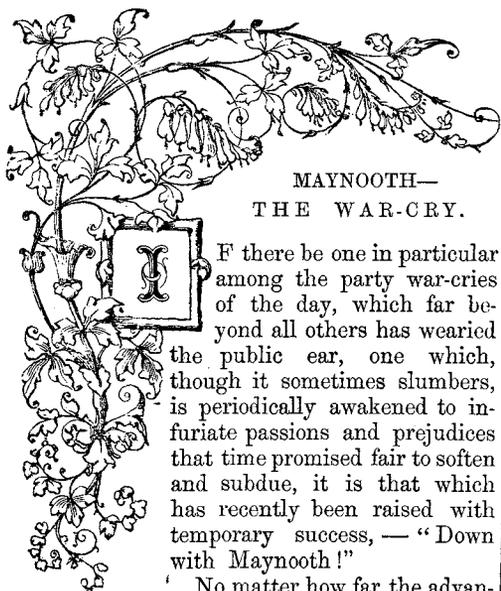


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MAYNOOTH—  
 THE WAR-CRY.

IF there be one in particular among the party war-cries of the day, which far beyond all others has wearied the public ear, one which, though it sometimes slumbers, is periodically awakened to infuriate passions and prejudices that time promised fair to soften and subdue, it is that which has recently been raised with temporary success, — “Down with Maynooth!”

No matter how far the advancing enlightenment of the age has dispelled the darkness and ignorance wherein bigotry is born and nurtured; no matter how far the fusing spirit of patriotism, the claims of a common country, the perils of a common danger, have tended to bring man and man together in fellowship and good-will; still yearly does this demon whoop of intolerance arise, rending asunder all that these had bound; maddening into fury, on one side, the sense of years of wrong and suffering; on the other, the recollection of ascendancy once all their own, now all but passed away.

Every year beholds the spectacle of a furious onslaught on the faith of the Catholics of these islands, on the occasion of doling out the one pittance which the Catholics of Ireland receive out of the millions they contribute. The history of this proceeding is told in a few words. Out of the imperial treasury, the

funds of which are supplied by Protestant England, Presbyterian Scotland, and Catholic Ireland—three countries united we are told for mutual good, not that any two of them might combine to overpower and crush the third—sums of money are voted for religious purposes. In amount they are flagrantly disproportionate. In England and Scotland the whole, or nearly so, of the taxes levied, or sums voted, for religious purposes is given to the respective churches; but in Ireland, from which four or five millions are annually raised for religion, this thirty thousand pounds is all that is expended on the Church of the people. Of course no one thinks of denying that the Irish is a Catholic, any more than that the English is a Protestant, and the Scotch, a Presbyterian nation. Here then is money taken from the Irish people and voted away for every religion but their own. The state machinery wrings from Ireland, in the shape of tithe-money, glebe-land rents, ministers' money, and the rest, in all about six millions, for the church of a small fraction of the nation. Justice-loving politicians and pious Christians would take all this from a Catholic people, and refuse to give them the paltry sum of thirty thousand pounds! There are those who talk of “the voluntary principle;” we make no great note of these Englishmen; their sincerity was put to the test by Mr. Black's motion—with what result let Hansard tell. In fact, with Englishmen, the voluntary principle seems to begin at the wrong end; the Irish, not without good cause, beg and petition for its adoption, and it is well known that this grant has long since become distasteful to them, accompanied as it is, by insult and abuse. They will care little if it be withdrawn altogether; they are able and willing to support their own churches and schools; let Protestants and Presbyterians say so much if they can.

And as amongst Catholic laymen in Eng-

land very confused ideas on this very important subject are held through carelessness, and as we think, in error, we have procured the following details of the whole subject, from sources we believe may be relied on. In these days when the charities of life are often forgotten in religious strife, when we meet calumny and false reasoning, not only in high places, but often by our fireside, it is surely one of the duties of our "Maga" to soften the bitterness as far as possible by correctly informing at least one side.

When the ample provision devised by the piety of the Irish princes for the support of religion, and the education and maintainance of the clergy, had been swept away; when the wealth of the laity followed the livelihood of the clergy, and confiscation transferred to professors of the new creed the broad lands, and noble estates of the Irish; Ireland was without the means of educating students for the priesthood of that faith to which she had so bravely clung. Yet, readily would help have been found in such an hour—for every Catholic power in Europe was proud of Ireland's fidelity; but the penal laws which made the Church poor, forbade it even existence; no school or college, church or chapel, could exist. So to foreign countries fled the Irish youth, to be educated for the priesthood, then to return once more to Ireland, with the cave and morass for a hiding place,—to a life of danger—often to an ignominious death. Rome, France, and Spain, trained up priests for the Irish church. France educated by far the greatest number, and thus sprung up that kindred feeling between the two countries which exists to day. Irish colleges were established and endowed, at Rome, Paris, Lisbon, Louvaine, Valladolid, and Salamanca. They still exist, we believe; having survived the revolutions of centuries, the wreck of monarchies, and the fall of kings. In these colleges, up to the close of the last century, were educated the Irish priests; in many cases the scanty resources of the college, the crowd of students, or the necessity for occupying little time in the course, limited the extent of the latter; so that some of the priests for whose heads the five pounds were paid in those days, were very unlike those of our modern times. Thus matters continued until the French revolution broke forth. In France the blood of priests drenched the streets; man, turned fiend, held a bloody saturnalia, and christendom beheld the awful spectacle of a state renouncing and dethroning God. The

Irish college was suppressed, its students scattered, its teachers slaughtered, and its revenues confiscated. The revolutionary flame spread to neighboring countries, the continent was one vast scene of convulsion, terror, and dismay.

By this time the rigor of the penal laws in Ireland had greatly subsided; the Catholic slave was no longer hunted with hound and gun: he was allowed, by the generous toleration of his Protestant fellow-countrymen, to live unmolested, though only as a bondsman in his native land. The malignity of man had been satiated; pity and sympathy filled the breasts of those who had succeeded to a heritage of hatred, and the voices of Grattan and Plunkett were raised in behalf of the down-trodden Catholic serf. The state of affairs on the continent, and this relaxation of persecution at home, emboldened the Irish Hierarchy, in 1794, to project the establishment of an Irish college in Ireland. The government deeply alive to the danger of having those teachers of the Irish people, who, beyond all others, possessed their confidence, and swayed their wills, educated in the then revolutionary atmosphere of the continent, were only too ready to give the little they were asked for, and accordingly, an act of parliament was passed, which did not directly ordain the foundation of a college, but removed the obstructions placed in its way. By this act, four Protestant, and six Catholic laymen, four Catholic arch-bishops, and seven other Catholic ecclesiastics were empowered to receive subscriptions and acquire lands not exceeding the value of one thousand pounds. Also a sum of eight thousand pounds was granted towards establishing the college. Towards the close of the year 1795, the college was opened with fifty students; and soon after the Irish Parliament, still, of course, Protestant to a man, passed another act, removing the Protestant ex-officio trustees, and substituting Catholics in their place. This was amongst the last acts of that legislature: in a short time after the care of Irish affairs and the management of the Irish people were transferred to London.

About this time a most extraordinary, and, for Maynooth, a most important event took place,—the origin and foundation of the Dunboyne establishment. In the Irish peerage the Dunboyne coronet was an old and honored one: though it came down with an hereditary attainder, it was worn in honorable adversity. James, the ninth baron, died young and unmarried at Charing Cross, London, whereupon

the succession devolved upon his brother Pierce, who was then an outlaw papist officer in the French army. He returned to Ireland, and perhaps hoping to have the attainder removed, joined the king's religion, but in return got merely the king's pardon;—the outlawry held. He died in 1785, leaving an only son, a child of eleven years, to inherit the ancient title and modern creed of the Butlers. The year after his accession, the young baron died, and his uncle, the bishop of Cork found himself the inheritor of the family estates and titles. The pride and pomp of this world's vanities offered too strong temptations. He could not brook the idea that the Dunboyne coronet should no more sit on a Butler's brow. All Catholic Ireland was thrilled with pain when one morning the Bishop of Cork entered a Protestant house of prayer, knelt at the rails, took the pen from the sexton's hand, signed the oaths which were perjuries against God, and walked out of the church Baron Dunboyne. He sought a wife among those who were loyal to the legal religion, marrying in 1787 a daughter of Thomas Butler, of Welford, in Tipperary. Time went by, and no heir was born; year followed year, but no infant voice called "father" in his ear; old age came and the stern reality was plain—God had cursed his marriage, and the aim for which he had sacrificed so much was utterly defeated. Old age came, and with it remorse; sickness quickly followed, and now the unfortunate man felt the agony of the near approach of death, and of the memory of his crime.

The Rev. Dr. Gahan was sent to him, and amidst tears of mingled sorrow and joy, Lord Dunboyne was received once more into the Church. Disposing of his worldly affairs in anticipation of a fatal termination of his illness, he bethought him of devoting some of his wealth to the service and glory of God. Mindful of his early days, when, a student for the sacred ministry, he had fled like a felon to a foreign land; he remembered that now a college existed at home, dependent almost entirely upon eleemosynary aid. The act of Parliament, as we have seen, limited the property legally possessable by the college to £1,000; Lord Dunboyne willed property of this annual value to the trustees of Maynooth College, and left all the rest of his wealth and lands to go amongst the nearest of kin. When the archbishop, Dr. Troy, heard that some such bequest was being made, he wrote to Lord Dunboyne, expressing his disapprobation of such a devise, and recommending him

to leave his property among his family—Lord Dunboyne persisted, and the archbishop wrote again, saying, that if he was determined to leave something as a mark of his sincerity in returning to the Roman Catholic religion, it would be as well done by a small legacy, as by giving away any part of his inheritance." This correspondence is of the highest importance just now, as shewing that when the Catholic body was in poverty, and chains, when Maynooth was weak, and struggling, it refused to avail itself of the generosity or restitution of one, who would have given all, had it been demanded. Lord Dunboyne died; the bulk of the Dunboyne estates went to his sister; but all she received was too little in her eyes, since her brother had left this bequest to Maynooth. And now came an apt illustration of the working of the penal laws. An action was brought against the trustees to eject them, on the title, for, as Sergeant Moore stating the case for the prosecution, said: "by the laws now in force, a person relapsing to Popery from the Protestant religion, was deprived of the benefit of laws made in favor of Roman Catholics, and was, of course, as under the old Popery laws, *incapable of making a will of landed property.*" Now, though it was evident enough in a non-legal sense, that the late Lord Dunboyne had died a Catholic, yet, the positive legal evidence that he had, none could give, save the Rev. Dr. Gahan, by violating the secrecy implied in the character of confessor, in which capacity he attended him. That he had been a Protestant was proved by the evidence of the Protestant curate, who administered the bread and wine to him, in Clonmel; and by his signature to the roll containing the declaration against Popery—the oath of abjuration, supremacy, and allegiance. But Dr. Gahan nobly refused to reveal what passed between Lord Dunboyne and himself, as between penitent and priest, and accordingly he was committed to prison, for contempt of court. A verdict, nevertheless, was found, that the late Lord Dunboyne had died a Catholic; the question of law resulting therefrom, was reserved for trial in the court of Kings Bench. Ultimately, the case was compromised, the college receiving only half of the bequest.

We have thus at some length traced the history of this grant, as being the most remarkable, and illustrative of the early struggles of the college, of all it has received since its foundation. Thus was founded the Dunboyne establishment, as it is called, this

fund being applied, not to the general support of the college, but to maintain twenty of the more distinguished students, who should remain for a period of three years, beyond the ordinary course, for the purpose of prosecuting still further their theological studies, and acquiring a greater knowledge of the Hebrew language.

The revenues of the college are derived from four sources:—rent of the Dunboyne estate; interest of funds devoted to burses; entrance fees of students, and parliamentary grants. The amount of the first is about four hundred and sixty pounds; of the second, about four hundred and sixty-seven, the deposit-sum being fourteen thousand four hundred and thirty-five; while the amount derived from entrance-fees varies from five hundred, to seven hundred pounds per annum. The parliamentary grant varied until 1813, from which date, up to 1845, it was four thousand, four hundred and thirty-six pounds per annum. In that year, Sir Robert Peel raised the grant to thirty thousand pounds, made it permanent, and enabled the trustees to acquire lands to the extent of the yearly value of three thousand pounds, in addition to those already held, and to have and hold them, the statutes of mortmain notwithstanding. Since that date the average yearly number of ordinations has been about sixty.

Of the Catholic bishops and clergy in Ireland, at this moment, nearly half the number were educated on the Continent. Of the four archbishops, two—of the twenty-five suffragans, four—and of two thousand two hundred and sixty-two priests, one thousand and sixty-three were educated in foreign colleges.

Such is a brief sketch of Maynooth, this watchword of strife on every fanatic's lip in this country. It will be seen that a Protestant Irish parliament gave the first grant, a Protestant English parliament continued and increased that grant, while a great Protestant English statesman increased it still further, and made it permanent. In fact, the question is one entirely political, not theological. England may be called Protestant, but every one knows the united kingdom may not. In Malta, and in the Canadas, the Catholic Church has state endowments, and support. Is Ireland more Protestant, or is it because she is a "united kingdom" while those are conquered provinces that she is denied what they receive? The truth or falsehood of Catholic doctrine has nothing to do with the Maynooth grant; until the voluntary system—the only just

system in a mixed community—be adopted, it has a right to stand untouched, if not increased, or all justice is outraged. The House of Commons is authority on political questions, but it is no judge on points of faith—unless indeed our Protestant friends chose to invest it once more with the attributes which they deny to the Church of God.

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## CATHOLIC INFLUENCE, A REFINING INFLUENCE.

### No. II.

From what has been already said on this subject it is sufficiently clear, that Refinement is not the privilege of a class, or classes, but an attainment within reach of all. There is, and can be, no monopoly of the article, for this simple reason; that Refinement, according to our definition, consists in the power of appreciating and preserving the harmony and due proportion of things in our views and conduct. As these due proportions exist in every grade of life, so every grade is susceptible of refinement. To be vulgar, is to overstep some just limit or other, either upward, or downward, or sideways, if we may be allowed to carry our metaphor so far. We are going to indulge in a few words on each of these divisions, which we hope our readers will not consider as fanciful or over-strained.

[1] We make, then, a *downward* step from our true position, when from mere taste, or want of taste, we descend to employments and pursuits properly belonging to a class inferior to our own; as if a country gentleman, from predilection, and not merely as means to a further agricultural end, should occupy himself with *gusto* about his horse-troughs and pig-sties. This is the vulgarity that is usually called *low-lived*. We are not speaking of it as it stands connected with vice, which has so often been the case, where persons have descended from their natural position in life in order to indulge more freely some degrading inclination. We speak of it now merely as considered in itself, merely as one class of vulgarity. For instance; betting on the chances attending different sports leads directly to evil, and perhaps to about as much evil in any one given case as in any other. Yet compare together the peer or the baronet who stakes his money on the pure breed and

the generous exertions of some noble race-horse, and the peer or the baronet who risks an equal sum, with the same intensity of bad passions, with the same amount of attendant evils, on the chances of Billy, the celebrated terrier, killing his hundred rats within so many minutes. No one could hesitate to pronounce on which side lay the vulgarity in these two proceedings. No one would say, that the person supposed was doing anything (apart from moral considerations) unworthy of his position in the case of the racing. Few, we think, would venture to deny that he was degrading himself in the case of the rat-catching. He might do things far more trivial, childish, and even insane, than merely setting Billy on the rats. He might risk half his fortune (according to a well-known story of two very fashionable characters) on a race between the rain-drops struggling down the glass of a post-chaise window. We should call him a madman, and a madman whose guilty recklessness was ruining others besides himself: we should hold him up to the gravest reprobation—but we should not call him *vulgar*. He would be transgressing the laws of God and man, but he would not be stepping downwards, in our present sense of that term.

Let us take another illustration. There can be no doubt, that the popular literature of the present day has tended to vulgarity, and to vulgarize. People whose natural home is to be found in the aristocratic circles, and who used formerly to read only such stories for their amusement as described the life and sayings of their own class, have now, thanks to some brilliant and talented publications, become intimately acquainted with the phraseology of stable-boys, house-breakers, costermongers, and their associates. The modern dialect of England, owing to this extension of her literary field, promises to be one universal slang. This is much to be regretted; and it is a movement antagonistic to our views of refinement. There is no reason why the lower classes of society should aim at the expressions peculiarly belonging to the ranks above them; nay, there is every reason why they should avoid doing so as another species of vulgarity; and this we shall proceed to show. But it is yet more mischievous when the upper classes, for mere frolic, and by a taste for buffoonery, delight in a literature treating of the manners and customs of the great vulgar. To feel sympathy for those beneath one, to enter into their distresses, to become well acquainted with them in order to alleviate

their needs, to study them for this purpose and descend to their level, is a blessed act, and springs from a holy principle. But this is as different from the relish for snobbism which we think is promoted by Mr. Dickens and his school, as one thing can be different from another. We know instances of people of high, very high rank, who with all their refinement, have the art of appearing as much at home in their intercourse with the poor and uneducated, as in the midst of their brilliant drawing-room circles; and who carry into it all that heartiness and even homeliness which is ever consistent with true refinement. But we should be very much surprised to hear that these same persons had been seen in a public house, dancing a hornpipe with the village tinker. To be hearty, easy, and natural, is to do things appropriately, and therefore gracefully; to step downwards so as indeed to lose one's *caste*, is to forfeit refinement and to become gratuitously vulgar.

[2] But there is another development of the vulgar principle; quite as real, much more common, and sometimes less obvious at first sight, and this is, the *stepping upwards*; aiming at, or rather aping, the language, the ways, and appearance, of those above ourselves. If we go back to our definition of Refinement, and remember that is a sense of harmony and fitness, we shall see that this is violated as much in the way we are now speaking of, as in the former. We are placed where we are; let us suppose it. Our position involves duties towards ourselves and others. To fulfil these duties; to cultivate all due relations with those around us, with those above, and those beneath us, is to fulfil our sphere. It is to act naturally; and as, to speak in a general way, things are graceful in proportion as they are natural, we shall probably, by thus acting, be cultivating refinement also. Thus we have known the most striking and high-bred refinement in the demeanour of the rural poor towards their superiors, even where those superiors have been persons of rank and title. There was an unconstrained respect, self-respecting all the while, and as far removed from servility as from arrogance; there was even a courteous, we had almost said a courtly, turn of phrase and manner, which was all the more charming because it was so perfectly unconscious. And from what did this result? Simply from the fact, that these peasants were behaving naturally, and with regard to the due order and proportion of things. They were honored by the visit of the lord and lady, and felt

themselves so; they were pleased at the friendly condescension of their visitors' manner: they recognised that bond and brotherhood of their common faith (we need scarcely say that all the party were Catholics) which gave to that condescension its meaning and its value; and thus they conducted themselves with frankness, naturalness, and respect. They were not thinking of themselves, and would have been much astonished if you had told them they were graceful and refined in their manner: and for that very reason they had more both of refinement and of grace than the fine gentleman who walks across an assembly-room with an awkward embarrassed air just because he is thinking of himself.

Contrast with this the vulgarity of not a few members of the middle class who are aiming at the elegant, and who would have received that visit with a secret desire to imitate, so far as they might, what would only have been graceful and refined, because only natural or appropriate, in the class to which their visitors belonged. We forbear to draw at full length the picture of this awkward, humiliating, and after all unsuccessful attempt. It is photographed daily from the shifting scenes of life around us, and there are few of our readers who have not come across at least some specimens. Would they were *dissolving views*, and that we could laugh at them as they vanished. Alas! their tints are laid in the primary colors of our proud self-seeking hearts! Let us keep however to the surface, and contemplate only the ungraceful, unrefined aspects of this state of mind, without descending into the deeper and darker thoughts which it might suggest. It is in its very nature a miserable attempt, and a hopeless failure. It is the old fable of the farm-donkey resolved to imitate the sportive antics—graceful because natural—of his master's spaniel, and getting well thwacked for his pains. It is the would-be fine airs, the transparent assumption, the lacquered and pinchbeck vulgarity that would pass off for true gold, the mincing tone that tries to persuade us it is pure English: it is the

"cottage with a double coach-house,  
"A cottage of gentility,"

It is the smug little box of the small retired cheesemonger, standing by the dusty road-side within half-a-stone's-throw of the market-carts, yet adorned with its Corinthian pilasters, or its Doric entablatures, or its Italian urns and balustrades, or its mediæval buttresses and

finials, that might have shone upon the margin of some expansive lake, or frowned over the mighty forest. It is "Belvidere Villa," or "Plantagenet Lodge," containing Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs with their five children and maid of all-work. This is vulgarity majestic, paragonic, and unattainable by us poor ordinary mortals, who are content, as we occupy a certain station, to have our circumstances and details fitting and appropriate thereunto.

Meanwhile we have made less progress with our subject than might reasonably have been desired, since we have not only fallen short (as yet) of our proof that Catholic influence is the true influence of refinement, but positively have another link of our present-division still to be considered. Yet, if our readers will accompany us one or two stages further, we hope to redeem our implied promise without much unnecessary waste of time.

#### A FEW LAST WORDS ABOUT POETRY.

It is with some regret that I find myself entering on what must be the last stage of an agreeable, and I trust not wholly unprofitable excursion in the province of poetry. My regret arises partly from the recollection of how much more might, and ought to be said on this subject, which the narrow limits of a paper quite forbid me to attempt saying; and partly too, from the rare pleasure of securing a friendly ear for a monologue on a favorite pursuit; a pleasure which must, in this instance, soon terminate. I derive some consolation, however, from the hope that some suggestion, or train of thought struck out in the course of these too superficial papers, may find its development in some congenial mind; may be remembered in time to come, perhaps; may blossom and bear fruit in a richer soil.

The nature and sources of poetry, which first occupied us, led to a somewhat rambling and discursive criticism of a few of our recent, and one of our elder poets. We have gone on hitherto, my reader and I, as fellow-students in a delightful field of observation; but before we part, we must confer together as workmen in an art which has many degrees of excellence; of which even the lowest is entitled to a certain superiority over most other kinds of mental operations. You occasionally feel thoughts and imaginations of beauty stirred in you, do you not; awakened you know not how, nor

whence, by the sight of natural beauty; by the memory of what was lovely; by the prospect of something nobler than either? You are not singular in these feelings. A great many people have them; for the most part in their ardent youth; when life is all sunshine; when the mind of youth is as pliant as its limbs. But you have something more, which most people have not; you have the power of expressing those feelings in rhythmical language; in short, you write poetry occasionally; You are the very person I wish to talk to, for a little; I wish to make you think more highly of this faculty; and, if you will permit me, to put you in the way of making the most of it.

Now, when I say you write poetry occasionally, I don't mean that, like many very young and ardent admirers of particular poets, you straightway, after their perusal, grow morbid, and strike off stanzas which sound like mournful echoes of your favorites, with all their peculiarities and eccentricities ten-fold exaggerated. That is not poetry; it is merely imitative sentimentalism; and the sooner it is nipped in the bud the better; its bud is cankered to the core, and would end only in deformity. But I take it for granted, when you tell me that you sometimes write a copy of verses, that the thoughts are your own, or at least, their treatment is your own; that the structure of your verses is not servilely copied after any one else; in short, that what you do in this way is a true reflection of your own mind, in a sound and healthy way. I wish you joy of this faculty, my friend. It is one which not every one else possesses; if you know how to use it, it is a rich gift, which will repay cultivation. You have already seen how highly some of its most distinguished possessors valued it. But you tell me you have but a poor faculty this way; never mind; be it ever so poor, it is more than falls to the lot of the multitude; like every such gift of nature it has its legitimate use; and *you may do much to improve it*. The temple of poetry has its hierarchy; its ministers are not of one, equal order; the highest rank serves nearest the inner shrine; but there are many humbler posts within its sacred walls open to humbler genius; there is promotion, too, from a lower, to a higher rank. So, be content to occupy an inferior post; thankful that you are admitted within the enclosure at all.

Of course, if you have a turn for writing poetry, you have read in your time a good deal of what others have written. You must have observed in that, two things in particular;

ideas and thoughts; and the manner of expressing them. Both of them go to make good poetry. An author who has fine thoughts, and ideas, full of imagination, and high feeling, will give pleasure, even though his manner may be inferior to that employed by another in expressing ideas of less merit in a poetical sense. I venture to say that thoughts are the first essential to good poetry, and manner is the second. But as the ideas of ordinary writers of poetry are not usually of such a transcendently beautiful kind, as to be able altogether to dispense with the recommendation of a good manner, this too must be carefully attended to by a young author. I wish to say a little about each of these things, in the order I have mentioned.

[1.] As to ideas and thoughts, including the choice of subjects; they are to be acquired and cultivated in the usual way. You must learn to watch nature, either in its material, or its spiritual manifestations, as I described them in a former paper; you must do so, truthfully, lovingly; seeing beautiful things in the simplest and homeliest; with a ready eye to note what is admirable in circumstances of no particular distinction. Or if your genius leads you to watch for supernatural beauty, you must do so in a similar way; it must commend itself to your finer perception, without the common and vulgar accompaniment of romance. In fact, your study must be the whole sum of things around you; natural beauty, character, and conduct; the relation of our redeemed nature with the Christian revelation. But inasmuch as this habit of observation seems to imply a cultivated understanding, and an imaginative faculty not acquired at once, or without long and careful training, I would recommend you, my young friend, to study these things in books also, not that you may pirate the ideas of other people, to pass them off as your own, but that you may observe how gifted minds used their faculty of observation; how they watched nature, with untiring perseverance, well knowing that she would repay any pains spent with such a purpose. You will thus learn what to observe, how to do so, and where to prosecute your search. The best writers in your own language will of course first engage your attention. From these, you will pass to those of other languages; according to the extent and range of your acquirements. The Latin poets, and especially the Greek, will prove an almost inexhaustible mine of study; to those you will add as many of the Italian, Spanish,

and German authors as you are able. I regret to say that there is hardly a French poet that I have ever met with, who will give you any assistance worth mentioning. Moliere is the Samuel Butler of the French, a broad humorist, little more. Racine and Corneille preferred the artificial imitation of the ancient classic drama, to the less attractive perhaps, but more lasting merit of creating a school of poetry of their own; and the result has proved eminently unsuccessful. Of modern French poets, I know of scarcely one who deserves consideration for a moment. America is creating a school of poetry of its own; I would advise a British student to approach it with caution, and to test its merits and demerits by the truer and higher standard of the British and Italian classics. Sigourney, Longfellow, and others have their merits, undoubtedly; but their manner is often tawdry and affected, and therefore unfit for the imitation of a student who aims at classic elegance and precision.

A judicious selection and study, then, of the best authors, together with a carefully acquired habit of observation, will powerfully assist natural genius in the acquisition and cultivation of poetical ideas and thoughts. I would advise you to keep a manuscript book beside you, in which you may note down *at the time* any ideas that occur to your mind, either when reading or meditating. This practice has been approved by many eminent persons.

[2.] As to the manner of your poetry; this is much more of the nature of an art, with its rules, and customs. Provided you have materials to work with, there is less difficulty in the mere mechanical part. Yet every workman must know the use of his tools; so must a young poet. Acquaintance with the best models will soon introduce you into the mysteries of measure, rhyme, the structure of verses, and the rest; but if you can acquire a more formal and accurate knowledge of feet, prosody, rhythm, and the most common measures employed in poetry, so much the better. Of course a classical education implies an acquaintance with all of these. But I know of no better method for acquiring the practical management of words, and their arrangement in rhythmical order, than *translation*. Translate, translate, translate, I would say to every young poet. It hardly matters what you choose; you can hardly go wrong. All our great poets were careful and indefatigable translators; Milton from the Italian, Shelley from the Greek, etc.

Regarding various measures, I have not much to say; every poet will almost instinctively find out that which suits him best. But a young poet had better be content with the simplest, at first, at least. I would also strongly recommend him for a long time to adhere to rhyme. Blank verse, and the other forms of unrhyming measure are attractive from their apparent easiness; which indeed is only apparent—for good blank verse for instance, is quite as difficult as rhyme. But to the ear, generally, there is a certain pleasure connected with the recurrence of rhyme, for which nothing can ever compensate, but noble thoughts, in highly-finished and sonorous rhythm. When a young poet can offer these to his friends, and not till then, he may dispense his muse from the trammels of rhyme.

Rules and directions, however necessary, even for the construction of poetry, can only assist the development of ideas already struggling into light. These must come from a source beyond the reach of rule; a gift of rare price, which art can only polish and set, but cannot create. The mine from which diamonds come is not furnished by the hand of man; neither is the poet's soul. It is resplendent with jewels of rarer brilliancy, created and bestowed there, by the Author of all beauty. Has He given you even a few of such precious gems? Draw them forth, and clear them from all that tarnishes their lustre, and set them in ornaments of gold and silver; not for your own praise, who can only fashion them, but for His praise who created them; that men may praise, not your skill, so much as His bounty and His power, and the riches of His eternal beauty.

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THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, near Jerusalem, has been purchased by a Madame Polack, the widow of a wealthy Prussian banker, of the Hebrew persuasion. This lady intends to beautify the place, and improve the neighborhood, at her sole expense.—Having already planted the area with a grove of olives—from which it derived its name.

EDUCATION.—Education is a companion which no misfortune can repress, no climate destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave. At home, a friend; abroad, an introduction; in solitude, a solace; in society, an ornament. It chastens vice; it gives at once a grace, an ornament to genius. Without it what is man? A splendid slave—a reasoning slave.

## DYRBINGTON.

## CHAP. VII.

## EXPLANATION.

While the work of melting the precious metals was proceeding with, the stranger and Lyas Norwood stood as silent spectators, and viewed the operations of the Jew, with an equal, but a very different kind of interest. Lyas thought of Dyrbington's master; and his heart softened as it recalled him, and his frail body, and anxious laboring mind, and sorrowing spirit. And then Lyas thought of himself; an actor in scenes he did not comprehend.

Still he watched the motions of the practised Isaac with a jealous eye. Not so the stranger. Lyas had been so much absorbed in his own thoughts, that he had for a time forgotten his new friend's presence; and now that he looked upon him, he saw a countenance from which he could scarcely withdraw his eyes. As a man looks on a friend for the last time—sees him turn his back, and watches his receding form till it has faded in the distance, and at last is gone—as he looks at the ground where that friend trod, surveys the empty space, lets his eyes wander over the spot where so lately he was seen, and which shall know him no more—so looked the strange companion of Norwood's morning walk; so thoughtfully resigned, so contemplatively sad was his aspect. He stood leaning against that firm oak board, and his arms were crossed upon his breast. He leaned as one who could scarcely stand upright; and he gazed on Isaac, as one whose sight was fixed by some fascination to see with pain, what brought him sorrow without hope. At last the work was done: and Isaac, who had never spoken, except in mummings to himself, eloquent of a savage species of discontent, growled out: "There, will that do for you?" and, without looking up, or waiting for a reply, disappeared, carrying some of his apparatus with him, by a small side door, which led into the court.

"Stay, stay," cried Norwood, "your money, man, return."

Isaac thrust in his head, and answered: "Wait till you can touch your ruined riches. I'll be back in time;" and then he disappeared again, and a hollow contemptuous laugh was heard ringing among the old walls, which

struck painfully on Lyas's ear, and he looked for sympathy on the stranger. Their eyes met, and the bright grey eye of the old man sparkled the more, for a tear which had gathered there, and which now, with a deep drawn sigh, he brushed hastily away. The circumstance could not escape the observation of the quick-sighted Lyas. It stirred up an unusual interest within him. He exclaimed abruptly: "Who are you?" A smile succeeded the tear,—an amused look and a friendly smile—and he answered kindly:—

"It would do you no good to know—perhaps harm. I am one who would gladly be your friend, and the friend of Mr. Dyrbington also, if it might be."

"I have no friend amongst those who practise concealment," said Lyas, "and it looks more like an enemy than a friend to obtain a knowledge of things supposed to be secret, and then refuse to account, either for himself, or his mode of gaining information."

"You are inconsiderate; of what have I obtained knowledge? Question me, I will answer you freely."

"How knew you the contents of my basket," said Lyas, proceeding slowly to pack it again, and to replace the produce of the morning's net safely and carefully among the fern.

"You should rather have asked how I knew *you*;" answered the old man. "Knowing you to be Lyas Norwood, and knowing you to be employed by Mr. Dyrbington in the manner we have seen, and knowing that you had appointed to be here to day, and seeing that your basket was evidently heavier than a fisherman's store would make it—the contents became a matter of easy guessing, if not of certainty."

"And how knew you so much?" asked Lyas; the expression of surprise which had increased visibly on his countenance at every word the stranger spoke, now fixed there. "How knew you so much?"

"When the sound of exultation is heard among the ravenous birds of the forest," replied the old man, "you know that the weakly fawn is dying and exposed; and that the sorrowing mother can neither nourish or protect it. So when I heard in this place, the note of greedy welcome and avaricious hopes, I knew that the fruits of departed piety was surrendered to the unbeliever's scorn; I was led to imagine to his use, and I was here to purchase it out of his hands, but it seems that I was wrong."

"It is well for you, that you were disappointed," said Lyas, "Those things were of no common kind. There was a sorrow about them, and it cleaved to those who touched them."

"Who taught you so?" asked the stranger.

"He who owned them, and had proved the truth of his words—Dyrbington himself."

"And of what avail are those bright bars?" asked the stranger again.

"They can become money, you know, and that money can be bestowed on the poor; and Dyrbington says that the poor are here on earth in the great Being's stead, and so in this manner there will be a return made to Him, and the sorrow will depart."

"Wonderful!" murmured the stranger softly. And then addressing Lyas he asked, "Do you understand this?"

"No," replied Norwood, "I know nothing of these things."

"How do you mean? Of what religion are you?"

"Perhaps of none." Then suddenly changing his thoughts to their former subject he said: "But once more about these things. Isaac knew not that they were from Dyrbington, and how knew you?"

"When last you brought such, I was here, and saw them, and seeing them informed me. There were marks, and on one an inscription; I knew them in that manner."

"Then," said Lyas gravely, "you know too much. And what you must never repeat."

"You consider me possessed of a secret; a secret which might bring your honor, and Mr. Dyrbington's peace of mind into question?"

"Yes," answered Lyas.

"I am one of that Faith which once was at Dyrbington, and built the church, and blessed the people, and gave great gifts to God," said the stranger. "For *my* hands those gifts bring no sorrow, for I can use them as *they* designed who gave them."

Lyas listened with speechless interest, and the old man went on: "When *that* religion was departed from, and these things which belonged to its service were desecrated, then, the priests of that faith were persecuted and slain; and the sorrow arose of which you have just now spoken. But still, in this land, in retired places, under various disguises these priests of the people, and keepers of the ancient faith remained, and I am one of them. If you ever are in trouble, such trouble as leads you to think of me, then go to St. Cuthbert's; and if I am alive you will be brought to me.

But it may be," continued the speaker, "it may be that I shall not be there; that I shall be gone. In that case do not regret it, it will make no difference to you. Another will see you; another whose love may be greater, whose hopes may be more fervent than mine, and his powers less limited. Tell him your heart. You will find a friend."

He did not wait for an answer, but left the room. Lyas stood for a moment, then followed him to the door, but no further. He saw him mingling with the ceaseless throng, and soon lost sight of him. Then Lyas discharged his debt to the thankless and discontented Isaac, slung his basket on his shoulder, placed the fused vessels in their more disposable shape safely about his person; and full of his own thoughts walked away.

The time fixed for Julian's interview with Mr. Seaforth arrived. He felt himself to be another man, and with the feeling of change, there mingled some little sensation of awe.

He had often, very often, from youth, through manhood, almost to old age looked on that hoarded treasure, and felt, and believed, that one day great things would come of it. And now the thoughts, the fancies, the belief, the wondering of years—of all his life, and of the lives of others, how many he knew not—which had been so long gathering, so privately nourished, and preserved as secret with such wonderful success, had all suddenly been brought to a point. In a few months he should be another man. But in the meantime, he suffered an oppressive sense of living under a disguise: a feeling which had never occurred to him, while the gold had remained a secret in its hiding place. But now, that he had told it, that he was the acknowledged possessor of wealth, he felt that there was a something inconsistent with his character in appearing as the poor laboring artizan; and so, for a short time, Julian remained even more closely at home than usual, and his wife wondered at his silence, and so also did Anna, but happily they each recollected that he might be anxious about Edward. And Kate Julian shook her head, but with a smile on her lips, and said to her daughter that "Father thought more of Edward than he liked to confess."

After a few days, a messenger from Mr. Seaforth's office placed a note in Julian's hand. He received it, and trembled. The words, "you are to call this evening," were delivered in evident ignorance of that call being required for anything important. Mr. Seaforth's house was a large dwelling in an open part of the

town. Though it faced the street, gardens and shrubberies spread away behind to no small extent.

Mr. Seaforth was also a banker. The bank was the adjoining house. Julian was soon seated in the merchant's private room.

"If I am to assist you," said Mr. Seaforth, "and if you are to profit by my assistance, there ought to be all possible candor. I assure you, I advise it, not more for my own satisfaction than for your benefit, and I may add, that you shall never repent trusting me—may I ask you some questions?"

"Whatever you like," replied Julian. Still he said to himself—"the time is come;" and he had no desire to make any mystery or concealment to a man whom he regarded as the agent of his future fortunes. Mr. Seaforth therefore pursued his interrogations in a very business-like manner.

"This money has descended to you?"

"Yes—through several generations."

"Where do you keep it?"

"In the iron chest in which it came to me."

"How much of it do you desire to invest?"

"All of it."

"What may the amount be?"

"I cannot tell accurately—a large sum."

A declaration so opposed to the merchant's habit of life caused him to pause. But the first look of surprise was followed by a smile, and he went on. "Gold?"

"Yes, most of it, but silver besides."

"And you still like to join me in fitting out this privateer?"

"Yes."

Again there was a pause, after which Mr. Seaforth said—"And you wish to be a merchant?"

"Yes," answered Julian. "If to be a merchant is to be possessed of wealth, and power, and station, I do wish it."

Julian had bent forward towards his host, all the deep intensity of his feelings betrayed in his countenance. He did not, at that moment, hear the same door by which he had himself entered, suddenly opened, and only recalled his stedfast gaze of enquiry on hearing a voice exclaim:—"Hold hard, there, I say, hold hard. What; wealth, power, station!—wind, tide, and good luck—like that, do you?—Why, yes, and so do I. Shake hands then friend, for there's something that's alike between us."

Julian jumped from his seat, and Mr. Seaforth with less expression of surprise rose also. "Ah! Ralph," he exclaimed sadly. Then with an air of vexation, he shook his head repro-

vingly. But the new-comer only laughed more loudly.

Ralph Seaforth, the merchant's brother, had been the commander of that very ship which had brought the merchant and John Julian into such happy relations. Julian, on learning this, looked at the new comer as one mysteriously connected with his destiny. Though Ralph Seaforth was intoxicated, and Julian detested drunkenness and all approaches to it. He yet looked at him with a sort of respect, feeling that he was there to take part in those measures which were to end in the gratification of all his ambition had ever desired. His heart forgave him his follies, and extenuated his vices, and regarded him as an actor in a great work, a tool to be used, a help in the path of prosperity, a means towards the attainment of entire success. So when Ralph offered his hand, Julian accepted it; and when again his rude laugh rung around, and he reeled back and could with difficulty recover his balance, and laughed again to see his brother, sorrowing and mortified, sink back into his chair; Julian did not feel that disgust which he would have felt under other circumstances, but rather a solemn sense of the necessity of bearing all things, not only with composure, but even willingly, out of respect to the cause which was worked by means of many hands, and various kinds of help. Julian offered his chair to Ralph, and was bringing one of humbler sort for himself. But Mr. Seaforth got his brother out of the room. The fact was, that Ralph was a thoroughly abandoned character; and Julian knew it. But his mind was so fixed on his own future, that he was willing to get over all obstacles, and to respect Ralph Seaforth, if Ralph was to command the ship that should make his fortune.

As Julian approached his home, after his interview with Mr. Seaforth, everything seemed bright to his mind's eye, as if no shade of sorrow or sin rested upon earth. Ralph and his intemperance were forgotten, and once again the cloudless sky, the soft moonlight, and the expressions of joy which belonged to that evening when he had spoken to Mr. Seaforth on the beach rose up before him. His own success was even surer in his thoughts than ever; and he trod the threshold of his home with a firmer step than common, almost with an air of pardonable pride. Edward stood at the door. "My son," he said, "you are going to feel the sweetest thing that man can feel—*success*."

"Ah! father," replied Edward, "I have only made the first step yet. So much more seems to lie before me to be done, that I can scarcely think of the past—the future so overwhelms me."

"The future will be like the past, my son," answered Julian. "Man shapes his own fortune, and you possess qualities which may ensure you yours. Be true to yourself, and fortune will be true to you."

And now Anna bounded out to her brother's side, and placed her arm in his, but looked in her father's face. "Lyas Norwood, is here," she said, "he has waited some time to speak to you."

The father looked on the two children for a moment; he did not usually show much tenderness towards them openly, but this evening restraint seemed to have left them, and there was a most anxious tenderness in his ardent gaze. But he said no more, and entered the house.

There stood Lyas. Mrs. Julian had accepted his gift, and the fish had been dressed for supper. A tempting table was spread, and Lyas was pressed to partake of the meal. But he refused. "My visit here, this night, is chiefly on business," he said. In few words, and with less embarrassment than might have been expected, he made known his boy's wish to change his mode of life, to learn a trade, and settle among men. Then he offered him to Julian. Julian wit'out any hesitation refused the offer.

And now, there was a great deal to be done. Edward going immediately to college. Congratulations on his success poured in; and when Lord Westrey called, and praised him, and Lullingstone shook him heartily by the hand, and said: "Why, Edward, we shall be at College together—I am going next year"—there never was a happier youth than Edward Julian. Mary Westrey was there too. She stood so still and silent, looking on all about her as if it was a moving picture. Mrs. Julian smiled and wiped her tears at the same time, and almost laughed from nervous excitement, when she received Lady Westrey's affectionate message. But soon, as she turned aside, recovered herself, and curtsied again, and smiled on Lord Westrey, and said: "My duty, if you please, to her ladyship, and I hope I shall not grow too proud."

Edward bounded to his mother's side, and flung his arms around her, and gazed in her face so lovingly, just for one moment before he released her, that all admired him. A thought

just gleamed through Mary Westrey's mind, and brought a bright light into her earnest watchful eyes. "I am glad, very glad indeed," she said; and the boy blushed, and stammered, and left the room. Edward went to college, and Mr. Parker, who loved him, went with him.

And on the very day that Edward went, the vessel sailed with which went Julian's hopes of fortune. No wonder that, between events of such interest, Lyas Norwood's disappointment was forgotten. All was full of hope, and more, even of certainty. One thing only had struck Julian with an instant's sensation of regret; he scarcely knew why, but still he felt a little sorry on finding that Captain Ralph was not the commander of the ship—that he would not sail again for a few months; Mr. Seaforth said so, and so the thing passed. Julian had lurking feelings of one man's luck exceeding another's, and high ideas of the captain's qualifications in that particular. But be that as it may, when Julian watched the swift-sailing "*Sarah*" wind her way among the forest of masts in the well-filled docks, he felt no little regret that the captain on her deck was another than Ralph Seaforth.

The truth must be told here; Ralph Seaforth had quarrelled with his brother. That is, he had quarrelled with him as seriously as was possible, considering that all the bitterness was on his own side. Ralph Seaforth was a miserable drunkard, whose incorrigible wickedness in many ways had at last worn out his brother's charity. He would not employ Ralph any more while he pursued his present course of life. He had often threatened—the threat was now fulfilled. And the brother's quarrel concerned Julian, for Ralph was persuaded that he had supported his brother in his determination. Untrue as this was, it bore Julian bitter fruit. Ralph Seaforth was his enemy.

Let us now return to Harold. He was not discouraged; he determined to persevere; indeed so strong were his feelings, that he could not have done otherwise. "He will not take the rude, untaught, and perhaps, ignorant boy," Harold said. "That is the reason; that *must* be the reason; for the good man is kind, though strange, and rather rough, and has always loved us. I will overcome this. What he will not teach, I will learn of my own genius." And Harold, whose resolutions were never made in vain, kept his word. In a few weeks, he had taken some specimens of his first success to Julian's house. He was always kindly welcomed

there, and now his industry was praised, and he received all the encouragement he desired. Julian gave him some general instructions; told him where the best materials were to be purchased; once even sent Anna to shew the youth the way; and also lent him tools. Harold was happy, and bent all his energies to improvement in his trade. Thus passed weeks, and months, and autumn glided away, and the cold of winter came. Thoughts, but they were very heavy ones, were crowding on Julian's mind. The *Sarah* had been expected, but she had not appeared. Surprise had grown into doubt; doubt into fear; and fear was now passing into the certainty that she was lost.

Julian had never communicated the fact of his interest in this vessel to anyone. Mr. Seaforth had not departed from his usual rule, never to talk of the affairs of anyone connected with him. Julian's venture was known only to himself. There, in the projecting window of the pretty parlor, he would sit looking on the sea, and wondering on his fate. After he had seen the *Sarah* sail so merrily out of the harbor—after he had seen her fairly out of sight—lost in the horizon, and said farewell to her in his heart, he had not frequented his shop as diligently as he had used to do. He fulfilled orders, but when the last firm-bound vessel exposed at his shop door for sale, had found an admiring purchaser, no other proof of his industrious labor had taken its place. When the first doubts about the vessel arose, they did not much affect his mind. Julian had felt too certain of success to abandon his belief very suddenly. But one night after this, he met Mr. Seaforth, and they had spoken a few words together; few as they were, they made Julian feel the terrors of suspense,—not yet, however, can we say that he feared. After this, the work of his shop became still less agreeable to him, and Anna first observed that her father seemed restless and disturbed. She was loving, and young, and she did not like to remark it to her mother, least of all did she dare to speak to Julian himself. She took her work, and sat alone in the deserted work-shop, and when she saw her father enter, tried all her little arts to draw him to his former habits. Sometimes Julian tried to begin something, but nothing seemed to answer under his hands, and he would leave the tools in disorder, and wander out. In his wanderings he sometimes reached Norwood's hut, and there would sit in silence for long periods of time, watching Harold,

who, glad to display his ingenuity, worked on, insensibly producing the effect he desired on Julian's mind. And so Julian went on through dreary weeks and dreary months—what a dreadful winter time it was. His little stock of money was dwindling away. Disappointed customers ceased to come with their orders to a man who was never ready to supply them. On Mrs. Julian's face a sorrowing wonder crept. She felt alarmed; she knew not what to do; and womanhood's cares gathered round Anna's heart.

Still Julian wandered in his lonely way, for whole days absent from home. And still he turned his steps, most frequently towards Norwood's home, to see Harold work, and watch him as he carved the wood about him into living forms. It was very clever, and Julian knew it; but he never said so; he only sat and stared with a sad face of interest. There was always the unanswered question at his heart—where is the *Sarah*.

He was returning home one day in this wretched mood when he met a weeping child—She was starving. He gave her money and food, and asked her name, it was "Anna." He started, trembled, and walked on. A hard shower of rain came on just as he was entering Watermouth. He stopped beneath the shelter of the porch of a tavern. There came rude sounds of drunken mirth. Julian, always abhorring such scenes, was leaving the place when he heard his own name—he paused—it was Ralph Seaforth, saying how Julian had ventured his all in the *Sarah*—the "old miser's all," it was called—and how, because his brother had prevented his taking the command, the *Sarah* had gone "ill wished" out of harbor, and that she was undoubtedly lost. And they talked rudely of the pretty girl, his daughter—but Julian could hear no more—He rushed away. At a corner of a street he met Mr. Seaforth. "What do these rumors mean, sir?" said Julian, immediately commencing on the subject uppermost in his own mind.

"It is the most extraordinary thing—left long ago—that is on the point of leaving, when we heard; no account since—nothing positive—only a vessel was seen by an Indian lately come into ——— evidently in distress—I don't know what to say—I am very uneasy—and I feel more for you—indeed, believe me, more than for myself."

Mr. Seaforth left him abruptly, and Julian walked on. The odious echo of that rude man's voice, was still in his ears;—the starving

child was before his eyes. His wife—his Anna—Julian's heart did not dwell upon himself. His folly in being negligent of his trade! He was not really poorer. He had still a little store, enough to meet emergencies. He had never wanted more. But he must work.

Anna was standing by the door when he got back, evidently lingering for him. He spoke to her fondly, and she with equal fondness returned his greeting.

"I have been absent many hours" he said. "Have any customers enquired for me?"

"Yes, father; several,—and," said Anna with a little hesitation, "and seemed disappointed not to find you here."

"I have been very idle, lately," replied Julian smiling, "But will my child collect my tools, that I may work hard to-morrow?"

"Dear father," answered Anna, jumping by his side, for joy; "Everything is ready for you, and I waited there so long to day, thinking you might come back!"

"Did you, dear one?—God bless you, child—Good night."

The following day, as soon as the light permitted, Julian was hastening across that open country, towards Norwood's home. The morning was piercingly cold, but Julian's step was quick, and his warm heart was full of affectionate resolutions, and generous thoughts. He felt not the cold of the outward air, and in the vigor of his healthy resolutions he had lost the chill which had fallen on his spirits the evening before. He was soon standing before Harold. He said; "Harold, what I once refused, I now come in a wiser mood to ask for. Will you come to me, assist me in my trade, preserve it, enlarge it? If so, agree with me now on the subject of your hire."

Harold heard him with a flashing eye, which grew brighter at every word. But at the last, the red color rose in his cheek. "I will not sell my labor to you," Harold said. "You shall treat me not as a servant, but as a son. Then I will come. When I have learnt all, then, if you desire me to share in your profits, we can speak of it—but not now. These were the terms my father offered, and I will not change them."

"Keep to them if you will, then," answered Julian. And Harold's hopes were fulfilled for the present, and his ardent spirit looked gaily on the future.

After his morning's meal, Julian went, as of old, to his labor. His favorite Anna was soon in her accustomed place. The chips of wood

which fell about him she gathered and threw, from time to time, on the fire; and the bright blaze and the merry crackling sound that issued as it rose, were pleasant incidents. Julian looked round upon his child, and when their eyes met, they smiled—their hearts were more glad than they had been for many a long day past.

Anna's needle plied more quickly in its silent industry for the active sound of her father's noisy work. She did not think of the past, and its inexplicable sensations of sorrow and anxiety, but only of the present moment and its happiness. She thought, too, of Edward, and of the Christmas time without him; for Edward had had his parent's leave—and Lord Westry had advised them to grant it—to accompany Mr. Parker on a visit to his friends; and she was very proud and glad on Edward's account, and not anxious, for she knew the greatness of his heart, and felt—yet did not know that she felt—the nobleness of her own. Harold lived in the house with them, and immediately, he became an object of interest to Anna. She could not understand her brother's cleverness, but she could understand Harold's. He would try to carve a chair like that from old Dyrbington Court-House. He cut Mrs. Julian a brooch of white lilies from a piece of ivory. He had a gift in his hands, and they were never unemployed. It was her life to watch him, to praise him, and to help him where she could.

Of an evening Harold sat filing, and chipping at a little table of his own, and Anna read aloud. She read books lent to them by Lady Westrey. When night came Harold showed Anna his work, with graceful diffidence upon his bronzed cheek. His flashing eye watched her as she examined what he had been doing; and when her bright look gladdened him Mrs. Julian herself could not help admiring him.

Anna knew that she was first in Harold's thoughts, and it changed her life—it added to it an unutterable joy: she would have liked those days to last for ever—she did not know how to call her feelings by their real name. But Harold knew; and he was patient. Patient, as all people are who are in earnest; who hope, expect, believe, and yield themselves in undoubting faith to an influence they feel to be good.

Harold was the most diligent of workmen. But he did not work like a servant, but like an artist who pursues a fancy of his own. It soon appeared that his hands could form any-

thing that his heart desired; and Mrs. Julian told Lord Westrey of his genius.

Lord Westrey took back a bunch of lilies carved in wood to show Lady Westrey. Lady Westrey thought it a wonderful thing for an untaught youth to have accomplished; and she drove with Mary to Watermouth to tell Mrs. Julian what she thought.

"I will buy this," said Lady Westrey, "if he will allow me."

Mrs. Julian blushed. "Ah!" she said, "that is an odd part of Harold. He won't sell anything. He says he could not work for money. But if you, Lady Westrey, would be humble enough to accept it—now pray do, madam—and forgive my pressing you—"

"Yes mamma!" said Mary. And Lady Westrey, smiling, said she would take it, and that she could send him something at another time.

"I could not sell a picture," said Mary—"I know I could not, unless it was the will of God!" Mrs. Julian smiled. "What shall we send him, Mary?" asked Lady Westrey.

"Books, tools, anything to help and encourage him, but nothing to repay him—let us go to the work-shop." Lady Westrey looked towards Mrs. Julian as if asking leave.

People were not in the habit of refusing anything that Mary asked. Principally because her requests were never wrong; but also because of a certain sincerity that mingled with her thoughtful manner, and gentle ways. To anybody else Mrs. Julian might have spoken of the disorder of the place where Julian worked, but she never mentioned it to Mary or her mother. She went first and asked them to follow her.

Harold was very happy, and very modest and blushing. Anna was happy too, and very proud of Harold.

Mary Westrey stood by Harold silent and with her eyes full of thought, as he answered her mother's questions, and showed her all she asked for.

When silence came she said; "It is not enough." Harold started; she had uttered what he felt. His heart knew that there was more, but he did not know how to get to it. He fixed his flashing eyes on her quiet, beautiful face. She said; "Can't you draw?" Harold threw back his head, and pushed the black glossy curls from his forehead. Mary stooped down and took from the floor a bit of charred wood—She turned to the white-washed wall and began to draw. She took no notice of Harold,

but seemed absorbed in what she was about. But to Harold it was like drinking in inspiration. It was wonderful to those who looked on, to see his flushed cheek, and ardent gaze—his whole soul speaking in his face—and to see, in contrast, the noble girl's still, exquisite beauty as with a bold hand and outstretched arm she drew upon the wall. It was within a few days of Christmas, and—Jesus, Mary, Joseph, the Stable, the Manger—not the adoring shepherds, for she was interrupted by Harold falling on his knees.

"You can do it," said Mary, dropping the charcoal—but Harold was gone.

Some hours afterwards, when he returned, he carefully rubbed out every line that Mary had made. "I have learned the secret," he said to himself—"It is all in my heart."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### AD REGINAM ANGELORUM.

Gracious Queen! in all that's fairest  
Fairer gifts of thine we see;  
All this earth holds best and rarest  
Hourly speaks to us of thee.

Shadows of thy peerless graces  
Lie on all we love, around;  
By our homes a thousand traces  
Of thy tender light are found.

Darling childhood, April season,  
Daily-mingling smile and tear;  
Budding germ, maturing season,  
Promise of a fruitful year.

Maiden in her opening beauty,  
Gracious, simple, lowly, kind,  
Paying all a daughter's duty,  
Rich in treasures of the mind.

Love's betrothal, bridal flowers,  
Blooming 'neath a cloudless sky;  
Season of the golden hours,  
Pleasure-laden, as they fly.

All of these, the best and fairest  
Hourly speak to us of thee;  
Gracious Queen! in all that's rarest  
Rarer gifts of thine we see.

Mother's watching, mother's blessing  
Brooding o'er her only child,  
Lead us back to thy caressing,  
Where thy First-born lay and smiled.

Faithful mother, vigil keeping  
Nightly with her sailor-son;  
Mother yearning, mother weeping  
Hours beside her dying one.

Childless widow, sitting dreary  
By her cold and lonely hearth;  
Wandering solitary, weary,  
Years about the darkened earth.

Queen of sorrows! every sadness  
Asks thy children's tears for thee;  
Mother crown'd! in every gladness  
Comes a ray of thine to me.

J. A. S.

## THE MOON'S ROTATION.

In April last, Mr. Selinger Symons, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, addressed an unassuming letter to the *Times*, in which he introduces the above subject as follows:—

"May I request the favor of a small space in your columns to enquire the grounds, upon which almost all school astronomy books assert that the moon rotates on her axis? This theory is positively stated in *Schaeidler's Book of Nature*—a work of authority in Germany, and it has just received the high sanction of Mr. S. R. Hind in his edition of *Keith Johnston's New Atlas of Astronomy*. The moon is there said to revolve round our globe in a period of twenty-seven days, seven hours, and forty-three minutes, and to rotate upon her axis in precisely the same interval; whence it occurs that only one-half of the moon can ever be seen from the earth."

Upon this no less than seven letters, out of many, appeared the next day against Mr. Symons, and others again from day to day, with one or two exceptions in his favor. Some of the anonymous writers, in the pride of science, were highly offensive, and indulged in ridicule upon a gentleman, who simply asked for the proof of a very generally received theory. The controversy went on for a time, until it passed from the *Times* to the *Morning Chronicle*.

From a letter of Mr. E. Hopkins, in favor of Mr. Symons, it appears, that not only in this country, but also on the continent, this question has made a great sensation; and the readers of the Catholic Institute Magazine may therefore be glad to be put in possession of the leading features of the controversy, and of the reasons for concluding that the moon does not rotate on her own axis.

At first sight it may appear, that the point at issue is of little moment; but we shall see, on another occasion, that it is of the greatest importance to learn, whether the moon floats on our sphere, or whether she rotates in vacant space; whether the tides are produced by pressure, or, as is now taught, by attraction.

That the moon does not rotate round her own axis, within any time or period, is proved by the following:—

Cut the line of the moon's orbit in one place, and draw it out into an horizontal plane: will it be said that in passing from one end of the level to the other, the same as she did when the line formed a circle, the moon makes a revolution round her own axis? Do

the same with the earth; cut the orbit round the sun in one place, and stretch it out in one straight line, and the earth will still revolve round her own axis from one end to the other; the same as she does now when her path lies in a circle.

Let a carriage, by whatever force, be drawn or propelled round our globe, and every wheel will revolve round its own axis, whilst at the end of the journey it will have made one revolution round the earth; let drags be put on to the wheels, and at the end of the journey they will all have made a revolution round the earth, but not a single one round its own axis; because, like the moon, they always presented the same part of the wheel, the same face, to the earth.

A ship, circumnavigating our globe, will always present the same face to the fishes in the water, as the moon does to us. On coming home again, it will surely not be said that she has made a revolution round her own axis, though she has made a revolution round the earth. The moon and the ship perform a revolution round the earth, round the *axis of the earth*, but not round an axis of their own; they move round the axis of the *centre of their orbits*,—round an axis *exterior* to their bodies.

The most plausible and deceptive argument, in favor of the theory of the moon's rotation round her own axis, that we have met with, has been put forward by an anonymous correspondent of the *Times*, in one of the letters already referred to.

"In the next school Mr. Symons goes to, let him make a chalk spot on the floor, and walk round it at any distance he likes, keeping his face steadily to it, as the moon does to the earth, and as he walks let him go closer and closer to the spot, saying all the time 'Now, boys, you see I don't turn on my axis,' till at last he finds himself moving upon the spot itself; and let him then ask them whether he is turning on his axis or not. I think it will be clear to the stupidest boy in the school. Assuming it to be so, he must next proceed to explain to these, and himself, at what particular distance from the spot rotation is said to begin. Perhaps he has a supplementary theory to settle this point."

On mature consideration, F.B.D., the correspondent in question, will find in the above illustration, that the rotation begins nowhere *exterior*, or *outside*, the chalk spot made on the floor.

Let a thread, ever so fine, be drawn from the spot on the floor to the ceiling; let F.B.D. begin his walk around it, and he will never turn on his axis, so long as his back is not turned; however close he may be to the thread, keeping

it steadily before his eyes, the thread itself will still be the axis round which he moves.

And now I beg to ask by what manœuvre will F.B.D. transfer this axis through the centre of his own body, to enable him to have an axis of his own round which to turn? Will he at once, at a jump, substitute himself in place of the thread? Or, as he moves closer and closer against it, will he allow the thread by degrees to cut into his body until he gets it into his own centre? But then there would be an axis within his body which before we saw outside! And if it was not in his body previously, there obviously could have been no axial rotation of himself.

The *Athenæum* of April 19th, contains a scarcely less plausible illustration. The writer of the article says:—

“When a man walks round a circle, following his nose, he turns on his own axis, because he makes his nose point to all the points of the compass one after another. How can a man first point north and then south without a-right-about-face? But this double procedure is so usual and simple that it seems all one job. The turning round the axis is unnoticed because it is gradual. But suppose a person to neglect the gradual turning on the axis until the necessity for it mounts up. When a point travels over the four sides of a square, it moves *round* the centre of the square, though not always at the same distance. Now let a man walk round the square. When he comes to the corner he must make a quarter face, unless he prefer to walk sideways. And this he does four times. Now let it be a regular octagon: he makes an eighth of a face eight times. Next a figure of sixteen sides: a sixteenth of a face sixteen times. Go on in this way, and as the sides become more numerous, and severally smaller, the lines become severally less, and more frequent. Finally at the limit, as the mathematicians say, the figure becomes a circle, the turning becomes gradual, and the successive rectilinear motions merge in a continuous circular motion. If our readers will ponder this explanation a little, they will probably arrive at the conclusion that a person who cannot make it out is not fit to be an inspector of schools.”

But what if the inspector of schools should be right after all that has been said against him and his theory?

The first point of the preceding extracts has been settled already. By cutting the circle in one part and stretching it out into one straight line, the body moving over it undergoes no change; and it must be evident, even to *ordinary minds*, that a person walking along the line when straight or forming a circle, does not turn round his own axis—round an axis within himself.

As regards the second point, let a man walk round the square and by degrees narrow his angular path until he nears the centre.

Let a vertical pole be stuck up in the centre of the square to represent the axis round which the point or person travels. On coming close to the pole the square will by degrees have changed into a circle. Let the person take hold of the pole with his right hand, continue to walk round, and present his nose to every quarter of the globe, as before; let us also, though not absolutely necessary, consider, that from the moment the pole has been grasped, it forms part and parcel of the person walking round, and what before was a spiral motion will have become an extreme eccentric motion, the whole body turning round the axis passing through the hand. Pressing further in upon the centre of the square, the pole would gradually have to slip upward through the arm, or rather the person would in a manner have to impale himself, until the pole passed through the centre of his body, before he could be said to rotate upon his own axis.

We thus see that the original motion was spiral, and that to become central-axial the body must *begin* an eccentric rotation by pressing and infringing upon its former external axis, and that this eccentricity must diminish until the rotation can become central. It is just the same as with F.B.D.; at the end of the song we see an axis within the body, which at the beginning, we saw outside; the substitution or transfer of axis, from outside to inside, must be sudden or gradual.

These are the only two ways in which a rotation round his own axis, an axis interior to the moving body, could be brought about; but to suppose either the one or the other is a manifest absurdity.

The moon, then, has no rotatory motion round an axis of her own, an axis within herself, no more than the ship or clogged wheel; her's is a progressive floating motion, but not a rotatory progression. The libration of the moon is nothing else than the gentle rocking of a ship either way; so that at one time we see more of one edge, and at another time more of the other; but this surely, is no evidence of rotation round an axis of her own. Let the earth gradually shrink to the thread of its axis, to the pole of the square, and let the moon, the ship, the clogged wheel, F.B.D., and the writer in the *Athenæum* too, move closer and closer around it; remove the thread or the pole, and all will stand still. Or, does it follow, that having nothing round which to move, they should now spin round themselves, either suddenly, or by first becoming extremely eccentric? This would be a substitution, and

shifting of position indeed! But the moon, like the ship, and the clogged wheel, having before had no axis of her own within her, round which to turn, could not get it, even if put in place of the earth, except by a special exercise of Divine Omnipotence, though F.B.D. a living genius, may trample under foot the spot of chalk, and spin round himself, whenever he pleases.

Rotation, as commonly understood, is the motion of a compact, or united body, round an axis within that body, whether the axis be central or eccentric. Revolution is commonly understood of a body moving in a circle round a distant centre. Each of these motions may be separate, or they may be combined. A body may turn round its own interior axis, while at the same time it revolves round a distant centre.

A gentleman waltzing, or spinning round himself in the circle of a ball-room performs both axial rotation, and revolution round the distant centre of the room. Let the gentleman associate with a lady and merrily waltz round the room, and he will cease to rotate round an axis within himself. He now forms, as it were, but one body with his partner, and the axis round which *they* rotate, lies between them, whilst their revolution round the room continues. Let the pair be joined by others, and by degrees form a ring; the circumference of the united body will only be increased, and each person further removed from the centre round which *combined* they rotate, whilst all the time they continue their slackened revolution round the room. But individual rotation there is clearly none; they are an united body and rotate round an axis within the centre of the ring. Let a spectator, to represent the axis, be placed inside; and he will have the pleasure of seeing the faces of the dancers only,—an evident proof of the absence of individual rotation. Let the master of ceremonies be placed beyond the ring into the centre of the room, and he will have the satisfaction to behold both face and back in turn of every member of the ring, the same as the sun, beyond the orbital ring of the moon, shines in turn upon every part of her surface. But this argues no individual axial rotation of either dancers or moon. The moon, like each one of the former, is a compact body, but for all that no waltzer, and least of all a waltzer by herself; she does not rotate about an axis within herself, either monthly, annually, or in any period of time; or we should have seen at least something of

the side she constantly keeps turned away from us. Let her now be multiplied; let one moon join the other until they form a ring round the earth like the one round Saturn; and surely, no one would say that the ring rotates about an axis within its solid body; or that each moon rotates by and round herself? The one ring would rotate round the earth as its axis, as the other rotates round Saturn as its axis. But the sun beyond the ring would behold the ring in turn inside and outside at the same time, as the master of ceremonies would see back and front of the dancers, simply however, because there is a clear space between the ring and the axis within it. Fill up the ring with solid matter, and the interior face will be hidden to the eye and to the sun: the backs, or exterior surface of what before was a ring, will alone be seen; the same as the exterior surface of the earth alone is shone upon by the sun. In this case the whole ring becomes a solid body from the axis to the limit, and *as usual* it rotates round the axis within. But the moon is a separate, compact, body, a link, a joint only, of the exterior ring; and as such it must be evident that she can have no axial rotation, whether central or eccentric. It is just *because* the sun shines *then only* upon the face of the moon *we never see*, upon the exterior part of the ring for *ever turned away from us* who stand in the centre, when she is in conjunction, that is, when she is between the sun and the earth; and that he shines *then only* upon the place *we always see* upon the interior of the ring for *ever before our eyes*, when she is in opposition, that is, when the earth is between the sun and the moon, that her uniform circular motion—her rotation round the earth, and her revolution with it round the sun—is established, and her self-axial rotation disproved. Take but the ring off your finger, and turn it horizontally before your eyes: and whilst you behold part of its outside and part of its inside, you would certainly not maintain that the *seal* of the ring rotates upon an axis within the seal itself? The moon is nothing else than the seal, the crown of the invisible ring of her orbit, and consequently can have no individual axial rotation of her own. The earth would be just the same if it were to rotate round the axis of the sun only, and not round itself also. It would, on the contrary, still have axial rotation, and not be a mere seal in the ring of its orbit, were it to present the whole of its surface to the sun but once in a thousand years.

Let the moon sink down to the earth, and by degrees she will to ourselves, to the centre round which she floats, be entirely eclipsed; she would at the same time press more and more upon the air and atmosphere above us, and drive the waters of the earth upon the land; let her finally drop into the ocean and continue her floating motion; and like the ship, the deck alone will be shone upon by the sun, and the flooding of the land completed. If however, as it is said, the moon has a peculiar liking for the water, no inundation, of low countries even, need be feared; for, the nearer she approached, the more she would attract the water and withdraw it from the shore; and thus, without injury to mankind, present to us perhaps the spectacle of riding upon a tide, higher than the highest mountain, and larger than the whole of Europe, but still no more rotating on an axis within herself, than now when she is far distant.\*

There is no man in this country who does not look forward to Italy's again becoming one of the leading communities in the world. But I for one, look forward to that great renovation as springing from the genius of the people, and the resources of their land. Time the great reformer, can yet save Italy, but if anything can throw back her career, if anything can baffle her advancing destiny, it would be the intrigues of politicians who are not Italians, who for the sake of obtaining an influence and a power which they cannot otherwise command, would trifle with the fate of a great people, *pander to the lusts of secret societies*, pretend to a sympathy which they do not really experience, and for the sake of popular applause and for an instant success, would compromise the destinies of a great and gifted people.—*Disraeli, May 20th, 1856.*

KNOWLEDGE and wisdom though oft-times compared, have in truth small resemblance. Knowledge dwelleth in hearts replete with thoughts of other men; wisdom in minds attentive to their own. Knowledge is proud that he hath learned so much. Wisdom grieves that he knows no more.

The gloomiest knell that rings over the fall from virtue, must be to hear of the lost esteem of those we love.

To seek for happiness independent of virtue, is looking for shade on the sands of the desert.

\* *The Moon's Rotation* is inserted as an interesting paper, and must not preclude us from publishing, at any future time, any equally interesting argument in support of the established theory.

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

## NO. VI.—BRITAIN IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.

That heresies should strike (if truth be scann'd  
Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,  
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.

*Wordsworth.*

There are many useful designs entertained by those who undertake the labor of education, and devote the best powers of the intellect and the affections to the responsible office of training the minds of the young, so as to prepare them for the duties of life. Now, it is acknowledged that of all these methods, some are unsuccessful in their results upon the formation of character: but among the many principles on which they act, one may be selected as especially infallible, and it is that by which Saint Paul trained his new converts in the Christian doctrine. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever are just, holy, lovely, of good fame—if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think on these things;" and this principle will be found, in some degree, in all successful systems of education. First in the heathen schools, and then in the wisest Christian universities, in which the example of good and great men have been proposed to the admiration of the student. But the great men of the world being imperfect models, a higher species of excellence is placed before the minds of youthful Christians in the lives of the saints, and this study not only satisfies the strong instinct for imitation, but that noble faculty of admiration so soon distorted and obliterated by contact with the degraded world. And the imagination, which is the faculty by which the human mind grasps at the supernatural, is directed and sanctified by what is related of the communications granted by God to His saints, and His frequent suspension in their favor of the ordinary laws by which He rules material things. The office of sound criticism is to check any undue exercise of this holy love for what is great and good. But if it be rashly used to cast a general ridicule on sublimity, lower the standard of morals, and take to the level of common life, it must counteract the noblest end of education, and repress the most precious energies of the mind. It is in the spirit of reverence that we must read the heroic deeds of St. Germanus, in defending Britain from a heresy, whose root is not to be eradicated, as it springs from the pride of human intellect.

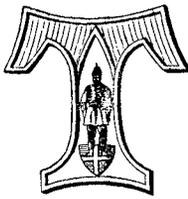
The weakness and corruptions of the British

people tempted the fierce heathen tribes, who lived by plunder on the coasts of the Baltic Sea and German Ocean, to devastate the rich towns and fertile fields of this still Christian country. In their distress the Britons asked aid from Rome; but the invasion of the northern tribes pressed too heavily on the capital itself to permit the absence of a single legion. In vain Guethelin, the bishop of London, exhorted the terrified people to call upon the name of Christ, that He might inspire them with courage to defend their liberties. Rome was taken by Alaric A.D. 410, and Britain was devastated by the Picts and Scots. And not only the lands were wasted by savages, but the faith of the people was corrupted by a fatal heresy. Pelagius was a monk in the monastery of Bangor, and is said to have been a man of more genius than learning. He travelled into Italy, and was honored by the correspondence of St. Augustine and St. Jerome. But these great Doctors of the Church penetrated the pride which was concealed under his apparent austerities and sanctity, although other good but simple men were deceived by his fair professions; and believed that when he denied the necessity of the Divine Grace for performing good works, he was only defending the freedom of the human will from the heretics who denied that God has given that high responsibility to man. This proud self-sufficiency, so gratifying to the irreligious, spread naturally enough into his native country; and now, says Bede, the Britons, though they absolutely refused to embrace that heresy, so blasphemous against the Grace of Christ, were yet, not able of themselves to confute it by arguments, and craved aid from the Gallican prelates. St. Germanus, bishop of Auxerre, was then the papal vicar in Gaul, and at a synod of the bishops it was decided that he should go with St. Lupus, bishop of Troyes, to this distracted island. They went accordingly with full powers; and sailed half-way across the channel with a fair wind. Then the malice of the demons, who feared that the Britons should be restored to the faith, raised terrific storms, and darkened the air with clouds. The sails were useless, and the skill of the sailors failed in the tempest; but although St. Germanus, spent with weariness, was asleep, the ship was borne up by the mighty force of prayer. When at length they were about to sink, Lupus awakened him, and he called upon the name of Christ. In the name of the Holy Trinity he sprinkled on the sea a few drops of oil, or as some say,

of water, and the raging of the waves was stilled. Almighty God had heard their prayers and the storm was succeeded by a calm. They landed in safety, and were received with joy, for their approach had been foretold by the bad spirits who had raised the storm; and when these spirits were afterwards expelled by the priests from those whom they had possessed, they confessed that they had raised the storm, and that they had been overcome by the saints. The apostolic bishops preached daily, not only in the churches, but in the streets and fields. They then held a disputation, to which the Pelagians came with a splendid attendance, and the people stood round as spectators and judges, and as the Venerable Bede says, "on one side there was divine faith, on the other human presumption; on one side Pelagius, on the other Christ." The holy prelates permitted their adversaries to speak first, and then answered them, with a torrent of eloquence, interspersing their discourse with passages from the Holy Scriptures, and from the works of great writers; until their adversaries having nothing to reply, confessed their error, and the people could hardly be restrained from using violence against those false teachers.

It was after the bishops had gained their victory, that a British nobleman brought into the assembly his daughter, who was blind, and entreated them to restore her sight. They bade him carry her to the Pelagians, but they sent back the parents to the bishops. Germanus, after a short prayer, full of Divine inspiration, invoked the Blessed Trinity, and taking into his hands a casket, containing some relics which hung about his neck, he laid it on the eyes of the girl, and she recovered! "Not only did the light of the sun illuminate the eyes of the blind, but the glorious light of truth succeeded to the darkness of error in the minds of the British nation, and they were confirmed in the purity of the faith." The bishops visited the tomb of St. Alban, to give there thanks to God through him, and Germanus commanded that his tomb might be opened, that he might lay the relics of the Apostles and Martyrs together with those of the Protomartyr of Britain; and having done so, he took up with veneration some of the dust which was still reddened with his blood. It is said that the conference was held at St. Alban's, and there, not far from the ruins of the old city stood many ages after, a chapel dedicated to St. Germanus on the spot where he had held the dispute.

## THE CHARACTERS OF THEOPHRASTUS.



HERE was an old Greek, a man who had heard Plato and Aristotle, whose name originally was Tyrtnanus, but who spoke so well, that his contemporaries thought that his phraseology must be a divine gift, and therefore, deserved a divine name; so they called him Theophrastus, the divine proser: he was a great philosopher, but a rather discontented man; he died prematurely at the age of a hundred and seven, and his last breath was spent in lamenting the shortness of life, and complaining of the unfairness of nature, which gives centuries of existence to the crow and the stag, and only short decades to man. One of the most amusing books which the Greeks have left us, was written by this grumbling youth when he was in his ninety-ninth year; he called it the book of characters, or characteristics, and it has been the model for all the collections of short observations on persons, manners, and morals, which have since been published. It shews that human nature was fundamentally the same in Greece twenty one centuries ago, as it is at the present day in England. We will give our readers a few specimens of the old philosopher's acute remarks, only premising that we have taken the liberty, which we believe all his translators have done before us, of changing known for unknown things, and so rather adapting what he says, than pretending to give a literal version of his words.

First, then, let us see how the observant old Gentile describes an animal which we are afraid is quite as rife among us, as it was among his Athenian contemporaries;—an animal now generally known by the name of "flunkey," but anciently designated by rather coarse allusions to the disgusting mastication of toads, &c. Here then is the substance of Theophrastus' description of the manner in which your "colax," your flatterer, toady, or flunkey, behaves to you:—

As he walks with you he will say: "See how people look at you, they take no notice of any one else. Yesterday I was at a party, where there were more than thirty persons of some note, and when we began to talk of the books that had been published during the season, we all began with yours, and ended with yours,—

really it is a masterpiece!" And while he is saying this he will brush the dust off your collar with his hand; or if a bit of straw has been blown into your hair, he will pick it out carefully, and with a laugh, will tell you: "Look! it is only two days since I saw you, and yet your head is full of grey hairs—yet for your years you have the blackest hair of any one I know." Then if you are speaking he will tell other people to be silent; or he will testify his approval of the man that listens to you; and if you pause he will at once signify his assent; and if you are satirical he will laugh like a fool, and stuff his handkerchief into his mouth as if he could not contain himself. And he will buy apples and oranges for your children, which he will bring to give them, (taking good care that you see what he does); and he will kiss the little fellows, and call them chips of the old block, and that block genuine heart of oak; and if you intend to visit any one, he will go first and give notice of your approach, and when he sees you again, he will tell you that he had announced you. When he dines with you, he will be the first to praise your wine, and to point to the excellencies of your cookery. And he will say to you: "How little you eat," and he will stick a spoon into the dish before him, and say: "Have some of this, it is so good;" and he will ask you if you do not feel the fire too hot, and whether you would not like a screen—and at the same time he will jump up and arrange it; and he will whisper in your ear; and he will look at you while he is speaking to other people; and when your servant is helping you on with your great coat, he will either take it out of his hands and do it himself, or he will find something to set right, the collar to turn down, or cuffs to turn up; and he will tell you that your house is well built, your garden well stocked, your portrait ridiculously like, and so on. If he meets you in the street, he will, while he is at some distance, prick up his ears, smile, brighten his eyes, telegraph to you, call out your name, take hold of you with both hands, and hold you while you talk to him; after you have bidden him good bye, he will turn back to ask you when he shall see you again, and will again take his leave with some compliment. And when he dines with you he will ask for your children after dinner, and when they come, he will say that they are as like their father as figs to figs; and he will draw them to him, and seat them on his knees, and kiss them, and talk nonsense to them, and

sing to them "Hey-diddle-diddle;" and if one of them is unwell he will run up to the nursery with him; and he will take the baby out of the nurse's arms, and make some pap on his plate, and feed it, he will crow and chuck to it, and call it a greater rogue than papa.

Ovid afterwards gave advice of the same nature, to people who wish to curry favor with others: "Brush the dust from their clothes," he says,—"*Et si nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nullum.*" And even if there is no dust, brush it off all the same; brush off the no-dust. Seize on every pretext for your officiousness.

But now to migrate to another character—the following are some of the traits of the small, self-important man; a kind of person whom one meets occasionally, even now:—

At dinner he will always try to hook on to the lady of the house. He will have a black footman. He likes to give away new guineas and half-crowns. He always packs up his deputy-lieutenant's uniform in his portmanteau. He puts up a monument to his dog. He gives many candles to be burnt in the church on his fête-day. When he writes to his friends on the continent, he lets his letters lie about a few days before he posts them, that his visitors and servants may know about his great foreign correspondence. He has his boots from Paris, and his hats from Brussels, and his gloves from Grenoble. He has a valuable watch, which he uses in illustration of arguments. He has a fiddle, for which he gave £300. He has a snuff-box given him by the Marquis of Carabas, and a piece of plate presented by the corporation of Galton. He goes to vestries when he is likely to take the chair in the absence of the vicar.

But we are getting too modern for the old Athenian; the temptation to adapt things so very adaptable is too strong for us; besides which, if we kept literally to the philosopher's own words, the cream of his jests would be fossilized into classical allusions, which the scholar might dig up and exhibit in a museum, but which would hardly be palatable to a person seeking mere amusement.

Let us next migrate to a different and more unpleasant kind of self-importance, not unmingled with a pretty copious selection of brag.

Such a man will tell you, though you are a perfect stranger to him, how many ventures he has had on the sea, or in railways, or mines. He will tell you all his gains and losses; he will take out his cheque-book in

your presence, and write a draft. He will tell his neighbors at the ordinary how he fought under the Duke of Wellington, or was out with Louis Napoleon as a special constable in '48. Also how many great china vases he has; how much more handy are the Italian, than the English workmen. He will blow out his cheeks; he will tell you how the year of famine cost him near one hundred pounds—how he could not refuse the poor fellows. If he sees a good horse or a handsome carriage, he will ask the price, and pretend he is looking out for something of the sort, though this does not exactly suit him. He likes to be seen coming out of the most extensive and fashionable shops, where however, he only buys trifles. If he lives in lodgings he will perhaps give you to understand that he owns the whole house, but that he intends to give it up, as it is too small for a man who sees so much company—for his house is a regular inn, and his purse too, a regular sieve; it could never be full while he had so many to empty it. Then he will call your attention to the excellence of his well, the coolness of his water, the freshness of his vegetables, and the talent of his cook. He explains to you the principles on which his grates burn, his rooms are ventilated, his house warmed; and will take care to tell you that he is a great friend of Doctor Reid, who, in fact, generally takes his advice in all the new inventions which he publishes.

Next we will extract a few characteristics of the "rough diamond."

He wears his shoes too large; he speaks with a loud voice; he is shy towards his friends and equals, and consults his groom or his cook about his affairs. He will stand chattering with the laborer who is digging his garden, and will tell him all the gossip of the place, some of it consisting in very free stories; he always stands or sits in unseemly attitudes; he takes no notice of the beautiful buildings, the prints in the shop windows, or the prospect; but if there is a horse, or a cow, or a flock of sheep in the road, he will stop and scan them with a knowing eye. He will whistle in church, and talk aloud in a concert room, and hum tunes as he walks in the streets. He wears nails in his shoes. He carries a very thick stick. He wears a peculiar hat and leather gaiters.

We conclude by a fragment of a sketch of the parsimonious man:—

He does not provide enough dinner for his guests; he makes his servants collect the cloves from the sides of the plates of those

who have eaten apple tart, saying: "They will do again." He will borrow half-a-crown of the man who has come to dine with him. He gives his guests very weak negus. He travels by excursion trains, and takes one place for three children; he borrows a handkerchief and uses it for a week. He always leaves a tail to his debt; he pays by instalments; he never has quite enough to pay him out and out, and d——s the fractions. He subtracts the pay for the schooling for every day his boys are ill; he will not send them for ends of weeks, or any fractions of time. He asks the porter for change for sixpence. He will not be a godfather to any one for fear of having to give a silver mug.

Theophrastus is certainly no fool; on the contrary, he has rendered vast assistance to all moralists, authors of tales and novels, and sayers of sharp things since his time. And we think our readers will thank us for the five minutes we have enabled them to spend with the ghost of the keen-eyed old Athenian.

### Reviews.

*Callista.—A Sketch of the Third Century.*  
1 Vol. London: BURNS and LAMBERT.

After much expectation and many promising rumors we have *Callista* at last. From our experience of its author, and the generally understood tone of the series it adorns, we looked for another volume of the same extensive scholarship and rare information which characterize its beautiful predecessor. Our hopes have been signally fulfilled; for here is another fascinating record of memorable times, too long left almost undisturbed in "the twilight of fable;" of incidents often more familiar to the child than to the man; and of scenes which eminently abound in valuable lessons,—furnishing so many interesting, though reproachful, parallels to our own day; and also in many opportunities for literary skill,—illustrating a singular period of mental darkness and not inelegant manners; and shewing the faith of the illumined mind, and the joyous love of the child on first recognising his Father.

We however desire to regard this volume as a work of art, apart from its religious teaching, and freed, if possible, from the natural restraint of our very warm admiration and respect for its author. Many of our

readers are no doubt content to overlook the faults of such works as literary productions, inasmuch as the beautiful morality and sublime teaching blended with the interesting details, often send them forth, from their perusal, wiser and better men. Nor do we quarrel with them for being so—their admiration is natural in these days when the slightest appearance of friendship towards us in an able work, certainly raises that work immensely in our good graces. We but seek to express our belief that such works as those before us must in common with all others, be amenable to Catholic criticism, if worthy of Catholic notice, and that the work proved deserving of praise as a work of art, is tenfold more powerful as an instrument for good.

We may, however, appear peculiarly safe in thus beginning our notice in this case where there is such absorbing interest, such evidence of vast reading, and such unquestionable proof of literary power: still did the volume strike us as wanting, we would be, we hope, honest enough to say so, despite its lofty teaching and religious tone from beginning to end. The entire and unhesitating approval we have seen accorded to some Catholic works, merely because they were Catholic, has often appeared to us rather equivocal praise, and we feel it would be almost insulting to offer it here.

The style of *Callista* is sprightly and flowing; adorned with melodious sentences, and enlivened with keen remarks, it not seldom swells into eloquence, and even rises to grandeur. With many striking situations, there are also many pages of graphic description, many glimpses of rare and extensive scholarship, and some phases of mind in those dark ages laid before us with surpassing vividness and power. The preface almost warned us to expect unfinished work and traces of labor; but without apparent break or pause, yet with no straining of probability or literary artifice, we are carried swiftly along; and almost grumble at the close, that it is but a sketch after all.

The scene is laid in northern Africa, at a time when the Church was suffering less from the persecution of her foes, than from the lukewarmness of her children. As we dwell upon the sad effects of their careless faith, here vividly brought forward, there rise to mind the glowing pages of a great living writer, where he demonstrates that public hatred and persecution often result in keeping a despised sect a pure body, from the additional

unity and self-denial which they occasion. Agellius, the hero, is of a Christian father, and being in fair circumstances, is separated by the *prestige* of his faith from those around him; is pitied by a well drawn old heathen uncle, and despised, if not hated, by an ably described fierce pagan brother. Separation from his true kindred has begun its terrible work in his mind:—

“He was lonely at home, lonely in the crowd. He needed the sympathy of his kind; hearts which might beat with his heart; friends with whom he might share his joys and griefs; advisers whom he might consult; minds like his own who would understand him,—minds unlike his own, who would succour and respond to him. A very great trial certainly this, in which the soul is flung back upon itself; and that especially in the case of the young, for whom memory and experience do so little, and wayward and excited feelings do so much. Shall we wonder that the poor youth began to be despondent and impatient under his trial? Shall we not feel for him, though we may be sorry for him; should it turn out that he was looking restlessly into every corner of the small world of acquaintance, in which his lot lay, for those with whom he could converse easily, and interchange speculation, argument, aspirations, and affection?”

‘No one cares for me,’ he said, as he sat down on his rustic bench. ‘I am nothing to any one; I am a hermit, like Elias or John, without the call to be one. Yet even Elias felt the burden of being one against many; even John asked at length in expostulations, ‘Art thou he that shall come?’ Am I forever to have the knowledge, without the consolation, of the truth? Am I for ever to belong to a great divine society, yet never see the face of any of its members?’

After awhile the heroine comes upon the scene. She is a Greek, beautiful in fine sensibilities, and not backward in the high mental cultivation of her own bright land. In the childhood of Christianity, we meet with many pleasing and thoughtful incidents in the conversion of minds already trained in the subtle reasoning, and enriched with the wild mythology of cultivated paganism. The thought, so elaborate, and taste, so refined, recognising the truth with proportionate enthusiasm, when once divine grace has operated, seems additionally gratifying to us; and we regard the triumph over the powers of darkness as additional, when we see the mind, whose sense of beauty and power of thought far exceeds our own, acknowledging gratitude to its Creator in common with ourselves.

Such is Callista; and the close attention with which we instinctively follow her mental vicissitudes, tells us at once that the character is a true and beautiful creation. With the mental training and quick instincts of her race, with all its sense of beauty, and thirst

for information, she seems also to have had a womanly sease of right, which may have assisted the change, and an independence of spirit which may have retarded it. In days gone by, in her own bright land, the pure love of a Christian slave, as in the case of Syra and Fabiola, had at once struck her fancy, and attracted her mind. In meeting with Agellius in his less refined home, the perception of something superior in him, to even her own gifted people, had aroused her once more, and called up the old memory. With him, poor-fellow, it was but the “old, old story;”—with her it was catching a glimpse of a lofty and long-pondered ideal. The explanation between the two, is a striking and beautiful scene.

We have spoken of the descriptive power of this volume, and may extract the following in justification of our opinion. The passages are taken from a vivid and most interesting description of the plague of locusts, which occupies the fifteenth chapter:—

“And now they are rushing upon a considerable tract of that beautiful region of which we have spoken with such admiration. The swarm to which Juba pointed grew and grew till it became a compact body, as much as a furlong square; yet it was but the vanguard of a series of similar hosts, formed one after another, out of the hot mould or sand, rising into the air like clouds, enlarging into a dusky canopy, and then discharged against the fruitful plain. At length, the huge innumerable mass was put into motion, and began its career, darkening the face of day. As became an instrument of divine power, it seemed to have no volition of its own; it was set off, it drifted with the wind, and then made northwards straight for Sicca. Thus they advanced, host after host, for a time wafted on the air, and gradually declining to the earth, while fresh broods were carried over the first, and neared the earth, after a longer flight in their turn. From front to rear, for twelve miles do they extend, and their hissing could be heard for six miles on every side of them. The bright sun, though hidden by them, illumined their bodies, and was reflected from their quivering wings; and as they heavily fell earthward, they seemed like the innumerable flakes of a yellow-coloured snow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Heavily and thickly did the locusts fall; they were lavish of their lives; they choked the flame and the water, which destroyed them the while, and the vast living armament still moved on.

“They moved right on like soldiers in the ranks, stopping at nothing, and straggling for nothing; they carried abroad furrow or wheel all across the country, black and loathsome, while it was as green and smiling on each side of them and in front, as it had been before they came. Before them, in the language of the prophets, was a paradise, and behind them a desert.

\* \* \* \* \*

They came up to the walls of Sicca, and are flung against them into the ditch. Not a moment's hesitation or delay; they recover their footing, they climb

up the wood or stucco, they surmount the parapet, or they have entered in at the windows, filling the apartments, and the most private and luxuriant chambers, not one or two, like stragglers at a forage, or rioters after a victory, but in order of battle, and with the array of an army.

\* \* \* \* \*

Unrelaxed by success, and by enjoyment, onward they go; a secret mysterious instinct keeps them together, as if they had a king over them. They move along the floor in so strange an order, that they seem to be a tessellated pavement themselves, and to be the artificial embellishment of the place; so true are their lines, and so true is the pattern they describe. Onward they go, to the market, to the temple sacrifices, to the bakers' stores, to the cook shops, to the confectioners, to the druggists; wherever man has aught to eat or drink, there are they, reckless of death, strong of appetite, certain of conquest.

The crowding into the city, and terrible famine consequent on the plague, naturally end in a mob, which gradually swells into a savage horde, rather seeking destruction than plunder. The easily realized turn, which its wrath soon takes against the Christians, is well conceived, and reminds one, of the celebrated description of the Gordon riots by an eminent living novelist.

Although the chief purposes of the work are in connection with one or two characters, yet, there are many true and interesting sketches, in the grouping of the story. Aristo and Jucundus are, though hastily drawn, pleasant and natural creations: the sketch of Juba is certainly a novelty, and is handled with considerable power. In short, we carefully read and ponder over the well meditated scenes, while still the whole has a completeness and reality.

The charm, despite fine description and some excitement, is however centred in the heroine. Her fine perceptions attract us on setting out, and the developement of her gradual rise, carries us along with it, as a graceful and able essay in the study of *mind*. Nor are we stopped half-way, by the author taking refuge in a miracle, to escape additional strain on his thought and care:—the character is wrought out step by step, and seems loved by its creator. And at the close we, perhaps, in consequence, feel touched at the "utter disappearance of that majesty of mien, which once was her's, a gift, so beautiful, so unsuitable to fallen man," in common with the sublime Cæcilius, when he bids her "farewell my dearest of children, till the hour when we both meet before the throne of God."

We have not attempted to give an outline of this story, because its merits must be felt

by oneself to meet their full reward; our purpose too, is more fully answered by sending readers to its pages, than, by its aid, adorning our own. During its perusal we have constantly before us its celebrated fellow,\* and we believe it does not suffer by the comparison. That it has been hastily composed is, we think, probable,—mindful of which indeed, our respect for its learning is increased, and our perception of its blemishes forgotten.

The familiar dialogue throughout, has some what disappointed us, indeed in some cases it goes far to impair the feeling of reality, in which it is so pleasant to peruse a fiction. Save where the interest is absorbing, and the thoughts or feelings analysed, as in the cases of Cæcilius and Callista, are of every age, we feel glad to pass over the out-of-place dialogue, whenever we can. The people of Roman Africa, in the third century appear to have been singularly familiar with the slang of our time; and though we make no note of their frequent use of some words which Mr. Macaulay tells us were only lately "invented," we object to Aristo the Greek artist calling his neighbor a "snob;" to Jucundus the idol-dealer garnishing his talk with French idioms, or to the latter requesting his nephew to "buckle to." It strikes us that such blemishes must impair the value of *Callista*, as a work of art; and the more so, as we have somewhat similar productions, in which they have been skilfully avoided.

But as we are keenly sensible of the exceeding value of such additions to this series, let us part from this volume in warm kindness. Should so erudite and distinguished men further supply such "sketches," the cheap literature of our time will have been blessed indeed.

*Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses.* BY A LADY VOLUNTEER. 2 Vols. London: HURST AND BLACKETT.

We here have an account from one of the Lady Volunteers who went out under Miss Nightingale, to nurse the English and Irish soldiers, of the hospitals of Scutari, Balaklava, and Roulali, and all the work done in them. The staff of nurses was composed of twenty-seven Protestant ladies, twenty-eight Sisters of Mercy, and eighty-seven paid nurses. A miserable allowance for the thousands of sick and wounded men, and forming a wretched

\* *Fabiola*; or the Church of the Catacombs.

contrast with the hundreds of *Sœurs de la Charité* found in the French and Sardinian services.

The paid nurses were a complete failure; and as so many Protestants are wedded to the present system in the English hospitals at home, of employing no other sort of nurse, we will quote a few passages from this lady's book, and we think our readers will rejoice at its *expose*.

Insubordination was the first evil that presented itself:—

"The evils of the equality system began to appear. The ladies have suffered by it through the journey, for having no authority to restrain the hired nurses, they were compelled to listen to the worst language, and to be treated, not unfrequently, with coarse insolence. Whispers were heard among them, that first evening, that they had come out to nurse the soldiers, and not to sweep, wash, and cook."

Then as to the morality of these women:—

"Mr. Wallace informed the Lady Superintendent that one of the hired nurses had behaved so badly on the passage, that she ought to go home, another discharged nurse was sent to Galata, to embark for England, but contrived to get away from the person in charge, and ran into Constantinople—we could never hear of her afterwards. A few weeks only had elapsed since the departure of these women, when disgraceful misconduct caused the dismissal of a third. Ere a passage could be had for her, another was obliged to go, from her habits of intoxication, and she had been most strongly recommended, and to hear her talk, you would think she was a very religious person. These two left together. The Chaplain himself, offered to see them on board, and, his task was no light one, for during the whole caïque voyage down the Bosphorus, every sort of abuse and bad language was showered down upon his head—Our trials were not ended—A similar case of bad conduct, obliged the dismissal of one, whom, we had looked upon as one of our best nurses—Another was found intoxicated in the ward—these two went—in a few weeks, two more went for the same reason, and so on, till out of the twenty one, in eight months we had eleven left. To our profound astonishment we found that our sending home so many gave great umbrage to the authorities at home. They thought fit to send a reproof demanding more particulars of the cases, and evidently displeased at the number sent back. They were respectfully reminded that our superintendent's duties did not include the reformation of women of loose character, and immoral habits, nor did we imagine the authorities would require details, which were often too terrible to dwell upon.

"It is not for military hospitals alone, that we want better nurses. Many who will read these pages, have perhaps never passed within hospital walls, many more, if they have done so, have paid their visits at appointed times, when all looked its best. But others as well as myself, have learned our experience of hospital work from more authentic sources. We have lived in hospital wards, going there for the purpose of preparing ourselves, first,

to undertake the nursing of the poor at home—and again, when about to proceed to the East, we placed ourselves under the hospital nurses, receiving our instruction from them, and thus, being possessed of no authority over them, were admitted behind the scenes of hospital life; and what we saw there of the disobedience of medical orders, and cruelty to patients, would fill pages, and make those who read them shudder! Shudder, as we have often done, when we saw some innocent child, who, from some terrible accident, had been brought into the hospital, exposed to that atmosphere of evil. More evil was heard in one hour in a London hospital, than would meet one's ears during months passed in a military one."

We doubt whether any system of training nurses, who merely accept their places for a love of gain, will be of long avail. With all due appreciation of the goodness of heart, and generosity of the Lady Volunteers, without the discipline of a convent, their usefulness must be much diminished. Most of those who went out were agreed, that, though in the great emergency which had called them forth, their efforts had been blessed, in the relief of much suffering—the system was based on no permanent footing. Long training is required, ere the health can endure the arduous duties of a hospital—and experience is necessary for the attainment of skill in nursing, and it is therefore necessary that the nurses should be changed but seldom. This is impossible, when they are Ladies possessing home-ties and duties which they are only temporarily enabled to relinquish—and with regard both to paid nurses, and Lady Volunteers, the author's observations are most just; well does she observe, that good nurses can only be formed by the discipline of a convent. Had it not been for the twenty-eight Sisters of Charity that went out, the whole affair would have been a complete failure. They did the hardest work, were the only nurses employed in the most arduous of all the hospitals, namely, that of Balaklava—the seat of war—and by their instruction and advice, prevented the breaking up of the whole body.

"The founder of the Sisters of Charity deemed, that the attendance on all the loathsome diseases of mankind, should exempt his daughters from practising any of the austerities which are enforced on other religious communities. It is no easy task to bear with patience the endless fretfulness of hundreds of sick, to listen to long complaints with real sympathy, and speak soothing words, when body and mind are alike worn. To stand by the sufferer when about to undergo some fearful operation, to maintain a cheerful spirit when the familiar sounds are those of moans, of suffering, of sharp cries of agony, while the very atmosphere is impregnated with disease. To be firm in carrying out the doctor's commands when they are a torture to the patient, and yet gentle

and self-sacrificing, in all that concerns themselves. While watchful care must be taken, that familiarity with the sight and sound of suffering does not bring with it that hardness, which is apt to creep over a naturally tender nature, and which is one great cause of the cruelty and neglect practised by hospital nurses. A good nurse must receive every new case of affliction as though it were her first, yet, all this, and far more, would be the portion of a hospital nurse. Can any believe that the love of gain, or mere kindness of heart, can accomplish this? Generous impulses, enthusiasm, and benevolence, were called forth by stirring accounts of the suffering of our country's heroes, and bore many forth to struggle throughout a time, which, like that of all passing distress, was one of great excitement—but the spirit that can go through long years of preparation—that can relinquish the fair things of this world, to attend upon the grievously afflicted, must be the one of love, springing from the sole desire to follow His steps, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

To the Lady Volunteers, presents from the Queen, and honor from their countrymen have been justly given; but what thanks have the poor Sisters of Mercy received, from the Protestants of England. Their fame lives in the hearts of the poor sick and wounded—only of the Catholic, but of the Protestant soldier. The good they have done is known in heaven: it is not trumpeted forth by their fellow-countrymen on earth. But such books as this must gradually spread the truth. We are told, that of all the Catholics brought into the hospital, though many on entrance, were habituated to a long course of sin, not one died without the sacraments—nor, did any leave without having previously made their peace with God. "An interesting history the deeds the Catholic sisters and chaplains have wrought, would make"—says this Lady, "but most of them are unknown to the world." When they went to superintend the hospital at Balaklava "General Storks expressed his sorrow at their valuable services being lost to the hospitals in his command. The medical officers spoke in the highest terms of the assistance they had rendered while under their orders"—Two of them lie side by side, among the wild scenery of the Crimea.

Routine and red tapeism were among the least of the evils and difficulties the poor Sisters and Ladies had to deal with. Dr. Cumming, the inspector general of hospitals, not wishing ladies to interfere in hospitals, or having the bigoted prejudices of his more celebrated namesake, did all he could to thwart the good they were doing. It is our opinion that the Sisters or Ladies ought to have a higher rank in hospitals than medical officers, who should be under the orders of

the nuns, not of course in purely medical questions, or diet, but in the general arrangements of the hospital. We should like to see an hospital established somewhere in England on these principles, namely, that the election of all the officers, medical and otherwise, with powers of dismissal, &c., and the general management, should be under the absolute control of the chapter of the Sisters of Mercy, who acted as nurses.

"One night a lady and her nurse were going round with some beef-tea, when an orderly came up, and in a tone of entreaty, pointed to a poor man. He was very bad, said he, and some of that stuff would do him good—and the doctor said he might have any thing he could fancy. The nurse turned round quick upon him. 'Orderly.' 'Yes nurse.' 'What's the use of your asking impossibilities. You know very well that we can't give this beef-tea to your men. You must get your doctor to write a requisition for a tin of beef-tea.' 'Oh very well nurse,' said the orderly, 'I will.' 'But that is not all,' replied she 'at the same time, get him to write a requisition for hot water.' Our plan of thus helping the men, was put a stop to, by an order from Dr. Cumming, the inspector general, that no cooking was to be done in the wards, and thus our only means of assisting the men was ended.

"It was very hard work, after Dr. Cumming's order had been issued, to pace the corridor, and hear perhaps, the low voice of a fever patient, 'Give me a drink, for the love of God' and have none to give, for water we dare not give to any; or to see the look of disappointment on the faces of those to whom we had been accustomed to give the beef-tea. The assistant surgeons were very sorry they said, for the alteration, but they had no power to help it, their duty was only to obey. On one occasion, an assistant surgeon told us that Dr. Cumming had threatened to arrest him, for having allowed a man too many extras on the diet roll. Amid all the confusion and distress at Scutari hospital, military discipline was never lost sight of, and an infringement of one of its smallest observances, was worse than letting twenty men die of neglect."

There were two free-gift stores in the hospital quite full, but:—

"From neither of these could anything be procured, but on the same plan as the diet's—a doctor's requisition signed, and countersigned. It was even more impossible to get these, than the others for diet, from a feeling among the surgeons, that clothing for the men, ought to have come from Government stores, and not liking, fully to acknowledge the gross neglect of the purveying department. So we only saw how miserably the men were off, and were obliged to leave them so."

The *Times* commissioner, because he gave away what was wanted, and acted, whilst others talked, was voted by all the authorities

a most dangerous person; but as this dangerous person gave directly, what the authorities were sometimes weeks in procuring, he saved the lives of many persons. We recommend this book to all who take an interest in the Sisters of Mercy, or in civil and military hospital practice.

*Sonnets, chiefly Astronomical; and other Poems.*

by the REV. JAMES A. STOTHERT. Edinburgh: MARSH and BEATTIE. London: DOLMAN.

Many of our readers may easily perceive that this graceful volume has peculiar claims on our attention. Reaching us, however, at a very late period, it has secured but the first perusal—peculiarly our own.

It is not every day that an author whose calling has our respect and love meets us on other ground to entwine grateful esteem for him, as a writer, with instinctive regard for him as a guide. It is not every day that one, whose mission so constantly leads him to feel with the masses that lie far down in the social scale, can forget the "low parts of human nature" to cultivate our taste and worthily beguile our evening hour. Truly the grace and beauty of this present, from a quarter whence such presents rarely come, must not lead us to forget the peculiar difficulties of its appearance.

And we must also perceive that the department in literature which is here chosen demands from its craftsmen application and long training, and that the ideas here presented have been worked out by a thinking process which certainly, in some stages, must have been laborious. However considerable are the taste and observation of these Sonnets, we think their evidence of thoughtful industry and extensive reading is equally clear; and that the flexibility and finish of the language which he uses, are the result of much practice and patient care.

But in proportion as we perceive the cultivation and painstaking of this writer's muse, do we also feel reluctant to speak for him ourselves. It is surely the very best course, in noticing volumes of verse, to present proofs of the necessity for contempt or esteem, as it may be, by letting the volume in question speak for itself.

THE TIDE.

Slow rolls the wave across the Ocean wide,  
Past seas of calm, through elemental roar,  
Kissing the sands of many a tropic shore,  
By ice-bound coasts where living glaciers slide  
Down to the deep; slow rolls the restless tide,  
Hearing beneath the Ocean's level floor,  
Twice in each day returning evermore,  
At intervals which dark and light divide;  
Stirred by the queenly Moon's attracting power,  
Each drop throughout the vast abysses thrills  
And trembles as it owns her mighty dower;  
Even so the ruling motive, as it wills,  
Attracts the heart by impulses of love,  
Would it were always true to One above!

There are several measures in the volume, and we fail to detect the author's favorite. In each we perceive the same skill and practised care.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thus on his couch the sick man long has lain;  
Wakeful his nights, his weary days creep on  
In hopeless contest with devouring pain;  
When will the day, when will the night be gone?  
The closing hours that herald his release  
From Life's long pain, are calm and full of peace.

Thus, too, I watched the eclipse of glorious mind,  
Fall sudden on a finer brain o'erwrought,  
Casting an aimless apathy and blind  
Confusion on the beauteous home of thought.  
Brief gleam of reason, ere the parting breath,  
Too late revived, "a lightning before death."

Hence for thee comfort, O thou toilworn soul;  
Though 'neath a leaden sky thy life is past,  
If o'er thee blinding mists of trouble roll,  
The Evening Gleam will chase them all at last;  
Calm in thy lot, wait till the clouds are riven,  
Revealing foretaste glimpse of opening heaven.

Our want of space warns us to conclude, while yet we are anxious to extract a most graceful and touching poem. It is entitled "An old letter."

I.

It seems as though but yesterday  
Thy living hand had traced these lines,  
I cannot deem thee far away,  
While gazing on these speaking signs.

II.

Thy phrase familiar, well known form  
Of letters fair I recognise;  
With Friendship's bland expression, warm,  
Thyself beside me seems to rise.

## III.

Beneath thy hand this page has grown,  
Line after line, thought flowing free;  
A tender spirit, all thine own,  
Suggesting kindly thoughts of me.

## IV.

Thine eye of hazel rested here,  
Once rested, with its dawning smile,  
Each gentle fancy imaged clear  
Down in its sunny depths the while.

## V.

And at the close, thy dearest name,  
"Ever affectionately yours,"  
Mid thousand changes, still the same,  
Pledge of a love which long endures.

## VI.

Here paused thy swiftly flowing pen,  
Never again to flow for me;  
Our glad communion ended then,  
In this thy latest gift to me.

## VII.

Alas! our living love may change,  
A brother's heart may turn to stone;  
To newer objects love may range;  
Repelled, may eat its heart alone.

## VIII.

But thy dear love is here embalmed  
Unchangeably, and ever mine,  
All fear of loss for ever calmed,  
As though my hand were clasped in thine.

## IX.

Dear sister-soul, in boyhood given,  
To lead me to the good and fair,  
From thy bright dwelling, up in heaven,  
Watch o'er me till I meet thee there.

## X.

And, if it may be, deign to send  
A friendly message by the way;  
Rise on my spirit at the end,  
The herald of a nobler day.

There is nothing in the volume which disappoints one after reading these extracts. Indeed, we lay down our pen painfully conscious that they may not do it justice in full measure. Each sonnet and poem seems polished and completed, and we feel nothing has been included through necessity or haste. The subjects are eminently the choice of an educated and graceful mind, and their treatment is beautiful for elevation and purity of tone.

*Catechism: Doctrinal, Moral, Historical, and Liturgical: with answers to the objections drawn from the Sciences against Religion.* Compiled and translated from the Catechetical works of GILLOIS, MOITIER, COUTURIER, CASSART, and LAUTAGES, by the Rev. P. POWER. Nos. 1, 2, 3. Dublin: RICHARDSON.

"In a certain ecclesiastical house in France, a retreat was given every year to secular persons, and to assist them in performing the holy exercises of the retreat, various books of piety were provided them. Among the books handed to each person was invariably found a Catechism. A distinguished nobleman, who with others, had arrived at the house to go through the holy exercises, seeing that a Catechism was presented to him by the Superior, felt no little surprise. Smiling, he said, "What! a Catechism! Are you setting me down to my A, B, C? I was not more than ten years old when I had every word of my Catechism by heart." "Let us see," replied the Superior, "whether or not you recollect it." He at once proposed some questions to him, at which the nobleman became embarrassed, confused, and unable to give a satisfactory answer. "Know, my dear Colonel," said the Superior then, "that among persons in the world there are very few who are sufficiently instructed in their religion. As a proof, you will find that many Catholics who write on religious subjects express themselves very inaccurately, and often advance propositions that must be condemned. They would not assert anything against faith if they knew their catechism well. This little book, which you seem to undervalue, is an abridgment of theology. Every Christian should have one, and those who have learned it when young ought, when they are grown up and advanced in years, to read it over from time to time that they may never forget what it contains."

It appears to us that we could not better introduce the few remarks which we are about to make on the little work, whose title heads our paper, than by the preceding anecdote which we have extracted from its pages.

At no period in the history of our country has it been of more importance that every Catholic should be well informed on the minutest matters pertaining to his faith. Scarcely a day can pass without our being assailed from the press, the platform, or the pulpit, by a flood of argument or a torrent of denunciation, whose stream receives its supply solely from the apparently inexhaustible reservoir of Protestant misrepresentation. To this misrepresentation, in many instances undoubtedly wilful, but in others arising, we would fain hope, from unintentional misinterpretation, it is utterly impossible for us to close either our eyes or our ears. The result is, that there are few among us who do not feel that there is some point or another of Catholic doctrine regarding which he, at some period of his life, narrowly escaped from embracing heretical views.

Against this danger we know no protection better than that recommended in the anecdote we have quoted; and over most catechisms with which we are acquainted, the little work now before us offers many advantages.

Grounded upon the well known Catechism of Butler, it follows each of his answers, with explanations and illustrations, which, whether as meditations for those already instructed, or as guides to catechists, in the instruction of the ignorant, appear to us invaluable. These explanations derived, rather than translated, from the French authors named on the title page, are expressed in terms so simple and familiar, that the three numbers now before us, might, with a certainty of beneficial results, be placed in the hands of children, without the intervention of an instructor, although it is clear that such was not the intention of the author.

The work is published in monthly parts, each divided into four or five chapters. Each chapter contains a certain number of Butler's questions and answers, with ample and lucid explanations; one or more anecdotes or historical illustrations; a series of questions admirably adapted for proving the amount of benefit derived by the pupil from the previous instructions; and finally a short and thoroughly appropriate prayer. The first number also contains, in addition to a modest preface, an article on "The manner in which children should be catechized" which, being still young enough to possess a vivid recollection of our own school days, we strongly recommend to the attention, not only of catechists, but also of school-masters and school-mistresses of every degree.

*The Vision of Mary, or a Dream of Joy, a Poem in honor of the Immaculate Conception.* By R. B. J. London: RICHARDSON AND SON.

A review of this poem, in the ordinary course, would be an exceedingly delicate task, and we notice it even thus, with no small diffidence. It is a slight production, displaying some fancy, and very respectable skill in versification; but, moreover, mighty in faith, and beautiful in piety.

It may then be easily understood, that criticism which appreciates religious thinking, and respects pious feeling, may naturally feel embarrassed in approaching, on literary grounds, a work imbued with the former, and throughout rendered beautiful by the other. We may do well, however, even with regard to its literary merits, to enable it to speak in its own cause:—

I dreamed a dream of holiest light,  
So mildly sweet, so softly bright,  
So pure, so blest, as if I'd seen  
In mystic veils the Heavenly Queen!  
Scarcely would I dream that dream again,  
Its rapturous joys, its parting pain.

\* \* \*  
And O! her eyes did holier seem,  
Than early dawn, or evening's beam;  
More chaste, serene, than richest gem,  
They smiled beneath that diadem,  
Which he had placed with god-like art  
To win, refine, and bless the heart:  
A glorious crown! and only given  
To one, 'midst all the hosts of heaven!

\* \* \*  
Nor could the raptured sense control  
The ecstasies which filled the soul,  
Had she not veiled with mystic grace  
In clouded robes her form and face,  
Half light, half shade, and scarce revealing,  
Joys, thoughts, too high, too deep for feeling!

Here we forbear. We have no doubt the foregoing extracts will send many in search of the poem, and feel sure they will close it without murmuring against occasional halting, or rough lines, That its merit is very great, is, we think, proved by the thoughtful feeling, with which one rises from its perusal, and by the feelings, of respect which it arouses for its own faith and love; and we rightly perceive in every line the profound belief,—“that the Almighty, who, for a passing cause, turned back the waters of the Jordan, also turned back the tide of corruption before it reached the soul of Mary!”

*A Letter to the Rev. P. Bracken, S.J., on the death of Charles G. V. Bonsall.* By EDWARD G. KIRWAN BROWNE. Dublin: printed for the author.

This pamphlet is not quite so long as perhaps the title would lead one to suppose. And truly this circumstance is the only sensible thing we can trace in connection with its publication. Master Bonsall was a little fellow, who through the inscrutable designs of Providence, was converted, or rather baptized at his own request, when seven years old; and having been more or less instrumental in the conversion of some of his relatives, passed away, dear child, in the ordinary manner of innocent childhood. The letter is made up of the child's prattle, in which we fail to perceive anything, either novel or surprising. We have no doubt whatever, of the good intent of its appearance, but with dear little relatives and friends around us every day, we can only conclude that it is intended for some place where there are people of strong religious enthusiasm,—and no children.

## LITERARY ITEMS.

The sales of the books, pictures, &c., of the late Samuel Rogers, at Messrs. Christie and Manson's—where many of the latter had been purchased, from the grandfather of the present auctioneer!—has attracted much attention during the past month. The prices realized, we believe far exceeded expectation: some of those obtained for the pictures seem enormous. Sir Joshua's "Puck" was purchased by Earl Fitzwilliam, for 980 guineas; Leslie's well-known "Sancho and the Duchess," brought 1,120 guineas; and the celebrated picture by the first named master,—“The Strawberry girl,” was knocked down to Mr. Agnew, for 2,100 guineas.

Mr. Charles Dickens has purchased the well-known red brick, Queen-Anne house, near Gads-hill, Kent. The house is of Shakesperian celebrity, and it is stated that the distinguished novelist has long looked forward to this purchase.

The American Congress have resolved to purchase fifteen thousand copies of Dr. Kane's new work on the Arctic exploration. The great adventurer is thus at once honored, and substantially rewarded.

The new reading-room at the British museum is nearly ready. Government has given a further sum of five thousand pounds for gilding and decorating the roof.

At a meeting of the subscribers to the guarantee list of the Manchester Art Union, we observe the large sum of sixty-two thousand pounds, was guaranteed by ninety-three subscribers.

An addition to the historical literature of mediæval Italy, has been made by the discovery of a perfect copy of Burchard's *Diary of the Lives of the Popes*. The diary commences in 1484.

Mr. W. M. Thackeray, has just arrived in excellent health, from the United States, where he has been lecturing on the Georges. We hope he may—as in the case of his lectures on the *Humorists*—let us hear him in the provinces.

Two new volumes of poetry have been published, in Paris, by M. Victor Hugo. The first edition, we hear, were sold in a few hours.

Accounts from Berlin state that Chevalier Bunsen has a new work in the press, to be called *God in History*.

Amongst the deaths during the past month, we notice that of Sir William Hamilton, the distinguished metaphysician, and writer in the *Edinburgh Review*. Bochsa the celebrated harpist, has also lately died in Australia.

We are indebted to the *Athenæum*, for the following interesting anecdote, told by the late Heinrich Heine.—Returning home, late one evening, from his *cabinet de lecture*, and ascending to his lodgings, *an quatreme*, he was met on the landing place by his wife, who told him, in a tone of reproach, that a very old gentleman had called, and that she was sorry for him, because of his having climbed up so high to no purpose. Heine looked at the old gentleman's card, “Be easy about that, my child,” he said, “this gentleman has climbed more formidable heights than those of our lodgings!” *It was the card of Alexander Von Humboldt.*

A donation of ten thousand francs has been sent to the French Society of Men of Letters, with a request that six thousand be divided into four prizes for essays, one of which is to be on “The criticism and critics of the nineteenth century.”

The excessive amount of criticism lately devoted to Mr. Macaulay, has brought forward many curious “Items.” We hear,—with reference to Mr. Hepworth Dixon's defence of William Penn, against the historian's attacks—that Mr. Macaulay's grandfather was a quaker, and was ejected from the society in 1789!!

The late prolonged trial at the Central Criminal Court, was reproduced in the continental papers unabridged.

His Holiness Pio Nono completed his sixty-fourth year, during the past month.

Mr. James Wilson, the younger brother of “Christopher North,” died on the 18th ult. He was a contributor to several periodicals, and the author of *The Rod and the Gun*, and other works. His attainments as a naturalist, are well known.

In consequence of a complaint from the clergy of the scandal caused by certain portions of a drama entitled “The Passion,” recently represented at the Princes' theatre, in Madrid, the Queen of Spain has issued a proclamation, prohibiting the representation in the theatres, of any piece which includes among its *Dramatis personæ*, any of the Persons of the Blessed Trinity, or any member of the Holy Family.

## HOPES.

As our number for July will appear at the increased price, we now express a very warm hope that it may not meet a smaller number of readers than have encouraged and supported us so far. We entered into this subject at length in our April number, when we brought forward our experiences and prospects. We would respectfully call to mind that a rise in the standing and value of this periodical, can proceed only from an increase in its resources; that while this additional assistance will materially lessen the exertion and anxiety hitherto attending its production, it will also materially improve the Magazine itself; and that while we trust this number may satisfy, not only the many friends who have to this time extended us such patient kindness, but also, those who may be indifferent in our cause, we are gradually acquiring a staff of Contributors, that must strengthen the bond between us and our readers—growing dearer as it grows older.

## PASSING EVENTS.

The unhappy conflict which has so long endured in Sardinia, between the Government and the Church, seems as distant as ever from conclusion. The Government are endeavoring to establish a law of "Education," which, if carried into effect, must inevitably reduce the Sardinian yoke to a similar state of immorality and unbelief as prevailed in France from the Revolution to the accession of the present Emperor. The Bishops have protested, but it yet remains to be seen whether their efforts will be successful in checking the Government in its obstinate course.

The Congregation of the Propaganda have caused to be printed a new edition of the classical treatise *Theologicarum Dogmatum* of the Rev. Father Petau, a celebrated writer on the positive theology of the seventeenth century. It is announced that the Congregation intend to publish a series of analogous works which will be really useful to the serious student, and which have become scarce in the available libraries.

On the 10th of May the first sitting of a Chapter General of the Franciscan order took place in the Convent of the Ara Coeli in the presence of the Holy Father. This is the first general chapter of the order since 1756, and was inaugurated by the election of the well known Father Bernardin de Mante Franco to the important office of General of the order.

The inhabitants of the Basque provinces are still true to the Holy Faith for which they have so often suffered. More than thirty of their Junta are to be tried for taking part in a motion proposed against the sale of Church property comprised in the recent *des amor lizacion*.

The King of Naples is preparing a written justification of his policy, to be issued in the form of a letter to the Emperor of Austria.

The Republic of Bolivia, in Central America, has sent a diplomatic agent to the Holy See. This is the first time since the establishment of the Republic that it has had any official relations with the Pontifical government.

The Catholic Reformatory for juvenile criminals, at Mount St. Bernard's Abbey, was duly certified by the Government Inspector on May 1st.

The *Univers* announces that the Roman Liturgy is now to be adopted throughout the Archdiocese of Paris. Since 1849 the subject has often occupied the attention of the Archdiocese, but various circumstances have hitherto prevented this most happy consummation.

The loss of the Right Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, who was a passenger on board the ill-fated Pacific, inflicts a fearful blow upon the Catholics of his diocese of Hartford. Many Churches and other real property were held in his name for Catholic purposes, and at his death are, by a law of the State of Connecticut, confiscated to the State.

The excavations recently undertaken at Ostia promise rich results both to the Antiquary and to the Lover of the Fine Arts. Already have been discovered several sarcophagi of which two are adorned with beautiful reliefs; about one hundred inscriptions; a life-sized statue of a female figure; an exquisite bust in marble of Julia, the daughter of Augustus; and various other matters of much interest.

## NOTICES AND REPLIES.

*M. G. M., (Birkenhead.)* Your paper on the Napoleons is smoothly written, and evidently with a friendship for your theme. It is not suited to our pages; and being an apparently unpractised effort to grasp a vast subject; we are unable to inform you where it may secure publication.

*W. E., (Dublin.)* We thank you for the kind expression of your favorable opinion. The Essay which accompanied it might have been made valuable to us, had not its views been already similarly advocated elsewhere.

*E. R. S. and W. M.* Received.

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

*Contributions, not inserted, are destroyed.*

Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of the Rev. FRANCIS G. H. WOOD, S.J., (formerly Capt. GRANVILLE H. WOOD, R.N.) who died at the Convitto di San Paolo, at Valetta, fortified by all the Sacraments of the Church, April 18th, 1856. Aged 38 years.

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