THE

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

No. 3.] DECEMBER, 1857. [Vol. III.

THE LEISURE HOURS OF THE PEOPLE.

Nature wants regimen, and not physic. This is a golden rule, applicable to nine out of ten of those bodily complaints called diseases, and, happily for mankind, many doctors have at last found out its truth. But there is an application of the same principle to the disease of the mind, which is hardly yet sufficiently recognized by all benevolent and philanthropic persons. We are all of us rather too much inclined to prescribe physic for the intellectual and moral ailments for the poor, when in truth what they want is not so much a distinctly medicinal remedy for a disease, as a better and healthier mode of daily life, more in harmony with the instincts and demands of nature than that to which circumstances have hitherto found them.

Everybody who has had much experience in the working of poor schools, or at least everybody who has reasoned on the facts there presented to him, has formed the conclusion that the daily occupations and amusements of the children of the poor frequently form the chief hindrance to the operation of the influences which are exerted by a well-managed school. It is all undone at home, or by the keeping company with other and ill-conditioned children, or by the want of proper amusements: this is the complaint which is in the mouths of hundreds of the most observant people of the day.

But has it not, also, struck many of our readers that we have not sufficiently considered the force with which similar counteracting influences tend to destroy all the good that is done to their parents, if not in the school, yet in the church, the confessional, or the lecture-room? Whatever may be the impression produced on a working man when you have him in your power, is it not undeniable that he is, as a rule, habitually living in a state of society in which the influences for evil on the whole overbalance the influences for good?

It is a common idea that the greater portion of these mischievous influences are exerted during the hours that working men and women spend at their regular daily employments. The mischief is supposed to be pretty well avoided when they work in well-conducted establishments, whether factory, or shop, or ship-yard, or whatever be the place for regular labour. But what is the fact? Does not every phenomenon presented by human nature, as well as every rule founded on past experience, show that it is the hours of play, and not the hours of work, which exercise by far the largest share of influence on the permanent character both of rich and poor? Great evil, no doubt, frequently results from contact with vice, in some shape or other, between six o'clock in the morning and six o'clock in the evening; but the mark that is set upon men's souls is usually imprinted after the sun has set, and the hour of recreation has begun.

We cannot help thinking, therefore, that, especially in a place like Liverpool, to which our Magazine owes its birth, we may be doing some little good service, if we venture to call attention once more to the paramount importance of providing innocent and attractive occupations for our hard working people, when the toil of the day is over. We are, it is too clear, just on the eve of a winter which may prove unusually trying to our working classes. Do not let us suppose that because their wages will be lower, there is the less necessity for doing what we can for keeping them from the haunts of vice. The very reverse is more like the truth. Hard times do not empty the ginshop, the low dancing saloon, the vile penny theatre, nor those other dens of infamy to which these places of so-called "amusement" inevitably lead. When money cannot be found for bread, it is astonishing how much is forthcoming for drink. The pauperism that induces wretchedness is, nevertheless, too fruitful in vice also.

We venture accordingly to ask our reader's attention to the question, whether it is not time to make some fresh efforts in the way of putting harmless and agreeable amusements in the reach of the poor? It is surely well worth our consideration whether we have not been a trifle too stiff and dignified in our notions, overshooting our mark by excluding from our attention sundry forms of amusement which are really the most attractive to the poor, and which are now unfortunately, almost exclusively, in the hands of persons who never dream of considering what will aid, and what will injure, the moral and spiritual welfare of any class of their fellow creatures. Like our Protestant neighbours, we are doing an immense deal for the elevation of the poor, in a variety of ways. The Catholic body resounds with convents, reformatories, prisons, night-schools, day-schools, lectures, reading-rooms, Young Men's Societies, with all the rest

of that philanthropic apparatus which is the characteristic of the age.

But with all this, there is one point which neither Catholic nor Protestant has as yet fairly looked in the face, and in which we might expect that we should fairly be ahead of all who are not Catholics in our plans for the poor. Notwithstanding the diminution in the extravagances of puritanism which has attached to so much of zealous English Protestantism, yet there can be no doubt that, in the Catholic Church alone does the connexion between amusement and piety receive its full and philosophical recognition. Not merely under its Sabbatarian aspect, but in all circumstances Protestantism has seldom been able to cope with the general question, and the morals of amusement, and, at the same time, to preserve an earnest zeal for religion as such, whatever the good sense of the English people might effect, if shown the way. It is the especial work of Catholics to point out that way, to master the question in all its intricacies and ramifications, and to prove that it is possible to provide gratifications for all the innocent instincts of human nature, without violating one iota of the claims of revealed religion.

Our own idea is, that the present machinery of schools, lectures, Young Men's Societies, and reading-rooms, wants enlivening and enlarging. Whether or not this is to be done in the way of encouraging such things as games at cards, backgammon, bagatelle, and so forth, under proper regulations, and singing classes of a lively and popular kind, with musical and dramatic entertainments of various sorts—all this must be a matter for detailed consideration, and what is good in one place might be found extremely bad in another. Of the general principles we think there can be little doubt. Our working classes want to be supplied with recreations of the same kind as those which the middle and upper classes provide for their own special gratification. These alone will only attract them in large numbers, and these alone will prove a counterpoise to the endless forms in which vice insidiously finds its way to their hearts. No doubt it is a most difficult thing to provide a practical remedy for the evils we speak of. It is very easy to sit still in one's study, and say, "What an excellent thing such and such a plan would be if carried out!" But when it comes to the carrying out, there is *the* difficulty. However, we can do no harm by pointing out what we conceive to be the facts of the case, trusting that what we say in the way of speculation may be carried out by others in the way of action. And we do this the more readily at the present moment because we are able to mention one definite attempt which is about to be made, in this very town, to offer to the people an amusement unlike anything they have as yet had presented to them, and of a kind more easily

accomplished than many others. The attempt will be made by a gentleman well known to the Catholic world for the interest he has long taken in these and similar questions—we mean Mr. Capes, the editor of the *Rambler*. He has, we understand, written the words, and composed the music, of a little entertainment appropriate to the Christmas season, in which the principal events of our Blessed Lord's nativity are made the subject of a series of songs, duets, &c., accompanied with scenery, and sung by performers in costume, with an introductory dialogue, devised so as to give completeness to the whole. The idea is quite new, and we shall be greatly interested in seeing how it takes. Many persons, ecclesiastics and others, feel great interest in the attempt, and have expressed a strong conviction that it will succeed. The performances will be entrusted to some of the best singers that Liverpool can supply, and are fixed for the four last days of the present year, in the Concert Hall, in Lord Nelson Street. It has been the aim of the composer to make the music sufficiently lively and simple to be within the comprehension of the ordinary or the uncultivated ear, and at the same time to give such a finish to the whole as may satisfy the tastes of the more fastidious. And if it meets with anything like success, we cannot but think that a very decided step has been made in the right direction.

ST. NINIAN,

FIRST MISSIONARY TO THE SCOTTISH LOWLANDS.

Scotland, like other countries, has its floating and immemorial traditions of the early reception of Christianity, in times more remote than any authentic history. The Pontificate of St. Victor, (192-202) for instance, is sometimes assigned as the period when the light of Christ was first brought to its shores by missionaries from Rome. It is impossible to forget that Tertullian, writing a very few years afterwards, mentions "places in the country of the Britons, inaccessible to the Romans," as "subdued to the true Christ;" and as the Romans were then masters of the whole country to the south of the river Tyne, if not of the Frith of Clyde, there is some colour for the opinion that those "places" must have been in Scotland. The sum of uncertain rumours like these, however, amounts to no more than this, that it is now quite impossible to say at how early a period of its existence Christianity was unknown in Scotland. The want of materials for deciding, makes a disproof of its early introduction as impracticable as its proof. Any one who is

inclined to adopt the traditionary accounts is welcome to do so, provided they are taken only for what they are worth, and are not made a basis for the construction of theory.

Occupying a middle position between vague legend and the dignity of history, the Story of the translation of St. Andrew's relics in the fourth century, by Regulus, or Rule, a Greek monk, has, for many ages, found extensive currency in this country, and on the continent. Besides its very great antiquity, and its coincidence with the translation of the Apostle's body from Patras to Constantinople, in the same age, it can point to the site of the city of St. Andrew, on the eastern extremity of Fife; and close to the grey ruins of the cathedral, the still older tower of St. Rule.

The Christian history of Scotland begins in the fourth century. Before the close of the third, the gospel had certainly been introduced into the southern part of Britain, where it had attracted many converts, and had been formed into a church under a regular hierarchy. The heroic martyrdom of the youthful Alban and his companions had made the early years of the fourth century very memorable in the history of British Christianity; and the seeds of religion, borne hither and thither by the storms of adversity, had found a secure and fruitful home in the remotest districts of England. Fifty years later than the triumph of St. Alban, a young British prince was born among the mountains of Cumberland, to fill a distinguished place in the future annals of Scotland. Ninian, or, as he is popularly called, Ringan, while still a youth, made a journey to Rome, during the pontificate of the holy Pope Damasus. While he remained there, preparing himself for the priesthood, the pope died (384); and his successor Siricius (385-389) consecrated the young British student a bishop, and sent him back to his own country as an apostle of the Christian faith. On his way home, he visited St. Martin at Tours; and learnt from him something of the monastic institute, which the Saint had then lately established near his episcopal see.

The wall of Severus, following a nearly parallel course to that of Adrian, between the Solway and the Tyne, was then the furthest northern limit of civilisation. To the south of it, the aboriginal Britons lived in comparative peace and security under the protection of the Roman arms, interrupted only by the struggles for dominion among rival candidates for the imperial throne, and not unfrequently by irruptions of the savage tribes that defied the Roman power, beyond the boundary of Severus. These had been known under the successive names of Albiones, Mæatæ, and Caledonii; at the time of Ninian's arrival, they passed under the later and more comprehensive name of Picts. Their principal force lay to the north of the earlier rampart of Agricola, and Antonine, between the Forth and Clyde; but as the Lowlands of

Scotland lay in their way to the Roman province of Britain, it is probable that they were found in considerable numbers between the Forth and the Tyne. More lately, when that part of the country was included in the Saxon kingdom of Northumbria, their southern boundary was the original rampart of Agricola, between the Clyde and the Forth, or its later restoration in the reign of Antonine. The mountain range of the Grampians divided them into the Northern and the Southern Picts, a distinction which must be borne in mind in every enquiry into the progress of Christianity among them.

It was to the Southern portion of those wild tribes that Ninian especially dedicated himself; fixing his permanent dwelling at Whithern, on the northen coast of the Solway Frith, within sight of his own native hills, where he erected the first church of stone in Scotland, and laid the foundation of a monastery, such as he had learnt to admire in Rome, and in the neighbourhood of Tours. From this centre of his missionary enterprize, he went forth among the pagan inhabitants, exercising the office of an apostle, preaching, baptising, confirming, offering up the Holy Sacrifice, all over the country that is bounded by the Friths of Solway and Clyde, the Grampians and the German Ocean. As he gathered in an abundant harvest of souls, he selected the most devout and promising among his converts to supply his monastery at Whithern, or to prepare for taking part in his missionary toils, far from its peaceful enclosure. His labours and his success were protracted for more than forty years; the wild tribes which had bid defiance to the Roman arms were made captive to the obedience of Christ; the darkness of their cruel superstitions was in part at least dispelled by the light of the Gospel; the cries of human victims, once immolated on the altar of their gods, were succeeded by the simple and unbloody rite of the Holy Mass. The valleys of the Clyde, and the Forth, and the Tweed, and the Tay, beheld a Christian generation rising up among them, beneath the influence of a gentle, and more powerful civilisation than that of the Roman eagles, or the refinement of the pagan arts and philosophy. And with its growth the name of Ninian was, once for all, inseparably associated, so that when he passed away (432) to his reward, bequeathing to his adopted country and his spiritual children the fruits of his arduous and prolonged labours, his tomb at Whithern soon became very celebrated as the resort of grateful pilgrims, even of noble and royal persons, who went thither to ask for favours through his intercession, or to return thanks for those already received. And the renown of his great name was magnified by successive generations; it passed from tongue to tongue over the whole of the country of the Southern Picts; it is well preserved in the local tradition of the most distant parts of Scotland; in Galloway they still show the ancient church-

yard attached to his first stone church, now of course no longer standing, and the cave by the sea shore, where he used to meditate and pray.

While Ninian's mission among the Southern Picts was drawing to a close, another labourer was on his way from Rome to the Scots in Ireland. The Christians in that island were then few and scattered, chiefly in the districts that lay towards England, whence the fury of persecution, and the dread of its recurrence, had probably driven them, to seek for an asylum on the other side of the channel. They were too unimportant to form a church and a hierarchy, and their spiritual wants were supplied by native or foreign priests ordained abroad.

Among the clergy who attended St. Germanus of Auxerre, and St. Lupus of Troyes, on their mission to England in 429, against the Pelagians, was a young Roman archdeacon, named Palladius. On his return to Rome Pope Celestine, for reasons that can now be only conjectured, ordained him, and sent him "to the Scots believing in Christ, as their first bishop," to cite the words of St. Prosper in his chronicle. The Scots were a tribe of unknown origin, then settled in Ireland; undoubtedly later in their occupation of the island than the aboriginal Hiberni, whom they supplanted in the possession of its northern and eastern parts, and gave it their own name of Scotia. Early in the sixth century they crossed the North Channel, and obtained a permanent settlement in Dalriada, the southern part of Argyllshire, between Loch Linnhe and the Frith of Clyde. In the course of two centuries and a half they pushed their conquests over the territory of the southern Picts; their northern neighbours acknowledged at least a nominal dependence upon them, and the whole country received from them its present name of Scotland, or the land of the Scots.

The "Scots believing in Christ" were probably converts who had learnt the Christian faith from the British refugees, or perhaps from some of Ninian's missionaries, or their disciples; for the western extremity of Galloway was separated only by a narrow strait from the country of the Scots. Palladius was sent to them by Pope Celestine as their first bishop; their clergy had hitherto been without any resident superior; in the same temporary and anomalous position as the Catholic priests in Britain, in the interval between the Reformation and the arrival of vicars apostolic in England and Scotland. Some learned writers indeed, as Usher, think that "the first bishop" means the first in rank and dignity among the rest, a distinction similar to that conferred by St. Gregory on St. Augustine among the British bishops. But it is impossible to suppose that if there had been already bishops among the Scots, history would have made no mention of them; yet their existence is nowhere alluded to. An omission which may be perfectly well reconciled with the recent

introduction of Christianity among the Scots, from whatever source, and with the fewness of its professors; but on which it is often attempted to rest a bold theory, that the early Christian Scots were ignorant of episcopacy.

Without going deeply into a complicated and much agitated question, it is enough to remark that the advocates of this theory must prove the length of time during which there had been "Scots believing in Christ," and must show their numbers to have been sufficient, according to the analogy of other countries, for the introduction of bishops among them; neither of which can possibly be determined. An explanation must also be offered for the silence of historians, like Ven. Bede, on so remarkable a departure from the usual custom of the British churches as the absence of bishops would have been; especially as he has very minutely detailed the variations in several matters of ecclesiastical discipline, which for some time distinguished the Scottish Church. With these preliminary difficulties unsatisfactorily accounted for, it may safely be assumed that the progress of Christianity among the Scots in Ireland, was not dissimilar to its career in other instances. Its germ was introduced by some obscure, or apparently fortuitous means; it was fostered and organised by the superintendance of the Roman Pontiffs; such is the result recorded in history; and no one has a right to call it in question, merely because it cannot be made to harmonise with preconceived ideas or opinions.

But the fact is, that the words of St. Prosper, in another place, seem to prove beyond a doubt, that Palladius was a missionary bishop, sent, not to a nation whose Christianity was of long standing, but to one hardly reclaimed from barbarism. Alluding to the acts of Pope Celestine, St. Prosper adds, that by ordaining a bishop for the Scots, after sending Germanus to Britain, he had made a barbarous island (Ireland) Christian, while he laboured to keep the Roman island (Britain) Catholic.

Palladius, with his companions, arrived on the scene of his labours (431) the year before Ninian rested from his. He seems to have landed not far from Wexford, and to have begun the exercise of his apostolic functions in the south-east part of the island. A record remains of his baptising some converts, and of his building three churches, as it is generally supposed in the county of Wicklow; in one of which he left some books, and a case of relics of the holy apostles and other saints. It was not the will of God, however, that he should long remain to accomplish the mission confided to him; so that it became a saying, that not to Palladius but to Patrick was reserved the glory of converting Ireland. The angry jealousy of the pagans was excited by his presence among them; and through their influence with one of the native princes, he was expelled from the island, leaving some of his companions to carry on the work

which he had begun. This happened in the end of the same year as his arrival. Whether he sailed for Rome, and was driven by storms out of his course, or whether he intended to visit the scenes of St. Ninian's successful labours, he landed in Scotland, and travelled over a considerable part of it, towards the north-east. As he passed by Culross, on the Forth, where, as some say, Ninian had established a monastery, he ordained two missionaries, Serf and Ternan, who afterwards became very celebrated for their sanctity and their apostolic labours; the one among the Picts, and the other in the distant Orkney islands. Palladius then continued his journey to Fordun in the Mearns, where he very soon rested in the Lord. Brief as had been his course, and unimportant as it had seemed, his name took fast hold of the affections of the people of Scotland; his relics were afterwards enclosed in a rich shrine of silver, and the traces of his presence still remain in the names and customs of the vicinity of Fordun.

Hardly had this faithful servant been withdrawn from his field of labour, when Patrick (432) was consecrated in Rome for his great work in Ireland. Other men had laboured, and he was about to enter into their labours. Success attended his steps. Together with Christianity he introduced the monastic rule into Ireland; many of his religious houses ere long became distinguished schools of learning, to which students repaired from distant parts of Europe. And those Irish monasteries became in their turn colleges of missionary priests, whence men of burning zeal and heroic courage went forth into regions strange and unexplored, bearing with them the gospel of the grace of God.

Next month we shall follow some of them under the direction of St. Columba from Ireland to the Highlands of Scotland.

PENAL REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

The attention paid to the wellbeing of the uneducated and the criminal now, if compared with the indifference, not to say neglect, of former years, is a new phase in Irish history. The National Board of Education covers the length and breadth of the land with the fertilising stream of knowledge, from which it is the fault of the people themselves, and not of the commissioners, if they do not apply their lips and quaff; while reformatories for delinquents, male and female, are carefully organised, and efficiently worked out, under the superintendence of the Board of Directors, consisting of Captain Crofton, Mr. Lentaigne and Captain Whitty. As a very natural objection was raised in

this country against the system of giving criminals a ticket of license, and turning them adrift, lest they should prey again on society, undeterred by former punishment and wholesome fear, which proved but scanty safeguards in England, it appears to me a matter of common justice to those who, influenced by zeal in the discharge of their duty, and who, from motives of humanity, endeavour to render the system they administer beneficial to the criminal, and to the community, of which he is a member, to state facts of which I have personal knowledge. I therefore hasten to give an account of my recent visits to the Metropolitan Male Penitentiary at Smithfield, Dublin.

This Establishment is one of three great depôts where prisoners in Ireland may enter the state of probation which tests them as fit for re-entering society, cleansed from the stains of crime. The others are Camden Fort, at the mouth of Cork Harbour, and Lusk, county of Dublin. The former is for mechanics, the latter for farm labourers, while Smithfield is chiefly occupied by tradesmen or apprentices. It takes a considerable time, however, from the date of the sentence, before the prisoner reaches this purgatorial state He is subjected to nine months' solitary confinement in Mountjoy prison, and this is the first step towards effecting reformation. Here, shut up with the companionship of his own thoughts, the convict is undisturbed by the distractions of society, and nothing interferes with the exhortations or instructions he receives. Memory is bringing back the scenes of his past life,—conscience whispers its admonitions, and he listens to the small still voice, for no other speaks. He becomes accessible to influences for good, and, in time, the spirit of the most hardened grows pliable, and, if the change is such as to merit attention, and signs of amendment be daily developed, little privileges are conceded, and the convict is sent either to Spike Island, or to Philips-Town. While at either of these places, if his conduct is such as to merit indulgence, the convict earns some small sum weekly, and, having passed through the various classes until he reaches the exemplary class, he is then transmitted to one of the three depôts already mentioned. We shall follow him to Smithfield; and here the convict begins to breathe an atmosphere of freedom from which he has been long debarred. He is not habited in a felon's garb; he wears the ordinary dress of an artizan, and is only known to be a prisoner by resembling Sterne's Starling, being inclosed within bars. He is treated as an exemplary person, and the kindly feeling displayed towards him produces a reciprocity of sentiment on his part, and he strives to show that the confidence reposed is not misplaced. The fullest opportunities for showing whether he is really reformed, or would be likely to abuse the privileges which absolute freedom allows, are placed within each prisoner's reach. By rotation the men are

sent into the city, carrying official communications, transacting little matters of business for themselves or their comrades. They go to other prisons with letters, or to the Post-office ; they pass public-houses; and such is the state of order to which they have been brought, that, I have been assured, in no instance has the messenger neglected his errand, or outstayed his time. Of course a note is made when possible of the hour of departure and arrival. Such is the confidence reposed in one another, that whoever is on duty to go into the town receives various sums of money to expend for his companions, which he does with scrupulous exactness.

During the detention of the convict at Smithfield he is employed as a tailor, shoemaker, weaver, cooper, carpenter, or on fatigue duty, that is, cleansing, sweeping and white-washing. Gratuities are awarded, according to the disposition of the workman, and the amount of work done, not to the skill evinced. He is provided with a small account book, in which is entered the quantity of work done, all earnings drawn, and amount saved. The savings are kept by the prison authorities, and form a fund important to the future welfare of the freed man. Of course the less of the earnings drawn the greater will be the sum to be handed to the prisoner either on his discharge or at such period as it can be entrusted to his disposition. It forms the means of enabling him to emigrate, if so inclined, or to give him the means of buying tools, or investing in business, if he seeks a livelihood in his native land.

Education is a great element in the Reformatory System. The convicts are usually illiterate, or very nearly so. They had few early advantages or none. Born in indigence many were nursed in crime, and cradled in guilt. Many had parents who were themselves preying upon society, and the first lesson taught was the opposite to the Divine precept, "Thou shalt *not* steal." Others had no fostering care, for the authors of their being were unmindful of their duties, or thought that providing for corporal wants fulfilled all that could be expected from them, and left their children to such instruction as scrambling through lanes or streets enabled them to acquire, a mode of culture very powerful for evil, but having no tendency towards good. What a field was here open for the schoolmaster! How arduous seemed the task of instructing men thus reared, to whom increasing years had strengthened the evil impulses of their nature. Who is so resolute as to set about cleansing the garden of their minds from the weeds and brambles of years of neglect, and implanting those seeds of virtue which will exercise a fertilising influence, enabling them to cherish the lessons and tread down the poisonous tares which hurt the soul? Mr. Organ, a gentleman of great tact, energy and ability, who was recommended by the National Board of Education, was the young Hercules who undertook this

labour. He gives lectures each evening on subjects useful for the prisoners to be familiar with, whether they remain in their native country, or emigrate. Some idea of the nature of his lectures may be gleaned from the following table, which having remained in the lecture-room during the week indicated, he handed to me.

SMITHFIELD REFORMATORY INSTITUTION.

Lectures for the Week commencing October 26, 1857.

Day.	Subject.
Monday (Lusk)	... Man, his Helplessness and Weakness.
Tuesday	... Self-Service and Self-Dependence.
Wednesday	... The Human Heart.
Thursday	... English Navigators of the 18th Century.
Friday (Lusk)	... Emigration—Victoria.
Saturday	... Competitive Examination.
Sunday (Smithfield)	Grateful remembrance of past mercies.
Do. (Lusk)	Mr. Long will read a Paper on "Contentment and Religious Repose of Mind," written by Mr. Organ.

The weekly examinations, each Saturday evening, are a marked feature in the Smithfield course of instruction, and I listened with surprise and delight to the manner in which the men put the questions, and the style in which these questions were answered. The mode of examination being left to the men themselves, has many advantages. It stimulates attention during the lectures, induces the taking of notes, and sharpens the intellect by the precision of thought required, either for framing the question, or shaping the reply. I took down the following questions and answers :—Q. In a country where there is most capital, who derives most benefit?—A. The labourers.—Q. What may Asia be considered?—A. The cradle of mankind.—Q. State the three best gifts of God to Man ?—A. Knowledge, skill, and wisdom.—Q. What is most necessary to human life ?—A. Air.—What benefit does subsoiling give to land ?—A. It opens it to the influence of air and moisture, &c.

Questions in Geography, Biblical History, General History, were given and replied to in a manner which evinced great mental capacity, and reflected the highest credit upon Mr. Organ and his assistant, in the teaching of these men. I could well conceive the pleasure which listening to them gives our present most excellent Lord Lieutenant, the benevolent Earl of Carlisle, who is a constant visitor, affording, by his presence and countenance, every aid to render effective the reformation here in progress.

The building appropriated as the Reformatory is well adapted

to its purpose. Each cell allotted to a tenant, has an iron bedstead, a table, a stool, and a gas light. They are airy and well ventilated. The walls whitewashed, and, as cleanliness is considered next to godliness, or, as a poor friend of mine, now no more, once more humorously than reverently expressed it, "there is great affinity between soap and salvation." Soap and water twice a week make clean every spot which soap and water can reach. The dietary is excellent; one pint of tea and half a pound of bread for breakfast, excellent fare for dinner, and one pint of coffee and half a pound of bread for supper, every day, affords evidence of the attention to the corporal wants of the prisoners. Their time is thus apportioned: preparation for the labours of the day, and prayers, occupy one hour and a quarter; meals and exercise two hours and a quarter, lectures and study three hours and a quarter, labour nine hours and a quarter, sleep eight hours. On Sunday the Catholic chaplain says Mass, and for the few Protestants the services of the Church of England and Scotland are performed; the clergy also visit during each week. In the very excellent paper entitled "The Outcasts of Society," in the Catholic Institute Magazine for November, the condition of those unhappy children of want and wretchedness is powerfully and truthfully portrayed. Their exposure to perils from the operation of the laws, by early associations with police courts, petty sessions, and prisons, is ably described. The remedy, or at least the better cure, "prevention," is strongly and wisely urged, and I trust in God the language of the charitable pleader will find suitable response in many a charitable heart. Meanwhile, the machinery for reformation at work in Ireland, may be adopted in England. Here it has been tried with success. I have seen the statistics for the year and half ending with 30th Sept., 1857. More than 1,000 convicts had in that time passed through the reformatory system. Of these, between five and six hundred obtained tickets of license; the others, absolute discharges. The tickets of license enable the police to watch the conduct of the liberated convicts, and, on any relapse, to revoke it, and, with the number thus discharged, only seventeen revocations of liberty have occurred.

An earnest and eloquent advocate for the extension of this system into England, thus writes:* "The English mind appears to be particularly adapted to the working of the Irish system. Less impulsive than the Celt, the Saxon race, though the required effects might take longer to produce fruit, would probably yield a more abundant crop of impressible and reformable convicts. A great gain would likewise accrue to the system in the matter of religion. Then might be realized in its completeness the true theories of penal amendment. Then might the Church

* The Purgatory of Prisoners, by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M. A.

be allowed to exercise her mission to a class almost without her pale, entirely without her influence. Then might the spirit of Catholicity be brought to bear upon prison discipline, and the scheme of reformation go hand in hand with the doctrines of Catholic truth, and the discipline of Catholic practice. Then might be seen devoted priests spending themselves, and being spent, in Christ's service; earnest laymen following in the wake of ecclesiastical example; angels in female form doing the work of evangelists among the fallen of their sex. Then might be witnessed philanthropy elevated by Christianity. May God, in His infinite mercy, hasten the day! May He cause this good work to flourish in our own country! May He give grace to persons of all ranks, and all conditions, to help on, in this one particular, the advance of His kingdom on earth: to which prayers I reverently say, Amen.

EMMA'S CROSS.

(*Continued from p.* 80.)

PART THE THIRD.

It was an old custom at the Park to give away prizes to the school girls once a year. The prizes were three for the upper, and three for the lower classes. One was for the best scholar; one for diligence; and one for general good conduct. It was a happy afternoon always when the prizes were given away. But once in three years it was a very great day indeed. Then a seventh prize was given, and given by the priest himself. It was given to a girl who had left school two years and lived in service, who could bring the best character for good conduct and Christian perseverance. Two housekeepers of the congregation and the girl's mistress must agree together on her merits; and the priest gave the prize. It was always looked on as a great honour to get this prize. It was always a very handsome gift, but this year it was to be of extraordinary value, for Major Priestley had provided it, and it was to mark the year of his happy return to the Park. But before Major Priestley came home, and therefore before it was known that he was to give this prize, two housekeepers had decided that the prize must be Emma Owen's, and Father Cuthbert had agreed with them. She had left school more than two years; she had lived in service; and she had been remarked by the whole congregation as a girl of most faultless conduct. Many girls might have been a little set up by such a good place at the Park; they might have come out proud, or vain, or foolishly high-minded. But

Emma was just the same to every body as when she was a school-girl and in her father's house. No grand airs, no ignorant conceit. Though so young, not eighteen, she had lived now two years at the Park, and no one could find a fault in her. A whisper reached her mother, and also Mr. Grafton, that Emma was to have the prize; but they kept the secret, and actually told no one. Emma herself was too humble to think of herself for a moment; she had fixed in her own mind on Alice Martin, the under dairy maid at the Farm, as the most likely girl to receive this great distinction. And, alas! if Emma had ever judged herself so well as to think of possessing the prize, all hope must have left her now.

Mr. and Mrs. Martinby were arrived from the Mount to be at the school feast, and see the great prize given away, and a few more of the old friends of the family were assembled at the Park. With Mrs. Martinby came her maid Jane. Jane did not dare to say much before Mrs. Owen or Grafton, though she said enough to renew all the old feelings about the cross and make them both angry and sorrowful. But to all the other servants, and at the Lodge, and the gamekeeper's, and even to Mrs. Barnes at the Farm, she spoke loudly enough. "Such a young, hardened girl, that Emma Owen," she said, "looking so quiet and demure, too, to argue every body down that the cross was not in the black box. Why," said Jane, "it nearly cost me my place, the impudent child. Mrs. Martinby was so sure that I had not put it in. And she had the very bed taken down to look for the cross. I could only say that I put the cross in the box, and that whoever unpacked the box took the cross out. And that was truth. And yet for standing to the truth my mistress nearly parted with me—least ways," said Jane, "I was obliged to hold my tongue. Then that blessed old woman spoke up, and then my mistress told me, I could not but triumph. O, Truth before all the world," said Jane. "I suppose no one expects me to be civil to that false-hearted, false-tongued Emma. She ought to humble herself and beg my pardon—she would if she had got any goodness in her. But I've brought a pound of tea for old Martha, the best I could buy, too; I owe my place to her honesty and plain speaking, that I do." And so Jane talked on, not caring who overheard her. And, through her want of common compassion and decent caution, Emma heard that she had been named for the great prize and had lost it for the sake of the cross.

She could not help overhearing Jane say that she was glad that bad, false, back-biting Emma Owen had been found out in time. It would have made her sick to see that artful girl, who had still the wickedness to stick to her story, rewarded in any way. Emma got out of the way as fast as she could—"Found out in time—found out in time," she repeated. She put her

hand in the pocket of her gown, and pressed the envelope tight that held Father Cuthbert's prayers. She made an act of love to the Sacred Heart—a resolution of generosity; and then she went about her work in Miss Teresa's room as if she had never heard anything.

Mrs. Martinby had scarcely spoken to Emma. Once, just as Emma was entering Miss Priestley's room, Mrs. Martinby said, "Well, I don't think that I could keep her." Emma felt sure that it was herself that was spoken of. She was quite sure when Mrs. Martinby went away in a hurry, and Miss Priestley blushed very red, and went out after her.

But now the day of the school feast was come. Very early in the morning Emma was up, just as she had been the year before —it was a pleasure *then*, it was a penance *now*. But she had said that morning from the last prayer Father Cuthbert had given her: "May I fulfil all the duties of my state faithfully, and never one moment cease from loving Thee." She worked away. No one had so much taste and clearness in decorating the room as she had. Holy words, painted in coloured letters, were hung about the walls, which were clothed with coloured calico, and decked with evergreens. She trembled when she fastened up one about Truth, but got stronger as she tied up others about Patience and Humility, Courage and Faith. The tables were placed up the two sides of the room and covered with white cloths. At the top of the room a table was placed across, and there the seats for the family, and their guests, and the priest were placed. At last five o'clock came and everything was ready. Plenty of cake and tea, and before the ladies the prizes covered over with a damask napkin, and some nosegays of the finest flowers from the hot-house at the Park. The children were very happy. The ladies were very happy too, and they helped the servants and school-mistress to pour out the tea. After tea folding doors were thrown open which entered upon the second school-room, and all the people of the congregation assembled to see the prizes given.

There was a perfect silence on the school-mistress ringing her little bell. Then Father Cuthbert spoke.

"Mary Jones, and Agnes Harris; first and second class girls, and first class prizes." The two children were led up by their mothers. Mrs. Priestley stepped forward, and gave to each a Missal—one was beautifully bound.

"My dear children," she said, "there is no difference in these books except in the outside, which distinguishes the first class girl from the second. You now know how to use these books. Your names are written in them. Mary Jones will consider this book as a testimony of good conduct to last her as an honour all her life. And by the time Agnes Harris has used her's a year, she will no doubt be entitled to one to be kept for life as a

memorial of good behaviour like this one. Mary Jones," said Mrs. Priestley, "you will never gain a school-prize any more. This beautiful Missal is the last and best we can give you. But if, this day three years, you should gain the Priest's prize for Christian perseverance, you can hardly imagine how happy you will make me, if it pleases God to spare my life to see it."

At this mention of the great prize Emma could not help giving a shudder. There was something sad in Mrs. Priestley's words—perhaps she is thinking sorrowfully of me, thought Emma.

Then the other children went up in the same way, with their mothers, and received their prizes. Then Father Cuthbert came forward to the front of the table and began to speak.

"My dear friends, you are all of you aware that this is the day for bestowing what has been called the priest's prize. This year it is an unusually handsome one. It is the gift of Major Priestley. And he wished to give something that might be used by a happy fireside, because his fireside has been a happy one during the winter and summer that he has been with us. The prize is a silver cream jug. Here it is." He held up a beautiful bright little silver jug, and there was a half suppressed cry of admiration from all who beheld it. "There is an inscription on it," he went on. "This is it. 'The priest's prize for perseverance, given to ——.' Now," said Father Cuthbert, "there is no name! And the reason of there being no name is this. The recommenders are Mrs. Julian and Mrs. Slade, both well known to all of you—they recommended Emma Owen. But in consequence of a certain circumstance, Emma Owen's name was changed to Alice Martin. You have, perhaps, all of you heard of the circumstance respecting Emma Owen. A cross belonging to Miss Teresa Priestley was missing, and it was found at Martha Longley's. Martha said that Emma had given it to her, and gave all the circumstances; Emma denied—denies," said Father Cuthbert, "firmly denies it all. It is very hard to believe that either of these persons could be guilty of a falsehood. But still, under the circumstances, we thought it right to tell Alice Martin this morning that she was to have the prize. I say, to her honour, that she refused it. She said she could not believe Emma in the wrong; that by and by she was sure that Emma would be found to be in the right. How, so thinking, could she take the prize? And yet, my dear friends," said Father Cuthbert, "no one means to say a word against that good and aged Christian, Martha Longley. We have determined to put off the giving of this prize for two months. Two months hence Major Priestley gives a farewell dinner to his tenantry in this room. He desires me now to ask all of you to assemble after the dinner to tea on the lawn before the house at the Park. If nothing more is known about the

cross, Alice will take her silver cup. I am sure she will deserve it. And if anything is known by that time to clear Emma Owen from suspicion, then she will have it. And it will be doubly dear to her for being as much Alice Martin's present as it will be our's." A burst of satisfaction followed this speech. Alice had got close to Emma, and had held her hand tight all the time. "Thank you, Alice—thank you for your kind judgment of me," whispered Emma. "It falls like oil upon my heart. Thank you—you have done me good." Then Emma got back to the house, but not before many people had stopped her, and said kind things to her. "Cheer up, Emma. Put a good heart on it, child. All will go right. There's many an odd thing in this world; odder than we can manage. But time clears up mysteries. Good luck to you in the next two months!"

A few days after this Father Cuthbert saw Emma again. After talking to her, he said, "Now, keep faithful to those prayers—you don't want another—keep them ever in your heart. Don't fear, you will do well yet." But he never failed to pray for Emma before the crucifix, at whose feet rested the little cross that the girl said had grown so heavy. Mr. and Mrs. Martinby stayed on to see the farewell dinner, and bid good-bye to the Major. Jane was always a trial to Emma. Things went on with very little change in the house. But as time passed there were great preparations for the dinner, and two days before, when news came to the Major that his regiment was ordered home, and that he was not to go back to India at all, the rejoicing was quite noisy. Even Emma forgot herself in the general delight. And she was so lively with her young mistresses, and they were so pleasant to her, you would have supposed that the marble cross and silver cup were both forgotten. Yet they were not forgotten, though the young ladies were certainly kinder to her than they had been for more than a year.

The day came. The dinner was over. The tents for tea were all ready on the lawn, and they were filling fast. The women and children were all very happy, for the day had been brilliantly fine, and now the little ones danced and ran races on the fine close-shaved turf of the lawn, and played hide and seek in the high thick shrubberies.

At last to every one's great delight, the Major and Father Cuthbert appeared; the people thronged about them, men women and children, and large groups of the servants and their friends, and Mrs. Priestley, and her daughters, and Mr. and Mrs. Martinby.

"My dear friends," began the Major. "We can't hear you, your honour," cried out some voice from the outer circle. "Get upon the table and let everybody see your honour," said some-

body else. So the Major jumped upon a table, and looked all round, with his hat off, and his free bright smile, and the people cheered him loudly.

"I hope you can hear me now, for I want to be heard very much," he said. The people cheered again to signify that that would do. "Now," said the Major, "I have got to tell you that the mystery of the little marble cross is all cleared up, and that Emma Owen's name is engraved upon the silver cup. And I am sure that no more deserving young woman is to be found in the place, and few anywhere who could bear better than she has borne an undeserved reproach." The cheers that welcomed these words lasted full a minute. It was news to everybody. Mrs. Owen had to be helped to a seat under the tent. But she would not let any one stay with her. "Go back and hear all about it," she said, "Emma is innocent. That is enough for me."

"Now," said the Major, "let me tell you how we found it out."

Emma had got out of sight. She stood behind Mrs. Tartlit and Alice Martin; but her eyes were fixed on the Major. She quite gasped with eagerness to hear how he would go on.

"Yesterday," he went on, "my sister Teresa and I walked to the Brow to see Martha Longley. We had not been there more than a few minutes when our old friend said to my sister, 'My dear.'" Here the people laughed. "I am repeating her exact words," he said, "'My dear, I want you to give me a new pair of stockings.'" A merry laugh again burst out, and Major Priestley smiled. "Little enough did we guess how much was to come out of that question," he said. "Well, a new pair of stockings—and they must be white stockings, and lamb's-wool stockings—and not wove stockings and shop stockings, but knit stockings—knit, white, warm lamb's-wool stockings, this dear old friend of ours wanted; and now, mark these words of her's—'Exactly like the last you gave me more than a year ago!' So my sister Teresa said, 'Why, Martha, I never gave you a pair of stockings in my life.'" There was quite a hush among the people when this was said. They looked at their neighbours, but not a sound was heard.

"Now," said Major Priestley, "I was very much struck by this. And when Martha insisted on the truth of what she said I tried to make her prove it. 'Sir,' she said, 'I have worn the stockings as much as I could ever since. They have been a great comfort to me, and I determined to beg another pair before winter, for no pair that I could buy would ever be so soft and warm as those!' 'Where are these stockings?' I asked. 'Inside that box in the corner. If Miss Teresa will be so humble, she may take them out!' So my sister took out of the box this very pair—look here." He exhibited a pair of lamb's-wool

stockings, amidst roars of laughter. "This very pair of stockings! You see I am proving my story as I go on." Now the merriment was repeated. But it did not last long, as the people were wishing to hear the end of the story. "Now," said the Major, "I asked my sister if she had given those stockings to Martha? No! Had she ever seen them before? Never! I thought I would not puzzle the old woman. So I said I would give her some stockings, but I must have this pair for a pattern. We came home, wondering a good deal, as you may suppose. I wanted to ask Emma if she had ever seen these stockings before. But before sending for Emma we showed them to my mother. While she was looking at them, my sister, Mrs. Martinby, came in. 'Oh,' she said, 'those are my school children's knitting. Whose are they? Oh, I recollect, I sent them to old Martha by Teresa—did I not?'" Here a great cheer burst out, as if every body could guess the rest. "So it came out that my sister had sent these stockings—that her maid, to make the cross doubly safe, had wrapped up the cross in the stockings, and again rolled them in the paper that had Martha's name upon it. When my sister was having her things unpacked she told Emma to deliver the parcels as they were directed. It is no doubt true that Emma went to The Brow with that parcel before dressing my sisters for dinner, and that she said and looked just as Martha reported of her. And she told Martha that Miss Teresa had come home and brought her 'that.' The next day when enquiry was made for the cross, there was nothing to connect it with Martha's parcel, or any other person's parcel, so no thought of that kind occurred to anybody. Emma could only deny that she had ever seen the cross. A year within a week then passes away before the cross is found, and no one can be surprised at Emma's forgetting the parcel when she was accused of taking a cross. In fact, so many visits are paid to Martha from our house, that to be able to separate this one visit from all others after the passage of a year was most improbable, and, accordingly, it never occurred to any one to do so. But now that Martha is informed of the circumstances, she says she recollects that the cross was wrapped up in the stockings. And Mrs. Martinby's maid has this morning acknowledged that she can remember doing it. So the prize is Emma's—doubly Emma's—she has won it in happiness, and in suffering. And for that good girl Alice Martin, who would not judge her any other than with kindness, I have a present, far less in value than is due to her merit, and Emma must give it to her. Emma, come here."

There was a movement in the crowd, and Emma came forward with tears on her blushing cheeks. Miss Teresa Priestley led her by the hand, and Alice Martin was with them. Major Priestley jumped down from the table. Every body began to talk and say how wonderful it was. And then every one began

to admire a really beautiful shawl which Emma was folding and putting on Alice's shoulders.

That night, after prayers in the chapel, Emma met Father Cuthbert.

"Where is the paper?" he said, "I must write something more upon it now."

So she gave it to him, and he wrote what she ever after repeated daily, and often many times a day, for she treasured that little paper of much-used prayers. And it is the constant use of prayers that makes them treasures—she treasures it with a thankful heart. And still she treasures those prayers, and thanks God often for the cross that made her wiser and holier, and, in the end, happier than she was before.

This is what Father Cuthbert wrote on the last page of the sheet of note-paper. Let us say it often as Emma does.

"O Sacred Heart of my Jesus, I pray make me love Thee more tenderly day by day."

CASE OF ANTONIO DE SALVI.

Our readers will no doubt remember the leading features of this case. A foreigner, of the name of De Salvi, confined in the Queen's Bench for debt, stabbed a fellow-prisoner, in a paroxysm of fury. The injured man lingered for some time; and De Salvi was meanwhile brought to trial at the Central Criminal Court, on the alternative count of wounding with intent to murder, or of wounding with intent to inflict grievous bodily injury. The jury found him guilty of the latter; and he received sentence of fifteen years penal servitude. Hardly, however, was the trial concluded, when the injured man died. It does not seem easy to understand where the necessity for extreme haste lay; and why the trial should not have been delayed, till the issue of the injuries inflicted had been ascertained; especially as the delay could not have been a long one. Be that as it may, it was now resolved to try De Salvi for murder. His counsel pleaded that he had been already arraigned for a murderous intent in his assault, and had been acquitted of that; and it was a principle of the law that no man shall be tried twice for the same offence. This plea was repelled, and De Salvi stood his trial over again. Fortunately for him, the jury were unwilling to stultify the former verdict, by finding him on this occasion guilty of murder; they decided that his crime amounted to no more than manslaughter. The sentence which he received was the same as that before pronounced; only the time was to begin to run from the second conviction.

Now, there can be no question that whatever there may be to be said legally, in behalf of this view of the case, there has virtually occurred a very serious anomaly, which may be productive of most undesirable results. Of course, in both trials, the whole point turned on the animus or intention of the accused; whether, in the first instance, he had wounded with intent to commit murder; and, in the second instance, whether he had actually commited murder, as death had supervened. Now we apprehend that the issue of such an act can throw no additional light on a question of animus or intention. That must be decided by considerations antecedent to the act or strictly contemporaneous with it; by evidence of malice entertained, or of threats uttered; or even of such gross and frantic violence in the attack itself, to leave no doubt of the object with which it was made. The first inquiry into all these circumstances was held sufficient to warrant the jury in acquitting De Salvi of wounding with a murderous intent.

Now what we maintain is this, that on the only true principle on which the value of a human action can be determined, there was absolutely nothing in the subsequently fatal issue, to throw any doubt or discredit on the first finding. As far as the animus or intent of the criminal act was concerned, the fatal issue was a mere accident. The attack might very well have been with a murderous intent even though the issue had not been fatal. The issue coming as it did, after a full investigation of the case, could possibly throw no light at all upon it. The second jury in fact decided that point by refusing to find a verdict of murder. If it had not found as it did, it would have established this dangerous precedent, that a man is to be held liable not only for the animus and intent of his actions, as evinced in the ordinary way, and which he certainly has in his own control, but moreover for other circumstances over which he has no control, and which happening after the fact, and wholly beyond his power of foresight, may yet be held legally to have a retrospective operation, affecting the character of his previous actions; obviously a most doubtful and dangerous doctrine. Yet what else did putting De Salvi a second time on his trial for the same offence, amount to, but to asking the jury that tried him to establish such a doctrine, and such a precedent? He was virtually tried twice for the same offence; for his share in the act was over and done before his first trial. If the finding of the first jury was in accordance with the evidence, and that has never been questioned, there was no murder to try him for, afterwards. At the very utmost, a verdict of manslaughter ought to have been the limit of the demand made by the public prosecutor; though we think that there is much to be said, even against that. To ask more was to violate a sound principle of moral philosophy; and fortunately both for the integrity of that

principle, and for the ends of justice, the second jury properly appreciated the magnitude of the interests confided to them; and by their verdict averted the occurrence of a private wrong, and of a great public anomaly.

While treating a point of legal morality, we may be permitted to refer to a curious conversation that took place in a court of justice a very few years ago, on the subject of pleading Not Guilty. On referring to a report of the Assizes at Winchester, March 3, 1854, we find that sixty-three prisoners were put to the bar that morning, to plead; and that very many of them pleaded Guilty. Upon which, the Judge, Mr. Baron Martin, asked them who had recommended them to plead Guilty: for it ought to be generally known, that pleading Not Guilty is not a falsehood; it merely meant not legally guilty, and was a challenge to the prosecutor to prove their guilt. Several of the prisoners availed themselves of the learned judge's advice; and were acquitted: either in consequence of defects in the evidence, or because the subject of the charge did not amount in law to an offence.

Such however, is the ignorance prevailing among Anglican clergymen on a point of morality on which a judge can read them a useful lesson, that it is well known that the chaplains of some of our goals impress on the minds of their unhappy prisoners the impropriety of adding falsehood to guilt by pleading Not Guilty. We fear that if Baron Martin's view of the case had been proposed by a Catholic moralist, we should have had a cry of jesuitry, equivocation and mental reservation. Still the fact remains on record; a sad confirmation of the proverb, that when the blind undertake to lead the blind, both of them will fall into the ditch.

PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER.

Many names of the highest distinction have been erased from the literary roll within the past year or two. It was within that space of time that Heinrich Heine, the witty, the melancholy, the irreverent, died in Paris. Alfred de Musset was alive only the other day. Douglas Jerrold was one of our foremost writers a few weeks back. "Jane Eyre," who so suddenly and startlingly rose up a strange presence among us, suddenly and sadly sank away into memory. Eugene Sue, once the most popular author of his day, whose works circulated twice as widely as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and who did more than any half-dozen of his contemporaries to lower the standard of popular literature, went out in exile a month or two ago, and scarcely any one

looked round to express surprise. John Wilson Croker, who killed Keats, has gone and left his character behind him, secure of immortality while a certain essay by our newest English peer is read—embalmed for ever in the pepper and acrid spice of Disraeli's satire. Many other names we might add to the list, if the task we were undertaking were the compilation of a death-register. At present, we have only to speak of one other, one better known and greater than any or all of these—the latest and the first of French poets, if not indeed *der Einzige*, the only one, Pierre Jean de Beranger. We should come too late at this period with an obituary of this remarkable man. Perhaps, however, the interval which has elapsed since his death may enable readers to form a just appreciation of the genius, not wholly unmindful of the faults, of one whose faults, as a poet, were only exceeded by his genius.

No man probably ever during his own lifetime enjoyed more of a poet's fame than the great singer whose lips are now closed. He was the first lyrical poet in his own country, acknowledged, and without the most distant rivalry. He was recognized as the first French lyrical poet by the world. He was the most popular among the multitude and the most admired by the few. Many great Frenchmen, honoured by the name of poet in their own country, Englishmen look on as verse-rhetoricians, verse-orators; but this was a very poet. He was, indeed, far more literally "the poet of all circles" than the lyrist to whom these words were applied. He had the happy characteristic of combining in himself many of the greatest attributes of the national genius of many countries. He had the grace, the fire, the vivid force of his own people. He had the simplicity which is rarely a companion of French genius. He had the truest poet-soul, in a country whose literature is more deficient, perhaps, than that of any other in Europe in what may be called the inmost poetic element. His ballads are exquisite curiosities of art, as well as great organs to stir the souls of nations. They may be compared to statues which on the top of a column delight the distant spectator by their noble outlines and symmetrical proportions, and amaze the critical artist when more closely viewed by their elaborateness of detail and minute perfection.

But if Beranger was universal in the characteristics and elements of his genius, he was essentially national in feeling and spirit. As politician, satirist, and poet, he was a very Frenchman. He was the poet of Love and Glory, each after the newest and oldest French fashion. Many people are in the habit of speaking of Beranger as a poet of liberty, another Tyrtæus or Körner. But it would be difficult to find a true song of freedom in all the collection which Beranger has bequeathed to the world. The glory of the nation, not the freedom and happiness of the people, was the theme which animated, inspired and

enraptured him. To see France the mistress of nations, led every year to new fields of triumph by a beloved and resistless dictator, was the longing which thrilled through his verses. His poet-dreams deified Napoleon. The lyrist cannot be expected to fall into a rapture about an abstract principle; and the victor of Marengo was to the poet the embodiment of French glory and the missionary of France's destiny. The greatest general of France had therefore the greatest lyrist of France to sing pæans for his triumphs, and to lament for half a long life in dirges which echoed all over the world his humiliation and his fall. What king or conqueror ever before had such a monument as this poet has raised for his idol? Scarcely a single ballad of all the many Beranger has thus dedicated which would not serve to carry the fame of its hero along through all time. And besides the Napoleon songs, if we may so call them, which the published collection contains, it is now made known that a great number which never yet saw the light will soon be laid before the world by the guardian to whom in his lifetime the poet consigned them. Perhaps the finest of all we yet know is the glorious "Souvenirs du Peuple," one too familiar to all readers to need translation, and, indeed, too exquisitely peculiar in its simplicity to pass unharmed through any translating process. Almost equally beautiful, almost equally well-known is "Le Cinq Mai." In both songs there is a kindred and congenial simplicity. The lips of ago reverently but plainly tell, with a pathetic force wholly indescribable, their memories of the hero and his fate. Not often does Beranger wander far from his dearest theme. In the "Garret" song, we drink to the great victory which the idol has just won. The "Old Corporal" doomed to death for having resented the insult of an arrogant young officer, can die contented, but could not bear such an outrage, for he had served the Great Man. The "Old Flag," furled and laid in the dust, is an ever-present memorial of the time when to own it "repaid France for the blood it cost." Of the fatal day when the meteor went out in the trenches of Waterloo, the poet will not sing—"That name shall never sadden verse of mine." It is not the least remarkable feature in the career of Beranger, that a universality of fame has been conceded to one, many of whose songs, and the finest of them, have so peculiarly national a theme. For unquestionably the fire, the pathos, the whole poet-genius of Beranger, never reached their utmost except in the immortal songs in which he consecrated the deeds and the memory of Napoleon Buonaparte.

With the impression of these Napoleonic ballads fixed on the mind, one does not like to consider what a delusion was this poet-dream, and what a sacrifice Beranger made of his genius as thousands had made of their blood. This poet had too much hot spontaneous feeling to be a safe politician, and was always

idolizing or denouncing some one who did not deserve to be so dealt with. In the remarkable preface of 1833, he says—"I have utilized my poet's life, and that is my consolation. A man was wanting who could speak to the people the language which they understand and which they love, and who should create for himself imitators to vary and multiply the versions of the same text. I have been that man. Liberté and la Patrie, people said, might very well have dispensed with your refrains. Liberté and la Patrie are not such great ladies as some suppose: they do not disdain the co-operation of anything which is popular. It would be, it seems to me, an injustice to pass a judgment upon my songs without taking into account the influence which they have exercised. There are moments for a nation when the best music is that of the drum which beats the charge." For the sake of the poet, we prefer not to measure him by the standard he thus proposes. It is our full belief (and, if we had but time and space, we should like, as Mr. Midshipman Easy would have said, to argue the point,) that a great poet seldom makes a more complete mistake than when he falls into the generous delusion of "utilizing his career." If a man has a special gift conceded to him apart from all other men, he may take it for granted that the best way he can serve the world is by developing its attributes especially. To be the faithful minister and organ of his own genius is the most truly patriotic work a poet can do. A crisis may, indeed, come when the poet may worthily use his most precious ornament, as the women of Carthage did theirs, to serve his country in her passing struggle; when, in plain words, he may make his genius the servant of his political passion. But the poet should be very sure indeed that he is on the right side, and that his object is in reality a patriotic one. A poet locked up in his garret, singing odes to abstractions, and lamentations to lost loves, while his countrymen are rushing to arms, may for the time seem rather a poor figure; but he is certainly much better employed, both for himself and for his neighbours, for the present and the future, than if, with all the force of his genius and his passion, he were urging forward his infuriated countrymen to a reckless waste of happiness and life in a hopeless struggle, and for an unworthy object.

It is some consolation to reflect that if Beranger was not a safe politician, he was unquestionably a sincere one; that if he idolized a monarch, his was the rapture of true hero-worship, not the sycophantic adulation of the court-poet. Indeed, he was little of a flatterer, and his hate burned with a flame much hotter than his love. So much bitterness and vehemence was probably never before compressed into a few light ringing couplets as may be found in some of his satirical ballads. Many of them are positively painful to read, so fierce, so unthinking, so full of hate. Not that he could not write easy,

graceful, pleasant satire, too, with good meaning in it, keenly but not poisonously edged, such as the "Traité de Politique a l'usage de Lise." But in general he is a savage satirist, of the tomahawk-brandishing kind. When the political passions of the day have come to be almost forgotten, people will perhaps wonder, or it may be smile, at the poet's fierce exaggeration; and more, perhaps, than now will agree in the regret that a genius so essentially universal should so often have been sacrificed to singing the praises of any idol, or denouncing the enemies of any political party.

But, whatever may be thought of the results arising from the sacrifice of Beranger's genius to a political end, there can be no difference of opinion as to another sacrifice of that genius which the poet too often committed. We are no advocates of poetry with a moral eternally affixed to it. Works of art of whatever kind, like the beautiful and the sublime objects of nature, carry their moral with them in the images and thoughts with which they fill and purify and etherialize the heart. But what are we to say of the poet who degrades his heaven-conferred endowments to the expression of conceptions and language such as are the deepest degradations of common manhood? No enthusiasm of admiration for one of the sweetest singers who ever lived, no refinement of charity towards the memory of a great man dead, can excuse a critic who, on a survey of Beranger's works, hesitates to express the strongest condemnation, the most utter abhorrence and contempt, for a very large portion of them. It is a deeply painful reflection that a great proportion of Beranger's published songs is unfit to read or to hear. Two of the latest Paris editions are now before us—one published last year, the other a month or two back. Probably one-fourth of the contents of each is matter which never ought to have been written or printed. And these editions are not complete. They have undergone at least some degree of purgation. One might have thought some of the songs contained in them the most indecent ever put into type, if he did not know that earlier editions contain specimens of a still more revolting grossness. Never probably in the history of literature were such verses produced with so little of excuse for their production. Juvenal was indecent, but it was because of his too outspoken denunciations of vice. Dryden was indecent, but he lived in an age when obscenity was the common language of every day among those with whom he chiefly mixed. Massinger's noble plays are stained with many a foul expression; but we know that much of the coarseness his published pages contain was the work of another hand; and no one one can deny that the tone of his dramas is one of a pure and exalted morality. Swift revelled in gross language, but it was like that of the fever ward or the lunatic cell. But Beranger did not write to denounce vice like

Juvenal; he did not live in an age like Dryden's; his works suffered no interpolation like Massinger's; he had not a disordered mind like Swift. With the clearest and the healthiest mind, the most refined perceptions of his art, he delighted to set his genius to work at the production of the most debasing conceptions. His language had the grossness of Rabelais; his wit too often the heartless indecency of Congreve. It is a deeply humiliating reflection that so much genius and high feeling could not keep the mind of Beranger eternally exalted at least above the lowest range of human debasement. Take physic, intellect. The noblest imagination of its age could occupy its strength in the meanest work, and then exhibit the products of its degradation side by side with its highest realizations. That Beranger must in his closing years have regretted deeply the publication of productions so shameless, so unmanly, is almost certain. While we are estimating the whole character of the man, we must indeed take this belief into our consideration, and we must connect with it the observation that the proportion of his objectionable songs appears, according to the dates prefixed, to have diminished with his growing years. But the critic cannot on this account hesitate to express his judgment upon the poems as they are, which have been given to the world, and cannot be modified or withdrawn. In the preface of 1833 Beranger thus attempts a vindication of this portion of his works: "I can conceive the reproaches which many of my songs must have drawn down upon me from austere minds, little disposed to pardon anything, even to a book which did not pretend to serve for the education of young ladies. I shall only say, if not as a defence, at least as an excuse, that these songs, the foolish inspirations of youth, have been very useful companions given to grave refrains and political couplets. Without their assistance, I am tempted to believe that the latter could not well have gone either so far, so low, or even so high." It would be a waste of words to discuss such an excuse as this. To secure the good will of fashion for the cause of popular freedom, the poet does well who serves up his musical treats seasoned with a sufficiently tempting sauce of indecency. To make way for his ballads into the hearts of the people, he must now and then blaspheme with the blasphemer, and outvie the obscene in obscenity. The cause of national freedom or national glory has been served after many strange fashions, but assuredly this is the first time a patriot ever aspired to the exaltation of his race by such a process as this. The epithet of "old heathen," which was once so freely flung upon the greatest man of his age in Germany, would be far more appropriately bestowed upon the greatest poet of his age in France. There is some difference of opinion as to the morality even of Goëthe's *Wahlverwandschaften*, but there cannot

possibly be any difference of opinion whatever as to the morality of a very large proportion of Beranger's songs.

Indeed, it is as a heathen poet we must look upon Beranger if we are to estimate him with anything like fairness upon his proper level. Measured by the standard of Christian morals, one must think that seldom was genius more often and more entirely perverted. The truth is, these are pagan poems. An atmosphere of thorough paganism surrounds and pervades the whole. The glory Beranger would have France pursue is the old idol who is to be won by the ever fresh sacrifice of blood. Whether the happiness of the people, with whom he really sympathized deeply, was to be advanced by such a pursuit, appears to have concerned him very little more than it might have concerned the chief bard of Alexander the Great. He is independent in his famous garret as Diogenes was in his famous tub, and will have nothing to come between him and his sunshine, except indeed the shawl with which Lisette gracefully drapes the window. He sings of love just as Horace does, as sweetly and as lightly. Lisette might as well be Lalage or Pyrrha. When he sings of wine, one can hardly help wondering why he speaks of Champagne and not Falernian, and why he does not tell of his brows crowned with flowers, and his locks exhaling perfumed ointments. A fine world this was the poet made for himself, bright, beautiful and evanescent as the bubbles of the wine or the laugh of Lisette,

"Dans un grenier qu'on est bien a vingt ans!"

No scruples of conscience make the pleasant Attic Nights uncomfortable, and no jealousies embitter the poet's love. His passion is of that easy kind which inspires graceful songs, but breaks no hearts. Our epicurean knows that he must die to-morrow, and therefore must snatch all the time he can for pleasure. Now that that to-morrow has become our yesterday, one is tempted to regret that the shade of Beranger cannot be found wandering about Elysian fields as bright and measureless as those of Martin's picture, with Anacreon, Catullus and Horace for his companion spirits, all drinking ever-renewing draughts which give no headache, and beguiled by the gay prattle of Phrynes, and Lesbias, and Lisettes, as smiling and witty as when on earth, and a good deal more faithful.

But what then becomes of Beranger the bitter, burning, political satirist—Beranger the enraptured, self-forgetting minstrel of the conqueror—Beranger the impassioned votary of the glory of France? Alcibiades at table and Alcibiades in battle were not more unlike than Beranger in one song to Beranger in another. He is fittingly represented to the mind in the little engraving on the cover of the 1856 edition, of which we spoke, where there are two faces seen—one joyous, round and rosy, the

lips bubbling, as it were, with smiles, wine and flowers all around, the other sad, stern, bitter, a dark face leaning on a haggard hand, lonely, in a prison. It is thus we must think of the author of "Roger Bontemps," and "Le Petit homme gris;" of "Le Cinq Mai," and "Le Convoi de David."

We must own that for ourselves we welcome Beranger most in his sadness, his simple, penetrating pathos. It is his glory as a poet to have been equally a master of the joyous and the melancholy—of light mockery and of passionate energy. It is his misfortune to have often been misled into an abuse of his passion and his satire—it is his shame to have as often degraded his joyousness into buffoonery and ribaldry. Why were these contrasts in such a spirit? Because it was never more than human. There is a ray of pure light which we miss in the poems of this "brilliant Frenchman." Modern poetry is in no respect more distinguished from that of extinct ages than in the fact that it is suffused by the consciousness of a beauty not that of earth, for ever shining in upon our ordinary life,—a beauty which reveals itself in inanimate nature, in the love of liberty, in the human affections, in sorrows and joys, in partings, in death. It is the light which the English poet tells us "never was on sea or shore"—the rest which the German pictured "over all the mountain tops." For men such as these earth had no satisfying joy, no sleek and rosy contentment. The beauty of nature but faintly symbolized to them a beauty far more exquisite, a beauty eternal. Human love but led upwards to the thought of a state of being when affections should be purified from all earthly taint, freed from all weary details of routine existence, secured from frustration or tantalization. The noblest thoughts of Coleridge and of Wordsworth were drawn from this inspired longing. Even Byron was sometimes etherialized by such glimpses breaking in upon the chaos of a distracted spirit. Moore felt such emotions sometimes, through all his chirping, cicada-like ebullitions. Dante must have been filled with such thoughts. The German poets are deeply steeped in this sensation, some even to an unintelligible mysticism or a morbid sentimentalism. But nothing of this kind ever disturbed Beranger. He was all *esprit*—not soul. His melancholy was touchingly human indeed, but never divine. His longings did not look upwards. Friends, freedom, wine and song would have made him a paradise anywhere. Indeed, he gives little indication even of that intense perception of the beauty and the soul of inanimate nature which is so peculiar and thrilling a chord of modern song.

The poets with whom Beranger is most usually compared are Horace, Burns, and Thomas Moore. A great many points of resemblance may be remarked between the Roman poet and our subject. The philosophy of Beranger is, as we have already ob-

served, of a character peculiarly Horatian. But there is infinitely more warmth of feeling, more heart in the Frenchman's songs, with all his faults. They have the grace, the brightness, the amber-polish, the curious felicity, but they have a great deal more. There are songs of Beranger's which seem only fitted to be sung by a regiment about to charge; music only such as should be sounded in the blast of a trumpet. There are satirical ballads which have all the fierce bitterness of a woman's hate, mingled with the uttermost strength of man's passion. And there is pathos of the softest kind, gentle, tender feeling, such as Mæcenas's protegé knew little of. Many of Beranger's ballads cannot possibly be read by the coldest critic without deep emotion. We may be allowed to doubt whether the warmest admirer of Horace could honestly say that he was ever really moved by any of that poet's exquisitely graceful odes. Beranger was the poet of a nation—the poet of a race; the external mouldings and ornaments which sometimes make us think we see a Horace transfigured, are little more than chance attributes, which, taken away, would have left the true poetic part almost uninjured.

The resemblance to Burns is far more real, and perhaps in all general features no better comparison can be made. Both were eminently poets of every-day nature. Both had strength, simplicity and feeling as leading characteristics. Both were what may be termed picturesque poets, fond of producing ballads which seem like groups, fond of bringing the most idealized subject distinctly before the eyes of the reader by some homely allusion or slight descriptive touch. The materials upon which they wrought were often strikingly similar, and had each been less entirely original, the products must inevitably have borne a close resemblance. But each poet was too decidedly spontaneous and of his own kind to allow of his works bearing any family likeness to others. Mr. Charles Mackay and the Rev. Martin F. Tupper will produce you two popular songs of progress and universal brotherhood so like that you can hardly tell one from the other. But the same subject, worked on by the genius and the art of Burns and Berauger, gives you two noble, newly-born ballads, never anticipated, and never to be imitated. Compare, for instance, "A man's a man for a' that," and that soul-stirring burst of manly anger with which Beranger declares himself "Vilain et tres vilain." We have no translation of this famous song at hand from which to quote, and we shall not mar it by any experiment of our own making. The same power of showering out burning, molten words, forming something too fierce to be called satire, was shared by the author of "Holy Willie's Prayer," and the author of that painful piece of savage humour, "Le Bon Dieu." But the northern had a higher nature, with all his

faults, if the Frenchman was the mo thorough artist. Nothing in Burns surpasses the spirit of 'Le chant do Cosaque," the joyous *abandon* of "Roger Bonte s," the simple pathos of "Le Vieux Caporal." But one mu look in vain through the pages of Beranger for such a realization of pure and refining sorrow, such a retrospect upon a lost heaven of earth, as the exquisite lament for "Highland Mary."

In the fact that he is the greatest lyric poet of his nation, that he is a patriot after his own fashion, and that his leading themes were his country, his loves, and his wine, Beranger very closely resembles Thomas Moore. There is, however, an elemental dissimilarity. The simplicity which is the strength and the beauty at once by which we are most delighted in the former, is the one attribute most wanting to the latter. The melody of Moore's songs comes out with difficulty under the pressure of clogging ornaments, and the ornament is very often mere gilt and spangle. Moore has more conceits than Cowley or Suckling, more metaphors and similes than Homer and Jean Paul Richter together. Never was a poet more thoroughly natural than Beranger. Out of the fulness of his heart his mouth speaks; and the utterance of full hearts rarely comes in metaphors and bewildering conceits. Every phase of the broad, bright, changing expanse of Beranger's nature is reflected in the flow of his song. Whether he is joyous or sad, loving or hating, he compels his hearer to rejoice or pity, love or hate, as he does, for the simple earnestness and undisguised nature of the singer find their way straight to the very heart. But Beranger knew that a great poet must do more than move hearts. The popular heart is easily moved; almost any poor juggler can sometimes succeed in doing so. Nothing is easier than to play at pathos or passion for a while, until the trick is found out by which the sword is swallowed or the onion concealed. Every year almost some new performer gathers a crowd around him. It may be Kotzebue or Eugene Sue, or the Rev. Charles Kingsley, or the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. The thing succeeds admirably for a while, and even long after half the passers-by have quite discovered how the performance was made up, fresh crowds still keep wondering and cheering, or, according as the nature of the exhibition may be, perhaps crying. Now, Beranger cared little for being a popular author of this class. He knew that a great poet must, indeed, be capable of commanding the hearts of the unlettered as well as the deeply-read; but he must also reverse the power and control the intellect of the scholar and the artist, as well as that of the peasant and the *gamin*. "Invent, conceive," he has himself said, "for those who cannot read—write for those who know how to write." This is the secret source from which the perennial fame of the poet will come. Beranger has perpetuated the perishableness of his

mortal nature in the eternal marble of art. He sank the foundations of his great work deeply down in the common earth of natural humanity, and he raised its summit high up in the pure and rarefied air of intellectual refinement.

We must not pass from the name of Thomas Moore in connexion with that of Beranger, without observing one point of peculiar resemblance. This is a certain strain of careless melancholy dashed through many even of the most joyous songs of each. One of the most exquisite peculiarities of the genius of Thomas Moore is that low, sad symphony which runs through all his songs. In the gayest moment, amid the most vivacious or exulting chorus, comes in the note of that minor key, filling the heart of the listener with an undefined melancholy, vague as that of the evening air of autumn. Something of the same peculiarity is traceable through many of the songs of Beranger. The sad strain which thus mingles with the rattling chords of these poets is not indeed like the bitter fierce sorrow of Byron, or the sick wail of Heine; and it is too peculiarly upward from earth to be like the resigned and sweetening melancholy which descends upon the ballads of Uhland. But it is touching, and, such as it is, it at least is real. No man can read or hear wholly without emotion "Le Grenier," or "Doth not a meeting like this make amends?" These feelings are not too high for any of us. We can all feel thus—he must be very young or very philosophic who never has felt thus. We cannot all be expected to sympathize to the full with every note of anguish from the heart of Manfred or Faust. But here are regrets all can appreciate, and melancholy which does not come out of the gaspings of an over-strained intellect. Let us think as we may of the happiness which Beranger connected with his youth, it is impossible to be unmoved by the words in which such a man laments the decay of such a season.

France has no world-poet living now. With Beranger has departed almost the last of those illustrious men whose existence formed a bond connecting the present generation with an era of brighter imagination and higher genius. Beranger began to be a poet at a time when almost every country in Europe was prolific in literary genius. In his age lived many of the noblest intellects the world has ever known. He survived them almost all. One or two, perhaps, still linger on the earth; but the era of which we have spoken, and which brightened Europe as scarcely any other had ever done, may be considered as extinct.

It was given to Beranger to enjoy the fulness of a completed career. No bitterness of regret for promise cut short of ripeness mingles in the national lament over his grave. He had done his work before he died, and time and weather cannot destroy it. Something they may destroy which ought never to have been produced. The years which bring out the points of his

true greatness into brighter relief, will probably sweep away into darkness those perishable relics of his idler hours which now are spots upon the clearness of his fame. Long after the licentious songs which Beranger scattered abroad have been utterly forgotten, hearts will be stirred by manly enthusiasm, and eyes moistened by generous pathos, when his nobler ballads are read or sung. The true moral of his poems will be found in their power to fill the heart of humanity all over the world, and for ever, with images of beauty, and softening, elevating thoughts. The time will soon come when even critics can afford to forget the errors into which an exuberant youth sometimes betrayed his genius. We may then think of him with reverence, as one who was made the recipient of gifts such as heaven rarely gives to man, and which cannot but work in the end for human good. We may think with love of him whose heart was loving and kindly, and who has left us precious bequests which will go on bearing accumulated interest for ever: magical gems which will always have the power of conjuring up the bright spirit to illumine our hours of dulness or darkness. Beranger's place will be a high one in the world's literature. Not, indeed, in that inmost circle, upon that highest step, where the few great poets of all ages stand, may we think to place him. Not with Homer and the Greek dramatists, with Shakspere, and Dante, and Goëthe. Not with the pure companionship of Milton and Schiller, could one so very human be fitly associated. But in the second company of poets few, we think, are destined to greater honours than Beranger. As a lyric poet he seems to have combined a greater variety of gifts than almost any other. He wrote from the most genuine nature with the finest art. His joy and his pathos exuberate from the springs common to the poorest humanity, but we are led by them into regions which rarely before opened upon us. He imitated no one, and cannot himself be imitated. The space which he has left in literature will not indeed be filled up, but we have at least that old, old consolation which has been repeated so often that one is almost ashamed to allude to it, and which yet rises so naturally to the lips as each successive poet, painter, orator, sculptor, departs from among us. We have the consolation that nothing for which Beranger truly lived, can die with him; that his humour is like the laughter of Homer's deities, inextinguishable; that his passionate earnestness, his sympathy, and his pathos will be living influences, quickening and reproducing for ever.

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRISH REMARKABLE PLACES.

KILMALLOCK.

"Thus shall Memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
And, sighing, look through the waves of Time
For the long-faded glories they cover."—*Moore.*

There are many localities in Ireland well worth the attention of the Historian, the Antiquary and the Archæologist—places famous in legend and full of storied renown. From houses, now ruinous and desolate, there once resounded the clang of warriors, and the eloquence of learned men. From places now tenanted by placid cows, or nibbling sheep, there arose the conflict of armed bands, the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the shout of conquest, or the groan of agony; churches where no longer worshippers kneel—chapels where, for centuries, no priest offered up

"The Mass of the days that are gone."

Abbeys, once stately, and beautiful even in decay, stud the Emerald Isle, and to a locality rich in all these memorials of departed greatness, we now propose to conduct the reader.

Kilmallock, in the county of Limerick, displays evidence of being a considerable place in former days. Its lordly castles and decayed mansions witnessed many remarkable events. Few places are better calculated to awaken our sympathies with the fallen, reminding the visitor of the transient nature of all sublunary things. A great incongruity prevails: thatched cabins lean against stone embattled mansions; houses once tenanted by nobles are propped up by huckster shops: all bespeak the changes which time and war have made.

The last time we visited it was the afternoon of a summer day, when men and women were at work in the fields hay-making. The town seemed deserted, and Balbec only equalled it in solitude. Our footfall alone sounded along the empty street, and as we entered the ruined mansions no prying eyes watched our movements, no inquisitive voice disturbed our meditations. We could see the blue sky gleaming over the unroofed dwellings, and our mind wandered back to the days of their splendour, and imagination supplied the building materials, and formed a spacious and picturesque town. The place was anciently called Killochia, Kilmochealiog, and Kilmaloge, whence Kilmallock, or the church of Molock, from an abbey for Canons Regular, founded here by St. Mochealiog, or Molock, in the beginning of the seventh century. The absence of records of early ages in this country prevents our tracing its history for several centuries, but

the magnificence of the ruins, which obtained for it the proud yet mournful appellation of the Balbec of Ireland, evince its progress to distinction. Who were the great men that directed its measures, who presided over its religious houses, taught in its schools, or governed its forces, we know not; all its earlier history is lost in the obscurity of its remote origin, and the interest given to every spot trodden by the feet of the good or the brave, in days when the land was the Land of Saints, is unfelt. But the massive stronghold of the Anglo-Norman, the castellated mansion of the Elizabethan age, the square lofty fortalice of the Cromwellian adventurer—these are before us, ruined indeed, but their identity perfect.

It was a corporate town, with extensive liberties and municipal privileges, at a very early date of the English in this country. Its privileges as a borough are recited in a charter of Edward III., by virtue of which that monarch granted, to the provost and commonalty of Kilmaloge, certain tolls and customs toward keeping the fortifications in a state of repair. It was defended by a stone wall of great strength, fortified by mounds of earth, and having four gateways, protected by lofty and commanding towers built over them. These were called St. John's-gate, Water-gate, Ivy-gate, and Blosom's-gate, of which only the last is standing. A Dominican friary was founded in A.D. 1291, east of the town, by Gilbert, son of John of Callan, Lord of Offaly, which was richly endowed. It lasted until the general suppression of monasteries, when it was granted by Queen Elizabeth to the corporation. Money was coined here by permission of Edward IV., and in 1483 this is named among the chief towns in which a coin of Richard III., then recently struck, was made current by act of parliament. Being selected as a principal military station by the English, it shared all the storms of battle which desolated the country. The following account of a surprise, in Elizabeth's reign, is an extract from a letter addressed by the Council of Ireland to the Queen.*

"After Gilbert's departinge, the government of that countrie being committed to the Earl of Ormonde, wee understood by an advertisemente sent from the earle, the continuance of the rebells weakness, till of late that gathering a force of naked rascals unto him (as the earle writethe, the copy of whose letter we hearewith send unto your majestie) uppon a sodaine hath assailed the town of Kilmaloge, the second of this present (March.) Skalinge the walles abowte the dawninge of the daie, and not beinge resisted in eny sort by the inhabitants of the towne of Kilmaloge, hathe taken it (being, as we are informed, encouraged to come thither partelie for that it was made knowne unto him (as it should seem by secret advertisements), how slenderlie and negligentlie the town was garded,) and as some suspecte, and not altogether without cause, he has alured and brought thereinto by the drawghte of some of the inhabitants or their neighbours neir abowtes. So that entering the towne, as afore we have declared, he bourned the most part of it, a fewe castles excepted, the walls yet remaininge standinge, and with no great chardge to be repaired and made gardeable. The thinge seemed to be so

* MSS. State Paper Office. Printed by Mr. Crofton Croker.

sodaine, that neither the earle, who had chardge of the countrye, nor the townsmen themselves, whom it semethe to touche neerest, never suspected eny such matter; for if they had advertised eny such danger or increase of rebels power, their had been sufficient supplye of men sent to have prevented that attempt. And thus much our dier sovereign we thought it oure bounden dewties to advertise your highness of the trouthe of the surprise of Kilmaloge, knowing how apt these people be to spred slanderous and seditious brutes, and to sow vain and false rumours which are not unlike, maye be by some report, brought to your majesty's eares."

This report omits to state what, however, is contained in another account, that the Irish put the Sovereign and several of the principal inhabitants to death. Being a place of great importance, it was speedily repaired by the English, encouraged by Sir Henry Sydney, Lord Deputy, and that Governor appointed a strong garrison for its defence, and shortly after, in 1572, Sir J. Perrot, Lord President of Munster, compelled Fitzmaurice of Desmond to pay allegiance to the Queen, in the church of Saints Peter and Paul. It was not destined to much repose; the subjection of Fitzmaurice brought only a short respite of peace, and the clamours of war were anew to shake the walled town. In 1579, Sir W. Drury led 900 men hither, to encounter the combined Spanish and Irish forces, commanded by Sir John, of the race of Desmond, then the most powerful family in Ireland. On the arrival of the English general, he issued a proclamation, summoning all the chief men of Munster to repair to his standard, and his successor, Sir William Pelham, having adopted the same course, to test the loyalty of the Munster chiefs, such as refused to comply were declared traitors, and their estates confiscated. The principal defaulter was Gerald, the sixteenth Earl of Desmond, who, standing out in rebellion, had the entire of the vast estates of his ancient race confiscated to the crown, and divided amongst the class of individuals called undertakers. The undertakers were to have estates not exceeding 12,000 acres, free from all taxes, except subsidies levied by parliament, with privilege to transport all commodities, duty free, into England for five years; every owner of 6,000 acres to impark 600 for the breeding of horses, &c., and other seignories a rateable proportion. The head of each plantation to be English. Then each freeholder, from the year 1590, was to furnish one horse and horseman armed. Each principal undertaker for 12,000 acres to supply three horsemen and six footmen. There were various other stipulations, which are enumerated in "Smith's History of the County Cork," vol. i., p. 61 and subsequent pages. Notwithstanding the regulation of the Queen, that no person was to receive more than 12,000 acres, the rule was not strictly adhered to, for we find, by letters patent, dated 16th October, 29th Elizabeth, 1586, not less than three seignories and a half of the forfeited estates of Desmond were granted to Sir Walter Raleigh. Among the other names of those who obtained share

of these Desmond estates is Edmund Spencer, Esq., the author of the Faerie Queene: he obtained a grant of 3,028 acres. On the lands near the Awbry stand the ruins of his castle of Kilcolman.

We ought not turn away and leave behind a place so full of recollections of that once proud and most puissant family of Desmond, without recording something of their origin and their fame, ere their sun, after traversing his restless course, sunk into the obscurity of eternal night for this world. Their fate is another lesson of the baleful effects of profusion leading to decay. The history of men runs parallel with that of empires. The fate of Rome may be regarded as analogous to that of the fate of the house of Desmond. While her possessions were limited and compact, Rome feared no foe, and resisted all dangers; she governed herself: but when her armies added kingdom after kingdom to her dominions, when her eagle wings reached from the western isles of Europe (ultima Thule) to the realms of the sun, her empire was too great to be controlled by the power residing at Rome, a new seat of government arose at the city of Constantine, the mighty empire tottered with its own weight, and the Roman empire had its Decline and Fall. Thus fell the race of Desmond, but we must not anticipate.

The family of Fitz-Gerald is of Anglo-Norman descent, and Maurice Fitz-Gerald the founder of the family, from whence the princely race of Geraldines, including Leinster-Desmond, knights of Glin, Kerry, Muckridge, &c., are sprung, came over with Strongbow. It would be a far cry, and a long chapter, to trace their career, and the various ways and means by which they acquired territory in four counties, extending over one hundred miles, and containing considerably over 600,000 acres of land, of the English acreage. According to Sir John Davis, Maurice Fitz-Gerald, the first Earl of Desmond, raised the greatness of his house by Irish oppressions and exactions; and among the ruins of his boldly situated Castle of Strancally, hanging over the beautiful Blackwater in Munster, still yawns a gloomy chasm, evidently the work of art, sloping down to the river. This is called the Murdering Hole, and the local tradition asserts that, when the lord of the castle fixed his eyes on an estate in the neighbourhood, he used to invite the owner to partake of his good cheer, and when the feast was partaken of, and the wine had done its work on the unsuspecting guest, the assassin's blow robbed the victim of life, and the Murdering Hole gaped to facilitate the plunge of the body in the rolling waters speeding to the Atlantic.

A talented friend of ours, well versed in the lore of this region, and in the stanzas of the "Faerie Queene," conjectures that Spenser embodies these scenes in his allegorical story of the cruelties of Pollenté, and the fate of Strancally Castle, blown up by gunpowder, after being taken in assault in 1579, by the

forces under the Earl of Ormond, allegorically described in the subjugation of the cruel Pollonté, by Sir Artigall.*

VI.

And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more;
For never wight he lets to passe that way,
Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
Else he doth hold him back or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of evill guize,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize;
But he himselfe upon the rich doth tyrannize.

VII.

His name is hight Pollente rightly so,
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth over-go,
And makes them subject to his mighty wrong;
And by some sleight he eke doth underfong:
For on a bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the same are many trap-fals pight
Through which the rider downe doth fall through oversight.

VIII.

And underneath the same a river flowes,
That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;
Into the which whomso he overthrowes,
All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall:
But he himselfe through practise usuall
Leapes forth into the floud, and there assaies
His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
That horse and man he equally dismaies,
And either both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.

IX.

Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby:
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffers of her wicked threasury;
Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy,
That many princes she in wealth exceedes,
And purchast all the countrey lying ny
With the revenue of her plenteous meedes:
Her name is Munera, agreeing with her deedes.

The rebellion not being altogether crushed by the death of the great rebel, an effort was made to work a counter effect by the production of the young representative of the house, who, having been reared in England a member of the Protestant Church, was now released from captivity, and restored to the family titles, if not to the family estates. He was created Earl of Desmond by patent, A.D. 1600, and took up his residence at Kilmallock, under the protection of the Lord President of Munster. The joy of the followers of the race of Fitz-Gerald knew no bounds at the prospect of again beholding one of the heredi-

* The Faerie Queene, Book V. Canto ii.

tary chieftains under whom they and their fathers so long lived. Crowds thronged all the streets, doors and windows, "yea, the very gutters and tops of the houses were filled, as if they came to see him whom God had sent to be the comfort and delight their soules and heartes most desired; and they welcomed him with all the expressions and signes of joy, everyone throwing upon him wheat and salt, as a prediction of future peace and plenty." On his going to a banquet, given in his honour, at Sir George Thornton's, who then kept his house in the town of Kilmallock, the crowds were so great that a guard of soldiers were forced to make a regular lane for him to pass to and fro. Old and young came from all parts to tender their duty and allegiance. Yet this was to be all shortly changed. The next day was Sunday, and the Earl attended service in the parish church. When the followers of Desmond learned that their lord had forsaken the faith of his fathers, their hearts were utterly alienated from him. At first they tried expostulation, imploring him on their knees to return to the ancient creed: he refused to abandon the religion he was reared in, and urged the spirit of toleration inculcated by the Gospel. This by no means satisfied their views; they reviled him as an apostate, looking on him as a spy from England, an instrument employed to sap the foundations of their Church, and the voices which the day before uttered blessings, now inverted their prayers, and heaped curses on his head. They denied his right to the title of Desmond; every ignominy was cast on him as he passed through Kilmallock, and not being able to stir without insult and reproach, he left the town and returned to England. His death seems to have made little sensation, as the following account of it in the Pacata Hibernia shows: "The 11th (January, 1601,) the Lord President had intelligence from England that James (the late restored Earl of Desmond) was dead, and that eighteen hundred quarters of oates were sent into Munster for the reliefe of oure horses."

With the death thus unceremoniously recorded, and the capture and detention in the Tower of London, until released by paying the debt of nature, of another Desmond, called the Lugan Earl, terminated the race of Fitz-Gerald of Desmond.

The decline of the Desmonds was not destined to ensure lasting repose to Kilmallock. When the trumpet of battle sounded, its clang reverberated through the tower-defended town. When civil enmity turned blade against blade of those who should have fought side by side, the men of Kilmallock were amid the thick of the fray. In 1642, the Irish army, commanded by Lord Mountgarret, Lord Purcell and Garritt Barry, took the town, which they held successfully against the efforts of the troops under Lord Inchiquin, in the May of 1643. This was the great military depôt of the Earl of Castlehaven, who commanded the

Royalists in 1645. He kept here all his warlike stores, which afterwards fell into the hands of Cromwell. To render it useless as a stronghold for the Irish, Cromwell ordered the fortifications to be pulled down, and the walls were soon dismantled. The corporation had them repaired for the English, and again were they destroyed by the Irish army under the Duke of Berwick in 1690. Thus, whichever side was victorious, unhappy Kilmallock seemed doomed to degradation. Of the ancient town of Kilmallock, there are yet considerable remains. The Castle in which the Earl of Castlehaven kept his munitions of war, yet rears its solid structure, and, underneath its gloomy archway, a road led outside the walls, the direction of which is now changed. On each side of the main street, the eye surveys castellated mansions—or, rather, what once were such—their embattled parapets yet attesting their claim to distinction, and their tall gables, and taller chimnies, looking contemptuously down upon mud cabins or gaudy shops in their vicinage. These houses were once inhabited by families of distinction. One of the dwellings within the walls is said to have belonged to the Earl of Buckingham; another to the family of Godsill. The houses in the main street are so well built, and the materials so durable, they are likely to last a long time: indeed, the square window-frames, and spacious fire-places, are so well carved, that the stonework seems to bid defiance to time, and retains all the impress of the sculptor's chisel in its pristine sharpness. An enemy, more destructive than the tooth of time, however, is at work amid the ruins, and many of the striking features of the past daily disappear, put to some less worthy, though more useful, purpose. Mr. Weld, writing in 1812, observes of the then state of the houses: "The plans are nearly the same; they present two or more gable-ends to the street, and are divided into three stories. The entrances, by spacious portals with semicircular arches, open into small halls, which communicate with broad passages that probably contained the stairs, whence there are doorways leading to the principal apartments. The windows, of a square form, and small in proportion to the size of the rooms, are divided into compartments by one or more uprights, and sometimes by a cross of stone. The chimney-pieces are large and lofty, and the fire-places calculated for containing huge piles of wood." Yet the fires no longer burn, the ashes on the hearths are cold; the generations who lived, and loved, and died, in these dwellings are no more, and even their names have not reached us. Here is a spot for moralizing! The scene of human power, and human pride, is around us—walls that rung with revelry when the board was spread, and the wine-cup quaffed, and the floor swept by the rustling silk of dames, and trodden by the knightly feet of warriors. All is now still and cheerless—the tenants are gone—and

the wind of winter, and the summer shower, occupy the place at will.

We turned from the abodes of the stout men-at-arms and industrious burghers, to visit the temples of religion. They are somewhat more respected than the houses of men, for the Irish are essentially a people reverent of the Supreme Being, though passion frequently blinds them to His great attribute—mercy! The remains of the Dominican monastery are well worth minute examination. They are situated near a small river called the Lubach, and consist of a lofty square central tower or steeple, and the choir, nave, and part of the transept. The east window is a specimen of the pure Gothic, and the venerable ruins have called forth the admiration of many an antiquary. Sir Richard Hoare observed of this monastery: "It surpasses, in decoration and good sculpture, any I have yet seen in Ireland, but does not seem older than the reign of King Edward III." In the chancel stands the broken tomb of the last White Knight, called so, according to Camden, from his snow-white hair. He was a Fitz-Gerald, one of the powerful Desmonds, and the maternal ancestor of the present Earl of Kingston. Mr. Crofton Croker has copied, from the slab of the tomb, the following inscription:

I. H. S.
HIC TVMVLVS ERECTVS FV
IT IN MEMORIAM ILLIVS STE
MMATIS GERALDINORUM QVI
VVLGO VOCANTVR EQVITES
ALBI
IOHANNES CVM FILIO SVO
EDMVNDO ET MAVRICIO FI
LIO PREEFATI EDMVNDI
ET MVLTI ALII EIVSDEM FAMIL
IEE HIC TVMVLANVR PREEF
ATVS

REVIEW.

India, its History, Climate, and Productions, with a full account of the origin, progress, and development of the Bengal Mutiny, and suggestions as to the future government of India. By J. H. Stocqueler, Author of the "Oriental Interpreter," &c. London, Routledge and Co., Farringdon Street.

This is a sufficiently grandiloquent title, and were it to the fullest extent responded to, by the contents of the volume before us, we should have little to add in the way of comment. As it

is, we are compelled to state, that the book is made to sell, by one of the popular book-makers of the day, and that although it might very well have passed off as a kind of second-rate "Murray," a few months ago, yet, at the present moment it is a mockery to find the actual state of things entirely ignored, and to be greeted in the first page by so audacious an assertion as the following:—

"In no part of the world (we find it stated quite unblushingly,) are we presented with so striking a proof of the influence of moral over brute force, or of the decay of paganism in the presence of healthful Christian exercise (whatever that may be); nowhere else do we behold the simple trader rising into the most powerful ruler; millions of acres of waste land and jungle, rescued from the marauder and the tiger; and converted into fertile lands and the abodes of peace and industry; an agglomeration of nations, covering a vast extent of country, acknowledging the supremacy of a handful of islanders, whose seat of government is five thousand miles away. India is a marvellous problem, a phenomenon which puzzles the philosopher, while it charms the philanthropist."

We have yet to learn that a philosopher, if he deserve the name, can be "puzzled" by any amount of human wickedness, much less a philanthropist "charmed" by cruelties, too hideous almost, had we not so frightful a certainty of their truth, to be believed. There is nothing more miserably degrading than an attempt to make a profit out of the intense agony of our fellow-creatures, and such a statement as this, so far as we can see, can have no other object. Anything with the magic name of "India" upon the title page, would *sell*, and whether that which was *sold*, was sense or nonsense, truth or falsehood, became a matter clearly, altogether of secondary moment. The atrocities connected with the Indian revolt, must, we feel satisfied, be too familiar to the minds of our readers, to render it necessary that we should embody them in a form, more enduring than that of a newspaper.

We read however that the last accounts are more cheering; this epithet which, in connection with India, sounds just now strangely inappropriate, nevertheless implies a change, and a change could hardly have been but for the better. After marvellous feats of bravery performed by men, and even by women, Delhi is taken. The assault commenced on the 14th of September, and after six days of desperate fighting, at the fearful odds of more than three to one, the besiegers carried the day. That they should inflict summary punishment on every one found under arms within the city, was but fitting and most proper: but innocent and suffering citizens were found there, as many as forty or fifty we are told hiding in one house, and that these should have been put to indiscriminate slaughter could but tarnish the glory of the victory. The women and children were suffered to escape, but that was all; General Wilson commanded the male population to be exterminated.

It is painful even to relate, that the number of killed and

and wounded, on the side of England are not yet known ; it has not as yet been possible, to forward a correct list ; and how fearful must be the state of suspense endured by their intimate relatives and friends ! We have sometimes thought that it is scarcely for those few who are fortunate enough to have no friends in India, to write for those who have ; we have been under the impression our own words under these circumstances must sound cold and unfeeling.

The last mail also informs us, that by the valour of General Havelock, Lucknow had received at least temporary relief ; and that Bengal was protected: and all this before the large reinforcements sent out from England had arrived. But the news from other parts of the scene of mutiny, are, we are grieved to say, of a different character : whole provinces are abandoned to lawlessness and rebellion ; and central India, in consequence of the heavy rains which have fallen, is threatened with a famine.

We may however, go on reading reports and copying details to an unlimited extent : we shall get very little nearer a general view of India, than we were at the beginning : the vastness of the subject renders such a view almost impossible. But we may, and we must, speculate upon what has been the principally exiting cause of the insurrection.

We entertain ourselves no manner of doubt, that it is to be traced to civilization, or rather to an attempt at promoting it without religion. M. Guizot, a Protestant, reads some startling lessons to his co-religionists upon this subject; we have not his book at hand from which to quote, but his reasoning is to the effect, that there is no surer mode of doing the work of the Evil One, or of filling for him, the chambers of hell.

But, it will be said, that it was to the injudicious zeal of the missionaries, that we in a great measure owe all the mischief that has taken place. Just so, but had there been teachers appointed by properly constituted authority, such ignorant fanatics as these would have found no place, or, employment. Persons who understood what their calling was, would not have attempted to convert the people by insulting them, and abusing everything they held most sacred. But farther, it is not negatively only, that the conquered tribes of India have been sinned against by their conquerors. These have been even in their responsible and collective capacity, guilty towards them of a frightful amount of extortion and of wrong. M. Stocqueler not only defends this course, he glories in it. We read in his book "how, after the sword had done its work, the arts of peace and the influence of the Gospel were employed ; to give the newly-conquered people assurance of protection, and to promote human enlightenment." "Opinions, however," (he owns) "vary as to the strict integrity of all the transactions which have made the East India Company masters of India." So we should imagine, and retribution,

which though tardy, has arrived at last, points out to us what these varieties of opinion are. It is not often that we agree with the Athenæum upon any social topic. We feel, however, that upon the present occasion we cannot do better than quote its words.

"It is really instructive, and would be amusing," says that journal, "if it were not so terrible, to read by the light of the present flame, the despatch of the Court of Directors on the assumption of the Government of Oude. How meekly they put on greatness! The acquisition of a kingdom costs them exactly five pages of print, little more allowing for the difference of type than the extent of this notice. It was but last December that the annexation of Oude was announced in the following remarkable words:—

"'An expanse of territory, embracing an area of nearly 25,000 square miles and containing 5,000,000 inhabitants, has passed from its native prince to the Queen of England, *without the expenditure of a drop of blood, and almost without a murmur.* The peaceable manner in which this great change has been accomplished, and the tranquillity which has since prevailed in all parts of the country, are circumstances which could not fail to excite in us the liveliest emotions of thankfulness and pleasure. * * * Again, from the considerations of humanity suggested by such a result, we regard it as an additional and conclusive evidence of the fact, that no attachment to the old government of Oude existed among the people of the country.'

"A few short months have passed since these egregious lines were penned, and of all that great province so peaceably acquired not one foot remains to us, except the ground on which General Havelock may be encamped, and the fort at Lucknow, in defence of which our ablest Indian administrator met his death, and a sore-straitened handful of Europeans are desperately selling their lives. No rational man now doubts that at the very moment when Oude was annexed a powerful feeling of discontent and disaffection existed throughout Bengal, which required only that spark to burst into flame."

Surely no, who *can* doubt it? And this brings us to the inexpediency of this principle of annexation. Sir Thomas Monro, who was not a mere routinist, but a man of large and philosophical conceptions, published his views upon the subject as far back as 1822. The Duke of Wellington and Mr. Elphinstone followed in the same track. Their opinions were based in the first place on the fact, of a large native army being placed under a foreign government, and that,—with such inadequate supervision, that it was easy to perceive the former could at will become their own masters. Secondly, on the practical knowledge, these statesmen had acquired, of the chiefs and native princes, being the only possible medium through which to influence the people. Thirdly, on the prestige which surrounds native royalty, and the difference of our own position and influence, in chosing to be accounted as its friends or its enemies, its allies, or would be oppressors.

Mr. Stocqueler is under the impression, or chooses as an apologist to assert, that "ill government rendered the assumption of Oude on the part of England, a boon to the governed." Now the administration of justice can never have been worse, nay, it is no where alleged, that it ever was worse in Oude, than within our own territories; and the horrible revelations connected with the practice of torture in Madras, might well

open the eyes of all who choose to be enlightened, with regard to what its nature and character are found to be there.

In connection with this subject, not of torture in Madras, but of the government of India generally, the public have before them at this moment an important document, which, in the form of a memorial to the Queen, points out the "blindness, weakness, and incapacity," of those who are ruling that country in her name. The petition which purports to be from the British inhabitants of Calcutta, and of the Presidency of Fort William in Bengal, would occupy about six of our pages, and would therefore be too long to be transferred to them in extenso; but it is well worthy the perusal not only of every Englishman, but of every man and woman in the world who can read our language. In this paper we are reminded, of facts which were laid before Parliament last session, to the effect that the "Government of India had sufficient warning in the months of January and February of this year, that the four sepoy regiments stationed at Barrackpore had formed the design of murdering their officers and marching on Calcutta, distant only sixteen miles from Barrackpore, for the purpose of masacreing all Christians, and pillaging the treasuries and city, and that they were in treasonable communication with the disaffected regiments at Berhampore. It is also, say the memorialists, now well known, that the government had numerous other clear intimations given them, of the spirit and mutinous designs of their native army in other parts of India, both by their officers and by the incendiary fires which were nightly breaking out at Umballah, and at other stations. And it is decidedly a fact, that certain of the officers who gave such warnings were reprimanded for having so done.

"Not the slightest preparations were at this time made by the Governor-General to meet the impending danger, nor was any warning given to the inhabitants of Calcutta, who were thus left nightly in the danger of being surprised by a massacre, which in magnitude and horror, would have surpassed all in the annals of this country, against which, any such warning would have enabled them instantly to have protected themselves, and from which nothing humanly speaking but the indecision of the mutineers and accident preserved them."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Westminster Review, October 1857. John Chapman, King William Street, Strand, London.

On looking through the table of contents of this (in a purely literary sense) the leading periodical in this country, the article which appeared to us of chief importance, was one headed, the "History of Civilization in England." It

does not seem possible to over rate the importance of the subject which such a title indicates, or its interest; but, in point of fact, the Paper in question is but a review, of the first volume of an introduction to its consideration. Under these circumstances, we cannot attempt to discuss even the principles upon which the work is to be conducted, and can but record our satisfaction, that a philosophical history will, at least, no longer be a disideratum in the language. The first step towards supplying a want so long on every side acknowledged, should it do no more than provoke a discussion, of the general, and special laws of thought, will have been productive of consequences which is not easy to calculate. Another article, with regard to the mention of these laws, by no means out of place, we find entitled, "Representative Government—what is it good for?" A few years ago, there scarcely existed an individual, in Great Britain, who would have ventured to put the doubt here indicated into print; and it says not a little for the state of intellectual progress among us, that so small a degree of hesitation should be manifested in doing it now. The writer brings down the principle of Representative Government, from its mythical elevation to that which it actually is; a mere convenient arrangement—the best under the present conditions of humanity, for such purposes as government was instituted to accomplish; but decidedly the worst for carrying out those in which it has no manner of right to interfere. In illustration of the latter truth, he supposes the inhabitant of some distant planet to be writing an account of the English House of Commons, and, among other things, the celestial visitor remarks that "Each citizen can hold property only so long as the 654 deputies don't want it. It seems to me, he says, that an exploded doctrine, once current among them, of the 'divine right of kings,' has been simply changed into the divine right of parliaments." It is late in the day for a criticism of "Aurora Leigh," nevertheless, we have here as it appears to us, the best and fairest account of that remarkable poem, which has yet been placed before the public. The writer is of opinion that it contains passages of concentrated beauty, and sustained grandeur, enough to establish half-a-dozen reputations, but, at the same time, protests againt Mrs. Browning being considered on that account, the first poet, male, or female, of the present century. The book is, in fact, a novel in verse, and its perfection in that character, would be something so different from that of a poem, that the highest genius would not suffice, ever thoroughly to amalgamate the two. The author of the review further intimates that the general views, and estimates of art put forward in "Aurora Leigh," is such as those who are practically conversant with the subject in all its bearings, will hesitate to subscribe to. We believe him to be right, and that, marvellous as are the powers of art, and wonder working its influence, some less etherial manifestations of it than those here pointed out are required, in the work of civilization; material agencies must inevitably form the basis of its operations;—and poetry of action, in regard to the poor and suffering, take the place of the mere poetry of imagination, and of thought.

The Autobiography of Lutfullah, a Mahomedan Gentleman, and his Transactions with his Fellow Creatures; interspersed with remarks on the habits, customs, and character of the people with whom he had to deal. Edited by Edward B. Eastcout, F. R. S. I. S. A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill.

We have been disappointed in this book; the title leading us to expect something more than a mere chronicle of events; and these, except to personal friends, of a most unimportant and uninteresting character. If the volume be really written by a Mahomedan, it deserves no small amount of praise, for the command shown by the author, over a strange and difficult language, but, when we have said this, it appears to us, that there is nothing more to be added. An autobiography to be worth anything should give us some insight into the mind and heart of the writer, into the history and formation of his character. But here is a narrative entirely taken up with the external, and the superficial, it portrays no new forms of thought; nor are we even led by means of it, into unhackneyed phases of the old; the book is upon the whole, one of the most unsuggestive we have ever perused.

Is it then altogether without value? We think that were the name changed from the grandiloquent one it now bears to "Slight Sketches of India," by a native, or, some other title of a similar nature, it would come before the world honestly; and while putting to shame, as a piece of writing merely, many an Englishman whom we could name, might serve to pass away, not unpleasantly for many persons, an idle half-hour.

Catherine de Vere. A Tale by H. M. W. London: Longmans, 1857.

This is a story written seemingly by a lady of that peculiar religious school who at one time called themselves "Anglo-Catholics," but whose latest appellation we are unacquainted with. The Tale is somewhat less inartistic, at least in external form, than many we have had occasion to look through lately; and more than that, its aim, so far as the writer's intention is apparent, is much less questionable. H. M. W. quotes, as the motto of one of her chapters, the verse from Longfellow,

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

There is a great deal of deep wisdom in these four lines, but the "Anglo-Catholic" mode of fathoming it puts us very much in mind of Mr. Ruskin's ideal pictures, which are to set perspective at defiance, and contain no straight lines. The notions of duty inculcated in the story, are anything but "straight," and entirely out of keeping and of proportion. We have in the first page, a young lady refusing to go to a pic nic, because she "wishes to commemorate St. Paul's conversion." It is by no means clear why she cannot do both, at least after the fashion intended; but she is told by her parson lover that it is a *higher* duty to go to the pic nic *because* it is disagreeable, and giving credit to this piece of quietism, yields. Her conviction upon the subject must have been very complete, for we hear of no more such scruples throughout the volume;—the fair Catherine goes through a gay season among the English in Rome, and at the end of it jilts the parson to marry a gambler. The former is expected still to be regarded as a *model*, whether for lovers or parsons we are not told, possibly both, for he lives nineteen years a life of "self-denying celibacy" out of his great love for Catherine, and at the close of that period marries her daughter. The denouement is a singular one, and certainly not such as we should have anticipated; the writer nevertheless believes herself to be working up to a high standard, and we think it not impossible that her earnestness at least, may find a response for good, in some earnest heart.

Geology and Genesis; a Reconciliation of the two Records, by the Rev. George Wight. Recommendatory note by W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D., F.S.A.L. London: John Snow, 35, Paternoster Row, 1857.

We can conceive the above to be a title of very thrilling interest to Protestants. To feel that as fresh scientific theories are being evolved, their faith has to be put into the balance, and that it may be found wanting, may well cause in their minds a degree of fear, which to Catholics must be incomprehensible. These latter are aware that to oppose the Word of God to facts gathered from His works, is not only, as Mr. Wight phrases it, a dangerous and unnatural proceeding, it is simply an impossibility, and therefore to take the trouble of reading, or of writing a book to prove that it is unadvisable, appears to them sufficiently useless. We have under these circumstances found the volume before us somewhat heavy, we have felt ourselves more than once yawning over its pages, but it discusses nevertheless certain of the elementary facts of geology, in a manner that we see no reason to dispute. Few of these, are as yet based on so indisputable a foundation, as to forbid all variety of opinion respecting them; yet if it might be said that one point

rather than another was settled, we should have thought it might have been the "non natural sense" in which we have been accustomed to take the period of time said by Moses to have been occupied in the creation. Mr. Wight, however, does not accept of this mode of harmonizing the "Records," a certain superstitious worship of the letter of Scripture, an ordinary badge of the religious school to which he belongs, appears to hold him back, though to us it seems in vain, so far as his present reasoning goes, that he has sought for any other mode of "reconciliation."

Contarini Fleming, a Pyschological Romance, by B. D'Israeli. A new edition. London: David Bryce, Paternoster Row.

This book is not, we suppose, much known by lovers of fiction in the present day. We remember meeting with an old copy, and reading it ourselves, when we ought to have been doing our school lessons, but since that time, till within the last month, have neither seen nor heard of it. With the exception of Dr. Croly's "Salathiel" we never felt so entirely enthralled by any tale as this one, and looked upon a "new edition" as affording us the opportunity of pointing out its beauties to others. But so it is, that at the present moment, we must own ourselves extremely puzzled to find them. Fortunately Contarini can feel no sorrow at our change; if he could, we should hesitate to say that our love and sympathy for him has passed away, and that we look upon him as very disagreeable at times, and inordinately conceited. It is true that the hero of this romance is a poet, at least we are told so, but we trust that the morbid subjectivity he is supposed to possess does not necessarily belong to all the members of that gentle craft, or that if it do, the fact is commonly made a matter of condolence, and not of congratulation. Granting, however, that the book be not all that we had imagined it, it is, we think, worth any dozen of our modern fashionable romances put together. It is evidently the result of no small amount of thought; and if we call to mind that the observations which it contains, upon education and art, were first penned, some thirty years since, we shall be in a position to believe, that the author must have been in his opinions upon these subjects, (so far as his adopted country is concerned,) greatly in advance of his generation.

Aspirations of Nature, by J. T. Hecker, author of "Questions of the Soul." New York, James B. Birker, 371, Broadway.

The remark was made to us a few months ago, by a Religious of sufficiently keen observation and knowledge of the world, "What if you Catholic writers were to address men and women as human beings simply, and without reference to creeds or symbols; merely pointing out to them the needs and exigencies of their nature?" The thought, uttered as it happened in the course of drawing-room conversation, appeared to us singularly suggestive, and in one shape or another we have since been haunted by it continually. Have we then never attempted to follow out its requirements? Possibly, but have never succeeded to our own satisfaction, and the nearest approach to a suitable response we have met with, is in the volume before us. This is addressed, as Mr. Hecker informs us, to that large section of his countrymen who, convinced of the unreality of Protestantism, and unacquainted with true Christian teaching, are seeking some resting-place for their intellectual and moral nature. The relation of the soul with the Infinite, he assumes to be religion. Religion, therefore, is the answer to that cry of reason which nothing can silence, that aspiration of the soul which no created thing can meet, that want of the heart which all creation cannot supply."

Where, then, shall we find religion? This question the author, himself a convert from Protestantism, proposes to answer according to the fashion we have named, and without the aid of mere rhetorical invective, against the various forms of non-Catholic belief, points out succinctly and forcibly where they fail, and how, in supplying the necessities of humanity. "The present moment," he says, "is a crisis, a great crisis in the history of the American people, for no people ever yet became great without a religion, and in propor-

tion to the sublimity, purity, and truth, of the one which they adopt, will be the stability and splendour of their civilization.

Mr. Hecker, then, (for it is perhaps American fashion to set aside his religious title of Father,) supposes an "earnest seeker," making enquiry with respect to what are the claims of Protestantism, and this latter finds that it sets out by repudiating for mankind, liberty, reason, and free will. Luther, and after him, Calvin and others, expressly teach an antagonism between reason and revelation. "He that would hear the word of Christ," says the former, "let him leave the jackass reason at home, and neither be guided nor judge according to reason; if he does so he irritates Christ." So (a fact more familiar to many,) God is made by the propounders of this new gospel the author of sin. We are told to sin lustily, and be more lusty in faith." But our author, and we quite agree with him, thinks it difficult for a Catholic, unless he should have been reclaimed from heresy, so much as to understand the conflicts common in the latter state, between the gifts of nature (ill understood) and those of grace. The practice of true religion is, he truly says, as near an approach as finite beings can make towards the perfection of reason, and consequently of those faculties which are dependent upon it. Our "earnest seeker" having examined Protestantism, goes over the same ground again on Catholic principles, and taking as before human nature for his foundation, finds its requirements harmonize with the dogmas of the Christian faith, and with the truths eliminated from a thorough comprehension of its tenets. It is curious to observe how the objections to Catholicism, which Mr. Hecker quietly notices in rotation, contradict and nullify one another. From one we learn that the religion of our Blessed Lord is *exclusively* addressed to the understanding, and from another that it is a phase merely of exaggerated sentiment.

The "Aspirations of Nature" we regard upon the whole, as a clever and thoughtful emanation from an earnest mind, and one which may be productive of considerable good. It is not the first time that the author has appeared at the bar of public opinion; his former work, the "Questions of the Soul," was very much read, and more than that, we believe, remembered. The style of both is peculiar, it reminds us of the works of Emerson, and those of Mr. Carlyle. Either of these two writers might have felt proud, had they happily received the grace of conversion, to offer the volume we have here briefly noticed, to the judgment of their contemporaries.

CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS.

"*Thirteen to Dinner.*"—There is a prejudice existing generally, on the pretended danger of being the thirteenth at table. If the probability be required, that out of thirteen persons of different ages, one of them at least, shall die within a year, it will be found that the chances are about one to one that one death at least will occur. This calculation, by means of a false interpretation, has given rise to the prejudice, no less ridiculous, that the danger will be avoided by inviting a greater number of guests, which can only have the effect of augmenting the probability of the event so much feared.

This superstition prevails in Italy, France, and Russia, as well as in England. Moore, in his *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 206, mentions there being thirteen at dinner one day at Madame Catalani's, when a French countess, who lived with her upstairs, was sent for to remedy the evil. Again, Lord L—said he had dined once abroad at Count Orloff's, who did not sit down to dinner, but kept walking from chair to chair, because "the Naristiken were at table, who he knew would rise instantly if they perceived the number *thirteen*, which Orloff would have made by sitting down himself." We ourselves have sat at table for dinner, where an elderly spinster discovered the number *thirteen*; the matron of the house was obliged to send to the nursery for a child to break the charm of the unlucky *thirteen*.

An Interesting Relic.—M. Victor Langlets, well-known for his archæological studies announces that the magnificent collection of weapons belonging to the King of Sardinia, contains the blade of the identical sabre which was wielded, in 1453, by the unfortunate Constantine Palæologus XIV., the last of the Byzantine Emperors, at the assault which decided the fate of Constantinople, on the breach of Top-Kapou. This blade was preserved in the tomb of Mahomet II., and Baron Tecco, late Sardinian minister at Constantinople, had succeeded in obtaining possession of it, for a considerable sum of money. A short time ago, the Baron presented his collection to the King, who has thus obtained the possession of the relic in question. It is a curved blade, with three rubies set into the steel; on one side it bears a Greek inscription in gold, to this effect: "Thou invincible King, Word of God, Master of all things, come to the aid of the powerful and faithful Autocrat Constantine." On the other side there is a representation of the Virgin and Child; above it there are two angels supporting a crown, and below, two lighted tapers: all these ornaments are inlaid with gold.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

Liverpool, 18th November, 1857.

Mr. Editor.

Sincerely sympathizing, not only in the earnest efforts of the rising generation to improve their present condition, but also in their desire, by a provident and prudent course of life, to provide against the difficulties of old age, I address these few lines to you, hoping that, through your widely diffused information, the hints which are thrown out through your talented columns may reach those fine bodies of young men who, banding together for mutual improvement and providence, already form a feature in society well worthy of your fostering care.

There is little doubt that, in early life, the surest and best way of securing an independence hereafter, is to seek the aid of Life Assurance; and thus, in case of marriage and early death, to provide for those we leave behind us, and prepare in youth for that solemn day when we shall all be called upon to resign our worldly wealth to those who have a right to share these advantages. Until lately, indeed, none but these survivors could receive the benefit of Life Assurance. The case, however, is different now. For, quite recently, a new phase of this admirable institution has developed itself, which seems to meet every object: (I quote the table of the Phœnix Life Assurance Company in this town:) "By this table, at a very slightly increased premium, the young man is not only assured for a certain sum at his death, but he very probably may live to receive it himself with all the profits, should he attain the age he himself fixes on, and which he pays for according to the early or remote day he names for terminating his assurance."

Now, if this be the case, Mr. Editor, here is evidently the most desirable of all systems to be adopted. If the assured party dies young, he will scarcely have paid anything, yet he leaves a fair independence behind him. If, on the contrary, he reaches an age when toil becomes irksome, and if a grown-up family require his care to settle them respectably in life, he receives a sum calculated to render his increasing years comfortable, or to pay for the education of his children; and all this for a sum so trifling, (according to the tables now before me,) that none need fear to undertake it.

I may be wrong, Mr. Editor, but, as I watch the steady progress of virtue among our young men, I consider it my duty, from time to time, to offer my advice and views, praying that they may benefit this interesting and improving class.

SENEX.

[We cordially endorse our Correspondent's wise suggestion. The subject of Life Assurance is one that comes home to, and intimately concerns, every member of society that owes a debt, has a relative or friend, or who would be glad to leave some little fund for charity at his death.—E. C. I. M.]

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETIES.

PROJECTED ARRANGEMENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1857.

DUBLIN.

Catholic Young Men's Society, 38-9, *Lower Abbey-street.*

Dec. 1. Lecture on "India," by M. S. O'Shaughnessey, Esq., B.L.
Dec. * Lecture on "Curran, in the Senate and at the Bar," by John Francis Maguire, Esq., M.P.
Dec. 22. Lecture on "The Characteristics of Irish Eloquence," by P. J. Murray, Esq., Editor of the Irish Quarterly Review.
A Literary Class meets each Monday.

* No date given.

LIVERPOOL.

Catholic Institute, Hope-street.

Dec. 14. The Monthly Literary Entertainment, at 8.
Dec. 23. Public half-yearly Examinations of the Pupils, at 7 o'clock in the Hall of the Institute.
The Literary Society meets each Thursday Evening at 8.
The Company of St. Philip meets each Sunday Evening after Benediction.

St. Mary's, Ray-street.

Dec. 1. Lecture at Concert Hall, by N. W. Hodges, Esq., Editor of Weekly Register. Subject: "England's Loss and Gain by the so-called Reformation."
Dec. 8. A Reading from Mr. Maguire's "Rome, its Ruler, &c."
Dec. 15. Reading.
Dec. 22. Debate.
Dec. 29. Concert.
The General Meetings of the Society are held every Sunday evening in their Rooms, Ray-street.

No other announcements received.

*** We are unable to comply with the request of the Secretary of the Literary Guild of the Young Men's Society, Cork. We could not do so without according a similar privilege to other Young Men's Societies; and the result would be a demand upon our space, which our limits forbid.

The monthly arrangements of Lectures, Debates, &c., of Young Men's Societies, will be inserted gratuitously, on being forwarded, by the 22nd of the month preceding, to Mr. Jas. Durham, Secretary, Catholic Institute Liverpool.

Advertisements, Books for Review, and all communications, to be addressed to Mr. James Durham, Catholic Institute, 26, Hope-Street, Liverpool.

Literary communications to the "Editor," Catholic Institute, 26, Hope Street, Liverpool.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

RICHARDSON AND SON, LONDON, DUBLIN, AND DERBY.