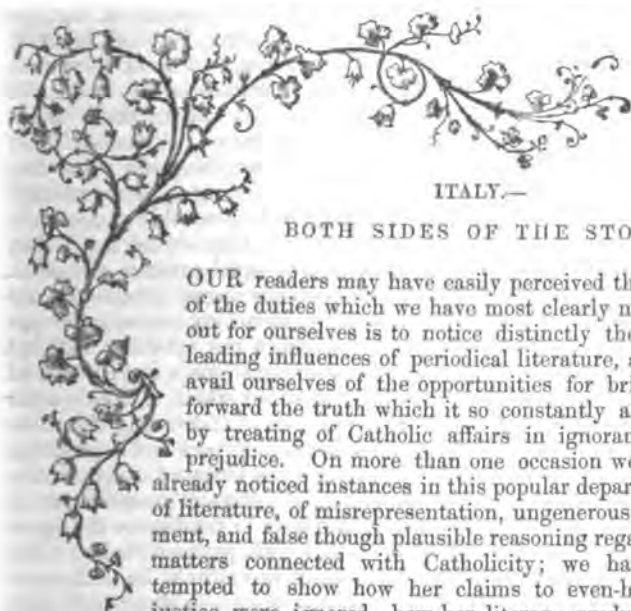


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ITALY.—

BOTH SIDES OF THE STORY.

OUR readers may have easily perceived that one of the duties which we have most clearly marked out for ourselves is to notice distinctly the misleading influences of periodical literature, and to avail ourselves of the opportunities for bringing forward the truth which it so constantly affords, by treating of Catholic affairs in ignorance or prejudice. On more than one occasion we have already noticed instances in this popular department of literature, of misrepresentation, ungenerous treatment, and false though plausible reasoning regarding matters connected with Catholicity; we have attempted to show how her claims to even-handed justice were ignored, how her literary productions were undervalued, and how her achievements were belied: and it is our dearest aim to make clear, as each occasion may arise, how a class of reading, steeped in prejudice towards us, and rarely correctly informed as to our views or affairs, renders Catholic feeling so uncomfortable to many, gradually enlarging their credulity and swiftly dissolving their faith.

We readily indeed acknowledge that we do not regard all the false reasoning and unfair conclusions with which we are disturbed every day, altogether in the light of obstinate and wilful misrepresentation. We know very well that much of the brilliant and fascinating

writing which attacks us most cleverly, and of the consequences of which we have therefore the greatest fear, is very frequently the work of minds who would shrink from falsehood, and who believe what they put forward: when not feeling called on to decide for ourselves whether so gifted and erudite men can be unwittingly in error, and making due allowance, in the spirit of true religion, for the force of circumstances, and their unworthiness of grace, we see no occasion to refuse some respect to such writing as has apparently honest conviction breathed into it, however it may strike at ourselves, or sneer at the truth.

But although this feeling may be all very well towards criticism on such points as 'perplexed Eliphaz and Zophar,' it very quickly disappears when these writers attempt to colour some popular topic by statements which cannot stand their trial, and to tickle the prejudices of their readers by bamboozling them as to the history of to-day. Whatever respect we may show, under the circumstances we have noticed, and in the absence of the light of Faith, we need have no toleration whatever for such as attract readers by a picture of their own prejudices, and send them forth from its contemplation with increased bitterness of feeling. If therefore, by showing up positive ignorance where these writers would seem well informed, by detecting mean insinuation where they would appear honest, and by exposing falsehood where they profess truth, we can bring home to our doubting and uncomfortable readers how coolly they are hoodwinked by their monthly and quarterly idols, we may also hope to gradually shake their confidence in them on points on which they might not have equal patience to hear us.

The war over, party antagonism gradually disappearing—from the heedlessness of the public apparently, as to any necessity for parties at all—and the few ephemeral topics not affording sufficient matter for *talk* to those for whom commercial crises and commercial swindling have no attraction, the periodicals which so keenly notice what will 'take,' while they poison instead of instructing the public mind, turn once more to Italy and anarchy, Popery and superstition. In page after page of polished falsehood and eloquent misrepresentation, as to the affairs of a nation whose position and prospects our unemployed national impertinence has raised to the dignity of a 'question,' partisan writers crowd forward to cram partisan readers with a digest of every one-sided statement within their reach. In all the panoply of flowing periods, choice illustrations, and, in short, with every grace of composition; cheered on by the morbid sympathy of the vast body in this country whose unthinking prejudices such unworthy critics well know will loudly echo their plausible criticism, every means are greedily resorted to for turning the grand opportunity to account of the booksellers, by maligning the 'tottering papacy' and abusing the 'insolent Bourbon;' until at last, stunned by the universal censure outside the boundary, and perhaps, unfortunately, tainted by the falsehood of its eloquent organs, we begin to ask ourselves in doubt and trembling, 'what if much of it be true after all?'

It is to such wavering loyalty we address ourselves, and from experience of such foreboding together with subsequent satisfaction as to its unworthiness, that we make this effort to prove how Italy is slandered. We may be snubbed by our opponents as ready to defend her under any circumstances, and slighted by our own as being without power or fame. True, indeed, we love Italy well; sharing with mankind their respect for her past, and with Catholicity their regard for her as connected with the Holy Father; but let us see if even we cannot bring the lie home to the former, when perhaps the others may at least acknowledge we have succeeded. In most of the partisan discussions of Italian affairs we notice a strange absence of any narrative of her actual wrongs: entrenching themselves within generalities, and apparently afraid to meddle with facts, these writers prefer to take for granted that everybody is familiar with the various evils, and to occupy their pages with denunciations of priestcraft and Austrian intrigue—praises of Sardinian wisdom and national inspirations—elaborate criticisms on the difficulties of Italian unity,* why Mazzini failed, and what would have happened had he succeeded. In rounded sentences and convincing abuse the reader is led away, without seeking or being enabled to understand what is wrong.

In one of these poisoned sources however, in a style and with a command of language that sweep one along with charmed taste and sympathies all in glow for this enslaved people, we are plainly told that the country is pauperized by mal-administration, given up to brigandage, and beggared by taxation; that in the corrupt state of the legal administration no man can depend on the justice of his cause, but must strive for the influence of powerful friends; that the system of appeal from one court to another places the poor man at the power of his more wealthy opponent, and that the power to arrest and imprison on mere suspicion, sometimes on information anonymously received, and to prolong the incarceration at pleasure, is the most terrible of these evils. We are also here informed, of course with the usual degree of insinuation and the customary stabs at the papal government, that the prisons are filled with victims of priestly tyranny who have never been made acquainted with the charges against them, and are detained in expectation of what may be discovered; and the short portion of this rapid and clever article which deals with *facts* at all, closes with so pathetic and eloquent a description of terror-stricken crowds of anxious citizens, that we can vividly picture to ourselves the feelings of disgust at priestly tyranny, and of rebellion against all ecclesiastical authority, with which too many Catholic readers may have risen from such pages.

The next criticism to our hand comes from writers liberal no doubt in everything save common justice to the church of their fathers. Here again, clearly, the reader is understood to come

* *National Review*—October—'Italy.'

† *Dublin University Magazine*—September—'The Italian Question'

prepared with full information as to what is wrong, and merely to satisfy his thirsty prejudice in the brilliant, though not seldom scurrilous, declamation of these pages.* True to the superficial and indeed not very courageous code of this species of criticism, the temporal sovereignty is stigmatized as the 'stagnant papacy'; Jesuits, Chapters, Religious 'sinecures' are allowed no quarter, and with a most careful avoidance of all details, it is studied how best to sweep into the reader's mind an unthinking feeling of disgust at the tyranny of the totally priestcraft government. 'Darkness' we are told 'now broods heavily on the Italian peninsula, not more forlorn and deadly the mouth of some tropical river when the sun is down, than this stricken Italy whence the sun is so utterly departed; overhead hang in a heavy cloud those putrid exhalations which are evolved by religious corruption,—a visible creeping pestilence, and beneath, as in some fetid ooze, men sink by hundreds into the dungeon of the despot, where the miry darkness closes over them, while tyranny sings praises because the cause of 'order' in Europe seems a little longer safe.' The chief aim of this paper (indeed, notwithstanding its label, the only one, unless we except its bye-blows at Catholicity) is however to sing the praises of Sardinia and her new title to the admiration of English bigotry. A brilliant historian, in one of his anatomical discussions, remarks with reference to Dryden's conversion, that the conviction of any man must be suspected when he derives pecuniary advantage from the change. Of the thousands who have echoed this sentiment how does it happen that none seem inclined to qualify their applause of Victor Emanuel's conversion to British 'wisdom,' when they call to mind that it was purchased with protection and gold? Why do they never suspect his new belief in 'the Church's true position' when they are aware that in 'curbing her power' he filled his coffers with spoil?

And without addressing the class of newspaper readers whom the falsehood of periodicals does not particularly influence, while those to whom we now speak are somewhat cautious as to the naked lies of 'our own correspondents,' we cannot avoid a passing remark as to the latter's unworthiness of credit, especially when we consider that it is from their statements that periodical writers derive their views. We all know very well how articles are manufactured now-a-days, and though it is so difficult to get hold of an exact charge in those before us, we can yet easily perceive how profoundly 'our own correspondents' are believed. Now we may fairly ask what sort of confidence should have been reposed in a Continental periodical in 1848, building its conclusions, as to English tyranny and misgovernment, on the reports of Young Ireland correspondents alone? Far more unlikely are those who cater for the *Times* to be just or well informed in dealing with an incomprehensible people; of an abhorred religion and a strange language; of far different memories, customs, and aspirations.

* The *British Quarterly Review*—October—'Piedmont and Italy.'

But let us now reverse the medal, and endeavour to make clear to our readers the other side of the story. For this purpose we have been gladdened with a masterly statement * from one—relying on report which is generally correct in such cases, and of which we ourselves entertain no doubt—who can avail himself of the experience of thoroughly informed Italian officials, and can go for his information to the foot of the pontifical throne. When we contrast the merely eloquent insinuation of the other side with the wonderfully minute information here evidenced in every line; when we keep before us that great fame in literature, and high station in life, are here staked upon a statement of facts such that any particle of error therein could be at once taken hold of, and when we add to these (as noticed by the eminent writer himself) that, in taking up his pen he had to answer no purpose either of prejudice or pelf, we think that we have here a criticism on the papal states which all Catholics, if not indeed all generous-minded men, must regard as a standard.

With such weapons therefore we can meet the maligners on their own ground, and fight for our flag step by step without fear. We shall see what is the character of the priestcraft government; how justice is administered; what is really the vast number of innocent prisoners; what the manner and circumstances of their imprisonment or exile, and lastly the peculiar stagnation of the papal government. In the first place the character of the papal government is so little ecclesiastic, that to say it rules by priestcraft is simply absurd. In our number for July we attempted to show that the parliament was very reasonably dissolved. In the present system there is a Council of Ministers, of which the Secretary of State, being the chief medium between the Holy Father and the civilized world, is of necessity a cardinal, and the other four posts are open alike to laymen and to ecclesiastics—a Council of State whose power is absolute in administration, and which is composed of fifteen members, almost all laymen—a third body exclusively financial also mainly composed of laymen, and which has the examination and revision of the budget. Each province has a president corresponding with the French prefects who, each assisted by a small council, have the management of estimates and local taxes. The principle of municipal self-government is firmly established throughout, and the total number of lay public servants reaches 6,836, while that of ecclesiastics is only 289.

The administration of justice in civil cases is arranged as follows. Where the sum disputed does not exceed five dollars the heads of the municipal council decide: causes from five to two hundred, go to judges of county courts, of whom there are 180 out of Rome, *all laymen*: beyond that sum the case goes to 'collegiate tribunals,' of which there are 18 out of Rome *each composed of three laymen*; and this forms a court of appeal from the decisions

* *The Dublin Review*—October—'Italy and the Papal States.'

of the single magistrates. *The poor are exempted from all costs and fees, and the tribunal appoints them an advocate at the public charge.*'

And now with reference to the beggary and mal-administration, ruin by taxation &c. In the first place, the total civil list is but £120,000.* Up to 1830 we find that, notwithstanding considerable reductions in the taxes, the income annually exceeded the expenditure; that in spite of the loan consequent on the first Austrian occupation, good management so kept down the annual deficit that in 1847 it did not exceed 350,000 dollars. During the two years of 'liberal' rule the latter rose to the enormous amount of 6,600,000,† in addition to which all gold and silver coin disappeared, leaving in its place on the pontifical restoration, 8,000,000 dollars of almost worthless paper. To withdraw and destroy this latter entailed a loan on the Papal government of 1,400,000 dollars, and though ever since, the taxation of this 'beggared people' has been actually lighter than in Sardinia, yet the total deficit in this year's estimates is set down at only 750,000 dollars!

In 1846 the net custom-house income amounted to 4,284,212 dollars; in 1849 it had fallen under 'liberal' management to 948,589 dollars: two years afterwards it had risen under 'priestly tyranny' to 4,388,221 dollars; and this year it reached 5,346,039 dollars. In the maritime and commercial statistics we find the tonnage of 1837 20,904:10; and of 1854, 31,637:90.

But however clear the evidence of calumny may be in the foregoing instances, it is of no moment whatever compared with that brought forward in refutation of our almost universal belief regarding Italian prisoners and exiles. Due notice is indeed taken of the difference between Italian 'dungeons' and English prisons, while a contrast is also drawn between English Unions and Italian abodes for the poor, terribly damaging to our national estimate of the really deserving wretched. It is not contemplated, however, to rest the defence of the Papal government, in this particular, on any such species of argument: our holding out a premium for crime, while we despise and half starve God's poor, is speedily dealt with by one so largely provided for refuting insinuations by figures, and removing prejudices by facts. The charge of detaining persons in perspective,

* 'And this is charged with the maintenance of the Pope and his court; the allowance to Cardinals; the maintenance of nunciatures throughout the world; expenses of some ecclesiastical congregations; the papal chapels and their functions; the repairs and improvements of the three pontifical palaces in Rome—the Vatican, the Quirinal, and the Lateran, and of the Villa at Castel Gandolfo, their gardens, and the rest; the repairs of the fronts of the Basilicas, and of the Pantheon; the preservation and improvements of all the galleries, museums, and libraries; the maintenance of the Noble Guard, the Palatine, and Swiss Guards; finally, the pay, maintenance, superannuation, and gratuities of the servants of the palace.'

† Does the *National Review* (October) lose sight of these proofs of Mazzini's ability, when its only fear for the cause of 'this eloquent and truthful' man, is that there never can be sufficient unity in Italy for his aim to prosper?

so to speak, turns out to be an illusion, and that of acting upon anonymous evidence and concealing the charge from the accused, a mean and unmanly insinuation. From reasons at once apparent, when we keep in mind the foul deeds of murderous secret societies*—societies by the way which we have at least done nothing to discountenance, in political cases alone, witnesses cannot be confronted with the accused; but their evidence is invariably taken in writing, and fully communicated to the latter; but that any man can be condemned, in the temporal dominions of his Holiness, without an explicit indictment, is simply impossible, according to Roman procedure; and indeed we may fairly ask what is, after all, the material difference between this most necessary concealment, and the 'from information received' of our own police court *regime*? That the system, such as it is, does not work for evil, we hold to be unanswerably proved by the diminution of prisoners, the statistics show a diminution of late of above 1000 on the monthly average, adding the two classes—those undergoing punishment, and those at present untried—and exclusive of political offenders. Of these latter there are but 338 in the Roman state prisons, and with the exception of *one hundred* for high treason, all these are charged with crimes. Up to May of the present year the Holy Father had granted either diminution of punishment or full pardon to 112 accused, including common criminals and political offenders.

The total number of exiles from the States of the Church exclusive of foreigners, but including natives formally excepted from the amnesty of 1849—natives who would not be allowed to enter Rome without special permission—many exiled at their own request in commutation of their sentences, and many who dare not return on account of their former crimes, reaches only 847; and of this number many may yet return, through the clemency of the sovereign provided they have not compromised themselves during their exile. The greater number of State prisoners are at Paliano, an ancient palace of the Colonna family, and no unkindness is offered them. Great exertions are being made to improve the other prisons; most of them are under the management of religious orders, and a spacious building for 250 inmates is being erected at Fossombrone, on the cellular system. These facts will be read with astonishment by many whom a portion of our 'ribald press' has fooled into believing a far different story.

The stagnation of the papal government is the greatest falsehood of all; passing over the vivid evidence to the contrary in the financial position as already noticed, let us see what has been done, in the way of public works and general progress by this stagnant government. New harbours, lighthouses, piers, or other large and expensive works at Ravenna, Ancona, Pesero, Sinigaglia, Cesenatico, Civita Vecchia—a completely new port at Terracina—a railway from the ancient Antium to Rome; from Rome to Frascati, and to Caprano—contracts signed for lines through San Germano to Naples; to Civita Vecchia, on (the grand Italian trunk railway) to Bologna—

* See a very able article in *Brownson's Review* for April 1864.—p. 224.

telegraphic communications—gas throughout Rome—numberless first-class roads—magnificent viaducts—complete drainage—an elaborate census—splendid surveys—the army raised to within 3000 of the 18,000 determined on to replace the ‘disorganised and demoralised drove of tattered scamps, with barracks plundered to bareness, and dilapidated to ruin.’ In all this progress, steam power and all the latest improvements have been adopted, whether in public works, science, or war; and in the enriching of the museums, advancement of education, works in the catacombs, and the rest, the present pontificate has reminded mankind of all we owe to the Catholic Church in literature and art.

We have not alluded in the foregoing epitome to the charges of brigandage and assassination so plentifully thrown at this insulted people—charges which might be so wisely restrained by a nation steeped to the lips in crime. It seems to us that in no other particular was the Neapolitan’s reply—Mind your own business—more stinging than in silently yet forcibly asking how dare we cast the stone at our neighbours, while we were rushing on ourselves towards every monstrous crime and hideous vice that can put civilization to shame. In a land not far from that of which we have been treating, English patronage and English gold have operated now for many years: can it show such evidence of progress—so dear to the British soul: can it prove so little barbarity in the very same species of crime?

And now if our readers will either trust our statement of both sides of the story, or examining for themselves will discover that we have not misstated, will they consider us presumptuous in asking many to take warning? We have written somewhat earnestly, for we know the fascination of the class of reading we have endeavoured to prove false, and have experienced the strength of its beautiful temptations. How many are there who devoting their leisure to its study, are led away by its eloquence and research, and becoming callous in course of time to its mean attacks on their principles, in the ‘wisdom of their own conceits,’ at last fancy they can perceive much superstition in Catholic thought, and much alloy in the truth that was whispered to their childhood? Taking a general view, what do we owe to this great element of our time? Have the beautiful language it has spoken, and the knowledge it has so pleasantly imparted compensated for the falsehood it has preached and the infidelity it has instilled? Taking under its wing that German mind—enriched, no doubt, with marvellous erudition, but certainly poisoned by monstrous philosophic codes, has it not, even in secular learning deprived us altogether of faith; and stripping early history of its traditions, legends, and all the ‘graceful credulity of old,’ taught us to doubt almost everything, and to believe nothing? Is it not stained in its choicest passages with an uncharitableness which true learning always despises, and does it favour that docility which real knowledge will ever teach? In short does it not perpetually rouse the pride of intellect against the just authority of God’s Church, and prompt us to reject almost with disgust the very poetry of her teaching?

PONTIA.—A LEGEND.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]



PONTIA was disconsolate. She was the daughter of Pilate, a lovely maiden, in her eighteenth year, but recently returned from Rome, where she had been educated. She had heard much of Jesus of Nazareth, and she loved Him, for He was meek, holy, and perfect. Amongst the virgins of Judea, she had often, contrary to the customs of the country—for Gentiles did not associate with Jews—mingled, for the purpose of hearing Him, and perhaps of getting a sight of His God-like person. But her tender heart bled when she perceived that instead of entertaining towards Him sentiments congenial to her own, they spoke of Him as an impostor, and an enemy of His nation. The daughter of Herod rejoiced in his sufferings—and invoked the God of Abraham that the 'seducer' might meet his just reward.

But, there was one gentle maiden—the only daughter of the Centurion, whose servant Jesus had cured at Capharnaum—Oh! their hearts were blended in deep, deep sympathy for the Son of Man. They met at a banquet given by Quintillus, a Roman senator, on the very night that Jesus was arrested. The intelligence of the event excited the guests to various emotions. Prisca, the Centurion's daughter, wept, shrieked, and swooned. Pontia wept silently a flood of bitter tears upon the bosom of Prisca, whom she clasped in her arms. Their marble foreheads, unwrinkled by a furrow, leaned against each other; and their hair dishevelled, clustered around each other's neck in wild and dense profusion! "He is a victim to his enemies, then," sighed the daughter of Pilate; "but my father will not condemn him! O ye gods! if ever human being was worthy to be ranked—" A vehement confusion amongst all the guests who were reclining on their luxurious cushions, drowned her voice, but stopped not her tears. Her father was not present:—awful events were preparing for him, and he was brooding over them in the dark Prætorium. Quintillus rushed to the weeping maiden, severed her from the clenched clasp with which she hugged to her bursting heart the person, slender and now apparently lifeless, of Prisca, while she uttered with profound sobbings: "He is innocent; He shall not die!"

Prisca was removed by her attendants, and laid upon a couch, until she recovered from her swoon. When fixing her eyes, still swimming in tears, upon the maid Rosannah, "He is the Son of God," she sobbed, "He cured our servant who was dying of fever."

'Twas the midnight watch. The banquet broke up in confusion, and all Jerusalem was in a state of excitement. The full moon

hung over the Temple, soon to be left without one stone upon another. The Mount of Olives, which but a while ago, had gleamed with the lurid light of a thousand lamps borne in the hands of the populace, was now sprinkled over with the gleaming beams of the orb of night, keeping watch over the deeds that were doing. There was hurrying hither and thither through the streets of the city; voices were clamorous and loud; and the peace of the night was broken by tumult and uproar. But around the Prætorium there was a species of terrible and jarring vociferations. In the midst of all there was *One* as silent and as meek as a lamb preparing for slaughter; "He opened not His mouth." Pontius Pilate heard the confusion and was troubled. Pontia slept not; but fatigued her father with remonstrances and tears in behalf of the innocent *One*.

"Father," she exclaimed, "what charge can they prefer against Him?"

"They say He is an enemy to His nation, my child."

"Oh, Father! did He not prove himself their friend and benefactor; was His career not that of love, and peace, and purity! Remember His doings at Capharnaum; Prisca's servant cured; and you have heard of Lazarus."

"True, my daughter; but it will be my duty to pronounce sentence according to the charges alleged by His own people. I believe Him innocent, but—hark, child, they are at the door of the Prætorium; go then to rest, leave *me* to do; and Cæsar will approve."

Jesus was bound and confined in a narrow solitary cell; there to spend the remnant of that fatal night. The voice of the Centurion exclaimed, "He is secure; wait till to-morrow." And the crowd dispersed with terrible imprecations against Him, "Who being man made Himself God."

Day had scarce dawned over the once holy city, ere the Prætorium was surrounded by the mob, crying out for vengeance upon the 'seducer'—Pilate trembled. The dreams of his wife Claudia had been disturbed—she imagined a voice from the gods had proclaimed His innocence—and she abjured her husband, by his love for her, and for Pontia—by his veneration for the immortal gods—by all the woful consequences that might ensue, to have nothing to do with Jesus of Nazareth.

"If they condemn Him, let them look to it—It is mine merely to give sentence—not as Pontius Pilate, but as the governor of Judea—I will wash my hands of His blood—for I do not see any just ground for His condemnation." Pontia was overwhelmed with grief—"As for thee daughter," he continued "the quiet Villa of Tibur will suit thee better, just now, than the uproar of Jerusalem." And she was sent back to Rome.

The result—the tragic, the terrible result is known. Jesus was condemned to die on Golgotha—He died. But, darkness covered the face of the earth. The rock was split. The Temple's veil was

rent asunder. The dead arose! and the same Centurion, Capius, who had exclaimed "He is secure—wait till the morrow," was now heard to shriek aloud, amidst the confusion of nature, "Truly He is the Son of God."

What fancy can conceive the anguish of Pontia when it was announced to her at Tibur, that Jesus had been condemned to die upon a cross! Still she laboured to relieve her affliction with the filial conviction that her father was not the cause of it. In a letter, written to Prisca, she poured out her sentiments in these terms:—

"PONTIA TO PRISCA,

Si vales bene est, etc.,

The Power of His enemies has then, at last prevailed against the innocent *One*! Alas! Prisca what vengeance will yet the immortal gods inflict on His persecutors! My father is guiltless of His blood—he knew His innocence—he admired Him—but His own nation rose up against Him—against *Him*, who is worthy to be placed amongst the greater gods of the Empire. Prisca I loved Him in Judea—still more do I love His memory, so far away. I fear thou wilt hardly be able to bear up against the anguish which thy heart must suffer, amidst all the circumstances of His trial and death. Mine is great. Love me, as I love thee—farewell."

Pontius Pilate was disgraced and exiled. Claudia his wife left him on his condemnation of Jesus, and with Pontia her daughter ranked herself amongst the believers, was baptized by the hands of Peter, and Pontia with his daughter Petronilla, (for he had been married before his call to the apostleship,) retired into solitude, and died a saintly virgin, in the sweet contemplation of Him, her Jesus, whom she had loved as a pagan, and whom she adored as a Christian.

DOCTOR SERAPHICUS.

I.

'Father, hear a widow's cry!'
And she flings with maniac eye
Down the child before Saint Francis:
'Pray for him, Father Francis, pray!'
O'er her face quick terrors play,
Mingled with hope's eager glances.
Then Saint Francis wakes to Time
From his trance of love sublime,
And he holds those palms to heaven
Pierced and wounded like his Lord's;
God her faith's desire accords,
And the babe to life is given.
O the rapture!—who can know
How the tumults come and go
Through the heart of that poor mother?
Is there any on earth's face
Half so bless'd that brief hour's space?—
One there is—there is another.
While he made and won his prayer,
Francis saw in vision fair
Why the wondrous boon was granted:
Child of God that child should be,
Glorious through eternity—
And he stood like form enchanted,

Viewing through that mother's need
 Myriads tread the path decreed,
 Myriads into glory enter;
 And he cried, while went and came
 Breath and blood like flickering flame,
 'Blessed sorrow—happy venture!'

Three times thus he call'd aloud;
 Then a voice rose from the crowd,
 Francis' words for omen taking—
 'Happy-venture be his name!'
 'BUONVENTURA' they exclaim,
 And the baby smil'd awaking.

Thus was nam'd the chosen boy
 In that hour of faith and joy,
 Dawning day of changeless lustre:
 And years fly—youth comes at length,
 Youth's free step and limb of strength,
 Eye of dew and ringlets cluster.

But he moves as one that knows
 More than earthly joys and woes;
 Had not once his baby spirit
 Half-way pass'd the shadowy gate,
 When God's Angel bade him wait
 Higher glory to inherit?

Memories of immortal bloom,
 Streaks of dawn beyond the tomb
 Ever dimly float before him—
 Till he seeks the Seraph Saint,
 Prays for refuge from earth's taint,
 And they fling the vesture o'er him.

II.

Spare his form and mild his brow,
 Tearful now his eye, and now
 Vision-tranced and gleaming fiery,
 While his soul mid golden light
 Sails round Wisdom's mountain height
 As the eagle round her eyry.

From the courts of mighty kings
 Hasty conriers make them wings,
 Counsel from the poor Monk seeking;
 Louis' self with him doth share
 Royal board and kingly fare,
 Of another kingdom speaking.

Pilgrim multitudes from far
 Flock to him the Golden Star
 Light through all the azure raining;
 Round his presence cities hang,
 While his words like thunder clang,
 Or dew down like love's complaining.

Where the Rhone runs swiftly down
 Through old Lyons' lordly town,
 Lo the high and solemn meeting:
 East and west are come to heal
 Ages long of schism, and seal
 Love in long-lost brother's greeting.

By the mystic Fisherman
Freed at length from sin and ban,
Patriarch and Bishop gather;
Robed in vestments rich and strange
Of the ancient East, they range
Weeping round the Church's father.

Whose the tongue of silver tone,
Utterance swifter than yon Rhone
Shook pride's icy towers asunder?
Who 'mid all the chosen there
Foremost in the strife of prayer
Wrought the work 'mid Angels' wonder?

'Tis yon dying aged man
Stretching life a moment's span,
Weak with prayer and joyful weeping;
From that council high he goes,
Off the princely purple throws,
Forth in cord and sandal creeping.

Back to peaceful convent home.
Brother give him yonder tome,
Still unfilled it's closing pages;
'Tis the task he loves so well,
Of the Seraph Saint to tell,
Unto all the coming ages.

But the head bows slowly down,
As it were to meet the crown
Borne by unseen Angels to him;
And the pen falls by his side,
Life's thin current fails to glide,
Death's cold tremor passes through him.

Let the solemn Mass be said,
Toll the slow bell of the dead,
Never bell again shall wake him:
Let the people come to weep
Round the bier of holy sleep
Ere unto the tomb we take him.

While the third day round they press,
Lo, his hand he lifts to bless,
And a blessing seems to mutter,
Prostrate fall they, and the while,
Hark the pale lips with a smile,
'Gloria in excelsis' utter!

Then he rises meek and slow
Silent through the crowd doth go,
To the well-known desk advances,
There serenely brings to end
The life-story of his friend,
Of the sweet and wondrous Francis.

All one summer evening's space,
Marble-calm, his fingers trace
Blessèd words and holy story;
Then upon the bier he laid him,
Smiled on those that fain would aid him,
And away at last to glory!

PB.

THE OLD PRIEST'S GRAVE.

[NOTES OF A TOURIST.]



HE hospitable *pater familias* at whose house I was staying in the neighbourhood of Limerick, proposed a walk of a few miles along the Shannon to visit a holy well much frequented by the people of the surrounding district. We set off, accordingly, on a beautiful summer morning, and crossed the river in a boat, at a spot where it was sufficiently rapid indeed, and chafed in its passage by rocks whose black shining heads appeared in almost every direction above the surface; but more practicable than among the salmon-leaps lower down. We then wound our way along the bank, by a path overshadowed with fine trees; for we were in the grounds of a family which, in one branch or other, owns both sides of the Shannon hereabout. During our progress, my host, who was a good Catholic gentleman past middle life, and a true son of Erin in the best sense, gave me several interesting anecdotes illustrating the state of Ireland in past times. Among other things he said, that in a little ruined chapel which we should pass on our pilgrimage was the grave of an old priest, who had been scourged to death during the Rebellion. It was suspected that he knew, under the seal of confession, the guilt of two unhappy men who were to be executed for some lawless deed during that wild and troubled period. He had been questioned, whether by the magistracy or the military authorities, I forget which. Probably the latter; for, on his refusal to give information which he could only have given sacrilegiously, he was scourged so severely that he never recovered the shock, and soon sank into what must certainly be honoured as a martyr's grave. This story, I need scarcely say, moved me not a little; and even the interest of the holy well was superseded by my desire to go and kneel by the grave-stone of that holy priest, and kiss the slab that covered his remains. Happily, both objects were compatible, and forward I set with redoubled interest on my pleasant excursion.

Meanwhile, my companions were full of the traditions of the Shannon, of which the salmon were the principal heroes. It was this spot the salmon most loved to frequent; it was on that, they were most exposed to the arts of poachers; it was here that the otters found their abundant harvest; it was there that, with Lord Massey's leave, an honest sportsman might have the best chance of success. On this rocky shoal the wearied fish reposed awhile in their passage up the rapid stream; and yonder, a little above, was the Leap which most severely tasked their powers. Recruited after the fatigues of their long swim, they braced themselves up to the attempt, and shooting to the point where the water came glancing down at arrow-speed through the outlet of rocks, the dauntless salmon would double himself up like a whiting on a Friday's dinner,

or like his cousin Pike on Mr. Pickering's frontispieces, and with one brave jerk—chuck ! he flings himself into the air, and, plash ! he is safe in again, above the fall.

Beguiling the time with such disquisitions piscatorial and ichthyological, we soon neared the holy well. Some two hundred yards before reaching it, we turned out of our path through a broken gate; and there, seen through the straggling branches of some wild, neglected trees, in a plot of land that was neither paddock; grave-yard, no-man's land, nor plantation, but a mixture of all these things together, stood facing us the little chapel.

It was a strange, desolate spot, enough. Overshadowed and dank, tangled and deserted, stood the little unroofed temple with its clustering ivy and the fantastic alders that writhed all around it and within. Its roof had long been gone; the branches of the trees that were now, with the dead, its only occupants, peered up from their anchorage in the nave like some irregular seedling out of a cracked flower-pot; and the form of the small bell-gable was hidden in its mantle of green. It seemed an emblem of the [dark past of Irish history through which it had maintained its tottering existence; natural cheerfulness and vigour manifested side by side with the ruins of the relentless spoiler's hand !

Around the walls of this humble chapel also, was a scene of the saddest confusion and neglect. It was a wilderness of nettles, rank weeds, and waving grass, that formed an undergrowth for the alder-shrubs sprouting wildly in all directions; and intermingled with these were the graves of the dead. Shallow they had been, even when newly made: and now, from one cause or another, many of them lay exposed; and crumbling coffin-planks, and bones, and fragments of skulls, met the eye of the visitor. It was altogether a sight to make a thoughtless man stop and muse. It told of a race bent down for generations to the very earth under the hand of oppressors foreign in race, and aliens from the faith of those whom they mis-governed:—bent down under the force of penal laws and unwritten galling customs and habits of treatment, until they had lost that love of the *minor* proprieties of life—to say the least—which is the portion of the free and happy. It smote upon the breast of the Saxon stranger who stood there: a descendant of the oppressing race; one whose forefathers had had their share in abetting and continuing the unrighteous misrule which resulted in such an uncultured grave-yard and such a ruined church. Then, after an interval of such thoughts, humbled and remorseful, I stepped within, to venerate the martyr's grave.

There was the same wild disorder, the same unchecked growth amid decay; nature mantling the ruins of man and the works for man. At another time I might have lingered with interest over the architectural features of this primitive little temple, with its single narrow lancet for an east window, and its quaintly wrought stoup for holy water; but now—the place where once stood the altar was a bed of nettles, and the piscina and sedile were heaped

with broken bones ! I turned therefore, in quest of the tomb. And there was the spot ! Pick your way carefully over those two dank and dissevered slabs with illegible epitaphs ; avoid the weeds and the remnants of mortality as well you may for six or seven paces. You are now standing above the sacred relics of him, whose rank in heaven is doubtless with that of St. Tryphon, and St. Respicius, and the rest of the glorious company, whom the *plumbatae** of the Roman lictors had sent to their reward fifteen centuries before it was *his* turn to suffer.

After kneeling, then, and kissing the old worn slab, I began with some difficulty to decipher the inscription upon it ; and was disappointed to find that after all it referred to another person who had died about the same time, towards the end of the last century. It appeared that the body of the martyred priest had been interred in the grave of some one already deceased ; whose name had the poor immortality of a moss-grown epitaph in the sequestered and unfrequented chapel, while the sharer of his tomb, deprived even of this memorial on earth, was enrolled in the bright catalogue of the martyrs above. It was better so : it gave him one additional feature of likeness to his elder brothers in the first ages of the Church, whose relics, even when saved from the insults of heathen hands, frequently lay obscure and unknown in some crypt or corner, until it pleased Him who is wonderful in His saints, to bring them forth to honour by special revelation. It made him also more like to his martyred brethren in England, two centuries before the date of his own sufferings : whose still palpitating vitals were consumed in the fires of Tyburn, that no traces of them might remain upon earth except the quarters that were to be nailed over the gates of impious London. Yes ! it was better that the reward for which he endured the cruelties of man, and persevered in faithfulness to the end, should be unmixed with any celebrity on earth ; and that his name, and the cause for which he suffered, should live only in the local traditions of this obscure, out-of-the-way corner. He will rise one day bright and triumphant ; the glorious stripes of his martyrdom radiant in the light of the Judge's throne : and the tangled ruinous chapel be to him the stepping-stone to high places in the courts of Paradise.

And so, farewell to thee, thou nameless and unknown sufferer ! worthy follower of St. John Nepomucene, and martyr for the sacramental seal ! May we, in our day, bear our appointed cross also, whether bodily scourges or mental sufferings : 'the stroke of a whip' that 'maketh a blue mark,' or 'the stroke of the tongue' that will break the bones.† May we have our portion among the martyr's in heart and will, if not in deed.

* The *plumbatae* were scourges loaded with lead, and among the most frequent instruments of torture in the hands of the lictors, or attendants upon the judges of pagan Rome. The accounts given in the Breviary of the primitive martyrdoms constantly mention the scourging with *plumbatae*, either as the mode of putting the Christians to death, or as a prelude to their other tortures.

† Eccclus. xxviii.

DYRBINGTON.

CHAP. XIV.

THE PASSAGE OF A YEAR.

The week passed at Lullingstone. Anna saw her father and mother, and told them of the preservation of her life during the storm. She saw them a second time that week; they said that they had been to Lys's cottage; that they had seen him; that many friendly words had passed between them, but not a syllable was said of Harold. He evidently had not been there. But Anna remembered Lys Norwood's gaze when she had spoken her desire to go on to Dyrbington; she remembered the smile with which he had heard the decision; she felt that it was for her protection in particular he had kept near them on their way, and something said to her that because he knew of Harold being at Dyrbington he was glad—because he also knew of his son's love for her he had been so solicitous for her safety.

They were unspoken thoughts; but she could not help turning often to them.

Edward had gone back to college; Anna was soon to accompany Madame Lefranc; her last day at Lullingstone had arrived, and though she did not feel sadness at the thought of the year before her, she yet sat in the morning room, and felt how glad she should be to return—to be always at home, and to leave off the girl and put on the woman. This last thought made her pause an instant to examine what it meant. She thought that she knew why the idea rose in her mind. She had the experience of a woman in some things, with the years only of the girl. She had gone through changes, she had a species of trial—it was the secret within her heart of which she had thought—it would be pleasant for time to pass on; she wanted to know more about herself.

Thus thinking, Anna sat by herself the last day of her visit to Lullingstone.

The door opened, and Lepard Eastner came in. Anna blushed as he entered. She was alone, and the nature of her thoughts came suddenly upon her at this interruption, and so she blushed.

Lepard came near her, talked for a few minutes rather agreeably, said that he was to follow Edward on the following day; that he had not liked to go till the last moment; that there was that at Lullingstone which could not but detain him until the last moment.

Anna said that she too felt the charm of Lullingstone. Not, Lepard said, such a charm as he felt. Yet, Anna remarked, few people could be more alive to its alterations than herself. Lepard sat down by her side.

"Miss Julian," he said, "you know that I am Lord Westrey's ward. My father was fourth or fifth cousin of the Westrey family. I have a small fortune, and I have received, or am receiving, what is called a good education." Anna looked up in no small astonishment at this uncalled-for relation of personal history.

"You are very young; I also am young. But we are old enough to know our own minds. I love you—I love you fervently; with an inexpressible ardour. I want to speak of it to Lord Westrey and your father. Will you let me Miss Julian?"

There was no triumph in Anna's heart when Lepard spoke to her—only she felt dreadfully nervous, and as if she was taken suddenly ill. Her heart beat, her frame trembled, the sight of her eyes was disturbed, and in her ears there was a sound of running water. But she heard Lepard saying, "I would rather that you did not answer me. I don't wish you to bind yourself. I love you too well to wish that, Anna. But will you recollect that I love you; will you let it be known to our best friends; and then, by and by when you are here again, and I have taken my degree—which I shall do, before Edward takes his you know, I shall take mine in less than a year—then, Anna, you will answer me, and in the mean time I will live upon the hope of your being kind. Nay, don't speak. I will tell Lord Westrey; you can tell your parents if you like. Don't speak; only let me speak again in a year's time. That is all I ask. In the mean time you will think of me, will you not? Now, I am going. Good bye, Anna. I shall not see you again; you are going back to Mayfield they tell me. I am going to pay a few parting calls—good bye, I am gone." And Lepard had risen and was half across the room. And already his heart was jubilant at the thought of having secured the heiress, that he should be able to follow up this judicious commencement with such attentions as must finally compromise this unsophisticated girl, and make her certainly his own. But Anna was only young in years and in the ways of the world, she was strong in judgment, and of full age in the courage which that judgment requires.

"Mr. Eastner," she exclaimed in an agitated voice—"Come back—don't go away, come back; I pray you to come back." But he knew too well to obey. He stood still, smiling with a kind, quiet expression on his face, and after a moment made another step towards the door. Anna's courage rose, she could speak without trembling now.

"Mr. Eastner come back. I insist upon it that you return!"

He paused again for a moment, and spoke to her.

"Dearest Anna, don't agitate yourself. I don't want an answer now. I will hear all that can be said this time twelvemonths. Good bye, dearest. I take you with me in my heart." He was close to the door, his hand was extended towards the handle—in a second he would be gone.

Anna jumped up—she sprung towards him. There was the spirit of a roused lioness within her.

"Dearest Anna," he begun, in the same quiet, almost commanding tone that he had before used—but, "No!" she exclaimed, "You are not to call me so. I refuse distinctly to hear now, or ever, anything of the kind from you. If you repeat those words I shall consider you are insulting me and I shall appeal to Lord Westrey. Do you understand Mr. Eastner? you are never again to speak to me as you have done—I will never hear anything of the kind from you."

"Never!" repeated Lepard with unconcealed superciliousness—"Never! For a young lady of your age, and limited experience you are more than prudently—more than modestly decisive I think!"

"I am decisive. I know that I am. It is right to be so. Good day, Sir!" Anna was passing out of the room. But Lepard caught her by the wrist, and detained her.

"Stay," he said, "you will please to recollect Miss Julian, that nothing is ever to be said of what has just passed between us."

"Sir?"

"I say that all this is to remain a secret—that we are to keep what has passed to ourselves." He felt that he was waxing very angry, and increasingly so, for the young girl whom he still held, even with painful severity, by the wrist, was looking at him with a face as full of scorn as he had ever seen. "I say," he repeated, "that all this is to be a secret between you and me—Don't you understand me?"

"No—indeed I do not understand you. Let me go Mr. Eastner, let me go, and dictate nothing to me, I have feelings and opinions of my own."

"Which means that you are going like a feeling school-girl to complain to Lord Westrey, and that I have trusted my feelings in so delicate a matter to one who has neither knowledge of the world, nor gentleness of heart to guide her." Lepard Eastner saying this with most bitter accents, held Anna tighter than ever.

"It means that if you don't immediately let me go that I will cry aloud for help and alarm the house."

"Go then. Now, who are you going to tell?"

"Lady Westrey," replied Anna calmly, and stepping towards the door.

But Lepard laid his hand upon the lock, and said, "Why?"

"Because" she answered "I will have no secrets between us—So small, so slight a tie as that would be disagreeable to me—I think I may say *discreditable* to me."

"And have you *no* secrets?"

"Are you going to let me pass?"

"Yes, when you have answered me. Look into your heart please, and tell me then, that you have no secrets there."

"Do you think that such conduct as this is bearable sir?"

"I know that you need not bear it a moment longer if you will answer me."

Anna stood still. She stood, her eyes upon the door, but she did not speak.

"Do you think I don't know?"

"I wish to leave the room Mr. Eastner."

"Do you think that I can't see through your absurd ambition?"

Still the same speechless Anna looked towards the door with a calm, stern face.

"Do you think that I can't see that you are laying yourself out, for Lullingstone?"

Here Anna could not help an involuntary start.

"Ah, you feel that, do you? Yes, I knew that I was right. Oh you acted quite well to be decisive—I admire such decision as it ought to be admired. I too have something to tell to Lady Westrey it seems."

"You have kept me here nearly a quarter of an hour, Mr. Eastner."

"Well, now you shall go. And recollect when you tell Lady Westrey that you tell her *all* that has passed. Tell her particularly what I am now going to say. Lullingstone loves you already. Tell Lady Westrey that I have purposely tried him, that he is jealous of me already, that he is vexed when I make you laugh, and relieved when I leave your side, and that he, their only son—too much loved to be anything but indulged, and too constitutionally delicate to bear contradiction—is thinking in his heart of the time when he shall marry *you*. Now go," exclaimed Lepard triumphantly, for it gladdened his inmost heart to look at Anna's blanching cheeks, "Now go, only remember, that there must be *no* secrets between *us*. Even so slight a bond of union is not to exist between you and *me*. Go! tell lady Lady Westrey—tell *all*."

Lepard Eastner moved away from the door, but as Anna stepped forward, he ran past her, and with a short laugh disappeared, and left her again alone.

She sat down for a moment. What should she do? Perhaps she had better take no further notice of it—perhaps she had better not speak to Lady Westrey. Lepard Eastner had only spoken so to vex her, and revenge himself. She had better take no notice, let it pass; tell no one, keep it to herself.

So there was to be a secret between Lepard Eastner and Anna Julian! How could she help it? She could not tell Lady Westrey half only of what had occurred; perhaps Lepard might be spoken to, and then he would find out that she had concealed something, and then he would taunt her with it, and she should feel actually in his power. And again, suppose it to be true about Lullingstone—suppose that in future years Lullingstone should himself prove that what Eastner had just said was true, would not Eastner be able to upbraid her, and say that she had known it long, that he had warned her, and that she had purposely kept back from Lady Westrey's knowledge that very part of their conversation which it most concerned the interest of the family to tell? That would not do.

One thing was plain therefore—she must either tell *all* or *none*. Lepard had known that—he had been very cunning. There *must* then be a secret between them. Alas! It seemed very sad. It was a feeling of absolute bondage that it brought upon Anna. Anna rose from her seat endowed with strength sufficient, and was soon at Lady Westrey's dressing-room door.

A soft voice bid her enter, and then a kind greeting followed, and Anna said "Lady Westrey I have something at my heart, that I want to get rid of? Will you take the burthen from me?"

"What! heavy at heart so early in life," said Lady Westrey smiling. "Sit down my dear child, and say to me just what you like to say."

So Anna sat down on a low seat by her good friend's side, and she took that friend's hand, and held it to give her strength, and she told *all*. Just as it had occurred, she told it, almost word for word was the repetition of what had passed—and when all was done, she said "I have done right to tell you Lady Westrey—have I?"

"Kiss me Anna—put your arms round me as you would embrace your mother; and as a mother I will pray to God that you may never lose that singleness of heart which distinguishes you now. You have done rightly—quite rightly my dear child. And—recollect Anna—I *thank you*. Now put it all off your mind, just as if it had never happened. Try to think no more of it; believe that your responsibility is given over to me; you have done rightly, and you have done *all* that can be done. Think no more about it—forget it—be just as usual—are you happy now Anna?"

"Oh yes, quite happy," said Anna, looking the truth of her words, and soon after she was in all the hurry of departure, and really did not think any more of the past.

It took longer to say good-bye this time. Anna knew more people, and she was older, and so more was expected of her. Mr. and Mrs. Seaforth would not be contented with anything less than their all coming to dinner. This therefore was accomplished, and Captain Ralph was there. Mrs. Seaforth patronized him, and paid him a thousand little attentions, and *drew him out* as the phrase is, and was very happy in the success of her charitable labours. She nourished—as has been said—great schemes in her heart for Ralph; among others that he should marry a penniless girl of her acquaintance, to whom his own money, and the settlement which his brother would make upon her, might be a sufficient inducement. I am sure that that would turn out very well," was Mrs. Seaforth's invariable commentary. "She will marry him for the settlement—that's of course—but Ralph improves daily—has almost given up spirit drinking. He has a great desire to settle—and she—Oh, she is a good girl, and would do well by him; and he has a warm heart, and would feel her goodness; and they would

end in being a fond couple, affluent and respectable—yes, I am sure that that will answer very well."

This was said that evening to Mrs. Julian, and good Mrs. Julian thought it, probably, the best thing that could be done—her hopes were not quite as sanguine as Mrs. Seaforth's, but then she was not so much interested. Moreover, she did not know them as well. But so very energetic, and so honestly in earnest was Mrs. Seaforth, that Mrs. Julian got to regard Captain Ralph as almost a reformed, and quite as an engaged man. Madame Lefranc departed with her pupils. The journey was not performed with as much speed as in these days it might be accomplished. There was plenty of time for quiet thought, and Anna used it.

Edward was busy at his work too. But we are not going to write of him. He is an industrious, noble-minded, strong-headed youth, and may take care of himself. The reader is assured that he conducted himself in such a manner on all occasions as, if narrated, would ensure him his, or her, approval.

We must go back to Watermouth. John Julian you are not forgotten!

Success! Had he now found out what it was? If to rise surely, even suddenly, yet with that easy grace which spoke security—if to find all things ready to his hand, as if some unseen agent had prepared all that he could require, even before he could say from experience that he did require them—if to see his children and all whom he had ever seen in graces of mind and person, and yet giving promise of still further improvement—if to have of this world's goods, not only enough, but to spare—if the union of such things is success, then John Julian had such things, had them in their full excellence.

But Dame Fortune had it in her heart to do more than enough for John Julian. Success was but an insufficient word to describe the tide of prosperity that flowed in upon that man. Every speculation upon which he entered did more than succeed—it became the subject of a hundred happy coincidences, and doubled and trebled its natural and to be expected gains, till it returned to its master's hands like a work of enchantment. It seemed as if all that Julian undertook became instantly invested with a charmed life. The power of winds and waves, the accidents of time and place, the impulses of brave hearts, the ready wisdom of experienced heads; all these, and every thing that men call charm, accident, and good-luck, all combined, whenever and wherever John Julian was concerned, to increase his accumulated gains, and crown his already astonishing success.

Before the passage of this year, of which we are now writing, was made, John Julian was rich beyond calculation; Mr. Seaforth also had had immense accessions of wealth, and still the tide flowed on increasingly. Julian was getting to be, day after day, more and more of a public man. He subscribed munificently to all charities. He purchased a site, and began to build alms-houses

for superannuated seamen. He added a wing to the hospital, and his private bounties were administered with no sparing hand.

But there was one place where he would gladly, and from the kindest motives, have had his wealth felt, but where not a guinea of his could never find its way. This was at Lyas Norwood's. Often, very often, did Julian ask to do something for them—anything, great or small, to show his love and interest. But no, he could never do anything—they were beyond his reach—*He* could not help *them*. He asked after Harold, and proposed to assist him. He did not wish to ask confidence of them. He would not ask to be told where Harold was, would they not send him something as a remembrance from an old friend? No. He never could get any information from Lyas Norwood about his son. He once went to make a final experiment. He went armed with a cheque transferring to Harold's credit five hundred pounds. But he might as well have offered Lyas five hundred pebbles. Not an emotion was excited by the proposal. Lyas simply said, "Julian, my friend, I have throughout believed in your sincerity; why press upon me these offers, as if that which is already believed required to be any further proved?"

Before the year passed away, it had got currently reported in the higher circles, and, not unjustly received, that Julian was a very valuable character, possessed of funds of local information which made his conversation highly agreeable, and not at all like a man from the lower ranks of the people, but, on the contrary, a person whose mind was as deeply imbued with aristocratic sentiments as the most prejudiced among themselves. And all this proved of great advantage to Julian, and was a preparation for the reception of his children. So passed the year with Julian. With Mr. and Mrs. Seaforth it passed in perfect prosperity. A further gift was made by the generous merchant to Ralph. Mrs. Seaforth's hopes of her brother-in-law grew higher than ever. She went busily into the match-making scheme between him and her friend Miss Thompson; and in pursuance of it gave parties out of doors, and entertainments at home. Nothing could have persuaded that kind-hearted woman during the term of which we write, that this scheme would not meet with that success which, for so long, had crowned every undertaking emanating from the roof of the most successful merchant of Watermouth.

As to Ralph himself he went on in the same way. He took all his brother offered, and felt soured by each act of generosity; he couldn't refuse money and he hated to take it. He nourished the fancy that he was capable of earning full double as much as was given to him, and that for this compulsory dependence he was indebted to John Julian.

At Dyrbington things remained as they had long been. There was but one work going on there, and that had now nearly reached its completion—the melting of the sacred vessels, under Lyas Nor-

wood's care by old Isaac the Jew. In the same way as the reader has seen, at intervals of time, the same man with the fishing basket slung across his shoulders, the fern or long grass peeping out through the opening, and the net outside securing the whole—just as the reader has seen once, might Lyas Norwood have been seen this year again and again; till, about midsummer, the last was taken to the Jew's dwelling, and reduced in the melting pot—they were the gilded candlesticks of the high altar of Dyrbington church, which had been thought unnecessary by Sir John, the spoliator, and had therefore been exchanged by him, and their places filled by candlesticks of pewter.

And now, the representative of that bad, bold man had, almost to his own satisfaction—certainly in the conviction of his doing the best that it remained to him to do—arranged for the bestowal of all the lands, once belonging to the Church, upon the poor of all those parishes which had formerly belonged to the Guild, attached to the chantry chapel of St. George; and the money produced by the melting of the altar utensils was to be attached to them by endowment, together with a further sum of considerable amount, as compensation for the many years of unlawful appropriation of Church property, of which the house of Dyrbington had been guilty.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARY'S LOSS OF JESUS.

Canticles III. 1—4. Compared with Luke II. 42—46.

I.

Through aimless dreams, the weary night,
My soul's dear Love I sought with pain,
O where is He, my soul's Delight?
Must love consume itself in vain?

II.

I sought Him in the peopled street,
Lonely, about the city-ways;
My longing soul finds none to greet
Since her Beloved from her stays.

III.

The angels, on their guardian round,
Accosting, eager, I enquire,—
'Have you my soul's Beloved found,
'To stay my love's consuming fire?'

IV.

Scarce had I ceased, when lo! 'twas He,
With close embrace I held Him fast;
Love's great reward was given to me,
My soul's Beloved won at last.

J. A. S.

THE ROAD OF THE STARS.

CHAP. III.

Not even the Road of the Stars is secure from the intrusion of the demon of disputation. We thought that we had surely escaped for a time, from the tumult and the wrangling of this noisy world, into those distant spaces, where, if ever visible to the eye of mortality, we might enjoy many tokens of the sublime peace in which the great Creator lives. But alas! the wrangling and the tumult have followed us; and the spacious firmament itself has been made the arena of a fierce and inglorious struggle. Our readers have doubtless shared our disappointment; they will doubtless share our satisfaction in once more escaping from the field of polemics, into the boundless regions of stellar space, the undivided empire of order and of law. And we are met on its confines by the genius of Newton.

It is not easy for a Briton, and, we will confess it, for one who has breathed the academic air of that seat of learning beside the Cam, where Newton lived and thought, to speak with calmness, or with moderation of the King of Natural Philosophers. Some of our readers, we hope are not strangers to that noble statue in the anti-chapel of Trinity College which represents him.

With his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone.

Some of our readers we hope, are familiar with his apartments, over the great gateway of Trinity College, in which he matured his noble speculations. He found a long series of observations, pursued among the celestial motions for more than two thousand years, and out of these detached elements he framed a Law, which accounted for every one of them, and which is almost awful in its severe simplicity, and in its apparently remote sufficiency for the vast and complicated problem which it perfectly solves. Here is Newton's law of universal gravitation. 'Every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle, with a force varying inversely as the square of their mutual distances, and directly as the mass of the attracting particle.' Obedient to this law, a stone when at liberty to move, falls to the earth; obedient to this law the moon, instead of flying off into space in a straight line, falls towards the earth at every instant, just so much as to produce, in combination with her rectilinear motion, a curved orbit in which she perpetually travels round the earth. Obedient to the same law, the earth, and all the planets, in like manner fall towards the sun, at every instant; and thus in combination with their proper rectilinear motion, trace a curved path around the solar centre. In obedience to the same law, the sun itself is travelling round

another and a vaster sun, in the remote distances of space. The periodic comets, even the double stars obey the same law. The roaring waters of Niagara, in their descent into that abyss, obey no other; it is the same law which draws the sliding river down from its mountain springs to the sea. Wonderful illustration of what theologians tell us of the simplicity of God!

Newton not only discovered this universal law; he also proved its existence, and its application to the heavenly motions, in a work entitled *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*; which remains as the chief monument of his genius. Subsequent philosophers, principally in France, have severally tested his law of gravitation by applying it to solve the apparent anomalies and irregularities in the motions of the planets and of their satellites; the result has been the complete triumph of the Newtonian theory, as affording a solution for every known case of celestial motion, and even for every instance of seeming irregularity in the revolution of the planetary bodies.

We said in a former paper on this subject that the knowledge of the stars was not a literal translation of the word Astronomy. It strictly means Star-law; the law which governs the being of the stars. Star-law properly speaking, takes its date from the discovery of Newton. Since that period every motion in the planetary system, the place of any member at any given time, past or future has been subject to strict calculation. The moon in her never-ceasing journey through the heavens for years to come will not pass over, or near a star of any importance, but the event, and the moment of its occurrence, by Greenwich time, has been calculated and chronicled, in the Nautical Almanac. This ephemeris is always published three years before its date, that the commanders of our ships may have an unfailing timekeeper, to guide them through the pathless seas. The prediction of eclipses has long ceased to be a subject of wonder. Indeed the position of the moon and planets at any given time, however remote, is a subject for much more certain calculation than any event that can happen on our earth. Hence we called the planetary system the empire of order and of law. There still however remains an ultimate principle, deeper down in the constitution of things than the phenomena of gravitation. No one has yet answered this question, Why, or How does all matter attract all other matter to itself? Another Newton may perhaps arise, some day, and admit as a step nearer the first principle; but we may feel sure that the final and ultimate principle is to found only in the will of the great Creator. He may employ electricity or magnetism, as is already more than suspected, to effect what his will designs; but the only last solution of this and of every other natural phenomenon is the Divine Will, acting at every moment, at every point in the illimitable regions of space.

Besides his great discovery of this universal Law, Newton achieved many other triumphs in various departments of Natural

Philosophy. He laid the foundation of the Science of Optics ; and, in the course of his investigations into the laws of planetary motion, he invented a system of calculation, on which the modern methods of mathematical analysis have been constructed. Newton's guesses were happier than other men's theories. He conjectured, for example, from the extreme brilliancy of the diamond, that this precious crystal is composed of a highly inflammable substance. Modern discovery has proved it to be identical in nature with charcoal and with coke.

The seventeenth century was a brilliant period in the star-history of Europe, and especially of Britain. Gregory, the inventor of the reflecting telescope, Hooke and Halley were among the most distinguished contemporaries of Newton. Nor must we forget the name of one who a little preceded the great master, and but for an early death in 1641, at the age of twenty-three, would have been one of his honoured friends. Jeremiah Horrocks, of Liverpool, then hardly of age, predicted the transit of Venus across the face of the sun, on the 24th November, 1639, and, besides his friend, Crabtree, was the only person in the world to witness that rare phenomenon, then for the first time seen by human eyes. Horrocks also made some corrections in the theory of the moon's motions, which, by their ingenuity procured for their author the later praise of Newton, as due to a mathematical genius of the highest order.* It is doubly pleasing to us to offer our humble tribute to his memory, through the medium of a Liverpool periodical.

The foundation of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich forms a worthy conclusion to the astronomical achievements of our country in that century. It was erected by Wren, in 1675-6, at the national expense ; and the first appointment as 'astronomical observator' was made by Charles II, in favour of Flamsteed, a native of Derbyshire, who then entered on a long and arduous course of observations, extending over more than forty years. The result of his labours produced a work in three folio volumes entitled *Historia Cælestis Britannica*, and including a valuable Catalogue of fixed stars. The list of succeeding Astronomers Royal, comprising the eminent names of Halley, Bradley, Maskelyne and Pond, terminates in the illustrious Airy, who may well be pronounced second to none in the long line of British men of science.

The name of the Astronomer Royal reminds us of an old Cambridge piece of pleasantry, which we do not remember ever to have seen in print, but which we fancy some of our readers will thank us for presenting to them. The Plumian professor of Astronomy at Cambridge is entrusted with the management of the Observatory : an office which the Astronomer Royal ably discharged for some years before his promotion to Greenwich. When he was first appointed Plumian professor, the emolument of the chair was nothing ; its only advantages were the title of Professor, and a

* For an interesting notice of Horrocks, see Grant's History of Physical Astronomy, 422 et seq.

house at the observatory. On which a wag quoted Shakespeare against the Dons, and complained that they 'Gave to Airy nothing, a local habitation and a name.'

In two of his most distinguished foreign contemporaries, Huygens and Leibnitz, Newton had to encounter formidable rivals and opponents. They were both of them men of distinguished eminence as mathematicians and physicists; the mind of Leibnitz, indeed, was more universal in its accomplishments and its profound acquirements, than any other human mind since Aristotle. He was not a Catholic; but one of the most curious records of his genius is his 'System of theology,' in which by the aid of reason alone, he establishes the truth of great part of the Catholic doctrine. It has been ably edited by Dr. Russell of Maynooth, and is deserving of a place in every Catholic library.

Thus human sciences begin, and advance, towards completion. Observation precedes explanation; law is deduced from a number of observed facts. The deeper the law goes, the simpler it becomes; order and harmony are secured by it, even amidst apparent anomaly, and what looks like the temporary failure of law. And the whole result is beneficent; a blessing to the race of mankind. Abstract speculation leads to practical calculation; to Newton's meditations the sailor owes at this day his possession of a guide to the haven whither he is bound.

In our next paper, we hope to give a summary of the present state of our star-knowledge; and in the following, to shew how the study of the stars may be made a Road to a still sublimer end.

THE TRIUMPH OF PRINCIPLE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAP. IV.

Marie now took her place in the family of Madame de la Roche, as the humble friend and foster-sister of the fascinating, though fragile Clementina; looking for no advantage, immediate or remote, she felt that her fate was not in her own hands, and with a superhuman resignation calmly awaited whatever the all kind and merciful Providence might determine. Faithful to her noble disinterestedness, from time to time that Principle had overcome the conflicting passions of her heart. She uttered not a word; suffered not a gesture to escape that could betray either who she was, or what she suffered. Her intercourse with Clementina was calm and gentle, and grateful was the reception of the endearments which that sweet girl lavished upon her.

Thus assisted, she gradually acquired the accomplishments of which she had the misfortune to be deficient. Without any obvious or positive claim on Madame de la Roche, that lady, following the bent of a kind disposition, took charge of her almost with maternal affection, and was delighted to observe the progress she made in her studies as well as in her appearance

and manners. No longer a rustic beauty, Marie was an accomplished young Parisian; her heart, however, retaining all its original warmth and simplicity.

Accustomed to a lively intercourse with Clementina, she learned to subdue all restraint in her company. But with the Baroness she never attained this high degree of self-possession; in spite of every effort it was difficult and painful to give to her trembling voice the tones of mere respect; to school the beaming glance of affection into the look of mere deference. This was indeed a struggle; for never did she behold the mother of whom she had been a second time deprived, that her heart was not upon her lips and in her eyes. As may be supposed this perpetual conflict at length undermined her health, and "rosy Marie" as Clementina had laughingly called her, whilst with ready tact catching up the refinement of habit and manner, and the accomplishments of her foster-sister, seemed to catch from her also the pale cheek, the bent and fragile form, and the pensive look of habitual suffering. Two years passed in this way. But there was *One* who noted the secret struggle; an Almighty Being upon whom was not lost a single pang endured by the heroic young creature in her generous self sacrifice, and that compassionate God, who alone knew how severe the trial was, ordained that it should be shortened.

The events of the "three days" of July, 1830, which caused such political changes in France, led also to much private and family distress. The house of Madame de la Roche was not immediately within the sphere of commotion, and that good lady might have escaped any injury had it not been her misfortune to be returning home from a visit she had been making in the Boulevards, when the popular ferment first assumed the appearance of a revolt. Alarmed with the shouts which were raised, and the report of distant firing, she requested the coachman to drive by a little-frequented thoroughfare to the Rue de Rivoli; but this proved an unfortunate movement. The line she had taken conducted her nearly into the heart of the crowded populace, caused by the seizure of the office of a journalist by the police. The officers and soldiers sent to execute this unpleasant duty, though not opposed on the spot, were not suffered to escape popular indignation. A barrier was raised across the street, and in endeavouring to pass it they met with a steady fire of musketry from the windows and other quarters, which obliged them to retreat and seek egress in another direction.

Into the midst of this fray, the carriage of the Baroness was almost driven; and in hurriedly wheeling to return, it was overset on the pavement. The disaster drew for the moment the attention of the crowd, and the poor lady was lifted up with compassion from her perilous situation into a neighbouring house. At first they thought she had been killed, but she only swooned, and every effort was humanely made to restore her to consciousness.

Meanwhile, the absence of Madame de la Roche had caused the greatest alarm to Clementina and Marie. Rumours of the commotion and booming of musketry reached the Rue de Rivoli, and scarcely could the two girls be restrained from rushing forth, each animated with the same acute feelings, to seek for her beloved parent. Prevented by the less fervid servants, from taking this dangerous and useless step, they stationed themselves in the balcony to watch her arrival.

"Oh, support me in this dreadful moment, dear Marie," said the agonized Clementina. "If Mamma should be injured, I know I shall die. I am almost dead already. Let me lean on you. How my heart beats! Ah, do you hear that noise? It is a cannon on the Boulevards. And how is my mother to get home? O my God, guard her in this awful peril." So saying, the frail creature sunk upon the sofa overcome by the force of her emotions.

Marie, with feelings wound up to a similar pitch, was not less anxious for the safety of her mother, but still keeping down the expression of her feelings, she bore herself through this trying crisis with the true heroism of a martyr. Her heart, laid on the altar of Principle, burned with a pure and steady flame. Affecting a calmness in her agitation, she entreated

Clementina to compose herself, and tried to show her that her mother would certainly be safe amongst her friends, and that at any rate it was not much past the time she was to have returned.

"Ah, it is easy for you to speak so calmly," said Clementina; "she is not your mother, if she were, perhaps you would feel differently."

Marie drew her breath convulsively, and pressed her hand to her head, for a moment she was almost tempted to declare, with what justice she was entitled to feel acutely, on account of the dear lady. But it was only for a moment. The bright sunshine of mind resumed its power of banishing those dark thoughts, and looking out on the street beneath, she cried with vivacity—"Look dear dear Clementina, did I not say that your mamma would soon appear; and there is the carriage turning the corner of the Rue des Pyramids."

And truly it was the carriage, but it was proceeding slowly, as if some accident had occurred; and the two girls ran frantic with mingled hopes and fears, and reached the door in time to see the Baroness lifted out to all appearance lifeless. At this sight Marie, for an instant forgot everything, and exclaimed, "My mother! my mother!—She is dead!"

Clementina uttered a piercing cry of agony, and fell into the arms of her foster sister.

CHAP. V.

Except a slight bruise Madame de la Roche had not suffered any personal injury. She had only fainted on the occasion of the accident, and again fainted when about to see her daughter. A physician being sent for, she was immediately restored, but not for an hour, was she permitted to speak to those about her. As soon as her feelings were calmed, she asked for her beloved child.

"If you please, my lady," said the waiting maid, "Mademoiselle Clementina has been so much alarmed, that it would be more prudent not to see her just now. If your ladyship would lie down for an hour or two longer, my young lady would by that time be more composed."

"You are quite right, Anna," said the Baroness. "Implore of her from me to be calm. Doctor P——," said she, "Pray go to my daughter; she requires your care more than I do."

The soft sweet voice of Marie, assuring her that her mother had only fainted from alarm, and was now quite well, had just recalled Clementina to consciousness, when the physician entered. He found her very ill; the shock had been too great; and that weak frame and tender nature had wholly given way. The doctor ordered a composing draught, and left her to the care of Marie.

"Dearest Marie," said Clementina "I am dying. It is very young to die, to leave my mother, my sweet newly found sister. My head is quite confused. Was it a dream, or did I hear you say, 'Mother, mother,' when mamma was brought home fainting? At this instant memory recalls a thousand times when your lips appeared framing the words 'mother, mother;' and then your pale face so suddenly crimsoned. How confused recollections crowd upon me at this moment. What can it mean? Those eyes! that marvellous resemblance! Am I mad, merciful heaven! There have been children changed at nurse. Marie, you answer not—you hesitate—you are torturing me! Speak! speak! you would kill me, if my mother's fainting form had not already broken my poor heart."

Marie threw herself, weeping into Clementina's arms.

"Ah, you will not speak; you fear to tell me the dreadful reality. But remember, suspense, suspense is tenfold suffering."

"Be calm dearest sister, be calm. When you are well again, I will explain all," said Marie, and fondly caressing her, endeavoured to soothe her into something like composure.

"I know all!" exclaimed she with almost frenzied excitement. "That letter! that letter contained the fatal secret. I see it all now. For two long years sweet angel, you have been content to receive at my hands what was your's, and not one word said, 'what you give is my own.' You have sacrificed everything for me. And whilst I was robbing you of a mother's affection, of a mother's caresses, you suffered, you wept in secret, for often have I seen you weep; and I, mad and selfish as I was, I guessed not, I knew not Marie, I restore you all—but how atone for those two years of heroic self-sacrifice? My life, my life is a cheap purchase for the happiness you permitted me to enjoy. Marie pray for me I am dying."

"Oh, my sweet sister do not thus reproach yourself," exclaimed Marie, pressing Clementina's burning hand to her lips, "you have been an angel to me. I came to brave you, and your gentle goodness disarmed me. I resisted your caresses, and you only redoubled them. I was rude and ignorant; and all that I am, and all that I enjoy, I owe to you, you have given me infinitely more than I can give to you."

"Your heart is like your sweet face, my own sister," continued Clementina with her tearful eyes fixed upon Marie; "but tell me how I deserved from you so vast a sacrifice. Did you love me before we saw each other in Paris?"

"I did not like you then, Clementina forgive me; I did not love you; but was this a reason that I should kill you, and you so fragile, so delicate?"

The two young creatures were silent for some moments. Locked in each other's arms they were mingling their tears, when the approach of a light step made them both start. It is my mother exclaimed both at the same instant; but Clementina repeated in a tone of bitter anguish, "my mother! Alas! I have no mother!"

"Hush, sweet sister," whispered Marie, "why need we undeceive her?" Clementina spoke not, but looked her gratitude, and that look thrilled the heart of Marie. The door opened, and Madame de la Roche entered. "I have alarmed you, my child," said she; and then started in her turn by the change that had passed upon that fair young face, she cried out in terror: "Be calm, dear child, the Doctor will be here soon; Oh! be calm, sweet Clementina; drive me not to despair. Have pity on thy poor mother."

"Mother!" murmured Clementina, almost inaudibly, laying her head upon her mother's bosom, who now gave way to convulsive sobs; "Mother, I die in thine arms; I die happy. Blessings on thee, Marie—forgive me; be happy in thy turn."

The dying girl extended her arms to her foster-sister, and took from her the small crucifix, the symbol of her redemption, and clasping it fondly to her fluttering heart covered it with kisses, and with tears, and begging of her sweet Saviour to soften the anguish of this hour, and imploring the assistance of the Mother of Sorrows in her passage to a happier land, fell back into the arms of Madame de la Roche a lifeless corpse. It was a sad sight to see the fond mother forcibly torn from the clay cold remains of her, the pride of her heart, the desire of her eyes, now to be taken from her at a stroke, and carried to her own apartment; there in a paroxysm of despair she exclaimed, "I have now nothing to live for. My child! my child! Alas! alas! I have now no child." Marie throwing herself at her mother's feet, presented the letter which contained the dying attestation of Dame Martha, and Madame de la Roche fell fainting at her side.

Need it be added that on her recovery, Madame de la Roche had cause to bless a merciful Providence for being spared such a child in place of her once-loved Clementina; and that the admirable, the heroic Marie, enjoyed the reward she so richly merited, in having so long, and so piously sacrificed nature, justice, and every consideration to PRINCIPLE.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

I.

I'm monarch of the land and sky,
 And of the sea.
 In palace cloud I dwell on high,
 And walk me free.
 The sun unfurls on me each fold
 Of living light and crimson gold,
 The stars, night's glittering jewels unroll'd
 Shine bright on me.

II.

I ride me on the tempest's back
 In thundering sweep,
 I scourge the clouds from scowling black
 To crimson deep,
 And wild I laugh to hear the crash,
 To see the clouds in anger clash,
 The lightning's from their rent breasts flash
 Down heaven's broad steep.

III.

Across the sun's bright face I fling
 An inky shroud,
 And even next the moon I sing
 My war-song loud.
 And o'er the vessels of the night,
 That sail through heaven's blue sea of light,
 With silver cord and pennant white,
 Hang many a cloud.

IV.

I humble low the pride of man
 Unto the dust;
 When fetterless my arms I span
 Round earth's black crust.
 And crack his bones like osier band—
 And tumble down his pyramids grand—
 And dash them in the air like sand,
 With a strong gust.

V.

I oft the earth, 'green vested' walk
 In hallowed calm—
 Like music sweet is heard my talk,
 Like seraph's psalm.
 When soft I lift my perfumed wing
 The drooping flowers up gladsome spring,
 Their petals ope, and quick drink in
 The sweet'ning balm.

VI.

I stretch me on the beam-work'd cloud
And take my rest,
And view the sun its bright unshroud
In ocean's breast.

Then calm reliev'd I lie in sleep
While stars their vigils o'er me keep—
Till morn, when down I freshen'd leap
On the waves' crest.

VII.

And but for me the ocean grand
Would nurture death,
And spread disease upon the land
Were chain'd my breath.

But for my life-diffusing power
Each human bud—each human flower
Would deck the earth one short-lived hour
Then drop beneath.

THE REFORMATORY MOVEMENT.



(AGRICULTURAL COLONY AT
MOUNT ST. BERNARD'S.)

ENGLISH Reformatories have, for the most part, been established by charitable persons, who, at a most laudable sacrifice of time and means, are trying to work out some especial system of their own, or some particular principle, which they think the essential basis of Reformation. The comparative success of these different systems, we are as yet unable to foresee, but we cannot help feeling that all private institutions must retain too much of the human element, must be too dependent upon the personal influence of the founder, and apt to languish and die when deprived of individual supervision. We look to the religious orders of the Catholic Church as the only human agencies capable of meeting our present social requirements, and of saving our country from an increasing criminal population. Politicians and philanthropists have done much to educate the rising generation, and to raise the intellectual standard of every class, but so far the result is not encouraging; our prisons are as full as ever, our offenders as numerous, and crime, though different in kind, is more than ever appalling in its circumstances; never had we such extensive frauds, such systematic dishonesties, such cold-blooded murders; neither is the religious aspect of our

country more consoling, for our innumerable sects are at bitter enmity with each other and distracted with internal quarrels; education has made religion a mere trade or business, in which every man thinks he has a right to set up, if only he can attract a few foolish hearers. Whence comes this unhappy state of things? Is education an evil, and had we better leave undeveloped those talents which have been implanted in us? Certainly not; education is the greatest of blessings, so long as it is based upon Divine Truth; so long as a right direction is marked out for its action by a religion which is universally the same and infallibly true; so long as the guiding spirit of its teachers is charity, or the love of man for God's sake. These requisites, these protections are found in the religious orders of the Catholic Church; it is wonderful to see how many of each sex are constantly leaving the world and devoting themselves to the service of the poor; there is not a phase of humanity, however degraded, however abandoned, that has not a special religious institution to ameliorate its miseries; here then lies the hope of England; our sisters of mercy, our monastic orders ever have been and must be now the instruments of an education at once religious, moral and regenerative, fitting men for their respective duties in life, making them industrious and yet contented in their own sphere, because their energies are directed to a nobler end than human ambition or love of wealth.

If this holds good of all education, it applies much more strongly to the training of our youthful criminals. To transform into good citizens children reared in vice and idleness, two means are necessary; religion and labour; religion will render them virtuous and honest; labour will make them industrious and economical; religion and agriculture; the priest and the labourer, symbolized by the cross and the plough; such have been the great instruments of reformation in the hands of the Church. The world was redeemed by the cross and therefore the cross alone can civilize and reform the world; with this aid alone, the Catholic missionary fears not the shore of a savage people; he plants his wooden cross in the ground, he kneels down and prays; gradually a divine influence spreads around him, the cruel heart softens, the animal nature becomes harmonized, the pagan race is converted; and the lifeless cross, the 'contemptible lignum,' has been the ostensible medium of the miracle, and remains an object of love and veneration, as well as a source of civilization to the new believers.

After faith, the missionary next encourages labour, and especially agriculture, as the best safeguard of morals, as the legitimate state of man, condemned by Divine Justice to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Agriculture, united to and directed by religion, is the most civilizing of all occupations; it strengthens our faith and hope in Divine Providence, it makes us love Him, who deigns to give increase to our labour, whilst its toils and disappointments afford endless opportunity for expiation.

The cross and the plough are the instruments of reformation used in the agricultural colony of Mount St. Bernard, instruments which have been employed for more than a thousand years by the sons of St. Benedict in reforming men and nations; we wish all our fellow-countrymen to realize the advantages of this institution; we refer them to past history as a security for future success, and we trust that England will have again to appreciate the blessing of a Cistercian Monastery.

In the seventh century St. Benedict was inspired by God to found his monastic rule, of which obedience was the main element. Disobedience was the origin of sin: rebellion against laws, human or divine, has been the source of every calamity; nothing therefore could be imagined so calculated to preserve society from the destructive tendencies of crime, as heroic examples of obedience. In spite of the revolutions of ages, the rule of St. Benedict is practised now in its original purity; it has played a prominent part in the formation of the Western nations; for years it supported the poor of England and spared us the burden of work-houses and poor rates: and though with base ingratitude we banished its disciples from our land, they returned again within our own time; they asked for a few barren acres, they planted their cross on the highest point of Leicestershire, and under the shadow of that holy rood, they patiently worked the plough—a supernatural grace spread around the Abbey of Mount St. Bernard and the light of faith seemed to be enkindled afresh throughout the land. In 1847, during the scarcity of provisions, 36,000 persons received charity and hospitality from the hands of the monks. Now they add another claim to our gratitude by forming an agricultural colony for our criminal boys; a work for which they possess all the requirements, physical, moral and spiritual. An institution, the organization of which is a *chef-d'œuvre* of economy, the members of which are attracted to a life of heroic self-denial and obedience by supernatural motives, and then voluntarily bind themselves to it by an irrevocable vow; what could be so calculated to change the rebellious spirit of our criminal boys? Let us then understand the new work which the monks of Mount St. Bernard have commenced.

To reclaim the young victims of ignorance, of vice, and of idleness by a religious, moral, and industrial education; to relieve our over-populated cities of their most corrupt and contaminating elements, to promote a system of de-centralization, by turning these town parasites to agriculture and rural pursuits,—such is the end which the Abbot of Mount Saint Bernard now proposes in working for the reformation of boys often more unfortunate than criminal; guilty of having followed the example of vicious parents; guilty only of having never been taught to distinguish between right and wrong!

Hitherto, these unhappy boys have been shut up in prisons whence they returned to society hardened in sin and perverted for life. Now

the boy is committed to the colony ; he is stripped of his squalid rags ; he is clothed in the uniform of the school ; he takes his place in the ranks, where honour and promotion await good conduct. For the first time in his life, he is taught, he is cared for, his good qualities are developed, his bad propensities are gradually crushed, he receives an education at once religious and industrial, and he hopes to return to society, not a degraded captive, but a man, strong in body and mind, able to gain an honest and honourable livelihood, submissive alike to the laws of his country, and to the commandments of God. How do the monks intend to effect this happy Reformation ? By religion as by labour ; by the cross and the plough. They instil into the boys a taste and love of labour ; a spirit of order and discipline ; a practice of cleanliness and of economy. As they are to re-enter the world free, the boys are accustomed to social habits and a wise liberty, for the colony is no prison, with walls, or armed forces ; the power which keeps them there is the spirit of supernatural charity which unites them all together—we ask, is it possible to accomplish this except by the monastic system ? The greatest nations of Europe have learnt by experience to intrust their prisoners to the care of religious congregations ; voluntary prisoners alone can sympathise with compulsory prisoners ; captives of Jesus Christ alone can lighten the chains of legal captivity ; the head of the religious, teeming with divine love, alone is fit to calm the despair or to encourage the desponding soul of the condemned culprit.

Believing therefore from facts, and from experience that the monastic is the main element in all civilization, and that no penitentiary process can be complete without it, we come to this conclusion, that the best reformatory school is an agricultural colony, of which religion and moral education are the soul and the basis, and of which labour is the medicinal as well as the penal exercise.*

* We had intended in this article to dwell in detail upon the present position and wants of Mount St. Bernard's colony, but believe we take the best course for the reader's information by referring him to a well written and interesting letter in the *Tablet* newspaper for 18th October, under three distinct heads we are shown what has been done, what is being done, and what is intended to be done. We are enabled to perceive of how much value the institution is to faith and morals, law and order ; how it adorns Catholicity, and is a blessing to England. Without attempting to lessen the anxiety and sense of responsibility of so great an undertaking, we are told of the pleasure its internal management affords, and the gratification experienced from its aim having been appreciated out of doors. Like all such charities, however, we grieve to remark that its power and usefulness are in a great measure crippled from want of funds.

Reviews.

Naples: Political, Social, and Religious. By LORD B*****
Two vols. London: NEWBY.

Any work, at the present moment, professing to give a true insight into the Political, Social, and Religious state of Naples, must be a useful addition to the literature of the day. As all eyes are eagerly turned towards that kingdom, we eagerly took up these two volumes, expecting some important disclosures as to the secret springs of discontent. But to enlighten Europe upon the Political, Social, and Religious state of any kingdom, is no easy task, and is we imagine, possibly we may be wrong, above the capacity of a tourist, or the class of superficial writers that contribute so largely to the fashionable literature of the day. However, the work under consideration, professes to be the personal observations of LORD B*****, a veritable scion of our aristocracy, to the seventh power, thus putting into the shade the revelations of the Right Honourable, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. The *Athenæum* has set down the authorship to a Lord in petticoats; there being some evidence of the *blue-stocking* in the references to 'embroidered cushions,' 'silk purses,' 'wool,' 'beads,' 'maps,' and those 'little comforts of hot buns,' 'cherry brandy,' and 'Harvey's fish sauce.' There is so much in the book that bespeaks a want of modesty, truth, and refinement, qualities which we usually expect to adorn the female mind, that for the honour of the sex we venture to deny the conjecture. The book is written by a book-maker. Whatever knowledge it displays of Naples is a miserable compilation, picked up during a very short and imperfect visit and largely drawing upon the questionable notes of 'our own correspondent' of the *Daily News*. We could a tale unfold, how this returned Crimean correspondent collected his information in Naples, which would shake that implicit faith which a certain class of Englishmen place in the wholesale assertions of these wandering news collectors. Those who read the book and have ever passed any time in Naples will at once see that its object is to sell—to catch the feverish excitement of the moment, by pandering to ignorance and prejudice. The work abounds in broad assertions, drawing largely upon the imagination, facts related as unquestionably true, upon the testimony of a friend, a Mr. So and So, an artist, or some unknown person. According to LORD B*****, Naples is a plague-spot upon the earth, abounding in poverty, crime, ignorance, superstition, priest-thralldom and tyranny. Men and manners are measured after an Englishman's standard, and all that does not harmonize with this, is, as a matter of course, set down. The writers own strong imagina-

tion and preconceived prejudices have drawn a picture of Naples a little too strong, to be true. People often spoil their own work by overdoing it ; so our author has drawn more upon imagination than observation. The *lazzaroni* may be idle and lazy, but after all they are contented and happy with their position. There is a nobleness in their character, sparkling wit in their jokes, and melody in their liquid tones, so different from that low, uncultivated throng that haunt our streets, quays, and railway-stations. The London poor are the most wretched and abandoned class that are to be met with in any of the large cities of Europe. Our author experiences upon first landing in Naples, what every traveller throughout the world must have experienced, that a certain class of hangers-on, are ready to fleece you. Vetturini, cabbies, boatmen, *facchini*, cicerone, *et hoc genus omne*, are all greedy to devour the poor unfortunate stranger that falls in their way. To land in a boat implies the necessity of having to pay double the usual fare. The porter or *facchino* that carries your luggage, or the *vetturino* (cabby) that conveys you to your hotel, measures your ignorance of the language, on the way, and makes you pay accordingly. If by chance, through the powerful aid of your guide-book you come near the tariff, he will indignantly offer to make you a present of it, or throw it on the ground but takes good care to keep his olive eye fixed upon it, and the moment your back is turned to pocket it. But this class of men is common all over the world, and where the Neapolitan *lazzaroni* does you out of a *carlino* or two, the English porter or cabby has it in shillings. We do not wish to become the advocate of such a system, which is one of the greatest annoyances of travel, but Englishmen ought not to talk too loud about foreign imposition, when their hands are so black with the same foul deed. The frightful impositions practised in this town upon the Irish and German emigrant, are a disgrace to any nation. Again, the Neapolitans are poor, granted ; but is poverty a crime ? Only in the eyes of money-driving speculators, but certainly not a crime against the Christian law. The social atmosphere of Naples may be bad, but it is purity itself when compared with our own. We do not hazard wholesale assertions or appeal to the testimony of a third party to bear us out in what we say, but we appeal to the press of the country which professes to be the chronicle of facts. Horrible murders, suicides, starvation to death amidst the plenty of London, garrotte robberies in thronged and busy streets, banker's weaknesses, and transfer-clerks speculations. Infanticide ! the foulest kind of murder treated as a light crime, and a judge of the land pronouncing it to be no blot on the character of the unnatural mother and murderess. The Neapolitans may be bad—but they are Christians and have retained some respect for the law of God. And our author is forced in his own way to acknowledge it, when he says, ' Crime is never accompanied by such circumstances of brutality, as disgrace the records of the London police.' Wife beating and drunkenness are not among the crimes of the Neapolitans, and you may pass along their gay and

busy streets, promenades and public places of amusements without seeing or hearing anything to offend the eye or the ear. A proof in our mind, that they have at least an outward respect for morality. Education, according to Lord B * * * * *, seems to be at a low standard in Naples, it is in the hands of those deep, dark, and designing men, the priests, the enemies of all light and knowledge.

"Advantage is frequently taken by Clerical instructors to undermine the principles of their pupils, and to engage their minds in the pursuit of pleasure instead of knowledge, so that they may pay no attention to politics or morals. Numbers thus become, even in early life, the ruined slaves of debauchery—incapable either of mental or bodily exertion. By inspiring the conscientious with timid fear of a world they have ill-prepared them to encounter, deter them from enlarging their minds by a salutary and intellectual intercourse with strangers, or from extending their sphere of knowledge by foreign travel.

This paragraph enables us to perceive plainly how the writer's mind is warped by prejudice. Had he taken the trouble to enquire he would have found that Naples abounds in educational, literary and scientific institutions. As in Rome so in Naples, the College of the Jesuit Fathers, is thronged with youth of every age and class, from the prince's son, down to the poorest boy; flocking around the good fathers to receive that sound, religious and secular education which they impart, not for money, but *gratis*, for the love of God and the salvation of souls. Had the author taken the trouble to pay a visit to any of the colleges or educational establishments, he could not have the barefaced hardihood to make such gratuitous assertions. Music, painting and books refine and elevate the mind. Naples, has her musical conservatories, schools, of art and public libraries open to the public. The Conservatory of Music numbers one hundred free pupils, who are instructed by the first masters of the day, in composition, vocal and instrumental music. This school has been the nursery of some of the greatest composers, among whom we may enumerate, Pergolese, Piccini, Sacchini, Paesello, Cimarosa, Tritto, Zingarelli, Mercadanti, Bellini, and our old robust friend Lablache.

Naples has at least seven free public libraries, and each of these containing at least 20,000 volumes, besides rare and valuable manuscripts. The Neapolitan soldiers have the luxury of books, their library containing some 24,000 volumes. So much for the wholesale assertions of Lord B * * * * *, when he ventures to affirm that the youth of Naples have no opportunities for intellectual culture.

Neapolitan prisons!! Prolific subject to write and talk about. We have never been in an Italian prison, so we have no personal experience upon the subject, but we have more than once ventured to peep through the iron bars, and we freely confess, that the glimpse we caught of the inside made a strong impression on our mind, that it *was* a place of punishment. We have, however, been in an institution in Italy, corresponding to an English work-

house, and we have likewise paid a visit to several of our English prisons and workhouses and can judge of the merits of each without prejudice. It is an admitted fact, that Italy, France, Belgium, and Germany have much to learn in the way of prison-reform. But they are only in the same position, that we were some thirty years ago. Then we had not much to boast of, and were not one jot better off than our neighbours. Crime has however been increasing in such a ratio that we have been obliged to afford improved accommodation and extra provision for our culprits.

The prisons of England are the best appointed, most comfortably arranged of any in Europe. In fact so much so, that they act as a premium for the commission of crime. They are literally gorged with human beings, comfortably passing life as a penalty for the most frightful outrages. Naples has not much reason to boast of her prisons, indeed she does not do so. She professes that 'they are places of duration vile, where the criminals must suffer for violation of the law of God and man. They are, according to public report, damp, unhealthy, and badly ventilated. The food is poor in quality, and deficient in quantity. Here there may be room for reform. But let all Englishmen before they talk so largely and loudly about prisoners and prisons, consider the wretched state of the poor in their own Unions. Let them remember the year of the famine in Ireland and the thousands of human beings that perished through utter starvation in a land proverbial for plenty, and under the tender and protecting care of this 'fair kingdom.' Talk of Neapolitan prisons—a Neapolitan prison is a paradise when compared with an Irish Union in the memorable year '47.

We have left out the sneer that ushers in the following description of a lovely Italian night, by the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

We beheld the moon rising in cloudless glory behind the mountains, and saw her silver rays fringing the edges of the towers, and palace-roofs, and lofty houses which extended far beneath us, along the margin of the bay, and up the sides of the swelling hills, even to the very base of Vesuvius. Before long, the rippled waters of the Mediterranean glittered like dancing stars in the beams of the ascending moon. It was almost as clear as day, only that the light was bluer and more calm than that of the sun, but every object for many miles around us was as distinctly visible as noon-day.

We have taken more notice of this book than it deserves, and, than [we intended when we discovered its purely fictional character. Suffice it to say, that, it is full of broad unfounded assertions, bigotry, ignorance and wilful misrepresentation. Lord B*****, may have served his own purpose by making a book to sell, but he has failed, miserably failed in enlightening the world upon the political, social and religious state of Naples.

The Poetical Genius of Thos. Moore. By the Rev. PATRICK MURRAY.
D.D. Cork: MULCAHY.

The genial tone and occasional eloquence of this pamphlet will be grateful to many, even of those who have arrived at far other conclusions as to Moore's capabilities and genius. The production of an eminent Irish scholar and divine it is highly creditable for its gentlemanly and temperate views; and, in the considerable familiarity which it evidences with Moore's life and writings, many on this side of the Channel will find a reflection of their enthusiasm in his favour. Dr. Murray endorses the still very popular estimate of the poet's sense of beauty and harmony, and of the absence from his writings, often of simplicity, and almost always of grandeur. He does not go into the matter of poetic thought as distinct from beautiful mechanism, or of some of Moore's contemporaries' familiarity with, and inspired appreciation of, truths which were to himself unsuspected secrets of nature. Without any of that excessive enthusiasm and unthinking eulogy, which Irishmen have too often lavished on their gifted darling, the writer of this pamphlet freely criticises Moore's conceits and too warm or flowery imagery, with that honesty and candour which we may regard as a fair proof of culture. But then he not seldom remembers that Moore was an Irishman and, in his pride at the recollection extols even his private character to a degree in which, since certain unhappy disclosures, we can by no means coincide. Moreover, in spite of Moore's popularity still, which is here fully appreciated, we cannot help thinking that he suffers more and more every day by contrast with poets who were comparatively in penury when he was in power, and who are now receiving from their posterity a nobler reward than even he ever secured. Conviction on this point will lead many to question Dr. Murray's decided opinion of Moore's pre-eminence even in sentiment and harmony, however they may agree with him as to the poet's want of constructiveness or simplicity: and while we ask to be enrolled amongst his most grateful admirers, and with respect to his private character would joyfully wipe the dust from his gravestone if we could, we yet believe his fame cannot be secured either by glossing over his errors, or by attempting to raise him above those who are believed as superior to him now as they were socially inferior in his life-time.

L'Ami des Familles. VALENCE.

The last issue of this excellent periodical contains much interesting matter. What especially delighted us was an account, pleasingly written, of an institution lately established in the neighbourhood of Valence, which has our warmest sympathies—an agricultural asylum for orphan boys.

Amongst the several objects of its solicitude, Christian charity has ever given the foremost place to the wants of poor and neg-

lected children. For such, it has erected establishments of every sort; asylums, schools, reformatories, industrial schools, houses of refuge, and the rest; in which, not content with ensuring preservation of life and protection from the pangs of hunger, it has taken measures to train them to lives of Christian morality and laborious industry. It would seem that in the diocese of Valence, there exist numerous institutions for orphan girls; but that this is the only one for boys. It owes its existence to the generous endeavours of a venerable priest of Valence, aided by a few charitable Catholics. The asylum is dedicated to the Holy Family; it is under the immediate supervision of its founder; aided by a farm-bailiff, two farm-servants, and two nuns who manage the domestic arrangements. The house, when first taken, was a dilapidated farmhouse; it is now repaired and plainly furnished, and can accommodate from fifteen to twenty orphans. The farm is but small, comprising only 75 acres. Strongly impressed with the sentiment that the peaceful and simple life of the fields is the best of all, the founder and his advisers have determined that all orphans received there shall be trained to agriculture only. The orphans will remain till they reach the age of nineteen; they then receive a decent outfit, and 150 francs in money, to enable them to start in life. A special committee manages the affairs of the asylum. The resources of the establishment are in the Treasury of Providence. Eighty subscribers provide for the most urgent wants by a yearly donation of twenty francs. Some other smaller collections are made. Patronesses are kind enough to take care of the clothing and linen.

Such, in few words, is the organization of the agricultural Orphan Asylum at Valence. Like most institutions founded by Christian charity, this has been modest and poor at the beginning; but we trust it will improve by degrees in spite of the trials, difficulties, and drawbacks it is daily exposed to, whether from hard times, distrustful friends, or uncertain funds. We venture to anticipate a happy and useful future for the young asylum at Valence.

Conscience, or the Trials of May Brooke. By Mrs. ANNE H. DORSEY.
Edinburgh: MARSH & BEATTIE.

A pleasant and instructive little tale, illustrative of Catholic doctrine, sentiment, and action, in counterposition with irreligion, worldly maxims, and worldly deeds. May Brooke is a true Catholic heroine, preserving a pure conscience through the most trying circumstances, and preaching by her conduct golden lessons to win reverence and submission to Catholic faith from aliens, and to reclaim to her duty and religion her poor stray cousin Helen. It would be well on the whole if the language of the *dramatis personæ* were a little more simple both in thought and expression; to be always sublime is unnatural, and savours of affectation. The

reader, however, will not pass an unprofitable or tedious hour in reading this lively little narrative of inward struggles and heroic Christian deeds.

Quem vidistis, pastores. By the Very Rev. J. CROOKALL, D.D. Music for the Feast of the Purification by the Very Rev. J. CROOKALL, D.D.

We have received the above from their Very Rev. author. The latter we recognise as an old friend, having already listened to it with much edification and pleasure on the feast to which it is proper. The former would make a very pretty motett for Christmas time; or might assume its place among the Responses in the Matins on Christmas Eve. It bears the usual characteristics of Dr. Crookall's style—simple construction and sweet melody. It tends to render Church music at once more intelligible and sweeter to the ear, when we have the theme elaborated and re-presented, provided the repetition do not become tedious. In the present case, the refrain is much the same throughout the piece, but it maintains its freshness to the end. We owe a great deal to Dr. Crookall as having been one of the earliest to introduce, and one of the most diligent in keeping up, the cheerful style of Church music, which is fast growing into general favour and use. His *Iustorum Anima* and *Surge Amica Mea* are well known and appreciated; and we cannot say anything better of the present pieces than that they are worthy successors to the author's previous compositions.

A Lecture on Education. By THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP GILLIS. Edinburgh: MARSH & BEATTIE.

The highest praise we can perhaps bestow upon this lecture is to say that it is just such a one as we, in common with all who know him, might expect from his Lordship. The elegance which attracts, the sublimity which captivates, are only the accompaniments of the argument which convinces. We have seldom seen the fundamental characteristics of Catholic Education, as distinct from mere 'physical and intellectual rearing,' more clearly traced or more strongly marked. In recommending it to our readers, we can unhesitatingly assure them that they will find it alike worthy of the importance of the subject and of the genius of the lecturer.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

Sunday Evenings at Home. By the Rev. W. J. ALBAN SHEEHY. Dublin: DUFFY.

Pictorial Bible Stories. Part Second—Moses to Solomon—and *The Seven Sacraments.* Printed for the Rev. H. FORMBY, Birmingham.

Nine Considerations on Eternity. By FATHER JEROME DREXELIUS, S.J. London: RICHARDSON.

Life of St. Joseph. By the Rev. J. A. STOTHERT. Edinburgh: MARSH and BEATTIE.

Volumes of this class accumulate on our table, although any notice we can give of them must of necessity be little more than an

advertisement. When we see these labours of love taken up by men who from their position and calling must be peculiarly qualified for their worthy treatment, Catholic criticism must applaud their aims, recommend their perusal, and not to attempt to encourage superciliousness or indifference by seeking for literary faults or shortcomings where much virtue is instilled, and large truths are contained.

The first-named of the volumes before us is intended to furnish Sunday reading to many who may be out of the reach of lectures and instructions, or to whom the general religious reading is dry and unattractive. The subjects are large and its style is cogent and pleasant. Such headings as the 'General Judgment,' 'The Church's Rise, Progress, and present position in the world,' 'The value of the soul,' &c., will surely entice many to run down the page, where they will find evidence of taste and learning to draw them thither again.

The Seven Sacraments is elegantly printed, and illustrated with woodcuts, far above the ordinary standard—and having reference to the types and figures of the old law. The text is carefully and ably written, and the aim of the volume is kept in view throughout.

Intended as a book of general popular knowledge, it has been written with a view to make it interesting to a Christian desiring to open his mind upon questions connected with the reasonableness and benefits of his faith. For it must be very unwise to leave knowledge to the mercy of chance, and to wish to sustain religion in the mind by piety alone.

The *Pictorial Stories* come from the same source as the foregoing. The woodcuts here are also creditable, and though the type has been suited to the young, the composition is pleasant, and attractive for the general reader.

Welcome to the inestimable work of F. Drexelius in an English dress! To translate a work like this is an occupation well befitting the silent hours of the Cistercian monk, who has sent it forth from Mount St. Bernard as his sermon to the busy worldlings who would, were it possible, *merge Eternity in time*. In this little book the subject of eternity is well meditated upon, and illustrated with a thousand quotations, examples, comparisons, &c. which interest us no less than impress the thoughtful reader, and imbue him deeply with a sense of the folly and emptiness of all that ends with time. This work is, in a word, a compendium of all that the priest would wish to *say*, or the devout Christian to *think*, on the all-important subject of *Eternity*.

Last, but not least, comes the life of the placid and gentle Joseph, from one of Maga's best-loved friends. Slight as this tiny volume is, we have not space to make clear even its literary merit, much less to show how attentively the beautiful nature of its subject has been studied. Let those read it, who, parents or preceptors, have been called to watch the enlarging bud, and be rewarded by the beauty of the leaf, or who, day by day suffering and struggling in a world so little worthy of care, can find encouragement and strength in a beautiful picture of calm and well-regulated daily life in the lowly carpenter's shop at Nazareth.

LITERARY ITEMS.

The opening of the exhibition at Marlborough house, of a selection from the one hundred and ten pictures valued at £200,000, bequeathed by J. M. W. Turner to the nation in 1851, on condition of a suitable domicile being erected for them, within ten years after his decease, seems the great *ou dit* in the literary and artistic world during the past month. This glimpse at Turner's splendid powers, so long delayed, seems to favour the reaction of late in favour of his great eulogist Mr. Ruskin, against the determined condemnation by the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* some months since. The writer in the latter (supposed to be Sir Charles Eastlake,) argues, if we remember aright, that Turner never needed Ruskin's admiration, and states that he himself admired and fully appreciated the great artist before Mr. Ruskin was born. In an eloquent critique on the above pictures in the *Times*, however, we meet the following, 'Nor must we forget, in weighing Turner's acknowledged harshness, niggardliness, and bearsness that with all his success, he was, through the far greater portion of his life, a sad and seared man. Recognition came to him amply, but it came too late. He made his money by the purchasers of the books he illustrated, not by the purchasers of his pictures: of these he sold more in the last six years of his life than in the whole forty-three years previous, and though he had always his admirers and appreciators, yet let the reviewers say what they will it was Ruskin who first taught the world what a painter it possessed in Turner!' Truly in the rising fame of the wonderful landscape painter, the eloquent and powerful pen of his admirer should not be forgotten; and such a recognition cannot fail to prove agreeable even to the calm and thinking readers who owe so many delightful hours to the gifted writer of *Mountain Beauty*.

Mr. Thackeray's Lectures on The Four Georges, at Glasgow, under the auspices of the Athenæum there, seem to have gained him much applause. The great novelist made one *faux pas* however, in some slighting remark about the Queen of Scots. Everybody knows Pendennis must have his sneer, but to abuse Mary Stuart in her own capital was a little too much for our northern friends!

We notice in the letters on the French in Algeria in the *Times*, that M. Jules Gerard has settled in that region. It is also noticed that he is not the author of the work which bears his name, it having been concocted from the lion-killer's notes by a *petit literateur* in Paris.

Mr. E. M. Ward has returned from Paris with a portfolio of sketches for his great picture "Victoria at the tomb of Napoleon,"—commissioned by the Queen.

There is now being made in Manchester a printing machine for the *Times* which is expected to throw off 30,000 copies per hour.

A complete edition of the works of Frederick the Great, in 32 vols., is about to be published in Berlin.

Dr. Livingston, the great African traveller, is shortly expected in this country.

A Bohemian translation of Shakspeare by Herr F. Maly is now in course of publication at the expense of the Royal Museum of Bohemia.

M. De Lamartine has sent an agent to Quebec to solicit purchasers for his works, as a contribution to his relief.

We learn that his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman will deliver two lectures on popular subjects before the members of the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, after Christmas.

M. Dumas is said to be preparing in Switzerland a new romance on criminal law!

It is rumoured that Mr. Macaulay will be requested to write the inscription for the new Wellington Monument, in the Guildhall, London.

In the course of a sermon, by the Rev. G. Cotton, in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, at the consecration of Bishops, on the 23rd ult., we find the following remarkable acknowledgment:—"While we are turning away from the straight path of duty, the newspaper writer, the satirist, the popular novelist, are labouring to correct those evils which the Church was designed to cure, and some colour is given to the startling assertion of a modern historian, that the press is the chief spiritual power in England."

Those who seem fond of chatting about the enormous value of small properties in the *Times*, may be glad to learn that there are some such possessions amongst our French neighbours. M. Emile Girardin has just sold 47 shares in the Journal *La Presse*, to a well-known capitalist, for £34,000: and the purchaser is understood to have offered £8,000 for the *Patrie*.

We are glad to perceive that Mr. Thackeray intends to deliver his lectures on the Four Georges in Liverpool.

The collection of antiquities of Sir William Temple, our late minister at Naples, are on their way to this country.

We regret to observe that M. Jullien has terminated his engagement with Miss C. Hayes; we had promised ourselves the pleasure of hearing her with him in Liverpool.

Dr. Mackay promises a new poetical work:—*Under Green Leaves*.

The *Athenæum* of the 22nd, ult., states that active measures are being taken in favour of a bill to remove the pressure of our present taxes from Literary Institutions.

We observe that Sir Edward Bulwer has been elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, in opposition to Lord Stanley, purely, we believe, on literary grounds.

At a recent sale of copyrights in London the novels of Mrs. Gore went for £26 each.

CLOUD LAND.

The Sunday eve was closing, cold and grey,
 Save where the cloudy veil around the West
 Through stormy rifts displayed a glorious rest
 In light unchangeable. A golden ray
 Streaming along the moor, fell far away,
 Beyond the northern hill, where crest on crest
 Of cloudland Alps, o'er many a rounded breast
 Of snowy vapour, rose to greet the day,
 From yonder shadowy coast. Dusky ravine,
 And glowing peak, huge masses, silver white
 Floating beneath, touched by the living light,
 Shone like the morn, when, lo! an upward veil,
 Earth's shadow folded o'er the ghostly scene;
 'Twas life's young vision fading, cold, and pale.

J. A. S.

PASSING EVENTS.

On Wednesday, October 20, a new Church was opened at Shrewsbury. The ceremony was performed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, assisted by four Bishops and forty of the Clergy. The Church is from the designs of Mr. Pugin, built by Mr. Wulton, of Wolverhampton, at a cost of £4,000. Towards this the late Earl of Shrewsbury contributed liberally. Dimensions: length of Church, 69 feet; breadth, 28 feet; aisles, 11 feet.

On Sunday, October 26, at the Liverpool Catholic Institute, the members of the Congregation of Our Blessed Lady, and a few Gentlemen, presented to the Rev. H. Gibson, Vice-President of the Institute, a purse containing twenty-five sovereigns, as a token of their affectionate gratitude.

The following figures are the summary of the Report for October, of the Young Mens' Societies in Manchester and Salford. Number of members, (7 societies), 1396; communicants, 750; sick, 5; dead, 1; receipts, £17 3s. 5d.; expenditure, £7 14s. 3d.

St. Mary's Young Mens' Society, Liverpool. Statistics for October:—Number of members, 954; communicants, 631; death, 1. Arrangements have been made, as follow, for the amusements of the society. 1st Tuesday in month, a Lecture; 2nd Tuesday, a Reading; 3rd Tuesday, a Concert; 4th Tuesday, a Debate. The Rev. Father Sheridan gave the first Lecture, "On Illegal Societies."

On Saturday, Nov. 22, the Office of the Dead, and a Requiem Mass, were chanted at the Catholic Institute, for the repose of the soul of George Gibson, Esq., father of the Rev. H. Gibson, V. P. of the Institute, who departed this life, at Hornby, near Lancaster, on Tuesday, November 16th. May he rest in peace! The Rev. J. Gibson C. SS. R. officiated. The very Rev. Canon Wallwork, and the Rev. Gerald O'Reilly, assisting as Deacon and Sub-Deacon respectively.

On October 21th, at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, the Holy Order of Priesthood was conferred on the following, all belonging to the diocese of Hexham: the Revv. T. P. Clavering, A. H. Wrennall, J. E. Harivall, and J. M. Croll.

On Thursday, November 27th, the Rev. J. A. Stothert delivered an excellent address to a large and respectable auditory, at the Liverpool Catholic Institute on "Modern Science."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W.A.—We regret your feelings on the point in question, and allow that we should have considered you more.

B. & L.; H. (2.); R.F.S.; M.; J.R.O.F.; H.J.R.; Catholica; Peace; and Lanucci Received.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—*Rule of Life; First Catechism; Christian Union*, two parts; and Vols. 1 and 2 of *St. Peter of Alcantara*.

ERRATUM.—Page 55—19 *et seq.* for *It* read *La*.

OBITUARY.—We have to record the death of Miss Frances Anne Myers, of this town, who departed this life on November 7th, 1856, aged 23 years. She was zealously devoted to works of charity, and amongst the poor her memory will be long held in benediction. May she rest in peace!

Calendar for December.

1	M	St. Andrew, Ap. Nov. 30, d. II. cl. <i>red.</i> At St. Nicholas's School. Meeting of the Benevolent Society, at 6½ p.m.—Meeting of the Orphanage Committee at 6 p.m.—At the Catholic Institute, monthly meeting of the societies, addresses by the Presidents and music, at 8, followed by benediction.	15	M	Octave of the Immaculate Conception.—At the Catholic Institute, at 8 p. m., a Lecture by D. Holland, Esq., Editor of the <i>Belfast Ulsterman</i> ; subject:— <i>The Life and Genius of Edmund Burke.</i> —At the Catholic Institute, meeting of the Conference
2	Tu	St. Bibiana, v. m. sd. <i>red.</i> —At the Catholic Institute, at 8 p. m. Vesp. of the B. V. M., and Benediction.	16	Tu	St. Eusebius, bp. c. sd. <i>white.</i>
3	W	St. Francis Xavier, c. d. <i>white.</i> —Fast	17	W	Ember day, <i>Fast, purple.</i>
4	Th	St. Peter Chrysologus, by. c. d. <i>white.</i> —Meeting of Blind Asylum Committee, at 6 p. m.	18	Th	Expectation of the B. V. M., gr. d., <i>white.</i> —At St. Nicholas's Pro-Cathedral, meeting of the very Rev. Chapter.
5	F	St. Birinus, bp. c. d. <i>white.</i> —Fast.	19	F	Ember Day, <i>Fast, purple.</i>
6	S	St. Nicholas, bp. c. d. <i>white.</i>	20	S	Ember day, <i>Fast, purple.</i>
7	S	2nd of Advent, sd. <i>purple.</i> —1 vesp. of the fol., com. of Sun., <i>white.</i> —Solemn Dedication of the new Cathedral, St. Edward's College.—At St. Peter's, Seel Street, begins a Mission, preached by the Revv. Fathers Binolfi and Gastaldi, of the Order of Charity.	21	S	3rd of Advent, sd. <i>purple.</i> —1 Vesp. of the fol., com. of Sun., <i>red.</i> —Antiphon at the Magnificat, O. Oriens.
8	M	Feast of Devotion—Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M., d. II. cl. <i>white.</i> —At the Catholic Institute, at 8 p. m. Vesp. of the B. V. M., and Benediction.	22	M	St. Thomas, Ap. (Dec. 21.) d. II. cl., <i>red.</i>
9	Tu	St. Ambrose, bp. c. D. (Dec. 7.) d. <i>white.</i> —At the Catholic Institute, Vesp. of the B. V. M., at 8.	23	Tu	Festa, <i>purple.</i>
10	W	Of the Octave, sd. <i>white.</i> —Fast.	24	W	CHRISTMAS EVE; <i>Fast, purple.</i> —At St. Nicholas's, Midnight Mass, at 12.—At the Catholic Institute, at 10 p. m.; Matins at ½ to 12; Midnight Mass, followed by Lauds.
11	Th	St. Damascus, p. c. sd. <i>white.</i> —	25	Th	CHRISTMAS DAY.—Holiday of Obligation, d. I. cl. with an Octave.—2 Vesp. of the Feast, com. of the fol.
12	F	Of the Octave, sd. <i>white.</i> —Fast.	26	F	Feast of Devotion.—St. Stephen, m. d. II. cl. with an Octave, <i>red.</i> —Abstinence.
13	S	St. Lucy, v. m. <i>red.</i>	27	S	Feast of Devotion, St. John, Ap. d. II. c. II. cl. with an Octave, <i>white.</i>
14	S	3rd of Advent, sd. <i>purple.</i> —1 vesp. of the fol., com. of Sun., <i>white.</i>	28	S	Holy Innocents, d. II. cl. with an Octave, <i>red.</i> —In Vesp. from the Chap. of the fol., com. of Holy Innocents, and of Christmas.
			29	M	Feast of Devotion—St. Thomas of Canterbury, bf. m. d. I. cl. with an Octave, <i>red.</i>
			30	Tu	Of the Sunday within the Octave sd. <i>white.</i>
			31	W	St. Silvester, p. c. d. <i>white</i>