

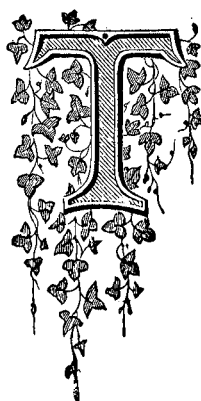
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THE SABBATH QUESTION.



HIS important question is daily assuming a *more prominent* importance among the thinking men of English society, so we deem it a duty to state our principles on the subject, vindicate them, and prepare our readers for what will be, sooner than many of them suspect, a keen controversy, involving many elements of social life and policy.

First, then, we shall state the theological facts; secondly, the historical; and lastly, shall apply both to the present phase of British society, and to the present and future duties of Catholics as regards the matter before us.

In the first place, the theological facts are as follow. Almighty God, in that moral code of ten precepts which He gave immediately to the Israelites, but indirectly to all mankind, has forbidden servile work upon one day in seven, and has commanded that day to be kept holy. To this precept were added, in the *Levitical* law of Moses, several others of a very strict and ceremonious character; and the number was still increased, in process of time, by the unauthorized glosses of certain Jewish doctors: so that, in our Lord's time, when the nation had become grossly corrupt, it became the mark of a hypocritical professor of sanctity to keep the Sabbath with *almost* the same ridiculous austerity as that which now distinguishes the Scottish Presbyterians.

The New Testament, however, is very far from sanctioning these follies. Not only did our Lord, on several occasions, pointedly reprove

them, but St. Paul, writing to the Colossian Christians, expressly says, "Let no man judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a festival day, or of the new moon, or of the *Sabbaths*;"—which was as much as saying, Do not allow yourselves, as Christians, to be seduced by those Jewish teachers who pretend that their ritual law is still obligatory; and who, on the strength of this pretence, would fain bring you to such an observance of their Sabbaths, or seventh days of rest, as they themselves have been taught. St. Paul thus virtually gives us the Sabbath as the third, [or, as the Protestants call it, the fourth] commandment has left it; and the only things, therefore, to be determined, are, what is meant by that *holiness* which the commandment enjoins, and what by that *work* which it forbids?

These two questions the Catholic Church has always answered to the following effect.

To keep the day of rest *holy* is to assist, on that day, at the principal act of Christian worship; and to avail ourselves of as many other opportunities as we conveniently can of gaining religious knowledge and of strengthening the religious affections. It includes also a resolute carrying out of the same principle as regards those over whom our authority and influence extend, so that a good Christian will take care that nothing, on his part, shall prevent their having the full benefit of the day; nay, will even encourage them, by all the means in his power, to avail themselves of the rich supplies of spiritual grace showered down, on this weekly festival, upon all the members of the church during their pilgrimage through this busy and hard-working world.

Then as to the prohibitory part of the law, the *work* which we are forbidden to do, is *servile* work; that *labor*, whatever it be, which is a *duty*, on ordinary days, in order to the subsistence of ourselves and families. This is what was originally enjoined by way of penance

for our common sin: this, therefore, is what is mercifully remitted by the indulgence of our gracious God in the commandment before us. Nay, in His exuberant goodness, He has not forgotten the cattle who toil for man; but allows and enjoins that they too should have the benefit of the day of rest. The good Christian, therefore, will take care, if he have servants and cattle, that they shall be released, as much as possible, from their daily toils.

Could it be supposed, after thus having before our eyes this most benevolent law as it came from the Creator, that a set of men would ever arise, appropriating to themselves, in an exclusive manner, the sacred name of Christian, who would turn this blessed commandment into a "beggarly element" of rigor, gloom, weariness, strife, and bondage; and who, when invested with authority, would freely task their servants and cattle, to minister to the master's luxury, but savagely frown upon the poor son of labor if he dared recreate himself, upon the sacred day, with a few mouthfuls of fresh air, a cheerful walk, or any of those games to which men resort for the purpose of unbending after severe application?

Yet so it is, as we shall now see from those *historical* facts which, in prosecution of the second part of our plan, we now come to consider.

For fifteen hundred years, the church's teaching, on this point, continued to be unquestioned. None, even of the wildest of heretics or sourest of schismatics, ever came to imagine that what God had given as a blessing was to be turned into a curse, that *work* meant *play*, or that there was anything *unholy* in cheerful recreation. It was only when the *grand principle* of heresy broke out in the form of Protestantism, that men were found to maintain, among other obliquities, that the Church, in this as in other respects, had been all wrong from the beginning; that it was men's duty to honor the day of their Lord's Resurrection by making themselves, and all around them, as gloomy and miserable as they could; that a country-walk, with curds and cream at the end of it, on a Sunday-afternoon, was an abomination not to be winked-at, that fiddles, when allowed to squeak on the sacred day, were the devil's instruments, and a dance on the village-green a thing to set a saint sighing for the depravity of the times.

Singularly enough, this savage invasion of men's Christian liberty was most successful in this our British isle. Merry England, as she had been so beautifully and truly called in

Catholic times, became clad, under the "reformed" rule, in sulks and drabs: may-poles were abolished; and the "Book of Sports," set forth by a Protestant king and hierarchy, in a good-natured, but vain and too late attempt to restore mirth and jollity on the weekly festival, only added another item of condemnation to that heavy score, heaping-up under Puritan malice against both king and prelate till it brought them both to the bloody scaffold. Britain, indeed, was singularly plagued by this loathsome spawn of Protestantism. The foreign "Reformers" and their disciples were far more free from it. Calvin, it is well known, used to enjoy his game at bowls in public on the Sunday-evenings; so that even Geneva, that seat of intense bigotry and narrow severity in the early days of Protestantism, as it is now, by a natural re-action, of the loosest infidelity, fell short, in hypocrisy and humbug, of our own beloved land in this one respect. It was not long however, that *England* continued in an extreme degree the thrall of Sabbatarian principles. She had retained too much, in her episcopally constituted church, and her Catholically-derived liturgy, to tolerate the load. After the short reign of puritanical republicanism, royalty was restored; and Sunday-sports resumed their vigor, till Methodism in the last century began to pave the way for "Evangelicalism" in this. But in one part of the island Puritanism has had, and still has, unfettered sway. Those who have not been in Scotland can scarcely believe the extent to which things go in this respect. The sound of a piano would be enough to insure the breach of the windows of the house from which it proceeded. Many of the ministers denounce a *walk* on Sunday as positively sinful. As to a newspaper, people would expect, if they opened it, to see fire issue from the leaves. And of course the necessary consequence of all this is the most deadly hypocrisy, and a series of private abominations of all kinds. We knew a minister of the kirk, who died at the advanced age of ninety-one, and whose delight it was, till within a short period of his death, to invite a number of young men from the nearest town to dine with him on Sundays, and ply them with strong whiskey-punch till several of them would be under the table. All this is easily tolerated; but let a Scottish minister preach and practice the true Sunday privileges, and he would be expelled from his charge in the course of a few months.

Even in England, however, where things

are not quite so bad, they are bad enough. Let any one observe the listless, constrained, uneasy character of our Sunday-behaviour; and he will soon be convinced that our respectable people, afraid as they are of not conforming to the required standard, have no love for the custom which regulates them, that they are acquitting themselves of an enforced duty, and would fain, if they could speak out, have things altered. Then, as to the poor, they make no secret of *their* sentiments; they will *not* be forced into churches, and repaid with "languid, leaden iteration." As the places of amusement and recreation are shut up, they adjourn to the ale-house, and there do openly what the Scotch do in their private houses; viz:—forget, in intoxication, the whole disgusting business of formalism and hypocrisy.

And now for a few words as to the duty of Catholics in the great battle which is beginning to be fought on this subject, and in which they will have to contend with the forces of bigotry and falsehood, led on by the McNeiles, Stowells, and other accustomed enemies.

First of all, then, let us make up our minds not to be humbugged. We shall be told, in fair set phrase, of the happy contrast between our quiet English Sabbaths, and the state of things abroad; and men will most unfairly confound what has been brought about in France, for instance, by republicanism and infidelity, with what was sanctioned by the Church, and practised in the purer days of the old monarchy. Let nothing of all this make us less zealous in obtaining our rights; yes, *our rights*;—for we have a right to demand from a government which boasts itself as liberal, and anxious to improve the condition of its people, every proper assistance in breaking down those barriers which inveterate prejudice and dominant hypocrisy have so long consolidated against that improvement. When, therefore, as we hope will soon be the case, Catholics, especially in this county where they are so numerous, begin to institute their cricket-grounds, and other places set apart for lawful and proper amusement on the Sunday-afternoons, let us all show a firm front on the occasion, and make manifest that we are not to be put down by cant and clamor. We have one inestimable advantage, that of being *united*. Our opponents, on the contrary, are of course divided into a variety of discordant parties. There are the Sabbath-bigots, who go the extreme animal on the question: there are those who advocate the continuance of the present state of things rather from fear of losing cha-

racter than from conviction; and there are others, like Archbishop Whately and his set, who believe that the Sabbath is no part of the moral law at all, but enforced simply by the authority of this and the other "Church." Against this motley phalanx, the true and Universal Church sets herself in array, "terrible as an army," asserting with her one consentient voice of eighteen centuries, that the law of the Sabbath is Divine, but that it was never meant to turn religion into a burden and a yoke "which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear;" that, on the contrary, it is a law which carries its own reward along with it; consoling the tired sons of labor, after their six days toil, instead of absurdly exacting from them that long-continued and strained exercise of religious thought which is, to nine-tenths of mankind, the most difficult labor of all. The Catholic religion, indeed, in this, as in every thing else, is a religion whose ways are pleasantness, and whose paths peace, to all those who will honestly try them. The Church exacts nothing which is above the faculties of ordinary man, renewed by grace. She does not put new cloth on old garments. While she has her high, and difficult, and ecstatic paths for those unearthly souls who, by long training of the spirit of grace, are enabled to walk in them; to the common, gross, and ordinary specimen of humanity she shows herself in no transcendental guise, but as the kind, homely, condescending mother; who accommodates herself to her children at every step, feeding them with food convenient for them, and gently leading them through a world where they can find only broken cisterns which can hold no water, to those bright fountains of refreshment, in the Paradise above, of which she only has the reflection, and the draughts of kindred taste.

We have alluded to France in the course of these remarks; and will conclude with something else about it, as a good field for trying the merits of the question before us. In old monarchical France the true law of the Sabbath was promulgated and kept. Men went to Mass, sermons, and the rest, in the former part of the day, and amused themselves in the latter. There was no servile work done, and no mistake made about the requirements of the festival. When, however, by the united efforts of the Jansenists and the infidels, (just as the puritans and free-thinkers united against the monarchy in England,) the church and kingdom were both prostrated, Sunday of course shared the general ruin. Servile work

was done, and there was nothing to distinguish the day. Charles the Tenth's reign was too short, and too unpopular, to correct the evil, and Louis Phillippe was but a mock-royal incarnation of republicanism and political religion united. Then came the second republic, and still Sunday found no friend; but no sooner had Napoleon the Third found himself firmly seated in his *empire* than he set himself to befriend her; and a traveller who now visits France will see a very different state of things from that which met the eye even five or six years ago. Servile work is not permitted, the churches are most devoutly frequented, and amusements go on, in the afterpart of the day, with all that eagerness and *verve* with which Frenchmen know how to enjoy themselves. Would to God that England, by being again Catholic, might be once more the "merry" land she was, instead of the chosen seat of cant, mammon-worship, and all manner of anti-social evils.

GOSSIPINGS ABOUT HERODOTUS, THE ARCH-GOSSIP.



LD Herodotus is one of the most delightful of story tellers. His narrative possesses, in an eminent degree, the charm of vividness, and picturesque effect, and bright attractive coloring. These are not, indeed, the highest qualities of an historian; but they must combine with those others more essential to his character, as patient research, philosophical induction, and calm balancing of men and motives, in order to complete his qualification for his task. An historian who merely transcribes, records, and details, becomes a dull chronicler, a dry repository of facts, like Strype and Spede. On the other hand, one who aims only at presenting his readers with a succession of graphic pictures, will probably end in being a lively romancer, like many a name that might be quoted. The historical art consists in hitting the mean between these several defects, and neither allowing the imagination to triumph over the stubbornness of fact, nor the mere detail to bind down or hamper the philosophical principles to be drawn from details, and for which alone details become valuable. Neither, again, should events be shorn of whatever

picturesque or romantic character may attach to them, in the process of securing their unblemished accuracy. The three excellences are all consistent, for they co-exist in the very nature of the events described; and in history, as in painting, to copy nature is the surest pledge of success. To idealize without restraint is to leave nature behind; while servile copying degrades the artist or the writer into her slave. But to catch her lights and shadows, to keep to her outlines and just proportions, to trace up what is indicated, to group and arrange what is fully given, to dwell upon noble and important features, to pass lightly over the trivial, merely to sketch in outline (so far as may be needful) the loathsome or the grotesque, to keep accessories in the back ground, and give due prominence to essentials; this is the true skill both of artist and historian, and constitutes, indeed, the similarity between their respective tasks. The artist is the historian of nature; but we do not therefore expect him to give us the separate chronicle of every leaf in the forest, or every feather on the bird's wing. We demand of him neither to be tedious on the one hand, nor unreal and extravagant on the other. So again, the historian is the portrayer of events, personal characters, and states of society. In his treatment of these subjects we should be little satisfied with him if he mutilated events, distorted characters, or misrepresented society, to give even one additional touch of brilliancy to his narrative. Nor should we like him, if, by an opposite error, he merely let his subject-matter fall by its own dead weight upon our minds, without aiding the impressions it was calculated to produce, by the charm of description, and the severer beauty of philosophical reasoning.

We have now arrived at the points of historical genius which ally Herodotus with Froissart, and distinguish him from Thucydides. This last great writer was a boy when Herodotus had reached the zenith of his fame, and is said to have shed tears of emulation on hearing him recite portions of his history at the Olympian Games. Yet no two intelligences, employed on a similar subject-matter, could well have been more diverse in their character than these two. Herodotus is the tender, ardent, imaginative writer; credulous, because he loved to admit into his mind all that was romantic and uncommon, picturesque and vivid to a high degree, careless of impeding his narrative by digression upon digression, if only by stepping aside or breaking fences he can come back into the main road of his story with some

strange plant or glittering pebble to present to his readers ; deeply religious withal, and recognising at every turn a superintending providence, an avenging power, to repress the wanton haughtiness and scourge the crimes of men. He seems to revel in the subjects of his history ; and far from preserving the staid dignity that usually attaches to the character of an historian, he gives you far more the idea of a very pleasant, well-informed and well-travelled companion, full of communicativeness and *bonhomie*, giving forth, without much arrangement or premeditation, the results of his personal observation, and the miscellaneous tittle-tattle picked up from men of all kinds and characters, in every out-of-the-way corner of the globe. Yet, whenever he comes, as often he does, across anything of pathos or tragedy, anything to evoke the deeper, the kindlier feelings of humanity, there are touches so true to nature, so graphic and so subduing, from the very unconscious simplicity with which he gives them, as might have been envied by any of the character-painters or novelists of modern times. He might have written "The Sentimental Journey," and would not have disgraced himself by its want of principle ; he might have been the author of "Pickwick" or "Vanity Fair," only that he is never either vulgar or cynical. We should, however, recognize him most undisguisedly in the "Arabian Nights," if, together with the rich oriental confusion of their bazaars and costumes, the gloomy grandeur of their afreets and other spirits of evil, the wildness of their adventures, the quaintness of their dialogues, the surprising turns of incident, the gorgeousness of scenery, we found any of the Herodotean religious or moral principle in which that glittering fairy-land is so flagrantly deficient.

What a contrast to this attractive, amusing, unmethodical, graphic, discursive, suggestive narrator, is his great rival Thucydides ! Cold, calm, terse, discriminating, going right on, undiverging, undelaying, and aiming only at the interest inherent in the great struggle he records, and the eloquence of expressing himself clearly, the Athenian stands as far above his predecessor in all the attributes of the philosophic temper as he is dwarfed beside him in the extent of his canvas and the vividness of his coloring. He gives himself no illusions, nor leaves his reader in any ; he takes human nature as he finds it, studies it deeply, unmasks its disguises, strips it of its poetry. None of his characters are on stilts ; they live before you, indeed, for the delineations of a

writer of so much genius could not fail to do so : but they live before you less from their vividness than from their solid reality. He gives us the funeral oration of Pericles on those who had fallen in battle at the close of the first scene of the Peloponnesian war. The first blood had been drawn, and Athens was mourning over the flower of her youth, whose loss, as the orator himself expressed it, made that crisis seem like the year when the spring has departed from it. Such a moment, if any, would have been likely to call forth the rhetorical powers of Pericles, whose eloquence made even the scoffing Aristophanes say, that when he spoke "he lightened, and thundered, and shook Greece to her centre." Yet in the narrative of Thucydides, all is measured and cold, thoroughly sensible, and more like a speech in the House of Lords on the corn-law question than an appeal to the popular sympathies on the Pnyx or in the Agora. Herodotus would have lent himself to the subject in a far different style. We should have been touched, we should have been moved ; we should have burned into patriotism against the common enemy, and wept with those who were weeping over the choice blossoms of the State, ruthlessly mown down by the scythe of war. After all, each historian is great in his own department. Perhaps, had they both written of the same period, we should have turned from the one to the other with almost equal zest. Herodotus would have composed the music to which Thucydides could have set the words. Or rather, as is known to have been the case in some of the *chef-d'œuvres* of painting, Thucydides would have given us the outline of the historical scene, and drawn the heads and stamped the expression of the principal characters ; while Herodotus, busy as a bee at his task, and humming some quaint old ditty as his active hand travelled over the canvas, would have filled in the accessories, improved upon the general coloring, softened away some of the harder outlines, and brought the whole thing up to exhibition pitch.

Herodotus, we repeat, is an essentially religious writer. His paganism is wild and strange, but his belief, such as it is, is earnest and sincere. To doubt the popular mythology would have been all foreign from his thoughts. He delighted too much in the mysterious, he had too yearning a desire

"for a something afar
From the scene of our sorrow,"

not to accept every tradition as it was given to

him. There is something noble in this temper of mind, easily as it degenerates into mere credulity. Here again we observe a marked contrast between the two historians. Herodotus, the historian-poet, is believing, even to the verge of absurdity; and religious, even amid the corrupt mythology of Greece and Egypt. Thucydides, the historian-philosopher, is the disciple of a cold and refined scepticism, which shows itself above the surface whenever he moralizes upon the facts which he is generally content with simply narrating. Let us take one instance. He records that soon after the commencement of the Peloponnesian war, a fearful plague broke out in Attica, which desolated the country, and which he describes to us with the horrifying precision of a medical treatise. It is one of the most remarkable passages in his narrative, and has been frequently compared to De Foe's account of the plague in London in 1665. But mark what is his reflection thereupon. An ancient prophecy, he says,* now came into all men's minds, that "a Dorian war should come, and a pestilence with it." The word for *pestilence* in Greek only differs from that for *famine* by one letter; so Thucydides goes on to remark, that there had long been a difference among men which was the true reading of the ancient hexameter verse containing this prophecy, and whether it was the pestilence or the famine that was to come. Every one now decided that the former reading was correct. "My opinion is," coolly adds Thucydides, "that if another Dorian war should hereafter come, and there should happen to be a famine at the same time, they would just sing the old song the other way." Now Herodotus would have reprobated such a notion as impious. He would have delighted to note the exact fulfilment of the prophecy, would have given us all the circumstances under which it had been first delivered, all the more if they had been grotesque or mysterious; and would probably have wound up with the story of some unbelieving wretch, on whom the anger of the immortal gods had fallen, entailing a curse on himself and his descendants, because he had scoffed at the prediction. Yes, we repeat, Herodotus is of the picturesque and devout temper of a Froissart; while for the other we find the most obvious parallel that occurs to us at the moment, in the polished sneer of a Gibbon.

We intend in future papers to return to the more attractive of these two great writers of antiquity; and present our readers with some

of his gossipings in their own proper form. If he is still accompanied by the other, in the way of contrast and of illustration, his excellencies and defects will stand out all the more clearly. It may be said that each was fitted for the time in which he wrote, and the scenes which he preferred to record. With Herodotus, the age of pagan chivalry departed; and when Thucydides arose, its romance, its splendors, and its pageantry, its ardor, generosity, self-devotion, its wild religiousness and love of the marvellous, had passed into the spirit of a more concentrated selfishness, and the unhymned, unlaurelled struggles of a mere political war.

THE RIGHT.

[Air: "AM RHEIN, AM RHEIN!"]

A long, long war is the true faith ever waging,
For darkness wars with light, for darkness wars with light:

Now here, now there, the battle still is raging,
This world against the Right, this world against the Right.

No dreams, no dreams, O Christian warrior, cherish,
But rouse thee for the fight, but rouse thee for the fight;

Truth claims thee all, and thou must arm or perish,
Oh, forfeit not the Right, oh, forfeit not the Right!

Endure, endure! for a starry crown is waiting,
No diamond half so bright, no diamond half so bright:

Heav'n loves thee well, though evil ones are hating
Each soul that owns the Right, each soul that owns the Right.

Our fathers' land was the land of saint and martyr,
Strong in the Church's might, strong in the Church's might:

Till traitor hands the Faith for gold would barter,
And tore us from the Right, and tore us from the Right.

Now round, around, all is error's dark dominion,
And truth forgotten quite, and truth forgotten quite:—

On yielding sand, oh, build no vain opinion!
One rock is still the Right, one rock is still the Right.

One Faith, one Faith, ever holy, still unbroken,
Outlives the darkest night, outlives the darkest night:

And we, who mark each glad reviving token,
Shall triumph in the Right, shall triumph in the Right.

DYRBINGTON.

CHAP. I.

DYRBINGTON.

In a southern county of England there is a parish which we will call Dyrbington. There is a village; just above it, a short way off, is Dyrbington House; and close to the house is the church. The church is the same, exteriorly, as the church of the sixteenth century; and the village lies nestling beneath the shelter of an amphitheatre of hills just as it lay in those better days. The Court House of Dyrbington is not the same. A new house, only as old as the Dutch King William, stands where the Catholic home stood; the change of desolation has come upon the Church, and the coldness of unbelief upon the village—which is the least that can be said.

The Church must be looked at more closely. There is a nave, a principal chancel, and two aisles, thus giving three places for altars. When the old house was standing and Sir Henry Dyrbington and Dame Dorothy, his wife, were living in it, the two altars in the aisles were called by holy names. The south aisle was called after St. Katharine. And the north aisle was chosen by this same Sir Henry and Dame Dorothy, and Parson Fitzhugh, the parish priest, for the use of a chantry, which they determined to found. So that was called the chantry chapel of St. George.

Sir Henry endowed the chantry chapel with money to maintain a priest to say daily Mass there, for the souls of the members of the Guild, living or dead. Land was severed from the Dyrbington estate, and called, as it is still called, the Chantry farm. It was stocked by the knight and the priest with cattle and sheep. The altar was rebuilt, and very richly furnished for the glory of God, and the good of man; and a house in the village given up to the chantry priest, "Sir" John Stukely, as he was called.

The chantry was for the good of body and soul. There was no Poor Law in those pious times. From the chantry funds, the poor were provided for. When the world would no more support them, they sheltered beneath the care of great St. George, and found food, clothing, and soul's safety there. The villagers all round enrolled themselves members of the Guild of St. George, and scores from the great neighboring sea-port of Watermouth

belonged to St. George. They never thought of burial-clubs, nor of sick-clubs either—St. George was enough.

By the eve of St. George's day, the adornments of the aisle were completed; the altar was up, the new vestments ready, and the deeds of endowment: and the Bishop was at old Dyrbington Court House ready for the morrow. The church doors were open. Crowds were flocking in, and passing out quietly. Hundreds of hearts were filled with love and thankfulness to God for this gift from Mother Church. On St. George's day, at eight o'clock, the Bishop entered the church for the consecration of the altar of St. George. Let one thing be remarked particularly. At the offertory, Sir Henry and his wife walked up to the altar. They, on their knees, made their oblation. It was a parchment, signed, sealed, and endowing the chantry. And Almighty God was there begged to accept it at their hands. And this appalling addition followed: "But if any man at the instigation of the Devil shall at any time sacrilegiously spoil Almighty God and this church of these our humble offerings,—Then, as far as in us lies, do we attach a curse to that sacrilege until restitution be made."

Bountiful refreshments, and merry sports upon the village green followed in the afternoon. And when the people assembled, one man only seemed untouched and coarsely indifferent. His name was long remembered—it was Snigge. An archery butt was set up on the green, and the prize of a fat porker was to be his who best hit the mark—not a very valuable prize, but the villagers might have defended it, had they known how, by the parsley crown, which was worth less. The parish rector, Fitzhugh, the new chantry priest, Stukely, and Sir Henry and his wife were on the green to see the shooting, and they had been welcomed there with shouts of the heartiest satisfaction. Snigge, alone, did not lift his cap, nor give the shout or smile—But Sir Henry spoke pleasantly to him. He was a fine stout fellow of about thirty. And when the other marksmen had tried their skill, he stepped confidently forward and hit the centre spot of victory. Everyone felt that he would better liked some one else to have done it,—for, said many voices:—"He is out of the church,"—and others:—"He is not of our Guild."

We must now go on twenty-five years.

The chantry had done its work well. The sick had been relieved; the poor helped; the

aged pensioned; the dead buried; and the faithful departed remembered. Among the last were Sir Henry and Dame Dorothy. They lie in the chantry chapel, and you may see their monuments there, still asking for prayers. Parson Fitzhugh is dead also. He died before Sir Henry. And Sir Henry had him laid before the high altar, and over him is the still beautiful brass, which the good knight placed there, and which represents Fitzhugh, vested for mass, and holding the chalice between his hands. And so the stones cry out, and bear witness of the past. Sir Henry was succeeded by his brother John—and now the bad times are come. He did all that Henry VIII desired. Then came Edward VI. And an act was passed on the 6th December, 1547, which transferred to him three thousand religious foundations, that is, all that remained untouched. This doomed our chantry.

But John Dyrbington petitioned to divide the spoil with the king. And on condition of his carrying out the king's wishes immediately, the petition was granted. Snigge was a great man with the new Lord of Dyrbington, and glad was he to spread the news in the village. The fatal news fell as a deep sorrow on all hearts. They were panic struck, and miserable; full of fear for the future, and in terror at the present. And the chantry chapel was *their own*. A hundred tongues said—"Impossible—it is *ours*." Hundreds more felt that it was *not* impossible to rob God's poor, and held their peace in bitterness. And the poor were robbed.

There came a day—people knew what was to happen—the chantry aisle was crowded to suffocation, for every parishioner, able to attend, had thronged into that narrow space to assist at the last Mass to be offered in their chantry.

John Dyrbington came, and a parson,—alas! he shewed himself to be a bad priest,—who was now to be the parish priest; and this man began to say Mass at the high altar. The chantry Mass ended a little before the Mass at the high altar. The people still lingered, and Sir John Stukely, having laid aside his vestments, was before the altar of Saint George, kneeling in prayer. Sir John Dyrbington stepped from his place in the choir to Stukely's side. In a voice which was remembered by all who heard it to the last day of their lives—a voice not exceedingly loud, but yet at once so loud, and of such a tone as had never before been heard within those walls, he addressed Father Stukely and the people. He said that by the king's orders they were dispossessed of their chantry. That the possession through-

out had been granted to him, and his heirs, according to his highnesses laws ecclesiastical. The priest remained on his knees, while Sir John spoke. Then he got up. The people pressed forward. "Where is your warrant?" said the Priest. "Here," said the knight, showing it, and offering it to him. Stukely read it in silence. Then, looking at Sir John, he spoke aloud, and all the people heard him. "I have never acknowledged the king to be supreme head of Christ's Church. But I have lived here, and used my functions as a priest, within this Church of England, though separated from the See of the blessed Peter. I have done this thing, hoping for better times. I now confess, my beloved people, that I have done wrong in as far as I have owned in any way the evil that has happened to us, and in token thereof *I do this*"—he tore the parchment in two pieces, and dropped them on the pavement. There was perfect silence for a moment. Then Snigge moved forward as if to seize the priest. Several voices exclaimed—"Run for your life." A little lane was opened amidst the crowd for his passage. Making one act of reverence, he passed through the people, reached the porch, and was gone.

The people all went out, striving with each other, like creatures scared, and left the knight in possession. All the altar furniture, the chalice and paten, copes, chasubles of gold and silver, purple, red, green, and black; stoles, maniples, crosses. Treasures of finest linen, damasks, and laces,—with thuribles and incense boats, a goodly store! These things, the land, the stock, the farm buildings, the money in store, it was all the knight's and the king's. The larger share belonged to the Court House—and the spoliation curse.

Stukely was seen once more by his beloved people. He was seen at his execution. One young girl, called Kate Frampton, who lived to the last year of Elizabeth's sins, saw him die, and went blind upon the spot. Maddened by grief, she beheld the martyrdom. She spoke to Father Stukely, who gave her his blessing, and a crucifix. She saw, gazed without flinching, and then saying, "The flames, the flames—they go into my brain piercingly," she became sightless. People cried out "All ye Popes and Martyrs—Saint Peter pray for him!" He smiled in his agony, which was long, and went to his reward.

So the Protestantized church of Dyrbington has no brass to Father Stukely. But the family of Frampton kept the crucifix. And we shall see it again.

CHAP. II.

WATERMOUTH.

Our readers are we hope sufficiently instructed in Dyrbington past, to come down to something more near to Dyrbington present.

Let us come down to the beginning of this century—to the time of our many naval and military victories—to the time which, until present experience taught us a different language, has been called “the time of the war.”

Watermouth is not the least like what it was when its inhabitants served God, and loved Him instead of money. But it is a very prosperous place. All its old Catholic charitable foundations have been swallowed up by men like John Dyrbington. As you walk about you see old carvings, old archways, worn remains of canopies at street-corners. These things tell of Dominicans, and Franciscans, and Benedictines,—of churches, and hospitals, and of other holy places which went, when Mass went. The Watermouth people are proud of their ruins. They show them as curiosities, and take some sort of care of them, and can tell you, anyone of them, which stable or wagon-house was the chapel of St. Nicholas, and how many churches have been destroyed, and what a lovely place for summer pic-nics the prior's hospital has been proved to be. And they are particularly proud of a great beetling rock, which juts out into the sea, and which is still called St. Julian's—of which you will hear more.

Watermouth is an old borough. And has large Docks, and a very prosperous trade. It is thought a good thing to be born here a freeman. And there remains, out of a hundred rich Catholic charities, one school, where the sons of her freemen may get a very good education at a very trifling expense. Now, if you, my reader, are in fancy treading the intricate streets of rich, prosperous, powerful Watermouth, I may ask you if, amid the densest part of the town, yet standing alone, and looking forth upon the far-spread sea, you observe a small house entered by a low archway?—Listen. You will hear the sound of a workman's hammer. It is John Julian at his work. You shall hear his history.

In the good Catholic days, there stood on that great rock, a chapel called St. Julian's. You approached the rock by a bridge, wonderfully wrought, and skilfully thrown across the river, that there fell into the sea and that now fills the docks, by the Benedictine monks. Here Mass was said for sailors. Here a light

burned to warn vessels from that dangerous head-land, called the Dead-man's point. Here the sailors thanked God for safe returns, and here they prayed for blessings when they went to sea. It was small and substantial. But it was glorious inside. Thanks-offerings had enriched the chapel, and added a small house or rather room to it, for the monks to occupy when bad weather, or the good offices required at times of shipwreck, kept them at St. Julian's. It was built with great skill. The waves beat against it, and it stood their fury as firmly as the dark rock which sprung from the far clear depths for its support.

The spirit of sacrilegious spoliation neither forgot nor spared the chapel of St. Julian. An old parchment tells that “one of those Dyvil's worshippers and workmen, called Snigge, of the parish of Dyrbington was foremost in the work.” And it goes on to tell us that, in consequence of the part he took in destroying this place, and appropriating a good store of its treasures, a curse cleaved to him. And that drawn, as people thought mysteriously, to the spot, he came in after years to the ruins, and set up a cooper's shop there. That he was never married, but took an orphan nephew to live with him. That he lived and died there. But that on people coming to bury him, his body was nowhere to be found—many said his master had fetched it. Others fancied that some, who remembered how he had treated the chapel, had cast his corpse into the sea—however, there was no Snigge. The boy was liked. He, when a man, removed into the town. The people had always talked of “*going to Julian's*”—and they said so still, after the young man's settling in the town—till at last he got the name of Julian, as did his children after him. The Julian, whose hammer might be heard early in the morning and late as the light allowed, was the seventh generation from Snigge, the spoliator.

Julian was a man of sixty-five years of age, at the time of which we are writing. He was of a very singular appearance. His figure was bowed, and his eyes always sought the ground. He was of very large stature, and very clumsy form. But, to make amends, he certainly possessed extraordinary mental powers. People were superstitious about him—thought him a sort of prophet. And people had never done talking about him. Was he rich—was he poor? Generally there was an idea that he hoarded, and was a miser. He was certainly a remarkable man. But so his father had been—and his grandfather—all the Julians

had been remarkable men. Julian was odd. He lived in the past. He was born an antiquary. He knew something of Latin, for he had been at the freeman's school; and he had almost unheard-of powers of walking. As soon as he could leave his work, he started on a walk. He had mapped out every estate for twenty miles round, for that was a thing he loved to do greatly. Speak of a field, he could tell its owner; of a tree, he would find you its age and measurements; of a house, he knew all its history, and the lives of all who had dwelt within its walls. And the Watermouth neighborhood was tempting to an antiquary. There was unclaimed land; old houses; magnificent wood; extra-parochial districts, where a race of people lived like outlaws, and poured down upon the resentful inhabitants of industrious and respectable Watermouth in times of distress, and supplicated, or terrified them out of large measures of unwilling alms. It must be confessed that Julian had no dislike to gossip with these people. And that with one family long resident in the forest country, he had a sincere friendship. These people, who were called Norwood, had a very aged woman among them—a hundred years old they said—and though usually accounted mad, Julian could gather from her much of the past, and during the whole latter part of her life, he had been very tenderly kind to her. Julian's wife was an extraordinary contrast to himself. Small, fair, rosy; very sweet countenance and with a loving smile, and a gentle voice—Julian was very proud of her. "She is of Dyrbington," he would say—"the last of the Framptons there." And this was true. She was of that Kate Frampton's family of whom we have been writing; and she possessed the crucifix given to the former Kate by Stukely. She understood her husband, and was very happy with him. She even liked his ugliness and oddity; she was a little proud of his being so different from other people.

But Kate Julian's greatest joy was in her children. Edward was the most promising boy in the freeman's school. He was eighteen years of age, and was reading to gain a scholarship and be a great man, as his mother hoped, at Oxford. Anna was fifteen, a slight girl, fair, and golden-haired; and so gentle in her pretty ways, that no one would have guessed at the spirit of power that dwelt in her young heart. No language can describe the pride of Mrs. Julian when she had these loved ones about her, of an evening, when the work was done. There was a remarkable room in the house—

a small sitting-room above stairs, and it looked, by an oriel window, out upon the sea. It was a magnificent view, and Julian's seat, which was a carved oak chair, high-backed, and surmounted by the Dyrbington arms, stood in the space formed by the jutting window. There he gazed on the sea, spreading far till it seemed to meet the sky. His eye dwelt on its calm, smooth, silvery glitter; and watched its sparkling expanse, ever varying, as each dimpling wave wore a smile which brightened beneath the sun, and changed, and grew again, and sparkling, went and came, till gradually subsiding into stillness towards the evening, it seemed, to Julian's eyes, to draw its dark blue mantle over its sunny face, and calmly wait for night. And sometimes from mid-day to night would Julian watch and gaze, and think what lay beyond that far-spread ocean. Whether indeed the shores of the far-off lands were spread with pure grains of gold; and precious pearls were found among the sea-weeds. But of these thoughts he never spoke. His tidy little wife, who honored and loved him well, used not to disturb him in these moods. She would lay her tea-service as quietly as possible, and give him his meal on a small table, whose ancient form matched with the Dyrbington chair. Then Julian would throw off his meditative mood, and the old cabinet would be unlocked, and the carved-oak chest opened, and if a friend were by, he would display his treasures—and always first, the crucifix. "It was preserved by one of my family, whose name I bear," Mrs. Julian would say. "She kept it when things were upset in the troublous times." But what things were upset, or even when those "troublous times" were, Kate did not know.

Notwithstanding young Edward Julian's goodness and cleverness, his father certainly loved Anna best. He liked to have the gentle girl always by him. Through whole days in that busy shop, and long evenings in that quiet chamber, that little Anna was by her father's side; sometimes with book or work in her hand, and sometimes, when he was gazing on the sea, looking steadily, softly, almost sadly in his face, as if her eyes were fixed by fascination there, and could not be withdrawn. He liked to have her by him, but he never invited her to follow him, or recalled her when she left him, or took any tender notice of her, when she was by his side. But as he plied his noisy work, and the child pursued her quiet occupation, he would sometimes for an instant stay his hand, and, without looking round, say

"Anna?" And when she answered "Here, Father," the work would speed with its brisk dullness on, till the same incident occurred again and again, and the hour of the evening meal tolled out from the church close by. And then Julian would cease working, and turn towards the house, never noticing the child, who still followed, as if drawn by a strange sympathy to devote herself to him.

CHAP. III.

ANOTHER FREEMAN.

Lord Westrey was the pride of Watermouth, as his father had been before him. He had a house in the town. He did not live there, but he would never sell it. That great high old dingy house was the place of his birth, and there also his children had been born.

Lord Westrey lived at his wife's place. He had married the last heiress of the old Catholic house of Lullingstone—they were cousins of the Dyrbingtons—and at Old Court Lullingstone, he had lived ever since his marriage with Lady Westrey. The place was a noble one, and such as is never seen except in England. The house stood on a spacious terrace cut from the sloping side of a sunny hill. And trees, the growth of a century, crowned the hills and enriched the vallies for full four miles till the lands of Old Court Lullingstone, joined themselves to Dyrbington.

Mary Lullingstone was an orphan. She had been brought up in that ancient home by a sister of her father—Mrs. Margaret Lullingstone. And who would pass Mrs. Margaret by without comment or commendation?—

She is living at this time of which we write, though not at Old Court. Very few people ever see her. To say that she is generally believed in, as a living fact, would best describe the little that is known of her. But Mrs. Margaret had been like a loving mother to Mary. Old Court had never lapsed from the faith. The Lullingstone share of the strong heart and willing arm which Mother Church asks from her children had now devolved upon *one*—and that one was a woman. The good aunt watched the child bud and blossom, and she made her take her place in the world, blushing and trembling, but yet right well. And then Mary married a Protestant. Mrs. Margaret went to a house her father had settled upon her, called Saint Cuthbert's, and spent her life in prayer and pious works. Lady Westrey had her picture taken on her marriage. It was hung in the

library, where a portrait and a bookcase divided the long lengths of wall. Perhaps this picture is a little old-fashioned in our eyes, even for those days. But there she stands, in white satin falling in heavy silvery folds upon the ground. One tiny foot on a footstool. A white lily in her right hand, which is crossed on her left arm. There is a dreamy wondering look in the face, which is that of a girl of nineteen. Almost a touch of sorrow, and almost a touch of fear is in the eyes; and yet, about the mouth there is the decision of the mind made up. Mrs. Margaret stayed in the house to receive the bride and bridegroom. She received the first Protestant Lord of that place, and went her way in sorrow. Yet she liked Lord Westrey, and thought him an honorable man, as he was. But still she went her way in sorrow, and in prayer. She could only pray in one way—that one might preserve her faith, and that the other might receive the grace of conversion. And being an extremely old-fashioned person, she did not pray the less earnestly, because the latter was perhaps the most unlikely thing in the world to happen. One thing only did Mrs. Margaret say when she heard that, in the event of an heir, he was to be brought up a Protestant, she said, "Oh! cruel to the memory of the past!" And the words sank severely deep into Mary's heart.

But Mary was young, and she hoped—hoped that if she had children, she should, somehow, keep them her's; and she was in love—and so she married Lord Westrey.

Only eighteen years have passed since that wedding-day. And the beautiful woman of thirty-seven is not now very like her picture. She is very beautiful, gentle, stately,—like a swan in her movements. In her character, like soft music of full chords, *very* soft, yet quite distinctly heard, without a doubt upon a single note.

She has suffered a martyrdom in that eighteen years. A martyrdom unseen, unacknowledged, neither comprehended nor believed—a martyrdom than which no pain could be more acute, and of which it was impossible to complain. It was the disappearance from around her, and about her, of the faith of her ancestors, the being *alone* as she only could be—the punishment of starvation on her soul. She had not a thing to complain of. Lord Westrey was the most loving of husbands. A man of bright spirits, and great activity of mind and body. Very fond, and very proud of her. She knew that she was the joy and

gratification of his life. But the atmosphere of religion was gone. Did she want to see a priest? Oh, of course. Had she any idea where there was one? Did she mean to wait till they went to London? Perhaps, she said, that she had better go to Saint Cuthbert's for a few days—Oh not that! It was really true that Lord Westrey could scarcely bear her out of his sight. What was home without her? Can't you have him here? You can do what you like, but don't go away. And she would not go away. And little difficulties would arise. And she would wait till she went to London. Yet, now and then, somebody—it was not generally known who he was—would be seen passing through that long gallery with that beautiful lady by his side, or Lord Westrey himself, with a brilliant face of courtesy. He went out as he came in, unattended, generally unannounced, for Lady Westrey would loiter on the terrace expecting him. And that was all that was seen of the Catholic faith.

The trial of such a state of things was over now—over, *because she was accustomed to it*. She had a daughter, more beautiful than herself at that daughter's age, and called after her. Mary was sixteen years old; and the mother's prayers had prevailed for her first-born—how glad was she to see a girl—she was a Catholic. The only other child was a boy; one year younger than Mary. Lord Westrey when he took him for baptism to the Protestant church at Watermouth, called him Lullingstone, out of compliment to his mother. Mary Westrey had had, or was having, what more modern mothers would call a very odd education. She had always been at home and had never had any other teacher than her mother. Now, Lady Westrey living "in the world," as it is called, had duties belonging to her position. Lord Westrey had to sit in parliament. He went largely into society, and led a busy life. He had often proposed that Mary should have some accomplished person to be always with her in her mother's absence; but that mother had never consented. She felt that she had hold of that child's soul. She would not even divide the care of that precious treasure. And she had to teach Mary—and who else could dare to teach her? to pray for her father and her brother. She had to teach Mary that it had been ill-done to marry a Protestant. She had to be perpetually bearing witness against herself, with a wife's and a mother's devotion, still, and unceasingly strong in her heart. Who, but herself, could undertake such a work as this? So Mary was

left to her mother, and her mother's maid, a descendant of the old Catholic Wyches of Dyrington, and the only servant of the true faith in the house. It has been said that Mary was beautiful. It was a fact not to be questioned. It was the beauty of jet black hair, and soft eyes, a fair complexion, perfect features, and a tall slender form. She could speak and write French perfectly. She knew a good deal of Latin. She could paint, not because she was taught, but because she could not help it. It was another language to her. She did not read much. Are you saying "How dreadful!" dear reader? Please to recollect how little there was in those days to read. Do you think that the "Delicate Distress" books of only a few years ago, were good books for such a girl as Mary Westrey to read? Please to recollect that if Catholics don't write stories, it may be just as well for Catholics not to read any. Mary did not read as you and I read. But she read devout writings of holy English priests, and lived as she read. Again and again she read, like daily food, and pondered and prayed, and grew strong, in a still, calm, noiseless way. However, if there were not story books for Mary Westrey, it was a day of good talking, and Mary was an excellent listener. She had learned elsewhere—in the sanctuary of her mother's room—what enabled her to distinguish gold from rubbish. She stored up the good things that were said, and forgot the foolish ones, and she learned to think. Music she loved, and she played; but not for exhibition. She could repeat what she had heard; and, as it were tell things new from her own heart, with her hands on the keys of the organ in the hall—that was all. And her mother had stored her with *real* history—the *truths* of the past. In these things, and in the contemplation of her mother, was her whole education.

Mary's love for her father was a different thing from her love for her mother. He was her delightful companion, her perfect knight. She gloried in the applause he won. When he openly admired her, she felt that she was beautiful, and was very glad of it. But when her mother smiled upon her, she never had a worldly thought. It was like the sun chasing away such damps and mists. Soul spoke to soul. And side by side their hearts were open before Him who sees in secret, and judges thought. That mother was heaven on earth to the young girl. She could admit no one to the knowledge of it. It was too great for words.

Lullingstone had been very delicate from his birth. Mary loved him tenderly, and

nursed him. Though only a year younger, he was a child compared to her. The boy had been born in the great house at Watermouth. A sudden illness had reduced Lady Westrey to the point of death. There was no nurse for the young heir, and the child was pronounced too weak to live. Anna Julian was two months old. Mrs. Julian offered to bring her child to Lord Westrey's house, and take care of Lullingstone. The offer was accepted, and Lord Westrey always said, that his only son owed his life to Kate Julian. Lord Westrey became Anne Julian's god-father. He had known the Julians all his life, and had always respected them. Now he would be theirs, and their children's friend as long as he lived. All this pleased Kate Julian, and it strangely gratified her husband. His eyes were always on the future. There were untold hopes in his heart. What would come? What wonderful things would years bring with them. He loved Anna better than Edward, because she was a link between him and the great.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

III.—CONVERSION OF BRITAIN.

Seek ye a Patron to defend
Your cause? then one and all
Without delay, upon the Prince
Of the apostles call.

Blest holder of the heavenly keys
Thy prayers we all adore;
Unlatch to us the sacred bars
Of Heaven's eternal door.

Lyra Catholica.

Although the Roman prefects ruled over the southern parts of Britain, yet the native kings retained a limited power over their paternal tribes, and one among them was generally chosen for their chief. At the end of the second century, Lucius, the son of Coel, was elected to hold this sovereignty. He was perhaps, as many of them were, connected with the Romans by descent or by marriage; for his name indicates a Latin origin. He

certainly was with his father among the hostages who remained in Rome after the captivity of Caractacus; and like other hostages he must have brought back a knowledge of Christianity to Britain. He found on his return some Christians among his countrymen, especially at Glastonbury, where the followers of St. Joseph of Arimathea were venerated for their sanctity. It is recorded also that he was greatly moved by the report of the Roman army having been saved from destruction amid the sandy deserts of Germany by the rain which fell at the prayer of the Christian soldiers, who composed what was afterwards called the Thundering Legion. Lucius had been brought up by a virtuous father, and his own virtues were yet more excellent; so that he was well disposed to receive religious instruction; and he had learnt at Rome one most important truth, that the Christians had received from their God, not only miraculous powers and the graces of sanctity, but the possession of a Faith which could be learnt only from those whom God has set over his Church, and that the chief ruler of this Church was then Eleutherius, the twelfth bishop who had filled the See of Rome after St. Peter. To him, therefore, he sent two ambassadors to request instruction, and they were received with a holy joy by that great Pastor of the Church, who gave God thanks "that such a heathen nation were so earnest in their application for Christianity." He baptized the ambassadors and sent them back with two missionaries, Faganus and Damianus, whose names are canonized, and remain in the British calendar. When they had preached on the Incarnation of the Son of God, they baptized Lucius, and his people followed his example.

Lucius and the holy missionaries began their labours at Llandaff, where was the first Christian Church, and the only See was at Caerleon on the Usk. Preachers were then sent to Gloucester, which became a See, and by degrees the Faith was spread through the whole island, and even over the northern provinces which the Romans had never been able to penetrate. When Faganus and Damianus had cleared the country of heathenism, they caused the idol temples to be consecrated to the One Almighty God, and His saints, and they established in the chief cities, Christian bishops, instead of idol-priests. London, York, and Caerleon became the Sees of three archbishops; and twenty-five bishops occupied the rest of the twenty-eight cities then in Britain. When the two prelates had made an entire

reformation here, they returned to Rome and came back with many others whose names and deeds were long read in the martyrologies, so that the British nation was strong in the Faith, which remained uncorrupted till the persecution of Diocletian. The missionaries had obtained from Eleutherius a confirmation of what they had done, and they brought with them letters from the sainted Pope, which are yet preserved in the laws of St. Edward the Confessor.

"In the year 169 from the Passion of our Saviour, our lord, Eleutherius the pope, wrote in answer to the request of the king Lucius and his nobles, to send him a copy of the Roman laws, in order to make them the rule of justice in Britain. 'The imperial laws you may disapprove; but the law of God is above exception. You have lately, through the mercy of God, received the Christian Faith in Britain, so that you have now the privilege of consulting the Old and New Testaments. Out of these holy volumes, you may, by the advice of your subjects, collect a body of laws which may enable you, under God's providence, to govern your people over whom you are God's vicegerent, and they are committed to your care. Your duty is to promote unity and peace among them, and to bring them to a submission to the Gospel, and into the bosom of the Church, to restrain them from disorder, to support, protect, and govern them. God Almighty grant that you may so govern the realm of Britain that you may for ever reign with Him whose representative you are in your kingdom.'"

The British historians say that Lucius having established the Faith, died at Gloucester and was buried in the Cathedral Church; others, and some who are considered by Butler as of better authority, say, that the pious king was carried by his zeal to spread the tidings of salvation among nations yet heathen—and that he became himself a missionary in Gaul. He went up the Rhine to Bavaria, and Suabia, preaching even on the banks of the Danube; and the Church of Saint Gal was the fruit of his labors. But the idolatrous people stoned him, and he scarcely recovered so as to cross the Rhoetian Alps. He preached among the Grisons and some say he became bishop of Coire. The Romans persecuted him, for his zealous preaching, and he hid in a cave, but was discovered, and brought before the governor, and martyred at a place which still bears the name of St. Lucius, the apostle of that mountainous region. There is an ancient monastery there, which is called after St. Lucius, and his feast is solemnly kept in the diocese, and his relics are shown in the Church at Coire, where tradition says that the British king died on his way while making a pilgrimage to Rome.

SONNET.

THE POETRY OF ÆSCHYLUS.

A sea-cliff carved into a Bass-relief!

Art: but to nature near;—by brooding nature

Wrought out in spasms to shapes of Titan stature;

Emblems of Fate, and Change, Revenge, and Grief,

And Death, and Life; in giant hieroglyphs

Confronting still, with thunder-blasted frieze,

All stress of years, and winds, and wasting seas—

The stranger nears it in his western skiff,

And hides his eyes for fear! How few, great Bard!

With thee shall hold communion! Fewer yet

Shall pierce thine inmost meanings deep and hard!

But these shall owe to thee an endless debt.

The Eleusinian caverns they shall tread

Which lie beneath man's heart; and wisdom learn
with dread.

AUBREY DE VERE.

DIGNITY OF LABOR.—In early life David kept his Father's sheep: his was a life of industry; and although foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labour, yet in the eyes of wise men industry is truly honourable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labour is man's natural condition, and most favourable to bodily health and mental vigour. Bishop Hall says, "sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing." From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest men been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man that was sent from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep for forty years before he came forth as a deliverer of Israel. Jesus Christ himself, during the early part of his life worked as a carpenter. His apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen. From whence I infer, that when God has any great work to perform, he selects as his instruments those, who, by their previous occupation, had acquired habits of industry, skill, and perseverance; and that in every department of society, they are the most honourable who earn their own living by their own labour.

YOUTH is the season for silence and observation, while it is for old age to be communicative. In youth, the eyes and ears have acute perception; but in after years, when the eyes grow dim, and the ears become deaf, the tongue shall be employed to convey to others the accumulated knowledge of years.

Neither do our wishes, nor the great stir we make, forward in a single degree the arrangements of Providence.

SOULS AND INSTINCTS OF ANIMALS.

By the Rev. J. Worthy.

[CONCLUDED FROM THE LAST NUMBER.]

In resuming this subject, it may be well to state again the general purport of the argument which has preceded. From the definition of instinct, given at page 145 in last number, we learn that it directs animals, with unerring certainty, prior to, and independently of, all instruction or experience, acting with, in a similar manner, under similar circumstances, without deliberation, and without a knowledge of the end to be accomplished. From this view of the powers and properties of instinct, compared with numberless examples of animal actions, which cannot be attributed to such instinct, we arrive at the conclusion that animals are not mere machines, acting by necessity and without deliberation, but that they have souls, capable of thought, with some reasoning and deliberating powers to assist their instinct, and endowed with much higher qualities and capabilities than the generality of people give them credit for. In the last number, we considered the first of five classes of examples, viz., those anecdotes of animal life which tend to display chiefly their powers of understanding, of reason, of growing wiser by experience and instruction, &c. We now turn our attention to the other four classes, and first to those anecdotes which exhibit the understanding of animals, directing them to act *in opposition to the natural dictates of instinct*; in other words, where instinct is set aside by superior reason.

The elephant has a natural fear of fire; instinct powerfully forbids it to approach fire, and Indians drive elephants into a trap, by surrounding them with fences of fire—burning brushwood—and by gradually contracting the circle. It sometimes happens that, either by accident or desperation, an elephant is driven through the fire, and from that moment you must seek some other mode of catching him. For his reason teaches him, that having passed through fire once without much hurt, he may do it again, and he acts upon that conclusion. His instinct is set aside by a valuable lesson that his reason has taught him. Again it is an undoubted fact that an elephant, a dog, and sometimes a horse, will patiently suffer present pain, from a surgical operation, or the dressing of a wound, in the hopes of future benefit that they expect from it. Chabert, the famous fire-kings, had a valuable dog that broke its leg. Its master took it to a surgeon, and when the

dog had made acquaintance and friends with the surgeon, its master, to teach the dog its lesson, acted a little pantomime in his presence. He first limped about the room like a lame dog in great pain, then went to the surgeon and allowed him to manipulate at his pretended lame leg, and to bandage it up, and then walked about the room in the natural manner, without any sign of pain. The dog learnt his lesson, lay down beside the surgeon, and allowed him, in spite of the pain it caused, to reduce the fracture and bandage up the leg without any resistance, and licked the hand of the operator to express his confidence and gratitude.—Horses are said to bleed themselves, and also one another, in hot countries, when their instinct tells them they require it. Instinct tells them what is good for them, but reason tells them to submit to pain, that good may come from it. Instinct tells a pointer dog to run after a bird when he finds one, but his instinct is restrained by training. The same may be said of kitchen dogs, which will not touch forbidden meat, although they are hungry. You may say that in these cases a second instinct overcomes the first; the instinct of fear of being beaten, overcomes the instinct of hunger. But recollect that instinct acts upon the spot, without deliberation, without a knowledge of consequences and futurity; and that is not the case with the dog. If he has a *foresight* of the consequences, it is no longer instinct, but understanding.

The case of an elephant obliging her young to submit to pain in order to be cured, is a still more remarkable triumph of reason over instinct in the animal kingdom. A young elephant had received a severe wound in the head, and was so frantic with pain that the keepers could not manage to dress the wound. In their perplexity, they managed to make its mother understand what was wanted. The sensible creature went up to her offspring, brought it to the operator, and held it firmly down with her trunk while the wound was being dressed, in spite of its groans and struggles. She repeated the process every day till the wound was healed. There is many a human mother would not have mastered her instinct so completely.

We come now to the third class of examples, those which have reference to the faculties of the imagination in animals. Animals are generally looked upon as creatures of the senses. Even their understanding—their reason—always have reference to objects of the senses. But they have *ideas* in their

mind, independent of what their senses suggest to them, when the object is present. A dog dreams when he is asleep; he fancies he sees something which does not please him, and he consequently barks, on a small scale, in his sleep. Why does he do so? His senses present nothing to his view. There are vague ideas floating over his brain, as there are in man when *he* dreams and talks in his sleep. Cats and dogs have great vanity; they like to be looked at when they are playing, and when they think they are performing wonderful feats by tossing bones or caps in the air, or by extraordinary antics with a ball of thread upon the floor. If you cease looking at them, they will very often cease their antics. Why? Because they are doing it, not for the pleasure of the *senses*, but of the *imagination*, in thinking that they are admired. Again, many animals are fond of fun and amusement, without any reference to the pleasures of sense. A monkey on board ship took great delight in riding on a pig. Another amused himself by standing at the top of the cabin stairs, and when he heard any one coming up, let a hatchet roll down against his shin, and then ran off up the rigging and laughed at his victim. In fact monkeys generally are fond of mischievous fun, even when their instinct (if such you would call it) bids them leave their tricks alone, inasmuch as they know they will be punished for it.—A magpie also has been known to amuse himself by throwing pebbles on to a toad in a hole, and chuckling after each skilfully thrown missile.—But the imagination of animals does not confine itself to amusement: it works on all the passions—joy, grief, fear, anger, revenge, gratitude, &c., are alternately perceived at work. A dog grieves at the death or sickness of his master, and dies of grief. He is dejected when in disgrace, and overjoyed when a kind word of forgiveness is spoken to him. He frets when his master goes out without him, and rejoices when he is allowed a walk in his company, although he has full liberty by himself the whole day long. An ourang-outang, from whom his master took some fruit, was so enraged at him, that, when the fruit was returned to him, instead of eating it, he threw it at his master's head, like a spoiled child in a pet, though instinct and his senses bid him eat it.—Sir Stamford Raffles, whilst he was at Java, had a pet monkey, which, on being corrected for some faults, twice tried to destroy itself, and at last succeeded in doing so. The most incredible feature of this story is the *folly* of the monkey. Yet if man, with his superior

reason, can befooled himself so far as to commit suicide, why should not a domesticated monkey be thought capable of imitating some of the follies of the human race, as well as their wisdom; and if this narrative is true, then how lamentably near are the ravings of imagination in animals brought to resemble these of the human race, and how totally at variance with the dictates of instinct is the fact of animal suicide!

Let us pass to the fourth class of examples—those which indicate that animals not only have ideas in their mind, but can communicate those ideas to others, and receive ideas from others. In other words, that though man is infinitely superior in speech, animals have some share of language. Language is the sign of our ideas; and we find that animals use such signs, both amongst themselves and with men. They are called dumb animals, but as dumb men can converse on their fingers or in writing, so dumb animals can represent their ideas, by visible or tangible, or audible signs.—That bees and ants can communicate information to one another has been proved beyond power of contradiction by numerous experiments, of which the mention of one or two will suffice. About thirty years ago, Huber made experiments on the communication of intelligence by bees. The queen-bee is continually moving about the hive from one part to another, and so long as the other bees know that she is in the hive, they take little or no notice of her movements. But if they find she is gone, they are all in an uproar of confusion and dismay. Huber stole away the queen quietly, and watched the result upon the bees, in his glass hive. For about half an hour they did not find it out that she was gone; but then the intelligence soon became general. Nothing was seen in the hive but hurried running about of the bees in all directions, crossing their antennæ (or horns, as some call them) with every one they met, and outside the hive the bees were flying and running about in search of their lost queen. The queen was then quietly put in at a remote corner of the hive, and then a similar crossing of the antennæ soon spread the intelligence of her arrival throughout the whole hive, from the few who had found her, and who communicated the intelligence to their neighbors. They did not all come up to see her, but as soon as they were informed of her arrival and safety, they returned to their ordinary employments.—Bees also inform one another where they will find a great treasure of honey. Ants do the same in a most wonderful manner. Put some

fleshmeat or sweets in a most curious place, where otherwise an ant is never seen ; take one ant to it, and let it return home—it soon tells all its brethren, who flock to the hidden treasure.—Some of you may have heard the anecdote of a man, whose treacle-pot was discovered by ants. He took all the ants out, as he thought, and hung the treacle-pot up to his ceiling by a string. One half-drowned unperceived ant revived, climbed up the string, traversed the ceiling, went home, and told her companions how they might still get at the treacle ; and, sure enough, they came in crowds along the ceiling, and down the string into the treacle-pot.

When rabbits are feeding in the evening, if any danger approach, one of them stamps his feet upon the ground, quite audibly, to give notice to the rest to be on the alert.

The marmot, a kind of rat-squirrel, of gregarious habits, always has sentinels posted here and there on an eminence whilst the party is foraging, and these sentinels give a shrill whistle upon the approach of an enemy. The signal is understood by the whole flock.—Gregarious birds do the same. These are natural signs of ideas. But artificial signs are also understood. Dogs, horses, etc., understand the language of men, in whatever words men have taken the trouble to teach them. It is said that many old cavalry horses understand the word of command almost as well as the men on their backs. It is recorded that a cavalry officer once fancied he recognised at a hunt some horses that had lately belonged to his company. Wishing to satisfy his curiosity, he suddenly shouted : “Halt.” The well-known word was like magic ; the horses threw themselves suddenly back, ploughed up the ground with their feet in the effort to stop themselves, and threw their riders either on to their neck, or clear over their heads.—Cats and dogs also communicate their ideas and wants to man by various signs which they themselves devise.

We come now to the fifth and last class of examples, illustrative of the social qualities of animals, in many of which instances we find that their conduct has not sprung from any care either of themselves or their young, and consequently were not the dictates of instinct ; whilst in other examples we find them acting so perfectly in concert with one another, and making such wise division of labor for the public good, that they seem to be in advance of the civilization and political economy of many human savages. The office of nurse for children seems to belong exclusively to civilized

nations, and it implies an exchange of labor for money. But from the accounts of a recent observer, it seems that there are nurses amongst elephants in their wild state. For he saw more than once a single female elephant taking care of four or five young ones ; whereas it is well known that an elephant never has more than one young one at a time. As wild herds of elephants undoubtedly act in concert, and make division of their labor, this nurse may have been engaged whilst the other mothers were busy about some work, which was equally important to them and to her. Elephants undoubtedly surround a pit into which a companion may have fallen, and help him out.—It is said that large companies of monkeys sometimes enter into a kind of partnership. Acting on the principle that union is strength, they become collectively very dangerous enemies, whilst individually they are comparatively insignificant. They make regularly organized descents upon orchards, and contrive to do an incredible amount of mischief in a very short time. It is said they sometimes silently strip the trees of their fruit, and convey their ill-gotten spoils into their own domiciles, by passing it from hand to hand along a line of monkeys, which have arranged themselves at regular distances from the forest to the orchard.—Both wolves and foxes have been known to place themselves in ambush, while others of their species have driven their prey towards them, that it might be more readily taken.—It is an undoubted fact that when a pair of sparrows had taken possession of the hole in a sand-bank, where swallows were building, the injured pair of swallows excited the whole neighboring swallow tribe to war and revenge. A patriotic combination was formed, the allied swallows came in a body, expelled the intruders, and built up the hole in which the sparrows had provided a nest.—Weasels not only hunt their prey occasionally in companies or packs, but rush to the rescue of an isolated weasel when attacked by man. A man was teasing or hunting a weasel which he met, and when it found itself in danger, it uttered a scream, at which about fifteen other weasels rushed at him from various points of an old neighboring wall. They would have killed him, had not another man providentially come to his assistance. Such instances are not uncommon, both in weasels and rats.—A still more remarkable instance of the social qualities of animals is found in the anecdote of a dog, who having had a sore leg cured by a surgeon, brought another lame dog

a few days afterwards to the same surgeon to be cured. Such sagacity, and such sympathy for a fellow-being's sufferings, which was related by no ties of instinct or natural affection, is enough to settle the question of social feelings and capabilities of the animal kingdom.

From all the examples which I have adduced, I think we may safely conclude that all living animals have souls. I do not mean immortal souls, but thinking souls, spiritual or immaterial substances, intellectual faculties in a limited degree—feeling, will, memory, understanding, some reason, sympathy, power of resisting their natural instincts; in fact most of the *general* powers of man's mind, but in a very inferior degree. Such is the opinion of many, I may say of most, philosophers. The faculty of reason, properly so called, is what many philosophers are very jealous of allowing to brutes in any degree; but still they cannot deny it to them. Locke, in his *Essay on the Human Understanding* (Bk. 2, ch. 11), says: "If brutes have any ideas at all, and are not bare machines, we cannot deny them to have some reason. It seems as evident to me," says he, "that they do, some of them, in certain instances, reason, as that they have sense, But it is only in *particular* ideas."

Smibert, in his notes on Paley, says: "It would, perhaps, have been better had Paley either admitted the existence of a certain degree of reason in animals, as a separate endowment, or avowed that in many respects the faculty which directs their actions bears a mingled character of reason and instinct," Barrier, a Catholic philosopher, and a bishop, thinks that animals have souls, and that those souls are capable, in a limited degree, and with respect to objects of the senses, of thinking, of understanding, of remembering, of instituting comparisons, of deliberating, and of choosing.

Leibnetz and Tillotson, two Protestant philosophers, discuss the nature and duration of the souls of animals. Leibnetz thinks that all the souls of animals were created at the beginning of the world, and that their life, death, etc., is only a transformation. Tillotson thinks they may pass into a state of inactivity when separated from their organism, and be annihilated at the end of the world.

This reminds me of an important remark respecting the immortality of the human soul, the proof of which many people think is endangered by allowing souls to other animals. But it is nothing of the sort. The argument stands thus: As the soul is a spiritual sub-

stance, which cannot be dissolved into parts, the dissolution of the material body after death has no effect upon the immaterial soul. It *can* live without the body just as well as with it; and many powerful arguments prove that the human soul *does* outlive the human body; and with regard to the *mortality* of the souls of animals, the mere fact of their being souls does not make them immortal. For God *can* create a mortal soul; he *can annihilate* a soul as easily as he created it. And there is no proof whatever of the souls of animals being immortal, whilst there are many proofs to the contrary.

Having now, as far as space will permit, endeavored to raise the brute creation to a higher rank than you may think befitting them, I must not conclude without taking a momentary glance at the opposite side of the picture, showing the infinite inferiority of animals to man. There are two very remarkable differences, in addition to many others, between the human and animal soul, as regards understanding and ideas. In the first place, the ideas of animals all have references to objects of the senses, to things that they either can see, feel, hear, taste, smell, etc., or have seen, etc.; and they can mount no higher. Their soul is only for this world, for their body, or their temporal happiness. In the second place, their intellectual powers, although in many instances great as far as they go, still do not go far. They are very limited. They can have no purely intellectual ideas; they can have no speculative ideas, no power of abstraction or generalizing, either with regard to conclusions or signs, or anything else. So that if a dog had learned to get out of the drawing-room by pulling the bell, he would have no power to conclude that he would get out of the dining-room by pulling the bell which is there. He could not generalize from one bell to all the others. He must learn to pull each individual bell. Here then, in these few points even, is a world of difference between us—a barrier that the animal creation can never pass. The immense field of intellect which is here open to man and shut to animals, extends almost to infinity, and leaves the animal intellect so far behind, and comparatively so insignificant, that it is no wonder men have sometimes thought there was no intellect at all in any animal but themselves.

Man's wisdom or experience is also accumulative from one generation to another; whilst that of brutes generally perishes with the individual. Man's intellectual powers are capa-

ble of far greater improvement by cultivation. And although, as in the brute creation, there is a widely-different amount of sagacity in the various animals, from the worm to the elephant, so in the human race also there are various gradations of intellect, from the idiot to the sensible man, from the uneducated clown to the philosopher, from the savage or bushman to the civilized Christian, still there is always that essential difference between them which the most sagacious animal can never reach, and which makes man *capable* at least of being only a little less than the angels. And it is no small confusion to the taunts of the infidel, that whereas the brute creation have amongst them so much more power and strength, and more acute senses than man, yet as they were created for man's use and benefit, as when God created man he said: "Let us make man to our own image and likeness, and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth, and every creeping creature;" so man *has* had it from that time to this as a standing memorial of the superiority of his race. The limited ideas of beasts give them no knowledge of God; they feel no desires of eternity; their limited wants are soon satisfied, because their souls are mortal. But man, that feels he has an immortal soul within him, and a soul that knows God, and can never rest but in God, is never satisfied in this world. And that ever restless spirit that is within him, and which makes both his understanding and his will to be always going a-head, that insatiable desire of more and more happiness, that impossibility of reaching the horizon of his desires which runs from him as fast as he runs after it, or of fathoming the bottomless pit of knowledge which he sees before him, is of itself a proof of his immortality. His very countenance, his erect posture, natural to himself alone in all creation, was recognised even by the old Pagan poet, Ovid, as a proof of his dignified destiny. *Os homini sublime dedit, celumque tueri jussit.* And the Pagan Horace may also have had an eye to man's yearning for immortality among the gods, when he said: *Nil mortalibus arduum est, celum ipsum petimus stultitia.*

But though man's soul, and man's reason, and man's destiny are so exalted, let us never forget that man is fallen man. That when his reason and his will rebelled against God, they both became so depraved and so liable to error, that in spite of the superior gift of reason which he had received, nothing but the mercy

and grace of God have preserved him from sinking beneath the very brute creation. Let us remember that those who have set up human reason as their God, or their rule of faith, or rule of life, have made the greatest fools of themselves both in belief and in morality; and that the very beasts of the field, with the instinct and little reason they possess, set us an example of propriety and sagacity to which many of the human race are utter strangers. Reflect for a moment how seldom it is that you ever hear of other animals abusing the laws of nature; how seldom an animal is drunk, and when it is so, it is either by unforeseen accident, or by the perversity of man. And see his sagacity and resolution when man has made him drunk. He takes good care not to be made so a second time. A monkey was made drunk in Preston, but having once discovered the consequences of that drink, nothing would ever induce him to taste it, although on the first occasion it was agreeable to his palate. Again how seldom does an animal become insane, except through man's fault,—and how often do men become so? How seldom do animals commit suicide? or kill or neglect their offspring? or eat to excess? or in fact abuse the laws of nature in anything whatsoever? And what shall we say of man, with his boasted reason? Verily, we may say with Pascal, "that abstracting from the state of grace, he is nothing but the continual subject of indelible and insufferable errors." In spite of man's boasted reason, the greatest fools in nature are found amongst the human race; and in spite of the many superior aids, and instructions, and motives to morality and propriety which have been placed within his reach, the most disgusting examples of unnatural profligacy are still found, not in the history of the brute creation, but in the history of mankind. A thinking man has many reasons to be thankful to his God for the sublime capabilities of intellect which have been placed within his reach, and has good reason to exalt all the powers of the human mind, will, memory, and understanding, in triumphant exultation and dominion of the brute creation; but he has equally many reasons to humble himself, when he remembers the absurd conclusions at which his boasted reason is liable to arrive, and the disgraceful acts by which his ungoverned passions may at any moment cause him to debase himself. What man *has* come to, when revelation and grace have been wanting, or when he has left

unheeded those two additional lights, shows how little cause he has to boast of, or to depend upon, that human reason which he is apt to deify, and how little confidence he should place in its dictates about the important matter of religion, unless revelation and the grace of God are brought to its assistance. Man's reason is great and powerful, and infinitely above all the brute creation put together. But like all other powerful engines, it is powerful for good or for evil; and sad experience has proved that in man's fallen state, that powerful engine must have another guide, or it will carry him to destruction. Man's greatness and littleness, his dignity and his misery, his capabilities and his infirmities, are, in his state of fallen nature, so continually meeting one another, that he never can permanently attain to his greatness, or his dignity, or his high capabilities and destiny, unless he continually keeps his eye on the depths of baseness, and misery, and infirmity, which constantly yawn at his side. If therefore it may seem to any one that I have lowered the dignity of man's soul and reason, by representing the souls and reason of animals as having any degree whatever of similitude with man, I would say to him in the words of Pascal—"It is dangerous to inform man how near he stands to the beasts, without shewing him at the same time how infinitely he shines above them. And again, it is dangerous to let him see his excellence without making him acquainted with his infirmity. And the greatest danger of all is to leave him in utter ignorance of both. But to have a just representation of both, is his greatest interest and happiness."

GREECE AND THE GREEKS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

While the torch of war glared over Europe, and every dispatch from its seat brought mournful tidings of terrible disaster and woful waste of human life, one signal advantage was being derived more and more every day by the western nations. All eyes being directed to the quarter where the fierce passion for aggrandizement, stifled for many years, had at last burst forth, they ran along coasts and into territories previously overlooked. Attracted by the hope of more fully understanding both the nature of the struggle and the peculiarities of its locality, maps were constantly consulted, and volumes of oriental travel were eagerly perused, until at last the whole life of Eastern

peoples has been gradually unfolded before our eyes, and the coasts of both Euxine and Levant have been imprinted upon our minds.

Of this attention, the unfortunate land which forms the subject of the work before us, has enjoyed its full share, and indeed, as it has also attempted to play an infamous part on its own account in the terrible drama, it has attracted much additional observation. Amongst all the *diaries* and *tours*, in which Greece and her woes are shoved into a corner, or noticed only for showing off classical information, and which are themselves very often like Buckthorne grown to manhood, rich in good-for-nothing experience, a pleasant volume by M. About, is exceedingly welcome, as going very deeply into the mournful subject, and abounding in much keen observation, and in many singularly just views. Now and again, indeed, we have a shade too much of the Frenchman in the propensity to judge of everything and everybody by French notions and interests, unmindful of his own somewhat keen remark, that a man of learning is a citizen of the world. Still this perhaps natural blemish is lost sight of in the highly pictorial pages on Greek life and manners, the pleasant little anecdotes of society in Greece, and the clear exposure of the rottenness of her Government and the lying and knavery of her people.

The present condition of Greece is an anomaly in the social progress of Europe, and a disgrace to her political civilization. Encumbered with a mountain of debt, the interest on which she now laughs at the notion of being called on to pay, she is still ever ready to come forward in intrigue and to meddle in mischief. Apparently altogether unmindful of the chief sources to which she absolutely owes her being, she is at once treacherous in siding with their bitter enemy and impudent in constantly putting forward her claims for further assistance: she will find it, however, equally difficult either to justify her late treachery or to prove that because we rescued a drowning orphan, we were bound to watch over his after career.

M. Edmond About vividly lays before us the horrible condition of this once favored land, and shows how the evils which have caused it are preying on her vitals, and might yet be removed. Describing the Constitution and Government, both as they are and as they ought to be, he leads us to charge the whole mass of evil to the account of the latter, a conclusion in which we have long been fully prepared to concur.

Few popular sentiments can be traced in

history more strongly marked or more universal than the enthusiasm which hailed the reappearance of Greece on the map of Europe. It was a feeling including at once the wisdom of scholarship and the kindness of civilization. For whilst the latter taking her out of slavery, pitied her sufferings and misery, and substantially succored her age, the others looked deeply into her wrongs, planned for the regeneration of her fine intellect, and proved that they loved her childhood well. Nothing was apparently left undone which could ensure her gradual rise from poverty to comfort, or warrant her looking forward to tolerable prosperity; and it is mournful to observe that these worthy hopes of her protectors were destroyed by the very machinery on which they depended for their realization. Truly the memorable warning of a late eminent statesman comes home to us now, when he declared none could be permanently independent save through their own efforts.*

The one word CORRUPTION fully expresses the whole legislative system of the ruler with which the protecting powers have cursed the Hellenes; and remembering their early glory and after sufferings, it is painful to write it in connection with their name. Nor is it the consequences of this systematic corruption, as at first sight apparent, that we most deeply mourn—viz., the squandering of public money, stagnation of trade, and total destruction of public credit; but the policy which King Otho has of late years pursued throughout his system is so polluted with jobbing and bribery, and the national mind seems by consequence so completely surrendered to knavery and lying, that the name of Greek, as he is in Greece, is rapidly becoming a byword over the earth; while the energy and perseverance of those who happily for themselves have left her shores, are being felt more and more every day through every fibre of the commercial body.

This fearful state of things in the little kingdom is unfortunately not of yesterday; it commenced at the outset of her career, and has grown with her growth. In the first place, the kingdom was thinly populated, badly watered, and almost totally without roads. In the second place, it was peopled with hostile

racers, swarmed with robbers, and through want of drainage and cultivation the atmosphere in many localities was impregnated with deadly fever. Not one of those evils was overlooked in starting her once more in the race of life. A king was chosen for her, towards whom Greek, Palikar, and Albanian were at least alike indifferent. A very complete code of laws was framed for her by one of the ministers of regency: an ample supply of money, on very favorable terms, was provided her, and yet all our hopes have been dashed to the ground. The land we have studied and loved so well has been lowered in the eye of civilization further than ever. The people we sought to take out of bondage is sinking under fetters more degrading still. The years that have passed since we first assisted her have but heaped vast embarrassments upon her, for all the old evils are there to-day.

The loan which the protecting powers guaranteed was soon, as every body knows, recklessly squandered, and others negotiated, both in France and England, on equally reckless terms. Greece now owes, besides those amounts, compound interest on their total for thirty years! and has lived during that time, as remarked by M. About, in good fellowship with bankruptcy.

Nor has a single lepta of this vast debt gone towards improving the country, developing her resources, or educating the people. With the exception of a road across the Isthmus, laid down by the Austrian Lloyd's Steam Navigation Company, and one or two carriage drives about Athens, there is not a single road which could promote active commerce or favor agriculture. The people in the interior are miserably poor, and the people in the towns are abominably idle. The nominal agriculturists are ground down through the oppressive tax in kind, still persisted in, and by quartering on them bodies of rascally Palikars. The paid idlers of the towns lounge about the streets, fill the coffee houses, and brag about their ancestors. Between both ranks the national interests are pushed to the wall. Wine, one of the staple commodities, is rendered useless as an article for export; the vintners are too poor to procure casks, and to ensure its keeping in skins, are obliged so to impregnate it with resin, that to a foreigner it tastes like melted pitch. Oil, with which Greece could supply Europe, is also almost useless, from careless manufacture. Timber is imported annually at very considerable cost, whilst whole forests of the finest trees are out of reach from

* "It is my firm belief that you will not advance the cause of constitutional government by attempting to dictate to other nations. . . . If you succeed, I doubt whether the institutions that take root under your patronage will be lasting; constitutional liberty will be best worked out by those who aspire to freedom, by their own efforts."—Sir Robert Peel—Speech during the Pacifico debate, June, 1850.

want of roads, and are only meddled with when wantonly burned by vagabond shepherds. Coal and lead mines, marble and stone quarries, are either farmed on terms ruinous to the State—which all are eager to plunder—or abandoned altogether on account of the unsettled condition of proprietary rights throughout the kingdom; and there is the same want of irrigation, and prevalence of fever from neglect of drainage, that existed four hundred years ago.

But it is when we look to the root of these evils that the subject becomes truly deplorable. The vast number of civil posts formerly jobbed amongst Bavarian adventurers, are now indeed held by Greeks, but they are, for the most part, mercenaries baser than their predecessors. The grand aim of King Otho is to establish a central government, and to turn himself into a pigmy autocrat as speedily as he possibly can. But however injurious to the best interests of a restless people this course might prove, even when worked out with a tolerable share of clear-sightedness and political wisdom, it becomes positively ruinous when the ambitious ruler is totally devoid of any administrative talent whatever. And consequently can further his despotic views only by rallying round him a swarm of greedy mercenaries, constantly creating new posts for them, and while his own extravagance is boundless, squandering the public money in holding these rapacious idlers obedient to his will. Nor does it in our opinion reflect so very severely on the Greek nation that these bribed officials are, since the revolution of 1843, principally Greeks; the experience of ages has long since proved that where the head of an administration works only by corruption, universal corruption will very soon follow, and that when poor and aspiring men can get nothing by remaining honest, they will not very long refuse to be bought.

For a calm and tolerably condensed recital of the fruits of these evils we cannot do better than refer our readers to the pleasantly-written volume before us. They will find there that, as we have already stated, while the agriculturists are starving, the towns overflow with paid idlers. They will find that while the government is too selfish and perverse to properly apply the scanty resources of the country, foreigners who have means and energy are fairly driven from her shores through the insecurity for life and property. They will find that while no measures are taken to revive the miserable peasantry, bands of savage brigands are suffered to prowl

about unmolested, who often plunder them with a ferocious cruelty that would shame the miscreants of a people but just emerging from barbarism. They will find that while every possible legal post has been created, yet such a thing as justice rarely indemnifies the oppressed. They will find that while the resources of the country are strained to the utmost in providing for all this jobbing, the court of the little kingdom glitters with finery, and the extravagance of its expenditure is as ludicrous as outrageous. They will find that whilst the country is rapidly sinking in the estimation of the commercial world, it yet contains within itself numberless resources undeveloped through the want of roads and the exorbitant price of money—forests undisturbed, mines unworked, fisheries forgotten, coasting trade utterly neglected. They will find that while the country has many first-rate harbors, and occupies one of the very best commercial positions between Gibraltar and the Dardanelles, yet the trade of the locality is swept away by French and Austrian steam companies, even too while the people are loudly boasting of the number and skill of their sailors. And the discerning and thoughtful reader will also discover that amid all this corruption and disorder as much fine patriotism yet survives. That were universal suffrage established and the Greek people really set free, the most pernicious of these abuses—from which indeed all the others spring—the servility of King Otho's followers—would be swept away in an hour, together with the mercenary traitors who have maintained it so long.

And now when "Peace to men on earth of good-will" is, we anxiously hope, about to visit us once more, the powers that took Greece out of slavery, might even now not ungracefully secure to her also this glorious blessing. Most of the evils which afflict her might, we gladly believe, yet be removed by a little patient care on the part of those who may be said to have originally afforded opportunity for them, and if there be yet any promise of a brighter future for this unfortunate people, if their present legislative system can be renovated, and if their wrongs can be removed, let us, in our honest English antipathy to political corruption, not hesitate even here. The vast evils which crush Greece now have sprung up since her so-called emancipation, and a good constitution has been already given her; any liability of a second break-down should be avoided. On

this point we have the no doubt well-considered opinion of an eminent living writer,* who in treating of the somewhat similar wilfulness of our own Charles, expressly states, that when a constitution, which, for the general welfare, it is desirable should be maintained, is imperilled by the perversity or incapacity of the person responsible for maintaining it, the just course is obvious. The system must be upheld; the person should be discarded.

Reviews.

Recollections of the Table Talk of Saml. Rogers.
1 vol. MOXON.

We opened this book in a very indifferent humor. It seemed to us rather bad taste that almost before the venerable old man was cold in his grave the bookmakers were already endeavoring to make money out of his memory. But after the very pleasant hours its pages have afforded us, we feel unwilling to believe that its appearance should have been delayed for an hour.

The fame of Samuel Rogers may be regarded under two aspects. A classic in the days of our grandfathers, few names have come down to us from among the crowd of splendid talents, which adorned the close of the last, and the commencement of the present century, more firmly established. Appearing at a time when public carelessness and royal apathy towards literature had disappeared for ever, and when literary men were themselves acquiring the polish and cultivation too long confined to their patrons, the author of the *Pleasures of Memory* has outshone almost all, if not in genius and cultivation, certainly in perception of the beautiful, mental refinement, and generous patronage towards the needy of that calling which he loved so well. As an author we have always admired him for calm, yet beautiful description, heightened by ardent, yet judicious love of art. His outlay on the splendid edition of his largest work, *Italy*; his seventy pictures, which he spent seventy years in collecting; his books and manuscripts worth forty thousand pounds; his numberless acts of valuable kindness and generosity towards literary brethren, have long since become familiar facts in literary history. While on the other hand, it is well known that the intimate of Burke and Fox, Sheridan and Curran, Lawrence and Chantrey, Holland and Landsdowne, Gibbon and Talleyrand; the

friend of Wordsworth, Scott, Moore, Campbell, Byron and De Stael, was not more distinguished for his talents and great mental cultivation, than for the urbanity of his manners, and for his warm hospitality at St. James's Place—in that sombre breakfast-room, so pleasantly described by Sidney Smith as the place of darkness where there was gnashing of teeth.

It is under this latter aspect that we view the banker-poet in this volume of *Recollections*. It is certainly very pleasant reading—and although most of the anecdotes have long since crept into our periodical literature, as might have been expected from the advanced age of the narrator, still we are pleased to have them strung together for perusal once more. The volume is, we fear, a bookmaking attempt, and although displaying much fine taste and pleasing observation, does not afford any great evidence of the poet's originality in conversation. The stories and witticisms are all those of others, and the general tone gives proof rather of the brilliancy of the sphere in which Rogers moved, than of any remarkable talent with which he himself adorned it. The editor seems actuated by a worthy love of his subject, and if we except some rather apparent prolixity in his notes has performed his part well:—he seems tolerably familiar with *ana*, and while observing the promise of his preface, to insert nothing which could hurt the feelings of the living, has also not brought forward anything which can pain our kindly recollections of the dead.

Songs of the Present. By the Rev. ARCHER GURNEY.

Man in Paradise; a Poem, in six books—with Lyrical Poems. By J. E. READ. London: LONGMANS.

Both these gentlemen write with terrible earnestness, rather as though they were dinting granite with the pickaxe, or scoring the metal plate with the fuming acid, than scribbling with glib goose-quill over the facile foolscap. The lyre of the reverend divine is attuned to, or rather is out of tune with, the sentiments of the modern universalist school of Anglicans, who, are beginning to have a twang and a cant every whit as articulately marked as that of the evangelicals. His themes are national glory and gallantry, labor and comfort, love and matrimony; in these consist all the good that his muse has to promise; and, according to the amusing mistranslation of the Oxonian, which ought to have found its way into the "Art

* Macaulay's *England*, vol. I.

of Pluck," he takes his stand on the high ground of religious principle, (the original Greek being simply, "trampling on piety") and says one thing and does another; or rather in this case, he says one thing and means another, (except in a few cases where, to the best of our belief, he has no meaning at all).

The "songs" are intended for the different sections of her Majesty's subjects to sing, and, singing, to lay to heart the lessons they teach: accordingly, they are dedicated to the Queen, who is reminded that she is head both of the domestic and martial life of her people; or, as Mr. Gurney quaintly expresses it, that she must be led to the "goal desired" by two lights—"the glow-worm and the star." Blind leaders of the blind! We are quite content with ordinary gas-light and sunshine.

After the dedication to the Queen comes a sonnet in memory of the late Judge Talford, which opens thus—

Swift dissolution he had oft desired:
His will was sealed.

We object to this. In the first place wills are not required to be sealed under the new act: in the second, though a man has signed it, sealed and delivered it, with the most scrupulous prolixity, it is no argument that he desired to be dissolved, much less that he desires "sudden death," which we suppose is meant by "swift dissolution." This sonnet ends with a line recommending the whole people of England to accept this book of poems as a rule of life.

"Wake, British nation! act on that thou hearest!"

Taking into consideration the genius and character of the said poems, this line sounds to us as if the author, stretching forth an awkward arm with a drooping hand at the end of it, sheepishly addressed his congregation—"Sheep of Britain, convert! Baa as you hear me baa."

Leaving the portico behind us, let us now pass into the temple itself. This building consists of three parts, the first of which is entitled "Battle ardours." As is right, these ardours produce "fumum ex fulgore" in abundance; they smell of gunpowder and of deeds of death. In the first of them the Bard casts off all calculation of consequences, and fearlessly invokes

"Right, truth, justice to all,
E'en though the Red Cross should swing by the
Crescent."

Swing: a good epithet, as Benedict would say.

Really the cross has been somewhat gibbeted by its position; it has gone to Jericho, and fallen among thieves. There is great food for meditation in this same "swing." It gives us encouragement to progress on the path of (critical) duty which we had marked out for ourselves. "*Avant de dire ce qu'un homme pèse,*" says the French sage, "*il faut l'avoir pendu.*" Before you can tell what a man weighs, you must swing him. This is great consolation to us critics, "in whose heads, like equal scales, is weighed what author's heaviness prevails," when we have to turn executioners, and erect our noses into a gallows, in order *naso suspendere adunco*, to hang all offenders. We are very sorry for our victims; but Mr. Gurney himself teaches us to seek at all hazards, and in spite of all sinister results, the great end we propose. Let us therefore duly distribute

"Right, truth, justice to all,
E'en though the parson should swing by the lamp-
post."

In the same "ardour," which is so strong as to carry the author a little off his legs, Mr. Gurney, in a very Dantesque manner, turns to his own song, and adjures it to "sound o'er the seas," and finally sings out to it—

"Thou and brave Napier cry—steady, boys, steady."

There is a good thought in this assimilation of "brave Napier" to the song. As the latter "sounds o'er the seas," so the one great work of the former in the Baltic was to take soundings; for steadiness, they make a very good match; the song being about as steady on its feet as the groggy old admiral himself in one of his most fervent "bottle ardours."

In a sailor's song, which follows very shortly, there is a line of which Napier himself might have been the author; the mariners are made to shout out,

"Our ships may sink, but they won't fly."

The admiral was painfully aware of the fact announced in the former part of this line; as to its conclusion, the sentiment appears to us to be a mere truism; we never heard any ornithologist maintain that they would fly. Will the reverend author allow us to suggest a new reading of the line?—

"Our ships won't run, though pigs may fly."

Of course we cannot wade wearily through the whole book, nor, with Jack Horner, put in our thumb and pull out a plum from every page; so from page 7 turn we to page 168, where we find ourselves in another division of

the Temple, and in a pew with this epigraph : "Voice from the left." Is there not a slight mistake here? Should it not have been *over the left*? Here we have the following curious lines :—

"All this moral talk is good,
But the deed it will not do—
It may find the body food,
But the soul claims honour too."

Words are not deeds, that is certain; but if words have any influence over anything, it is surely over soul that they exert it. "Words well disposed," says Spencer, "have secret power to appease inflamed rage." On the other hand, the pretence of mending a broken leg by an incantation, has long been banished from civilized society. But Mr. Gurney appears to wish to restore the old magic; in spite of the proverb—"fair words butter no parsnips," he fancies that words "may find the body food," though they do nothing for the soul.—Strange doctrine!

A little way on—page 176—there is a song addressed to a railway, where the mail-train is called "dear as a child." There is more in this simile than your honor would think. An express train is dear, there is no denying the fact; so is a child under some circumstances; for instance, if young hopeful is in the Guards, or his fast young brother giving champagne breakfasts at Oxford.

At page 217, we suppose we have penetrated the very sanctuary of our author's philosophy; there we read—

"Therefore hold your truth fast, brother,
Whatsoe'er is truth to you—
Let Pyrrhonic sages bother,
Light rests light, and truth rests true.
Something may be wrong, that's certain;
Nothing can't be right, 'tis plain.
He's a dolt that draws night's curtain
O'er the universe to reign."

The first two lines recommend every man to hold fast that which seems to him to be true—that which is true to him; and therefore suppose that truth is only subjective. The next two lines inform us that in spite of the Pyrrhonists truth is objective; that light is not darkness, and truth is not false, whatever you or any other person may think. The next two lines, the author having perhaps had a glimpse of his inconsistency, tell us that something may be wrong here, but still it is better than nothing, for nothing cannot be right. And the fourth couplet teaches us that no one but a madman will crown himself king of the universe with a cotton night-cap, or cut up the bed-curtains for his imperial robe.—Very true, only we do not quite see the connexion.

But it is hardly fair to cut up a man's detached sentences in this way, so we will try a piece with some continuity in it. It is one of the "battle ardours" (somewhat chilly for an ardour), and is called "Night by the Neva." It begins in a sonorous manner:

"Silence!—o'er the vast lone city sink the shrouds of midnight deep,
And the river, sad and sullen, moans not even in its sleep."

Not so bad—only we are tempted to ask the syntax of the word silence; is it noun, interjection, or verb? Indicative, imperative, or optative? Is it we that are to be silent, or the song, or the night, or the Neva, or the city, or all? Again, when a man thinks it worth remarking that a river moans not *even* in its sleep, it seems as if he expected it to moan more uproariously when asleep than when awake; but still the lines are passable enough; so let us pass on to the next stanza:

"Heavy droop the crimson hangings; through the vaulted cedarn gloom,
Seems to float a viewless presence, bending o'er a living tomb."

The mists advance; we feel the great extinguisher of Bathos overshadowing us—sense fleeth amain. What are these crimson hangings? Are they the bed-curtains of the dolt whom we heard of lately? or are they the "shrouds of midnight deep?" And what is cedarn gloom? Are we in a bed-room with crimson upholstery or in the open air? Is the atmosphere of the city dark, and still, and close as that of a cedar forest? and if this is the meaning, what, we ask again, are the crimson hangings? and what is the viewless presence? and how does a thing we cannot see seem to float? Are we to hear it or to smell it? If we only nose it, how can we tell that it is "bending?" What is the peculiar odor of a presence bending? And what is the living tomb? Who was buried alive in the Neva, or in the city, or in the shrouds, or in the hangings, or in the presence?—What on earth is the man talking about?

In the third stanza the mists rise a little, and the eyes begin to be of some use. We rather suspect that with the boy Jones we have penetrated the imperial bed-chamber.

"See there lies the solitary mortal, at whose single nod,
Millions sweep to desolation blindly, for their brother-god."

If the millions are blind, it would be difficult to guide them by a single nod. Mr. Gurney evidently mistakes the proverb, "a nod is as good

as a wink to a blind horse;" it does not mean that a nod is good, but that both nod and wink are equally useless in such circumstances; moreover, he does not see that they who act for a purpose do not act blindly: "*oculus animi intentio est*," the purpose is the eye of the soul, saith Phustididius. Therefore the millions who sweep for a brother-god have an eye open and do not sweep blindly.

The next stanza proceeds:—

"Hist! what murmur seems to freeze the silence into icier pain?"

This conceit is not original, but it is so mystified that we defy any one to find out the meaning of it; so here we will stop, only expressing our hope that Mr. Gurney will not think that because we rather praised the first stanza, we were bound to praise all the others, on his principle, that

"What cheers one should cheer all others."

What is the meaning of cheer, my little dear? Please, sir, what we sits down upon.—Good boy!—Another question:—

"And what call you, pray, the people?"

Answer:

"All who seek by arm or brain
Britain's welfare to maintain,
In the vale or on the steeple."

To maintain Britain's welfare in the vale, seems to us to be keeping it in a very shady place; while to maintain it upon the steeple seems very like making a cock-shy of it. How one is to maintain it by brain upon the steeple must, we think, surpass the comprehension of every one but a parson, whose more particular business it evidently is.

Certainly Mr. Gurney's nurse plays strange tricks; she dresses in a very outlandish, unbecoming manner; in striving to be intensely national, she makes herself intensely ugly; and in consequence she nourishes some very evil intentions, which her bard reluctantly confesses in her behalf.

"My muse to paint bears grave design"—

A wicked Jezebel!

But we fear that we must take leave of our interesting bard; we are sorry to part, for

*Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta
Quale sopor fessis—*

O, poetical divine, thy song is to us redolent of sleep and weariness. Let us therefore migrate to that of the layman, which at least will afford us a little variety.

Mr. Gurney is a philanthropic universalist preaching rhythmically, and actually saying things with no harm in them when he descends a little from his more arduous flights, and contents himself with rural scenes and quiet feelings. But Mr. Reade's Pegasus spurns all that is quiet under his hoofs; he runs away with his rider; the poet has some command over language, he marshalls his words on horseback in plumed squadrons, but still his cavalay is not fleet enough to take sense prisoner; he writes passages which our ear fancies very fine, very flowing, and very sonorous, till our mind quietly asks the meaning of them. His subject is the whole cosmogony; the formation of the universe, and the life of man in paradise;—a good one for a poet who has thoughts of fathoming the profound. The poem begins with Hades.

—"the waste of space, where life
Hangs eddying from plastic atoms shaped,
Generic, or from mist, or sun, or star."

and from thence carries us athwart "the starred inane," (which, being interpreted, is the emptiness that is full of stars,) through "infinite conclaves," and "thunder's knell," even to Lucifer's throne. Here our author evidently invades Milton's territory, but even here he takes care to insinuate a cutting rebuke against the bard of "Paradise Lost," when he informs us that *his* poem, "though in a great degree of an imaginative character, does not diverge beyond the limits of Scriptural doctrine."

Mr. Reade's ideas of Scriptural doctrine must be singularly large—so large indeed, that as we are taught in Hudibras that "a large conscience is all one, and signifies the same with none," so we are afraid we must argue that Mr. Reade's ideas of Scriptural doctrine are equivalent to none at all. In the opening invocation he, in substance, owns as much;—"eternal spirit," he says—

"Whate'er thou art, of whose immediate presence
My own hath visitation—"

Now who would you think that this eternal spirit, of whom Mr. Reade so naively owns himself to be ignorant, turns out to be? Let Mr. Reade answer for himself; in youth, he says

—"Desolation was the beautiful
I loved, when time was measured by my joy,
When the sense blended with the floating scene,
Recipient mirror imaging but thee!"

Mr. Reade's sense was the recipient mirror, which imaged the floating scene around him; this scene was desolation; and the image of

this desolation was the image of the spirit whom he is addressing; that is, of the "eternal spirit" which visited his soul. The person invoked is therefore Alastor, or Apollyon, the spirit of desolation. We are of the number of those who look for sense as well as for sound in poetry, and who maintain that a logical absurdity like this does more to condemn a book than half a hundred halty lines or lame rhymes. We hate these fellows, who trust simply to their "os rotundum" their rounded mouth, while their mind, as Pope says, "sinks from thought to thought, a vast profound! Who plunge for sense, but find no bottom there, yet write and flounder on in mere despair."

We do not find much more activity of reason in the "lyrical poems" than in the old Adam of the Paradisaic man; for instance, in the lines on "The Battle of Inkerman" we learn—

"It was midnight, then, when morning's grey eye opens on her."

This is a curious circumlocution for five o'clock in the morning on a fifth of November; in that month the toe of morning can hardly be described as treading so close to the heel of midnight as to "gall her kibe." Again, in the next poem, which of course is entitled "Sebastopol," when he is sadly to seek for a simile descriptive of the continuous, unintermitting succession of deaths of the "myriads who fell daily," he can only compare it to "the forest oaks falling by the levin's blasting strokes," as plentiful as leaves whirled by the autumn winds, or as, blackberries if you please;—but as frequent as thunder-struck oaks is certainly a simile chosen rather for crash than for meaning.

Mr. Reade, however small we may think him, has been some time before the public, and apparently has his admirers: he announces the publication of his collected works in three volumes. Who reads them? The moral of our lucubration is: "What a thing is your 'minor minstrel,' when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit."

A Sacred History, comprising the leading facts of the Old and New Testament. From the French of the Abbé Drouix. Edited by the Right Rev. Dr. Goss, Bishop of Liverpool.

We have no hesitation in recommending the above little work to the attention of those who want a short and simple history of the chief events recorded in the Old and New Testament.

Without wishing to depreciate or undervalue in any way the works of this kind which we already have, we think the present will supply a want which has been felt by many. In many of our schools, and especially in those in poor localities or rural districts, the time the children remain is very short, and often very irregular. During that time, however, it is most desirable that they should read, if possible, and become familiar with the Scripture narrative, and the history of those great events so deeply instructive and so interesting in themselves. In many cases they cannot read a history of any great length, and a catechism, or a very short one, would fail to make a distinct impression on their minds. Thus we need a history, which while it selects the most instructive and interesting portions of the Scripture narrative, is neither too long nor too short. It must not be meagre and barren, and still it must not be encumbered with too many names or events. It is impossible, of course, in a work of this kind, to give a full history of each event, or of the many beautiful little episodes which abound in the holy Scripture; these can and will be supplied, with all their interesting details, by a diligent and industrious teacher.

Now, the present little work appears to us one which will be very useful in this way. It is not an original work, but a translation, as the title indicates, from the French of the Abbé Drouix. It was undertaken, we believe, at the request of a religious community, who have had a large and successful experience in education, and who have used the book for many years. Its simple but pleasing dedication tells us, that it is the fruit of the leisure hours of some of the students of St. Edward's College, in this town, who offer it to God as some little atonement for any word or deed whereby, knowingly or unknowingly, they may have scandalized any of God's little ones. Well spent, indeed, have these hours been, so often lost in idle listlessness! and much do we envy the pleasure our good Bishop must have had in watching the pleasing industry and superintending, as he has done with evident care, the labors of his young friends. Still, we must acknowledge, that at first, when we perceived that the translation had been made by several hands, we had some little fear lest there might be an unevenness and irregularity in the style. We are very glad, however, to find it otherwise. The style is simple and easy, and such words, in general, have been chosen as will be understood by the young. It contains also a series of questions for examination, which will be found

very useful to many teachers, while they will help to direct the attention of the scholar.

We have great pleasure, therefore, in recommending this little book to our readers, and adding our humble testimony to the approbation it has already received from those whose judgment we value, and for whose opinions we have a great respect.

The Englishwoman in America. London : LONGMANS.

This Englishwoman in America, who by the way is a Scotchwoman and a presbyterian, looks at everything Catholic with the same jaundiced eye as most of her countrywomen. Yet in spite of the "fooleries and puerilities of their churches," "their being the dupes of a despotic priesthood and of a religion which cannot save," and the rest, the French Canadians are nevertheless declared to be "among the most harmless people under the sun, they are moral, sober, and contented, and zealous in the observance of their *erroneous* creed." The Canadian clergy, too, although "despotic," and "keeping up a system of ignorance and terrorism, without which their power could not continue to exist," yet in the time of cholera "knew no rest either by night or by day. They held the cross before many a darkening eye, and spoke to the bereaved in the plenitude of their anguish of a world where sorrow and separation are alike unknown.

On the other hand, when she speaks of the United States, although she praises their Know-nothingism and other religious systems; although the "Sabbath is well observed," and there are 35,000 Sabbath schools and 250,000 teachers; although the Episcopalians have 1,422 churches, the Methodists 12,467, the Presbyterians 7,752, the Baptists 8,181, although the "clergy of the United States deserve the highest honor for their high standard of morality, the fervor of their ministrations, the zeal of their practise," although in one year the Bible Society distributed eleven million copies of the Bible, and the Society for Religious Publications employed 1,300 colporteurs, yet the fruits of all this among the population is miserable in the extreme.

"The stories related by Barnum of the tricks and impositions practised by himself and others are a fair sample, as far as roguery goes, of those which are to be heard of in hotels, steamboats, and cars. I have heard men boast before a miscellaneous company of acts of dishonesty which in England would have procured transportation for them. Mammon is

the idol which the people worship;—the one desire is the acquisition of money; the most nefarious trickery and bold dishonesty are invested with a spurious dignity, if they act as aids in the attainment of this object. Children from their earliest years imbibe the notion that sin is sin only if found out."

And again.—

"A species of moral obliquity pervades a large class of the community, by which the individuals composing it are prevented from discerning between truth and falsehood, except as either tends to their own personal aggrandisement. Thus truth is at a fearful discount, and men exult in successful roguery as though a new revelation had authorised them to rank it among the cardinal virtues."

This Englishwoman, too, holds the idea long prevalent in this country, that dirt, poverty, and crime are synonymous terms, as is evident from the way she speaks of the poor Irish emigrants, and the quarter of St. Roch at Quebec. In other respects the book is pleasantly enough written, take the following for instance, describing rather a curious custom in Quebec.

"There are some notions which must be unlearned in Canada or temporally laid aside. At the beginning of winter, which is the gay season in this Paris of the new world, every unmarried gentleman, who chooses to do so, selects a young lady to be his companion in the numerous amusements of the time. It does not seem that anything more is wanted than the consent of the maiden who, when she acquiesces in the arrangement, is called a "muffin," for the mammas were muffins themselves in their day, and cannot refuse their daughters the same privilege. The gentleman is privileged to take the young lady about in his sleigh, to ride with her, to walk with her, to dance with her a whole evening without any remark, to escort her to parties, and to be her attendant upon all occasions. When the spring arrives the arrangement is at an end, and I did not hear that an engagement is frequently the result, or that the same couple enter into this engagement for two successive winters. Probably the reason may be that they see too much of each other."

The Third Yearly Report of the Cork Young Men's Society.

The interest which is attached to the peculiar position of our young men in large towns is daily increasing. There seems no wish on the part of those in authority to withdraw from the consideration of the difficulties which their hitherto unprovided state has produced. Indeed, when we look to the efforts that are at present being made, to secure them from the dangers to which they are exposed, and to provide for their rational amusement, we are forced to confess that the clergy regard them as the paramount objects of their care.

But while acknowledging this much, we

cannot conceal the fact, that we are very far from deriving that satisfaction which so much exertion merits; for, while there is scarcely a church in any of our large towns that has not its guild, or confraternity, formed by the younger members of the congregation, there are few that come up to the requirements of the times. Our own town, though possessing many societies of great merit, with which young men are necessarily connected, has not that general and practical association, which the report at the head of this paper shows the city of Cork to possess.

So far, our efforts have been directed to isolate the young men of the various congregations to their own churches; and in consequence of limited resources, and the want of those inducements which a general combination would present, they have to a great extent been fruitless.

Now it can only be by the means of a general organization that we can hope to bring our young men together. And it appears that literary societies constitute one of the chief inducements.

In the city of Cork they have availed themselves of this means with the greatest advantage. They have established a society for mutual improvement, composed of young men from all parts of the city, who belong to the various employments and occupations which the place affords. This society numbers some six hundred members, four hundred of whom, as the report states, habitually approach the Sacraments monthly. If we want to know the secret of so much success, we find it attributed by the report to the interest which the objects of the society tended to excite. For literary societies may be regarded as a necessity of the times; and this only shows the advantages they are calculated to produce when under Catholic direction. One of the great objects which this society contemplated, besides cultivating a healthy spirit of piety in its members, has been to afford a place of general resort to their young men, where they might hold their meetings, have their lectures, form their library and reading-room, and where they might assemble nightly for innocent recreation. Such a place they now possess in their society's hall. Such a result must be a great satisfaction to all who are interested in the success of any undertaking for the welfare of young men. Nor can we help advert to the same project having been attended with the like success in the town of Tralee.

We have scarcely space to say anything

about the report itself, since we have occupied it in considering our position relative to theirs. But we are not the less gratified with the result it shows and the spirit that pervades it, nor can we but regard their society as a work of great promise; and we would like to ask how long the Catholic metropolis of the North of England, with its many superior advantages, is to remain without its organized society of young men, and without that which their organization would necessarily bring about, a Catholic Hall.

I.—RELIGION.

Within the circle of her Father's home
Religion sits apart, her forehead pale,
Her raven hair confined by snowy veil;
Beyond the gate she never seeks to roam;
Dear visions of the future daily come
Whence truth and heavenly beauty never fail;
At some, a feeble heart than hers might quail;
At some, she weeps; she calmly smiles at some:
Hers is a staid and undivided heart,
Her sum of wisdom long since closed and sealed.
Not hers the wish, nor hers the shallow art
To dream each year, of something new revealed:
Her dark eye fixed on heaven, until the time
When Faith expires in sight, she counts the fleeting
chime. J. A. S.

II.—SCIENCE.

Her fair, young sister, Science, comes this way,
Keen scrutiny within her eye of blue,
Her dimpled cheek, her locks of golden hue,
Her smile reflect the joy of opening day;
Around her step, the early breezes play.
Her daily search is still for treasures new,
Wonders of earth and heaven she fain would view.
In Nature's secret force, in solar ray,
In sky and sea, in bowels of the land,
In all, she gleams; in all, her daily fate
To meet new things she fails to understand;
Laying the treasures of her little store
At her pale sister's feet, content to wait
Till shines the coming morn; she asks no more.
J. A. S.

III.—THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

Around the globe behold each wondrous string
By science stretched across her giant Lyre,
Swept by no human hand; each trembling wire
Thrilled by Electric Force, on magic wing,
Whose impulses the poles together bring.
With lightning swiftness speeds the subtle fire
Brief messages of joy, or fond desire;
With deeds scarce finished, distant cities ring.
Beneath the broad Atlantic on it sweeps,
High o'er the burning plains of India rolled,
From crag to crag 'mid Alpine snows it leaps;
Image to me, in ways to sense untold,
How, reaching far across those heavenly deeps,
Soul may with soul, unseen, communion hold.
J. A. S.

[From our London Correspondent..]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE
MAGAZINE.

Sir,—The whole religious world of London seems to have but one thought at the present moment—that of the Lenten Perpetual Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. What a supernatural halo seems to shine round about this heathen city, whilst within its precincts, for forty days, is the unveiled presence of the most Holy! We go about our ordinary avocations, lie down to rest, and wake again almost as it were by the light of sanctuary, and for the time temporal cares are in a measure at rest, and anxieties hushed, as by no human power they ever could be.

The Cardinal Metropolitan is about to deliver a series of lectures at the Pro-Cathedral of Moorfields, which in interest bids fair almost to rival his celebrated course in '36. The subject of them is to be "The Evidence of Holy Scripture, positive and incidental, to the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church;" and should they bring into the ark of God a tithe of the souls which owe their conversion to the former series, the author will gain the reward most dear to him in a marvellous increase of his Master's glory. Many will be glad to hear of the struggles of the new Peckham mission, the chapel connected with which was opened about a fortnight since, with a Pontifical Mass by Dr. Grant, the Bishop of the diocese; a number of the London clergy were there, but I have not heard of many lay people going; we must, however, hope that as many as were able went; like to many other places, there are a number of very poor Catholics in the immediate neighborhood; but very few, perhaps none, above the working class. Perhaps the struggling hopefulness of Peckham, and of the other new mission in Wine-office Court, Fleet-street, has induced a similar attempt to be made for the saving of souls at some distance from the metropolis—viz., at Kidderminster. It is so impossible for everybody to assist in every good work, which they hope to see succeed, that one grows almost ashamed of advocating the claims of any one in particular, yet if there *should* be religious people in England, possessing a large amount of charity, with no pet object on which to expend it, Kidderminster may present itself before them as a manufacturing town, the centre of an agricultural district, yet as being destitute of the means of salvation.

Whoever has at any time taken any practical interest in the London poor, must be sensible what a very necessary thing is the projected hospital for incurables, and will be proportionably rejoiced to hear that there exists a well grounded hope of its success. The Emperor Napoleon most benevolently contributed a large sum towards it; our own Metropolitan has since given £1,000, and other eminent individuals have promised larger or smaller sums, as their means will admit. When this great work is completed, we shall, by the mercy of God, no longer have Catholics dying without the Sacraments—not for want of priests to administer them, but because of the difficulties now often in the way of any priest knowing the need of these poor stray children of the Church. The Sisters of the Third Order of St. Dominic are to be entrusted with the nursing department of the hospital. Although not so personal an affair as this, it is pleasant to hear of an assurance from the Emperor of Russia (whatever *that* may be worth) that the Polish Catholics shall in future find protection at his hands. If it be ungenerous to doubt

the word of an ordinary enemy making overtures of peace, it may perhaps be more so to doubt that of an Emperor, yet in this case there seems fearful cause.

The aspect of the Church in France is most encouraging. The *Civiltà Cattolica* has an article announcing the almost total extinction of Gallicanism in that country, together with a wonderful increase of practical religion, especially in the army. A sermon lately preached by the Bishop of Orleans, at the Madeleine, is also worth notice, not only in itself, but for the prevailing feeling and spirit of which it must be an emanation. M. Dupernouf was wishing to advocate the return of the Capuchin Friars to Paris, and took for his argument the immense advantage of apostolic poverty in every species of intercourse with the poor. He said that episcopal dignity would stand no chance with it; that any man leading the most mortified interior life, would, if he showed no signs of it outwards, be altogether unable to cope with these holy fathers in missions among the laboring classes.

All that we have from Spain lately of religious interest or rather sorrow, is the mention of a bill of Senor Battles before the Cortes, for abolishing those beautiful safeguards of public morality—the appointed holidays of the Church. The same individual has been endeavoring, by similar means, to reduce marriage to a civil contract, but in this latter project he has happily failed. There is much to be said of America, if an account in the *Weekly Register* be true, viz., that "Forty-eight years ago the United States contained but eighty Catholic churches, two bishops, and sixty-eight priests. The Church in America is now governed by seven archbishops, thirty-three bishops, and two vicars apostolic. There are 1,761 priests, and more than 1,900 churches," also establishments of nearly all the religious orders, among whom, says the same authority, the Benedictines seem (as formerly in Europe) to be taking the lead. As evidence of a better feeling than has sometimes existed, it is a fact worth recording, that his Eminence the Cardinal has been elected a member of the Royal Society of Literature in London. A lecture which the same illustrious individual delivered lately at the Hanover-square Rooms, on "Rome, ancient and modern," drew, besides those who would naturally take an interest both in the lecturer and his subject, a large and select Protestant audience. That persons of standing and influence chose to go or not to an entertainment of the kind, would be a matter of very little moment to any body but themselves, were it not useful and hopeful at any time to know that individuals external to the Church have been brought in contact with Catholic feelings and principles, and that the more importance they have in the eyes of their fellows, the more good is any knowledge they have gained likely to do in consequence. I could say much of the lecture itself, but the space you could afford would be altogether inadequate even for a sketch.

In general affairs bearing on Catholic interest, we find honest, if mistaken bigotry, triumphing over anti-Catholic prejudice in the Parliamentary election of Mr. Adam Black for Edinburgh. His speech was very different from the silly old-fashioned rhodomontade which has secured Mr. Warren a place for Midhurst. What a pity that the centenary of Mozart, made so much of on the Continent, has not been noticed in London but at a shilling show, called the Panopticon.—I am, sir, &c.,

N. I. L.

London, February 18, 1856.

LITERARY ITEMS.

It is sometimes amusing to observe how literary men stand by one another, even with small regard for truth. A writer on "Table Talk" in the last *Quarterly*, naming Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, appends a note—"It may be added that Mr. Croker's edition of this work, is, *beyond question*, the best edited book in the English language." Recollecting the fact of Mr. Croker being on the staff of the *Quarterly*, this is pretty well in the way of modesty—but calling to mind a celebrated review of the work in question the assertion seems monstrous.

Pressure on our space last month prevented our noticing the recent death of the eminent French sculptor, M. Pierre David [Angers]. Those who have rambled with the intelligent guide about Pere la Chaise, will no doubt be familiar with his name.

The report of Mr. Macaulay's fifth volume being in the press is without foundation.

The *Athenaeum* of the 9th ult., says a war between this country and the United States would close the Gospel for half the Christian world!

The honor of knighthood has been conferred on the great Oriental explorer, Colonel Henry Rawlinson.

Mr. James Ferguson, author of "*The Illustrated Handbook of Architecture*," has been appointed manager of the Crystal Palace.

Trinity College, Dublin, has conferred the honorary degree of LL. D. on Mr. H. H. Russell, the now celebrated *Times* correspondent in the Crimea.

Mr. John D'Alton, author we believe of some works on Irish history, has been placed on the civil list for £50 per annum; and Mr. Samuel Lover, of *Handy Andy* celebrity, for £100 per annum.

The sale in a pamphlet form of the Rev. Mr. Eaird's sermon, preached before the Queen, on "Religion in Common Life," and some weeks since reviewed in the *Times*, has reached the large number of 60,000 copies, and realised for the author over £700.

The indefatigable author, M. de Lamartine, has a new work in the press. This celebrated writer seems, like W. S. Landor, destined, in spite of many warnings to the contrary, to linger with us still.

At a late sale of autographs at Paris, a letter from Michel Angelo went for 281 francs; one of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, 262 francs; and one from Talma to Dacis, 50 francs.

WE are glad to perceive that we are about to have a new and cheaper reprint of an excellent work, already in a green old age, which was daily becoming rarer and rarer on the book-stalls—*The Guesses at Truth*, by Two Brothers (Eyre).

THE number of letters that passed through the General Post-office on Valentine's-day was 900,000 within seventy.

THE first number of a new serial, by Mr. H. Mayhew, and which promises to be of considerable popular interest, is announced for this day (March 1). *London and the Londoners* is to tell us all about, *rich, proud, luxurious, Babylonian* London.

A new standing heading has appeared latterly in several of the English journals: *Murders during the past week*. Very flattering, certainly, to immaculate, Protestant England! Under this heading, we reckoned eight revolting murders recounted in one paper. What are the Home Missions about?

It is considered a singular incident in the history of what Disraeli would term "literary statesmanship," that on the same day—the 19th of January—Mr. Macaulay announced he had taken leave of political life, and Mr. Samuel Warren, claiming the suffrages of the electors of Midhurst, stated his intention to commence his political existence.

POPULATION OF ROME.—The *Moniteur* (Jan. 6th) announces that the General Vicariate of Rome has just published an official census of the population of Rome for the year 1855. In all, there are 177,461 inhabitants; among whom there are 36 bishops, 1,226 secular priests, 2,213 monks and other religious, 1,919 nuns, and 687 seminarists. At Rome, therefore, there are, in all, *five thousand and eighty-one* priests, monks, nuns, or seminarists—that is to say, *one* to every thirty-five inhabitants.—*Archives du Christianisme*, 12th Janvier, 1856, page 16.

THE veteran singer, Braham, expired on Sunday, Feb. 17th, in the 79th year of his age, after having delighted the three kingdoms for three score and ten years; he having made his *debut* at the age of nine at *The Royalty Theatre*. He was "the enchanting little Jew," that so enraptured poor Charles Lamb. For more than thirty years he was considered by the musical world as *the* English singer of the age.

INSTITUTE LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS FOR MARCH.

March 5.—The Catacombs of Rome, by the Rev. P. Kaye.

March 12.—A Debate, by Members of the day-school.
Subject: "Whether it is desirable that Ladies be admitted to the Gallery of the House of Commons during the progress of business." With other Declamations and Music.

March 19.—Holy-week. No lecture.

March 26.—Easter week. No lecture.

The Band of the Institute will attend on each occasion.

NOTICE.—The *Quarant' Ore* will be celebrated in the Institute Oratory from nine a.m., on Saturday the 8th of March, till nine a.m. on the Monday following.

PASSING EVENTS.

A *Retreat* was made by the day-scholars, under the direction of Father Suffield, of St. Ninian's, beginning on Monday, February 18th, and terminating on Thursday, February 21st, with general communion and renewal of baptismal vows.

THE Young Men connected with the Institute likewise made a *Retreat* under the same Rev. Father, during the following week, from the 21st to the 28th of the month. [In consequence of these *Spiritual Exercises*, the Rev. P. Kaye's lecture on *The Catacombs* was necessarily deferred till March 5, as announced above.]

ON FEB. 17th, the Very Rev. Dr. Newman kindly paid a visit to the Institute, on his way from Rome to Dublin. He remained a few hours, and attended the devotion of the Confraternity of the Most Precious Blood. The Very Rev. Doctor was the bearer of a special benediction to the Institute and its Members from his Holiness, the Pope. Some little disappointment was felt that he did not preach on the occasion; but of course the fatigue resulting from a long and rather hurried journey put it quite out of the question.

ON FEB. 13th, Mr. McCarthy delivered his excellent lecture *On the Ancient Civilisation of Ireland*. Much research and study had evidently been employed in the preparation of this eloquent discourse; which was also illustrated by plans, diagrams, sketches of the Round Towers, and the rest.

ON FEB. 20th, an entertainment was given in the Hall of the Institute, entitled *Charles 'the Pretender'*, and *the Revolution of 1745-6*. The spirited and glorious Jacobite songs of the period were sung, and seemed to give much satisfaction. We would venture to suggest a fuller chorus on any similar occasion hereafter.

ON FEB. 4th, a most eloquent lecture was delivered in the Concert Hall, by M. A. McDonnell, Barrister-at-Law, Esq., in behalf of the Church of St. Vincent of Paul, Norfolk-street. The subject was—"The Influence of Education upon Society when directed by the Catholic Church." The proceeds amounted to about £50. The working-classes manifested their zeal in behalf of the noble work of charity in ques-

tion, by their attending in such large numbers, although the price of tickets was rather high. The lecture was sound, and displayed much preparation and careful reading. To our thinking, however, it was scarcely popular enough for the audience. If lectures are to succeed with the masses, a two-fold object must be aimed at. Instruction alone fails in attractiveness; amusement by itself is idle. A judicious mixture of the two satisfies every end sought for. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*.

OUR friends at the other side of the Atlantic have been enjoying rich treats in the way of lectures:—

ON JAN. 2nd, Dr. O. A. Brownson delivered a lecture before the gentlemen of the Library Associations of Albany.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes lectured in Baltimore, on January 17th, before the Young Men's Society of that city. The subject selected on the occasion was—*The Present Position and Prospects of Catholicity in the United States*.

DR. S. IVES delivered a lecture before the Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul, in New York, on January 24th. Subject: *The Poor in their Relation to Society*.

NOTICES AND REPLIES.

The present number of the MAGAZINE exhausts the second quarterly subscriptions, and we beg again to inform our quarterly subscribers, who may still wish to support us, that we shall be glad to receive their renewed subscriptions at any early date. All orders for the MAGAZINE, or money orders, to be addressed to "Mr. Moses Doon, 8, Hope-street, Liverpool;" advertisements to the same, or to "Mr. Travis, 57, Scotland-road, Liverpool;" and literary communications to the "Editor of the CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE, 8, Hope-street, Liverpool."

** It is requested that all communications be accompanied with the name and address of the senders.

Norval.—We're deeply obliged for your kind and good opinion, and much pleased that we have earned, especially if we have deserved it.

Stranger.—No recommendation or qualification is required in those wishing to join the Institute, beyond good conduct and the usual fees of admission. You are wrong in supposing that your being a *stranger* will be an obstacle. One evening's presence in the Library will wear that off, and raise you to a closer and more friendly position.

Obituary.

On Jan. 26, Mr. Christopher Kiernan, late of H.M. customs in this port, in his 27th year.—R. I. P.

On Feb. 16, Mrs. Mabel MacCreanor, Glenavy, Co. Antrim, Ireland, aged 77 years.—R. I. P.

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