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THE INDIAN REVOLT.

We have spoken elsewhere of an article in the "Edinburgh Review," which we should have been glad to refute at greater length than the space allotted to our "Library Table" would admit of. Politics, except in their broadest and most general character, being, usually speaking, out of our sphere, we had not, at the time that "notice" was written, thought of opening the pages of "Maga" with our present remarks;—that the subject of these entirely justifies our opinion of the article in question, we sincerely wish it were in our power to deny. Abstractedly it might have been supposed that the frightful and unnecessary sufferings of the Crimean war, the waste of life, and the means of living which they entailed, would have put an end, at least for a time, to a system of mismanagement and of "routine;" but so it was not to be,—not only are there found, persons with such an obliquity of vision, as suffers them still to defend the doings of the "circumlocution office;" but to all appearance we have a second edition on a larger scale, of the miserable revelations of two years ago, opening upon us in India. Lord Melville remonstrated against the abuses that he witnessed there in 1849, and was told to hold his tongue; Sir Charles Napier did the same, and was deposed from his authority. The fact is, that India, during the last hundred years has been looked upon as a great gold mine, and the people regarded as a machine by which the mine was to be worked. At the time the British empire was founded the people were rich, and civilized, and learned, with a learning some have thought superior to that of Greece. And now? We may at the present moment give the same account of the change that has come over them, as of the change wrought in the people of Ireland. In each case we behold the working of injustice, oppression, and

wrong, with only this difference; in the one country there is not found the Christian patience to be met with in the other; patience is not a *natural* virtue under the circumstances, and the iniquity of the annexation principle has called forth all the strongest affections of humanity and its strongest repugnances.

We remember being acquainted in our Protestant childhood some years since with a naval officer, who was looked upon both by his own friends, and by ours, as not quite right in his mind, as what in popular language is called "cracked." Had he only possessed property, he would without doubt have been made a subject *de lunatico*; as it was, he was only laughed at and jeered; and the reason of it—his leading idea was—that individuals, as well as all corporate bodies, ought in their dealings with one another, to be guided by Scriptural principles. Our friend's Scriptural principles were such only as occurred to him in the course of his own private interpretation of the Word of God, and he made in consequence, as might have been anticipated, some very singular blunders. He was right, however, in the main, his instincts were Catholic; and we often in our untutored imaginings, pondered over the fact of its being, as we were told, *so very* absurd to do what the Bible said was right, while, on the contrary, it was quite a proper thing, in fact our duty, to be always studying its pages. Now we venture to state with a reasonable degree of conviction, that the governors of India, probably from Clive himself, and certainly Hastings downwards, have felt themselves embarrassed by no such moral discrepancies. They may have read the Bible for ought we know, but they have certainly never attempted, rightly or wrongly, to carry out its precepts. One very sufficient proof of the present outbreak being something more than a popular tumult, which might have been quelled, as it had been caused without a reason, is the manner and extent to which it has spread, with no recognized leader. Whether the anti-caste cartridges, as they are called, gave really the amount of offence to the people which it has been surmised, or whether, as the overflowing of the cup of their oppression, the subject was taken up as a pretext merely for resistance, appears as yet undecided.

It is certain that the facts to which this event gave rise are in themselves sufficiently clear. "The Indian disaster, (we quote from the daily papers of the eighteenth of July), is more serious than we had been led to suppose. Advices which have been received in England since our last, left Delhi still in the possession of the mutineers, notwithstanding that a serious engagement took place in which the latter are said to have been defeated with the loss of twenty-six guns. The English army only occupied the surrounding heights. The whole of the Bengal army is disorganized. The mutiny has spread to many regiments; numerous defections

were occurring daily, besides wholesale desertions all over the Bengal presidency. The losses from mutiny and other causes are computed at nearly thirty thousand men; a reign of terror exists at Delhi, and the puppet king, who has been set up is represented as vainly exerting himself to restore confidence in the bazaars of the city, and to check the extensive plundering that was being carried on. The civilization of fifty-three years, writes the agent, has been destroyed in three hours. It is like the atrocities of Nadir Shah." Another account says, "Whole regiments have murdered their officers, and the slaughter of civilians has been extensive and terrible." Sir Colin Campbell is sent out to take the supreme command, but his efforts, to a great extent, must be paralysed; for quickness of transition, which would be of such moment in an emergency like the present, is impossible. Mines of iron exist in central India, and railways might have been constructed at a comparatively small cost, but they have been only talked about. The nether regions are, we know, paved with good intentions *which have never been carried out*. The Sepoys number about four to one of the English soldiery, and the inhabitants who sympathise with the former rather than with the latter, are computed to be about a hundred and twenty million.

British India, according to the last statistical returns, comprises an extent of territory equal to all the principal countries of Europe, Russia excluded. We are afraid that the talk of abolishing the double Government of India, by reducing the "Company" to what it was originally intended to be, a trading community, is too good to be true. It is said that one principal obstacle to the carrying out of this project, is the almost fabulous amount of patronage which the directors have at their command. Millions pass through their hands annually, in the form of official salaries, and of this, scarcely as much falls to the share of any half dozen natives, as would suffice for the income of as many quiet country gentlemen in England. Can we be surprised that a time should have arrived when, as Mr. Macaulay eloquently writes, the evils of submission appear greater than those of resistance, when fear itself begets a sort of courage, and a convulsive burst of popular rage and despair, warns tyrants not to presume too far on the patience of mankind?

PRESENTIMENTS.

"I wonder, how I wish I knew; but then one never can know, and so there is no use in arguing about it, Walter."

"My dear child, you *may* know if you will just trust your own judgment, (as I always make a point of doing,) or use a little

common sense, or listen to me, which will be best of all, and I will tell you all about it. But first ring the bell for some broiled ham and another egg. Pritchard," added Walter, in a conciliating tone, to the sour-looking old man who slowly answered his summons.

"Walter! and you have had three eggs already," exclaimed Margaret in a tone of remonstrance.

"My dear Margaret, precept you know is so much better than example, and it is all to exemplify my theory."

"But," began Margaret.

"Don't interrupt him, pray," said a tall intelligent looking youth who had just joined the breakfast-table, "I am most anxious to hear Walter expound, only I have not heard the text."

"We were arguing about presentiments," said Margaret, "and I was insisting on the reality of those strange forebodings of coming ill, which mar the present, however bright, and yet seem useless as far as giving us any control over the future."

"And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music, summer's eve, or spring,
A flower, the wind, the ocean, which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound,"

said Eustace Morton, in reply. "No, not exactly, that would be memory, I mean a consciousness of impending sorrow—

"A shadow and a prophecy
Of heavy things to come."

"And what I say is," interrupted Walter, "that ninety-nine times in a hundred your fancies come to nothing, and then you forget them, and they are far more likely to come from a fit of indigestion, or want of rhubarb or calomel, or because people will take physic. I am sure that horrible stuff you give poor little Robert. What is it, Cod Liver Oil?"

"Oh, yes, the very thought of it ought to cure every nervous or morbid fancy that ever was conjured up."

"What a wonderful transition," answered his mother, smiling, "from spirit-rapping to cod liver oil; how could it come about?"

"Oh, spirit-rapping, we know, is humbug, or the devil at least," said Walter impatiently; "and now I do hope you are all convinced, for I have ten miles to ride to covert, and am late," and in a few minutes he was seen galloping by the windows.

"I wish he would ride more carefully," said Mrs. Morton, looking anxiously after him.

"I never think about Walter when he is riding, he and his horse always seem to belong to each other; but now, Eustace, do tell me if you can possibly agree with Walter as to everything of the kind being fancy or indigestion."

"It is a very vexed question, Margaret; but I never could attribute every strange story of the kind to physical causes, and as to denying their reality it would be simply absurd. I never like to think about it much."

"Then you are very different from me; it is just when I cannot come to any definite conclusion that I like to think upon a subject. Mamma, you are so resolutely silent; I wish you would say something, I feel sure you have some settled theory on all that we have been saying."

"I think not," answered Mrs. Morton.

"That is such an uncertain answer for you, Mamma. Now do tell us all you know and think about presentiments," and Margaret sat down on the floor at her mother's feet, and fixed her large brown eyes upon her face with an entreating expression that it was impossible to resist.

"I can tell you nothing, foolish child," replied Mrs. Morton, fondly stroking the soft glossy hair that rested on her knee; "I should be inclined to refer you to Uncle Edmund, if I thought he would not dislike it. He is the only person I know who has had any practical experience of the kind."

"Uncle Edmund," exclaimed both Margaret and Eustace in tones of astonishment, "he is the very last person to even understand what we mean."

"Perhaps so, if personal experience had not enabled him to do so, and therefore his testimony is far more valuable than if he were of a more morbid or imaginative temperament."

"He is so cheerful," remarked Eustace, "so matter-of-fact, and with such strong clear sense."

"So well always," continued Margaret, "he never could have had a fit of nervousness or indigestion. Besides, Mamma, it is a subject I never heard him even mention."

"Nor I often," answered her mother; "but then it is not long since the event to which I allude occurred, and I do not feel sure that he would like it spoken of."

"You really mean that something happened to him, a real mystery. Oh, Mamma, I must know it directly."

Mrs. Morton shook her head. "Not without his leave."

"Oh, then I will get his leave at once. Eustace, do walk with me to Thornton, and I will tell Uncle Edmund he is wanted here particularly; that you want him to dine here, and we will bring him back with us."

"Oh, yes! that will be perfect," concluded Margaret, as she stood in the doorway. "Even Walter must be convinced if Uncle Edmund is."

"It's not so easy, Margaret," said her mother, "but you may try."

"What is not?"

"Either to extract uncle from his beloved study, or to make him talk on the subject you wish, or to convince Walter against his will, but you can try."

Margaret and Eustace soon after set off on their long winter's walk. It was not an unusual one, however, for a visit to Thornton Rectory was a continual resource to the young Mortons both in winter and summer. Margaret enjoyed her walk particularly. It was a mild February day, with a soft mild wind, and a pale gleamy sky, that cast a cold clear light on the hill side, and on the stems of the leafless trees. The deer were lying in picturesque groups in the brown fern, and raised their startled heads at the approach of quick footsteps. They walked silently across the park, Eustace enjoying the great beauty of the scene, while Margaret was still absorbed by their late conversation. At last Eustace broke the spell by saying in a cold matter-of-fact tone, "We have no umbrellas, I hope it won't rain."

"Of course it won't; and if it did I should not care. With this wind one might fancy it the sea spray on one's face, oh how I wish it was."

"You still have your old passion for the sea, Margaret?"

"Always and always shall have; cannot you fancy you heard it," said she, pausing to listen to the wailing of the wind through the trees.

"I don't care about it as you do, Margaret; I don't like restlessness, but if you stand still to think about the sea, we shall not get to Thornton to-day."

They walked briskly on, and soon arrived at the Rectory. Mr. Elwys was in his garden, and looked as bright and cheerful as usual, and as Margaret looked at his athletic form, ruddy face, and merry blue eyes, it seemed impossible to believe him the hero of any mysterious or romantic story.

"Margaret, is there anything 'uncannie' about me to-day, or is my hat more than usually bad, that you eye me so curiously?" asked her uncle.

"No, uncle Edmund, I was just thinking there was not."

"Well, come in;" and they followed him into his study, which was the perfection of bachelor comfort.

As soon as they were seated and luncheon ordered, Margaret told her uncle the cause of their early visit, and urged his returning with them to Morton park, telling him how very much he was wanted at dinner that day, and that her mother depended upon seeing him.

"I don't believe I can," replied her uncle, looking round rather disconsolately, "I was away all last week, and there are people to see in the parish."

"Oh, uncle Edmund, you know you dare not say 'yes' without Mrs. Barber's permission; but here she comes and I will intercede for you," said Margaret laughing as the door opened, and the primmest and cleanest of antiquated maidens entered with the luncheon-tray. "Oh Mrs. Barber, I am so glad to see you, and you have brought some of your good cake. I never get any I like so much at home."

"I am glad you approve it, Miss Morton. Won't you take something else—something warm, this cold day?"

"Oh no, thank you, it is not cold, and I like nothing so well as your cake, and Mrs. Barber, I want to persuade my uncle to come back with us, and he says he is wanted in the parish, and I am sure it is only an excuse, because you can see to all the sick people for a day or two if there are any."

"There is no illness to speak of," replied the housekeeper, with an air of importance; "James Bond and Heleu Simpkin are ill to be sure, but they won't die yet awhile."

"I knew that," said Margaret, triumphantly, "of course you can come back with us, uncle Edmund."

"Indeed Miss Morton, I suppose Mr. Elwys knows best, but I hope I am able to do all that is proper in his absence, speaking as a corporal, I mean," added Mrs. Barber, with dignified humility. Eustace laughed aloud, much to Margaret's discomfiture, whose face was the perfection of interest and gravity, being afraid to ruffle Mrs. Barber's complacency, as she was, what the poor people called, 'easily huffed.' Happily she did not imagine herself the cause of Eustace's mirth, and stood waiting for further directions; but Mr. Elwys remaining silent and irresolute, she took the law into her own hands by saying, "Then Sir, I shall send Robert up with your bag and things this evening."

"I don't know, Barber, I don't think I can go."

"And if you walk back with Miss Morton, Sir, I need not send him till five o'clock, I suppose," continued the housekeeper, not the least heeding poor Mr. Elwys's remark.

"Oh, certainly, yes," answered Margaret for him, "that will be charming. Mrs. Barber, I am so much obliged to you."

Mrs. Barber curtsied stiffly and withdrew.

"So much obliged to her for ruling uncle Edmund with a rod of iron! well, I must say there is nothing like a despotic government," laughed Eustace. "Thank goodness she is gone."

"Oh Eustace, how badly you behaved, and so nearly spoilt all my diplomacy. Now, dear uncle Edmund, you will take off that horrible old coat and come with us."

"My coat, too," sighed her uncle, "one is never comfortable except at home."

"That is why it is such a good mortification for you to leave

it. Now own it is a charming day," said Margaret, as they closed the garden gate behind them.

"Yes, the day is very fine for the time of year, but I do not know now what your mother wants me for." Mr. Elwys appeared discomfited by the sudden invasion and change of plans which had been forced upon.

"It was not only mamma, that wanted you," answered Margaret, evading a direct answer, and she talked to him and coaxed him so much, that he was soon restored to his usual cheerful good humour. They found Mr. Morton sitting in the library.

"So these children have succeeded in dragging you from your snugery, Edmund, I must say you are very good to them."

"I was very unwilling to come, but was told that you wanted me, but now I don't know what I am come for."

"Don't ask, uncle Edmund, we will tell you after dinner; sit in this comfortable arm chair, and I will fetch you the newspaper, and you may fancy yourself in your own study."

"Hardly," returned he, shrugging his shoulders.

The dessert had scarcely been placed upon the table, and the door closed upon the servants, before Margaret, heaving a sigh of relief, turned to Walter, saying, "Now, Walter, we have brought uncle Edmund here on purpose to convince you that you were wrong."

"About what; and who could ever persuade Walter of anything that he did not want to believe?" added his uncle, looking up and smiling. Walter took his hand.

"My dear Margaret, I hope I have convinced you, I shall always be sceptical about those sort of things."

"But what is the point in question? It seems I am to be kept in the dark to-day about everything," said Mr. Elwys.

"Now, dear uncle Edmund, listen to me. We had a long argument this morning, while Walter devoured as much breakfast as was ever eaten by an ogre in a fancy tale, about Presentiments. He insists that the whole thing is visionary,—is a fancy."

"And I don't believe I shall ever alter my mind," interrupted Walter.

"Now is not that obstinate?" said Margaret, with an appealing look at her uncle.

"Dreadful; but then obstinacy is a virtue in which Walter was a proficient in his early youth, so if I am brought here to convince him of what he does not wish to believe, I am indeed come on a bootless errand."

"Oh no, he will believe you; he must, if you will tell him," said Margaret, hesitating, and looking at her mother, as she fancied she saw an expression of annoyance pass over her uncle's countenance.

"I told them, Edmund," said Mrs. Morton, coming to her

rescue, "that as you were the only person I knew who had had any practical experience on the subject, that they had better apply to you to convince Walter; and as everything is a word and a blow with Margaret, you have been made the victim of these impatient children."

Mr. Elwys looked unusually jocose, and remained silent for a moment and then said, "I am always glad to do whatever they wish, Agnes, but there are some subjects upon which one cannot jest, and some transactions that one is bound in honour not to reveal."

"Yes, certainly, and I rather anticipated your objections, Edmund, and warned them that you probably would decline giving them any information on the subject; but still as you need mention no names, and the event occurred in such a distant part of the country, there could be no clue to shew to whom it related, and of course they could not repeat the story; it made so deep an impression upon me that I cannot help wishing they should know it."

Mr. Elwys still looked annoyed and perplexed, and Margaret felt sorry for her precipitation.

"Dear uncle Edmund, don't mind about it, I am so sorry that I asked you; we would much rather not hear anything that you dislike to tell."

Mr. Elwys was touched by her repentant manner, and said kindly,

"I own I always shrink from relating the adventure to which your mother alludes, but I do not object to you knowing it, and now you probably have raised your expectations to such a height that you must be disappointed. I know that I can rely upon you not mentioning it."

"It is true then," asked Walter, "really true."

"Yes, of course, it happened to myself, and gave me the strongest feeling, almost making me doubt my own identity for days after."

Margaret crept round to her uncle's side, and Mr. Elwys began:

"One evening early in September I came home after a long walk to a distant part of my parish, weary and spiritless; I tried to read, but without effect, I could settle to nothing, and at last gave it up in despair, went to bed and fell asleep immediately. After a time I woke suddenly with an impression that some one was calling me loudly; I listened, but could hear nothing, and on looking at my watch found that it was only half-past one, and annoyed at my own fancifulness, I turned round determined to go to sleep again, but it was impossible, the voice I had heard in my sleep still rang in my ears, and after tossing about restlessly for half an hour, I suddenly rose, and as if impelled by some irresistible impulse began to dress; when the absurdity

of my conduct crossed my mind, and hastily undressing I returned once more to bed. But this time I did not remain long, for though wide awake I heard my own name called distinctly three times, and a feeling of awe creeping on me, I resolved no longer to disobey this strange supernatural summons. As soon as I was dressed I went down stairs, but all was quiet. I proceeded noiselessly to unbar the door, and went towards the stable; I entered, and carefully avoiding any noise saddled the horse I usually rode. I had determined not to resist the spell which seemed to have been cast on me, but to see the result of this strange adventure. I led my horse quietly into the high road and then mounted, leaving the reins on his neck to see which way he choose or was impelled to go. It was a bright moonlight night and unusually warm, so I rather enjoyed my midnight expedition, and had become consequently excited by the strangeness of my position. My horse trotted briskly forwards for about two miles, and then turned up a lane with which I was not acquainted, but which I believed to lead to a village about four miles from my house. I knew but little of the country, having only recently become a resident in ———shire. The horse went steadily forwards across a common towards some cottages, which were part of the village I expected to see, and stopped at a respectable looking old-fashioned stone house, which stood apart from the other houses on a small green; there were some gates before the house, at which my horse made a dead pause, and as I had determined now that nothing should deter me, I opened the gates and rode up to the house. There I dismounted and ascending a few stone steps rang the bell, which to my astonishment was instantly answered. 'Who is there? and what do you want?' asked a man in a hoarse voice, but standing in the shadow of the door, so that I could not see his face. I felt considerably embarrassed as I replied, 'I really do not know, and must ask you to forgive my intrusion at such an hour; I seem to have been led here by some irresistible impulse, why, I know not.' I was still standing on the door step when the man who had before spoken uttered an exclamation of anguish, and threw himself before me on his knees. I then saw that his face was ghastly pale, his eyes blood-shot, and his whole appearance inexpressibly dreadful. 'God Almighty sent you,' gasped the miserable being before me, 'God in His mercy has sent you to save a guilty wretch from death and hell,' added he, shuddering and shewing me a loaded pistol in his hand. I fancied him a maniac escaped from confinement, but felt no fear, as I said sternly 'wretched man give me that weapon instantly.' He did so, saying, 'in five minutes it would have been over, in five minutes I should have been a corpse, I should have put an end to my life; too painful to endure. I was going away from the house,' he continued, with a look of agony, and lowering his voice

to a whisper, 'so that *she* should not hear, it would kill her you know.' I had been intending to fire off the pistol so as to ensure the miserable man's safety for the moment, but his last observation deterred me. 'Promise me,' I said, holding him firmly by the arm, 'swear to me that as God has shown you this special mercy, you will now repent this wicked attempt.' 'I promise,' he said, humbly and calmly; 'and who are you that are come as an angel of mercy between me and my doom?' I hesitated, not knowing how to answer this direct question; he appeared to look upon me as a messenger from heaven, and I fearing that I should lose all influence with him if I acknowledged myself to be only a common-place mortal; I evaded the question, saying, 'I can talk to you of that another time, tell me when I may come and see you again.' 'I must come to you,' he replied gloomily, 'that is no place for any one to come to, would to God I had never seen it,' and he appeared relapsing into his former despondency; I tried again to rouse him, and to place before him as kindly as I could the fearful guilt of his conduct, and urged him to resist the temptation to despair under which he apparently suffered. I fancied that I had succeeded in making some impression upon him, and as I took leave, he loosing my hand promising to see me again shortly. Though my curiosity had been so much excited, I carefully abstained from endeavouring to dive into the mystery that surrounded him. I waited till he had re-entered his house, and then rode away, marvelling at this strange adventure."

"Oh, Uncle Edmund," interrupted Margaret, who had been listening with breathless attention, "you have been telling us a dream, one of those strange vivid dreams that remain so impressed upon our minds, and which one cannot forget; it never could have happened."

"I should have thought so too, Margaret, but for a tangible proof of the reality of my nocturnal ride, which I will tell you presently, for I never saw my mysterious friend again. Several days elapsed, and I heard nothing of him, when, becoming impatient, I again rode to the scene of my midnight adventure, but I found the house shut up and untenanted. On enquiry, I was told that a foreign gentleman had been there for a few weeks, but that he had left suddenly, and the house was empty. I was deeply disappointed, and I should have imagined myself under some strange delusion if I had not unintentionally carried off the unfortunate man's pistol. He had re-entered his house so suddenly that I had forgotten to return it to him, and was afraid of alarming the inhabitants by a second intrusion.—It was a small pistol beautifully mounted in silver, and evidently of foreign workmanship. I examined it again and again, almost imagining that by attentive inspection I should obtain some clue to its owner, but to this day I have never been able to discover

the smallest trace of the family in whom I have become so deeply interested. I can shew you the pistol, and now you can understand my dislike of discussion and speculation on this strange story,—but I have now relinquished the hope that the mystery may be cleared.”

The young people remained grave and silent, and Walter was the only person who made any comment by saying, “Well, Margaret, I shall never own my scepticism before you if I am to have such circumstantial evidence brought against me, you know I cannot explain away such a story as this.”

“Now children,” said Mr. Elwys, trying to shake off the gravity which seemed creeping over the whole party, “don’t you think that I deserve to be amused in return, and have a story told to me?”

“Yes if we could,” said Margaret.

“Try,” replied her Uncle, as she and her mother rose to leave the room.

“Well, Margaret,” said Mr. Elwys, when the gentlemen entered the drawing-room, “have you acted upon my suggestion, and prepared my reward? Really when I reflect upon the tyranny that has been exercised towards me, I cannot imagine how you can satisfy your own conscience without doing everything I wish for the next six months. Let me see; I have been dragged from my home,—my bosom secrets torn from me, exposed to the derision of incredulous people like Walter; and now Margaret you are giving me green tea to prevent my having a wink of sleep all night.”

“No, dear Uncle, only mixed, and I will bring you some camphor julep to make up for it.”

“You must come home with me and nurse me for a month at least, that would be the only punishment sufficient for you.”

“That would not be a very severe one,” replied Margaret, as she leant over the back of her Uncle’s chair, and kissed his forehead, “but what would Mrs. Barber say to you having a second housekeeper?”

“Nonsense child, it could not signify at all what she thought, she is a very tiresome woman, and I often think seriously of getting rid of her!”

The shout of derision with which this announcement was received effectually silenced Mr. Elwys, and wishing to turn the conversation from a subject that was always rather a tender point with him, he resumed his request and urged that it was only just that he should now be amused in his turn.

“I dare say Mamma knows a story,” said Eustace.

“Oh yes, Mamma knows stories without end,” replied Margaret, “only one never can get at them, but this once as a reward to Uncle Edmund, you will find one won’t you?” and Margaret knelt coaxingly at her mother’s feet.

"My dear children, I would tell you anything gladly, and I have really been thinking if I knew of any anecdote that would illustrate the theory of presentiments, but I cannot remember one."

"But any story would do—a ghost story for instance," pleaded Margaret, "would do quite as well."

"Quite as well, indeed," muttered Walter, "if I am expected to believe it."

"Are you entirely without faith in ghost stories, Walter? I know of one that happened to a person you are very fond of."

"Ah, that may be, but still I should not believe it, simply because I could not."

"Oh never mind, Walter, Mamma," exclaimed Margaret, "tell us, we can believe anything, everything."

"I think I have it written down somewhere," replied Mrs. Morton, "it was related to me by my greatest friend, Madame de Moulins. She was then Eugenie Bendine, and living with her grandmother in an old French chateau. I spent a whole summer in Normandy with her when I was a girl, and we always corresponded afterwards. The last time she was in England, I recalled the story to her mind, and then she told me all the incidents connected with it that were so remarkable, that I wrote it down almost from her lips.—I will fetch it to read to you."

"Oh no, dearest Mamma, I can get it," said Margaret, preventing her from rising. "it is in the Indian cabinet of course, and I can find everything there."

"Yes, in the right-hand drawer," replied Mrs. Morton, smiling.

Margaret returned immediately, holding the paper triumphantly over her head, from which Mrs. Morton read the following strange story:—

"You know that all my youth was spent at —— with my friend ——, indeed it was the only home that Herbert and I ever knew, and we had as happy a childhood as continued kindness and forbearance, and welcome sympathy in the peculiarities of young people can give. We were all in all to each other, and our life certainly could not boast of much society. The only change I remember was in the year 1814, when a nephew of my grandmother paid us a long visit. She had not seen Adolphe since he was a boy, and then she had been both fond and proud of him, and these feelings soon turned towards the handsome young officer, who lost no opportunity of paying her every attention. Yet Herbert and I often remarked that we did not believe Adolphe was really fond of our grandmother, and children as we were, we quickly detected that beneath an apparently frank and open manner, his nature was essentially worldly and selfish. He was sufficiently good natured to make us glad to have him as a playfellow, but we never loved

him. He seemed in no hurry to rejoin his regiment, and at last told my grandmother that, owing to pecuniary difficulties, he was anxious to retire from the army, and take a small farm in the country. She, with all the generosity of her nature, at once proposed to defray his debts, and offered him a home at ——. This doubtless was what Adolphe intended; he gladly accepted her offer, and for a time all went smoothly. But soon his evident selfishness and love of money seeming rather too apparent, my grandmother's indignation was aroused, and she resisted any further encroachments. This irritated Adolphe, and at last there was a general quarrel between them, the particulars of which I never knew, except that it related in some way to my grandmother's will. After this time his absence was frequently for a long time together, and he at last wrote a cold letter to my grandmother, saying that he could no longer feel happy in her house, and that he should abide by his original intention, and take a small farm at ——. She was deeply wounded, but never alluded to him, though her friend and companion, Madame de ——, who had lived with her since her widowhood, told me that from that time her health visibly declined. However, she never relented, and Adolphe was a sealed subject with us. One day meeting her returning from the chapel, I was struck with the traces of tears on her countenance, a circumstance so unusual, that I stopped short, and gazed enquiringly into her face, though I did not dare ask the cause of her grief, but she immediately answered my mute appeal, by saying gently, 'Your cousin Adolphe is very ill, Eugenie, I wish you and Herbert to pray for him.' I expressed my sorrow, and promised to do so, but, child like, it soon faded from my mind, and I forgot even to ask after him again. I have a vivid recollection of that cold, dreary spring, the incessant wet weather kept us constantly in the house, and we often spent hours playing in a huge hall, which in winter was empty, but in summer generally used as a dining-room. It was shut off from the house door by a heavy curtain at one end, and by a glass door from the staircase on the other; the windows were so high that we considered it a feat even to scramble up to them, and when once established there, a source of danger to descend. One cold and stormy afternoon, about a week after we had heard of Adolphe's illness, we were both established in one of the window seats, watching the dreary rain, and listening to the wind, as it howled around the old house, it was early in the afternoon, and we were debating as to how it should be spent, when suddenly the curtain at the end of the hall opened, and Adolphe crossed it, and passed through the glass door, and up the staircase, without observing us. How odd, we both said. 'Mind you stop him, Eugenie, when he comes down,' said Herbert, 'he must have one game of play with us.'

"'But won't he stay?' I asked.

"We waited quietly for his return, in a few minutes he again passed through the hall, we called to him loudly, but he did not attend, and we could not catch him owing to the difficulty of descending from our position. Herbert rushed through the curtain after him, and said, with a face of dismay and astonishment, 'He is gone.'

"'No, we never heard the door shut,' I replied.

"'Eugenie, it is too bad,' he said, in a whisper, and pale and shuddering, but I felt no fear, and hardly understood him; I ran up quickly to my grandmother's room, and said, 'Adolphe has been here, and he would not come to us.' She said 'Yes,' in an absent way, and never alluded to his visit. The next morning, at breakfast, a letter was brought to her, which she had no sooner opened than uttering a faint scream she fell back in her chair insensible. Madame de Lambois hastily took up the letter, which had fallen from her hand,—it was a short and formal announcement of Adolphe's death, which had taken place the previous day. I never can forget the sickening feeling of terror which took possession of my mind at that moment, and Herbert, who fully shared my dismay, crept round to my side, and whispered, 'Eugenie, you remember the door was locked!' It all flashed across me then, the strangeness of his behaviour, his silence, his quick departure, and I hastily grasped Madame de Lambois' arm, 'When was it,' I said. 'He expired at noon yesterday,' was the reply. We saw him at two. My grandmother soon revived, but her spirits never recovered the shock they had received. The circumstance was never alluded to, even Herbert and I never spoke of it, but years after I found my grandmother had given Madame de Lambois an account of his interview with her. She was sitting in her room reading, when suddenly Adolphe stood before her. He gazed upon her sadly for a moment, and then said, 'I am come to beg your pardon, will you forgive me?' 'Gladly, Adolphe, I bear no malice,' was her kind reply. 'Thank you,' was his only answer. 'Won't you shake hands with me, and stay here?' asked my grandmother, rather reproachfully, as he was retreating. She rose and stretched out her hand, but he shook his head, and glided silently away, and she told Madame de Lambois that she watched him descend the staircase, with the conviction that she should never see him again. Immediately after she learnt from me that he was gone, and when she found the next morning that her mysterious forebodings were realized, the sudden shock was too much for a frame, already extenuated by years of lonely suffering. It was the beginning of a long and painful illness, from which she never recovered."

"That is all," said Mrs. Morton, as she folded up the paper. "Now, Walter, what do you say? There does not seem any possibility of mistake or fancy in this case."

"My dear mother, it may be true, and that is the utmost I can admit, considering it happened to M. de Moulins, but these stories are really so remarkably unpleasant, that I do beg we may not have any more of them."

"Well done Walter," exclaimed Eustace, "that is one way of showing you don't believe them."

"Now Walter," said Margaret, "we will make a bargain whenever you speak disrespectfully and slightingly of supernatural things, you shall have one of these stories as a punishment. Now confess you have more faith than you had this morning."

"I have something remarkably disagreeable," said Walter, shrugging his shoulders, "if that is faith, and I don't see what is to be done, for it makes one dislike to go to bed, and I am very tired," he added, in a tone of deep self-commiseration.

"Capital," said Margaret and Eustace, clapping their hands, "we are quite satisfied."

A PORTRAIT.

So gentle, she might wander through
 A cornfield glistening in its tears,
 Nor shake the smallest drop of dew
 From off the heavy golden ears.

And in those soft, Madonna eyes
 Of purest, sweetest, tenderest blue,
 A world of inner gladness lies,
 And yet a glimpse of sorrow too.

A voice like that of one who sings
 A half-remembered hymn alone ;
 A mind that throws on earthly things
 A holy radiance of its own.

A smile that blesses from above,
 Like sunset's last departing ray ;
 A face to think of, and to love,
 Long after it has passed away.

THE MISSION AND INFLUENCE OF ST. PHILIP.

(Continued from page 470.)

In the earlier school of the middle age they summed all the branches of learning in two divisions; one of these, called the trivium, consisted, as its name implied, of three subdivisions, and the other, which they named the quadrivium, included four. We have made great strides in knowledge since that time. He would be a bold generaliser now who should attempt to comprise all that is known, in two or even in seven classes, however wide. Within the memory of living persons, the advancement of what is sometimes called natural knowledge, has surpassed all precedent in the history of mankind. By natural knowledge we mean acquaintance with the operation of natural laws in various departments of material creation; in natural history, for example, in chemistry, in geology, and more especially in the phenomena of light and of electricity. In other departments of human knowledge also, the progress of our age has been equally great. New principles of criticism have made the study of languages almost a new science, have introduced a new era in the composition of history. The mind of mankind in civilized countries was never more acute, never more intensely bent on discovery on every hand, never more athirst for something new, for something in advance of what was known yesterday.

New positions invariably imply new duties; the progress of mankind in human knowledge, and the daily accession which that knowledge is receiving, in every branch of it, plainly call for increased activity in every intelligent mind that would not lag behind the general advancement. For, without for a moment unduly exaggerating the importance of human learning, or for a moment putting it in competition with that divine knowledge which "alone maketh wise unto salvation," all knowledge is a manifestation of God, either in nature or in providence; even the history of language is the history of race, and in the history of race we may clearly observe the finger of an overruling Providence. If knowledge, then, is a manifestation of God, and if discovery is, therefore, another step in our acquaintance with the operations of God, it requires little proving to show what the attitude of our Catholic youth ought to be with regard to human knowledge. And here we would draw a distinction between younger persons, whose elementary education is still in progress, and those more advanced youths who have already entered on the business of life, and who frequent the Catholic Institute during their leisure time, to make acquaintance with

St. Philip, and get a blessing which may stand them in good stead in the rough, business-ways of the great world without. We would address a few words to each of these classes of our youth in particular.

Our younger brethren will bear with us for a few moments, while we insist on the duty, not always very popular with the young, of diligence in their studies, of cultivating a desire for more knowledge. It seems to be an invariable law in the government of the human mind, that the experience of each person must be acquired, often by dear purchase, for himself. What one person has found of advantage, or of disadvantage, at some former period will not be believed to be of advantage, or the contrary, on his mere testimony, by another person who is now passing through the same period of life. Otherwise, we should press this reflection very strongly on our younger brethren; that we believe there are few men who in their mature years have not much to regret in the retrospect of idleness and mental inactivity which they might, and ought to have avoided in their boyhood. Opportunities of acquiring something, which could not be supplied later, were lost irrecoverably. But, as I said, this reflection is one to which a sense of regret for a loss sustained will alone give vividness and reality; we believe that it never yet stimulated the mind of a boy to exertion; for experience must be bought, and not acquired without cost. But there are other considerations which, we should hope, cannot be lost on our younger brethren, and which ought powerfully to incite them to diligence in their studies. That it is right, that their parents and friends, their kind instructors, that Almighty God expects them to be diligent, ought to be a strong motive to induce them to it. They may not be able to see, or to understand why this or that branch of knowledge should be set before them to be acquired; they may fancy that some other would suit them better, would in fact be easier. But the feeling that it is right to be diligent, and the pleasure which always awaits a victory over a difficulty, as a reward for doing right, must help them over the rugged places of their young studies, as they have helped many before now.

Another reflection we think our younger brethren will understand and appreciate. It is this; as Catholics, we are a small body in this country; surrounded by a large society of intelligent, clever, diligent persons, who have no faith in our religion, and many of whom are inclined to think that our religion unfits the mind for vigorous thought and a keen thirst for human knowledge. Now we wish our Catholic boys to emulate the diligence and the success of boys who are not Catholics. Our Catholic boys can do that, if they choose; their minds are, on an average, quite as acute, quite as capable of acquirement and of scholarship, as the minds of any boys in the land. Surely they won't

allow it to be said that the Catholic religion makes boys stupid, and keeps them ignorant, merely because it is troublesome to apply to learning. There is no proof of anything so strong and unanswerable as an example. All the controversial preachers on the side of the Catholic religion, with all their arguments, from what ought to be, and what must be, are weak in comparison with the proof which a generation of diligent and well-informed young Catholics might contribute to the great argument. Theirs would be a proof, not of what ought to be, nor only of what must be, but the far stronger proof of what is. Should any one henceforth maintain the Catholic religion to be the mother of ignorance; look, we should be able to say, at our Catholic youth.

With regard to those young men, who, as we have said, are connected with the Catholic Institute only in their leisure hours, and who have already begun to make their way in the world by their own exertions, we have something more to say of the same kind. Each one of them is known in a circle of acquaintances in which their holy religion is not known and probably not respected. Many of them are engaged in occupations which afford an opportunity for the use and the improvement of their mental powers; there are few occupations, indeed, even the most mechanical, in which mental activity will not, sooner or later, shew itself, and be of use. Together with the sense of duty; together with the desire of pleasing Almighty God, which must be the fundamental motive of every virtuous and meritorious action, and of every such habit,—together with these, we wish our young men to be persuaded to combine a sense of their being representatives of their religion; a sense of their opportunities of doing much for it, even in what may seem an humble sphere. Especially we would press this reflection upon any of them who are engaged in employments, or are sensible of possessing any native tastes which would lead to the study or the practice of what we have called Natural knowledge; such as many mechanical arts; engineering for example, or, the endless application of steam-power; the analytical processes of chemistry, or any of the arts to which chemistry is subservient. There may be some of our readers who are engaged in some such occupations. Now, what we wish them to think of, is this; that it is their duty, if possible, to make themselves thoroughly masters of their art, whatever it may be; there is nothing at this moment more highly valued in this country than a thorough acquaintance with mechanical knowledge. In its higher departments, as we need not tell them, it calls for the exercise of the reasoning faculties in the highest degree; it can be studied there, only with the assistance of the great science of space and number, the mathematics. If all, or even if any of our intelligent young men would aim at the highest intellectual position within the reach of their several professions in life; would refuse to be

content with merely enough of knowledge to insure a livelihood; in a few years we should see a revolution in public opinion, as regards our intellectual qualifications. We can already point to many great examples of such excellence, in many departments of practical science. We have Catholic physicians, Catholic barristers, architects, engineers, who are second in intelligence, in acquirements, to none of their contemporaries. All honour to them; within the circle of their influence, they are pleading the cause of their holy religion before the thoughtful minds of their countrymen, with more power than even the occupation of the pulpit can command. We want many more of such apologists. We wish that the Catholic Institute of Liverpool should be the nursery of many more of them. It would gladden the heart of St. Philip, even in the fulness of its eternal joy, if his influence here should live in the aims and motives of our young men, with results so full of glory to God.

Let us now turn, for a short time to the subject of recreation; a subject possessing quite as much importance as studies and employments. For in the time of recreation the waste of mind and body is repaired; new power of application to study or to business is acquired. Hence the importance of regular and wholesome recreation for youth.

Of physical, or bodily recreation, healthy exercise, games of strength or of agility, it is not necessary to speak. We wish to confine what we have to say to certain kinds of mental relaxation; to books, newspapers, periodicals, to certain kinds of games and amusements. Books, periodicals, and newspapers form what is called the literature of the day; they create and represent an influence on the mind of our youth, which it is impossible to overrate. Long ago, when there were few books in circulation, out of public libraries, colleges, and religious houses, when newspapers and periodicals were quite unknown, literature was a feeble influence indeed, except in so far as it assisted in forming the minds of the future instructors, governors, and pastors of the masses of the people. But with the immense development of the business of printing and publishing now attained, what is called the literature of our time is an engine for good or evil of vast power; so vast, that it has been sometimes called the Fourth Estate of the realm. We never open a book to read, but we approach this mighty influence; we never take up a newspaper but it meets us, face to face; it waits for us in magazines, in reviews, in light pamphlets and story-books, as well as in graver works, and in volumes of higher pretension. According as it is wholesome, or unwholesome, it will refresh and brace our minds, or it will corrupt and poison them; it will either prove food and medicine, the support of intellectual life, or it will undermine that life, and at last destroy it. In countries where the Catholic religion still retains some of her old influence on the

secular powers of the state, there is a periodical promulgation of the names of such books as are dangerous to piety and morality, together with a prohibition of their use. In England, however, the use of such dangerous works is left as a matter for which the conscience of each person must answer, a matter of private and religious responsibility. We would urge upon our younger brethren, the serious duty which binds them to abstain from the indulgence of their taste for reading, where there is danger to their faith or to their morals, in what they are about to read. If they know beforehand that danger lies in such or such a book, or as soon as they discover it, let no consideration tempt them to encounter the peril, let no curiosity lead them, for only this once, to gratify its dangerous tendency. Some of our readers may have heard a story of Alypius, the early friend of the great St. Augustine. Alypius had often been asked by his young companions to go with them to see the public games in the amphitheatre. Those games consisted in great measure of cruel and debasing conflicts between gladiators, slaves who fought with each other and killed each other for the amusement of the people of every city in the Roman empire. Alypius had long withstood the importunity of his friends. At last, however, they prevailed upon him to go; it was to be only once, and he would sit there with his eyes closed, and would take no harm. The entertainment began, and Alypius manfully held to his purpose, and would not even once look at the exciting spectacle. But as the conflict of the gladiators grew more bloody, the frantic roar of the spectators overpowered his resolution; he would look, just once; surely little harm would come of that. He looked, and so intense was the fascination of what he saw, that he could not stop looking till the spectacle was over; and such a pleasure for these games took possession of him, as to become an absorbing passion for many years; and, when at last he submitted to the rule of the Catholic Church, for he had hitherto been a Manichean heretic, I believe that nothing cost him so much as giving up his constant attendance at the public games.

Now the fascination of immoral books, and even of idle and frivolous books, is very much of the same kind as that which nearly ruined the friend of St. Augustine. He was saved by the grace of God, and became a bishop, and at last a saint of the church in Africa. But that is no reason for our presuming that divine grace will protect us, or recover us from a peril of our own seeking. How much we wish that our dear younger brethren could be persuaded to persevere in the original resolution of Alypius, never to tempt the danger; that they would be advised by those to whom Providence has entrusted the charge of their education, as to what they ought to read, and as to what they

ought to avoid. If they go by such advice, they need not fear; should an unforeseen peril arise, Divine grace will protect them.

These remarks almost equally apply to the subject of games and of public amusements. Some of these are wholly innocent; some of them, if not wholly and entirely bad, are in the highest degree dangerous; some of them are full of danger for one class of persons, and as free of all peril for another class. We don't expect or desire our youth to become recluses, and renounce every public recreation; we only pray our youth to restrict themselves to such amusements as are in themselves innocent, or to such as present no element of danger to the particular conscience and temperament of each person.

A few examples will make our meaning plainer. Among public amusements, which are in every respect innocent and safe, we should place all musical entertainments, for example, which conduce, more than perhaps any other means, to refine and cultivate the youthful taste.

Among amusements which although innocent in regard to many, and when indulged in prudent moderation, and in respectable company, yet become to others of a different temperament, and in other circumstances, highly dangerous, especially when pursued in excess; among such amusements we shall name plays and dancing assemblies. Multitudes of persons, we believe, can and do derive amusement from these, without any injury. Multitudes of persons, we are fully persuaded, incur the most imminent danger by participating in these amusements, either from a peculiarity in their mental constitution, from the associations of former evil, or from the pursuit of pleasure in them to excess, or in dangerous company.

Among amusements which can never be indulged in by our youth without evil, or at least without so much danger as to become a positive occasion of sin, we place first and foremost, gambling, and high betting on events of chance of whatever kind. Experience shows that the passion for gambling, once it takes possession of the mind of a youth, resembles nothing so much as a wasting and consuming fire. Time, property, health, conscience are sacrificed to the all-devouring craving; crime follows close behind, and too often the last penalties of human law close the downward course of the youthful gambler.

Will our younger brethren, then, permit the warning of a friend, and in doubtful cases ask advice? when they are conscious of the presence of positive evil in their amusements, will they renounce even the most attractive, rather than put their souls in peril?

SPURGEON, AND MODERN PREACHING.

There can be no doubt that Spurgeon is a remarkable man. His youth, his earnestness, his rough strength, and his perception of popular sympathies, taken together, mark him out among the thousands of common-place orators who fill the pulpits of the Establishment, and of the dissenting bodies, from Sunday to Sunday. That a youth whose education was exchanged at sixteen for the pastoral charge of half-a-dozen country villages, should ever have been heard of more, is a fact of itself suggestive of more than common aptitude for his calling. His father and his grandfather, we are told, are in the same line of life; unquestionably we should never have heard of them, but for their grandson's precocious talent. He was early promoted to the congenial publicity of London audiences; the chapel where he ministered was soon found too small for the audiences that were drawn together by his reputation as an orator; assemblies of eight or ten thousand persons are gathered weekly around him, including many of our senators, even of our ladies of fashion, who secure a favourable position during the entertainment, as they would engage a stall or a box at the opera. Times are indeed changed since John Wesley and George Whitfield used vain efforts to rouse the slumbering attention of educated and well-born Englishmen to their own views of the Gospel. Times are changed even since a retired chamber in a dissenting chapel at Bath was the frequent resort of church-dignitaries, who tempered their curiosity with prudence, as became them; and from whose stolen visits to hear the popular orator of the day, that private chamber was somewhat too familiarly termed "Nicodemus' corner." Spurgeon has fairly carried the citadel of the pulpit by a *coup de main*; and if the largest audiences, the most graphic, or the most dramatic treatment of subjects the most awful constitute the best preacher, Spurgeon, not yet five-and-twenty, is unquestionably, and far beyond competition, at the very head of the modern English pulpit.

What does education, or study, or training signify, when a man may thus blow, like a tropical flower, in a day; who cares to remember that Oxford is ignorant of him, that Cambridge knows him not, when neither Oxford nor Cambridge can produce anything half so notable? Spurgeon, in the judgment of the masses who throng the Surrey Gardens every Sunday, is the first preacher of the day; there is not a University man among them all who is fit to compare with him.

We wish our Catholic readers to take a little interest in Spurgeon, and especially in what Spurgeon represents. It will not do to settle the question in a word, as too many do; O he is a quack, a charlatan, a flash in the pan. He may be superficial: depth is not a valued or a common accomplishment anywhere at present. He may talk of what he knows little about; he certainly can know little of the whole revelation of God. But we cannot be persuaded that a great element of his astonishing success is not his earnestness. It is his earnestness which draws the middle class around him; it is his earnestness which affects the exhausted victim of fashion like a novelty. The uncultured mind of the man has seized a few salient points in revelation, and has thrown them into striking forms. Heaven, and hell, and God, sin, and judgment, and Calvin's way of salvation, are treated originally and dramatically; the man has thought long and often about them, and gives his own thoughts, and not other men's. After the long reign of conventionality and of platitude in pulpit addresses to Almighty God, whether in the form of extemporary prayer, or of the more decent "Common Prayer," it arrests attention to hear a man flinging conventionality to the winds, and, no matter how strangely, nor how familiarly, speaking to God, as if he felt that he might be heard.

No doubt there is much that is offensive and eccentric in all this, much that is in reality only the newest kind of meeting-house excitement; irreverence is almost inseparable from such exhibitions of originality. Yet we cannot avoid a persuasion that after every allowance is made for what is bad in those Surrey-Garden performances, the deep-lying secret of their success is their unquestionable earnestness.

There is also quite as much earnestness on the side of the audience, we are persuaded. Not, we fear, among the idle peers and members of parliament, nor among the feeble-minded ladies of fashion, who affect Mr. Spurgeon's wild eloquence for the moment; for those are not truly his audience. His style is in no sense adapted to them; they are a mere unit in the masses that throng his gigantic meeting-house, of a Sunday. His audience is the middle class of our population; the shopkeeper, the clerk, the domestic servant. Respectability, substantial comfort, and no very high stamp of intellectual culture, are perhaps the most distinctive features in his audience. There is not one among those decent masses that has not sometimes at least a misgiving about the future; a yearning wish to know, with something like certainty, what all this talk about religion means; where, if anywhere, the claim to authoritative knowledge lies. Any man, therefore, who comes to them in a forcible positive way, with no sign of misgiving or uncertainty, is sure to be listened to, and will perhaps be believed. At anyrate, such a man seems to bid

higher for credibility than the weak, inanimate interpreters of Protestant creeds, who with various degrees of cultivation, but with uniform monotony and feebleness, deliver their Sunday discourse, as lifeless as it is decorous, in which cant too often represents all its piety, and party-spirit all its earnestness. The bible alone is not sufficient for our Protestant brethren; they have read it, and heard it read so often, without meditating upon it, that it has nearly lost all power of fixing their attention. Hence the general craving for strong, earnest preaching; for spoken truth, or what passes for truth. Spurgeon's success is a standing evidence of this general craving. The successes of Wesley and Whitfield in the last century are a proof of its existence, and of its strength at that time. The formal propriety of the Anglican establishment was powerfully appealed to, then, to permit such a license to the desire of the masses for popular and stirring instruction. But the formal propriety of the established church would not recognize such a desire, or permit its gratification; hence the majority of the middle class of England was for ever lost to the establishment. At the present time, indeed, it seems that her counsellors are disposed to a more popular line of action; the establishment is disposed to bid against Spurgeon and the unlicensed pulpit, for the possession of the masses. The masses are not willing to enter the buildings consecrated to formalism, and filled with the odour of decay; bishops and dignitaries therefore meet the masses half way, by opening places of popular resort like Exeter Hall, of a Sunday evening, and by doing their best to infuse a little life into their dead forms, by adopting litanies, and by using hymns which we fear have no sanction of the legislature. It needs no prophet to foretell that this effort comes too late. The very fact that the establishment is compelled to leave its own churches empty, is a significant proof that as an establishment it has thrown away its chance of keeping the allegiance of the masses. It might be a curious subject for speculation, how much the present state of religious affairs in England might have been changed, if the same line of policy had been adopted a hundred years ago as is now exhibited by Dr. Tait, and the supporters of the Exeter Hall preachings. There would, perhaps, have been less dissent in the country; but the tone of the Anglican formularies would unquestionably have been by this time vastly lower than it yet is. The particles of old Catholic salt which yet linger in those formularies, and yet keep them from decomposition, would have long since been expelled. As it was, however, the unpopular policy prevailed a hundred years ago, and dissent owes its present strength to that. It is so strong that it can now only gather strength from those new attempts of the establishment to compete with it; the competition is not a fair one, and can only

weaken the formal body that attempts it. No one pretends that the liveliest, or the most popular orator at Exeter Hall can approach Spurgeon in attractiveness or in power; the greatest freedom of action possible to the clergyman is restraint and stiffness, when compared with the unlimited license of thought, of action, of speech, which is the glory of the dissenting preacher. To maintain any equality in this competition, the bishops and their friends must descend lower and lower to the tastes of the masses; they must enlarge their license, they must import it at last into their churches, and ere long a church of the establishment will be undistinguishable from the dissenting meeting-house; and the incubus of three centuries will die by no outward violence, but by a process of internal decay. Such, we venture to predict, is the inevitable termination of this popular movement in the establishment. It has attached itself to a mass in motion, over which it had long lost all control; it cannot guide the downward movement; it must be dragged along with the mass, and be overwhelmed by the irresistible influence of numbers. No wonder that intelligent friends of the establishment are watching the new turn in its affairs, with anxiety and real alarm.

Popular preaching is no new element in the influence of the Catholic Church. Nothing recorded of Whitfield or of Wesley, nothing achieved by Spurgeon approaches in wonderfulness the influence acquired by the Italian preaching Friars, in the century or two immediately following their rise. Whole cities assembled in the market-places to hear them; whole cities followed the preacher from one city to another; so that the public square, where he was next to preach, was filled before the inhabitants of the city had notice of his arrival. The change of circumstances and of manners, since that time, has affected the influence of the preacher. The alienation of the masses from the Church in our own country has made it impossible to attempt a popular display. The preacher does not stand in the market-place any longer, for his appearance there would be a signal for insult, and perhaps for personal violence. The influence of past days of trial and of persecution on our preaching has survived the extinction of the penal laws. The labours of our clergy seriously interfere with the study and the preparation necessary for a good preacher. But, with every disadvantage, we have frequent opportunities of witnessing the capabilities of Catholic preaching to reach the masses of the people, in the missions, as they are called, given by the religious orders, in many of our large towns, every year. Attention is invited, thousands are moved, and the result is not barren in practical fruit; sinners are reformed, feuds are healed, souls are saved. We rejoice to observe that these missions are becoming, every year, more

common, that their range is extending. It is not to be expected that the parochial clergy will ever become a body of popular preachers. They have no leisure for the exclusive care which such a duty and such a success require. But to our religious orders we must look for the supply of a want which is felt at the very heart of the masses in this country; the want of strong, earnest, popular expositions of the great truths of the gospel, in language intelligible as well as interesting to the masses, and sufficiently exciting to rivet their attention, and give opportunity to divine grace to lay hold of the sinner. The millions of poor sheep without a shepherd would not need to wander into the poisonous or the barren pastures of error, if wholesome food were provided for them in the home of truth and of abundant refreshment. The achievements and the success of men like Spurgeon ought to quicken our sense of deficiency in this matter, ought to quicken our desires and our efforts, each of us in his own sphere, to remedy that deficiency. And let us hope, even against hope, that the honest earnestness of such men may meet with its recompense, in their receiving the grace of docile submission to the One Divine Teacher.

BLAND, "THE PROFESSIONAL,"

AND ALL ABOUT HIS RAPID FORTUNE.

In the days when people used to call "a spade, a spade," men of letters were the only ones that claimed or received the title of *Professors*. And not every teacher ventured to aspire to this somewhat distinguished appellation. It smacked rather of the cloister and academic halls, awakening in the mind not-lightly-to-be-entertained fancies of imposing presences, grave countenances, eyes severe, many-plaited gowns, and trencher caps. But those days are gone. If you call yourself a *Professor* now the very last idea that your friends will get into their heads about you, will be, that you are a man of letters; anything but that. You may be a conjuror, a fiddler, a tumbler, a thrower of summer-saults, an Acrobat, an Olympian Brother, an India-rubber Sprite, or a Bounding Ball of the Pyrenees; for all of these are *Professors*. Or perhaps you might be taken for a barber or a tailor, with the latest *mode* or the newest *coiffure* from Paris; for these too are *Professors*; as also are the dentist with a patent enamel for the teeth, and all the members of that industrious brotherhood who supply the public with strop-paste, grease-destroyer, cloth-renovator, vermin-extermiator, and every-sort-of-nuisance

annihilator. If you teach any art or science, call yourself a teacher, or a tutor, or a schoolmaster, and you will be understood; but avoid the worse than ambiguous title of *Professor*.

I have been led into these remarks by the case of my excellent friend Bland.

Bland was a musician, and a son of Apollo of the first water. He was a musician in heart, in soul, in training, in execution, in enthusiastic love of his art. He didn't precisely call himself a *Professor*; but he was most exact in describing himself as "a Professional."

Bland, "the Professional," was one of the worthiest fellows I ever knew. He was a man of a fine and commanding presence; tall, portly, florid. A bounding, graceful, and elastic gait. "An eye like Mars, to threaten and command." A magnificent head of hair, which he pardonably allowed to fall in luxuriant black curls on his shoulders. An Ajax in appearance, he was tender-hearted as an infant. Like Bottom the weaver, he roared gently as any sucking-dove. He believed himself to be well versed in the ways of the world, a keen long-sighted fellow, not easily to be duped; whereas there was no one more frequently played upon by the shrewd, nor any who bore the impress of his simplicity more conspicuously displayed on his front. He was quite assured that, in wisdom, the wariest serpent of them all, was a fool to him; while in reality the simplest of doves was a Cobra or Boa-constrictor compared to Bland. He has often lectured me by the hour on worldly wisdom; at the very time that he was setting at naught the most rudimentary principles of common prudence.

He was particularly foud of a quiet hand at Cribbage. He was very sensitive; and many a good hour have I grudgingly shared with him over his favorite pastime. Cribbage is not a favorite game of mine; and, if anything, he made me less partial to it by playing according to a fanciful code of rules of his own, in the application and execution of which he was more rigid than any Mede or Persian that ever lived. It was therefore an ominous sight for me, when I beheld him drawing forth the well-known box and pegs. I did not wish to wound his sensibility by declining to play; for, more than once, I have seen him driven to fearful excesses, by some acquaintance unwittingly passing by him in the street without nodding. As the less of two evils, therefore, I have doomed myself to many a tedious hour of cribbage, to the great joy of Bland; who, little wotting my agony, counted and pegged till sunbeam died into twilight, twilight faded into evening, and evening darkened into night. And all this time, his ladye faire was pining for him in her bower. She looked on me with an evil eye, as if the seductions of my company enticed her lord from his home; and her long dreary hours of loneliness she set down to my count, as I very

well knew, by the distant and cool style of address she always assumed whenever we happened to meet. Yes; she looked on me—*me*, the sufferer—as Bland's evil genius; and the best part of the joke was, the natural consequence of this. No doubt, she dinned her view of the case into Bland's ears, and did it so effectually, that she quite brought him over to her own way of thinking; so that, whenever Bland became disgusted with the world, (which happened very often) and resolved yet once again to become a domesticated home-bird, I firmly believe that the earliest and the strongest point in his resolve, was to avoid me and my society, as one of the great causes of his back-slidings.

Perhaps the most curious point in Bland's character, was a longing desire, an ardent thirst, that possessed him, of making a rapid, or rather a sudden fortune. This, coupled with his extreme simplicity, and a highly mercurial disposition, tended more than anything else to develop his very peculiar idiosyncrasy.

In his "professional" capacity, he had a large and respectable connection, and was making a very good thing out of it; but he broke it all up half-a-dozen times in half-a-score years to go after some will-o'-the-wisp speculation, that was to raise him to competence *per saltum*. He once read an advertisement (by authority!) in the New York *Truth-teller*, that there was an extensive tract of land, six hundred miles by five hundred, somewhere up the Mississippi, that was literally going a-begging for some one to receive it as a gift; in fact, it was to be sold at half a dollar an acre, or some such "tremendous sacrifice." Here was a chance! Bland at once realized what money he could by turning everything he had into cash; and he and his family were crossing the Atlantic in the next argosy. Here he was in his glory. Behold him rigged out in true nautical style; P.-jacket, wide trousers, straw hat and ribbon jauntily cocked on one side. All the freshwater sailors on board believed firmly that he was a more able man than the captain of the ship, he had such a knowing way of cocking his eye up, like one looking out for "dirty weather." In due time they arrived out. Bland saw the agent, effected an enormous purchase of land, equipped himself with certain essentials, and started for the far-west. Now was he arrived at the goal of his wishes—the aspirations of a long life were about to be realized. He was a proprietor of land, and in a few short months he would have his own pigs, and his cattle, and his barn-door fowl, and would smoke his pipe under his own sycamore tree: *O fallacem hominum spem!* The story was new then; it has since become a thrice told tale. Bland reached his destination, and found that his fine rolling prairie land was of two kinds. One part was boggy during three months in the year, and overflowed by the broad waters of the Mississippi during the remaining nine; the other and smaller

portion stood higher, and its luxuriant fertility had displayed itself in a densely matted coating of underwood, furze, heather, and weeds, that it would take him years to clear away, provided he had anywhere to clear them to, or any roads to cart them by, or any towns to sell his farm produce in, to which he could either walk, ride, sail, or swim. In fact, he found that he had been "bitten" by the Yankoes, and he was fain to turn his face homewards, exclaiming with the Protestant bishop, whose chaplain comforted him on his deathbed with the prospects of going to heaven:—"That's all very well, my dear Sir; but, *Old England for ever!*" Yet, notwithstanding his failure, I have no manner of doubt, that as Bland floated down the Mississippi on his homeward voyage, he was the merriest man in the steamer, that he sung *the Three Crows*, and gave his famous imitation of the clarinet, for the benefit of the company.

He once got up a subscription in behalf of an Italian patriot, with a beard a foot long, who never washed or combed his hair, and who had escaped from an Austrian dungeon (awful word!), crossing over the Alps, by Mount St. Gothard, on a velocipede! Bland took him by the hand, and provided him with the means of proceeding to America, there to join certain kindred spirits, that were to regenerate Europe, recognizing and accepting the solidarities of peoples, and freeing them from the heels of the despots that now crushed their necks. These self-sacrificing patriots, to whom a dinner and a second shirt are uncommon events, have no interest in their operations, beyond the welfare of nations and the rights of humanity. Bland's friend was one of the true stamp; all his aspirations were for *liberty, fraternity, and equality!* And so he sped on his high mission, stealing Bland's overcoat, and pawning his favourite violin, and his best rosewood concert flute with eight silver keys.

He very frequently used to give me valuable advice, putting me on my guard against the trickery and selfishness of mankind. "You have too kind a heart," he used say; "people see that, and impose upon you. Keep them at a distance. Never mind their professions and protestations, you may depend upon it, they'll always want something from you. Take care of number one." I remember, on one occasion, a smooth-faced youth called at his door and asked Bland to buy a box of pens from him. The young man had a very demure manner about him, and spoke with a foreign accent. Bland asked him a few questions; and learnt that he was a Hungarian by birth, the only son of a nobleman, and that he had compromised himself, and incurred his father's high displeasure by taking part in the affairs of forty-nine. His father was one of the wealthiest men in Hungary: at least one-half of Pesth belonged to him; and miles of the richest vineyards along the Danube were his. But this was nothing. He (the young pen-seller) himself possessed,

of his own right, five of the largest saltpetre mines in Styria, which he was only prevented from going over to claim by the untoward events above alluded to, and the awkward fact of his having been ballotted for, for the Croatian militia. Here steps in Bland's knowledge of mankind; here steps in Bland's desire of making a rapid fortune. Who knows what might come of this? Perhaps Bland himself might become proprietor of a saltpetre mine! This might look like selfishness in Bland, but it was not. The youth had already hinted at what his gratitude would prompt him to do, with his superabundance of wealth, for any friend that might be humane enough to take him by the hand. Bland took him by the hand. He did not buy the box of pointless and splitless steel-pens, but he inducted the youth into his house, setting apart a bed-room for his use; he clothed him afresh, and he Wellington-booted him anew. And during six months, the Hungarian noble did not disdain to eat Bland's loaf, and to drink Bland's beer; and in the fulness of his gratitude he made over to Bland the largest of his mines to have and to hold, indicating to a nicety its precise *locale* in the neighbourhood of Graatz. And when, at last, he heard of a situation that would suit him at Hamburg, Bland accompanied him to Hull, paying his railway-fare for him; and at parting, gave him his blessing, and lent him five pounds to frank him the remainder of his way. On the other hand, Bland considered assurance doubly certified as to the mine, by the youth, previous to his departure, depositing in his (Bland's) hands an instrument, duly signed, sealed, delivered, and attested, whereby such and such a mine, situated so and so, was thereby given, made over, and delivered to the aforesaid Bland, &c., &c., as witness his (the youth's) sign-manual. Bland lost no time in making his arrangements for getting into possession of his new property. I will not pursue the details as to how the *denouement* developed itself. The reader foresees it all; how Bland found the mine, *tale quale*, as the youth had described it; how said mine belonged to the government; how Bland put himself in communication with the police, and found out (what every body to whom he had told the story knew before) that the Hungarian nobleman was a *Chevalier d'Industrie*, that eighteen months before, a Polish Jew, (the description of whom, as given by the police, might have been a photograph of Bland's friend) who had been a junior cashier or book-keeper at the mine, had disappeared, carrying with him a large amount of securities, notes, and gold belonging to his employers. In short, he found out that his knowledge of mankind had stood him in bad stead, and that he had been completely fooled.

He believed firmly in the *Family Herald*; and preserve us from the queer sauces, soups, puddings, and economical services he was perpetually stewing up from its valuable family recipes. He sickened and half-poisoned his family twice a week on an

average. And he always found that the cheap dishes, accurately prepared from the recipes, cost him twice as much as good sound food would have done, besides being most unpalatable messes.

"O, Smith," said he to me, one day, "we were talking some time since about telescopes. I believe I shall astonish you some of these days. Do you know, for about seven-and-four-pence, I know how to construct an excellent telescope that will magnify two hundred and seventeen times? Aye, and with one of Strummiger's patent lenses, (which can be got at a place I know, for four-and-eight-pence each), it will maguify a thousand times! Fancy that—a magnificent telescope for twelve shillings!" He was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet, when he once got an idea; and a week or two after, I was invited to a *soires* or a *seance* in his back garden to witness the secret wonders of the realms Urania. There stood the telescope—a wonderful combination of wire, tin tubes, globules of water, lenses, and eye-pieces mounted on a rickety tripod. *Of course*, we could see nothing.

We have an enterprising son of St. Crispin in our neighbourhood, who not only performs the legitimate duties of his avocation, but undertakes for a small consideration, to impart the secrets of his calling to mere laymen, ultracrepidarians, those who have nothing in common with the last and awl; this he guarantees to effect (like your puffing professors of writing) in six easy lessons. Of course, Bland was caught. He paid his money, and acquired, in half a moon, what used to occupy an apprenticeship of seven years to learn. Behold him now, apron on front and last on knee, screwing, rivetting, and nailing; he is producing for me, Smith, a pair of boots that are to astonish me. I am to have them for seven-and-tenpence, which I consider a great boon, after being accustomed to disburse three times the money for the same article; and fourteen shillings is a consideration to a penny-a-liner, *in re* a pair of Wellingtons. The boots did astonish me—I am free to admit it; they astonished me not a little; and that, the very first promenade I took in them. It was on a bright morning: I will not describe it, as a young novelist did, in the opening of his tale: "It was a bright May morning in the month of June." Suffice it to say, it was on a bright sunny morning, in a crowded thoroughfare. I was hastening to an urgent engagement, when I was arrested by suddenly finding the sole of my stocking in contact with the pavement. I looked down. It was no delusion—two paces behind lay the *sole*, disrupted *bodily* from the shattered upper-leather. I stooped to pick it up. The twin-boot, determined not to disgrace the family, gave a crack like the report of a revolver, just as I was stooping, and I found that number two

of my seven and tenpenny Wellingtons was split up the length of one of the seams.

Thus it was that Bland was always on the *qui vive* for lucky chances; and, as a general rule, he lost his time and his money. A short time before his death, he called my attention to an advertisement in one of the Sunday papers. It ran thus:

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

A sum of from ONE to FOUR POUNDS may be earned by ANY-ONE of EITHER SEX, by an occupation. *light and easily learnt*, which may be attended to in the evenings by those who are engaged during the day. To anyone remitting twelve postage stamps, and a stamped envelope, as below, a pamphlet will be sent *free*, containing *plain directions* as to the acquirement of FOURTEEN METHODS by any of which the above sums may be realized. Address H. Walker, No. —, — Street, Tooting, London.

Immense piles of grateful letters attest the blessings diffused by this means. Note the address: H. WALKER, &c.

"I'll try it," said Bland. (I knew he would.) "It's only a shilling's worth of stamps, after all; and you often pick up some useful hints from these things, even though they do not accomplish all they profess."

He sent the "needful," and in due course the pamphlet was dropped into Bland's letter-box by the postman. I was present at the time; Bland opened it and read. His face left no commentary to be needed to impart the nature of the document. He glanced through it, and handed it to me. I made no note of the fourteen methods, and cannot therefore recall them. The following were some of them, however, and will serve as sample bricks from the building. And it may be remarked of most of them, that they were very ingenious, and might be profitable only for these slight drawbacks. Either they required some costly implements to be purchased in the first instance, or else very great skill would be required in the manipulation, or finally, when produced, they could be purchased cheaper and better in the shops, besides being generally things that few people cared about buying.

1. To crasher ladies' collars, so that, out of sixpennyworth of cotton, collars worth seven shillings may be made.

Then followed the particulars, such as, "knit two, treble three, kuit six, take up four, slip eleven," and so on.

4. To make kettle-holders of Berlin wool.

5. To make Chinese fire-screens.

7. To make gutta-percha picture-frames.

8. To make embossed-leather do. do.

9. To make papier-maché tea-trays, snuff-boxes, &c.

But the flower of the flock was

No. 12. To make one shilling produce forty!

"DIRECTIONS.

"The following is particularly recommended to the attention of those engaged during the day, on slender salaries !

"Purchase a peck of potatoes, which, in the present state of the market, may be had for *one shilling* ! Wash them well, particularly cleaning out the eye-holes. Bake in an oven well closed. And between ten and twelve, p. m., as the theatres and concert rooms are coming out, carry them out in a small Dutch oven, heated with a chafing-dish of charcoal at bottom. They will be eagerly bought up by the *fast men*, with whom they are a favourite dish, at a penny each !

☞ N.B. Be careful to carry a small dish of salt."

This was the last experiment that Jones tried.

It is not my intention to write his panegyric here. He lies low and mute enough now ; but with all his foibles and fancies, he was the truest and best fellow that ever puffed himself away through the vents of a concert-flute in C !

LANUCCI ; OR, THE COUSIN'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Whence comes it that the most inveterate hatred frequently disunites the hearts of those whom heaven has destined most truly to love each other ? Nothing is more dreadful than fraternal enmity. Yet, how often did brothers shed each other's blood, at the period of the feuds between the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, in Italy !

At the time when these two parties were contending, with equal boldness and insatiable hatred, Pisa and Florence, the two most considerable republics of Tuscany, desolated by the horrors of civil war, were frequently the theatre of the most fatal family feuds, of which the following story is a melancholy instance.

Two sisters, equally distinguished by beauty and high birth, had married, the one, a Bandinelli, of Florence, of the party of Guelph ; the other, a Lanucci, of Pisa, of the party of the Ghibelines. These sisters, who had been united from their earliest infancy by the tenderest friendship and sisterly affection, became the mothers of two sons, Antonio Bandinelli, and Fredrico Lanucci.

The morose disposition of the young Florentine had conceived from his childhood, even during their boyish sports, the most violent animosity towards his cousin, which increased with his years. He was scarcely eighteen ; he had acquired sufficient skill in the management of his horse and arms, when, with a heart full of hatred, and desire of combat, he one day deter-

mined to ride to Pisa. He was already in sight of the walls of the city, when, riding along the solitary banks of the Arno, he perceived his cousin, who was exercising his horse, unsuspecting of any evil. Without any provocation on his part, Antonio loaded him with the bitterest reproaches, drew his sword, and dismounted to attack him. The other, compelled to defend himself, did the same. Lanucci was, however, more expert in the management of his arms, and had the additional advantage of an unruffled temper. He avoided wounding his antagonist, only wearying him, by forcing him to retreat step by step. At length he had him entirely in his power, and might have taken his life, but his generous nature hoped to subdue him by love. He placed his sword upon his breast, saying, "You see that your life is in my hands, but I joyfully spare it. Think, too, of our mothers, I conjure you ; and for their sakes let all enmity between us from this moment cease." Antonio Bandinelli, in this situation, promised all that his brave cousin required ; but scarcely had he restored him to liberty, when he rose with redoubled fury, and aimed a blow at him from behind, which would infallibly have brought him to the ground, had he not avoided it by a sudden and instinctive motion.

Indignant at this inconceivable treachery, Lanucci was unable to check his just anger. "Wretch !" he cried, "you will not have peace, receive the reward of your baseness." Thus saying, he, with one blow, brought him to the ground, and left him weltering in his blood. Returning to Pisa, Lanucci, stained with the blood of his cousin, would not go to his mother's house, but concealed himself with a friend, whence he sent a written account of the event to Florence, to justify himself by a simple and faithful narrative. The supposed death of Antonio Bandinelli filled his heart with despair, though he had been obliged to wound him in self-defence.

But the malicious Bandinelli was still alive, and was to live long, to embitter the life of Lanucci. Some peasants had found him weltering in his blood, and conveyed him to Florence, when, his wound, being dressed, was pronounced dangerous indeed, but not mortal. The traitor who, as he recovered his health, felt his hatred revive, and if possible, increased through shame and rage at being conquered, or rather from vexation at having made in vain his cowardly attempt at assassination, now meditated the foulest calumny to gratify his revenge. He, therefore, declared that he had been suddenly and perfidiously attacked. As he was one of the Guelphs, they took his part against Lanucci, whom, as a Ghibeline, they already considered a traitor, and their faction being at that time predominant, he was sentenced, in spite of his most solemn protestations, to banishment from Pisa, and confiscation of his property.

Lanucci possessed the rarest treasure to be found on earth,

the most valuable blessing in adversity, which, in prosperity we can seldom acquire or retain. Lanucci had a friend—Belfiore was his only support, especially as his inconsolable mother, plunged in sorrow, began at times to entertain doubts of the virtue of her son. Belfiore having in vain exerted himself to the utmost in Lanucci's defence, offered to give him an asylum at one of his country seats. There, at a distance from the tumult of the world, they hoped to lead a tranquil life in the enjoyment of mutual regard and friendship. But the measure of the sufferings, which miserable fate had destined for Lanucci, was not yet filled.

In this retreat, the prohibition to return to his native city was doubly painful, when he received news of the illness of his beloved mother, which, to complete his misery, was soon succeeded by the account of her death. From that time he was plunged in silent melancholy, whilst some pleasing recollection of his childhood but rarely cheered the gloom that enveloped his mind. The room which he inhabited, and in which he usually slept, was separated from that of his friend and host, only by a saloon, into which both their doors opened.

One night, when he had hardly fallen asleep, he was waked by a noise, which seemed to proceed from the saloon. He raised himself up and listened, but was unable to hear any more. Fancying it was only one of those melancholy dreams which haunt the unfortunate in their sleep, he tried to compose himself to rest, but in vain. Soon after he thought he heard a groan, and it seemed to him to come from his friend's chamber. He listened with anxious attention, and heard the groan repeated; he immediately rose and hastened to Belfiore's bed-side. He calls him, but receives no answer. In the darkness of the night he has no means of ascertaining his situation, but by feeling. Being unable to arouse him, he hastens in terror to his own apartment for a lamp, and on returning to his friend's bed-side, finds it saturated with blood, and a dagger in his bosom. Horrified by the sight, and being himself covered with blood, he shrieks aloud, throws himself on the corpse of his beloved friend, and lets fall his lamp, which is at once extinguished.

Meantime, the domestics being awakened by the noise, hasten to the assistance of their master. They find him murdered, and Lanucci stretched upon his corpse; he regards them with a fixed eye, and a pale and terrified countenance, and the recently extinguished lamp is still smoking at his feet. A cry of horror proceeds from all present. Lanucci awakes to the most fearful recollection, with convulsive fury he leaps up, exclaiming, "where is he? where is the assassin?" "O Belfiore! O, my beloved Belfiore." A flood of tears rushed from his eyes, and he again sank senseless upon the murdered corpse. Amazement,

grief, and horror, deprived all present of the power of utterance. At daybreak the news of this dreadful event was spread on all sides. With the rapidity of lightning it extended to Pisa. The human dispensers of divine justice sent their officers, who arrested all the inmates of the house, and carried Lanucci himself before the chief judge, who was of the party of Guelphs. He was here confronted with all those who appeared as being suspected of the heinous crime ; all the evidence united to point him out as the criminal. The place where he was found by the servants, the blood which stained his hands and person, his terror, the newly extinguished lamp, which was found at his feet, his previous condemnation and its causes, and still more, his cypher on the dagger, which was taken from Belfiore's breast, and which everybody recognized to be his, all conspired to mark him as the murderer. Even his despair seemed to accuse him. "I," said he, "I, murder the only friend whom I have met with in this world! him, to whom I am indebted for the preservation of that life which I now feel to be a curse! him, whom I love more than myself! for whom I would joyfully have shed the last drop of my blood! I, deprive him of life, sully my hand with so foul a deed! And, at what hour, and in what place? Am I accused of murdering him in the silence of the night—in his peaceful slumber? I, his friend, to whom he afforded protection and hospitality. Can I be thought capable of such cowardice? O, heaven, to what an excess of sorrow hast thou doomed me! O great and merciful God! are the trials which thou hast appointed to me, not yet sufficiently severe? O spirit of my beloved and saintly mother, pray for thy son, for thy unhappy child, to the Almighty Judge, who knows his innocence!"

When he had uttered these words, the unfortunate Lanucci was completely exhausted ; but nothing transpired to weaken the evidence against him, or even to lessen the suspicion. But, among his judges, there was one of those rare men who, particularly in times of civil dissensions, are hardly ever met with ; his name was Cardegha. Though of the Guelph faction, he did not think that a Ghibelino, accused before the tribunal, ought to be found guilty merely because he was a Ghibelino ; and by his just and equitable sentiments, he gave all his contemporaries an example of a conscientious, and just, and upright judge. Moved by Lanucci's anguish, by the honest frankness which appeared in his looks and in his words, he openly defended him. The rest of the judges, on the other hand, considered the despair of the accused as the effect of remorse, or as one of the artifices usual with criminals. They said, that the proofs of his guilt were too clear and manifest ; his murderous haud, accustomed to assassination, had already attempted the life of his cousin, the young Florentine ; that it was necessary to suffer the useful rigor of

the law to take its course ; the enormity of the crime required exemplary punishment : besides this, that the populace cried aloud for vengeance. They commanded his condemnation, and they durst no longer delay it. Lanucci was almost unanimously condemned to death. Cardeghe in vain attempted to defend him ; in vain he reminded them of the curse of heaven, which overtakes the unjust judge ; he could obtain nothing, save only the melancholy consolation of imparting himself to Lanucci the dreadful sentence which had been passed. At the sound of the massy bolts and hinges of the prison, the heart of this worthy man was oppressed, and an involuntary tear started into his eye, but he wiped it away, for he wished to appear calm and composed, and in every case to administer comfort. The gate of the subterraneous vault now opened, and by the faint glimmering lamp, he beheld Lanucci stretched upon the cold earth absorbed in grief, and oppressed by the weight of his chains. His compassion was again awakened, and his eyes were filled with tears, which he was no longer able to repress.

"You accuse me of murder," said the prisoner ; "you consider me a traitor."

"My son," rejoined the humane judge, "the being we call man, is but a tissue of error and illusion ; I believe you innocent ; and, therefore pity you less than I do the judges who pronounced your sentence of death."

"My sentence of death ! Then it is decided ! Loaded with infamy, I shall descend into my grave !"

At the melancholy train of images which this terrific word excited, Lanucci was seized with a kind of suppressed rage, which ended in a perfect stupor. A long and horrible gloom hung over his soul. Those who approached him melted into tears, and tried in vain to tranquilize him. The thought of death was not so terrible to him ; since the death of his mother, and the loss of his friend, he considered it as the only termination to his sufferings. But to survive in the memory of his fellow-citizens as a murderer, to be executed in the public Square of his native city, where every object recalled to his mind the memory of the sports and happiness of childhood,—it was this that overpowered his lofty soul.

Cardeghe returned, and taking advantage of an interval of composure, he kindly took the hand of the unhappy sufferer, and pointing at the same time to the crucifix, which hung on the opposite wall : "Do you think," said he, "that He was guilty?—behold His wounds—admire His resignation to the Divine Will, and think of the sufferings of Him who died upon the cross for your sake."

Lanucci gazed in silence on the crucifix ; then, as if suddenly inspired, he exclaimed : "O my God, my God, all power is Thine ! Pardon the wavering of my soul ; I do not dread death,

and I will even submit to infamy; my death is just and equitable, if Thou, in Thy justice, hast determined it. What is the opinion of the world to me, O my Divine Redeemer? Thrice wast Thou denied by Thy most beloved and faithful apostle, and to me, the most unworthy of Thy creatures, Thou dost send an angel of comfort into my gloomy prison. O Cardegha, I owe thee more than life; I die full of faith in God, and hope and confidence in His blessed Son; soon I shall see my mother—soon I shall hear her voice of welcome, and embrace my friend, my beloved Belfiore, whom I could not save from a murderer's blow."

All who witnessed this painful struggle of the guiltless and much injured youth, were perfectly convinced of his innocence, and they all sincerely wished he might be saved. The news of his pious resignation had already spread itself in the city, which was followed by a general belief in his innocence, and murmurs arose on all sides. The people wished the execution of the fatal sentence to be delayed. Time, they said, would discover the criminal, for it was impossible that the noble, generous Lanucci could be guilty of this perfidious murder.

A considerable party of moderate persons had resolved to make a solemn application to the judges, and public opinion had already decided in favour of Lanucci. But the noble Cardegha had not lost a moment. Immediately after the first depositions were taken, he had sent an express to Florence; this messenger had returned in due time, to assure them that things had assumed a different aspect.

It appeared, from minute investigation, that the true murderer of Belfiore was a bandit, hired by the wretched Antonio Bandinelli. Not content with having caused his much injured cousin to be deprived of his honour, his property, and be banished from his native city, he aimed at his life, which he considered as a disgraceful monument of his own treachery. On the day of their first encounter, Lanucci's dagger had fallen from his girdle, and was picked up by the peasants who conveyed Bandinelli home; they delivered this weapon to him, supposing it to be his. He put it into the hand of the bandit, and promised him a large reward if he executed his nefarious design.

Cardegha's friends at Florence, had caused all persons to be strictly watched, who went in and out of Bandinelli's palace: by this means they succeeded in discovering the murderer. It appeared from his confession, that he had secretly entered Belfiore's house, where he concealed himself till midnight; but that, mistaking the apartment of the two friends, he had murdered Belfiore instead of Lanucci. In order to make it be believed that the latter had killed himself, he had been ordered to leave the dagger in the wound. Hastening, as soon as the bloody deed was accomplished, to fly the Pisan territories, he was attacked

at the gates of Florence, by one of his comrades, whom Bandinelli had commanded to be in wait for him, to murder him on his return. His comrade, whom he had overcome, made this confession to save his life. He was arrested by the Florentine police in the vestibule of Bandinelli's palace, where he wished to conceal himself in order to punish Antonio Bandinelli's double treachery. The chief magistrates of the same party as Cardegha, had voluntarily given up the bandit, and the more readily, as the two republics were at that time at peace, and Belfiore was of a great family at Pisa ; and, on the other hand, there was nothing to be feared from Bandinelli, who, according to the barbarous custom of those times, had to dread no punishment for his crime but the torturing pangs of remorse of conscience.

As soon as the news was spread in Pisa, the citizens, who felt the deepest interest in the injured and innocent Lanucci, gave themselves up to the greatest rejoicings. But the sudden and unexpected transition from grief to joy, nearly proved fatal to him. When he saw his innocence thus solemnly recognized, he was so overcome that he sank on the ground without consciousness, and almost without life. Cardegha, who did not quit him, afforded him all possible assistance ; and when Lanucci recovered, they both prostrated themselves in humble and grateful thanksgiving before the image of our crucified Saviour.

"O Religion," cried Lanucci, "the strength which thou givest, taught me to endure the idea of an unjust and ignominious death ; this day, thou dost still more, thou teachest me the duty of living. O my beloved and broken-hearted mother ! O Belfiore ! your son, your friend has constantly remained worthy of you both, of your love and esteem. Merciful Father ! deign to turn Bandinelli's heart ; pardon him ; and may judges, in all ages, learn, through my unhappy story, how often deceitful appearances can mislead ! And you, O noble Cardegha, to whom I owe my life, my honour, tell me what return I can make you ?"

He replied, "By doing that for others, which heaven has permitted me to do for you."

REVIEW.

The Creator and the Creature, or the Wonders of Divine Love.

By F. W. FABER, D.D. London, Dublin, and Derby :
Richardson and Son.

We remember being very much struck some few years ago, by hearing a religious and intelligent friend of ours, say one day, by way of objection to a sermon he had just heard, that it was theological. Why should it not be *theological* ? We felt exceedingly puzzled to discover ; but became still more at a loss, when

we received for answer, "Because the laity are not supposed to have anything to do with theology." This statement was, we afterwards found, at that time practically true; and it is mainly to one living doctor of the Church to whom we are indebted for its being no longer so. We think that it would be difficult to over estimate the debt, which English Catholics owe to the Superior of the London Oratory. His own mind has expanded with the necessities of the times, and exactly as was most needed has responded to them. It is not an easy task to write of one for whom we entertain a personal reverence, as though he were an abstraction, yet this is what, at the present moment we have undertaken to attempt. Before the publication of "All for Jesus," it was possible to learn the child's penny catechism, it was possible also under very peculiar circumstances, to go through a scientific course of theology; but generally speaking, for the educated laity who required a mean between these two extremes, there was nothing. "All for Jesus." The book is beautiful in a devotional point of view, beautiful for the amount of doctrine it inculcates, and beautiful in that eloquence of poetic diction, which causes fragmentary portions of it to haunt our hearts. To compare, nevertheless, this work with its immediate successor, "Growth in Holiness," would be like comparing some lovely cabinet picture, with the frescoes at the Vatican. While the gentle sweetness of the former may soothe the mind; the pure and severe grandeur of the latter subdue and awe it. They can scarcely be spoken of together. And further: to look upon this wonderful production as a work of Art merely, would be to obtain but a partial view of its merits; for although we hold Art to be a reflection of the Divine mind set forth in theory, "Growth in Holiness" is something more; it is a practical application of a Divine Theory, to the sanctification of the souls of men. On the part of the author, and whosoever will after him, it is the real and actual dedication of the mind, and heart, and spirit, with all their powers and faculties, to the Divine Majesty.

The treatise on the "Blessed Sacrament, or, the Works and Ways of God," stands next in order in this invaluable series. If any one were to master the entire spirit of the book, with humility and adoration before the Most Holy, we believe that he would be prepared to offer, as nearly as any creature might, an acceptable worship to the ever blessed Trinity. What more than this can we presume to say? or, what more *can* be said, unless we could count up the souls which the Very Reverend author has already sent to heaven, or, behold in a vision those whom he is about to send there.

"The Creator and the Creature, or the Wonders of Divine Love," may be said to be in some measure the key, and complement to the other three works of which we have briefly

spoken; for it explains, Dr. Faber tells us, the point of view, from which he habitually regards all religious questions, whether of speculation or practice. The characteristic of the present age, in this country at least, is not so much infidelity towards God, as a denial of our position towards Him as creatures, and to state some considerations which may induce us to embrace a juster estimate of this relationship is the object of the present treatise. It is not polemical, but we are informed, is addressed to those among the faithful who from the circumstances in which they are placed, require more fully to understand, and realize, what they already (implicitly) believe. The book is divided into three parts; the first contains a description of the phenomena around us, a detailed inquiry into what it is to have a Creator, and what follows from our being His creatures; the result of which is to find, that creation is simply an act of Divine love and cannot be accounted for on any other supposition than that of an immense and eternal love. The second part occupies itself with the difficulties and depths of this creative love, and the third answers some objections; chiefly with regard to the conditions of salvation, and the probable fate of the greater number of Catholics.

Ordinary persons are, for the most part, content with serving God, because they know it to be right and their duty to do so, but Dr. Faber pleads eloquently for a service of love, as easier than this, as well as happier and much more beautiful. In the chapter headed: "Why God wishes us to love Him," we read:—

"If from nature we turn to grace, we shall find that the whole resolves itself into a loving pursuit of souls on the part of God,..... The kingdom of grace, if it be not founded on the permission of evil, seems at least to imply it; and the permission of evil is nothing less than the intense desire of the Creator for the love of His creatures. Surely that is the whole account of this terrific mystery. At what a price must He estimate the love of angels and of men, if He would run so fearful a risk to gain it? Nay, it could be no risk to Him whose fore-knowledge made all things present to Him. Every possible, as well as every actual consequence was vividly before Him, and yet He persisted. It was worth while.....If evil were not permitted, angels and men would not be free. If they were not free, they could not serve Him with a service of love; for freedom is necessary to love."

And again, farther on we find the same subject treated of in another form, viz., "why God loves us." This is more familiar to most of us, in theory at least, than the former proposition; yet surely as the entire treatise most sweetly enforces, the one ought to imply the other.

"The whole creation floats, as it were, in the ocean of God Almighty's love. His love is the cause of all things, and of all conditions of all things, and it is their end and rest as well. Had it not been for His love they never would have existed, and were it not for His love now they would not be one hour preserved. Love is the

reading of all the riddles of nature, grace, and glory; and reprobation is practically the positive refusal on the part of the free creature, to partake of the Creator's love. Love is the light of all dark mysteries, the sublime consummation of all hopes, desires, and wisdoms, and the marvellous interpretation of God. Light is not so universal as love, for love is in darkness as well as light. Life is less strong than love; for love is the victory over death, and is itself an immortal life."

We must make one more extract from the chapter on the "World," and then with reluctance pass from the consideration of this beautiful volume; to wait, till inspired by the grace of God, the same loving heart, and gifted mind which composed it, shall refresh and solace our souls with another.

"There are two views which may be taken of our present earthly life, the one dark, and the other bright: St. Bernard may be called the prophet of the first; St. Francis of Sales of the second. The first seems more safe for human presumption; the second more cheering to discouragement. One leads through holy fear to love; the other through holy love to fear. The one disenchants more from the world; the other enchants us more with God. The one subdues; the other gives elasticity. The one seems more admonitory to man; the other more honourable to God. Both can make saints, but saints of different kinds. Both are true, yet both are untrue. Both are true as far as they go, and both are untrue when they exclude the other.....The strange thing is that no one seems to be able to take in impartially the whole view of the world, the true view, the two together. Intellectually they may do so, but practically they must lean either to the dark or bright, exaggerate their own view and do the other injustice. No view leaves things uncoloured. It is our necessity; we cannot help ourselves. The grand thing is to turn it all to God, and to begin straightway to manufacture heavenly love both out of our darkness and our light."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Edinburgh Review. The new number of this periodical, (for July) opens with an article on "La Salette," which were it not for the seriousness of the subject involved, would, on account of its very intense ignorance be amusing. As it is, we cannot help thinking of the author as a fellow-creature who has a soul to be saved, and so regarding him, shudder at the blasphemies for which ignorance, in the midst of knowledge, which was to be had for the asking, will form no valid excuse. It is a relief to pass over the pages, and turn to a paper on "Electrical Science," one which, because perhaps we are less familiar with the subject than with the others treated of, we have found to be the most interesting in the Review. The *vis inertiae* of matter has so long been looked upon as a fact settled beyond dispute, that it is somewhat startling to be told, that, "all material bodies, how-

ever quiet they may seem, and dense, and still, are nevertheless made up of an infinity of moving parts, which never touch one another, and never pause even for a passing moment in their restless whirl." The constituent molecules of lead and steel can be compressed nearer together by the energetic persuasion of Bramah's hydraulic press, or Nasmyth's steam hammer; but when these mighty engines have done their utmost there is still working against them, a repellent force, an influence, no longer held to be an independent fluid, denominated "heat." An article headed "License of Modern Novelists" might well be refuted at much greater length than we have space for here. We are no admirers of Mr. Dickens, to own the truth we have never yet had patience to read more than half a dozen consecutive pages of any one of his books; but his felicitous description of the "circumlocution office," has already had an influence for good through the length and breadth of the land, and instead of being put down by ridicule as the writer before us appears to anticipate, will we doubt not survive long after all who have as yet made acquaintance, either with the original institution, or with Mr. Dickens' exact portrait of it shall have crumbled into dust. The same remarks, or nearly the same, will apply to Mr. Reade's exposure of the frightful cruelties practised on prisoners; in "It is never too late to mend." When we spoke of this work last month, we took it to be a protest against the abuse of prison discipline generally; but we were not aware that it would apply, or that it was intended to be applied to any gaol or gaoler in particular. We have since been informed by a near relative of our own, a member of consideration at the English Bar, that he was present at the trial of the real culprit two years ago; that he saw all the instruments of torture Mr. Reade enumerates, and that in the account the latter gives in the tale of the use made of them, there is no exaggeration whatever.

Helen and Olga, a Russian Tale, by the author of the "Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell." HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., London. Mary Powell was, we believe, the first, and we are disposed to think, the best, of a series of tales, not altogether devoid of interest generally speaking, and showing here and there flashes of a peculiar kind of talent. We are inclined to believe, however, that the author must by this time have outwritten his ability, for we cannot conceive a duller composition than that of *Helen and Olga*. It is called a "Russian Tale," but the volume contains neither plot nor character, and with the exception of the word "serfs" where we should usually write "servants," nothing whatever to connect it with Russia rather than with any other country in the world. Helen, intended to be a model of propriety, but who is a somewhat unpleasant specimen of the "lady parson," is engaged at the age of twenty-two, as governess to Olga, a somewhat mindless girl of sixteen. In addition to her

prescribed duties, Helen reads and expounds the Scriptures after the irreverent fashion of her tribe, and is herself *amused* at the Easter festivities, which she witnesses in the cathedral at Moscow. Nothing happens to either of these precious heroines, only they get married at the end of the book according to their respective fancies, and Olga, we are left to suppose, falls from the schism of the Greek church into the miserable non-belief of Evangelical Protestantism.

The Life of Faith, an Essay. By W. C. B. O. Edinburgh, MARSH and BEATTIE.—We have read this little pamphlet through twice, to try to discover its meaning, but we have been unable to succeed. The author appears to us to have gone beyond his depth in attempting so elevated a subject, at least his ideas and thoughts seem confused, and as though they had required to pass through greater elaboration in his own mind before he ventured into print; we further miss the *imprimatur* of authority on the title page. The writer, no doubt, so far as *intention* goes, is orthodox;—but judging by his essay, we conceive him to be a recent convert, and as such unaware how difficult it is, except for a professed theologian, to write with sufficient precision, such precision as will prevent misconstruction, on points involving matters of Faith.

Peg Woffington. New and cheap Edition. BENTLEY, London.—This is an earlier written Tale by the author of "It is never too late to mend;" and although many people have probably felt disposed to do so, one which it is scarcely fair to read, after the more mature and incomparably greater work we have just mentioned. "Peg Woffington" is a woman of talent and energy, who has been *raised* to the stage, for she was an Irish orange-girl, and in her elevation has not escaped the temptations often supposed to be peculiarly incident to her profession. It must not however be inferred from this, that scenes of an improper character are suffered to occupy the reader's attention: the tone of morality throughout the book, is very far indeed above the ordinary Protestant average, and although we have not been able to perceive that it is intended to subserve any definite aim, the story contains passages of great dramatic interest and power. Mr. Reade is great in portrait painting; we feel that we know all the people to whom he introduces us, as well as Margaret Woffington, and with the singular facility of true genius, the likeness is depicted frequently, with but a few strokes of the pen. We are told, for instance, of the young country wife, Margaret's contrast and rival:—

"The lovely Mabel had a taste for beautiful things without any excess of that severe quality called judgment. I will explain. If you or I, reader, had read to her in the afternoon, amidst the smell of roses and eglantine, the chirp of the mavis,

the hum of bees, the twinkling of butterflies, and the tinkle of distant sheep, something that combined all these sights and sounds and smells—say Milton's musical picture of Eden (Par. Lost, lib. 3) and after that Triplet on Kew, (Triplet is an impersonated burlesque on authorship,) she would instantly have pronounced in favour of 'Eden;' but if we had read her Milton, and Mr. Vane had read her Triplet, she would have as unhesitatingly preferred Kew to 'Paradise.'

"She was a true daughter of Eve; the lady who, when an angel was telling her and her husband the truths of heaven, in heaven's own music, slipped away into the kitchen, because she preferred hearing the story at second hand, encumbered with digressions, and in mortal, but marital accents." Comment on this would spoil it. Do we not all feel quite sure that we have been acquainted with Mabel Vane from childhood?

Christie Johnson, new and cheap edition, by the Author of Peg Woffington. Bentley, London.—We cannot say much respecting this volume, as on account of its being written principally in the Scotch dialect, we have not been able to understand it. The first chapter, however, which happily is in English, is most artistic; we must content ourselves by an extract from it

Lord Ipsden, with an income of £18,000 a year, and an unfortunate love affair, is unhappy; his confidential attendant, Saunders, calls in medical aid. "A moment later Dr. Aberford bowled into the room, tugging at his gloves, as he ran. He was one of those globules of human quicksilver one sees now and then, for two seconds; they are in fact two globules,—their head is one, invariably bald, round, and glittering; their body is another, in activity and shape, totus teres atque rotundus; and in fifty years they live five centuries.....This individual did not walk up and down the apartment, but went slanting and tacking like a knight on a chess-board. Presently, turning his upper globule without affecting the lower, he hurried back in a cold business-like tone, the following interrogatory:

"What are your vices?"

"Saunders," enquired the patient, "which are my vices?"

"M'Lord, Lordship hasn't any vices," replied Saunders, with dull matter-of-fact solemnity.

"It seems I have not any vices, Dr. Aberford," said he, demurely.

"That is bad; nothing to get hold of? What interests you then?"

"I don't remember."

"What amuses you?"

"I forget."

"Hum! no horses, no dancers, no yacht?"

"But I have, Dr. Aberford."

“ ‘What?’
“ ‘A yacht, and a clipper she is, too.’
“ ‘Send her round to Granton Pier, in the Frith of Forth.’
“ ‘I will, Sir.’
“ ‘And write this prescription.’
“ ‘Saunders?’ appealed his master.
“ ‘Saunders, be hanged. Oblige me, my Lord, by writing it yourself.’
“ The young Viscount bowed, seated himself at a desk, and wrote.
“ ‘Make acquaintance with all the people of low estate, who have time to be bothered with you; learn their ways, their minds, and, above all, their troubles.’
“ ‘Won’t all this bore me?’ suggested the writer.
“ ‘You will see. Relieve one fellow creature every day, and let Mr. Saunders book the circumstances.’
“ ‘I shall like this part,’ said the patient, laying down his pen. ‘How clever of you to think of such things; may I not do two sometimes?’
“ ‘Certainly not; one pill per day; run your nose into adventures at sea; live on tenpence, and earn it.’
“ ‘Is it down?’
“ ‘Yes.’
“ ‘I must be off.’.....
“ ‘Saunders,’ said his master, on the former’s return, ‘send down to Gravesend and order the yacht to this place. What is it?’
“ ‘Granton Pier. Yes, my Lord.’
“ ‘And Saunders, take clothes and books, and violins, and telescopes, and things—and me, to Euston Square in an hour.’ ”

CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS.

Where is Hell?—In “*The Unseen World*,” there is a narrative founded on the testimony of thirty persons, who were eye witnesses of the fact, that on a certain day in the last century, these persons, who were the crew of a vessel sailing in the Mediterranean, beheld an extraordinary apparition of a certain Liverpool Captain, named Booty, driven into the crater of Stromboli, a volcano in one of the Lipari Islands; they did not at the time know that he was dead, for he was at Liverpool. On their return to Liverpool, they found that Booty had died on the very day on which they had seen the apparition; and it seems they had no hesitation in publishing what they had beheld. Booty’s widow instituted an action against them for libel, which was tried in the Court of King’s Bench, and it was proved for the defendants that they had sufficient evidence for what they had published. Those wishing for fuller particulars may consult the above work. One would not be inclined to lay much stress on this, only for meeting with a parallel case in the Roman Breviary, May 27; where we find that St. Gregory relates that a certain hermit saw king

Theodoric cast into the Lipari volcano, by St. John, Pope and Martyr, and Symmachus, the Senator, both of whom had lately been put to death by Theodoric. Can any of our readers quote any other parallel cases? Now to our question: *where is hell?* Look at these instances, in connection with the following premises. Hell must be *somewhere*. Its fire must be a *material* fire, inasmuch as it is to act on bodies, as well as souls. The centre of the earth is more than red hot; it is filled with an ardent and devouring fire, which bursts forth from every side of the earth in streams of lava and volcanic eruptions; and whose action ejects boiling water and melts rocks. Then we are always taught that there is a *descent* into hell; now there is no place except the centre of the earth, towards which there can be a *descent* from all portions of the globe. Why therefore, may not hell be in the centre of our globe, and why should not the volcanoes be looked upon as mouths of hell—representing to us at least the idea, if not the reality of such a place, and its position?

Ages of Animals.—The age of a bear rarely exceeds 20 years: a dog lives 20 years; a wolf, 20; a fox, 14 or 16. The average age of cats is fifteen years; of a squirrel, and a hare, 7 or 8 years; of a rabbit, 7. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. (Any one doubting this, is at liberty to purchase one, and satisfy himself by actual experiment. P. D.) Pigs have attained the patriarchal age of 30; the rhinoceros 50. A horse has been known to live to the age of 72, but averages from 25 to 30. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of 10. Cows live about 15 years. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 100 years; ravens frequently reach the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 300 years; pelicans are long lived. A tortoise has been ascertained to have lived 190 years.

Climates.—If any one has a horror of icicles, and would never have the mild temperature of the air interrupted by the presence of a hoarfrost, let him migrate with the temperature. Let him spend the month of January in Portugal; February in Madeira; March in Spain; April in Sicily; May in Greece; June in Italy; July in Switzerland; August in France; September in England; October among the woods of America; November in Crete; and December in the Cape de Verde Islands. In this rotatory motion, he may enjoy a delicious temperature all the year round: but where is “home sweet home?”

Wars.—Wars between England and France:

1141, one year.	1492, one month.	1689, ten years.
1161, twenty-five years.	1512, two years.	1702, eleven years.
1211, fifteen years.	1521, six years.	1744, four years.
1224, nine years.	1549, one year.	1756, seven years.
1294, five years.	1557, two years.	1776, seven years.
1339, twenty-one years.	1562, two years.	1793, nine years.
1368, fifty-two years.	1627, two years.	1803, twelve years.
1422, forty-nine years.	1666, one year.	

Thus making within a period of seven hundred years, two hundred and fifty-three of war!

Titles of Honour.—To give children some idea of the difference of rank and gradual rising, I have made a little scale, supposing myself to receive the following various accessions of dignity from the Sovereign who is the fountain of honour.—As at first, Mr. C. Lamb;

2, C. Lamb, Esq.; 3, Sir C. Lamb, Bart.; 4, Baron Lamb of Stamford; 5, Viscount Lamb; 6, Earl Lamb; 7, Marquis Lamb; 8, Duke Lamb. It would look like quibbling to carry it on further, and especially as it is not necessary for children to go beyond the ordinary titles of sub-regal dignity in our own country; otherwise, I have sometimes in my dreams, imagined myself still advancing, as, 9th., King Lamb; 10, Emperor Lamb; 11, Pope Innocent, higher than which is nothing.—*From C. Lamb's Letters.*

The Spiritualists in America.—A searching investigation into the question of spiritualism and the efficacy of "spiritual mediums" has lately taken place at Boston, where it terminated at the end of last month. It is reported by a very able committee of inquiry that the "mediums" all failed, and that "spiritualism," as it is falsely and absurdly styled, is proved to be a sheer fallacy. This exposure of the utter insanity of this monstrous delusion is regarded with great satisfaction by all who have at heart the interests of religion, morality, and it may be added common sense. Professor Felton, of Cambridge, United States, has taken equal pains to expose the hollowness of the pretensions of "spiritualists" and to open the eyes of their ignorant dupes. "The exposure of this amazing fraud," writes the learned professor (in a private letter), "is a matter of vital consequence to morals, religion, and social safety,"—an assertion which all right-minded persons will heartily echo. And this good service to the world has now been achieved, by the labours of the Boston committee of inquiry.

A VALUABLE FREIGHT.

The Papers of the day contain the following Announcement.

"AN EXTRAORDINARY BATCH OF CONVICTS.

"Notice has been given at Lloyd's that her Majesty's Government require a ship immediately to carry four hundred male convicts from England to Freemantle, Western Australia. Among the four hundred will be found Sir John Dean Paul, Strahan, and Bates, the fraudulent bankers; Robson, the Crystal-Palace forger; Redpath, who committed the forgeries on the Great Northern Railway Company; and Agar, the railway guard, who committed the great gold robbery on the South-Eastern Railway. The notorious bank-forgery, Barrister Saward, alias Jem the Penman, the putter-up of all the great robberies in the metropolis for the last twenty years, also goes out in this ship, which will leave England on the 25th proximo."

One of our English apophthegmatists has said, Suppose that any two bosom friends, sitting at table together, could really penetrate the secret recesses of each other's minds, no matter how pure and honourable an outward character they bore, so startling and appalling would the revelation be, that each would run from the other in fright.

Fallen though we be, we think this is too hard upon poor human nature; and we should be sorry to think, that we have not known hundreds, who are in every sense exceptions to this humiliating estimate. Yet such announcements as the one we have quoted for our text, would go far to give some sort of a colour to the assertion. Had the vessel been starting a few weeks later, she might have had the names of half-a-dozen British Bank notorieties added to her list of passengers. And then, while thanking our stars that the country

was rid of such an infamous gang, we could not fail to fall into one or two reflections that would naturally arise from such a state of things.

Of course there are degrees in guilt, as in everything else; and were we to attempt to classify the gang before us, it would be necessary to assign the highest grade of criminality to Strahan, Paul, and Bates, and the British Bank mis-managers, inasmuch as the far-spread misery caused by their wickedness gives them an indisputable claim to "this bad eminence." The pittance of the orphan and the widow was committed to their custody; the man of business laid up in their coffers his hardly earned savings, that they might be forthcoming against the "rainy day," or might be useful to his family when death or sickness removed him. The maiden-lady, too delicate, or too aged, or all unused to work, had her little means locked up here, trusting to the quarterly dividends for her slender support. And these sleek rascals, dissipating the means of others in dishonest courses, squandered, in guilty luxury, the patrimony of their poor, confiding clients. As any of them, Paul or Macgregor, stepped, in his lustrous broad cloth, from the swing-hinged and plate glassed doors of his bank, the very crossing sweeper in the street was more of a gentleman than he. At least he was not trifling with his honour, he was not reducing families to beggary; he was not robbing the weakly and the sick of the little delicacies necessary for their condition; he was not earning for himself, what might almost drag an angel from heaven, the curse of those you have made poor.

Next in disgusting depravity stands Saward, the barrister. He is less criminal than the bankers, inasmuch as he abuses no confidence, probably because no reliance is placed in him. He is a sort of Ismael, his hand is against everybody, and everybody's hand is against him. But what a humiliating picture he presents of intellect abused, talents that might have moved the world for good, not merely buried in a napkin, but perverted to the most unworthy purposes. He, a man of education; he, that should have been a gentleman, by birth, training, and position, was not merely an associate of thieves, but he was a professor in dishonesty. Sitting in the chair of pestilence, he guided their operations, as a general might have done. He planned robberies; he forged documents of every sort, from orders for goods to cheques on bankers. He received stolen property; he concealed it during the crisis; he found means of disposing of it afterwards. He was the evil centre of a bad system; a deplorable example of how low the best of us may sink, when we throw by the sheet anchor of principle and religion!

Agar, Redpath, and Robson, come next. Though circumstances make their guilt less odious than that of their fellows, since they plundered wealthy corporations, and not the miscellaneous or needy public; yet no doubt their principles were equally bad, and their minds equally depraved. One cannot help picturing the worthless fellows in the days of their guilty prosperity, how high and mighty they were! How daintily would they feed; how stylishly would they dress! How slightly would they speak of honest industry, slowly and painfully plodding its weary way of labour and hard fare! How lavish would they be of money, (as Charles Lamb says,) "thinking it, yours and mine especially, as no better than dross." One of them, hobnobbed with lords, possessed a magnificent collection of pictures, curiosities, antiques, and articles of *virtu* generally, and had one of the

best furnished houses in town. He had bought a splendid *maison-de-campagne*, with gardens, terraces, shrubberies, greenhouses, and all the rest of it. He had carriages, hacks, hunters, and racers. Thank heaven! justice overtook the whole crew of them. The daws were stripped of their mis-gotten plumage, and endued with more suitable habiliments of pepper-and salt, trimmed with yellow. They have gone through a salutary preliminary course of penance at Pentonville and the hulks, and are now about to be transplanted to far Australia to complete their term of durance.

They are to be the pioneers of the new colony, the first settlers in the new penal district. In them, there is an embryo population. They are to be the progenitors of the future indwellers in Freemantle. One of our old saws says, bluntly enough, *Such wood, such chips*, and if their descendants are anything like themselves, this batch will do very little towards promoting and propagating the glories of the Anglo-Saxon name, of which we are accustomed to hear so much.

When these worthies were at large in society, who would have dreamt of their true characters, meeting them in the senate, the club, the train, or the street. The fact is, that in this country, nearly every one appears under false colours. Society and commerce are rotten at the core. Everything wears an outward appearance of grandeur and prosperity that there is very little below the surface to justify. We are all living beyond our means. Our equipages and our style of dress would require a princely revenue to support them. We travel, and we ride, and we rusticate at the sea-side, and we launch out in costly pleasures and expensive luxuries; and everything is *couleur-de-rose*, till we are found out! What a state of things does it bespeak, that in this great commercial city there is scarcely a mercantile office without its "fast" young man, so that the other clerks are accustomed to say to one another:—"So-and-so is the next man 'spotted' to cross the sea!" It is unfortunately true that none profit by the misfortunes of others, except such as have prudence enough to get on without such experience; yet if example could impress its lessons on those who run, there are many who might ponder with profit on the fate of our batch of convicts.

There is yet another reflection which the case suggests. A *troupe* of modern philanthropists, the noisiest of whom are, or were, Cassell, Dickens, Jerrold, and that school, would thrust education down our throats as the great panacea of all moral ailings. These are they that address themselves to the "horny-handed sons of toil," who talk about "the working-man," as if he were a class; who babble alliterations about "making the man a better mechanic, and the mechanic a better man;" who found free lending-libraries for the *people*, whose stock is novels, poems, dramas, and very questionable philosophy, with historical and geographical works in homœopathic quantities. When *will* they see their error, that education is *not* the one thing necessary? Neither education nor society will purge the evil. All these were educated men, and yet their very education was the proximate cause of their downfall. Nay, Sir John Paul was more than a scholar. He was an Exeter-Hall saint; the very week he was tried and condemned, his publishers advertised a new edition of the Testament, of which he, the swindler, was the Editor! Redpath was the light of more than one dissenting chapel; he subscribed to many, and superintended the plate at the door of his favoured sanctuary. Only a week ago, a very presentable youth was arrested for embezzle-

ment in Liverpool. He was cashier in a mercantile house, and had distinguished himself and shown his zeal for Protestantism, by presenting two splendid silk banners (value £5.) to one of the Orange lodges.

The truth is that education alone is worse than useless. Our first parents fell by eating of the fruits of the tree of knowledge. No country on earth has so many, nor so richly endowed, educational establishments as this. They have all the ill-gotten old Catholic endowments, besides the gifts of modern charity, and endless grants from the imperial treasury; and yet there is no country under heaven where every sort of iniquity is so rampant as here. Our senators, our sabbatarians, and, above all, our "week-day preachers" putting on an immensely wise and self-satisfied air, grapple with the difficulty, and are nothing better than mere gropers in the dark. They raise the cry of *educate*; and they produce a generation of Atheists and Freethinkers, whose sole principle of conduct is *expediency*, whose single motive is self. The question is being brought to a practical solution in our Reformatories, which, in the course of a very few years, will tell their own tale. So far as the experiment has gone already, it is in favour of our position. In the Protestant Reformatories, as in Protestant society, they *educate*, and nothing more. They teach a trade, and they make letters the great Alpha and Omega. That is, they show their young how to take the best care of themselves. But no high principle is instilled, and the consequence is, that their disciples are honest, and upright, and sober, so long as they find that the best way of getting on in the world. But as they work for their own profit, and not from a motive of duty, there is no certainty or security that, if interest attracted in another direction, they would not just as readily, to serve their own ends, become unsteady, deceitful, or dishonest.

The Catholic system, however, makes Religion the basis of all training. It makes neither Education nor Trade the great end of existence. It treats both as mere means towards an end, and nothing more. Self is not the *summum bonum*. But our duties to God, ourselves, and our neighbours, are enforced in due degree; and they are always inculcated as *duties*, and not as ceremonies, which may be waived or dispensed with to suit our convenience. The consequence of this is, that while we know and use the best methods for advancing ourselves in the world, no good Catholic will ever permit his desire of making money or gaining a position for himself, to force him upon invading the rights of his neighbour, or contravening the laws of God. And sooner or later, the successive failure of every other theory and system, will convince all honest enquirers, that the only certain means of bringing up good men, is to base their education and their springs of actions on the solid foundation of a pure Catholic training.

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