was proposed, of which the Pope was to be chief, and His Holiness understanding that the League should be fiscal, not political, acceded. Some theoretical Italians speculated at this time upon a Federal Republic, of which Rome should be the capital, and the Popes perpetual Presidents. The desire for soldiering was then at its height, and Charles Albert and his friends suggested that the League should have an army. What son of Italy could say no to this patriot intent? The suggestion was adopted, and as, of course, the Pope could not be expected to take the command, a general would be needed, and it need not be said that the choice of the Sardinian king was a necessity. Here was a great step gained. The Savoyard would have nothing to do with a Republic, but if Republic there must be, it was a clear advantage to be at the head of the army.

Pius IX saw clearly what motives swayed his neighbors; he was not, however, long allowed to entertain any doubts, for their next step was to declare war against Austria, and in this act the Pope was required to co-operate, as head of the Italian League. The plea was urged that there was no League for war, but for customs. And the Head of the Church reminded those who called for this measure that the Austrians were Catholics as well as the Italians, and that He was the Father of all the Faithful. As an Italian, he had proved himself the friend of Italian freedom; but as Pope, he could not countenance a war between the children of the Church, much less could he proclaim himself a party to so unholy a contest. He could not, and did not approve of the war then contemplated against Austria, believing that Italian freedom could be secured

without resort to bloodshed. He could not think the desolation of the country was the best means of promoting, either the liberty or happiness of the people. But if they must have war, he would have no part in the strife. The standard of the Keys and the Tiara was withdrawn, and the "patriots," with Sardinia at their head, to use a well-known simile, " were crumpled like a sheet of paper."

But in the meantime, confusion was excited in Rome. To this Lord Minto, as the special envoy of Lords John Russell and Palmerston,—who worked with equal zeal to overthrow the Pope,—contributed. The genuine Republicans—the enemies of the Catholic faith—the partisans of Sardinia, whose ambition received a gaping wound, and the hot-headed Italians, who were not able to comprehend why the sympathies of the Pontiff should not be confined to the Peninsula of Italy—Under the shadow of Lord Minto's *prestige* these were all combined in one phalanx, and their organization provided for under his palace roof. Of the result we are aware. A Republic was proclaimed; the Pope was proscribed—he fled. The children of the Church rallied to his aid, against ungrateful and inconsiderate subjects, and Rome, bathed in the blood of her children, goaded to madness by the intemperate and the infidel, received as conqueror the Sovereign they drove out. Hence it is that Rome continues to be garrisoned by Frenchmen; hence it is that Austrians occupy the Legations.

And now let us add a few words touching the present state of Rome. The liberties so largely granted by the Pope to the Romans, before they hearkened to Lord Minto, have been abrogated. And who will say not justly? Free municipalities, a deliberative senate, and an unrestricted Legislation were wielded to the destruction of the State, and the designed and anticipated destruction of religion. What subject of complaint is it that these should be denied, which the malevolent may pervert or which the less zealous do not appreciate? And let us remember that the Roman people are *not* sunk in that degradation with which our journalists and public men are pleased to cover them. They are indifferently happy as the times go, and although John Bull is perfectly persuaded that they fast half the year in Rome, because of the Pope, and the other half, because they have nothing to eat, whoever has been to Rome will find few Romans ready to change places with ourselves.

The Romans have charities, but no poor laws; they are monks, not guardians, who distribute the charities; and having fed the destitute they teach them to sing "hymns to the Virgin," and send them home instead of locking them up according to the separate system. In thus doing, they violate, we admit all the doctrines of Stuart Mills and Doctor Whately, but they leave the poor a little liberty, and the poor would hardly exchange their lot for that of our paupers.

And the Pope is not like the Archbishop of Canterbury, a gentleman of mature years, carefully attending to his own children and his household interests, and leaving all contact in Church affairs to the more profound sanctity of Prince Albert and Lord Palmerston.

But why is it that Sardinia has been taken into such favor in this country? It is not difficult to perceive she that has availed herself of the earliest moment to revenge her failures in 1848 upon the Pope. Sardinia has confiscated the property of the Church. In this country we believe that the Church, *i.e.* the Protestant Church, and the property are all one—that the one dies if the other be cut off, and what we believe of this country we believe of Sardinia. All Evangeldom therefore holds that Victor Emanuel II. in confiscating the property of Catholic foundations has irremediably injured the Catholic Church. Hence, the facility with which John Bull has voted him two millions. That the Sardinian Sovereign may cause fresh disturbances in Italy we have no doubt, and as little that his selfish ambition will again destroy the hopes of all sound Italian patriots. We have no certainty that he intends to subvert the Catholic Church in his dominions, but that he can effect anything of the sort, even if he would, we believe as little as that he ever intends to refund the two millions of English money.

Somehow or other, it seems to be hoped that the Catholic Church cannot consort with liberal Institutions, and Gioberti and Lemainnais are quoted as proofs that this belief has its professors. But let those who argue thus, remember that Archbishop Affre shed his blood that the socialist might not perish, and that Archbishop Tibour, his successor, is a republican, though not "a red." But cast a glance into the past. Genoa, and Florence, and Venice were Commonwealths, and flourished side by side with Catholicity. And yet there are men who lay the unction to their souls that if they revive liberty in Italy, they will uproot the Catholic faith! These men may reject inspiration, and deny the promises, but how can they, statesmen and scholars, reject the testimony of history, or fail to appreciate the facts which pass beneath their eyes.

MADAME RISTORI.

Few persons of the present generation have had the opportunity of witnessing in England, first-rate acting. We have heard what it was; our fathers have told us—but it has only been from the "readings" of its last great representative that we have been enabled to judge for ourselves of the singular and magic power of her tragic impersonations. The latest tones of Fanny Kemble's voice, bringing before her audience, on the mimic stage she had erected for herself, not one, but a whole series of Shakespeare characters, linger yet like music in the ears of those who heard them;—her farewell in the person of Cassio:

"This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart."

was magnificently given, and haunted the writer of these lines for days afterwards. A great artist was passing from among us, and was there any one who might presume to take her place on the English boards? No one thought it,—yet, scarcely had a gifted member, of a gifted family, bid adieu to her native shores; ere from Italy, the cradle, and the home of art, she is furnished with a successor bidding fair to rival her in fame.

Madame Adelaide Ristori, who has become so great an object of interest with the English public, was born in Venetian Lombardy, in 1822, and educated in Rome; where she gave at her *debut* promise of the singular talent she has since displayed. We find her in 1840 playing a variety of ordinary characters with a company of comedians belonging to the court of the King of Sardinia; in 1846 she married the Marquis Capremia del Grillo, but in two years returned to the stage in her maiden name. She attracted great attention, and in course of time repaired to Paris,—where, in her favorite part of *Francesca de Rimini*, she achieved about this time last year a singular triumph. She appeared subsequently in Alfieri's tragedy of *Myrrha*, then in *Pia de Tolomei* in *Maria Stuarda*, (an Italian translation from Schiller,) and lastly in M. Legouve's *Medea*, again a translation, that is, as Madame Ristori enacts it;—it was written originally in French, for M'dlle. Rachel, who however did not like the part, and refused to accept it. Those who have seen both, think the manner and style of these two ladies, rivals we must call them, not dissimilar;—Ristori, however, decidedly possesses the advantage on the score of youth and beauty, and if her acquirements cannot be said to possess greater merit, we may venture perhaps to call them more loveable.

Madame Ristori's first appearance in England, at the Lyceum Opera House, produced an extraordinary impression. In art circles such a sensation has not been excited for years; and in the fashionable world, and among the pleasure seekers generally, little else has, during the last ten days, been talked of. The character which this great tragedian selected for her *debut* before the English public, was the *Medea* of which we have spoken above. It was a bold thing in a French writer of the nineteenth century, to attempt a new treatment of characters, become, as they stand in the classic drama, almost a part, in each succeeding age, of the human mind;—but, bold as it was, the experiment has succeeded, not because of any extraordinary merit in the piece; but, rather, because on account of its negative character, it becomes a vehicle, and nothing more, for first rate acting. This is what suits a woman of extraordinary genius perfectly well; but it would not have suited any one beneath her, a want of broad effect, a frittering away as it were of the action, would have been a stumbling block in the path of a lesser artist; it only afforded to Madame Ristori, the opportunity of displaying her powers—whereas in many places the author has so mingled together motives and feelings, that in reading the play, it would be difficult to tell which is intended to predominate. There is no difficulty at all in witnessing it; the actress seems to impersonate the whole at once; and as though they were at that moment at war in her own heart, gives to each in turn, by a delicate interpretation, a proper degree of intensity.

In addition however to a novel arrangement of characters with which we are familiar, M. Legouve has introduced Creon, the father of Creusa, and Orpheus, whose only business seems to be to contrast with Jason the poet—or (what was the same thing in those days)—the man of letters, with the warrior. These types of opposing principles have often been brought together before, and more cleverly; here, the "effect" would have been better away,—Orpheus (which certainly the author never intended,) becomes a singular nuisance, and we wish him and civilization together, just any where in the world, so long as we had got rid of them.

On the first entrance of Medea bewailing the absence of Jason

"O Giasone! O mio Giasone!
Sei tu spento? Fuggisti?

she meets Creusa, and makes the fearful discovery that Jason is indeed lost to her in a worse sense than she had imagined—he is about to take another bride. Amid scenes of conflicting passion, it suddenly occurs to her that she may strike the husband through the object of his love; when as frantically embracing a dagger, she has resolved on the use she will make of it. To warn her of the fury of a Corinthian mob, Creusa suddenly enters: casting now aside all thoughts of revenge, Medea in a transport of generous emotion throws herself at the feet of her rival, and implores her to relinquish Jason. The tone in which Madame Ristori utters the lines:

"Tutto a te diedie il cielo,
A te felicita, possanza, un padre—
Una patria a te, ahi lassa! l'innocenza!
Io nulla ho! restami ei sol.....mel lascia.'

is marvellously beautiful, the very sublimity of pathos. The appeal, however, is made in vain; Creusa resolves to marry Jason, and in doing so, signs her own death-warrant. Medea, pursued as the murderer, is threatened with separation from her children, and to hinder that, stabs them behind the statue of Saturn. This compromise weakens the effect of the catastrophe, as we naturally look for it; but the single word "Tu" ringing through the house in answer to the question of Jason: "who killed the children," causes us almost to forget the scene itself, in a feeling of admiration for the actress.

So entirely did Madame Ristori seem to have identified herself with the "Medea," that it was with something like a momentary surprise we saw her, on Wednesday evening,* come before the house as *Mary Stuart*, in an Italian version of Schiller's play under that title. If, in M. Legouve's production, it was her acting only which redeemed the piece from dulness, the same thing may with still greater truth be affirmed of *Maria Stuarda*: we speak diffidently of it, not being acquainted with the original. But if in the portraiture of characters connected with all time, as those of Euripides are, a translation be undesirable, much more so is it, where treating of events and personages belonging to our own country, and in which we even yet take an almost personal interest. In this play, strange unfamiliar characters are introduced—persons whose names even, we never heard of—and they seem interlopers; what business have they to be mixed up with the unfortunate Queen of Scots, and her treacherous cousin; with Leicester, Babington, and Mortimer?

This is a matter of taste, however, and does not interfere with Madame Ristori's magnificent acting, inasmuch as it deprives it of all accessories, it may be said even to add to its lustre. The great scene in this play—for the Execution is not represented at all—is the one in which we have the meeting of the tyrant and her victim at Fotheringay. The way in which Madame Ristori gave the conflicting feelings of Mary surpasses all description. The captive had for years been earnestly desiring this interview, but, when it comes upon her, says:

O Talbo'
Io non posso vederla! ah, tu mi salva
Dalle vista aborita!

Mary attempts to approach Elizabeth, but stops short, overcome by a terrible internal struggle—and here no words, even of Euripides or Shakespeare, (casting all translations to the winds,) could heighten the effect of the mere look of the actress, and the brilliant flash of her eyes, and her intensity of manner. At last she says:—

Il sia! vo' sottopormi
All' estrema vergogna. Esci dal petto
Impotente alterezza! Io piu non voglio
Rammentarmi chi sono e chi soffersi.
Io voglio umiliarmi a chi di tanto
Vitupero mi copre.

It is in vain, and the climax reached with the utterance so grand, and withal so true—

Il trono d'Inghilterra è profonato
Da una bastarda! Il popolo Britanno
Da una mima è ingannato. Ove il buon dritto
Regnasse, to saresti or nella polve
Stesa a miei piedi, chê tuo Re son Io.

---

* 18th ultimo.

CHARADE.

My first, when dread eclipses veil the sky,
And awe-struck thousands stand in dumb amaze,
Lurid and threatening, looms upon the eye:
But when my next is cried, the jocund rays
Break forth, and all is heedless mirth once more.
My whole you aim at, till things undivin'd,
Charade, recondite problem, or the lore
Of arrow-headed marbles, on the mind
Flash clear: the mystery no more beguiles,
And the bent brow relaxes in glad smiles!

MARGARET.

Why lies she on her little bed,
The merry Margaret?
Upon the dimpled pillow spread,
Her rich locks golden net.

Bright thro' the gable window's gloom,
O'erspread with thick-leaved vines,
Into the dark oak-raftered room,
The summer sunbeam shines.

Unheeded 'neath the bright blue skies,
The twittering lark upsoars,
Unheeded, o'er her fast closed eyes,
The golden sunshine pours.

Oh ne'er again at break of dawn
Margaret, Margaret,
Shall lightly trip o'er dewy lawn,
Thy joyous little feet.

Thy dainty form shall never more,
In pure white mantle clad,
Glide softly thro' the cottier's door,
And make his children glad.

Long may the dogs impatient wait
Their Mistress' loved command,
The pony at the paddock gate,
Her soft caressing hand.

That little room, that little bed,
Is Margaret's prison now,
She may not move her aching head,
For bird, or beast, or bough.

Yet 'tis a pleasant world to her,
When to its leafy gloom
Her father, mother, sisters dear,
Her best beloved ones come.

Alas, for mother, sisters dear,
For all who know that heart,
How will they brook, how can they bear,
From its great love to part?

The angel soul of Margaret,
To grief and pain resigned,
Oh can it leave without regret,
Those much loved hearts behind?

Be still, for God has willed it so,
It is His wonted way,
To take the flowers that brightest grow,
Upon his harvest day.

He wills not that his lilies dear,
Lent to this world of ours,
Should twine their stems too closely here,
With weeds, and evil flowers.

But in the field of Paradise,
All watered by his love,
That they should glad his angels' eyes,
And dwell with him above.

H.S.B.

Reviews.

History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey, to the Death of Elizabeth. By JAMES A. FROUDE, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. I and II. London: PARKER and SON.

We are indebted for this work, and for the new views it gives us of a most interesting portion of English History, to "a large number of documents discovered" by Sir Francis Palgrave among the public records and "made over" by him to the author, who intends to publish them contemporaneously with his own production.

The first two chapters are preliminary; treating of the social condition of our country in the sixteenth century, and of the last years of Wolsey's administration. The author lets us see, at the very outset of his undertaking, what is the precise contrast between mediæval or ante-reformation ideas and those of the present time. The former had regard to something fixed: the latter had not. "To pass away," says he, "from off the earth with the same convictions which we found when entering it, is to have missed the best object for which we now seem to exist." We thank him for this frankness, which saves us much trouble; showing us that Catholicism and Protestantism differ in their estimate of human life. This, according to the former, is to serve and glorify, in order everlastingly to enjoy the Being who made us: according to the latter, it is to make material, scientific, and political progress; to become better builders, cooks, chemists, and economists, than were our ancestors before us.

And the rulers of nations have been faithful, in the different periods, to the theories of life respectively adopted. The evidence of prosperity, before the modern sophisms set in, was not, says our author,

> "An increase of population, which would facilitate production, and beat down wages by competition; but the increase of the commonwealth, the sound and healthy maintenance of the population already existing, were then the chief objects of government."

It was of course long before the great change in the fifteenth century could thoroughly tell on the country at large, and on the entire web of its habits. The low selfishness engendered by the new theories, the philosophy which places its *summum bonum* in "buying in the cheapest market, and selling in the dearest," was still at a discount.

"When city-burghers bought estates, the law insisted jealously on their accepting with them all the feudal obligations. Attempts to use the land as 'a commodity' were angrily repressed. * * * The old English organization maintained its full activity; and the duties of property continued to be for another century more considered than its rights."

All this, our readers will see, is in direct contrast with that precious maxim of modern days, that the only possible motive allowed by common sense in buying land or anything else, is that of getting the fullest return for one's money. But let us hear Mr. Froude on that vexed question, the tenure of land. He states, as the "one broad principle which bore equally on every class, that the land of England must provide for the defence of England." It was a realization in matters political, of St. Paul's injunction that every man should look, not only on his own things, but on those of others; of his frequent enforcement of the truth, that every society worth the name must consist of members indissolubly knit together in affections, principles, and interests, so that no one should deem it possible to have to say to another, 'I have no need of thee,'—far less, with the first murderer, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' This condition of things is well described by Mr. Froude, who has sufficient sense to perceive its excellencies, although inconsistently enough, he is an advocate of what destroyed it. He tells us that

"Land was never private property in that personal sense in which we speak of a thing as our own, with which we may do as we please: very few things in England were then property in any such sense; for duty to the state was supposed to override private interest or inclination. Even tradesmen who took advantage of the fluctuations of the markets were rebuked by parliament for 'their greedy and covetous minds, as more regarding their own singular lucre and profit, than the commonweal of the Realm.' All land was held on a strictly military principle. It was the representative of authority, and every man took rank in the army of the State according to the nature of his connexion with it. *Every man was regimented somewhere;* and although the peasantry, when at full age, were allowed their own choice of masters, the restrictions on masters and servants were so severe as to prevent either from taking advantage of the necessities of the other, or from terminating through caprice a connexion presumed to be permanent. Every man should have his definite place and duty, and no human being be at liberty to lead an unaccountable existence. The discipline of an army was transferred to social life, and issued in a chivalrous perception of the meaning of the word duty, and in the old characteristic spirit of English loyalty?

Our historian leans to "a peasant proprietary;" the advocates for which "tell us truly that a landed monopoly is dangerous; that the possession of a spot of ground though it be but a few acres, is the best security for loyalty."

He gives us also the arguments for large estates, but regards those arguments as "scarcely compatible with experience. What is *meant* is more true; that without the system of large estates no aristocracy of a permanent kind can be supported."

The effects of the ancient and modern systems nowhere better appear than in their respective effects on social habits.

Before the Reformation,—

"While the differences of social degree were enormous, the differences in habits of life were comparatively slight, and the practice of men in these things was curiously the reverse of our own. When great persons will submit themselves of their free will to regulations which restrict their private indulgence, they are in little danger of disloyalty from those whom fortune has placed below them."

The secret, indeed, of the superiority of the old system in all these respects is, that it was one of principle, and not of expediency. Flowing from a fixed and certain faith in God, it had a fixed and certain principle of truth between man and man.

"Fidelity of man to man, is among the rarest excellencies of humanity, and we can tolerate large evils which arise out of such a cause. Men were then held together by oaths, free acknowledgments, and reciprocal obligations; and we cannot but see we have lost in exchanging those ties, for the harsher links of mutual self-interest."

* * * * *

"Labor was not looked upon as a market commodity; the government attempting to portion out the rights of the various classes by the rule, not of economy, but of equity."

The effect, he further remarks, of the superseding of these truly Christian and benevolent principles by those of the modern economists, has been the withdrawing of state-protection from those who most need it, and for whom, being so much the larger number, government is principally wanted.

"When the state relaxed its supervision, or failed to enforce its regulations, the laborer, being left to the market-chances, sank instantly in the unequal struggle with capital."

What does this show but that the ancient system vindicates itself as the truly Christian one by its care for the poor? So plainly indeed, did the two systems shew themselves by their fruits, that even our Protestant author is obliged by main force of truth, to call the reign of Edward VI. a "discreditable interlude," during which the government, from the infusion of the new leaven, could not hold its ground, or maintain the prosperity of the

working classes. Those who have read the works of Cobbett, indeed, will find nothing to surprise them in these volumes, on the present subject; for it was the professed aim of that able writer to shew that the Reformation was the greatest curse that ever fell upon the poor of this country. Still it is something to see a learned Oxonian arriving at the same conclusions by a different path; and the only wonder is, (if one can wonder at anything,) to see two such men continue Protestants after so triumphantly showing the social evils of the new system. One of them, indeed, and he by far the more strenuous advocate of the ancient system, *died* a Protestant; may God forbid the same should be said of our present learned and elegant historian!

He concludes this branch of his subject with two pithy sentences:—

"If the peasantry had been suffering under any real grievances we should not have failed to hear of them when the religious rebellions furnished so fair an opportunity to press them. Complaint was loud enough when complaint was just, *under the Somerset-protectorate.*"

This Christian mode of treating the poor, so different from the modern, had its effect in making them cheerful supporters of the state which was their kind mother:

"The people generally were animated by a true spirit of sacrifice; by a conviction that they were bound to think first of England and but secondly of themselves; and unless we can bring ourselves to understand this we shall never understand what England was under the reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors."

Compare next, the expenses of the monarchy, when it deserved that name, with those of the present time.

"Under Henry VIII, of whose extravagance we have heard so much, and whose court was the most magnificent in the world, these were £19,894 16s. 8d. a small sum when compared with the present royal establishment, even if we adopt the relative estimate of twelve to one, and suppose it equal to £240,000 a year of our present money. But indeed it was not; for, though the proportion held in articles of common consumption, articles of luxury were very dear indeed."

This was quite in keeping with the incomes of the gentry, and parochial clergy.

"The income qualifying a country gentleman to be justice of the peace was £20 a year; and, by the 2d of the 2d of Henry V. 'the wages' of a parish priest were limited to £5 6s. 8d., except where there was special licence from the bishop, when they might be raised as high as £6. Neither priest nor squire was able to establish any steep differences in outward advantages between himself and the commons among whom he lived."

Few people, says Mr. Froude, now care to inquire into the purposes, value, and causes of wealth, of those London companies, whose gilt barges, and other tokens of honor astonish the passing cockney.

"Trade and traders have no dignity any more except what money lends to them; and yet these companies were something more than names. They are all which remain of a vast organization which penetrated the trading life of England—set on foot to realize that most necessary condition of commercial excellence under which man should deal faithfully with his brother, and all wares offered for sale should honestly be what they pretend. In London a central council sat for every branch of trade, and was in communication with the chancellor and the crown. Its office was to determine prices, fix wages, arrange the rules of apprenticeship, and discuss details on which legislation might be required. The legislature had undertaken not to let that indispensable task go wholly unattempted, of distributing the various functions of society by the rule of capacity."

It was in this way alone that the country obtained what is now clamored for in vain—"the right man in the right place;" it dispensed with the necessity for a "circumlocution office" and left no place for a generation of Barnacles and Stiltstalkings. No man had then dreamt of any such problem as "How *not* to do it."

The object of a Christian government as next stated by our author, was

"To enable as many persons as possible to earn in their own homes their separate independent living. The parliament was aware that by pursuing this policy the cost of production was somewhat increased. It considered, however, that the loss was compensated to the nation by retaining its people in the condition not of 'hands,' but of men; by rendering them independent of masters, who only sought to make their own advantage at the expense of labor, and enabling them to continue to maintain themselves in manly freedom."

Now that we have Protestant and Infidel Parliaments instead of Christian, all this is of course changed. Workmen are accounted mere "hands," created to labor for mill-owners, whose vocation it is to keep them down in hopeless serfdom. "The greatest misfortune," says a journalist of the South of Europe, "which could befall that beautiful country, [Italy] would be to possess such civilization as now exists in England."

The following passage is a favorable specimen of the author's style and manner.

"A change was coming on the world, the meaning and direction of which even still is hidden from us, a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten cen-

turies were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, and convictions, of the old world were passing away, never to return. A new continent had risen up beyond the Western sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had sunk back into an infinite abyss of space; and the firm earth, unfixed from its foundations, was seen to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer. And now it is all gone; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of the Cathedrals, only as we gaze on the silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were; and perhaps in the sound of church-bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval ages, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world."

He appreciates, as might be expected from such a man, the *mysteries* of the middle ages.

"Such pageants, were but the most splendid expression of a taste which was national and universal. To us, who can measure the effect of such scenes only by the impression they would produce on ourselves, they seem profane; they were not profane when received as they were given. Out of the mystery-plays arose the English drama, represented in its completeness by the creations of a poet who, it now begins to be supposed, stands alone among mankind. We allow ourselves to think of Shakespeare or Raphael or Phidias as having accomplished their work by the power of their individual genius; but greatness like theirs is the highest degree of an excellence which prevails widely around it. No great general ever rose out of a nation of cowards, statesman out of fools, artist out of materialists, dramatist except when the drama was the passion of the people."

Our readers will by this time have begun to look on Mr. Froude as one of those singular Protestants from whose concessions we prove all we wish; they will soon however, see him in a somewhat different light. Before, however, we get him into the broad stream of his history, where he can no longer afford to be quite so liberal, we will quote from him the glorious confession that "Charity has ever been the especial virtue of Catholic States," a confession, indeed, which is enough of itself to decide the question. For if charity, as St. Paul tells us, is the fulfilling of the law, and if fulfilling the law is the test of truth, then truth and Catholicism, according to our author, are convertible terms. And what was the political *law*, which charity fulfilled so far as the necessary defects in every thing human would permit it? Hear it in the almost concluding words of his first chapter:

"To the question, if ever it was asked, 'May I not do what I like with my own?' there was the brief answer, 'No man may do what is wrong, either with what is his own or with what is another's."

Such an answer can be given only where the Catholic Church is present to tell men authoritatively what things are right and what wrong, what to believe, and what to practice.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Flemish Interiors. By the writer of *A Glance behind the Grilles.* 1 vol. London: LONGMAN and Co.

We have no knowledge whatever of the writer of this remarkable book. When some months since the *Glance behind the Grilles* was noticed in this journal, a feeling of surprise was expressed that the observant traveller could believe so much and still remain without. In the work before us, there is so much of the same right perception and Catholic feeling, that if—as we find no small difficulty in supposing,—the author has not actually passed the confines, we cannot doubt he has finally come out of the chilling atmosphere of unbelief, and stands on the verge of a warmer and more congenial clime.

Flemish Interiors is a very complete guide book to the places of Catholic interest in Belgium, and is a work of much industry and care. Whether or not we be right in claiming for it a high place in current literature, we may at least express our esteem for two qualities which it undoubtedly possesses:—the power of observing, and the determination to be impartial. The work is in fact crammed with details, which, though cleverly arranged and brought forward in not ungraceful language, might have been wearisome had they not been gathered together in a spirit of so uncommon fairness, and described with so much knowledge of, and friendship for, each subject, as to leave almost nothing to be desired. There is a calmness over the whole which must please every reader, and an air of striking but healthy seriousness. The work commences with a few judicious prefaratory remarks which set us wondering at the outset whether they could possibly come from the pen of an alien. Before narrating the slight incentive which prompted the author to undertake this industrious pilgrimage, he swiftly glances over "what is doing in Belgium" in an introductory chapter, where the following contrast occurs:—it is worth extracting, as well

on account of the pleasing style, as because of the conclusion which must follow.

"Then the churches.—What shall we say of them? Will not fancy befriend us here too, and with ready alacrity sweeping away the barbarisms of later centuries, leave them what they once were, the types of all that is beautiful, and holy, and devotional—the very embodying of the spirit of Christian architecture....And the worshippers whom we see scattered here and there, in mute adoration, over the broad stone floor. Some close to us—some almost lost in the dusky shades of the dim vastness. How like beings of another age they look to the English eye, untrained to such a sight:—for this is *reality*,—we are *not* imagining now."

* * * *

"An old man is prostrated beyond—his crutch leans against the rush chair beside him: his rosary passes through his withered, palsied hands, as he draws hope and comfort, such alone as he can know in this world, from each contemplation that accompanies the falling bead. A mother enters with her child: as the door swings behind her, it reveals the basket which has served her in her daily toil, deposited outside, and left behind her, with her worldly cares, while she enters the house of God to praise Him and seek His protection for the night, before turning her steps homewards; she signs the young child with holy water, places him by her side, and joins his little hands, while offering up her own devotions to the throne of God. He is silent and disturbs her not, for, young as he is, habit has taught him reverence for the holy spot which is his daily haunt."

* * * *

"We can scarcely realize "Rotten Row," with its mounted dandies, killing their superfluous and ill-appreciated time; the "ring," teeming with gay equipages, and their frivolous occupants; or more incongruous still, smart young men measuring out ribbons and muslins in Regent Street!—Above all, we find it most difficult to believe that all the church-doors in Protestant England are fast locked, so that the penitent, the suffering, and the weary could not enter *if* they had been taught to wish it."

In the next chapter we learn how the author was first prompted to this expedition, and felt anxious to form a correct opinion as to the number, peculiarities, and importance of the religious orders in Belgium;—"so abundant in extent and variety that, like that of the celestial luminaries, their number is bewildering to the unpractised eye." Setting out—a judicious and sensible traveller; determined to think and observe for himself, he disregarded "Murray;" and with regard to hand-books in general, very justly remarks

"He and those who walk whither they lead, pass on their way; they haste from *redoute* to *promenade*, and from theatre to park; they enter a venerable church to stare at a pulpit, or to gaze at a picture, of which nine times out of ten, they mistake the copy for the original; or gape at a town-hall or a crypt, of which they are alike regardless of the history; and all the while, they are not even conscious that within that high, silent wall, or behind that closed gateway, works of mercy, of penance, and of charity, are sending their noiseless perfumes up to heaven. Angels are gazing on those soul-inspiring scenes: the giddy world heeds them not, sees them not; and if it did, who knows but that some might mock and jeer, some might turn away, unwilling to behold that of which they feel themselves incapable; some might pass them by, in stupid apathy, and, unweaned from things of earth, might fail to be impressed even by the sight of that pure, unselfish holiness."

We often meet with pointed remarks which prove a sensible candor untainted with bitterness: frequently too we see the author condemns English prejudice against Catholic doctrine and practice, but yet often praises some national peculiarities. He would, however, improve the latter also, if he could.

"After mass, as I walked round the apse, I observed, appended to the first column of the choir-aisle on either side, large printed boards, to the effect that persons were not to 'walk about the church, converse, or otherwise misconduct themselves, during divine service.' To this must be added the significant fact that, although those who drew up the notice had the good taste to publish the intimation in three languages, the English translation came first; and in order that—for obvious reasons—those for whom it was intended, might not fail to see it and take the hint, it was expressed in characters about four times as large as those in French and Flemish. Pretty conclusive evidence, thought I, of the reputation my respected Protestant countrymen have earned for themselves here. Equally characteristic, however, was a small board which hung near, forbidding persons "*an de vloer te spouwen*" *(!)* This was *not* translated."

But "the times" are somewhat degenerate even in this Catholic land, and our author does not hesitate to say so. The following is forcible and true:—

"It is true, that whereas in early days the wanderer's staff and the pilgrim's shell were warranty sufficient to procure for him instant admission, it is now necessary that the applicant should be furnished with a printed document, signed by the mayor of the town he last visited, to authenticate the declaration of his necessities.

This is a precaution, of which none will question the prudence; but it affords a tacit evidence of the degeneracy of the times in which we live. Even as certain ages have been characterized by the appellations of "golden," "silver," and "iron," the nineteenth century might be qualified as the *respectable* age; respectability is decidedly the order of the day. Christianity has had its golden age, as well as Paganism, and, notwithstanding the jaundiced aspect its bright tints have assumed in the retrospicient eyes of those to whom it seems "dark," it is something to say of it, that whereas poverty was then the magic password which opened men's hearts and gates to the appeal of the stranger and the houseless, it is now the bar which forbids his entrance, and he must begin by proving the claims of "respectability" before they will "enquire into his case." We do not read that St. Martin asked the shivering suppliant, though he was, to all appearance, only a "common beggar,"

for his "name and address," and "recommendation," previously to sharing his own cloak with him; and it was happy for him that he did not."

To remove false impressions, however, and to soften down prejudice, seem the worthy aim of this volume. The writer has brought to his task large reading and respectable attainments; and his remarks often give proof of the extensive knowledge he has acquired. Catholic feeling throughout impregnates his views: thus he remarks of a Trappist monk:

"There was a *bonhommie* and a gentlemanly ease of manner about him, which gained upon me immediately; and I found his conversation not only animated and interesting, but concise and full of information."

And speaking of St. Benedict he says:—

"The stability of his order is alone a sufficient evidence of the mental powers which conceived it. Of him, Gregory the Great has well said, that he was '*scienter nesciens et sapienter indoctus.*'"

Again; noticing that the Capuchin friars were to the lower classes, what the Jesuits were to the higher, he eloquently concludes:—

"Strangers to the refinements of an easy and luxurious life, they wrapped themselves as it were in their poverty, that, so drawing near in the most effectual manner to those whom they wished to approach, they at once removed that bar which is so often a restraint betwen a penitent and a priest of contrasted rank, and drew from them those unreserved and guileless communications which can only pass between a man and one he feels to be his friend."

One of the most striking, and by no means least valuable merits of this book, is that it gives a swift sketch of the chief orders as they are brought forward, glancing over the agency of circumstances through which it may have been scattered or revived, he also notices its numbers and importance at the present time; thus of the Redemptorist Fathers he correctly states:—

"They are now once more appreciated as well in France as in Belgum, and in England no less than in Ireland. There is, in Bruges, a house of seven *Peres Redemptoristes* de Saint Trond, carrying on their quiet unobtrustive missions, but drawing crowds of hearers whereever they bear their tidings. One of their *œuvres* seems to be, to induce as many as they can of the lower orders to become members of that unique and valuable society called by the name of *La Sainte Familie.*"

The following eloquent passage prompted by the memory of St. Alphonsus, leaves us unable to further doubt the convictions of this graceful writer:—

"When we read the lives of saints who have long since passed away from the earth, and gaze upon their acts through the dim perspective of subsequent centuries, we seem to see them surrounded with an illusory halo, through the mists of which they appear to us something more than men; and instead of saying, with St. Augustine, 'What *they* have done, *we* may do.' we give up the attempt in despair, — forgetting that the spring whence issued their gifts of grace is exhaustless,—and say, hopelessly, 'Ah, these were saints; how can I expect to attain to their perfection.'"

Or when describing *L' Hospice des Incurables,* he says:—

"This is altogether a most satisfactory institution, and one of those practical results which seems capable of emanating from the Catholic system only.

The services it requires are such as would only be suggested, much less performed, through a spirit of self-devotion and true charity, which, as far as experience goes, none but the Catholic religion has sufficed to produce."

"I speak neither unadvisedly nor yet bitterly, but merely as an observer of known facts; and if any one disputes my assertion, I shall be most willing to accept his challenge: The only condition I impose is, that he shall show me a *Protestant 'incurable' hospital served, as is this, by Protestant Sisters, not hirelings, whose lives are voluntarily and irrevocably given to this most unattractive labor of love.*"

"I do not mean that blame attaches to the component individuals of Protestant communities, who have never looked beyond the narrow creed within which their more generous sympathies are restrained; for I doubt whether the Protestant system ever gave any of its adherents the remotest notion of the responsibilities attached to a right appreciation of the 'spiritual and corporal works of mercy.' I confess I never so much as heard of the obligations they imply, until I saw them set out in a Catholic book."

But now to migrate to another merit distinguishing this valuable guide-book, and which the pleasing style we have noticed might have led us to expect: there are very many pleasant anecdotes and gossipings jotted down by this observant traveller; we have space, however, but for one of these, and select one told of M. Conscience, an author, doubtless, well known to our readers:—

"Speaking of Dumas and his plagiarisms on Scott and others, he, (Conscience) told me that one of his latest works, *Conscience l' Innocent,* was a remarkable instance of the freedom with which he appropriated the produce of the brains of others."

"This story was Conscience's own, and he had brought it out, some years back, in Flemish, under the name of "*Le Conscrit.*" Dumas, taking "French leave," and knowing doubtless that books written in Flemish are not likely to be read anywhere out of Belgium, got it translated, enlarged it, pursued the plot, finished it off with a different *denouement,* and, with consummate coolness, gave to his hero the name of the author to whom he was indebted for the tale."

If we have not exactly followed the Ettrick Shepherd's recommendation to the critic—to give "lang, lang extracts," we have at least rifled these pages sufficiently to denote their spirit and value. Of the apparent aim we cannot speak too highly. Always with kindness indeed, and often with warmth, yet

calmly and without enthusiasm, the shining truth is picked out from surrounding details, and must, thus brought forward, secure at least some notice from others, while so full information regarding it gladdens ourselves. The beautiful writing and picturesque description materially contribute to lighten the work, as do also the forcible remarks naturally rising out of the text, and the surmises or conclusions occasionally tipped with pleasantry. On one point we fancy all will agree:—however the mistaken views of the writer's former work might lead one to doubt his ultimate conviction, on a perusal of *Flemish Interiors* we can doubt no more.

Clare Maitland, a tale. 1 vol. London: BURNS and LAMBERT.

We have authority for stating that this sprightly story is the first of a series, intended for our younger friends; and this purpose of itself might be sufficient to secure for it our encouragement and support. The volume has however claims of its own, and may well lead us to congratulate our time on so worthily supplanting the less commendable "literature of childhood" of former days.

We cannot indeed too warmly urge the value of such a series upon those, whose duty it may be to profit by the acquisition. It is now a common-place doctrine, that after life is materially affected by the memory of the inscriptions on the fresh page of childhood. And while now-a-days the various modes of education are anxiously discussed, for every grade, by every fireside; and its interests are acknowledged to be materially concerned in the tendency of such recreative reading as may attract the young mind, truly the guardians of the latter should have a care that this worthy effort for their assistance shall not have been made in vain. Nor should literary success blind us to the far superior merit of this writer, in preferring the cause of childhood to the more remunerative pursuits, which from the evidence of this volume, we feel sure she might follow: it is not only unwise to overlook her efforts because they are devoted to the young, but moreover unjust not to acknowlege their superior merit because of the very cause she has chosen. We fancy a few extracts will show that she is well fitted for her dear office, and even deserving of no small attention from riper years.

Clare Maitland loses her mother at an early age, and is necessarily separated from her father, being sent to a convent in France. Of course the poor child suffers from this separation, and her meek spirit is sorely afflicted by unnecessary rudeness. The following extracts are an index both to the volume and its heroine.

"It was Clare's first Sunday at the convent; and, consequently the first time she had been to Vespers, and heard the nun's sweet chaunting. It was a thrilling sound; those many voices all in unison—such perfect unison, that it was as though all those hearts sent but one cry to the throne of God. Clare felt it; and while her eyes filled with tears, there was a sensation of peace in her heart; and the longing for her earthly home, and for earthly happiness seemed almost fading in the longing for heaven, and for the happiness that could not be taken from her. She prayed for all she loved—so far, far off. She prayed for those here who were kind in her troubles, and for the one, whose unkindness had made the troubles harder to bear: and she prayed for strength to bear all, and to trust all to God.

"Just then a ray of sunlight beamed in through the colored windows of the Chapel; it fell upon the dark oak floor, in a streak as of tesselated pavement; it lighted up the pure white marble altar, and gilded the statues of the saints in their pinnacled niches; it touched the silver head of the priest, and made the rich cope which he wore, look like one mass of precious stones, set in burnished gold; it tinted the wreathes of incense as they rose, with purple, and red, and blue. And as the child looked up and followed with her eyes the soft rainbow-like cloud, which seemed slowly ascending to heaven, involuntary the words came into her mind: 'May my prayer ascend, Oh Lord, like incense in thy sight.'"

* * * * * *

"No one knew the sorrow of the child's heart, as the days went on, and she vainly longed for her father. So intense, sometimes, was this longing, that it might have degenerated into pining, had it not been for a certain strength in her character which helped her to keep up, and in the moments when it came upon her most overpoweringly, she would pray for courage to bear it as she ought, and she tried hard to be cheerful and contented, even if she could not be quite happy yet. To some this may seem, perhaps, quite unnatural in a child so young. But feeling that is deep and strong, overpasses the barrier of years; and the heart of a child may be old in suffering, and old in virtue. Alas, that it should ever be old in sin!"

Of course we do not estimate this volume so highly as not to feel that study and practice must improve the writer artistically, and impart a greater air of reality to her pages. The child in reading this book will, however, be carried along by her sympathies; and the volume as a whole is a present with which we may worthily secure the bright gleam of pleasure so dear from childhood. In conclusion, the author has here, so to speak, opened an account with her readers; might she not do well to show us the after blessing of that virtue which we have seen the fine little heart acquire in the French convent.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE SAMARITAN WOMAN'S

"*Sir, give me this water, that I may not thirst, nor come hither to draw.*"—St. John IV. 24.

LORD, whose side a fountain poured
Which the world to life restored!
Give me still this living wave;
That my soul no more may crave
Earthly streams which cannot last,
Vain supplies which ebb so fast.

Long, by varying fancies brought,
Has my spirit vainly sought
From these streams to quench its thirst.—
Pleasure showed its beauties first:
Wine-cups mantled, woman smiled,
Music's charms my heart beguiled:
Now the healthy *chase* invited;
Now the joys of hearts united
By the links of friendship's chain;
But, alas! they all were vain.
Each a void within me left:
From my cups I rose bereft
Of the worth a man should show:
Woman failed, and then came woe.
Mid the chase's madd'ning joys,
Thoughts outspeaking all its noise
Still would ask within my breast,
"Whence dost thou expect thy rest?
Feel'st thou not this stirring din
Cannot fill the void within?
As the light of tropic-clime
Glorious is while lasts its time,
But no soothing twilight leaving,
Sudden sinks, the heart deceiving:"

Hence, then, have I drawn in vain;
Hither will not come again.

Honor next his power essayed,
And his promise bright displayed;
Taught to mount the steep of fame,
Spoke of an immortal name;—
But too soon his victim found
How the steep with thorns was crowned;
How the many's breath is vile,
How the few in envy smile;
How to gain the flatt'ring prize
And to shine in mortal eyes,
Souls must stoop, and lose to view
Tints of a celestial hue.

Hence, then, too, I've drawn in vain;
Hither will not come again.

Age came on, and *wealth* began
Last to engross the busy man.
Wealth alone the tempter said,
Placed the happy souls it led
High above the reach of care;
Poured around them pleasures rare;
Gained them honor; nor in vain
Bade them, more secure, regain
What they'd sought and lost before.
"Seek to increase thy golden store
If thou wouldst fancy and rapture find."
Soon alas! the weary mind
Gladly took the glitt'ring bait.—
Ah! what sad reverses wait
All who to *this* well repair
Tedium to escape and care!
Haunting fears unquiet dreams,
Deadness to all noble themes;
Base desires of earthly pelf,
Centring all in wretched self;
Hearts shut up, and hands denied,
Friends betrayed, and God defied.

Hence, then, have I drawn in vain,
Hither will not come again.

Life's last sands are ebbing now:
Still Thy mercies vast allow
Time to seek a truer stream
And the years misspent redeem.
Where but in Thy flowing side,
Saviour, who for men hast died;
Shall the rest and peace be sought
Neither gain nor fame has brought,
Nor in earthly joys I've found?
Here the living streams abound.
Truest honor, lasting treasures,
And unfailing heavenly pleasures,
Wait the soul who cleaves to Thee:
Here, then, let my portion be.

Hence I cannot draw in vain,
Here will drink and drink again.

LITERARY ITEMS.

It is stated that Mr. Macaulay has undertaken to write a Life of Johnson for the forthcoming volume of Messrs. Black's *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*—The well-known full-length portrait of the great lexicographer, one of the historian's earliest efforts, would entitle us to expect great things from him now.

The *furor* created by the performances of Madame Ristori has been taken advantage of by Count Arrivabene, who has lately delivered two lectures in the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, on Dante and Alfieri; a contemporary remarks that some passages were so touchingly recited as almost to draw tears from the crowded audience.

M. Thierri, the distinguished author of the *Norman Conquest*, and several other valuable historical works, died during the past month.

The appearance of Herr Carl Sontag—brother of the gifted Henrietta—is announced at Berlin.

We observe a vindication of the first Lord Dartmouth against the aspersions of Mr. Macaulay, has been published by Mr. Frederick Devon, we believe on the part of the Dartmouth Family.

DEATH.

Mother, Sisters, come around me,
Stand not there in speechless pain,
Come once more, and close surround me,
Lay your hands on mine again.

Hear you not sweet voices calling,
Soft like swallows from the eaves,
See you not bright shadows falling,
Like the shade of golden leaves.

Think no more of Grief and sorrow,
Weep no more that we must part,
Think but of the bright to-morrow,
Share with me my joy of heart.

No dark journey lies before me,
Guardian angels beckon on,
White-robed saints, all bending o'er me,
Point the way they once have gone.

And with smiles of sweetest meaning,
God's own Virgin Mother stands,
God's own Mother fondly leaning
Towards her child with open hands.

Ah, you love me far too dearly,
You would never bid me stay,
From the bliss that lies so near me,
From my soul's sweet wedding day.

This, to you, and all I cherish,
My last message I would give,
Think not that our love shall perish,
Heart may die, but love shall live.

There was sounds of stifled sobbing
Round about the little bed,
Mothers, Sisters, hearts were throbbing,
Ere the gentle spirit fled.

Softly through the tones of mourning,
Like a captive's sweet release,
Came the priest's low solemn warning,
Christian soul depart in peace.

H. S. B.

PASSING EVENTS.

On the 21st ultimo, the young men connected with the Institute were entertained at the residence of a Catholic gentleman, some distance from town. Such thoughtful kindness demands a passing word, though we would not feel justified in publishing his name.

The Pope is actively promoting extensive works for draining the marshes, in the neighborhood of Ostea—a district once renowned for its fertility.

Although, not twelve months have elapsed, since the Capuchin Fathers commenced to gather together the Catholics of Peckham, in a stable, which was made made to serve both as a chapel and school, so great as been their success, that, not only have they been able to open a new and substantial church, but they have purchased land for the purpose of building a monastery.

The Pope has contributed 15,000 francs to the relief of the sufferers by the inundations in France.

A certain Hugh Stowell, not however the notorious possessor of that name, *preaches*, we suppose we must say, on Sunday at the Park Theatre. His *text* on a recent occasion was taken from Hamlet, "To be, or not to be."

The first stone of St. Joseph's Catholic Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Cabra, near Dublin, was laid on the 9th ultimo, by his Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin. It will be remembered that it was in aid of this institution that the Very Rev. Dr. Yore presented his extensive library as the prize of a raffle.

At the Carlisle Burial Board, a motion to provide a chapel in that portion of the Carlisle Cemetery which has been allotted to the Catholic body, was, as might have been expected, defeated; but the discussion on the subject is worthy of record, for the generous liberality which characterized the speech of Mr. R. Perring, a Protestant gentleman who brought forward the motion.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—The College Irish Grammar; Adventures of Jean Paul Choppart; Essay on Wolsey and Fisher; the Waverley Pamphlet.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

A letter dated in May, has reached us amongst our correspondence for this month—in which some expressions in a late article on poetry in this journal are rather severely criticised. So far as the matter is one of opinion we lean to that of our corrrespondent; but, with reference to his graver caution, beg to inform him that we have perfect confidence in our contributor.

Florence.—Our fair correspondent in a tiney note simply asks us—"who was Junius,"—we feel tempted to reply as shortly, "we don't know." Whether however the question is put seriously or in pleasantry, we may refer Florence to a well known essay on Warren Hastings, for very forcible reasoning in support of the Franciscan theory.

Geraldine—We have read your tale with much pleasure. The incidents are striking and worthy of more careful treatment: as they are now strung together, the story is flimsy and improbable—however, we feel study and practice may do much good: pray try again.

E.M. Neufchatel—The approval from afar, is very gratifying; we recommend you to get the Numbers through a bookseller from London.

Blackheath—We have arranged as you desire: we thank you for your kind approval.—Can you induce others to follow your example?

A.G., Guernsey—The MS. came to hand, and shall be inserted. Pray do not fancy *we* underrate your valuable assistance; we hope soon to hear from you.

J.M.—Read the article in the present number on the subject you treat of, and let us hear from you again. The coincidence in the choice of illustrations is curious, but we fear you are in error.

O'C. A. R.S, S.M. Frank. S. and *J.T.*, received

Dyrbington—We await your address.

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

Contributions, not inserted, are destroyed.

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