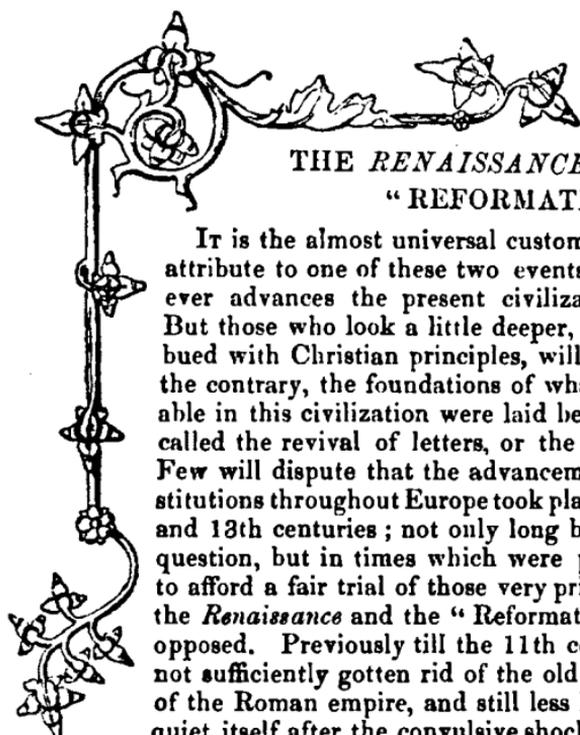


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THE *RENAISSANCE* AND THE  
"REFORMATION."

It is the almost universal custom of the moderns to attribute to one of these two events, or to both, whatever advances the present civilization has to boast. But those who look a little deeper, and are at all imbued with Christian principles, will soon find that, on the contrary, the foundations of whatever is most valuable in this civilization were laid before either what is called the revival of letters, or the change in religion. Few will dispute that the advancement of political institutions throughout Europe took place in the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries; not only long before the period in question, but in times which were precisely calculated to afford a fair trial of those very principles which both the *Renaissance* and the "Reformation" so vigorously opposed. Previously till the 11th century, Europe had not sufficiently gotten rid of the old ties and traditions of the Roman empire, and still less had it had time to quiet itself after the convulsive shocks and throes given it by the barbarian hordes. Once freed from these impulses, it was for the first time on a fair way to illustrate the tendencies and realize the principles of that religion which had supplanted Paganism, and which, could it only be secured against the inroads of a *revived* Paganism, would go on conquering and to conquer till it had brought the world under its beneficent rule.

But this was precisely the thing against which Christianity was not secured. Ever since the revolt of the East from the West, there

had been lurking, at a distance from the centre of unity, an insidious power which was sure, whenever it should return upon Catholic Christendom, to bring with it the withering spirit which is prophetically described by the beloved apostle as *qui solvit Jesum*; that anti-Christian spirit which, itself drawing its vitality from without the sacred fold, could not but injure that fold itself by whatever approximation of influence should obtain between them. When, therefore, the fall of Constantinople let loose the Greeks upon the West, an irruption necessarily took place, more injurious to Christian society than had been that of the barbarians themselves. These, when the fury of their aggression had spent itself, could be, and were, amalgamated into that body to which they had been at first so terrible, and thus, losing their original and distinctive characteristics, became part and parcel of the Christian civilization. The others, however ennobled by arts, and traditional glories, and treasured learning, and polished tastes, and keen and subtle wits, could only teach their disciples to undervalue what they had been taught to prize above all earthly treasure, and to attach too great an importance to what, after all, is as the chaff to the wheat compared to the holy traditions, maxims, and world-despising habits of Catholicity, in its "science of the saints." The learning which the Greeks displaced and disparaged, was the manly, severe, and unaffected learning which St. Gregory the Great had taught and valued, and a zeal for which had founded, long before the pretended revival, the universities of Paris, Oxford, Toulouse, Salamanca, Naples, Vienna, Cambridge, Upsal, and Lisbon. There was none in this old and sound Christian learning of that contemptible aping of Paganism introduced by the Greeks, who were not content, one would think, with Christianity unless she came to them in the robes of her defunct predecessor, and brought in her train the elegant but trifling apparatus of muses, nymphs, omens, metamorphoses, and what not of the effete mythology. And it is to this revival, accordingly, that we can trace the effeminacy and puerility of those modern authors who have most deeply imbibed its spirit, and attained the highest places in the modern literature. Who can read, for instance, Fenelon's elaborate description of Venus drawn by doves, as she is supposed to have been seen by Telemachus, without regretting that so amiable and excellent a Christian bishop should have found and thought it necessary to weave such scenes into what was intended for the instruction of a Christian prince?

But it is time to vindicate more closely, as was proposed, the claims of the *ante-renaissance* period. It was before the close of this period that Florence produced the first modern painters, and that bridge-building was brought to its perfection. Of the great and illustrious schoolmen we say nothing, because we are at issue with our opponents on the value of that branch of sacred science. But we must not omit one evident cause of the retardation of that advancing spirit, which was so keenly and generously pushing its way over the entire breadth of Christian society—we mean the disastrous wars between France, Spain, and England. But for these the

criers-up of the new learning would have had small cause for boasting; so widely diffused would have been a really Christian civilization, and so strongly fortified would men's minds have been against that delusive semblance which has now so long passed for the reality. For, after all, what are the principles, civil and social, which the new learning has introduced? Are we not taught by them to take as our models those who were necessarily ignorant of the guiding light of the gospel of Jesus Christ? Is not "fortune" elevated to a height something very much akin to what she possessed when worshipped as a goddess? Is not wealth and material prosperity the *summum bonum*? And do we not see the noblest and most distinguished of professed Christians cringing around a wealthy Jew, and rejoicing to swell the pomp of his family celebrations? Then, as to *fame*, another old Roman idol, does she not avowedly possess the same influence over many Christian hearts? And is not the poor and visionary immortality she confers, more valued than that real, and glorious, and heavenly immortality, which our Redeemer purchased and brought to light.

Instead of going further into detail by way of proving, as might be easily done, that the most valuable arts of life were invented before the beginning of the modern period, we may conclude with a few remarks upon the close connection between the two events which we have joined together in our title. When men have gone the length of admitting to equal honour with what they hold most sacred, a hostile element from without, the step is not short to a renouncing of the former treasure altogether. Hence it was in France, where the rules, methods, and laws of ancient learning, had best succeeded in stercotyping modern literature, that an infidel revolution became most easy. Nor, in gratefully acknowledging those sturdy qualities of our Saxon blood which have kept us from this extreme, have we any cause for boasting. The form of society among ourselves is at present, in some respects, even worse than Pagan. The spirit *qui solvit Jesum* has been long, it need hardly be remarked, rife among us. The kind of Christianity retained in England is well symbolized by her cathedrals, the sepulchres of a dead worship. They remind us, by the vast disproportion between the parts used for divine service and those which have no use at all, of the relative shares which God and the world are allowed in a heart absorbed by the modern "progress." It is not too much to say, that very few items of this would be displaced or altered had Christianity never appeared upon the earth; so completely have we gotten rid of any such hampering influence as might have been expected to check, in their career of world-worship, the professed disciples of Him, the maxims of whose gospel are so evidently severe, mortifying, and antagonistic to self and worldliness.

Our readers will have seen by this time, what are our views respecting the *renaissance* in its connection with the pretended reform. But it may be interesting to them to become acquainted with those taken by the *élite* of continental liberals, who, carefully detaching

themselves from whatever is narrow and *doctrinaire* in the systems of the pretended reformers, and doing full justice to the æsthetic merits of catholicity, do yet hail the change of religion as a necessary breaking-up of the power of the old traditions, and a letting-loose of the European mind on a new and marvellous course of social progress. Hence they call the *renaissance* a "new spring-time of the soul," and "the recommencement of life after an exhausted civilization," expressions used by a writer in last month's number of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," who is criticising Michelet's volumes on these subjects. One would think that the experience of the last fifty years might have taught any man that the civilization of the middle ages, or, which is the same thing, of Christianity, instead of being exhausted is most eminently revived; if it be not more correct to say that it is only now, for the first time, really applying its energies on that grand scale for which they were intended. It is only now that communication between man and man is becoming rapid and extensive enough for a fair trial of the Catholic influences. Hemmed in by the separating barriers of kingdoms and states, they have hitherto always been too much at the mercy of political rulers, who have favoured just so much of them as suited their own respective purposes. But now, when what is done at one spot of the earth's surface can be known in half an hour at thousands of miles distance, men must begin to feel that they are acting on the theatre of the world, and exposing themselves to the control of a common shame. And all this is especially favourable for the church, whose "weapons of warfare are not carnal, but mighty in God unto destroying counsels, and every height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ." Such spiritual arms are best facilitated in their operation by those natural agents which possess least of the grossness of matter; and when a mandate of the Holy See shall be conveyed to Mexico or to China by the electric telegraph, men will begin to find that when they spoke, half afraid and half in ridicule, of "the fulminations of the Vatican," they were employing a figure which is one no longer, but expresses, in the strict language of fact, that fitting consummation which gives to the vicegerent of heaven—heaven's own artillery.

There is, in the foreign article to which we have referred, much ingenious writing, and a statement of the cause why, while the "Reformation" laid hold of the masses, and became, as our allies say, "*un fait exploité*," the *Renaissance*, on the contrary, never left its mould of *doctrine*, or influenced more than select and contemplative minds. There is one aspect of the subject, however, on which the writer has not touched, and it is to our thinking the most important of all. Being such, it cannot be treated at the end of an article, but may perhaps furnish a future one. Meantime, we will just remark, that the plan of the Christian fathers was to teach *boys* classics out of Christian writers, and to leave Pagan literature for a more advanced period of life, whereas the moderns make the heathen

writers their text-books. The effect of this, considering that youth is specially the *impressible* age, might be easily conceived; even did not the sad experience of four centuries plainly tell us what have been the results on the moral features of society.

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## CATHOLICITY IN THE DAYS OF CROMWELL.

THE Parliamentary army held possession of the town and castle of Nottingham. The Royalist cause had become hopeless after many a defeat, in which the noblest blood of England had been poured forth, and had watered the soil with lavish profusion. The King had seen friends near and dear to him, throw away their lives with that devotion which was characteristic of their loyalty, and proved how ardently they supported a struggle in which they had previously expended their wealth. How many Catholic families stripped themselves of every thing they possessed, in their attachment to the Stuart king! By their adherence to him, they had forfeited their land and hereditaments; for as soon as it became known they had openly, or it was suspected they had secretly, become partisans of the Cavaliers, their property was sequestered, and some Obediah of the Roundhead party was, in consideration of a certain sum, in due form of law constituted lord and owner thereof.

At the time to which allusion has been made above, there stood in that part of Nottinghamshire which lies between the county town and Newark, a mansion, not of great magnitude, or celebrated for the extent of its fortifications, but surrounded by a large estate, and situate in the midst of a park of great extent; the owner was Sir Edward Ratcliffe, a younger branch of the Catholic house of Derwentwater, whose pious and exemplary chief suffered death, with extinction and deprivation, a few years later, in the cause of the same royal family.

This fine property had long been coveted by various members of the Council; its price had even been a subject of dispute amongst many of them, who were anxious at the apparent termination of the struggle, which had for so many years convulsed the kingdom, to settle down as the new nobility of the land, who were to hold the possessions, and fancied they were destined to take the places, of those who had lost every thing by their adherence to a cause which was now making but an expiring effort. The stern general whose will was law in the land, who oftentimes checked the impetuosity of those over whose deliberations he presided, and who dispensed the favours at his disposal without regard to personal feeling, and only in reward either of eminent services rendered to the state, or in exchange for means to enable him to carry on the war he was waging against his own countrymen, for a long time had resolutely withstood

all offers for the purchase of the Papist's estate ; and he urged as his reason, that the owner had favoured the Parliamentary cause by the payment of large sums of money into the Exchequer—that he had never resisted any demands that had been made upon him ; in fact, that he was one of the most liberal supporters which the Parliament possessed in the county of Nottingham.

Sir Edward had stripped himself of nearly every thing he possessed to attain one object, which was the earnest desire of his daily prayers ;—that the estate which he had inherited might be preserved to him, and that he might be spared to see the majority of his infant son and heir, to whom his lady had given birth on her death-bed three years previously.

He was a secret partisan of the Royalists, whom he had assisted with money and treasure ; he had fondly buoyed himself up with the hope that the end of the deadly strife was approaching, and the king's cause would be in the ascendant ; he had therefore willingly complied with the demands Cromwell had in the mean time made upon him, hoping thereby to hold possession of the estate until the realization of that which he so earnestly hoped for—a restoration to peace by the triumph of the cause he espoused.

Cromwell knew well the extent of Sir Edward's means. By bribing the " trusty " messenger, who was the bearer of the assistance periodically forwarded by Sir Edward to the king, he had succeeded in appropriating to his own purposes that which the self-sacrifice of the noble owner had intended to strengthen " the sinews of war " against him ; and having, by the same means, become possessed of the cipher by which the correspondence was carried on, answers were returned which assured Sir Edward that his treasures had reached the royal coffers.

So soon as Cromwell had intercepted the means intended for the service of the king, he made a demand of double the amount upon the resources of Sir Edward, which was cheerfully paid, in order " to make friends of the mammon of iniquity."

With this constant demand, of course the supply became more and more exhausted, and Cromwell knew well enough when the end would come ; then would be his time to strike, when his dupe had been drained of every available resource, and to demand that which he knew he would not part with without a struggle.

At length the general demanded a sum " for immediate and urgent necessities," which he knew the already impoverished owner of the estate could not comply with. Sir Edward had now parted with every thing—cash, plate, jewels, all that could be converted into money ; his last parcel of plate was, as he thought, on its way to the king's mint ; and, save and except the sacred vessels of God's holy altar, he possessed nothing upon which he could raise a tenth part of the sum which the tyrant demanded ; and of these only such remained as were in absolute use in the ancient chapel attached to his ancestral home, the residue had been removed to a place of secrecy and security ; for, let whatever might happen, the noble and

pious owner of the little that was left, determined that sacrilege and desecration should only be committed through the forfeiture of his life.

In reply to Cromwell's letter for "cash on behalf of the state," Sir Edward stated his willingness to comply, but begged for time. Cromwell knew that time would not favour his position, for every tenant on the estate had so far assisted their lord that they were all impoverished; and an offer had now been made by Corbet (who had become dissatisfied with his estate and position in another county, and had grown rich out of the miseries which civil war had entailed upon the kingdom), far exceeding any which had been made by those who like himself had, without regard to the tenth commandment, coveted the fine estate. The bearer of the missive was therefore instructed to reply,—“That if the sum was not paid before sunset, his estate would be demanded to furnish the means which he was unable, or perhaps unwilling, to provide.”

Looking for a moment at the messenger, Sir Edward felt the time had now arrived when he must defend his household against the attacks which he had hitherto succeeded in parrying, and he replied with undaunted courage:—

“Bear this message to General Cromwell. That having purchased, at the expense of my own and my tenants' impoverishment, the right to retain that which is my own, and such means having now failed me, I will use that defence which stout hearts, strong arms, swords of steel, and the honest bravery of Catholic retainers will furnish.”

“Traitor!” replied the messenger; “thou knowest not thy treachery has been discovered—thy go-between has been intercepted—thy pretended sacks of corn have been opened, and yea, verily, in the mouth of one, as in the mouth of that of Benjamin of old, was found plate, intended for the use of the enemy of God's people, the man Charles Stuart; and while yet I speak, the armies of the Lord are upon thee to enforce that which thou failest to grant unto me, their ambassador.” And, as he spoke, he pointed to the window; and across the park in the distance was visible a squadron of dragoons.

“Caitiff, and perverter of God's holy word, thou knowest I am unarmed, or thou wouldst not have dared to beard me with thy insolence! Avaunt, and bid my defiance to thy marauders!”

The despatch-bearer and his body-guard quitted the presence of the enraged lord of the domain, whom they had thus insulted under his own roof. Sir Edward, too, departed in haste.

The first person he sought was Father Basil; he found his chaplain paralysed with horror at the suddenness of the attack, which the advancing hosts had announced to him.

“Come, father,” he said, “there is no time to be lost; first for your precious charge, then for mine.” He next girded on his sword, and, taking the venerable man by one hand, with his naked sword in the other he led him to the chapel door. They both entered. “Take

those precautions which are necessary," said Sir Edward, "and leave the chapel by the secret recess behind the altar; and at the mouth of the secret passage, in a few minutes from this time, you will find the two fleetest horses in my stables, one for yourself, the other for Joseph and my dearest boy; he will conduct you to the place of safety, where every preparation has long been made; and may He whom you bear with you protect you both; and should I fall—but hark! I hear their rapid approach! Begone!" For one second he bent his knees and bowed his head in profound adoration to that spot where the red lamp told him the Lord of Glory was concealed.

The priest was locked within the sacred edifice. He advanced to the altar, and opening the tabernacle took out the sacred Ciborium, and removing the adorable particles into a pix, placed them next his heart; he hastily looked round, extinguished the lamp, and descended through the concealed panel at the back of the altar into the vault beneath, where for a moment he stood in the presence of the dead. Having placed the Ciborium in the secret spot with the other sacred vessels of the altar, he proceeded along the passage which led to the exit. He here found every thing as his noble patron had arranged. One faithful servant was holding a horse which was to bear him; Joseph had already mounted the other, and bore in his arms the precious burden which his master had intrusted to his keeping—his darling child—his heir.

Putting aside the fur cloak in which the child was wrapped, Father Basil for a moment regarded the beautiful boy, whose happy and peaceful face indicated that the commotion and alarm which prevailed in the minds of all around had not disturbed him. Making over him the sign of the cross, he mounted his horse. As the attendant released the rein of the impatient steed, he kissed the priest's hand, murmuring "God speed you!" and the fugitives bounded away. About half an hour's hard riding, through unfrequented roads, brought them to the verge of the forest. They now halted, and Father Basil dismounting, gave the rein of his steed to Joseph, and advanced cautiously to a labourer's cottage which stood one field distant from the road; he entered, and in about a quarter of an hour returned, clad in homely peasant's apparel; Joseph hardly recognised him. Finding no one was near, for it was an unfrequented part of the country, he conducted his faithful attendant and the child to the cottage, which was inhabited by an old retainer and his wife, who had been born on the estate, and who would have sacrificed their lives for their dear master. Here Sir Edward had some time previously made every arrangement for the concealment of his child and his chaplain. A small altar had also been erected and prepared in a false wall; and in this humble dwelling-place, the King of heaven and earth condescended to reside, for the comfort and consolation of those whose first thought, on the approach of danger, had been to provide for His safety, and to protect Him from sacrilegious insult.

In about ten minutes after the departure of the fugitives from the

back of the mansion, the troopers drew up in the court-yard, and after a shrill blast, the captain demanded, in the name of the parliament and the people, the surrender of the estate, which had been declared sequestered.

The noble owner appeared at the centre window, and in reply to this summons to surrender, declared—"That he would yield up possession only with his life, and was prepared to defend his house and rights to the last man." In a moment he heard the word given to load, then to fire, and a volley of bullets whizzing past him, indicated the determination of the besiegers to proceed to extremes.

The windows of the mansion were soon filled with armed men, and their concealed position gave great facilities for fatal execution amongst the Roundheads, and those who were in possession for a time seemed to have gained the advantage; the lawn in front of the house was strewn with the dead and wounded. The rooms and corridors in the house also shewed the destruction which had been dealt by those from without. A venerable and faithful servant of Sir Edward was struck by a bullet as he was handing his master his carbine, and fell dead at his feet; cut to the heart at the sight, he took the piece, and, marking his man, the captain of the troopers fell before the fatal shot. This so enraged the dragoons, who had already suffered severely, and had only been withheld from attempting to force an entrance by their captain, who thought the besieged would yield rather than enter into so deadly a strife as must ensue in such close quarters; they now attempted an entrance, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in their purpose, and for a long time the combatants were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. No quarter was given on either side. A despatch had been forwarded with speed to Newark for fresh troops, when a bullet in the shoulder, aimed by the new captain of the troopers, laid the noble owner of the domain prostrate. He to whom the command had been intrusted in case of the death of Sir Edward, immediately stopped the fray, as he felt himself unequal to the occasion, and foresaw that those who survived the issue would, in the event of the arrival of fresh troops, if overcome with arms in their possession, be butchered in cold blood; he therefore proclaimed a cessation of hostilities, and yielded up possession.

The wounded were now attended to, and the faithful domestic who had provided the horses for the flight of Father Basil and the infant heir of the estate, began to search for his master; he found him amongst a heap of slain, but how great his joy when he discovered that he was not dead. Having stripped off his clothes, in order that the parliamentary villains might not recognise him, he dressed his wounds and removed him from the room in which he laid, and having considered what course should be taken to conceal him, fearing that the rage of the troopers, who were now hourly expected from Newark, might vent itself upon his beloved master, he resolved to convey him, as soon as the darkness favoured the project, to the retreat which had sheltered Father Basil and the infant

heir. This he had no difficulty in accomplishing, for the "pious" soldiers who were in possession of the place, had found out the cellars of the mansion, and were in such a state as to be unable to distinguish friend from foe; besides the constant carrying to and fro of the wounded favoured the scheme, and on a bed borne on the shoulders of his faithful servants, Sir Edward Ratcliffe was conveyed from that hereditary home which he had defended with such courage.

The retreat was reached in safety, and the helpless burthen which they bore was met by Father Basil, who had been, during the whole time of the combat, an anxious listener. Sir Edward was removed into the cottage, and in the course of the night his state was so alarming as to render it necessary for Father Basil to administer to him the last rites of the church.

Soon after dark General Cromwell arrived at the head of a body of troops from the neighbouring town of Newark, to assist in bringing "the malignant" to his senses. He found that all had been accomplished, and, on entering the hall of the mansion, demanded "to be led to the presence of the reprobate." Drunk as most of them were, the presence of their stern leader brought them to a knowledge of their duty. He was told "the owner of the mansion had been killed;" he demanded to have ocular proof by being shewn his corpse; he was told, "it had been removed with the other dead bodies." "By whose order?" he peremptorily inquired: "bring me your captain;" and he who had assumed the command, after Sir Edward's fatal aim had deprived the troopers of a leader, was brought into his presence. The captain declared he had given no orders for the removal of the body; indeed he had not seen "the enemy who had waged war against God's people." "It should have been your first duty," thundered Cromwell, "to have secured the rebel dead or alive! How know you that he will not appear again, and spill the blood of the righteous? You shall answer for this negligence, call a guard;" and on their taking charge of the prisoner he said, "on my reaching Newark, let me find him secure in one of the dungeons of the keep." On the next day, Miles Corbet took possession of his blood-stained trophy—the home and hearth of another. For many weeks Sir Edward Ratcliffe remained in a dangerous state, so that Father Basil deemed it necessary to remain by his side day and night, momentarily expecting the time had arrived for him to impart to his beloved friend the last consolation for the dying—the last solemn absolution. His wonderful constitution, however, carried him through, and reason at length regained her seat. Waking one day with a sudden start, as if from a horrible dream, the wounded man looked around him; he found himself the occupier of a humble room, surrounded by persons in the garb of peasants; a rosy-faced boy lay on the bed playing with an agate rosary; he was dressed in the coarsest garments, but the fond father could not be deceived—it was his own dear child: for a moment the remembrance of his desolation struck him, and tears of sorrow overcame him as he pressed the boy to his heart, and in their disguise he could now recognise Father Basil

and the faithful Joseph. Weeks passed by, health and strength were vouchsafed him, and he was enabled through his disguise, in the company of the priest, to go abroad. Twice had he wandered under shelter of the darkness to his home, and standing outside the chapel, the beautiful windows of which the fanatic soldiers had destroyed, he heard the sounds of revelry and boisterous mirth. Oh horror! the temple of the Most High, the sanctuary of the Lord of Hosts, has been turned into a banquet room, for the celebration of the orgies of incarnate fiends. Unarmed as he was, he would have entered by the secret passage and stood in the midst of them, but Joseph restrained him; and had it not been for Father Basil, he would have scourged the country, to have obtained aid to chastise the iniquity of those who had turned the house of God into a den of thieves; but he begged him to desist from such a project, to leave the punishment in God's own hands, to submit himself to His adorable will, and thank Him for possessing the great blessing of assisting daily, in the midst of his affliction, at the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

It was deemed expedient that the fugitives should, in addition to the disguise which they had assumed, in order to avoid observation and detection, be seen sometimes at work in the fields, in accordance with their presumed occupations. Sir Edward Ratcliffe was anxious to remain in his present concealment without being harassed, in consequence of its contiguity to his beloved home; for he lived daily in the hope that the prospects of the Royalists would brighten, and that he would be again restored to his patrimony. The faithful Joseph had at great risk made occasional visits into the quarters of the Roundheads at Nottingham and Newark, in order to report to his master any turn in the prospect of affairs which might be taken advantage of.

The fugitives had for several days fancied they were watched, one man in particular passing them several times, and narrowly scrutinizing their features. As they were busily engaged, each with a pruning-hook, one day, Father Basil looked up in the middle of the litany of the blessed virgin which he was reciting, and observed a man concealed in a ditch, with his head just above the gorse, regarding them with attention; having finished the litany, he quietly directed the attention of Sir Edward to the circumstance. At that moment, the man leaped from the ditch and advanced rapidly towards them; they continued their occupation, and, when he had reached within a few yards of the spot where they were standing, they turned round upon him; the peasant stopped, and glancing eagerly into the faces of both, he lifted up his hands to heaven, and fell upon his knees before the priest.

"My dear father," he said, "I knew I could not be mistaken; thank God, you and my dear master are safe!" The poor man was in raptures of joy, but he was speedily raised from his kneeling position, and assumed the appearance of work, to avoid suspicion in case the act of recognition should have been observed. He was a retainer on the estate who had escaped from the bloody fray, and had

remained in undisturbed possession of the hut which he occupied on the other side of the domain. He had previously recognised the fugitives, but, as it had happened on the high-road, he dared not make himself known, and had watched for this opportunity. He said that his wife lay dangerously ill, in a dying state, and he begged the priest, if it would not be attended with danger, to come and visit her.

Regardless of the danger, Father Basil promised to go without fail the next day. Accordingly, early the next morning the priest, in company with Sir Edward Ratcliffe and Joseph, set out on the mission of charity, Father Basil bearing upon his person the most adorable sacrament of the altar. Every possible arrangement had been made to avoid interruption, and to guard from danger that "priceless victim," that "pledge of love," whom they were accompanying on His visit to the death-bed of the dying Catholic. Sir Edward and Joseph carried fire-arms concealed on their persons, and all three had the appearance of being deeply stained and worn out with travel. A circuitous route had been chosen, which carried them many miles beyond the boundary of the estate, and slowly and in silence they proceeded on their journey, for they dared not give utterance by their lips to hymns of praise in honour of their dear Lord, for they knew not who might be lurking behind the hedges, but in their hearts they fervently adored Him. Before setting out, each had pledged himself to give his life in defence of that "treasure" which they were guarding. They had accomplished several miles of the journey—all had proceeded well—not a soul had they seen—they were now approaching cross ways, one of which led to the domain. Sir Edward fancied he had heard the distant sound of horses' feet, his companions heard it not, but stopping, and for a moment listening, he declared he could distinguish that peculiar rattle accompanying the movement of troops, so familiar to a soldier's ear; there could now be no doubt but that a body of Cromwell's troopers were rapidly advancing; the hearts of the travellers beat with fear. It might only be a change of guard; those who held possession of the mansion on their way to Newark to be relieved by others; in that case they would take the opposite road to the one the fugitives would pursue; they reached the four cross ways, and, looking down the road, saw a large body of dragoons advancing; they were so near they could now hear the laughter of "the saints." As they approached the jointure of the roads, Sir Edward's military ear recognized the word of command—to halt, and their speed was slackened, by which he knew they were not bound for the road straight before them, but would turn either to the right or the left; how he prayed they might turn to the left, and take the road upon which the fugitives had just travelled; but it happened their destination was Nottingham; they were therefore pursuing the same road as the travellers, and were now close upon them. He heard another command given, and presently twelve troopers surrounded them.

"Who and what are you?" demanded the captain.

"Poor travellers," replied Sir Edward. "Whither are you bound, and what your business?" he asked.

"To a neighbouring village to assist a poor suffering fellow-creature."

"Liars—hypocrites!" he exclaimed; "ye are spies. Search them immediately;" and six troopers bounded from their steeds, and, giving the reins to their comrades, prepared to do the bidding of the captain. "Why," exclaimed one, "this is the malignant who opposed the bidding of the general of the Lord's choice, and shed the blood of the saints—yea, like water; now, we have thee, Popish dog!" "And this," said another, seizing Father Basil by the throat, "is"—his doublet and shirt at this moment gave way under the grip of the hand of iron, and disclosed the sacred pix suspended round his neck. "What hast thou here, spy?" he said. "See, all of ye, his cipher-box; he is a go-between of the man Charles Stuart." For a moment he held in his enormous hand the sacred vessel, which alone interposed between his profane touch and the most adorable Body and Blood of the Lord. In an instant a bullet from the pistol of Sir Edward pierced his heart; the miscreant relaxed his hold, and fell back a corpse. At the same moment a blow, dealt by the sword of a mounted dragoon, clove the skull of Sir Edward in twain to the spine. The captain, who had been quite taken by surprise at the unexpected nature of the combat which three poor travellers had caused, recovered himself, and aimed his carbine at the priest. Father Basil was wounded in the breast—he reeled, and fell upon his face on the green bank; but oh, merciful God! his senses returned; he raised himself up, and, opening the pix without being observed, took the sacred host, and making the sign of the cross upon himself, repeating the words—"Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi, custodiat animam meam in vitam eternam. Amen"—reverently received it. He felt himself dying, and turning his face to heaven with, "In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum" on his lips, his spirit departed to join that of his noble patron, who had died a martyr in the most glorious of all causes—in protecting from insult and desecration the most holy and most adorable sacrament of the altar.

The faithful Joseph escaped, and returned the next day with assistance to the spot where the troopers had left their victims, to inter the bodies of his beloved master and Father Basil. They remained in their obscure graves till the period of the Restoration, when Miles Corbet, who was one of the regicides, paid the penalty of his crimes by a public execution; then were their honoured remains removed to the vault beneath the ancient chapel, under the personal superintendence of Sir Edward Ratcliffe, who had been restored by Charles II. to his estate, having been indebted for his education and maintenance to the faithful servant of his martyred father.

## LIFE.

DEEP Night unfolded into radiant Morn,  
 The landscape glancing in the virgin dew,  
 Now vocal with the lark in yonder blue,  
 All beauteous shapes, through growing hours, adorn.  
 Anon a veil, of earthly vapour born,  
 Dashes unfathomed heaven with Sorrow's hue,  
 And dwarfs to puny size a boundless view ;  
 Her glory cancelled Noon bewails forlorn.  
 O'er sunless wastes, grey seas without a shore,  
 Peace, heavenly spirit, on her wing of light,  
 Has breathed the cloud from yonder glowing floor,  
 Again revealed in its unfathomed height.  
 Declining Day intenser beauty shews,  
 The sun at eve descends more glorious than he rose.

J. A. S.

## DYRBINGTON.

## CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"HE would not answer that, though I put it to him. He only replied that, with the property so disposed of, and with the money he can prove your father to have bestowed on charity, the seaman's hospital, and other things—that he can show the disposition of full eighty thousand pounds. He says that your father could not have made more.

"But why give all to Edward?"

"To secure the brilliant alliance that has got noised abroad between your brother and Miss Westrey—that is the reason given for that."

"Do you believe it?" exclaimed Anna, indignantly.

"No, Miss Julian, I don't," replied Benson, doggedly; "but I can't help it. I have had opinions on the subject. I have not come to you before I was fully informed. I must not trouble you with legal phrases, or rules, or technicalities—I can only assure you of the fact. You have not a claim to prefer; you possess—or rather your brother possesses—if Thornbank is sold, about two thousand a year. This must be immediately told to him. It has taken me nearly a fortnight of very painful investigation. It is all true—terribly true! I have my private opinions; but what of them! Opinions are nothing—we must come to facts. Your brother must be written to!"

"Don't write directly to Edward, Mr. Benson. I should like

my mind to rest upon this subject for a short time. You need not write for a day or two. Will you call upon me again to-morrow ?”

“Certainly, with all my heart,” said Mr. Benson, kindly. “But the sooner Edward knows the truth the better,” he added; “don’t make a longer delay than necessary. Send for me to answer any difficulty that may arise. Always recollect how glad I shall be to be in any way a comfort to you.” And so speaking, and pressing her hand kindly, and looking with very heartfelt earnestness on her cold-looking inquiring eyes, Mr. Benson took leave of Anna Julian, and she was again alone.

Alone? Yes, alone indeed! The effect of years of trial and experience had passed upon Anna in that half-hour with Mr. Benson.

She did—as she had said she wished to do—she did accustom her mind to what she had heard. She saw it all plainly enough. There in her mind, where those facts were stored, she turned her eyes, and saw them and their consequences. She examined them one by one—she put them together and looked upon them as a whole. She saw how they would work, and then she felt what was the real meaning of what she had heard, and knew what consequences must thence ensue.

She knew all. And then she felt that it was cold, barren, unprofitable knowledge, for not one of those coming trials could be averted; there was nothing left to them but to submit and to suffer.

She knew that Edward would immediately resign his legal right to the remnant of property that remained. He ought to do so—he would do so; and they should accept it. A rapid review of their many unnecessary expenses showed her that they could still live at Mayfield, and that her father might thus be kept in ignorance of what had befallen them. That was the one gleam of comfort that belonged to this otherwise dark vision of the future.

Edward must earn his livelihood—could he marry Mary Westrey? No. Impossible!

“Oh, this is worse than all! Oh, Edward! I wish that I could save you. God knows that I would, if I could—and, then, our dear father! But I am a poor, young, weak, powerless, friendless girl—what can I do?” exclaimed Anna.

More than she thought of. The door-bell rang, and Ralph Seaforth was announced.

Ralph Seaforth had a difficult task before him, but he accomplished it with a consummate skill and a desperate vigour. He allowed no time to be wasted. He begun by telling Anna that he had come to speak on business; and, strange to say, he threw such a sympathy into his manner, that Anna felt no objection to speak on the subject that filled her heart; on the contrary, after a few minutes, it became a relief to her to do so.

The first difficulties being over, Ralph explained to Anna the---

as he said—impossibility of her father having made so great an accumulation of money in so comparatively short a time. He reckoned up his probable gains, and calculated the amount of his gifts, and his proved possessions. He said that it was enormous when all things were considered; that he could not have made more; and that he must have depended on his future successes when he made so lavish a settlement on his son.

Anna listened; it all seemed to be very clear; it sounded like good sense. She almost believed what she heard, and she was sure that Ralph believed what he said. There was never any one more kind, honest, and candid, than he seemed to be that night.

Nevertheless, Ralph sympathized in their disappointment. It was the most vexatious thing he had ever encountered. He had something to propose; he scarcely knew how to do it. He said that he had loved her from her childhood. When she was the child of a common artisan; and when he, too, was working for his living, he had loved her. That love had never left his mind. He had nourished it in difficulty; he had never relinquished the thought; surely the time was come when he might speak it! With what hitherto unknown emotions did Anna hear him! She *did* hear him; and neither by word or gesture, look or sigh, did she interrupt him. Something she felt constraining her, enabling her to endure; and the power that sustained her seemed not like a friendly power, but like that of an armed foe, who *must* be submitted to. Her heart was speaking to itself.

“Where is my youth?” it was saying; “gone! Where my hopes? gone! Where is the love of my young days?” She looked round the room with a bewildered, imploring air. “Have I not even *friends*?” There was a voice in her ear, “I can be all you desire. It is the only way in which I can relieve you. Every thing is at your disposal. When there is love such as mine, it is unconditional. On your lips all things hang; the fate of many depends upon your words. Make me happy, and do what you please!”

There was but one power near here—but one voice to listen to—but one way to go—but one thing to do.

She looked up—but oh, with what an expression!—into Ralph Seaforth’s face.

He saw that he was victorious. He could not but feel something like sorrow for her. He could not help feeling a strong exulting sense of the treasure he had won. Across that hardened visage there passed the trace of feelings, better and tenderer than had been seen there for many a long day. Anna saw it. There seemed to be a gleam of promise in it, and she smiled.

“Am I answered?” asked Ralph with a soft voice, a searching glance, and an almost tender smile.

“To-morrow,” said Anna gravely.

“To-morrow let it be,” was the reply.

Ralph moved to a side-table where pen and ink lay, and wrote a

few words. Then he brought the paper to Anna, and saying, "At your leisure," he took her passive hand, pressed it to his lips, and departed. He was gone; and, just as she had been left, Anna stood motionless as a statue. How long she stood no one knew, for she knew not herself. At last she stepped forward to look at the paper. The writing shone before her eyes in characters of glittering ruby, as if each letter had been traced in blood. She shuddered. "What is this?" she said, "I am ill! Oh, heaven grant me strength! Let me not fail for want of bodily strength now that the great trial is over—now that the soul has consented!"

She looked again at the writing. It was fair and plain enough now.

"My dear Miss Julian—In our circumstances, to speak immediately of business is right, and kind to you. I propose to settle two thousand a-year on you—the trustees to be Benson and Edward. I never wish to know any thing of the disposal of this. Let it be yours from this moment, if you please. I propose three hundred a-year for your private purse. A legal instrument may place your affairs beyond not only my control but my knowledge. This is what I wish. Suggest any thing further that may occur to you. You will only be conferring an obligation on, yours faithfully,

"RALPH SEAFORTH."

It was night, and Anna, calm, quiet, and collected, assisted her mother in preparing for a comfortable night's rest for her father.

That good mother now slept in a small bed in that father's room. A servant slept in the dressing-room.

Julian was propped up in the bed in the attitude he liked best, the curtains were drawn, the fire made up, all the comforts desirable for an invalid were collected in the room. Mrs. Julian was arranging things in their usual nightly order, and when that was accomplished she turned to Anna to kiss her, and bid her good-night.

"Good-night my Anna—good-night, and may God bless you, my dear child! Ah, my child! *now* I am thankful for our abundance, this day more than any other day of my life—perhaps, I might say for the first time in my life, I have thanked God for our riches." Upon her burning heart her mother's words fell like ice drops; yet they fell with no refreshing sweetness; each one, like a pointed dart, pierced its way, and was absorbed in the fire within. Yet she looked upon her mother with the same cold, rigid smile on her pale face, and made no attempt to stop the current of her words.

"I, too, know the value of riches *now*, dear mother," said Anna. Then those two embraced each other once more, and parted. The mother fell on her knees and thanked God for riches—the child too fell on her knees, and then, praying to God to give her strength

to perform the part allotted to her, she wrote the words which purchased those riches of Ralph Seaforth.

The note was left where notes were always left, for the servant to deliver in the morning; and Anna went to bed. She slept a sleep deep and still almost as death. The usual hour of her rising passed; the woman came to her room again and again. Then, somebody recollected that she had looked tired the evening before, and it was agreed that she should sleep on as long as she liked.

When she awoke, three letters were before her. But, before opening them, she wrote to Mr. Benson to say that he must not write to Edward; that she had had an interview with Mr. Seaforth, and that she wished him to call upon her, to be told of what had passed. Then she opened her letters; one from Edward, one from Ralph Seaforth, and another. Edward's letter was full of his love for Mary, and his hopes. "By the time you read this, my sister, I may be happy." It was reading her final sentence. Mr. Seaforth's letter was a rapturous answer to her note of the preceding evening. And that last one was from Mr. Temple; from him to whom the whole country looked up—from him! And he had watched Anna through her whole career. First of all at a distance, admiring her beauty, and attracted by her gentle manners; and then nearer, as an acquaintance, and as almost a friend. And now, what said this letter? It said that he was her lover, and it asked her to be his wife.

"Too late!" said Anna, casting it from her—"too late!" But then, suddenly correcting herself, she said, "No—not *too late*. No. I should never have married *him*. In my prosperity there was *but one*. In my prosperity I would never have married any other. I have no thought that I should have married him if our prosperity had remained the same; but I would never have married any other. I would have remained faithful to that dream of my happy, peaceful childhood, before my poor father so earnestly desired riches, and so terribly received them—received them for *me*," she shuddered: "for me! Can I ever forget the night when, in his delirium, he revealed that history?—for *me*—that *I* might know their power; that *I* might feel their curse! The deceitfulness of our riches—two thousand a-year—and I am so poor that I am obliged to sell myself. But I am going to do it bravely."

She went to her mother.

"Mr. and Mrs. Seaforth are coming here this afternoon, mother. I wish to ask Mr. Benson and Mrs. Herbert—may I, mother?"

"Yes—of course, my child! Do as you please. But why?—is there any reason?"

"Mr. Benson will talk to you about dear Edward; and, mother, could you permit another marriage?"

"My child! Anna!"

"Yes, dear mother; your own Anna! Mr. Seaforth assured me yesterday that he had loved me from a child, and I believe him,

mother. I should like to be always near you; and I don't care for young men; I prefer one who has always known and respected us—in fact, mother, I wish it.”

“You wish to marry Ralph Seaforth?”

With what a voice that mother spoke! Good Mrs. Julian! what a host of emotions suddenly woke to life at that moment—what a bewilderment of surprise and disappointment, vexation and fear, was her's!

“Yes, dear mother!” was the child's reply; and she looked placidly into her parent's eyes, and took her hand and pressed it tenderly, as if to implore her patience and consent.

“Good God! Anna!”

Anna started, and let go her mother's hand. She never before had heard so strong an expression fall from her mother's lips. It seemed to strike her. Its power and weight seemed enough to grind her to powder. Her nerves shook, she trembled; she looked into her mother's awestruck face, and yet she gathered strength to speak, and to speak firmly.

“I wish it—I do; I really do! I am sorry to disappoint you a second time—but——”

“Disappoint, child! no—but—Anna, what is the meaning of this?” and Mrs. Julian sunk into a chair, and wept, and sobbed, and wrung her hands in an access of distress.

The firm, undaunted, persevering, determined spirit of the father, was in the child at that moment. The weakness of the previous moment had passed away, and she was strong once more.

“It means,” she said gravely, “that I wish you to receive Mr. Seaforth this evening as one to whom I have promised myself, and with your knowledge and consent. This evening I also wish Mr. Benson to be told of it, and Mrs. Herbert must hear it also. I wish Mr. Benson to know from you that, as my father is not in a position to make the usual settlement on a daughter at her marriage, you consent that I should receive from Mr. Seaforth the very liberal allowance which he has proposed for my acceptance.”

“Say it again, Anna. Do you wish it?” said Mrs. Julian, abruptly.

“Yes, mother. I wish it very much. It combines a great deal—more than any other connection could give me. I really do wish it. Now, please not to look so astonished, mother. If you are a little disappointed, please to make the best of it. It will all look very cheerful and pleasant soon, I assure you. We will send Edward out into the world to make grand connections, and display his talents, but my sphere is home; you and my father are my world; I am never going away from you. I like Watermouth, and Watermouth people, and the names with which we have been intimate all our lives. What should I do if I were out of sight of the spreading sea, and too far away from the dear old house to go there whenever I please? No, no, dear mother! I am going to be *Mrs. Seaforth*, and to live *here*; and, if it is a

strange thing in your judgment, you must yet believe me when I say that it is my choice, and that I have the most certain knowledge of giving and possessing happiness in the thing I am going to do.

Anna had sunk upon her knees by her mother's side, and her head had rested on that mother's lap, as the words, which had seemed to come most naturally from her young heart, had been poured forth. And now good Mrs. Julian laid her hand lovingly on that beautiful head, and said, "In this, and in every thing else, may Heaven bless you, my darling child! I will say, and think, and believe just as you wish."

Anna prepared for her friends by dressing herself very beautifully. She sat with her father till the ringing of the first bell announced Mr. Seaforth and his widowed sister. And, as Anna sat by her poor father's side, he played with the fanciful chain of gold, set at intervals with brilliants, which hung from her neck, and admired it like a child, and, stroking her glossy dress, said, "I like this—I like this; always wear this, Anna; wear such things always—why don't you always dress like this?" And so he went on admiring her in a childish fondling way, and smoothing her rich gown, and playing with her ornaments, and saying things which told how much still his mind ran on money and money's worth. And once, after a pause in his play, he looked with terrifying earnestness into her face—that is, with a look which might have terrified any one but Anna—but she had learnt to meet such sudden indications of a disordered mind with a mild smile, which generally restored the invalid to his better senses—he looked into her face and said, "I can give you this. Oh! this is what I toiled for—and *thought*—oh, Anna! Looking on the bright face of that great sea for hours, hours, hours—there I used to see my fortune. Like a glass it was—I saw all there before it came—yes, long before—and it came for *you*—for you, Anna, I always thought of *you*. Take it, and use it. I like to see you thus; beautiful, and admired, and richly dressed; always let me see this. Oh! I am happier now—I have been so ill—I am tired of all these dull things. I like this," taking up her jewelled chain. "Give me things like these, not for myself—for *you*. I shall then soon get well, and—and——" A strange dulness of expression came over Julian's face. Anna rose, and, resting his head against her fair neck, whispered,—

"And what, dear father? Your own Anna loves you so fondly that she can do any thing for you. Tell her all you wish."

"Yes, yes! my dear Anna, so you will—I know, I know! But, tell me, Anna—are you going to be married?"

"Yes, dear father!" said Anna firmly. And, as she saw those trembling lips wreathed into a silly smile, she kissed them, and added, "I am going to be married very soon—almost immediately,"

"And where is he—where is he now, Anna—why is he not here?" A ray of intellect again lighting up his inquiring eyes, but only for a moment.

"Who—father?"

The fading light kindled again; "Lullingstone," he spoke quite plainly.

"He is ill—he has been very ill; they are gone abroad for his health."

"Going? You going, Anna?"

"No, my dear father! No; I am not going. I am never going to leave you. I would do any thing rather than leave you; I will never leave you as long as you live, father."

Julian's powers of comprehension were clouded again, and he understood nothing of what she said. Even her tears were unheeded, and her thousand kisses woke no return. But still he held her chain in his hand, and still he seemed to admire its brilliance; and again his eyes wandered over her rich dress with an expression of childish delight, and Anna thanked God that she had the power of purchasing for her father a continuance of the possessions, the love of which had taken such a close hold upon his soul. It was but a small trial to meet Ralph Seaforth after this.

She entered the room with her mother. She went up to Mrs. Seaforth, and received her thanks and the expressions of her joy, and returned her warm-hearted embraces with gladness and satisfaction. And, while they were speaking together, Anna heard her mother say the first words that had been spoken to Ralph in acknowledgment of their engagement. Her brain reeled as her ears drank them in; but she thought of her father—that thought brought strength, and she advanced to her mother's side. Anna stood by her, and met Ralph's rapturous glances with a steady smile; she was so calm and collected, that Ralph, even at that moment of success, was awed. When Mrs. Julian ceased speaking, she said, "Thank you, mother," and gave her hand to Seaforth. He pressed her fair fingers to his lips.

Mr. Benson and Mrs. Herbert arrived; Mr. Benson, in a private interview with Anna, was made to understand in five minutes how things were to be. He was a man of business, not of love. Matrimony had never occupied his thoughts for its own sake; he only knew it as it was connected with deeds of settlement. This marriage would include a general settlement of family affairs, besides the usual individual settlement; there was enough of law in it to occupy his thoughts for many a day, and certainly they were so far occupied that night, that he never thought of the suitability of the connection, but said all the commonplace things he had ever heard of as proper to such occasions; and left early, because he really longed to produce his ideas on that "rough sketch," which, in spite of his civil speeches, had been dancing in the air before him all the evening.

The next morning came. She was to see Ralph Seaforth again—see him alone—see him as an accepted lover. The horror that seized her was intense. She knew that such a moment was not to be always escaped; but it must not come *that* morning—not *then!*

Something she must do to prevent it. To endure so much that day would be impossible—she would die at the first sight of him. So she wrote Ralph Seaforth a note, saying that she did not feel equal to any excitement, and that she had mentioned their engagement to her father, but that he did not, as yet, properly understand it. That she wished to devote herself for a day or two to enabling him to master this new idea, and that she would be glad to defer meeting Ralph till that was done. Then it was scarcely fair, perhaps, for them to be in the same town and not meet; she suggested his going away for a few days. Now, this suggestion happened to be one of the most agreeable that could have been made to Ralph. He felt that he should prove but an awkward lover, and rather dreaded the promised interview with Anna. But the possession of her note was most delightful to him.

He answered it immediately, by assuring her of the pleasure it would always give him to conform to her wishes, and telling her that he would start that very day for London, whence he should write to her, and where he should expect to hear from her. All this took place so speedily, that Anna had scarcely time to understand her happiness at having achieved a short respite from her lover's attentions, before the coach to London, which left Watermouth twice a-week, passed the house. Anna happened to be in the garden; she looked at the heavily-laden vehicle; some one waved his hat, and then kissed his hand to her; it was Ralph Seaforth. She returned his attentions, and then he was gone. So there was a respite. It was not to be *that* morning!

Julian was sitting in the sunny window, looking out listlessly; his gaze falling on a brilliant group of flowers with that pleased childish-look which things, rich and gay, always brought upon his face. Mrs. Julian and Anna were both in the room.

"She's going to be married," said Julian.

"Yes!" answered Anna, looking up at him; the colour in her face deepening, and extending to her throat, and to the roots of her hair—"Yes!"

"Who to?" said Julian, laying his huge hand upon her head, and keeping it in the same position. "Who to? you know—tell me—I like to hear—Who to?"

There was an uncomfortable simper on his face, and an agitated tone in his voice. Anna feared to hesitate.

"To Captain Ralph Seaforth!" she said, steadily.

Julian thrust her from him, and uttered a horrible cry.

Mrs. Julian and Anna rushed to him. They tried to pacify him, but they could not. The confusion was dreadful. Julian now spoke quickly, and in a voice so loud and terrible, that it sounded like a savage roar.

"No—no—no!" and then he uttered anguished cries. "I was afraid; I have always been afraid! Years ago—I heard him—Save me; save!" And then again came those terrible cries, and he beat his breast, and threw himself about, till those women drew

back and dared not go near him, but stood at a distance and watched for what might come. He exhausted himself with lamentations and anger.

Anna heard him with an awestruck attention. Was she going to do for him the very thing that he would rather die than let her do? Had he still knowledge and strength enough to wish—to be able to meet any thing rather than *that*?

Happily, as night came on, he slept.

That night, Mrs. Julian besought her daughter to give up her engagement. And she parted from her in surprise, in misery, almost in anger, at her daughter's unreasonable determination—as she called it.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

DREARY days—days of trial—days of fear, and helplessness, and happiness, for ever gone. Another of them rose on Anna and Mayfield. Her mother sent for her breakfast to her own room. After the last night's interview with Anna, she would not venture on the morning meal with her alone. And another, and another day, and her mother, kind and gentle, but still estranged, saying that she could not understand her, and vexed and disappointed at being obliged to say so. No letters from Edward, but a letter from Ralph Seaforth, full of protestations of love and constancy, which Anna put aside gravely; and one from Mr. Vincent Temple, which Anna read and burnt immediately, and whispered, "Too kind—too tempting!" over its ashes. She was doing it bravely, as she said she would do it. Yet, she said to herself, "If I could only hear from Edward I should be inspirited again—only hear of his having asked Mary, and of her having accepted him! I should be rewarded. I should get on easily then." But she did not hear; and it really was rather odd. She did not answer Ralph Seaforth's letter immediately. She had put it off from day to day. She could not bear to write to him.

"But it *must* be done!" said Anna, one lonely afternoon. "Now—I will do it now—directly; it shall go by this night's post." She got writing materials, and sat down before them.

"Dear Mr. Seaforth!"—The pen was laid down. She leaned her head on her hands, and was motionless for many minutes. Then she started up—the door had opened, and there stood Edward.

She sprang from her seat, her face all animation—"Edward! my dear Edward! What brings you? Why have you come? Is all right?"

Edward closed the door softly, sat down, and looked up at her eager, inquiring face,—“I am refused, Anna! Mary won't have me.” Edward jumped up and caught his fainting sister in his arms.

She soon recovered. "I am a poor nurse. I have not called any one. I did not think of your being so shocked, my dear, darling Anna. But don't look so ghastly. I shall have to comfort *you*, Anna. Are you ill? You frighten me! Speak, speak, Anna!"

"I can't speak," sobbed forth Anna. "Let me lean my head against you. The whole world is bewildered, I think. But, Edward, you will ask Mary again—won't you?"

"Impossible! she behaved so nobly. She never had any idea that I loved her, except once, she told me, long ago now, in London; she thought I was boyish, or silly—so she called it. And she walked away from me. I recollect it well enough."

"But now, that she does know?" urged Anna.

"She was plain-spoken, and quite positive. She was determined never to marry, except with all her heart. She was certain—romantically certain—that she could never be happy in married life, unless all the strong love of her heart was her husband's. She must live in a sort of devotion to him; holding him as God's greatest earthly gift to her; she could not ever feel real love for me. I said that I loved her just in that way. But she said no—oh no! I could not; it was quite impossible. With her, wedded love must be a passion elevated into a principle, and consecrated and blessed in the sacrament. 'I know,' she said—'I know that I might marry faultlessly, and feel much less—scarcely any thing—of what I have described. I should unite myself to a hundred virtues if I married you, and lead an indulged and a happy life; and be able to perform my duties with cheerfulness and contentment. But, *some hearts want more*, and *mine* would want more. Marriage is not a necessary event to me. But if I enter upon it, I must enter it as a state of life so blessed and so happy, that—that there is but one thing better!'"

"And what can that be?" exclaimed Anna.

"To be called away from it by the exclusive love of God—the life of the religious, she meant. Oh, Anna!" continued Edward, "I knew it was hopeless; I wanted no more words. She is up—somewhere—out of my reach. I cannot soar to her. She cannot come down to me. The dream is passed. Certainty is come——"

"But how did you part?"

"I saw Lady Westrey. I could not see Lord Westrey. I could not have borne up before him. He knows what a trial I have gone through. He once said it was too much for human nature."

"But Lady Westrey?" said Mary. "She was very kind and very positive. 'Meet the truth, and accustom yourself to it; make friends with it, Edward. You had better not see Mary again; never see her again, if possible——'"

"What a dreadful thing to say!" said Anna.

"Dreadfully true, dreadfully true!" repeated Edward. Then, suddenly catching sight of the letter she had begun, he said, in a quick angry way—"What in the world are you writing to Ralph Seaforth for?"

It recalled the whole truth to Anna's mind. She burst into tears. She could not control her emotion, and Edward heard all—every thing. Then he thanked her—solemn, tender, awestruck thanks they were. And then he said—"How right it all is! I ought to be glad that Mary has refused me. Oh, Anna! I *will* be glad; but I must write that letter, and I must tell our dear mother directly. Will you go away—go to her and tell her that I am here; and send her to speak to me?"

Anna could not stop her tears, now that she had once given them leave to flow. Edward, with gentle violence, put her out of the room, and, when left by himself, wondered at her courage. But he did not know all her courage, or all the sacrifice that she had planned, for she had never mentioned Harold.

In less than an hour, Mrs. Julian was standing in Anna's room. "You are a dear, good, silly child. You must not think of your sorrowful trial. Edward has already written. It is all done. You are free, Anna; and we are all going to be happy. Go to your father. He cannot forget it. I don't know what to do about that. He has been quite violent about it several times. Edward thinks I should take Dr. Davis's advice; so, I have sent for him."

Anna went to her father. The same old questions—"Are you going to be married, Anna?" and "Lullingstone?" The same outbursts of excitement.

When Dr. Davis came that evening, every one in the house felt that there would be comfort in what he said. He was very peremptory. "You must all go away. Where can you go? Some total change of scene and circumstances; and yet he can't bear a long journey." Then, turning to Anna suddenly—"Miss Julian, take care of your brother. He is unlike himself. He is ill. He has over-read and over-excited himself. He is suffering from a sudden want of power. I don't like those cases—take care of him." Then, going back to Julian, a sudden thought struck him—"The Chantry-farm at Dyrbington! I frequently send patients there. An excellent soil, and sure to do Mr. Julian good."

Anna felt that her father would like it. "I wish that we could go directly."

"You *must* go directly! I shall send there to-night. And you, or your brother, order your things off by daybreak. You shall dine at the Chantry-farm on chicken and cold beef to-morrow, at two o'clock!"

Anna laughed, thanked him, and set about making the necessary arrangements.

Julian made no objection to moving. He was evidently pleased with the drive. He knew the road, pointed out things as they passed along, and Anna thought that Watermouth and Seaforth associations were gone, at least for a time. He knew the Chantry-farm, and said he liked staying there for change of air. As he sat at his tea, at the same table with them, in the little brick-floored parlour, he was happier, and looked less sick and more like himself. He took a few steps on the gravel-walk the next day with no other

help than his stick, and seemed better for the absence of Mayfield luxuries. Then he would have a chair under the apple-tree, and look towards the great Dyrbington elm-trees, and remark how beautifully the tower pressed up among their foliage. Anna left off the bright dresses and ornaments she had worn to please him, and sat by his side in quiet-coloured muslin gowns. And Julian never missed them, but talked of the glowing harvest fields, and played with the bullfinch in its cage. She had left the guitar at home, and she gave up the idea of having the piano; but she sung to him as she sat, with needle and thread, busily at work. And he beat time, and smiled, and listened, just as he had sometimes done in the old workshop, when she was a little child.

"Oh, he is better—he is better! He is getting well, and he shall be happy again!" So Anna exclaimed to her mother with a delightful heart.

"Yes, Anna; and your father is better for something more like old ways about him," answered Mrs. Julian. And Mrs. Julian was right.

Still, no letter came from Ralph Seaforth; no answer to Edward's letter to him. It made them a little anxious. Dr. Davis said that he was still absent from Watermouth.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Julian, "it would have been satisfactory to hear that he was intending to behave like a gentleman."

Edward answered—"Oh, certainly!"—but he never expected so great a satisfaction from Ralph. His silence added to Edward's trouble, and made him anxious and expecting.

"Take care of your brother, Miss Julian!" was still Dr. Davis's parting remark. And then Anna would sigh over Edward's pale face and his slight form, and remark that, though it was the middle of summer, his hands were always cold.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### ST. CUTHBERTS.

FATHER BERNARD sat alone in his small chamber, which was faintly lighted by an oil lamp; some books were before him, as if for reference, and by their side lay manuscripts, and pen and ink. But Father Bernard was not writing; his arms rested on the table, and his forehead was bent on a crucifix which he held between his clasped hands, and which a chain secured round his neck. All at once he raised his head quickly, and turned it aside listening—a foot was heard upon the threshold—he placed the crucifix in his bosom, and went to the door.

"Who is there?" said the priest.

"Will you buy a Bartholomew trout, master?" said a voice from without, and a low chuckle told, as plainly as the words themselves, that the person asking admittance was no other than Lyas Norwood.

Father Bernard smiled. "And why do you laugh?" he said gently, as he closed the door after admitting his guest.

"Because I think that, being a man of muscle and make like yourself, you might do things differently."

"With a more defiant air?"

"Yes; you are a man—and who is more?"

"I am more," replied the priest, with a grand sweet smile. "Were I only a man, I might boldly defy my fellows. But I am the servant of God, and the minister of holy things, and my warfare is against sin, and my weapons not of this world. We fly, as did our Master, from place to place; yet we have courage to suffer torture and death in that Master's service. He who suffers well has a better courage than he who rashly slays."

"I was wrong," said Lyas; "shall I test your courage?"

"Test my duty," said Father Bernard.

"Come with me to-night to Dyrbington."

"What for?"

"Ah, you hesitate!" cried Lyas.

"What for?" repeated Father Bernard, with voice and manner unchanged.

"Listen, master!" said Lyas, raising himself up, and looking with solemn dignity on the placid countenance of the man he addressed. "Listen, master! If there is a world to come—if it lasts for ever—if there shall be no death there—if its happiness or sorrow will depend on the manner of each man's life in this world—then are all souls alike in the eyes of one who dedicates himself to prepare men in the life that is now, for the life that shall be then?"

"All souls are the same to us—yet our deepest anxieties are for those that have most sinned."

"But to him who *thinks* that he has sinned—though, may be, he judges himself wrongly—to one who, blaming himself till he lies in misery which no friendly words can reach."

"To him is the promise—'Fear not, thy sins are forgiven; depart in peace.' Where is he?" cried Father Bernard advancing towards Lyas. "If such there be, take me to him. You shall bring a blessing on your own soul—quick—let us go!"

"But the danger?" said Lyas, not scoffingly, but with considerate slowness. "This is not a thing to remain hid in darkness. We may do it in deep night, but it shall be told in the broad day; and that which you may have done beneath the cloud, you will have to acknowledge before the sun in heaven."

"No matter. Let us go! If I should have to be removed, may another and a better come. Let us go! Besides, men do not like putting these laws to their worst use. Heart and head are getting over prejudice. No harm will come—let us go!"

"But why risk any thing—perhaps for the poor tent-dweller who saw light first beneath the shadow of the stones and trees,

and may look his last on life in as easy a place—why risk any thing? You are growing old—there are many who want you here—your life is precarious enough—there needs but to cry through the streets an evil deed with your name attached to it, and this refuge of yours may be food for fire, and yourself torn to pieces by a mad populace.”

But now it was Father Bernard's turn to smile. “Is Lyas Norwood taking a lesson from the world he affects to despise?” said he; “and saying that with his lips that his heart denies?”

And then they turned from the room together. The night was unusually dark for that time of the year; but the two walked briskly on, for each knew the way, and had traversed it almost as often by night as by day. They took short and unfrequented ways, and got down by the docks and the shipbuilders' yards. And at one point they commenced to go up a steep ascent, having on the right the high blank sides of storehouses, and on the left a low parapet wall, which guarded the passengers from the dangers of the deep precipice above which the road had been raised.

The shadow of the high walls kept the road in darkness; but, looking over the parapets, it was not difficult to distinguish the shadowy outlines of things below—not that there was much to see, for it was a mere rubbishy place, where stone, and timber, and unused carts reposed at their owners' convenience.

Suddenly Lyas Norwood stopped, and, touching his companion, he made him a signal to stop also. Voices were heard rising from the depth at their side. Lyas leaned over the low wall, and Father Bernard remained close by him. A moment was spent in listening, then the voices came again.

“You must—you shall—you have helped me before; why not now?”

“Give it up!” grumbled a harsh voice.

“Give it up!” exclaimed the other, which Lyas Norwood now recognised to be Captain Ralph Seaforth's. “What, *now*? Have I made the thing a fortnight's boast to give it up? I won't!”

“You can pay the money well enough now; thanks to the work the flames did so well,” urged the other.

“Don't speak of that—ah! I tell you, Isaacs, I can't even yet bear to hear of that—don't speak of *that*, Isaacs; oh, no! not if we are friends—don't speak of that!”

Lyas grasped the priest hard—“We shall bear something directly,” he said. “Stay still—that was the voice of guilt; in my time I've known it well.”

Father Bernard made no reply, for Isaac's voice in answer was immediately heard.

“Well, let that be; but you have money. You can pay them, or pay me. I would have helped you to carry off the girl if it had been in the way of business for me to have got my just debts paid there; but *I* can get well paid, and *they* can get well paid; there's enough for all *now*. I won't help you to carry the girl off—I won't, I say!”

"They speak of Anna Julian," said Lyas. Father Bernard made a gesture to move on; but Norwood held him fast, saying—"There's more coming—hark! What did they say?—we missed that—nay, Master Ralph grows angry; the truth will be out quickly now."

A part of the conversation had indeed been lost here, but in another minute the words again rose plainly.

"Cease your boasting words," growled Isaacs—"cease! You can't frighten me—you can't; you know you can't; I have the secret."

"When I let you go," whispered Lyas to Father Bernard, still holding his arm with the force of a vice—"go on at a steady pace to—hark!—"

"While I can hang you for burglary, and wilfully setting fire to the house, and being the means of the death—"

"To Dyrbington Court, and stay about till I come," said Lyas, and paused again to hear the Jew's concluding words—"You can use no threats to me!"

Pushing Father Bernard from him, Lyas Norwood uttered the single word—"Go!" and himself immediately disappeared. For a moment, Father Bernard knew neither where or how his companion had gone, but then he became aware that he had leaped from the parapet to the bottom of the precipice, and was grappling with the men below.

Not choosing to go while this struggle was going forward, the priest leant over the wall as far as he was able, and strained his ears to discover what might be taking place.

That Lyas was in the hands of two men made desperate by iniquity; that the struggle going on was one of life and death; that he was being overpowered, and that his calls on Isaacs to assist him as the best, the only means of saving himself from punishment, were unavailing, and only met by that unfortunate being calling on Ralph to strike hard and home, and so free them both from so terrible a witness against them; to hear and know all this was like the passage of a picture before the eyes to the mind of Father Bernard. One moment he hesitated, hoping that, unequal as was the combat, Lyas might be victorious; one moment he hesitated, but that was all. His loud clear voice rung through the night air—"Help him, Isaacs! Isaacs, it is your only way of safety! Another has heard you—another now sees you; give up the guilty—it is your only hope!"

The contest ceased. "God of Israel!" exclaimed the wretched Isaacs; "what voice is that?"

"It is the voice of one who knows all—who must have justice!" was the reply.

"I obey—I obey!" cried Isaacs; "go not up against me! I did but shelter him; I did but seek to secure my own!"

But now Lyas spoke. He raised his head and looked in the direction where he supposed that Father Bernard must be. "It is all safe now," he said; "go!—go quickly!"

And stretching up the hill at a pace calculated to make up for the detention that had occurred, Father Bernard, as directed, pursued his

way. He walked at more than his usual brisk pace; but notwithstanding, just before reaching the summit of the hill that led down to Dyrbington, he heard a quick trotting sound behind him which made him stop, and, almost at the moment of his looking round, a hand was laid upon him.

"You have walked well, man; and it made my heart beat to overtake you. But it has been done, and just at the spot intended. Now, come with me."

Lyas opened gently the small door which led into the yard and court at the back of Dyrbington-house, and, taking his companion by the arm, led him straight into the kitchen.

The next day it was known that Mr. Dyrbington was dead.

In the middle of the night Mr. Benson had been sent for. He had gone immediately on receiving the summons, as he had often promised Mr. Dyrbington that he would do, and he had gone accompanied by a physician. They were received by Reuben, and upstairs found Martha and Lyas Norwood. They were in Mr. Dyrbington's bed-room—but he was a corpse.

The limbs of the dead had required no straightening. He had laid himself out, and he was there in his bed, stretched to his full length, with his arms close to his side, and on his up-turned face a smile—such a smile as had not been there for many years—such a smile as perhaps had never visited that face before!

But he was dead! The spirit had fled—only cold clay remained, yet on it a most supernatural beauty.

Though he had before looked even older than he really was, he now looked full twenty years less than his real age. The lines of anguish about his face were all gone, the large high forehead was fair and smooth, and about the closed eye was a look of peace. Those who gazed on him felt that there was a magnificence about him—that they gazed on the noble dead. They felt impressed and sad; and when again they thought that this was one whom the world had so long gossiped about, whom some had pitied and others had derided, but who now lay in independence of all that might be said, and with marks which spoke of a rest which had been long unknown to him—then their hearts softened, and they wept.

"When you did not come soon enough to hear his words, then he wrote them," said Lyas Norwood to Mr. Benson, giving him a paper.

The paper contained but a few words. "I am dying—I am happy—let Lord Westrey manage every thing. Good-bye, Benson—farewell, Dyrbington! I shall lie in our vault, in the Chantry Chapel of St. George—let it be opened for me, and then built up for ever."

"Has Mr. Dyrbington left no will?" asked the physician of Mr. Benson. He did not see how quickly and sharply Norwood looked at him, and watched for the answer.

"His will is in my possession," replied Mr. Benson. "I will call at Lullingstone to-day; in the mean time"—he looked towards Lyas—"in the mean time, I shall not leave the house," said Lyas, with

gentle dignity. "I ministered to him in his life; I was in some degree his confidential friend, as you know, Mr. Benson—I think that you will find no more suitable person than myself to assist his servants, now that he is dead."

"It is just as I should have suggested," said Mr. Benson.

Mr. Benson went immediately to Lullingstone, where happily Lord Westrey had arrived the previous day.

He returned within a few hours; Lord Westrey was with him. When Lord Westrey arrived, Lyas Norwood had an interview with him. No one knew what had been said, but there seemed to be something extraordinary in Lord Westrey's manner after it was over.

But Mr. Benson had business to transact with Lord Westrey; and as both himself and Lyas had to be at Watermouth at a given hour, on Ralph Seaforth's business—for Lyas had given him in charge for having set fire to his brother's house—he was glad to enter upon affairs immediately.

"I was desired by the late Mr. Dyrbington," he began, "to inform you at once, Lord Westrey, that you are left his sole heir. You know something, no doubt, of Mr. Dyrbington's secret life here. The property he has left is not quite so much as might be expected."

In fact, there was nothing but the land about Dyrbington. The money was left to the poor. And much more than the money in the funds was left to the poor—that sum, large as it was, he considered as only enough to repay for the possession of the Chantry farm and St. George's.

All that he had been so long laying up Lord Westrey was entrusted, in a private note, to apply to the use of the sick, the aged, and the indigent. Not an ounce of the magnificent plate that had been a traditionary wonder to the neighbourhood was to be found—the jewels—the tapestry—the paintings—all were gone! Mr. Dyrbington had accomplished the work on which he had set his heart, and then he had died.

"But where is all this money?" exclaimed Lord Westrey. "Strange to say," replied Mr. Benson, "it is in the house. Knowing Mr. Dyrbington's peculiar ideas on the subject of church property, and that he had laid up in the house this large sum of money for the use of the poor, as an equivalent for that of which he considered that they had been deprived, I desired my confidential clerk to come here, to be ready to take back the money. It has already been packed by me, under Mr. Dyrbington's eye, in small iron-bound chests fit for the purpose. Myself and Lyas Norwood have alone known of the great sums that Mr. Dyrbington had laid up."

Then Mr. Benson opened a metal-lined cupboard, and astonished Lord Westrey with its contents.

The good and trusty clerk, Simmons, was at the door in a gig, drawn by a good horse, and the treasure was delivered to him to take to Watermouth.

Mr. Benson said, "Lyas, will you go with me?"

But Lyas refused—"I shall meet you at the court," he said.

"We will try to get justice done now. But it is rude to my heart to go from the peace within"—and he pointed towards the room where the dead lay—"to the trouble without. But, in a few hours, I will again be a watcher beside him." At his quickest pace, Lyas disappeared.

When he reached Watermouth he found the whole town in a state of excitement. Already, many circumstances had been remembered which appeared like evidence against Ralph; the horror rising on all sides was boundless; by the voice of the people he was condemned already. But the excitement grew greater and greater, and the expression of the people's feelings reached almost to the height of a popular tumult when it was known that *Ralph Seaforth had escaped*—he was gone!

Lyas went directly to Mr. Benson's office. He met that gentleman immediately within the doorway. "Oh, Lyas!" he exclaimed, "there must be a curse about that Dyrbington treasure. Simmons is not arrived. I sent off a man on a fast horse. He has this moment returned—there are no tidings of him."

"I will go," said Lyas. "I will go the road-way to Dyrbington. It will be odd if I can't find out something!"

He went off at a run. He traversed the whole way and never found him. He returned, tracking the marks of the wheels. He came to a place where the wheels had made many turnings, and had then proceeded in another direction, on what was called the Great London Road.

"If this had been his own doing, there would have been fewer marks. His mind would have been made up before he arrived here; he would have turned immediately."

As Lyas murmured this, he remarked that the grass at the side was trampled; he heard a groan; he sought further—lying beneath the brambles and long grass of the ditch was the unfortunate clerk.

The man was dreadfully bruised; one arm was broken, and his back had received so severe a wrench as to disable him from standing. Lyas made him a little more comfortable by changing his posture, and then left him where he was. In as short a time as possible, he returned to Watermouth, procured help, and removed the sufferer to Mr. Benson's house.

As soon as the man could speak for a few minutes together, he made a deposition, stating that he had been met by Ralph Seaforth: that, knowing that Ralph must have escaped, he had attempted to recapture him; that a severe fight had taken place between them, and that Ralph had overcome him by breaking his arm with a short iron bar, with which it was suspected Isaacs had found means to supply him. Ralph had then severely treated him, and cast him into the ditch. After that, he had jumped into the gig and driven off furiously on the London road.

"He is rich enough now," gasped the invalid.

"Rich!" exclaimed Lyas; "surely he has gathered to himself a double curse! Rich!—if such be riches, may I be poor for ever!"

Ralph Seaforth was followed to London. It was ascertained that he had embarked on board a vessel bound for the East Indies.

The vessel was wrecked; a few lives only were lost. Ralph Seaforth was not found among the saved; and it was certain that the vast sea had swallowed up the treasures of sacrilege. The Dyrbington gold was gone for ever; and the people of Watermouth heard, with a shudder, of the fate of the gold and the man!

In Mr. Dyrbington's room lay the happy dead, in the unclosed coffin; and looking on the uncovered face of majestic peace were Lady Westrey and Mary, Lord Westrey, Lyas Norwood, and the priest of St. Cuthbert's—and one more, and he was Harold. The crucifix lay on the dead man's breast, and as the burial service proceeded Harold answered the priest. And then quietly, and almost secretly, with few words and noiseless footsteps, all dispersed. And a few days afterwards the vault in St. Katherine's aisle received another occupant, and was sealed with strong masonry, for he was to be the last.

Then Lord Westrey asked some of the neighbouring gentlemen who had attended the funeral to return with him to the house, and be present at the reading of the will.

The will was soon read.

"In addition," said Lord Westrey, "I have this paper, in my beloved friend's handwriting, sent to me from his death-bed. It contains these words——"

"I know all—do justice, Westrey. Consult Mrs. Margaret Lullingstone. Of course, I have seen Mrs. Margaret, and I should like all of you to see her also."

Every body was anxious to see Mrs. Margaret, and Lord Westrey, who had stood up as he finished speaking, immediately left the room, and in a moment's time re-entered it, with one whom all seemed to know, but whom scarcely one had ever seen. They now looked at her with a respectful interest. She was of considerable age, but not a grey line was to be seen in her dark brown hair, which she wore turned back in a roll round her forehead. She was erect in her figure, and the black silk mittened hand which rested on Lord Westrey's arm, was evidently placed there for ceremony, not for support.

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## THE ROAD OF THE STARS.

### CHAPTER IV.

We have now traced the gradual progress of mankind in the science of the stars, from its first dawn on the vast plains of Asia, till Newton furnished the key to the complicated motions of the planets and their satellites. We are very sensible that we might have pursued a more popular course in this short history of star-knowledge. We might have devoted more space to actual description. Instead of directing attention to persons and to methods, to principles and laws, we might have chosen the more inviting path of speculation and of

admiration. Some popular writers on the subject have preferred this path ; for our part, however, we have thought it more instructive to regard the celestial universe as a vast monument of law, rather than as a mere reflection of beauty. We would rather that our young readers should learn to admire the order, and the cause of order, which secure the beauty of heavenly space, than that they should blindly watch the harmony and the majesty of the stars, without a thought of the subjection of those luminaries to the primary laws of their creation. Besides, in a series of papers so short, and so elementary, we have felt the necessity of attempting no more than the elucidation of one idea.

We are now to offer a very brief summary of the present state of star-knowledge ; understanding this term in its widest sense, as including all that is known of the sun and of the planets, of the more distant stars, commonly regarded as fixed ; of the eccentric comets, and of the cloudy nebulae, which, till lately, defied the powers of our best instruments to reveal their stellar constitution. We now invite our readers to follow us on this somewhat arduous course.

To begin with the sun. The old theory of the sun has in every particular given place to truer notions of his constitution, and of his subservience to a vaster plan of creation than is represented by our own solar system. It can no longer be doubted that the sun is a star, not of the first magnitude, a unit in the nebula which we may observe in what is called The Milky Way. Just seventy years ago, a gentleman of the name of Elliott was tried at the Old Bailey for shooting a lady. It was pleaded in his defence that he must be insane, because he had maintained, in a memoir addressed to the Royal Society, that the light of the sun might proceed from a luminous atmosphere, surrounding its massive globe ; that the surface of that globe might be so effectually protected from the luminous and heating atmosphere around it, as to permit of vegetable and animal life, of the existence of water and of dry land, of rain and of fair weather. What was then regarded as the speculation of a madman, is now proved by the concurrent observations of astronomers to be an undoubted fact. The body of the sun is a globe of comparative density and of darkness, surrounded by a photosphere, or luminous atmosphere of great tenuity ; spots in the sun are nothing more than parts of the dark body beneath, made visible to us by a partial opening in the luminous veil drawn around the solar globe. The attention of astronomers is at present much directed to the appearance of flames, which have been seen darting from the edge of the solar disc at the moment of eclipse.

As far as regards the alternation of day and night on the surface of our globe, the idea that the sun revolves round it, and so produces the successive changes of light and of darkness, has long since been exploded. Yet, for all that, the sun is by no means stationary in the heavens. He is spinning on his axis, as our globe is spinning, completing a revolution in about twenty-five days. Besides this rotatory motion, he is travelling onwards in space, attended by all the planets which compose the solar system, as it is called, at the rate of about

half a million of miles every day, or about half the diameter of his own disc. Sir William Herschell was the first to show that the direction of the sun's proper motion is towards the constellation Hercules; and it is further conjectured as probable that the central sun of our sun is the star Alcyone, the most conspicuous among the Pleiades. In the course of ages the stars of heaven will present new appearances to the future inhabitants of the earth; constellations with which we are familiar will disappear; others, perhaps more glorious, will rise upon human vision.

On the 1st of January, 1781, astronomers knew only of five planets, besides the terrestrial globe itself. The philosophers of the old world had known as many; all of those planets were visible to the unaided eye, and all visibly travelled, and changed their places among the stars. On the 13th of March in that year, Sir W. Herschell discovered a sixth planet, which is now known by the name of Uranus. A seventh was added to our knowledge eleven years ago, and, with this remarkable circumstance attending its discovery, that its place in the heavens had been calculated by an English and by a French mathematician, independently of each other, before it was recognised as a planet. The telescope in which it was first seen at Berlin, was directed to it by the calculation of the French philosopher. This planet is called Neptune. Between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter a wide space exists, in which a certain numerical law of proportionate distance among the planetary orbits had led some astronomers to suspect the existence of an undiscovered planet. Such a planet was revealed to Piazzi, a Sicilian astronomer, in 1801. Since that time upwards of forty small planets have been detected in that ring of space which separates Jupiter from Mars, of which no fewer than ten have been first observed by Mr. Hind, of London. Thus, besides many new satellites revolving around the older planets, we are now acquainted with about fifty planetary bodies, dependent on the central sun, and revolving round him in orbits varying from 37 millions to 3000 millions miles in semi-diameter.

Our knowledge of the more distant stars, usually called fixed, has advanced even more remarkably than our knowledge of the planets. Within a very few years, the long sought problem of finding the distance of the nearest of those stars has been satisfactorily solved, and, since then, the distance of about half-a-dozen more has been added to our knowledge. The nearest of the stars is more than 13,000 times further removed from us than we are from the sun; a distance which light, flashing through space at the rate of a million of miles in five seconds of time, would take upwards of three years to pass over.

The gigantic views of Sir W. Herschell regarding the stars, have been remarkably confirmed by subsequent observations. He was bold enough to imagine that the whole visible firmament of stars belongs to the nebula of the Milky Way, of which our own solar system forms but a minute part. By a series of "gauges," as he termed them, taken with his forty-foot reflecting telescope, he arrived at a law regulating the distribution of the stars in space, a law which has

since been perfectly confirmed. Taking the nearest star as three years distant from us, measured by the passage of light, the most distant star which Herschell's large reflector could reach, is calculated to be nearly 7000 years removed from us, while stars which Lord Rosse's giant telescope can just reveal, must be 10,000 years away from us. Yet the only limit to the distance of stars is the limit of our means of reaching them; as our telescopes increase in power, new fields of undiscovered worlds are ready to open upon our enlarged vision.

In the regions of stellar space upwards of 3000 double and multiple stars have been observed chiefly by the Herschells, father and son, and by the elder Struve, at Dorpat. Double stars are those which, though from their extreme distance appearing as merely points of light to our unassisted eye, yet really revolve round each other, in longer or shorter intervals of time, demonstrating the existence of the law of gravitation, even in the remotest distances of heaven. Changes are also observed in the apparent magnitude and in the colour of many stars, appearances which we can only conjecturally attempt to account for. Stars have been seen suddenly to start into existence where nothing had been before observed; stars which had been long familiar in particular spots have as suddenly dropped out of sight, as it seems, for ever; phenomena which proclaim that motion and change, and consequently dissolution, are felt throughout the whole of the vast material universe.

Powerful telescopes have revealed to us a multitude of objects, like clouds of white vapour, scattered among the stars. These are called Nebulæ, and many of them have been resolved into a countless host of minute stars; the more powerful our telescopes, the more nebulæ have been resolved and the more discovered. Between four and five thousand are now known to astronomers.

A word on the nature of comets must close this hasty sketch. There was a time, and that not so very long ago, when the appearance of a comet was watched with ignorant wonder and fear, as a portentous sign, "with fear of change perplexing monarchs." A less ignorant fear arose from a consideration of the possibility that some day a comet might encounter the earth in its orbit, and produce mutual destruction. Even this cause of fear is now demonstrated to be almost without foundation. About 600 comets are known to have appeared since the Christian era began. Many of these are in reality planetary bodies, moving in very eccentric orbits, and reappearing at known intervals, and in the same path in the heavens. It is probable that the material substance of comets is so attenuated that the earth might pass through their coma, or tail, with no greater derangement than might arise from a thick fog; and the probability of the nucleus of a comet coming into collision with our globe, in any year, has been calculated as one in 220 millions. Yet, even through the nucleus of some comets, stars have been seen. At this very time, astronomers are looking out for a comet, which was last observed three hundred years ago, and is believed to have been also seen in 1264, with a tail a hundred degrees in length, stretching across more than half the arch of the heavens, to the great terror of

all who witnessed it. Its return may be looked for any time between this, and the year 1860.

As our endeavour has been to suggest more than we have been able directly to indicate, we shall close this summary of our present star-knowledge by mentioning a few works best adapted to assist the young student of popular astronomy in his search into the noblest of human sciences.

We would recommend him, in the first instance, to lay out two shillings in the purchase of "The Illustrated London Astronomy," by Mr. Hind, a little book which contains more valuable matter, pleasantly told, than any work of its size in our acquaintance. Breen's "Planetary Worlds" will furnish more copious information as to the constitution of our solar system. Mrs. Somerville's "Connexion of the Sciences" needs no praise or recommendation of ours, as a masterly summary of all that is known of nature, in heaven and on earth. Mr. Hind's "Comets" is also a valuable companion to the student in its peculiar department of knowledge. If our young reader desires further instruction, as we sincerely hope he will, he may procure the following popular works:—Admiral Smyth's "Celestial Cycle," Airy's "Lectures on Astronomy," Herschell's "Outlines of Astronomy," Grant's "History of Physical Astronomy," and Arago's "Popular Astronomy," translated by Smyth and Grant, of which only the first volume has yet been published, (March, 1857.) We would also recommend a Dissertation on the progress of science since 1800, recently published by Professor James Forbes in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. When our student has mastered these works, the way is open to him towards the sublimest demonstrations of Laplace and of Newton. Among simple and cheap maps of the stars, we can recommend nothing better than "A Guide to the Stars," published by Taylor and Walton of London; Jean's "Handbook of the Stars;" an "Easy Guide to the Constellations;" and "The People's Atlas of the Stars," by James Gail.

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## ANDREW BRAVEALL.

### CHAPTER III.

*(Concluded from our last.)*

**NOTHING** in the world renders us so happy as having done a good action; especially when that action is instigated by filial piety. Andrew's return to his home brought back prosperity and happiness to his family, which had been so cruelly tried. The very day of his departure for Toulon, where he was going to engage himself as a sailor instead of his brother, in obedience to the law of conscription, Père Rambaud succeeded to the place of the school-master recently deceased, and entered on the exercise of his functions. This modest dignity would ameliorate his position, already improved by the generous present of five hundred francs of the savings of his son. Andrew, happier and prouder of having saved his family than of having the good mark, signed his engagement as a sailor, and was appointed to join the French squad-

ron before Sebastopol. Like all his comrades, he did his duty bravely, and distinguished himself in all dangers and difficulties by a coolness always equal to his courage. Whilst in the trenches, where the sailors were called upon to play an active part, he worthily sustained the honour of the French flag. His mother, who had now quite recovered, was praying for him. George, become the stay of his family, was very successful as a farmer; while his father, beloved by the people of the village, became the oracle of the events of the day. Every evening—in a tavern which bore the pompous title of the *Café d'Orient*, he took his place amongst the authorities of the neighbourhood, with M. the mayor, the churchwarden, and the farrier, amongst a group of agriculturists, whose blue blouses contrasted singularly with the uniform of some young soldiers on leave—he read, in his best style, the newspaper which contained the exploits of our valiant army. These readings, listened to with the deepest attention by the simple and patriotic folk of the mountains of Dauphiné, were enlivened by vigorous smoking, and watered by copious draughts of the country wine. A rickety stool, or the end of a polished walnut-wood bench, served as a seat for the reader, whose reading was always accompanied by salutary reflections. One evening, the society of the *Café d'Orient* was more numerous than usual; all the neighbourhood had hastened thither to fête the arrival of a Zouave returned home to restore his health, and to listen to a letter that M. le Curé had just received from the seat of war. All those who were generally at the *Café*, even Père Rambaud himself, were ignorant of its contents. One could have heard a fly move, so great was the silence when Père Rambaud, putting on his spectacles, commenced reading the letter so impatiently desired:—

“MONSIEUR LE CURÉ—I have just been present at a battle which, in the opinion of our veterans, recalls to mind the most glorious days of the empire. The victory of Inkermann cannot have been surpassed by those of Ansterlitz, of Friedland, or of Wagram. On both sides, they fought with a courage worthy of the demigods whom you used to tell me about when you taught me to read Greek in Homer. It would take Livy's pen to describe the series of heroic actions which marked that bloody day. They fought hand to hand, and even with pieces of rock, like the heroes of the *Iliad*. I saw trenches filled with blood, and whole mountains of slain. The Russians were magnificent, the English sublime, the French got the victory. France will be pleased with us. Dauphiné will have no reason to complain of her children, for our countrymen behaved themselves like true lions. François Montfouilloux saved his captain's life—Pierre Desiles saved Montfouilloux's life. Dejardin received the military medal on the field of battle; but the one of our country who distinguished himself most was, was”——“Oh, good heavens! what do I see?” cried Père Rambaud, interrupting his reading—“my son's name!”—but, accustomed to master his emotion, he continued——“was Andrew Rambaud, surnamed Bravetout:—surprised with sixty men in a trench, where he had been already ten hours in service, attacked by two hundred Russians, repulsed at first, but returning to the charge, he mainly contributed to save his battery, after it had been taken and re-taken twice. Always at the post of danger, he took prisoner with his own hand the officer who commanded the enemy's column. They recount something about this which seems so marvellous, that I dare not mention it for fear you should not believe it. Jérôme Patomi was killed by a cannon-ball—my comrades beg me to ask you to say a mass for the repose of his soul. We are resolved fully to avenge his death, and with this hope, I am, Monsieur le Curé, your old server at mass, and now server of a battery, about which the enemy might tell you something if they could write French,  
ANTOINE SIBANT.”

Père Rambaud had hardly finished reading the letter when, tearing himself from the congratulations of his hearers, he ran to tell his family of Andrew's fresh exploits. Nearly all those in the *Café* got tipsy in patriotically drinking the health of the brave soldiers of Inkermann. One alone amongst them remained sober from vexation, at having missed so good a thing as such a battle. It was the source of envying almost the blows given and received by his companions at arms.

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The joy of the Rambaud family was singularly stimulated by the silence of Antoine Sirant about Andrew's exploits. What could be the marvellous thing he did not like to mention, on account of its improbability? In the present state of things this was a problem difficult to solve—an enigma which would have puzzled (Elihu). The Rambaud family, after having in vain tried to find it out, wisely left it to time to explain it. Time did not keep them long waiting.

## CHAPTER IV.

One day towards the end of December, 1855, a stranger of distinction appeared at Rambaud's door, and asked to speak privately to the head of the family. Père Rambaud introduced him into the dining-room—the only room in the house which was well heated—and, after having asked him to sit down in an arm-chair, which might have belonged to his grandfather, asked him the object of his visit.

"I come to see you, sir," replied the stranger, "for two reasons; firstly, to shake hands with the father of a noble-hearted man; secondly, to acquit myself of a debt of gratitude."

"In the first case you will be welcomed, sir," replied Père Rambaud; "my hand will be proud to press the hand of one who speaks to my heart by thus honouring the name of my son."

"In the second place," said the stranger, "you must help me to recompense your son, who has twice saved my life; the first time at sea, on board a vessel which would have lost both men and goods but for him; the second time at Inkermann, when, having been taken prisoner by him, I was on the point of perishing by his comrades' bayonets. In consequence of an exchange, which has just taken place of some French and Russian prisoners, I have obtained permission to return to Russia; but I would not leave the hospitable soil of France before having discharged a debt which I consider sacred. Here are fifty thousand francs, sir, and I beg of you to accept them, and to give them to monsieur, your son."

Père Rambaud's first movement was to push aside the hand which presented to him a mass of bank-notes; but the stranger insisted with so much eloquence, and gave such good reasons, that at last Père Rambaud accepted them, without compromising his own or his son's dignity.

This event produced great sensation throughout the country, where Andrew's family had acquired, by hereditary virtues, the affection and esteem of all. Andrew is still in the French service; but his comrades, transposing his surname of Braveall, now call him Allbrave.

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 THE BLACK SEAL.

"Is it true then, mother, that when I shall be fifteen years old you will tell me something from the other side of the grave, as Monsieur the Curé says?"

"Yes, my child, if at fifteen years old Michel Lacroix has become a better boy, and more studious at school, he will be able to read fluently for himself the message which I have to communicate to him at that time, in accordance with a will."

"I begin to know all my letters already, when they are not too small."

"Already, eh! that's not much to boast of, I think, and you are now fourteen years old; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"What would you have, mother? I have no wish to be a learned man, still less a half-learned one, who is, as Monsieur the Curé says, a pest to society. When you send me to school of a morning, and I see the birds singing amongst the leaves, and the horses frisking in the meadows, I fancy I am going to prison. Why is it so, mother? Because my chest requires air—because my forehead requires the breeze which blows in autumn—the snow which falls in winter, and the sun which glows in summer. Away with study, and long live the liberty of the fields and of the sea! Now, mother, I must just tell you my way of thinking. . . . I wish to be a sailor, like my father, my grandfather, and all my ancestors were."

"It is the most noble profession for a Breton, but your father and your grandfather knew how to read, write, and cipher."

"The famous Jean Bart knew at most how to sign his name."

"What one could excuse during the lifetime of Jean Bart, would be unparadonable nowadays."

"Very well, mother, say no more about it. I shall soon know how to read in an old book, as I know how to do in the rigging of a vessel."

"Oh! as for that," said a stout man who hitherto had taken no part in the conversation, but only had been a spectator,—“As for that, I can vouch for my pupils being the first readers in the country, without flattering myself. Now then, child, tell me what a garnet is?”

"The garnet is a rope which has a simple pulley tied fast to a great stay, and serves in loading a ship."

"Very well, child, what are bow-lines?”

"Bow-lines are long cords which are joined on to shorter ones, called clews, which are tied to the corners of the sail."

"Very well. What is the use of bow-lines?”

"The use of bow-lines is to pull the bolt-ropes of the sail tight, so as to hold the wind better."

"Very well, explain to us the meaning of studding-sails."

"Studding-sails are small sails which they put up when the wind is very light, either to augment or enlarge those of the vessel."

"What is a crosstaff?”

"It is a graduated instrument, by which means they can tell the height of the sun and the other stars in the horizon."

"Better and better, child. What does the verb to drive with the tide mean?”

"To lead a vessel against the wind in the current of a river."

"What is a cuthead?”

"It is a great rope which runs through a pulley fixed to a large iron hook, the use of which is to handle the anchors."

"Bravo, child! you have answered like a true Tourville. What do you think of it, sister?”

"I say that reading a vessel is not sufficient nowadays for a man who wishes to push his way. I think that Michel ought to be ashamed to be the last in his school."

"But to make up for that he is the first in all our holiday games; and amongst those of his age there is not one who knows better than he how to hoist a rope, to moor across a vessel, and to fix the shrouds. Only yesterday he made big Simon take a bath gratis, who is a head taller and five years older than he is."

"Is it true, Michel?”

"It was quite necessary to defend the honour of the parish—the tower is the flag of the Breton peasant—woe to him that touches it."

"What did Simon do to you?”

"Nothing; just think what would have befallen him if he had!”

"Then, you little rogue, you were the aggressor?”

"I am not capable of it, mother. Judge for yourself. I was mending our nets when big Simon passed by, driving before him his grey ass—the old grey one, you know. Where are you both going like that, said I?”

"To enroll Gris in your parish, so that there may be one the more, and to replace your master, who they say is very ill."

"Simon answered that, did he the rude boy?"

"That is not all, mother, listen to the end."

"You must take care never to let Gris drink by moonlight," added Simon.

"Why?" said I, in clenching my fists.

"Because," said Simon, "he would drink the moon, which would be very unfortunate for him."

"It is known. I did not understand him. Nevertheless, I was nearly bursting with rage. Simon continuing, related to me that one evening an ass was drinking by moonlight at the pool of our parish; a cloud eclipsing the moon, a total darkness prevented some women who were washing some things at the pool from seeing. These women, said Simon, accused the ass of having drunk the moon, and, as the poor beast could not justify himself, they ripped him up in order to obtain possession of the moon, which accordingly soon re-appeared. Now, mother, what would you have done if such an insult had been paid you?"

"I should have contented myself with shrugging my shoulders."

"But I preferred rubbing those of Simon; but, as I rubbed them rather hard, it appears I flung him into the water to refresh himself."

"But you might have drowned him, child!"

"Oh, no fear of that, Simon swims like a mackerel!"

"Really, you never mean to be good."

"Well then, by our Lady of Auray you will see, mother. From to-day, mother, I set foot in the path of reason, and, before six months' time, I shall know how to read, write, and cipher, as well as my father and mother."

"Then, nothing will prevent giving you the message which you ought to know when you are fifteen. May God and our Lady of Auray keep you in your good disposition!"

This singular dialogue took place between a woman already advanced in age, daughter, wife, and mother of a generation of fishermen, renowned from father to son—between an old sailor who was her brother, and a boy whose strong neck and round shoulders denoted unusual strength.

Madame Lacroix, who had been a widow for ten years, had lost her husband, who had been made prisoner on board a vessel of which he was commander, and cast upon the desert island of Cabrera, where he died from the effects of ill treatment. Her husband's father and one of her uncles perished in the fatal battle of La Hogue; thus the hatred against England was kept up like a tradition in the family of Lacroix, as well as their hatred of Spain.

The day was near when this young boy would embrace with gladness the first opportunity of manifesting it by action. Till then, as he was gifted with great strength of will, he seriously gave his attention to study, as he had solemnly promised to his mother, in the name of our Lady of Auray. He frequented with assiduity the road to his school, which he lengthened sometimes, but only so as to be able to keep his fists in play; but he did not catch his red woollen blouse too often in the thorns and briers.

"Will and can are the same," says an old maxim, no doubt composed by a Breton. It is a fact that, six months after the conversation we have now related, Michel was as fluent in the schoolmaster's large and small books as in the rigging of a vessel; he wrote pretty well, and could do the four rules of arithmetic very fairly. We must add, for truth's sake, that, as for history, he knew by heart the lives and exploits of Jean Bart of Duquesne, of Duquay Traim of Lousville, and of all the famous sailors who had upheld the French flag.

But amongst the above-mentioned names, the one of Jean Bart, child of the people like himself, was the one to which he was most partial. Jean Bart was his model, his typical hero; in the hatred of the son of Master Cornille Bart against the English, he found new elements for sustaining his fury against the enemies of France. And he, like Jean Bart of old, eagerly longed for the day when, the boarding-pike in hand, he could throw himself upon the deck of a vessel bearing the flag of Great Britain. Meanwhile, the day on which the mysterious message was to be delivered to him was drawing near. On the eve of that day Michel Lacroix made his first communion; de-

voutly prepared for this great action in a Christian's life, he received this divine food with sentiments of a piety still more lively, as his age allowed him to appreciate the importance of the grace which God gave him in communicating himself substantially to his soul. Like Jean Bart, Michel Lacroix learned the duties of a Christian at an early age. At last the epoch so long desired had arrived; Michel had attained his fifteenth year; this day, which was to exercise such a great influence upon his life as a sailor, was the 24th of March. Having risen with the sun, Michel went at nine o'clock to his mother, who, clothed in mourning, gave him her hand, saying—"Michel, I have been waiting for you;" then after a moment's silence, which appeared a century to the young man, who was waiting impatiently, she added—"My child, I am pleased with you: you have been faithful to your engagement. I must fulfil the promise I made you." Then she went to an old walnut wood trunk, upon which an artist of the middle ages had sculptured in figures, full of life, the Massacre of the Innocents; she took out from it a little hard-wooden chest, with gilt-headed nails round the edges, carefully locked. Madame Lacroix slowly opened it, and taking from it a letter, the square envelope of which bore a large seal of black wax—she gave it to her son, who read in a loud voice, and with increasing emotion, the following lines:—

"MY DEAR SON,—

"When you read this letter you will be a man, for in Brittany one becomes a man at fifteen, but then you will be fatherless. I am, like many others, a victim to the capitulation of Baylen, and was transported in violation of the law of nations, and the terms of an honourable capitulation, to the desert rocks of the island of Cabrera. I have suffered all that one can suffer from keepers who are turned into executioners. Devoured by hunger and thirst, exposed to the most savage treatment of ferocious and fanaticised enemies of France. I am reduced to that point that I bless the death which approaches, and desire it as the termination of my incredible sufferings.

"Spain, who has violated with regard to us the sacred laws of humanity, will have an immense responsibility in the eyes of God and of posterity. Far from me, dear child, the thought of wishing to sow in your young heart the germ which ripens into the spirit of hatred and of vengeance. I have seen too much lately of the excesses to which vengeance and hatred may go, not to abhor them as a soldier, as a Frenchman, and as a Christian. If, at my last hour, the hour of my deliverance, I retrace to you the torments of my captivity, it is not to excite you to revenge me one day; no, a thousand times no—it is to forewarn you, I repeat, against the prejudices of the human mind, which too often also animates people against people, brethren against brethren. One day, no doubt, you will have, as your ancestors have had, the honour of serving France either as a soldier upon land, or as a sailor in the vessels of the state. You will bravely do your duty, I am sure; in an enemy, wounded or conquered, you will only see an unhappy or a disabled brother. Far from putting him to death, give him generously your hand to raise him up. You must become a rampart to his body if attacked by your furious companions. Such is my will at the hour of my death—remember the will of a dying person is something sacred and holy. I die in the bosom of the Catholic Church. I die full of penitence for the faults I have committed, full of confidence in God's mercy. I forgive, according to holy precept, all my enemies in general, and especially Fernandez Huertas, the Spaniard, who, by ill treatment, in abridging my days, tears from me the hope of again seeing what I hold most dear in the world—my wife, my son, and my beloved Brittany.

"Nevertheless, Huertas has been very cruel to me. For a long time he coveted a watch which the illustrious Tourville gave to my grandfather, as a recompense for some service he rendered him when on board his vessel as a pilot. This watch was remarkable for the allegoric painting which decorated its golden case, which represented St. Michel carrying a cross for a lance; from father to son, the eldest of the family of Lacroix is called Michel. Yesterday I happened to be alone with Huertas in the Valley of the Dead, when he threw himself upon me on a most trivial pretext, and, as I was trying to defend myself, he thrust the blade of his poignard into my breast. I shall die,

but my murderer will remain unpunished until the day when God, calling him to his tribunal, will ask him an account of his homicide. I feel my strength abandoning me. Adieu, dear child! I make you heir of all I possess, and I leave you for inheritance the home of our fathers, something better still, the example and remembrance of their virtues. Adieu! No, not adieu, for we shall meet again in a better world.—Your father,

“MICHEL LACROIX.

“P.S.—I intrust this letter to the kindness of an English sailor, who took compassion upon me; he promised to see that it should reach France by the first opportunity. God grant that he may keep his word!

“Written at Cabrera, the 1st of June, 1810.”

Several times whilst reading this letter, inspired by heroic sentiments of Christian charity, Michel had been obliged to pause to wipe away his tears with the back of his hand. His mother also wept. After having pressed his father's signature to his lips, Michel said—“Willingly would I give the beard that I shall soon have, that the murderers of my father were English instead of Spaniards.”

“Why, my son?”

“Because I should have a better chance of meeting them one day at the end of my boarding-pike, and so the son would worthily avenge his father's death, I assure you.”

“You have already forgotten,” replied Madame Lacroix, “that your father's last words were those of pardoning and forgetting——”

“I will pardon also; but I could never forget, and memory would augment my strength, and would make me combat with happiness my father's jailers of the island of Cabrera, though, when once they were down, I might give them my hand to raise them up.”

“Well said, child!” said his uncle Jerome, who had assisted at the end of this scene. “You will do honour to your father's memory.”

This occurred in 1817. As we have just stated, Michel had just attained his fifteenth year; but one would readily have taken him for three years older, to see his robust health and formed character. He begged so much of his mother, that she at last consented that he should go to Brest, where he engaged himself on board a vessel of the state. Later, when he had fulfilled the conditions enforced by law, he signed his engagement as a sailor.

At this time, a French army, commanded by the Duke of Angoulême, crossed the Pyrenees, to re-establish a throne overturned by the triumphant revolution. For the first time Michel regretted that he was a sailor, because he was thus deprived of the pleasure of combating, as a soldier, a nation which had occasioned his father's premature death. The entrance of the French troops into Spain was a triumphant march, celebrated by the glorious episodes of St. Sebastian and of Trocadon. The revolution was subdued, and King Ferdinand regained the sceptre of which it had deprived him. Some thousands of prisoners were brought into France.

Amongst those who found in Toulon harbour a captivity worthy of the generosity of the French, was a Catalonian, whose body seemed to have been copied from that of Hercules; and was still more remarkable for the instincts of an indomitable and savage nature, masked by an implacable hatred against the French. Matteo, confiding in his strength, and above all in the skill with which he killed scientifically all adversaries whom he could reach with the point of his sword or the end of his gun, had distinguished himself under Mina by acts of ferocity almost incredible. Chief of a band of guerillas, he boasted of never having given quarter to any Frenchman whom he had surprised and conquered in an ambuscade. Thus, soon did he become the terror of Toulon, by staining the leisure of his captivity by encounters generally fatal to the unfortunates whom he had drawn into a quarrel by unjust provocation. One evening in a *café*, a young Parisian, named Perret, taking his place at the same table without asking his leave, was insulted, provoked, and killed before several witnesses. This young man, or rather child, had engaged himself on board a small vessel which they were repairing in the Toulon docks, which was the same on which Michel had embarked, with whom he

was on intimate terms. Michel swore that he would revenge his comrades death. An occasion for accomplishing his promise was not long in offering itself. The next day Michel went early to the *café*, where Matteo went every evening, to lie in wait like a wild beast for its prey. A few minutes after this one entered, proud of yesterday's success, with a provoking assurance, his cap on one side, and his hand on his hip. Seated in a corner of the hall, at a table where there was only room for two people, Michel was reading attentively the newspaper of the day; Matteo sat down immediately at his side, and throwing down his red cap on the table under Michel's nose, then rolling in his fingers a cigarette, he lighted it and blew a vigorous quantity of smoke right across in his neighbour's face. Michel jumped from his seat, raised his hand, but at the moment when he was going to let it fall upon the face of the Spaniard, he calmed himself and only said—"Sir, do not do that again, because tobacco smoke does not at all agree with me when it is so near."

"Perhaps you would prefer that of powder," replied Matteo.

"Perhaps, as you say—every one to his taste."

"In that case it would be easy for me to satisfy yours."

"We shall see that; but I shall be occupied reading this paper for a quarter of an hour, so leave me to finish it."

"Be good enough to excuse me, but I came here on purpose to read it, and, as I am in a hurry, you ought to yield it to me."

"Ah—you are in a hurry, sir! Very well; but, as I am not, I advise you to take a draught of patience instead of the coffee you ordered." Then, turning to the waiter, Michel said in a calm though emphatic voice—"Waiter! a cup of patience for monsieur, if you please; serve it hot and very sweet—monsieur wants sweetness!"

Matteo, who understood French as well as he spoke it, jumped in his turn from his seat, ready to throw himself upon Michel, who stopped him with a look, and these words—"Patience is the mother of safety."

The French sailor was drinking beer. The Spaniard, controlled by Michel's coolness, took up passionately his red cap and placed it upon the sailor's jug, who burst out laughing, saying—"It appears, Signor Cavalier, that you take that jug for a Spauiard's head."

Matteo bit his lips, and remained silent at the keen reply; he began to understand that the port had changed. Great silence reigned in the interior of the *café*; it was the silence of the calm which on the seashore precedes a storm. The brown face of the Spaniard had become quite purple with rage; passion was brooding a catastrophe in the swelling veins of his forehead. The forehead of the Frenchman was as calm as the heart of a Breton the day of the feast of our Lady of Auray,

"This plate of red carrot here, annoys me," said Michel; "I pray you, sir, to put it on your head."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, for it is already much too warm here."

"Nevertheless," said Michel, getting up and opening the stove door; "see, the fire is going out."

"Ah!—well, keep it in."

"What with?"

"Whatever you like."

"Thanks for your advice." Then the sailor, approaching the table, took off the red cap from the jug, and kicked it into the stove.

"You are a dead man!" said Matteo.

"But not yet buried," replied Michel; "the gravedigger has not had time to dig my grave."

"I will place you in it, myself!

"When, if you please?"

"To-morrow!"

"At what time?"

"At daybreak!"

"At what place?"

"Behind the great cemetery wall."

"That is enough."

"Now finish your newspaper, the sooner the better for the repose of your soul, for in the interest of future life I advise you to see a priest. Now, then, make haste. I allow you five minutes." Thus saying, he pulled out a large gold watch, which he placed before him on the table.

At the sight of that watch a cloud seemed to pass over Michel's face, which till then had remained unchanged, but now became quite livid. This watch bore on the case of it a figure of St. Michel bearing a cross as a lance.

"Where did you get that watch from?" cried Michel, in a hurried tone.

"What is that to you?" replied Matteo.

"I wish to know, because it is a family watch; it is the watch of a gallant Frenchman who was basely assassinated by a Spaniard in the island of Cabrera, in 1810—it is my father's watch. But speak, sir." A complete change had come over Michel, whose attitude assumed a different form; inflated looks, clenched fists, the upper lip curled with an expression indicating thirst of vengeance, his eyes bloodshot, his voice short and quivering—he repeated—"Where have you taken this watch from?"

"I have not taken it, sir. It has come to me by descent at my father's death."

"What was your father's name?"

"The same as mine."

"What is your name?"

"That of a brave Spaniard, Huertas."

"Huertas," cried Michel, "is the name of a coward and of an assassin. Your father treacherously assassinated mine. God is just, because to-day he sends the son of the murderer to the son of the victim."

"To-morrow I shall be at your command, sir."

"This evening, this same moment, I require a reparation."

"Impossible, because it is night."

"The stars of to-day, do they shine less brightly than those of yesterday? If you have already forgotten my young comrade's death, look at your hands, you will still find his blood upon them! Let us go—I follow you."

\* \* \* \* \*

The impression produced by this scene can be easily understood, but cannot be put into words. Each, accompanied by two witnesses chosen from amongst the inmates of the *Café de Paris*, the Frenchman and the Spaniard went to a deserted place situated at the extremity of the town. The stars of heaven, like funeral torches, lighted up the way that Matteo had gone the day before at the same hour, to add one name more to the bloody martyrology of his victims.

"Sir, what are your arms?" inquired Matteo of Michel, when they had reached the place.

"I am your man, sir, with any weapon you please," replied Michel, but for your sake I do not recommend you the——"

"Let us cast lots—that shall decide!"

"Throw up a piece of money in the air—heads for the sword, and tails for the pistol."

The money came to the sword. The attack, which was made on both sides with great vigour, was of short duration. The Spaniard, involuntarily yielding was soon disarmed; he had stationed himself upon a damp ground, and his foot had slipped in the blood which he had shed himself the day before.

"Strike, then," said Matteo, "my life belongs to you."

"Do you take me for an assassin?" replied Michel, giving a generous hand to his adversary. He added—"I could kill you, but I will not; the last wishes of my dying father interpose obedience, which is due to the dead. Listen, sir, to the last recommendation of Michel Lacroix, who died in 1810, in the island of Cabrera, and under the stroke of a man whom you say has appeared before God's tribunal. I desire that the scale of mercy may counterpoise that of justice; listen, sir!" Then drawing from a pocket-book, which he always carried about him, a letter sealed with black wax, he read

with emotion the following lines by the light of two torches, which the seconds had procured during the route to give light for the combat.

"One day no doubt you will have, as your ancestors have had, the honour of serving France either as a soldier upon land, or as a sailor in the vessels of the state. You will bravely do your duty I am sure; in an enemy wounded or conquered you will only see an unhappy or a disabled brother. Far from putting him to death, give him generously your hand to raise him up. You must become a rampart to his body if attacked by your furious companions. Such is my will at the hour of my death; remember the will of a dying person is something sacred and holy."

"I remember," said Michel, after a moment's silence, which gave time for numerous reflections for Matteo; "I remember, and that is why in the critical moment I offer a friendly hand to the son of the murderer of my father. Brother, I forgive you!"

"Happy the country which produces such children," Matteo said, in throwing himself into the open arms of his generous victor.

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The day after this nocturnal encounter, the conclusion of which produced such a lively emotion in the city of Toulon, Michel Lacroix received a box containing a watch and a letter; the watch was the pious heirloom of his family, the letter ran thus—

"Sir,—I have the honour of restoring to you the pious family treasure, which the misfortune of dissensions between kingdoms had placed in my father's possession. Of our duel, I will only remember the loyalty of your generous character. You were master of my life; you might have killed me, but you spared me, and offered me a friendly hand. May God bless you a thousand times, sir; for you have a noble heart! In the French, whom only yesterday I considered as my mortal enemies, henceforward I will only see my brothers. I make this solemn vow before you and before God, whom I take to witness for the loyalty of my sentiments. The hour of expiation has already struck for me. For nine months I have been united to a beloved wife, who was to have given us a child in a few days. I hear now that she is dying; prisoner of war, I am deprived of the consolation of even receiving her last sigh. I accept this blow as a just punishment of my sins, and offer it to God as a pledge of my repentance and of my sorrow. Adieu, Sir.

"Be pleased, sir, if I am not too unworthy, to count in the number of your best and devoted friends,

MATTEO."

Matteo, by a delicacy of sentiment which the reader will no doubt appreciate, forbore adding to his Christian name a surname which might have brought back too painful thoughts to Michel's mind.

About this time a great fire broke out in the Toulon arsenal, and occasioned great disaster. At one time even the flames, increased by a north wind, threatened to blow up the powder magazine, and they found a dreadful catastrophe. In this critical moment, a man, a sailor, distinguished himself above all others by his courage and self-devotion. It was Michel Lacroix; his noble conduct was deemed worthy of reward. The prefect of Toulon, after having told him to come to his house, took him into his room and said to him, "Michel, you are a brave young fellow; the king, who knows how to reward every kind of service, will no doubt recompense you; I have the intention of asking him to give you the cross of the legion of honour; nevertheless, if there is any other favour you wish for, tell it me, I will do all that depends upon me to obtain it for you."

Michel, who was as modest in success as he was brave in peril, replied—

"Monsieur the prefect, you are very good in bestowing your praises upon one who, having done his duty like many others, is already quite enough rewarded by the testimony of his conscience; nevertheless, since you deign to grant me a favour, I accept your kind offer with gratitude."

"What do you wish?"

"Amongst the prisoners of war who are at Toulon, there is a young Spaniard, who has altogether renounced his feelings of hatred against the French, and is become one of their most sincere partisans. This man is on the

point of losing his wife; he is in despair at not being able to be with her; as a husband and a father he is wounded in his tenderest affections. He would bless the hand which, setting him at liberty, would allow him to console the last moments of his beloved wife. It would be an act of pious and holy generosity worthy of France. Permit me to hope it of your benevolence. Instead of the cross of honour you proposed, I ask the liberation of Matteo Huertas."

"Brave and generous Michel!" replied the prefect, who knew all the circumstances of the duel we recounted. "Noble boy, your father in heaven ought to be happy and proud of having such a son. Give me your hand that I may press it in mine!" and, going to his desk, he wrote on the spot a decree which allowed Matteo Huertas to return to Catalonia. A month afterwards Michel received the cross of the legion of honour, the cross of the strong and the brave.

Michel Lacroix retired when still young from the service of the navy, to assist his mother in her declining days. He found happiness and peace in his marriage, father of a numerous family, of which the eldest reads as well in big books as in the rigging of a vessel; and, if the perfection of happiness were possible in this world, be certainly would have thought it was placed in his own house. His neighbours and friends, who sometimes ask Breton hospitality of him, see suspended at the foot of a black wooden crucifix a case with a gilt edge; in this case, which is placed in the most conspicuous part of the room, where his family are generally assembled, is a cross of honour and a large black seal.

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## REVIEWS.

*Poems.* By F. W. FABER, D.D. London: RICHARDSONS.

FOR several months past, we, in common with many of our friends, have watched an advertisement in our Catholic newspapers and periodicals, "Poems, by F. W. Faber, D.D." Now, we frequently said to ourselves and to our friends—now we shall see some of the matured fruit of a mind rich in stores of thought, and of graceful imagery. There are few writers who can compete with Dr. Faber in prose composition; few, indeed, who can approach the fulness and completeness of his thoughts, or the ease and beauty of the pure, idiomatic English, which flows without seeming effort from his unwearied pen. Now, we continued, a place shall be vindicated for us among the poets, as well as among the prose-writers, of our time; a reproach which lies upon our intellectual capacity shall be wiped off; the world shall admire the thoughts and the genius of a Catholic poet, even in an age of fastidiousness and of theological dissension. At last the volume of poems issued from the press; we hailed it with pleasure, and opened it with eagerness. Our disappointment was in proportion to our previous expectation. Instead of finding, as we had hoped, a collection of new and fresh poems, as the title of the book certainly warranted us to expect, we found the contents of several volumes of old poems, written many years ago, while their author was a Puseyite, fused together in one new volume, with hardly an alteration. As far as we are able to

judge, without actually comparing this new collection of poems with the old, it is little more than a reprint of those; and we venture to suggest that the title-page ought, in justice to the public, to have borne an intimation that this is in reality a *second edition*. We express the disappointment, not of ourselves only, but of many others—a disappointment, indeed, of which this is not a solitary instance. Only a few months ago, an advertisement of a volume on the office and work of universities appeared, announcing, as it seemed, a new work from the pen of Dr. Newman. But when the book came out, it turned out to be nothing more than a reprint of papers in the *University Gazette*. We know of one Catholic bookseller who had ordered several copies on the faith of its being a new work; but when its real nature transpired, purchasers drew back, and those copies remain among the dead stock of the bookseller.

A volume like Dr. Faber's poems, reappearing in such circumstances, we shall not be expected to review, as if it had been, what its advertisement led us to believe—a new work. It has many beauties; what volume could be the work of Dr. Faber without possessing many such? Yet we venture to say that its accomplished author's best poetry will not be found in it. Our readers are doubtless familiar with a little unpretending volume of hymns, entitled "Jesus and Mary," by Dr. Faber. We would not exchange that little book for this ponderous volume of nearly 600 pages. The hymn on St. Philip's Death, and on the Sacred Heart, are in our judgment worthier efforts of the poet's muse than many scores of pages in the larger work. Our poet finds a deeper and a richer vein in sacred subjects than in any other. Hence we think that one of the best of his poems is that entitled "The Holy Angels," p. 166. We are glad to observe that a new and more complete collection of his hymns is also advertised. Till Dr. Faber present us with a volume of Catholic poems, we shall regard his hymns, and some incomparable passages in his prose works (we say it in the sincerity of our admiration), as the most lasting and the most unequivocal evidence of his poetic genius.

*The Divine Education of the Church, and Modern Experiments.*

By FRANCIS HERBERT NASH, A.M., Author of "The Scriptural Idea of Faith." London: RICHARDSON AND SON.

THIS is the work of a very superior mind, who has no idea of inflicting upon the public, in changed words, what others have said before. It was written before the author's reception into the church; which, as he says, "may make it more useful to the class among whom it was written." He has a very terse method of dealing with popular fallacies. For instance, speaking of "the principle of a restricted use of the Bible," he says it is borne out by the fact, that God himself declared the unrestrained use unnecessary, "by leaving it impossible for 1500 years, and then permitting its danger to be so fearfully illustrated by the swarms of sects." The following is

happy: "Protestantism, like the Cyclops, has no objection to leave one particular doctrine or principle, to be, like Ulysses, the last devoured; but, sooner or later, it must have them all." And he well illustrates the position. He elsewhere tells us, very truly, that good works have no place in the Protestant theory, "except as a suitable recreation for those who have been previously justified by a thought of their own heart." On the whole, we know of no recent work more fit to be put into the hands of inquirers.

*Shadows of the Road; or, Types of our Suffering Redeemer, Jesus Christ.* By the Rev. JOHN BONUS, B.D. London: JONES.

WE have perused this series of moral and exegetical discourses with extreme pleasure, and, we trust, with no less profit. Under the symbolical title of *Shadows of the Road*, is contained the application of the various types of our suffering Redeemer occurring in the Book of Genesis. As this is the portion of the Holy Scripture appointed by the Church to be read in the Divine Office at the present season, these discourses are both appropriate for the time, and well calculated to prepare the reader for the celebration of the sufferings of the great Prototype at the close of Lent. We read by anticipation the history of our suffering Redeemer in that of Adam, Abel, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Melchisedech, Jacob, and Joseph. The figures are admirably explained, and the points of resemblance well brought out. Excellent practical lessons are interspersed where opportunity offers. The writer will no doubt find, as he anticipates, many to disagree with him with regard to his quotations from the Latin Vulgate; but this is a matter of opinion, and is well worthy the attentive consideration of preachers. If such a practice tends to produce a greater impression upon the minds of the hearers, and more plentiful fruits, there is no reason why we should not follow in this matter the example of many of our continental brethren. We trust that this work will find its way into Catholic families, where it will be valued, especially at this season, as containing excellent Lenten instruction. To descend to the minor excellencies of the book, it is elegantly got up, and is a credit to the publishers, both in style and accuracy.

*The Hidden Treasure.* By Blessed LEONARD of Port Maurice.  
Edinburgh: MARSH & BEATTIE.

IT seems that we did an involuntary injustice to the publishers of this excellent work in our notice of it in the number for February. We spoke of a previous edition of the work having been issued by another firm; whereas the preceding issue, as well as the present one, are both from the press of Marsh & Beattie. We are anxious to make this *amende*, on the principle of giving honour to

whom honour is due ; for, small though the work may be, no more valuable book than this for devotional purposes has appeared of late years in this kingdom. But we believe we shall be pardoned for this error, in consideration of the earnestness with which we have advocated the purchase of the book. Both in the pages of the *Institute Magazine*, and from the pulpit of the Institute chapel, the work has been praised and recommended to the faithful ; not, certainly, out of compliment to the publishers, but on account of its intrinsic merits, and its earnest tone of devotion. Would that it could find its way into every Catholic household in the three kingdoms !

*The Metropolitan* ; February, 1857. Baltimore : MURPHY.

*The Metropolitan* is a veteran serial, which has erewhile done good service to the cause of Religion and Truth. Long before the birth of our own Magazine, we had been pleased, instructed, and edified by the carefully prepared and not unfrequently erudite papers in the pages of *The Metropolitan*. The number before us appears to sustain the reputation already earned by this journal. It contains a varied and interesting selection of subjects, well and agreeably written. It is also well brought out, which of course makes it all the pleasanter to read.

*The Lamp* ; February, 1857. London : DOLMAN.

WE had occasion lately to say a few words in commendation of this valuable little publication. The series of illustrated Catholic biographies progresses favourably, and we are happy to perceive that the ground traversed by the biographer is varied and ever new. Thus we have short but full lives of Father Matthew, Dante, Michel Angelo, Lorenzo de Medici, Mary Queen of Scots, and the late Archbishop of Paris, &c. We must thank the editor for a very favourable account of a visit paid to the Liverpool Catholic Institute, and for the comments on our labours made by the writer. We may be permitted to make a short extract from this article ; and, in conclusion, we are sincerely glad to learn, from a letter from the editor of *The Lamp* to the *Rambler*, that the support given to *The Lamp* by the Catholic body was never more general than at present :—

“We lately paid a visit to the Catholic Institute, Hope-street, Liverpool, and we will endeavour to describe the aim of this admirable establishment, as also the means which are employed to carry out its object. In the year 1850, the Rev. James Nugent, appreciating the painful situation of Catholic parents of the class to which we have alluded, opened a middle school in Rodney-street. That there existed an urgent necessity for such an establishment was soon apparent ; before the expiration of six months, the rev. gentleman beheld gathered around him eighty Catholic youths. The number of scholars went on rapidly increasing until it was found necessary to provide larger accommodation. The premises in Hope-street

were then purchased, and at considerable expense spacious class-rooms, a chapel, and lecture-hall were erected. The new establishment was opened in September, 1853, when his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman delivered the inaugural address. The students are divided into a higher and second school, each comprising various divisions, and having separate class-rooms, playground, &c. &c. The education which the Catholic Institute gives, is of a good practical character, comprising those branches of knowledge which fit a boy for the pursuits of commerce, whilst they discipline the mind and prepare it for subsequent improvement. This establishment has been fortunate enough to secure for itself a good staff of professors. There are, in addition to the two day-schools, evening classes for adults, where young men of studious habits may atone for the deficiencies of early education, and may enlarge their circle of knowledge. The Catholic Institute does not merely educate youths. It is a spot to which its scholars, after they have left its precincts and have gone forth into the midst of business, may often return and re-fortify themselves against the seductions of sin, which are daily, nay hourly, presented to them in a large town like Liverpool. This is an important feature in the Catholic Institute, for the work of education lasts but a few years, and then comes the hour of trial. The world lays snares by which to entrap the innocent youth, and to undermine his religious training. How advantageous is it for young men to have a rallying-point, where they may meet former schoolfellows, and where they may be exhorted to continue to tread the path of virtue, and by good example to assist in the glorious work of the conversion of those around them! To effect this laudable object the Catholic Institute has made no sparing efforts. There is a spacious room which serves as a library and reading-room; the works have been carefully selected, and consist of the writings of Catholic authors, and of other works which can be perused by a Catholic youth without injury to his faith or morals. Fiction is not excluded, provided it be of a healthy tone. The reading-room is supplied with newspapers and magazines, and there are attached to the Catholic Institute the following amusements:—1. Two debating societies, one for the elder and more advanced members, and the other for the younger, a third being in the course of formation. 2. A brass band, and a band of stringed instruments. 3. During the winter months there are concerts, readings from Shakspeare, or other authors. 4. A gymnasium, a ball place, and a cricket-club. Thus we see that, whilst the improvement of the mind is being promoted, those manly and athletic exercises which strengthen the human frame are not neglected. There is indeed no lack of amusement provided by the Catholic Institute for the young men of Liverpool, so as to bring them together and withdraw them from the temptations to vice and dissipation. The zealous president and vice-president of this establishment have studied the different tastes of their young friends, and have sought to gratify each; so that the lover of music cannot say, ‘I do not go to the Institute, for there is nothing but reading.’ There is another means of drawing young men together, which is the sweet and holy influence of religion. The very aim and object of this institution is to inculcate amongst her sons a true spirit of devotion, and to make them zealous and generous in the service of Almighty God; and this is effected by the formation of two religious companies: the first, which is called ‘The Congregation of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary,’ comprises the more youthful members of the Institute. It was established at that period so glorious in the history of Holy Church, when that solemn decree went forth which confirmed that doctrine, which before had been the fond belief of so many loving sons of Mary.”

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Friends of Bohemia; or, Phases of London Life.* By E. M. WHITTY. London: SMITH, ELDER, & Co.—This “satirical novel” differs from most works of its class, chiefly in this, that it exposes the sins and vices of the day, not with a view to their amelioration, but apparently with the view of ennobling the shameless reprobate in comparison with the less hardened sinner, whose cheeks have not yet ceased to blush, and who, though he has cast off all allegiance to virtue, still pays her unwilling homage by his hypocrisy. It satirizes not the evil-doer in general, but only him who is ashamed of his evil deeds. On our “Library Table” all things in print may, for a moment, find a place; but there, for a surety, will “The Friends of Bohemia” ne’er be seen again, and we trust that there are few among our readers who will waste even one half-hour upon its pages.

*Lettres d’une Mère à son Fils.* Par H. CORNE. Paris: HACHETTE.—To the many young men among our readers who read French books to preserve and increase their knowledge of the language of our allies, and who wish, at the same time, to derive other solid advantage from their studies, we strongly recommend the work before us. The Letters purport to be addressed to a youth of about twenty years of age, and contain a vast amount of good advice, on a great variety of subjects. One most important deficiency will be at once apparent to the Catholic reader. The line of conduct here prescribed is good, the proper motive for its pursuit must be supplied from the faith within himself.

*Three Years in California.* By J. D. BORTHWICK. London and Edinburgh: BLACKWOODS.—Three years spent in wandering about a country, peopled by immigration from every clime, have enabled the author to lay before us a book at once deeply interesting and highly instructive. Romantic incidents, and humorous as well as graphic descriptions of character, are mingled with a profusion such as could arise but in the description of such places as Australia and California, and the only fault we find with Mr. Borthwick is, that he takes far too favourable a view of the kind of civilization “progressing” in the land of gold dust and revolvers.

*L’art d’être Malheureux.* J. T. DE ST. GERMAIN. Paris: JULES JARDIEN.—The very name of a religious novel is to us detestable, and yet under no other title can we class this delicious little book. Its hero is a priest of Holy Church, and every page breathes forth the true Catholic spirit of charity, of meekness, and of resignation. Every Catholic parent, whose child can read French, should hasten to place this little book in its hands; and we would beg of every Protestant of our acquaintance to read it, but that we fear too many of them would throw it down with the exclamation, that in the Church of Rome no such priest could live.

*The Lily of Israel; or, the Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God.* Translated from the French of the ABBE GERBET. London: RICHARDSON & SON.

*Maxims, Sayings, and Exclamations of Lore.* Translated from the Writings of St. Teresa. London: C. DOLMAN.

*The Life of Faith.* An Essay by W. C. B. O. Edinburgh: MARSH & BRATTIE.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

Two annual publications, called the "Oxford" and the "Cambridge Essays," have, we are happy to hear, died a natural death. The pride and inordinate self-conceit of the writers was sure to bring about such a result some time or other; it was but a question of a year or two, more or less. A volume called the "Edinburgh Essays," on the same plan, is not open altogether to the same sweeping objection; several of the papers in it are sufficiently readable, and one, "an essay on Plato," has rather interested us. The author says, with a tolerable amount of truth and quiet humour—"Of this great philosopher of antiquity the common opinion in this country is, that he was a dreamer and fantastic speculator, who was always wandering among clouds and sunbeams, and who taught the art of falling in love with the souls of persons who have no bodies," and further on:—"His doctrine of ideas is supposed to be a sublime phantasm, which was blown to the winds by John Locke, and the inductive philosophy which these same people tell us Bacon invented."

It is not possible, as Professor Blackie says, for Locke or any one else, to touch the real doctrine of ideas as taught by Plato, because it has its root in the mind of eternal wisdom. And this he proves by arguments we should have almost ventured to think too elementary, had it not been for the concluding remarks of the Professor, which we think it would be difficult to gainsay:—

"As the Greeks," he says "delighted to picture themselves more wise, and the French as more polite than other nations, we pride ourselves on being eminently practical; as therefore like is only recognized by like, the Greek mind, or at least a great part of it, will always remain a mystery to the English mind. Let Greek grammars and Greek lessons be multiplied *ad infinitum*; let certain plays of Euripides, and certain treatises of Aristotle, be commented on so long as England shall be England, by all the aspirants to a mastership, a deanery, or a bishopric in the kingdom; with all this the inner soul of Greece will not be known, or knowable, by the normal Englishman; and Greek scholarship in England will be liable to become, as we have too often seen it, a thing altogether without a soul—a thing that deals merely with the external shell of learning, and amuses its votaries with unimportant philological speculations and grammatical trifling."

A little book, called "Letters from Canterbury, New Zealand," by R. B. Paul, M.A., is curious for the account it gives of the "Canterbury Association," a society formed some years since for establishing a colony on what in Anglican circles are still called "High Church principles." The scheme failed of course, but the promoters seem to have been in earnest. We remember a friend of ours, a lady Anglican, who, having married an ultra-protestorial Irishman, thought she should most assuredly promote his salvation, could she only induce him by any means in her power to join this association. "You want to turn Papist, Sarah," he said to her one day petulantly; "take care, for I will never see you again if you do." "Waldo," she replied, "if I thought you meant what you say, I could almost adopt the Roman creed without further thought; I should be afraid that any delay would be caused by too great love for you." We have always ventured to hope that this answer from a young and devoted bride to her husband, might procure the grace conversion for the two; but, humanly speaking, there is no hope of it yet; they gave up Canterbury.

We wonder if our readers know much about Bohemia? We will not ask them to confess their ignorance if they do not; but if they have patience to wade through books of travels, and are tired of the ordinary tourist routes, two volumes entitled "Pictures of Bohemia," by an old traveller, may afford a not unpleasant change. "Bohemia," we are there told, "is one of the most picturesque countries, Prague one of the most picturesque cities, in Europe. It is the north touched with eastern colours. The welcome of a Bohemian hotel is not unlike that of an oriental caravanserai begrimed with northern smoke." We own we should like the caravanserai without the northern smoke better; we have always had a great wish to get into one—only very likely our dreams respecting it, like dreams generally, have been of a character somewhat too flattering.

The sight of a tenth edition of such a work as "Home's Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures," causes one naturally to feel no inconsiderable regret, that readers interested in the subject should have no better means of entertaining themselves withal. At best but a superficial production, it can have no sort of value in the present day, because the objections to Christianity which it pretends to refute, are now obsolete, and almost entirely forgotten. The sale, we should suppose, must be kept up by a certain set of persons, who like to fancy they are reading something better than a story-book, and who "are so delighted to see their own views exactly in print" before them.

Smith's "Little World of London" seems to be in every particular a plagiarism on the "Great World," only the former has this peculiarity, viz.—that even if we were not told, we could not help feeling quite sure, that the author's name was "Smith;" and, although we have read the volume (consisting of desultory papers) half through, we feel that it is utterly impossible to remember a single line.

"Summer Experiences of Rome," by a Mrs. Westropp, would not be worth noticing, were it not that the title might possibly induce some persons to waste time and money in seeking acquaintance with its pages. We are inclined to think ignorance, rather than intentional flippancy, the prevailing fault of the author; but then we hold, that people who pretend to write, upon sacred subjects especially, have no *right* to be ignorant.

The Conservative papers are, as we might expect, very angry at a little work published in America, and called the "Westward Empire; or, the Great Drama of Human Progress."

The book contains absurdities it is true, but such as are comparatively trifling and accidental. We hold, with a distinguished countryman of the author's, that "modern civilization is too imperfect, too pagan, too incompatible with christianized humanity, to be the last term of human progress; it is doomed, and must some day be itself supplanted, as it supplanted the civilization of Greece and Rome." But where can this new state of things take its rise? Asia and Africa have long since lapsed into barbarism, and every country of Europe is saturated with a semi-barbarous polity—with semi Pagan customs, habits, and laws. Where but in America do you see a nation, or any part of one, advancing in a civilization in accordance with Christian principles?

The American people (and it is a fact of wonderful significance) have never in their national capacity rejected the Catholic faith; have never made war on the Pope; have never cast off the authority of the church.

## "CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS."

The *reformation* in England is described by Macaulay as "the work begun by Henry the murderer of his wives, continued by Somerset the murderer of his brother, and completed by Elizabeth the murderer of her guest."

There is iron enough in the blood of forty-two men to make a ploughshare weighing 24 lbs.

A pound of steel, worth in ordinary times about twopence, will make fifty thousand watch springs, worth £416.

Where there's a will there's a way—but where there are *many* wills there's no way.

The term Yankee, applied to Americans, is said to have originated in the manner in which the native Indians of America pronounced the word English—they called the early settlers from Great Britain "Yengees," which name became corrupted into Yankees.

Early in the present century a letter, addressed "The 25th March, Foley-place, London," was forwarded through the Post-office, and duly delivered to Lady Day.

Parochial charity schools were instituted in London in the year 1688.

It is related of Dr. Johnson, that he once gave to a friend the following account of his morning walk—"As I was ambulating my campaign, I met with a rustic, and interrogated him as to the altitude of the sun and the longitude of the way; but as he did not respond, I, with a rotatory percussion of my wand, reduced his perpendicular to a horizontal position."

We should ever have it fixed in our memories, that by the character of those whom we choose for our friends, our own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. We ought therefore to be slow and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendship is once established, we must ever consider it as a sacred engagement.—*Blair*.

Pantaloons derive their name from having originally been worn by the "Pianta Leone," or bearer of the "Lion" standard of the Venetian republic. The much abused and uncommiserated Pantaloon of the pantomimes, derive too his name from this once honoured officer; and he, round whom the flower of Venetian chivalry had often rallied, is thus ridiculed from feelings of political revenge. Pantaloon, as the representative of Venice, is persecuted by Harlequin, Columbine, and Clown, as representatives of inimical Italian states.

Toledo, Damascus, and Milan, have been especially celebrated for the excellence of their sword manufacture. The quality of the Spanish blade is said to have been given to it by the cunning of the Arab workmen; but Spanish blades were already famous in the old Roman times. Until very lately English swords have ever been the reverse of famous for excellence of temper. Mr. Gill of Birmingham was the first who succeeded in "turning out" an English weapon as well calculated for the use for which it was intended, as any of the long-renowned foreign blades.

Three times has the sceptre of France been held by three brothers in succession, and each time has the death of the third brother been followed by a change of dynasty. Charles the Fair, succeeding his two brothers, was the last of the race of Capet. The house of Valois ended in Henry III., who succeeded to the throne of his brothers; and with Charles X., also the last of three brothers, closed the direct succession of the house of Bourbon.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- L. B.**—Your poetry is not quite up to the standard which we require for our columns.
- J.**—The “Corner for the Curious” is, we grant you, deficient. Your promised help will be acceptable.
- J. D. F.**—“Snuff-taking” is well written and readable, but it has not power sufficient to convert us from the “bad habit.” We have indulged in Lambkins for the last twenty years, and it would require a stronger argument than yours to make us cast aside our “tin.” However, try again.
- “The Pringles in Rome.”—The Pringle family are suffering from Roman fever, but a notice of their doings will appear in our next number.
- NOTICE.**—Wanted, a few copies of the May number of the “Catholic Institute Magazine,” for which One Shilling will be given by **ARTHUR H. BLAND**, Catholic Institute, 26, Hope Street.
- PERBORINUS CATHOLICUS.**—Received, with thanks.
- X. Y. Z.**—Rev. J. W. Our Education Squabbles. We decline all controversy on the subject, especially with the clergy. What we wrote was from personal experience. The present advanced state of Catholic education in Liverpool, is chiefly the result of inspection.
- B.**—Exeter. Dyrbington will shortly be re-printed.

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We have to apologize to many of our subscribers and readers for the want of punctuality which has occurred in the delivery of the Magazine. This has been a source of no small annoyance to us, as well as to our friends, and we feel assured that it has to a great extent interfered with our prospects. Repeated complaints from the book-trade and subscribers, have induced us to place the printing and publishing department in the hands of Messrs. Hilton & Co., who now become responsible for its punctual delivery, both to subscribers and the trade. All literary communications and books for review, must be sent to the “Editor,” Catholic Institute, 26, Hope-street; subscriptions, business details, and complaints, to Messrs. Hilton & Co., 14, Williamson-street.