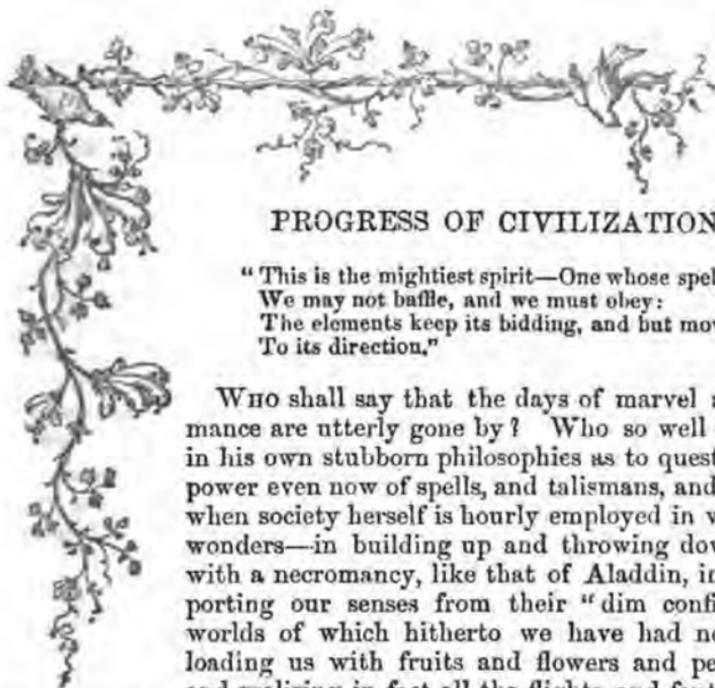


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PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

"This is the mightiest spirit—One whose spells
We may not baffle, and we must obey:
The elements keep its bidding, and but move,
To its direction."

Who shall say that the days of marvel and romance are utterly gone by? Who so well assured in his own stubborn philosophies as to question the power even now of spells, and talismans, and magic, when society herself is hourly employed in working wonders—in building up and throwing down, and with a necromancy, like that of Aladdin, in transporting our senses from their "dim confine" to worlds of which hitherto we have had no idea; loading us with fruits and flowers and perfumes, and realizing in fact all the flights and fantasies of imagination? Do you doubt? The evidence is around, about, before, and within you. You have only to send your thoughts on a voyage of discovery, and you shall wonder at your own spoils. Is the world to-day what it was yesterday? How far in the wake of the world are you who think so! Shall we rest content with our achievements as they now present themselves before us? How little do you know of enterprise and true ambition if you can believe it for an instant? Civilization is the most potent of all the enchanters, and the fabric which she builds up to-day, is found by

the morrow unequal to the task of accommodating her own creations.

Let us glance, though but for a moment, at our own experience, and the doubt of this truth, if any could have been entertained, will be at once removed. What is the history of ourselves—of the world, of which we are a portion? Surveyed closely through the refining yet true medium of impartial inquiry, we shall wonder that it is so wonderful. We have been actually the spectators and enactors of a drama as thrillingly interesting, though perhaps not so well supplied with poetical excellences, as any of the old playwrights. To make this examination, however, we must attain the fine and difficult eminence not only of impartiality but singleness. We must remove from the stage, and in some quiet nook, commanding a bird's-eye view of the whole *dramatis personæ*, we must look down upon them, unperceived ourselves. Such a survey furnishes us with a medium not unanalogous to that afforded by the microscope in the examination of flower and insect. The colours and characters are brought out; and the strong magic of such a medium will yield us a spirit-stirring romance for every moment of the long day in summer.

But why glance so narrowly upon the small circle of which we perhaps constitute the centre? Look at society all the world over, and in particular look at its constitution. It is itself a most glorious marvel, embodying all the essentials of fiction in the sober vestiture of fact. There is no period so interesting in the history of fiction as that, for instance, in which a coalition, if we may so speak, is about to take place between the opposite powers of civilization and barbarism; none so fertile in the attractions of romance, and in those novel and striking exhibitions of incident and character which enrich and give animation to story—none in which so many various and seemingly neutralizing tints may be engrafted with so much felicity upon a foreign surface, with a featuring so distinct and individual, or with an effect upon the spectator better calculated to woo and secure, by successive and singular exhibitions, the enkindled and ever-wandering imagination. This is indeed the nice point and period, the narrow limit and dividing line, between the two great powers of earth.—Nature, as we find her in her primitive condition—in all her simplicity and nakedness—in all her strength but with all her roughness; and Art, or we should rather say Society—for they are one—as she appears in all her polish and politeness, but with all her patches and paints, conscious and clamorous of her superiorities in some things, and skilled to hide those traits of character or complexion in what she may happen to be inferior to her country cousin, whose education she undertakes—whose rudeness she rebukes—whose head she fills with her own numberless extravagances; and whom, after no very long period of time, she makes out to persuade into petticoats and perfumery. This, however, is not a work either of little time or little effort. The Amazon is stern, and not very yielding in her

habits. She is overcome by cunning, and Art receives her name from the hypocrisy she employs. She approaches the domains of her whom she could subject and conquer with the utmost circumspection. She hides her armour under a silken vestment. Her lances she conceals in myrtle; and roses, wreathed in with her long hair, effectually hide the helmet which encircles her brows. We behold the contest, as it is commonly carried on between these powerful potentates, with something of the deep and breathless attention, the active emotion and excitement, with which in the glad hours of our boyhood—that season of time when all things are mystery and all knowledge is a wonder—we have hurried over the marvellous legend of a Valentine and Orson. Nor is our illustration either foreign or extravagant.

The history of Society itself is one of the finest story—the most delightful fiction. To realize this truth, let us take a survey and narrowly watch her progress. Anxious, like all potentates, to extend the boundaries of her dominion, and possibly driven by some savage irruption from her own empire and legitimate sovereignty at home, she rushes with true courage into the wilderness, and there plants her standard. She carries arms, it is true, in one hand; but the arts of civilized life, and the high promises of religion, in the other. She calls for obedience from the hunter and herdsman; and half-pleased and wondering, yet half-jealous of the intrusion—but wholly unconscious of the subjections and servitude about to come upon them—they bring her the treasures of the honey-bee, and tame the spotted fawn, and slay the roebuck, and cage the mock-bird, and offer these in token of amity, perhaps of homage and allegiance. They unhesitatingly give her the measure of her ox-skin in lands; and amused rather than vexed with a deception which as yet results in no serious inconvenience to them, they apprehend nothing from the further exercise of that cunning which has already taken from them so much. She solicits their labour, she institutes games for its exercise, provoking a rivalry between them by appeals to their pride; and they vie with each other which shall do the most for the attainment of her favour. They fell the tree, and cultivate the ground, and build for her a princely habitation, little dreaming that in a few seasons her children will so increase as to leave no room in the vast territories left them by their forefathers for their own. Surveying with the narrowness of estimate, common to their education and their necessities, the boundless and thickly spread forests which lie sleeping around them, they have no fear that in a little while they will be made bare; that they must fall to make room for the adventurer who now implores their shelter; and that the strong sun will at length penetrate with unchallenged vision into the most secluded chambers of that drowsy solitude, whose primeval repose had never been broken or intruded upon before. The tall trees themselves will fail in time to furnish dwelling-places for that numerous progeny, which leaves its own offspring in turn, as a living monument in every region, and which, as we fondly imagine, is thus destined to

link together in natural and national affinities, however protracted the period, each and every the remotest quarters of the universe.

But the savage who so courteously receives the stranger, providing her with meat and water, and the dwelling in which she abides—not suited, perhaps, so much to her desires as to the necessity of the case—is destined in little time to behold yet greater changes than all these. It is not merely the forest—the dense thick woods—the wild and wanton growth of tree and flower—which is to undergo the exercise of this magician's power. Her spell is also upon him; he, too, is called upon, even in the secret recesses of his own nature, to acknowledge the sovereignty of the subtle witch. His very character is changed—he has new hopes, new anxieties. She teaches him a new lesson and new desires. He begins to relax in the pursuit of the deer and the wild turkey: he pants with new and undefinable emotions: he attains a new existence, and probably, with a touch of melancholy abstraction, not unlike that of Jacques, he moralizes in good set terms upon the features of his now abandoned profession. Is there a magic like that of civilization? He knows no other—he feels none higher. His joints relax in the unwonted and unaccustomed toils of idleness and dissipation; and the fearless Ulysses of the woods flings aside his weapon, and, with a less gentle fortune than him of the Trojan wars, falls an easy victim to the blandishments of that greater Circe, who, making a more noble use of her spells than the goddess whose name we have borrowed, while keeping him in bondage at least removes him from his sty. But how does the half-witted and marvelling savage rejoice and delight in the change of his condition and prospects, when civilization teaches him the true value of his own possessions, so utterly unknown to him before? When taking him into the woods, she instructs him how to carve his trees into beautiful form, to mould them into glorious images of life and loveliness; and, winning from the birds who dwell within their branches a noble model, to place glittering and strong wings upon them, which she also teaches him to weave from the decaying fibres of the thousand plants around him, the virtues of which he had never conceived before; then launching it abroad upon his hitherto stormy and un-navigable waters, she visits with him those lofty hills in the blue distance, in which his fancy had formed his heaven, and which for so many thousand years he had surveyed with an anxiety of desire and delight, proportioned to what his imagination had pictured, of their forbidding but beautiful unapproachableness. Nor is this discovery the Ultima Thule beyond and over which he may not journey. She directs his vessel to the various nations of whose existence his wildest and least-ordered fancies had never dared even to conjecture, much less conceive. She brings it back laden, in recompense for the furs which hitherto have mouldered in his wigwam, with spoils and splendours equally foreign to his most extravagant imaginings—with choice garments and glowing wines, and luxurious perfumes and delicious fruits—

“ With gourd and jelly fresh from Samarcand,
And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon,”

and many dainties beside : for the proper appreciation of all which—a lesson as grateful and far more valuable to the novice—she cultivates in his bosom the dormant taste and appetite, provides him with novel emotions of sense and sentiment, until, with a pride that blushes to refer to his past condition, he lifts up his head and heart alike in his own contemplations. He feels for the first time that he is about to realize the original design of his creation—that he is no longer the brute, the savage fond of his sty, and thirsting for blood. He thinks—he feels—he is a man !

But society has even other and greater anomalies than all of these ; and we find accordingly, in all our acquaintance with history, no potentate so well fortified in the means of securing and increasing his dominions. Does the savage murmur at the fate of the fallen forest ? she bids it rise again before his eyes on the canvass, and yields to his memory those very hereditaments which she had wrested from his possession. His treasures are restored, and with tenfold interest. He can now carry them about with him, and in those barren places to which he may have been exiled by a perilous necessity, where tree or shrub has never been known to blow or blossom, he possesses them both. Does he mourn the loss of the singing-bird which caroled above him in the calm green foliage, as, springing from his slumbers at morning, he dashed the dew from his buskin and bounded after the buffalo ? Does he sigh that the mocking-bird has no longer a wild note for his noonday rest by the fountain ; and hears he no longer the lark as, rushing up with the first blush of dawning, she makes music at the portals of heaven ? The enchantress who has robbed and enslaved him has provided him with a substitute, in the enjoyment of which he forgets his losses : he feels neither his chains nor his privations. She places a singing-bird of melodies as sweet and various in his chamber—in his very bosom. Uncaged it seeks not to fly ; with a tongue whose fluency does not often tire, it does not often scold him ; and he has only to call for its harmonies, and they gush forth at the grateful requisition, with a compass and variety of note, a tenderness of tone, a passionate energy, never known to the minstrel of his early woods. The bird thus given him in its place, teaches him a music for the heart, making it all ear, and arousing to life and exercise the chords and perceptions which had hitherto lain dormant ; and sweet affections, which in themselves are the embodied capacities of all magic, come forth like stars in his spirit, beautifying and blessing, or banishing his solitude. They minister to him in shapes of the greatest attraction : and if, in his present servitude and subjection, thought brings him a single regret, it is that he has been for so long a period ignorant of the world without, and all unconscious {of the world within himself.

It will not be matter of much difficulty for any mind to conceive the vast novelty which must present itself from the gradual

progress of society upon a primitive people; or one, from the operation of peculiar circumstances, made so in all leading and substantial respects. It presents us indeed with the curious spectacle of a nation giving up nearly or all of its customs, its character, and possibly its very name, and assuming those of another. Such an event, it is admitted, must of necessity be of slow progress, and the innovations are in most cases and for a time sturdily resisted; for it is not often in subsequent history that we find any class of people not merely pleased to take the customs of their neighbours, but actually stealing their gods, a circumstance familiar to Jewish tradition. The war of change is a stubborn one. It is waged against old prejudices—habits which have become idols, and are therefore religiously battled for. It is this very struggle which yields the romancer his noblest material. It enlists all feelings—pride and passion, love, devotion, patriotism, and the desire of sway. We need scarcely refer to the tenacity with which the Saxons held on to the customs of their nation after the Norman conquest, and to the indefatigable industry of their conquerors in their eradication. The civil discontent, if not positive war, on this occasion, and produced by these several objects, was one of far more bitterness and protraction, and engendered a feeling of far deeper hostility, than the war of arms which first brought them together as a nation. The Saxons were indeed overthrown, but still unsubdued; and the internal strifes—the studied hatred and revenge of the one, and the voluptuous daring and brute insolence of the other—make the history of the time and country in which they dwelt—like that of the Moors and Spaniards in the wars of the Marches and of Grenada—for a long series of seasons afterwards one of continuous, wild, and spirit-stirring romance. Of this period and country, and its susceptibility for such purposes, we have a fine illustration from the hands of “a mighty genius among moderns.” The story of *Ivanhoe*, deriving as it does its most interesting features from the sullen adherence of a defeated race to its abrogated customs—rendered more dear from overthrows and desecration, as was Jerusalem to its inhabitants in captivity—sufficiently attests the peculiar fitness and facility with which such a period in the history of a nation may be made to subserve the design of the poet and the novelist. This is the true period for works of fancy. It is the time when law is virtually abrogated—when the obligations of society are unknown, or in abeyance—and when human passion, unapprehensive of any penal retribution, runs riot in its mad and immeasurable career. It is in bold adventure, great peril, wild circumstance, heated blood, and reckless enterprise, that the romancer must find his hero. The material must be gathered from excesses; and virtue must seek its foil—not to be paradoxical—in a close study and examination into the habits of that very vice with whom she is perpetually at variance.

There is yet another period of time adapted from its nature to these objects ; which yet differs in nearly all its leading features from those of that already referred to. We allude now to those nations in which the labours of civilization affect not the arts of civilized life, and are purely moral in their character. There is a fine interregnum, for example, in the history of all the now civilized nations of the earth—between the decay and overthrow of Paganism, and the approaches of the pure faith of Christianity. It is at such a time that romance, fond of shadow and the melancholy twilight, puts on her most extravagant array, and conjures up spiritual associations without number, with whom she holds high carnival. This is the era of witches, spells, sorcery, and incantations ; and this period will be found always to precede and to indicate in the moral world the presence of a glorious dawn. It appears with something of a proper taste, looking to the subject through this medium, that the imagination has chosen for the sport of those wild creations, those dead hours of the night which just anticipate the dawning—"when churchyards yawn," yielding up their visageless tenants, "making night hideous," and peopling, in a German taste, the sphere which we inhabit with creatures not its own.

Nor are these fancies without their clear authority and sanction from the very nature of our destiny. They exhibit that due though vague notion of the soul's immortality—of its high aim and future fortunes—which must always form a prime constituent in the hope of the intellectual man. These are the first preachings of the spirit for a nobler field and exercise—they attest that high and holy discontent with his earth-allotment which, more than all other evidence, proves the divinity within him ; and here, and with this study before them, Romance and Imagination undertake a loftier vocation than has hitherto been their office, and assume a nobler costume and complexion. That our position is true, history may be referred to at every step in its progress. Thus, for example, in all those qualities of civilization which simply concern human society, apart from humanity, where were the standards of a nation's polish and perfection more supremely high than in the hundred cities of Laconia—where, at the same time, the faith of a people more truly low and bestial, than in their worship of the robber and voluptuous divinities of their heaven at Olympus? Look at Athens—the "eye of Greece"—where a pure morality, so considered at that period, had, along with all the arts, taken up its abode. Look at that Queen of Empires, Rome—that imperial mistress of the world, only dethroned by herself and her own conquests. What was their faith—their worship? The worship of block and of stone—of the deformed and hideous monster, and of acts as malignant and hostile as they were grotesquely disgraceful to humanity! Yet their superstitions, like those of Egypt, swallowed up in that same revolution which came with the recognition of the true God upon earth, present to the eye of Romance a glorious issue—a trial of strength

between powers as hostile as could well be imagined—in the survey of which it must necessarily luxuriate. In the events and incidents of this issue, as in the feats of arms performed by the hostile deities of the *Iliad*, fiction finds the story in which she delights; and poetry, more persuasive than the soberer muse of history, wins from tradition his most glorious, though hitherto hidden, chronicles.

We have spoken of history—grave history—as matter of romance; and so we have found it. Though absurd to consider truth as “stranger than fiction,” it is something of a truism at this moment to assert that it is quite as strange. And why should it not be so? Why should not men direct their energies to the realization of their own dreams? And what, when the mind is resolute in its aim, and sleepless in its exercise, shall arrest its progress? What shall place a limit to the uncurbed strength of the giant, or

“Fix a barrier to his forward race?”

JOY'S TEARS.

“Beautiful things always create in me a regret, a desire for something beyond.”—*Friend of the Author's.*

Of purest Joy why should the outward sign
 Be still a Tear? The sense that all will fade
 The brightest flower will touch with tender shade;
 The star is sinking, as her glories shine;
 Even music, fairest of the heavenly Nine,
 Mute in her echoing cell will soon be laid,
 Though, in her beauty all too brief, array'd,
 An hour she floats on harmony divine;
 The heart that closest beats in tune to ours
 Away in viewless changes slowly burns;
 Such fleeting Joy best welcomed by a Tear,
 Love's silent prophecy of widow'd hours.
 Beyond all change, the immortal spirit yearns
 For love and joy less shadowy than is here.

J. A. S.



THE PRINGLES IN ROME.

"H! oh-h! Mr. Pringle, I really can't bear this horrid jolting! I am sure they do it on purpose—there again! Do put your head out of the window, and tell them to go gently over the stones—do!"

Mr. Pringle, who was of the plethoric and comfortable cast, suggested that the streets in Rome were not macadamized, and that he remembered when London was quite as rough to drive through. Besides, he had no Italian, and the courier had ridden forward in advance of the old family travelling-carriage, to engage rooms for them in the Piazza di Spagna.

"Constantia, my dear," appealed mama, "or you, Sophonisba, try what you can do with those barbarians; they are jolting us to pieces!"

"Postiliony!" appealed Sophonisba, in a very high key, and more confident of her knowledge of the tongues than her sister; "Postiliony!" shrieked she again, as those ruthless guides, rejoicing in having accomplished the dreary road from Civita Vecchia to the Borgo, were making the Pringle conveyance rattle round the outside circle of the Piazza of St. Peter's, cracking their whips, and not a few jokes withal, at the manners and customs of the *milordo Inglese*—"Spetate!—no andate so presto!—piu piano! piu pia——"

But, at this moment, the carriage emerged from behind the gigantic colonnade, around whose circuit it had been sweeping, and stood still in front of the great Basilica. There it was, looming grey and ghost-like in its giant proportions; seen by

"—the light that half conceals
The shapes that it reveals;"

the twilight of an Italian November seeming to send up the vast

cupola into infinite space, and lengthen out preternaturally the series of massive columns that came curving down on either side from the central portico.

It is a sight never to be forgotten, that first view of the majestic dome and the circling piazza. Even long residence in Rome scarcely familiarizes the mind to it. The most indefatigable lion-hunter, after he has visited St. Peter's again and again, explored it, learned it, made it his own, never turns his steps in the direction of the great dome without a sense of elation in his heart. He approaches it expectant, and rejoices beforehand in all that has rejoiced him on previous visits. He is going again to bask in the sunny piazza. His eye will be running round the sweep of the colonnade, flitting, as it were, from pillar to pillar, dodging the sprays and jets of the mighty fountains where they intercept the view; until the sight is arrested, is rivetted, by that cupola, to which all other cupolas and domes upon earth are mere bulbs, beehives, bubbles, blisters—whatever you will that is nugatory and insignificant.

A very profuse employment of adjectives and epithets, says the phlegmatic and somewhat fastidious reader, leaning back in his chair—pulling up his shirt-collar (no, we forget; gentlemen of the present day wear no shirt-collars, or none of sufficient dimensions to be pulled up).

But, good reader, atrabillious reader, go and read what Mrs. Starke, that most worthy and matter-of-fact old *cicerone*, says of the dome of St. Peter's; or take down thy *Murray's Hand-book* from its shelf, and only see whether he is not moved from his Saxon staidness by so grand a spectacle; or, better still, take thine own portmanteau, and borrow a fortnight from this busy world, to "be there and see:" and, if thou comest not back prepared to re-echo our enthusiasms and those of the Pringles, we will pronounce thee as very a clod of clay as can be found any where among the depths of Somersetshire.

"'E bello, eh?" quoth Giuseppe, the hindmost postilion, leaning back on his reeking roadster, and grinning, with true Italian familiarity, in the face of the *Paterfamilias*, which was thrust through the carriage window, surrounded by a family portrait of the lady-portion of the convoy.

"Impertinent fellow!" mumbled Mr. Alderman Pringle, growing very red; "tell him to drive on, Sophy. I should like to see any English postboy make such a remark to me in Saint Paul's churchyard!"

"But, indeed, papa, it is very grand!" appealed Miss Sophy Pringle, as the carriage once more proceeded on its way. "Look, how that great range of pillars recedes from us! and then comes a great mass of building that you cannot distinguish in the dark, till you go up and up; and see! just below that star in the rent of the clouds, is the ball and cross. It must be magnificent by daylight. Let us come here to-morrow, Conty, dear."

But Constantia was too sleepy to make any such promise, and so the worthy party rattled down the Borgo.

The Borgo is a long straight street, leading from the Piazza di San Pietro towards what was once the Mausoleum of Hadrian, and is now the castle of St. Angelo. Under the walls of this fortress, almost beneath the shadow of the wings of the great bronze angel, which christianizes the memorial of an old heathen emperor, the road turns sharply to the right, and crosses the bridge of St. Angelo. Along the bridge, on either side of the causeway, rise massive marble piers, supporting statues of angels of a giant size. Each angel holds some instrument of our Lord's passion; one the spear, another the scourge, another the rods and crown of thorns, etc., with a text of scripture in large characters on the pedestal, each referring to the special memorial of His sufferings. To the thoughtful and devout soul, therefore, a passage along the bridge forms a meditation on the mysteries of our redemption. Even to the most careless, those instruments of agony, with all their solemn remembrances, presented thus unavoidably, and of such a size, to his view, as he traverses this thoroughfare upon his ordinary round of sight-seeing, have something that at once arrests and subdues the mind to its better moods.

Sophy Pringle, we announced beforehand, is our favourite among the occupants of that lumbering old family carriage. As for John, the footman, and Eliza the lady's-maid, who occupy the dickey behind, alternately cross from being tired, and wondering at finding themselves so far in "furren parts" as Rome—wondering whether master and missus will be stabbed by the Jesuits—whether the cardinals ride out in red hats—what sort of place the Inquisition is, (deary me! the awful things Signor Have-at-ye—or what was his name?—told us in Exeter All that evening as Lord Dartsbury took the chair, and master snored so loud!)—as for the said John and Eliza, they are worthy specimens of their class, and so let them go with all contentment. We are concerned, in the progress of this faithful chronicle, only with the "insides." Nevertheless, to finish the annals of the dickey once for all, we have some notion that John returned from his travels a more enlightened man than he had started (always on the dickey) from Finsbury Square; and we believe that he used, in after years, to declare over his pipe in the servants' 'all at Lord 'Artlepool's, that them as was at Rome was both good and bad, the same as them as was in Lun'nun itself—always, however, with an exception in disfavour of Girolamo the courier, whom he placed emphatically and inexorably among the bad ones. Eliza, the lady's-maid, did not profit equally by foreign travel. Deprived of her tea (tea, indeed! the stuff you got in those 'orrid shops wasn't worth drinking! I'm sure the 'ousemaids, careless things, cut up their brooms to make it; and that was the only use they ever put them to), and all her little comforts (comfort! they didn't know what the word meant in Rome—such draughts in the passages! such hopen staircases! such

hoil lamps ! and, oh, such a clanging of bells ! !) she came back to her fatherland soured against every thing and every body over the channel ; and, as she advanced into middle life, became a very zealous Plymouth Brother. And so we conclude the episode of the dickey.

[UNAVOIDABLY INCOMPLETE.]

OUR CATHEDRAL.

BY MRS. BROWNE.

I NEVER can get tired of our Cathedral. Mr. Cripps, the head verger, when he shews parties over it at a shilling a-piece, says it is the finest in the world ; but he cannot have seen all the cathedrals in the world, so he may be mistaken. At all events, nothing can be more beautiful than the choir, with its cluster of black marble shafts, and its curious stained windows, looking just like patterns of worsted work ; and its little chapels all round, full of tombs of abbots, and saints, and martyrs, and holy men, and such-like foreigners ; and the nave is so grand, though it is rather bare and empty, and the draught at this time of the year is enough to cut one in two. I caught a wretched cold one afternoon last week, when I just dropped in to hear the anthem. Several of us generally contrive, on fine days, to meet in the cathedral yard, and we take a turn or two up and down, and Mr. Cripps very obligingly puts his head out of the south transept-door and tells us what is coming ; and if it is any thing very mild, such as "Ascribe unto the Lord—*Travers*," or, "Blessed be thou—*Kent*," we walk in to listen ; and the music sounds so grand when you are outside the choir ! One does not mind catching cold when one can hear, as Mr. Cripps quoted out of some book, "the swell anthem pealing through the long drawn aisle and fretful vault ;" and it is so pleasant to know that, when it's over, you can get away without waiting for the rest of the service. The chorus, too, sounds much better outside the choir. Poor Mr. Mottlecalf, the minor canon, whose turn has just come round, and who has to be in church twice a-day for the next fortnight, says he envies us ; and I am sure I should be sorry to be in his place.

Archdeacon Croppin is in residence now. He is one of our greatest dignitaries, and has two livings besides his offices in our cathedral. It is fine on Sundays to see him marching down the choir in his lawn surplice, looking so grand and stately, with the lay-clerks and singing-boys, and the vergers with the pewter spoons, before him. He has five daughters, most elegant young ladies—a little proud, as well they may be, but for all that very condescending and gracious. I have seen them, in new pink bonnets, bow across the cathedral to poor, shabby Mrs. Mottlecalf in that dowdy bonnet of

hers, which has been turned and turned and turned again, till you can hardly see a bit of the original colour. They are very accomplished, and sing and draw beautifully; not in the style of professors you know, but quite in a ladylike manner. Miss Lilia Crop-pin has just finished an exquisite view of the cathedral, and Mr. Varnish, the eminent painter, who is staying at the deanery, said that he could see at a glance that it was the work of a young lady, which I thought a very pretty compliment. Their brother, I am sorry to say, is rather a wild young man, and is constantly knocking up old Jones, the precincts porter, at all hours of the night; playing the French horn outside the cathedral when service is going on; winking at all the young ladies in church, and drawing *caricatures* in the anthem books; "but these, you know, Mrs. Browne," said Mr. Cripps to me, "are aristocratic foibles." But, oh dear! they say the archdeacon had such a sum to pay for his son's debts at college; and it is whispered that he told the dean it was such a heavy pull on his purse that he was obliged to diminish his parochial charities by one half, and to give up his annual subscription of two guineas to the poor curates' fund altogether. I am glad to say that it has not affected his domestic comforts; for Mrs. Morse, the housekeeper, tells me they have had more grand dinners this time of being in residence than she ever remembers before.

The Archdeacon is not a very good preacher; I don't think any of our gentlemen are; and on Sunday mornings the cathedral is not over full. "We are high-church here," says Mr. Cripps. "We have no enthusiasm, we are not vulgar, we are severe and dignified; if you want noise and excitement you must go to the meeting-house." Mr. Mudlark, who has just gone out of residence, is an exception: he is a very impressive preacher, and commands general respect, as from his high position he may well do; for he has not only his canonry and a brace of livings, but he is also domestic chaplain to the Duke of Aldgate, and has besides an important sinccure office, worth I don't know how many thousands. His fourth wife, too, Lady Maude, who is also his first-cousin, is, as all the world knows, daughter of the Marquis of Whitechapel, so no wonder we reverence him. He gave us a splendid discourse, the Sunday before he left, on the errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome; and when he drew a powerful contrast between the idolatrous magnificence and guilty splendour of our cathedral in the dark ages, and its present chaste and apostolic simplicity, and enlarged on the avarice and gluttony, worldliness, and indolence of the monks, he got so warm and excited, that I was quite afraid he would wake the poor Dean, who is very delicate, and who, I know, had been up late at a whist-party the night before.

Lady Mudlark has been in sad trouble. Her niece, Miss Ann T. Pendium, who has been stopping with her lately, has actually turned Papist! Poor thing! I thought from her going to church so much, and visiting the poor, and saying her prayers, and being so humble and affable to her inferiors, that there was something wrong. It

must be a terrible shock to dear Lady Mudlark, to lose her favourite niece in this awful manner; but Providence will help her, if she puts her ladyship's trust in him.

On Sunday afternoons, when there is always a good anthem and no sermon, our cathedral is crowded. The officers from the barracks always make a point of coming, and it is so pretty to see them in the stalls, smoothing their beautiful curly mustaches with their cambric handkerchiefs, and looking at the Miss Croppins through the fingers of their delicate straw-coloured kid gloves. It is fine, too, to watch Mr. Cripps, to see with what judgment he puts every one into the place suitable to his rank; for we are respecters of persons in our cathedral, and Mr. Cripps, by long experience, knows at a glance the station of a party, and whether to usher him into a velvet-cushioned stall, or a cloth-cushioned pew, or an uncushioned pew, or to shove him indignantly down on one of the free benches without backs. He keeps the common part of the congregation, too, in such good order; he has such a quick eye for irreverent boys, and such a keen ear for fractious babies. He can calculate to half a second how long a baby can hold out without screaming; and just at the critical moment he collars the mother, and has them both outside the choir before you can hear a sound. I wish, though, he would not be so fond of whipping naughty little children in the nave; for he forgets what a powerful echo there is, and it sounds just like a giant clapping his hands. When I first heard it, I thought some improper person was applauding the anthem.

The singing-boys, though they have beautiful voices, are a very badly-behaved, troublesome set; always giggling and making faces, and eating apples; quite unlike that pretty picture of the choristers every one has seen in the print-shops. One weekday afternoon, during service, when, luckily for him, there were only two or three old people present, one of them threw an apple right across the choir at the opposite singing-boy, but it missed, and hit the bald head of old Mr. Flinks, the minor-canon, whose eyes were fortunately closed at the time, or the chorister would have lost his situation. I was half sorry for the poor boy—he looked so horribly frightened; but the apple cannoned off the minor canon's head, and went plump into the bishop's throne, where, I dare say, it is still. Mr. Flinks woke up with a start, stared, and rubbed his head, but knew nothing further of the matter.

We expect the Bishop shortly. He generally comes for a few days in the course of the year, but I don't care much to hear him. He is not liked by any of us; he is low, and we are all high. When last he preached in the cathedral, he remarked that he feared we were still under the law, which made Mr. Cripps very angry, who said that of course we were; and it was an insult to our glorious constitution to suppose *otherwise*. Besides, he got his bishopric in such an odd way, so Mr. Cripps tells me; only think! by writing a book on improper nouns! of all things in the world; how-

ever, I believe it is mostly in Greek, so I don't suppose it can do much harm.

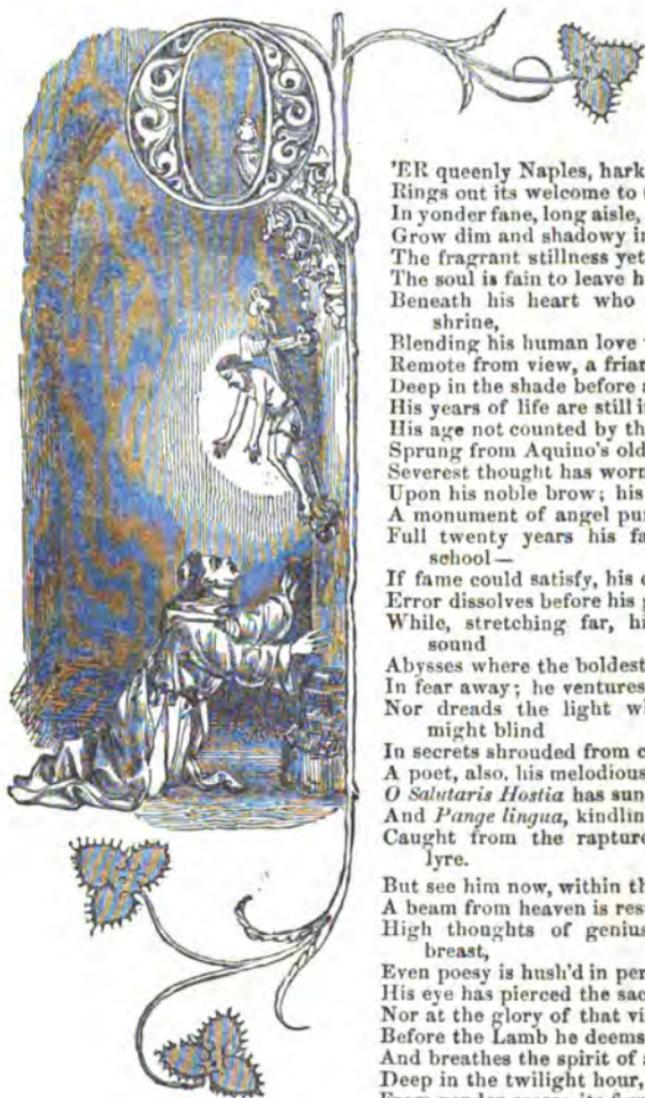
As for our minor-canons, they are a most sociable and pleasant set; and their wives and daughters get on most amicably together, except perhaps on the occasion of one of them setting up a particularly handsome bonnet or shawl, when a slight coolness is apt to arise. The canons take a good deal of notice of them, and Lady Mudlark, when in residence, always makes a point of asking some of them, the day after a dinner-party, to eat up the scraps. Our junior minor-canon, Mr. Paten, is said to be a Puseyite; but is a very gentlemanly young man for all that. He used to wear for a scarf, a strip of black ribbon, not two inches broad, which the Dean said was very unassuming, and proper in his station; but somebody told him it was not a scarf at all, but a Popish stole, on which he was quite angry, and ordered Mr. Paten never to wear it again.

I sometimes think, as I wander round our cathedral, that it seems almost a pity something more can't be made of it; that with such a splendid building, and so many clerical gentlemen, and such an enormous income, and with all the vice, and starvation, and misery, close round about our precincts, that more good can't be got out of it somehow. I wonder how those wicked monks managed? Anyhow, it seems to me a pity; but such sentiments, Mr. Cripps says, are revolutionary, and Popish, and very wrong; so I retract them.

THE popularity of Hoffman's novel and really amusing Entertainment, Bold Street, continues unabated. The performance of the Organophonic Band, or imitations of musical instruments by the human voice, surprises every hearer. Mr. Thurton, whose ventriloquial powers have been so much spoken of, seems every way entitled to the rank which the press has awarded him. The talking and tumbling clown, a clever mechanical contrivance, never fails to "set the table in a roar;" the musical and other automata, too, are highly amusing.

THE VISION OF ST. THOMAS.

"While he was praying with greater fervour than usual, before an image of the crucifix at Naples, he heard a voice: 'Thou hast written well of me, Thomas; what reward wilt thou have?'—To which he replied, 'No other, Lord, than thyself.'"—*Roman Breviary.*



'ER queenly Naples, hark! each airy tower
Rings out its welcome to the evening hour;
In yonder fane, long aisle, and arching height,
Grow dim and shadowy in the waning light;
The fragrant stillness yet invites to prayer;
The soul is fain to leave her burden there,
Beneath his heart who reigns within the
shrine,

Blending his human love with his divine.
Remote from view, a friar softly steals,
Deep in the shade before an altar kneels;
His years of life are still in manhood's prime,
His age not counted by the flow of time.
Sprung from Aquino's old and lordly race,
Severest thought has worn its honour'd trace
Upon his noble brow; his downcast eye.
A monument of angel purity.
Full twenty years his fame has fill'd the
school—

If fame could satisfy, his cup were full;
Error dissolves before his gaze profound,
While, stretching far, his eagle eye can
sound

Abysses where the boldest spirits shrink
In fear away; he ventures to the brink,
Nor dreads the light which meaner eyes
might blind

In secrets shrouded from created mind.
A poet, also, his melodious tongue
O Salutaris Hostia has sung,
And *Pange lingua*, kindling with the fire
Caught from the rapture of the seraph's
lyre.

But see him now, within the hallow'd place,
A beam from heaven is resting on his face;
High thoughts of genius stir not in his
breast,

Even poesy is hush'd in perfect rest.
His eye has pierced the sacramental veils,
Nor at the glory of that vision quails;
Before the Lamb he deems himself defiled,
And breathes the spirit of a little child.
Deep in the twilight hour, a voice descends
From yonder cross; its figure meekly bends,
And whispers clear, "Of thy Almighty Lord
Well hast thou written; ask me thy reward."

Straight from his heart his life's request arose,
That soon at home his pilgrimage might close,
In union with his Lord, which, long desired,
Had stir'd his genius, and his song inspired :
"Thyself, O Lord, is earth and heaven to me;
Nought but thyself, my God, I ask of thee."

The Eastern schism, about to die away,
Reward awaiting ages of delay,
Rome thought to welcome back her sons of Greece,
And seal their union with the kiss of peace.
To distant Lyons Gregory invites
The princes of the church, her burning lights,
Doctor and saint, with counsel and with prayer,
To stand in phalanx round St. Peter's chair.
At Gregory's command, that vision o'er,
The friar to the council all his store
Of learning and of fame in meekness bears :
On his high mission forth at once he fares,
For Lyons bound, a giant in the crowd,
To win the docile, and confute the proud.

Soon as he reaches Fossa-Nuova's wall,
His spirit knows her Master's homeward call,
Weary and ailing, at the abbey gate
He prays for leave of charity to wait
A space within that cloister'd solitude ;
Nor prays in vain the saintly brotherhood.
No farther will he fare, his time has come,
In peace makes ready for his journey home ;
Cistercian prayers invoke the final grace,
And THOMAS dies in BENEDICT'S embrace.

J. A. S.

DYRBINGTON.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

AND before Lord Westrey went to rest, he had repeated all that had passed to Lady Westrey. She heard with so little emotion, that she might have been supposed scarcely to feel at all upon the subject.

Nearly a fortnight was lingered away, and then they travelled towards Watermouth. As Anna neared her home, the recollections of her late dissipations faded away. True to her natural character, she thought of home and parents ; her childhood's home—her childhood's parents ; with those blessings she never associated wealth and the luxuries it purchases ; they had never been dearer to her than in the days gone by.

Other things came also to her mind. The thunderstorm, the escape from death in the forest, and Dyrbington.

There, as she sat by Mary Westrey's side in the carriage, the warm feelings of her heart burnt not upon her cheek. What a world it was to her ! How would the course of time flow for her ? What events would it bring ? How could it bring to her what she

wished—and if not what she wished, could it ever bring her any thing to compensate for its loss? She did not know; she could not guess. The noise of those rapid wheels—it sounded to her like the shaking of the sands in Time's hour-glass. Every moment seemed to rise in value, as she longed yet feared for the future. But she was going back—there was joy in that knowledge; she was going back—back to those loved scenes, to where she felt that the uncertainty around her would one day clear away. One day! She cared not how soon that day would come. She was so full of her own thoughts that she could not speak. She put her hand within Mary Westrey's. It was tenderly clasped. Then she leaned back in the corner, and wrapped her mantle round her, and shut her eyes as if in sleep.

Two days were spent at Lullingstone. Then Anna joined her brother at Mayfield. Mayfield felt like home; there was nothing like it. But the first person she saw, as Lord Westrey's carriage turned within the gate, was neither father, mother, nor brother, but Ralph Seaforth. They exchanged salutations. Anna was all gladness, and ready to give her sweetest smile to any person thus met at the door of home. She smiled her sweetest and looked her happiest, and her improved beauty was not lost on Ralph. There was also a gleam of surprise, almost of congratulation, on Anna's face, for Ralph was looking very different from that which she had left him, a year before. He was now a smart, rather dashing sort of personage, whose costume was in an extreme of that sort of fashion called "*sporting*;" and instead of being on foot, or riding a horse from his brother's stable, as it had used to be, he was himself driving a curriole, in which a pair of well-bred horses showed their best, as he reined them up to allow of Lord Westrey's carriage passing; and took off his hat with the air of a man well satisfied with others and himself.

The admiration Anna awakened, he was at no pains to repress or conceal. Something of the sort—just a consciousness that he had been surprised into admiration, and had involuntarily showed it—crossed Anna's mind. She was but a woman—a young, though not a weak woman—an involuntary testimony of admiration, or what appears to be such, was never indifferent to a woman. This tribute Anna felt that Ralph Seaforth had paid her, and as the carriage swung past him, she leaned back and smiled, and said to herself that Mr. Ralph Seaforth was most astonishingly improved.

It was the slight thought of a passing instant. In another moment she was in the arms of her parents.

For a few weeks, there was a life of home happiness, varied by the revisiting of old haunts, and the seeing again of old friends. Then a county race-ball was announced. The Westreys were to go to it. They were to take Anna and Edward. But this was not enough; Lady Westrey had set her heart on Mrs. Julian going. More than once she came to Mayfield on the subject. Julian left it to his wife's decision; but when he heard that Lady

Westrey had assured her that it would be best for her children if she went, and that, therefore, she had decided to go, there was gladness at his heart, and from that moment the county ball became an object of constant and unmitigated interest to him. Of course, much had to be said on the subject of dress and conveyance, and as to hours of going and returning. Julian was never tired of such discussions. With unabated interest he dwelt on his wife's going with Lady Westrey to the ball.

At last, Anna, fondly embracing him, cried out, "Dear, kind, indulgent, patient father, why don't you go too?—do, dear father—why not?" And then, to his good wife's great surprise, he answered: "Not now, Anna, not *this* time, my darling child—but some other time I will go with you. We will all go together one day and join Lord Westrey's party in the room. Blessings on you, for your fond wishes, my Anna. Some other day your father will have the joy and pride of escorting you himself—only, not now; some other time, my child."

This intention of her father's crowned Anna's happiness in her preparations for the event. She told her friends at Lullingstone, and they also were glad; and then she returned to the delight of being now to be accompanied by her mother.

When the day came, and good Mrs. Julian and her son and daughter arrived at Lullingstone, there was quite a delicate sort of rejoicing over the beauty of their appearance. Lady Westrey had induced Mrs. Herbert to join the party, that she might be companionable to Mr. Julian at times when she should herself be engaged by her duties to her party. This was a good thought, as Mrs. Herbert was there with the desire of doing all that could be done to make the evening happy.

Sir Giles Morton was *not* there. Mary was all smiles. Edward was full of hope, and therefore in a state of boundless happiness. Lullingstone was like any thing that best denotes youth, buoyant with joy. He rushed into his mother's dressing-room, where there was an assembling of the family, before the general assemblage in the drawing-room, and there kissed Mrs. Julian, and thanked her a thousand times for coming, and declared her more lovely to look upon than any other guest in their house. He had already engaged Anna to dance an unreasonable number of times with him, and had criticized her dress, and persevered successfully in a whim about a full blown rose, which was changed, to please him, for a rose-bud. As the time arrived for their leaving Lullingstone, Mary was standing in the hall waiting for the second carriage; she was standing by her father's side, with her arm in his. Edward spoke to her: "Will you give me the pleasure of dancing with you to-night?" "Oh yes! When?" The fashion of keeping the same partner all night, we must inform the reader, had gone out of late. Edward did not answer Mary's question immediately. "The first dance!" she asked. "No, not the first." "Oh! I beg your pardon, I thought that you were disengaged." "I am disengaged, but"—

Edward could not resist taking one glance at Lord Westrey's face ; he was seemingly inattentive to what was going on ; his eyes were wandering about the ceiling of the hall, as he stood drawn up to his utmost stature, the picture of a noble presence, with his fair bright-eyed daughter on his arm. But Edward thought that, amid all that legibly written dignity, he could decipher something about the corners of the mouth which spoke of an observant ear, and of rather an aroused attention to what was going forward. But, however that might be, Edward went bravely on. "I am not engaged, but there are those before whom I ought not to accept your kindness. Sometime to-night I will remind you."

"There is the carriage, Mary," said Lord Westrey.

"Come with us, Edward—come, if you like."

Edward sprang into the carriage, and in a moment they were off. It was a very full ball. The Lullingstone party was immediately voted the most attractive in the room.

Lord Westrey was not too old to open the ball with Lady Thoroughbred, whose noble husband had been for many years the patron of these entertainments, and within whose grounds was this race-course. Lord Thoroughbred apologized for not dancing. He had broken his collar-bone that morning, but of course thought nothing of it, and rather gloried in being the hero of the night, in a coat cut open up the sleeve, and tied round his arm with blue ribbons.

"Anna Julian, this is Lord Arthur Underwood," says Lord Westrey. "Miss Julian, will you do me the honour," says Lord Arthur. "And Edward," goes on Lord Westrey, "Mary is with her mother, waiting for you."

And so the first appearance in public in their own county began. Things so well begun went on with equal prosperity. Mrs. Julian found some friends in the room. Mrs. Seaforth and her husband were there, and a large party accompanied them, amongst whom were Ralph, and the lady destined by his sister-in-law to be his bride—Miss Thomson. Lady Westrey also introduced Mrs. Julian to many persons in the room, with whose sons and daughters Edward and Anna had been dancing. There was no exception to the high opinion formed of Mrs. Julian, and throughout the evening she had to listen to the well-merited praises of her children.

Anna's beauty, her dancing, her mamma, and her conversation—was the universal theme, varied by discussions on the probable riches of her father. It was the subject of the night. And still those praises rung through the room. They were ceaseless ; they echoed backwards and forwards, and were heard by every one except the bright creature who elicited them.

By the time tea was over, there was not a disengaged man in the room who would not have married Anna. It was the belief of many that she would be engaged that night. Fathers sighed after absent sons, mothers got introduced that they might try to keep her till they returned. Half a dozen men had declared to their par

ticular friends their intentions of proposing. Double that number had made the like resolve, and kept it to themselves.

Of all this, Anna neither knew nor suspected any thing. All she knew was, that she was intently happy. But others of her party knew it—the gentlemen understood it all. Lord Westrey, Lord Arthur Underwood, and even young Lullingstone, were aware of the feeling that was excited, and each in his way was disturbed at it. It was certainly a severe penalty to pay for having attained to so high a pinnacle of success.

Anna's friends were annoyed, because the admiration excited was among rather too indiscriminate a host of people. As the time wore on, the feeling increased. Knots of men, such as a large race-ball must be supposed to bring together, spoke a little too loudly, and were disagreeably overheard. Lord Westrey wished his party safe at home, and began to think of making some excuse for retiring early; but to do so, he knew, would not be a popular measure in one of his rank—it would be taken as an attempt to set an example of early hours. At last, the time for returning to Lullingstone arrived. The evening was pronounced to have been delightful. Anna had never been so happy before.

But Ralph Seaforth had that night involved himself in bets, which were all lost on the race-course the next day, and to pay which put almost all that he possessed in the hands of Isaac the Jew. The maddening excitement of the whole thing—the contrast between the prosperity of the Julians and his own ruin, made him now think anxiously whether, by securing Anna, he could not retrim his fortunes. There was vengeance in it, too. Anna did not know that the worst enemy she could have was in that room that night.

CHAPTER XVII.

JULIAN'S SUCCESS.

ON the following day Julian arrived at Lullingstone. He came to see Lord Westrey; for Edward had told him exactly what had passed. He told Lord Westrey that his daughter should not listen to the proposals of a man dependent on his father. He would settle two thousand a-year on Edward immediately, and a further sum on Mary if she married Edward. And he wanted Lord Westrey to go with him to a place about five miles distant, called Thornbank, which he wished to purchase for Edward.

Lord Westrey hesitated about going; he said that he did not like to do anything which might make matters look more certain than they were. But Julian pressed him to go. Thornbank was to be

sold in a few days. He hoped Lord Westrey would see it with him. So Lord Westrey consented, and they went together.

When they were gone, Mary Westrey sought Anna. Would she go with her and Lullingstone? Anna hesitated; but Lady Westrey immediately said—"Oh yes! go, dearest Anna. You ought not to stay in this morning. Is your brother going to *walk*, Mary?"

"He is going to try to walk to the holly-dell, and there Mark, in about an hour, is to bring the pony. He is so well to-day, mamma, that I think he will manage it."

"He must not over-fatigue himself," said Lady Westrey, anxiously.

"I think he has seemed much stronger, both yesterday and to-day," said Anna.

"He is really stronger, but I dread sudden changes; even sudden improvements are bad symptoms for one in his delicate state. His nerves are so tenderly alive just at present, his spirits are so easily affected, and his health depends so much upon his spirits. Oh, it has been a terrible trial!"

"It is still a most serious thing," exclaimed Lady Westrey. Then, looking at Mary's wretched face of fear and woe, she suddenly checked herself, and, putting her arm within her daughter's, she said, "But you need not be afraid, my dear Mary, I am sure that he is better—we have been recommended to take him to Madeira. I have thought of telling you many times, but I shrunk from doing so, for you are as nervous about him as I am, I think, my child."

"I have been very low about him sometimes," said Mary.

"But he does not require Madeira now, surely? He seems wonderfully well to-day."

"Well, go out now."

And, thus dismissed, the two girls prepared for their walk. The three spent all that morning out of doors; sometimes walking, sometimes sitting in some warm yet shaded nook. Once or twice Mary reminded Lullingstone that it was time to return—that he had never, since his illness, been out so long at a time. He could not attend to her—he was too happy. But Anna—she was saying long tender farewells to the spots she loved so much—she could not—would not visit Lullingstone again, till she could see it with a less anxious heart. She would never again be forced into such a false position—henceforth she would be true to herself—honest to her own feelings—never again would she allow herself to be so trammelled about with difficulties—she should that day be free once more—she would take her freedom to heart, and never again part from it for a moment. And then, when that future came, which surely would come, she should feel that she had been as true to Harold as he had been to her. Lord Westrey and Julian, during this time, had made their visit to Thornbank, and were returning to Lullingstone. While their children had been dwelling upon the romance of life they had been satisfactorily engaged with its realities.

They agreed that Thornbank would do extremely well: that it was neither too large nor too small, but just what they desired.

Julian had returned in greater spirits than usual. He had a stronger realization of the happiness of success. As he returned, and the carriage drove on to the terrace where he had liked, in days long past, to walk with Lord Westrey, while his wife made her *adieux* to the ladies within, John Julian smiled, and felt how gladdening a thing it was *to be* all that he had once dwelt upon in dreamy longings. There was not a visible drawback to his happiness. The eyes of the world in which he lived were upon himself and his children—they were approving, admiring eyes—great things were promised to him—greater still were pressing round him—he was a great man, great in himself and in his children; and John Julian stood free and welcome before the walls of old court Lullingstone, and looked forth upon the world and smiled, happy at his own success.

"Won't you dine with us? Must you really return?"

"I must go back, my lord; Mrs. Julian expects us."

"But you will see Lullingstone before you go. We think him better. The doctors have been talking of Madeira, but I think that a little travelling may do—to the south of France, for instance; he only requires a little present care."

"I should like to see Lullingstone. Where is he?"

"Oh! in the little room up-stairs—you know the way—I must go to Lady Westrey."

Julian proceeded towards the room pointed out to him as being occupied by Lullingstone.

It was a room in which Lullingstone usually spent his mornings. It had been fitted up expressly for him in consequence of this illness. On this morning after his return from walking, Mary and Anna had been sitting with him. There were two doors, one opening to the great staircase, the other to a smaller staircase, by which the servants usually entered. Lullingstone's couch was drawn towards a large stone-mullioned window, which let in upon the room a lovely view of the scenery without; a table stood near, and at right angles with his couch; another like it facing the window; and, to shield his couch from the draft of the side-door, there was a high, gilded, leathern screen.

It was a habit with John Julian to open a door very softly. It was perhaps the remains of his workman-like ways. He put his hand on the lock, and turned it slowly and gently, as if testing its powers. So he opened that side-door. The screen hid the speakers from his sight; but he could not help hearing their voices, and he knew them to belong to his daughters and Lullingstone. He could not go back. For a moment he was transfixed with what he heard—"I love you so earnestly, Anna!" Julian held his breath like one awed by some words of solemnest import.

"Oh, Lullingstone! But you must not talk in that sort of way, you know." Anna was a true woman. The trial was come; the

time for discretion and determination; she was penetrated with the acutest sentiments of distress, but her voice was calm and free; and her slight words, in answer to the terrible truth that had been told, were as gently spoken as if she had been answering the loving expressions of a petted child.

"And why not?" asked Lullingstone, smiling, and quite amused by the answer he had received. "Why not, Anna?"

"Because it is not fair," she said, now looking up from the sweet wild violets she was tying up so busily in little bunches.

"Not fair! What do you mean?"

"It is not fair to talk of love, when you are not sufficiently strong to bear the excitement of a refusal," said Anna, gravely.

Lullingstone laughed outright. "You delightful little creature!" he exclaimed. Then, suddenly pausing—"Anna, what was that? Look at the door." Anna looked round the screen.

"The door is shut," she said; "did you hear any one?"

"I fancied that I heard the door open. But, when I am strong enough to bear refusal, then you will not give it to me; will you, Anna? Please to remember, then, what I am going to tell you now. I shall *never* be strong enough to bear that from you; will you promise to remember that?"

"I promise to forget that any thing of the kind has ever been spoken of—there! I forget it all—what were we talking about? I forget—it is gone! Lullingstone, it is past the hour when I promised my father to be ready. I must leave you alone. Mary promised to be only a minute away, and she has been absent a full half hour. Ah!—there she is—no! my father. I will be ready immediately;" and Anna ran off to her own room. She had well said that she would be ready immediately. She felt that she would not at that moment leave her father and Lullingstone together for worlds. She threw her shawl round her shoulders, and returned to the room with her bonnet in her hand. She found them talking of Thornbank. She put her hand within her father's arm, and drew him away. They bade Lullingstone good-bye, and then went to Lady Westrey's room to repeat their farewell there. She had no rest in her mind till she was safe in the carriage by her father's side, and on the way to Mayfield.

It was a very silent drive. Julian took his pocket-book out, and pretended to be engaged in calculations; in truth, he was so impressed with, as it seemed to him, the fulfilment of *every* hope, that he could not speak. Anna thought that he was satisfying his mind on some questions relating to Thornbank, and was glad of an excuse for not entering into conversation. There sat father and child; their minds occupied by the same thought;—one depressed to a state bordering on misery, the other raised to so great happiness that, at that time, and in that place, he dared not think of it, lest the rapture it excited should get beyond control.

When Julian had heard all that he dared hear in his unsuspected situation in Lullingstone's room, he had retired as softly as he could.

Lullingstone had heard the sound of his departure; but neither he nor Anna guessed that that sound arose from one who had overheard what had been said.

For a moment, in that silent passage, Julian had stood with his head and hands upraised. So full was his heart with the sense of the extent of his happiness, that his lips softly whispered—"It is too much—too much!" But then he took courage, and it was solemn—very solemn, the way in which that man thanked God for that which he had heard—for granting to him the thought and desire of his heart—for all that he had given him. When he saw Anna again, and felt her hand upon his arm, it was as if she had grown a thousand times more precious to him than she had ever been before. He sat by her in the carriage, and felt that the desire of his soul was satisfied. He did not want to talk. His spirit sought to rest upon its knowledge. He would not disturb such happiness; his life was buoyed up upon it; it supported his very soul. Now he knew what success meant. Success—success—people had called it his before. But they knew not, that the things of which they spoke, were but as trash compared to that secret desire of his heart, which was now accomplished. No gratification that he had ever felt was in any degree to be compared to this. The events of the past he had never regarded but as means, to an end; and now the end was come. Again Julian lifted up his heart and thanked God.

Anna entered Mayfield hurriedly. She gave her mother one kiss, and then asked for Edward. He was up-stairs. She would go to him. She remained with him some time. She told him all. "You must take a note from me to Lady Westrey," she said; "and you must make them understand that it can never be. Remember, Edward, no unkind kindness—no hopes—no looking to the future. My answer is *No—and Never!*"

In vain Edward *Prayed* and besought. In vain he urged her to wait—to take more time. In vain he painted the difficulty it might make for himself—the distress of Lullingstone—the vexation of his father and mother—and the unaccountableness of her conduct. He even reproached her with having grown proud and impetuous, and said that it was her duty to listen to reason. Anna would hear nothing, and submit to no persuasions. He was to take her note to Lady Westrey, informing her briefly of what had passed; and he was to make it clearly understood, that her answer was as she had said, "*No—and Never!*"

At last she gained her point. The note was written, and Edward took possession of it. Grieved, vexed, and angry, the young man pursued his way. As Anna gazed after him, her heart grew lighter and lighter, till she felt quite glad and gay.

How proud and happy her father was that night! She played and sung; she amused him by her lively talk; she wove together bright groups of flowers for their room; she was the crowning joy of his life, and silently his heart blessed her a thousand times.

That night, after Anna and her mother had each left the drawing-room some time, there came a gentle knock at the door of the ante-room to Anna's bed-room, which had been prettily fitted up for her use by day. In this little sitting-room, wrapped in an embroidered India robe, with her feet thrust into slippers, quilted and wadded, and leaning on a small couch, was Anna, deep in thought on the events of the day. It so happened that her father had frequently added to the decoration and furniture of this gay little apartment out of love to the child, who called it, not a little proudly, her own. A brilliant lamp hung from the ceiling; pictures adorned the walls; a pianoforte, a music stand, a guitar, and a long narrow table, occupied one side; a bookcase, filled with the literature Anna best liked, occupied another; it was a very choice spot for ease and retirement; and in it, at that hour of the night, Anna found as much as she could have found anywhere. "What do I want?" she was asking herself, and looking round on the many indications of taste and wealthy liberality which surrounded her. "I have every thing," was her answer; "why, then, should I not be free? If I could sell myself in marriage, what is there upon earth that would be called gain to me!"

Again the little knock came, and Anna rising, went to the door.

"Who is there?"

"Your father—can you let me in?"

"Yes, dear father—there, come in. You look as if something was the matter. What is it?"

"Nothing—never mind, Anna." He looked with a gratified air on the luxury around him. "Are you comfortable here—in this room, I mean, Anna?"

"What do you think?" she answered, smiling, and setting him a chair, and kissing his forehead gently as he dropped into it.

"My dear child—my Anna, why don't you tell me?" She was still stooping over him, and he now took her hand and pressed it to his heart and lips. "Do you know that your old father could not sleep until he heard it; so he sought his child, that her sweet voice might tell him."

"Tell him—tell you—what is it, dear father?" And Anna pressed his head against her neck, and bent till her cheek touched his, and her long golden hair rested on his shoulder, and strayed across his breast. "Tell you what, father?"

Then Julian told his daughter how he had stood imprisoned in Lullingstone's room, and what he had heard.

The warm cheek that had touched his, grew as cold as ice, and Julian started from it. He jumped from his seat and looked at Anna, as she still stood drooping over the back of the chair on which he had been sitting.

"What did you say, Anna—what have you answered him?"

She knew by Julian's manner how it was. She knew her father well. She knew the voice and manner which spoke of feelings deep in that rugged heart, which could never be expressed, but

which thus by voice and manner were betrayed. She knew by the trembling of that giant form; she knew by the scintillation of that blood-shot eye; she knew by the strained posture of that generally bowed head; she knew by the nervous grasping of the huge hand at the first object within reach, and by a grating, discordant sharpness in the voice, and by the tremulous articulation of the few words he spoke—that he felt from the bottom of his soul interested in her answer. That he desired to hear that she had said “Yes” to Lullingstone, with that strong desire formed of the concentration of all the hopes, wishes, and plans of his most exciting and extraordinary life; and that, with this desire, there was awakened for the first time a never anticipated pain—the fear that she had said, “No.”

Alas, alas! She had thought her trial over; now she knew that it had only just begun!

She raised herself slowly from her drooping attitude. She knew that she must be firm. “I refused to marry Lullingstone Westrey,” she said, with a gentle gravity—“I do not wish to marry him. I cannot marry him. I said all that I dared to say to him in his delicate state of health, and I made my answer final by desiring Edward—”

“Edward! How, dare he?”—Oh! was it fiend or man that spoke? Anna shuddered.

“I made him deliver my note. I insisted on his explaining my meaning to Lord and Lady Westrey, that there might be no misunderstanding—that they might know that I was not presuming to trifle with them—that they might instantly make the matter clear to Lullingstone—my answer was *No—and Never!* I said it many times, and I repeat it now. Father! you have given me all that any woman can require—speak no more of this—Edward is disappointed—my mother, perhaps, will be; and I see that you are, but—”

She paused, for Julian was trembling as if struck with palsy. “It has been the one desire of my life.” He gasped the words slowly.

“Oh! don’t say that—ask any thing else of me,” said Anna.

“I never wanted any thing else—I have nothing else to ask. We will alter this message—you can’t mean it. I thought of it when you were children. I desired wealth, to make it easy to me. The wealth came—I so desired it—night and day. My thoughts—all, Anna, of you, God knows it—you did not speak positively, Anna.” The voice and manner were so changed, Anna could not read their meaning now. “We can alter this—you referred them to me—speak—Anna!”

“Try to bear up, father. Think of how you loved me. We will talk of it to-morrow. I don’t like to contradict you. I don’t like to seem undutiful—I can’t bear giving you a moment’s pain—sit down, lean your head on my shoulder. Kiss me, and forgive me.”

He did not seem to listen to her. His heart felt raw and bleed-

ing. Her anxiety to pacify and comfort him pained her in its excess ; but he did not seem to understand her. He looked at her oddly, and said—" Ah, yes ! we can alter this ! "

" No, father, I am not going to marry Lullingstone Westrey." She spoke firmly. He understood that. A strange look of pain passed across his face, and he tottered. Anna ran, tried to support him—the weight was too great—he fell sideways, crushing her against the couch ; his mouth opened, and a small quantity of blood just stained his tongue and lips ; his eyes were glazed—his strength—his senses—had departed. John Julian was in a fit. And round his daughter, like eddying waves, returned the words, " I desired wealth to make it easy to me. I so desired it—night and day—all for you, Anna. God knows it ! "

And now the desire of his eyes had passed away from him, and he had shrunk beneath the woe. The money—the mysterious money—had purchased that for which it had been desired ; and she, his daughter, for whom he had asked it, had hurriedly put the desired thing aside, or refused to have any thing to do with it ; she had cast it off, and put it beyond her father's reach. Had that wealth ever been a friend to her ? Had it brought her any thing but evil, fear, and trial ? There lay her father senseless—had it not wrought that work also ? Anna disengaged herself from the weight that held and crushed her ; she rang the bell ; alarmed the house, and brought her mother to her aid. One servant was sent for medical assistance, another to Lullingstone to fetch Edward ; and Mrs. Herbert was also sent to. The story was told to her mother by Anna, in a few words :—

" He came here to speak to me about Lullingstone Westrey. He had heard something at Lullingstone this morning. Lullingstone asked me to marry him, and Lord and Lady Westrey would not disapprove of the marriage, I believe. My father came here to ask what answer I had given Lullingstone, and I told him that I could not marry him. I did not know till to-night that my father had so desired this marriage. He did not say much. It was evident to me that he was shocked, and grievously disappointed. But I could not yield. I said that I could not. He fell down ; as he now is, he fell. But, mother," she added earnestly ; " if to marry Lullingstone were to save his life, *I could not do it.*"

Poor Mrs. Julian ! She could only weep.

The doctor came, and all remedial measures were applied. Mrs. Herbert came, and gave sympathy, counsel, and assistance. Mr. and Mrs. Seaforth were at Mayfield at an early hour in the morning. They saw Julian. He was still insensible. The doctor still stood by the bedside. He could not give any opinion as to the result: Edward had returned, and Lord Westrey had accompanied him. Lord Westrey had sent for the physician who attended his family. He said that he should be better satisfied if there was a further consultation. The Watermouth doctor thanked him, and replied that he was thinking of asking for assistance, and was glad to hear

of such an arrangement. Then he took Lord Westrey aside, and asked if Mr. Julian had made his will?

That morning, as Mr. and Mrs. Seaforth sat at breakfast, they talked of Julian. Ralph wandered in and partook of the morning repast with them. He, too, could only talk of Julian. The shock and the great interest of the case had overcome Mr. Seaforth's usually silent habits on subjects of business.

"John Julian is an instance of the great advantages attendant upon a habit of promptness," he said. "He has been the most energetic man I ever knew. He makes up his mind, and, when that is done, he never loiters or puts off about the measures which are to follow. A very remarkable instance of this has just happened. He has just determined to settle Edward handsomely in life. He had occasion lately to leave a considerable sum of money in the hands of a London house. Well, yesterday he visited Thornbank, liked it very much, spoke to Edward about it, and found it to be equally agreeable to him. Immediately he wrote to the agent proposing to become a purchaser. He had previously ascertained that the money for the estate, when paid, was to be lodged in the hands of Williamson at B—. He, therefore, last evening, empowered me to get that money from London for him, and keep it in my hands for the use of his son Edward. Therefore, you see that, if he never regains his mind, his son's prospects will never be at all injured, for he can complete this or any other purchase for himself."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Ralph. "You mean to say that he actually completed a legal instrument in his son's favour last night?"

"I do, indeed. And giving Edward a large sum in the funds."

Mrs. Seaforth prepared for a second visit to Mayfield.

When she got there, she was glad to learn that Julian was a little recovered. Yet sensation had come back in a sad, uncertain way. He seemed to be in a very wandering state of mind—talking strangely, sometimes with great rapidity, and at other times slowly, and even with difficulty. Thus he went on for the whole day. Towards night he appeared to be more in his right mind. He recognised his wife, answered one or two questions, and smiled on Anna, holding—or trying to hold—out his hand to her. Dr. Davis said that he was improved; and it was arranged that the medical attendants should not sit up that night, but that Mrs. Julian and Anna should stay in the room, and that young Mark Wyche—of whom of all his servants Julian was fondest—should sleep in the dressing-room; so that, if any help was wanted, he might be called, and further assistance be easily procured. This comforted Anna; for she felt that she had had so much to do with his illness, that to wait upon him, and watch him, and if possible never to leave him, was necessary to her peace of mind.

When night came, therefore, she persuaded her mother to rest herself in a large easy-chair which had been brought into the room, and supplied with pillows for that purpose. She herself, supplied with some noiseless work, took her place nearer to her father's bed.

Anna had received her instructions; she was not to mind his talking in his sleep, but, if the excitement of mind increased so as to lead to bodily action or any thing like delirium, then she was to summon Dr. Davis.

For the first three hours all was calm. Anna persuaded her mother to get some sleep herself, and at last seeing that all things promised well, Mrs. Julian attended to her child's whispered remonstrances, and prepared herself for repose. The mother slept, and slept soundly, as tired and exhausted persons are apt to do, immediately on any relief being afforded to the mind. Still Anna worked quietly, and still her father slumbered at her side. There was a curtain drawn between her and him, and the lamp by which she worked was so shaded on the side next to the bed as to keep its light entirely off the sleeper.

After a time he moved a little. Anna rose and propped him with his pillows so as to support him in his changed position. Her hands about him perhaps disturbed him; the brain grew restless again, and again he began to talk, not loudly, but with a dull quickness, which was harrowing in its meaningless volubility. At first, Anna could not understand what he said, but soon she found that he was talking of what had lately occurred; of her and Lullingstone, of Edward and Mary, of Thornbank, Money, Lord Westrey, Mr. Seaforth—never seeming to dwell on any one of these subjects with either pain or pleasure; but talking on, in an incoherent, senseless way, like a thing obliged to talk—as an instrument is wound up for motion, not able to help himself, but obeying some uncontrollable impulse, by which this wearing action was continued while there remained strength to produce it.

It was inexpressibly painful to hear this. Anna stooped over the sufferer, passed her arm beneath his neck, and, kissing him, whispered—"Try not to talk, dear father; try to be at rest; try to sleep; Anna watches by you; let her see you sleep." She had no idea whether he would hear her or not. She had spoken from a desire to stop that wearing current of words, or at least somehow to change it. It did change, but that was all.

The words now ran on about old times—the times of the old house. They flowed not so fast—there seemed to be more of mind and meaning in them; there was certainly memory. That boundless sea on which he had so often gazed—the workshop—where in such strange ways he had used to speak to the young, timid child, who yet loved to be always near him. The room, so prettily arranged, where they used to sit when work was over; the chair on which Julian always rested, and where his day-dreams had been so often sought, and encouraged. All these things passed in rapid review; not as one describing them did Julian speak, but he talked of them without any pause between the subjects, passing from one to another, and back again, in a manner which only one who had known such things in their reality could have comprehended. But Anna could disentangle these subjects as she listened; and

listening, sighed, and wondered if such a state of mind ought to be permitted to continue undisturbed—if she should try to wake him, or if she should send for Dr. Davis.

But stay—he talks of other things now, things about which Anna does not understand. The old iron chest, his own boyhood; that that chest's contents *must* live, and bring to its owner his wishes. Those wishes were wealth—wealth for *her*—for Anna; and then came words about the hidden store itself. Anna shuddered—“Oh! he is not mad—he is not going mad—this, surely, is not madness!” The tears gushed, and she sunk upon her knees, and hid her face on the covering of the bed, close where lay, like a thing struck powerless, her poor father's arm, all bound with stained bandages, from where they had bled him. She took the senseless hand; it seemed like the hand of a corpse, and pressed upon it kisses of agonizing feeling.

And now, whether or not disturbed by her caresses, she did not know, Julian's voice waxed louder, and his words more distinct—

“I read the papers, I read them often, I could read them, they were Latin, but I learnt at the corporation school—I always from a boy had kept trying to read them. I had picked up their meaning clear enough; they belonged to the gold, the gold belonged to them; they had been afraid to spend it; 'twas a fair sight, a good sight; it was looking upon power; year upon year had rolled up, more than two hundred and fifty years they had kept the papers of St. Julian's chapel, those of Dyrbington were copied; it was easy to read them; they had got the English of it, given by Sir John Dyrbington to Snigge, to reward his faithful services, and at his own request, copes, chasuble, chalice, paten, sometimes used in the chantry chapel of St. George at Dyrbington, not the ones given by the Bishop at consecrating the altar, but others bestowed by Dame Dorothy, and the second set of all the utensils belonging to the chapel of St. Katharine, and power to carry out their intentions of the laws of godly framing against the chapel of St. Julian, and memorandum of the spoils of the Benedictine house on Benet's Mount, and the same of the Augustinians in Friary court, and more, a good deal more, and money saved and hoarded, and money from things changed away through Spanish vessels, which could not have been safely changed away in this country, all good gold—put them aside in separate heaps; I knew that they were not going to be lost; I knew that they would bring me my wishes one day. Mr. Seaforth, very silent—good friend—good—good.”

Like a fair statue of white alabaster stood Anna by his side. Her ears had been drinking in each word. This was not raving; there was no madness there; it was the story of the past, incoherently told, but true; it was the source of their wealth displayed. She had never heard a syllable of it before, but she felt that *now* all that she heard was true. He had paused; he had taken a few slow breaths as if resting from his exertions; and then, just in the same way, he went on—

"It couldn't die—it couldn't go down; it was blessed gold; it was obliged to live. I knew it would come back. It would come back, and give me my wish. Anna! Anna! beauty and power; I used to see them together, put to stand side by side, Lord Westrey and I, the two fathers, looking upon them; I said, Give me that—ah! gold, gold, gold—Give me *that*; I said to it, Give me *that*! It all went away; all—all! It was quite empty, that great box. I sent it all away, but I knew that it would come back. Seaforth took it—waited. Oh!—" again there was a pause; again, as if for rest, the tongue ceased to move for a while. But now Anna leaned forward, afraid of losing a single word; longing to hear the end.

"Ah! rich—rich; very rich now; all succeeding. She is always with him. I had said, Give me *that*! I always said it. I knew that I should have it. The money had come, and the other would come. Hark! hush—Anna! Love! yes, I heard him. It is come; it is *all* come. I have it all now; yes, all! Oh! my heart—all, all; it is all come. Let me go—let me go to them! Lullingstone! Let me bless them; all is come—mine—mine; oh!—oh!—"

Like a cry of pain he uttered the last words. Anna spoke to him, but her voice seemed to make him more agitated. He repeated those cries; in notes of agony they rose. Mrs. Julian started up. "Hush, mother! He will be quiet again directly; don't move." She sat up with staring eyes, fixed in horrible distress upon the sufferer.

The loud cry of the delirious man rung round the room. He raised himself in the bed. Anna tried to draw him towards her to be soothed, to rest on her shoulder; but he was as stiff as iron, and he glared at her. Oh! a long, fixed, terrible, glaring look he fastened upon her; not as a man looks, but as a wild beast, roused by a raging hunger, glares upon his prey. "Call Mark," she cried, in a smothered voice, *for she was afraid*. "No, no!" cried Julian, loudly, and his wife instinctively stopped in her passage across the room, for she thought that those words were addressed to her. "No, no, Anna! I tell you, child—dear child—ah! if you knew; it is here—" he pressed his hand against his head. "But, I won't—I can't hear it! No, no! Tell me again, Anna! I didn't hear."

Again those loud cries—now louder, sharper, and more agonising than ever—smote their ears, and sunk into their souls.

The servant heard, and woke, and drew his clothes about him quickly, and joined his mistress in that chamber of distress. But Julian seemed to see no one but Anna. Still his eyes were fixed upon her with an expression of mingled horror and inquiry; and, as he glared at her, his jaw dropped, and his mouth opened wide.

The thought came into her mind that she would pacify him by saying that she would marry Lullingstone. A bright picture of the change from death to life that those few words would make passed before her. Something within urged her. The words are on her lips—"I will marry Lullingstone, my father;"—the words

are on her lips—give them voice—speak, and it will be done. He is dying—he is dying mad! Should medicine save him, he may be an idiot. He can never recover this if it continues much longer. It is all in your own power—speak, and give him life and reason. The words are on your lips; speak, and it will be done!

Rut there passed other visions before her mind's eye. There came the recollection of Harold's last lingering look—of how her heart had pleaded for him in that room—and how she had resisted, and he had gone away without a word. No! she could not speak. Her father lay gasping on her breast; but she could not say that she would marry Lullingstone. No! not if it would save his life.

A soft step was heard by her side. It was Dr. Davis. He looked sadly on his patient—he put his fingers to his wrist—his throat—his temples. Julian never moved.

"You must go, Miss Julian—you must not come near your father again till I give you leave. Go—go directly, if you please; he must not see you."

Bursting into tears, Anna left the room. She flew hastily to her own little apartment. Scarcely a thing had been touched since her father had fallen there. She threw herself on the ground where she had seen him lie, and poured forth tears and groans unheard and undisturbed.

MODERN SCIENCE.

IN our very justifiable complacency at the progress of Modern Science, we are somewhat forgetful of the past and of the future; of the past ignorance out of which we have emerged; and of the wide tracts of more perfect knowledge which future generations of mankind, and those probably not very remote, will one day occupy. Compare, for example, the state of navigation at the present time with its condition at the close of last century, as sketched by Lieutenant Maury, of the United States' Navy, in his "Physical Geography of the Sea."* The navigator guessed as much as he calculated the place of his ship: vessels from Europe bound for Boston frequently found themselves at New York, an error equivalent to entering the Bristol Channel taking it for the Mersey. Yet those old navigators, we are told, thought the land fall, as they called it, not so bad. Chronometers, which are now so perfect, were then an experiment. The "Nautical Ephemeris" was incorrect, and gave tables involving errors of thirty miles in longitude. Instances are numerous of vessels navigating the Atlantic being 6°, 8°, and even 10°, or nearly 700 miles of longitude out of their reckoning, in six, eight, or ten days from their leaving port.

* Page 59.

As a contrast to that older state of things, let me call your attention for a moment to an interesting example of the progress which navigation has made in our time.* By merely measuring the moon's apparent distance from a star with a little portable instrument, held in the hand and applied to the eye, and then by comparing his observation with his table of lunar distances for the year, a navigator is now able to say positively, within less than five miles, where he is on a boundless ocean. An instructive anecdote is related by the late Captain Basil Hall, of her Majesty's navy,—it is an everyday occurrence, indeed, in well-regulated ships; but it will give you a good idea of what modern navigators can do. Captain Hall had sailed, some years ago, from San Blas, on the west coast of Mexico, and after a voyage of 8000 miles, performed in 89 days, he arrived at Rio de Janeiro, after passing through the Pacific Ocean, after rounding Cape Horn, and crossing the South Atlantic Ocean. He had never during that time seen any land; and the only vessel he had seen was an American whaler off Cape Horn. When he had approached within a week's voyage of Rio, he carefully ascertained, by lunar observation, the place of the ship, and her precise course. Having done so, within limits of error not exceeding from 5 to 10 miles, he navigated the ship the rest of the way as sailors do when running from one port to another at short distances. When he had reached a point which, as he calculated, was within 15 or 20 miles of the coast, he hove-to, as sailors say, at four in the morning, till day should break, and then bore up, in nautical phrase; for although it was very hazy, he could see before him about two miles or so. About eight o'clock in the morning, the fog became so dense that he did not like to stand in or advance any further, and he had just given orders to bring the ship to the wind again, before sending the seamen to breakfast, when it suddenly cleared, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the great Sugar-loaf Rock, which stands on one side of the harbour's mouth, so nearly right ahead that he had not to alter his course above a point in order to hit the entrance of Rio; and yet this was the first land he had seen for three months, after crossing so many seas, and after being set backwards and forwards by innumerable currents and foul winds.†

The Science of Navigation in its recent progress may be taken as the representation of all the natural sciences. Many of them, as we have already seen, have advanced much more rapidly and more wonderfully within the same half-century. Von Humboldt, in his valuable work on the "Cosmos,"‡ assigns several causes which have resulted in this extension of knowledge. One class of these causes he describes as "the independent efforts of reason to acquire a knowledge of *natural laws* by a meditative consideration of the phenomena of nature."

It is a rule in observation, that effects or consequences are generally known before their cause, or the law of their recurrence

* Herschel's Discourse, § xxi. p. 27.

† Ibid., *ut supra*.

‡ II., p. 469.

is discovered. The whole of Natural Philosophy abounds in examples of this rule. The human eye had seen for ages before Newton measured the number of vibrations in a second of time, and in an inch of space, corresponding to various colours. Manufacturers spread their webs of linen in the open air to bleach long before Schönbein discovered that the service is performed by an allotropic species of oxygen, which he calls ozone. Medical men had found sponge of use in disease before the healing virtue of sponge was discovered to reside in its iodine. I might call it a universal rule in the history of discovery; there was first the observation of phenomena to be accounted for; then a longer or a shorter interval; and, finally, a cause was discovered to account, in part at least, for what had been observed.

Phenomena have sometimes occurred, in themselves so singular, and which remained so long unaccounted for, that their existence came at last to be regarded as fabulous—as a fiction of the poets. Every schoolboy has heard of the statue of Memnon, which was said to emit sounds of music when the sun rose upon it. I suppose no schoolboy ever thought that there was a word of truth, or of possibility in the story. But our travelling inquisitive age has found a granite rock in the district of Upper Orinoco, in South America, which emits musical sounds at sunrise like the notes of an organ. The cause of this is explained to depend on the difference of temperature between the external air and the air which fills the deep and narrow fissures of the rock. Hence, currents of air are set in motion; and, perhaps, also in their passage excite thin laminae of rock to a state of vibration. A similar occurrence has been observed at Mount Sinai.*

This example seems to me to be in a high degree instructive. We have first an occurrence narrated as a fact, and unexplained; then treated as a fable, when its existence could not be submitted to the test of sensible proof. It occurs again in another part of the world; it is proved, is sufficiently explained, and now takes its place among phenomena recognized by scientific persons. The remark of the sagacious Humboldt seems to be in point here, "Phenomena, whose manifestation depends on the accidental concurrence of favourable circumstances, ought not to be disbelieved on account of their rarity." †

This example also illustrates a remark of Oersted, the celebrated chemist of Copenhagen, in his "Soul in Nature,"—"Such instances may serve as a warning to those who confidently wish to prove a thing to be impossible because they cannot understand how it can be accomplished." ‡

What Humboldt calls "the meditative consideration of natural phenomena" is generally supposed to have owed its origin, in modern times, to the illustrious Lord Bacon, the founder of the inductive philosophy, as he is usually regarded; that is, of the method

* Mrs. Somerville's Physical Geography, I., VIII. Quoting Humboldt.

† Cosmos, III., p. 74.

‡ Page 174.

of reasoning from facts to general principles. But, more than a century before Lord Bacon wrote, Italy had produced a philosopher who had clearly enunciated this great doctrine. Lionardo da Vinci, celebrated as a mathematician, an engineer, and a religious painter, about 1498, published a work, in which this sentence occurs, "We must begin by experiment, and in this way discover the cause of what we observe."^{*}

This extension of the visible domain of law is one of the most important results of modern observation. Newton's Law of Gravitation, Dalton's Law of Chemical Affinities, were steps of incalculable value in the progress of universal science. But what are we to think of still more recent generalisation which has at last brought even the winds of heaven, and the proverbially fickle currents of the ocean within the empire of law. This marvellous result does not end in speculation; it has already, even in its infancy, produced certain and beneficent fruits. In those tracts of the ocean to which the investigation has been yet extended, the navigator is instructed at what points to expect certain winds and certain currents in each successive month in the year. A consequence of this has been an immense annual saving of expense secured to merchant States by shortening the period and diminishing the risks of long voyages; a saving to the extent of many millions annually. Another singular consequence has been, that pre-eminence in speed has once more been achieved by the sailing vessel over the vessel propelled by steam. By taking advantage of the winds' and currents' charts, the most rapid voyages accomplished in our time have been made, not by screw or paddle-wheel, but by clipper-ships sailing before the wind.

How much profound thought, how much patience, what persevering wisdom has been expended on these and similar results of modern discovery. More remarkably perhaps than all else, how much is our knowledge of these results indebted to a disengaged, and to a careful correction of the impressions made on the external senses. Indeed, the whole spirit of Modern Science tends to humble the human senses, and to send them back to school to learn their deficiencies and their true place in observation. "Science," says Oersted, the Danish philosopher, "has this in common with religion, that it endeavours to raise us above the impressions of our senses."[†]

A vast subject seems here to open before us, but at this period of the evening I can only slightly allude to it; and I will do so, by way of example and illustration. Look at the full moon on a clear night, as the hours advance, she seems to be travelling across the heavens in the same direction as the sun seems to travel by day. She rises in the east, and she sets in the west. But suppose now that her face is a little obscured, but not concealed, by thin fleecy clouds moving before a light wind, she will seem now as if she were ploughing her way through the clouds against the direction of the wind. Once more, if you are travelling through a wood, you will

^{*} *Cosmos*, II., 661; III., 7.

[†] "Soul in Nature," p. 445.

see the moon among the trees apparently moving along with you ; and if you meet a traveller, he will tell you that the moon, to his vision, appears as if she were accompanying him on his way. In which of all these directions is she really moving? In none of them ; but in a direction exactly opposite to the apparent path of the sun ; that is, she travelling from west to east, as you may convince yourselves by comparing her place among the stars, at the same hour on two successive nights.

Take another example, involving very important results. When an astronomer has determined the apparent place of a star in the sky, if he stops there he has done nothing. The place thus obtained is not the true one. The refracting influence of the atmosphere has bent the line of sight ; while the light is travelling down his telescope, it is moving, and an error of aberration, as it is called, is the result. The sky-marks, too, by which the star is mapped, are disturbed by various and complicated motions ; for all of which allowance must be made. But this cannot be done without writing 400 figures, and without the performance of fifty arithmetical operations.* Moreover, the numbers themselves which must be employed are the product of other complicated operations. So that it is calculated that each step of this process of correction, in order to obtain the true place of the star, would cost an expert arithmetician the labour of an hour before he could arrive at an exact result. Such are the erroneous impressions conveyed to the human organ of vision by the light of a star.

I have thus endeavoured, though, as I feel, very imperfectly, to convey to you a general idea of the condition of Modern Science, as viewed in itself, and as reflecting the power, the mystery, the immensity, and the eternity of the great Creator. Even in this view, the study of nature possesses an importance and an indescribable charm for every one who believes in God. "The invisible things of Him," says the Apostle of the Gentiles, "from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made ; His eternal power also, and His divinity." (Romans i. 20.)

But to a Christian, and to a Catholic, the aspect of Modern Science assumes a far higher importance in its intimate connexion with the revelation which this Divine Being has made "in these last days by his son ;" in the illustration and confirmation which Modern Science affords, in regard to many of the difficulties affecting the credibility of this revelation. Let me very briefly lay before you a few of the more striking points of contact, as I may call them, lying between Science and Revelation.

In the mysteriousness of nature's operations, I see a remarkable congruity with many of the most unintelligible doctrines of revelation. Physiology, and more especially Electricity, make me think of the obscure boundary on which matter and spirit meet. For this mysterious agent, namely, electric force, is poor and material after all. Take a few plates of metal, a few ounces of acid, and you are

* Address of Dr. Robinson to British Association, 1849. See Report.

able to collect it, and detain it; arrange a series of wires and supports, and you can send it hither and thither as you please. In its effects you can taste it, smell it, see it, hear it, and feel it; it is the only known force in nature possessing an avenue through all the senses. It is poor perishable matter after all; it is not spirit at all. If you neglect the material conditions under which only, so far as we know, it exists, or can be collected, communicated, or propagated, you will neither have it in your possession, nor be able to use it for your purposes. It is only matter; for all it looks so spiritual; so unlike our notions of matter in some respects.

Do not these reflections prepare us for still more wonderful results in the world of spirit? If matter can look and act so like spirit, and yet remain dull matter after all, what may we not expect to find in the domain of spirit? Why may not influences more penetrating, more subtle, more universal reign there? Why may not our notions of time and distance be still more remarkably set aside and superseded by the far-flashing speed of spiritual agency? Why should that be less real, less intimately present, because it is so invisible in its nature, so noiseless in its coming, so penetrating in its effects. Shall we say that spiritual agencies, good or bad, are far removed from us because we cannot yet see them, hear them, or feel them with our external senses? If, through the agency of something material, I can instantaneously affect the senses of another person, two thousand miles off, and through his senses, almost as instantaneously, communicate with his mind, why should it be thought incredible that I may reach the intelligence of a distant spirit, or that he may reach mine as instantaneously, however far removed in material distance. And if I can reach him instantaneously, why should I any longer think of him as distant? Why should the residence of such a spirit, wherever it may be, seem further off than any place that I can reach with the speed of thought?

Again, those wonderful wires! They carry our thoughts further than Vienna, or the Western Continent, or the Antipodes. They stretch away along the dim and distant horizon of material creation; their subtle pulse trembles on the extreme verge and boundary of matter and spirit; they transport our thoughts within the veil.

Further, if nature so abounds in difficulties and inexplicable results, if not even the simplest of her operations are perfectly intelligible, or, indeed, at all so, if you require ultimate reasons and final causes for anything, short of the Divine Will, are we to expect that everything in revelation should be apparent at first sight to every understanding, and perfectly intelligible in every part? Even if nature had been perfectly open to comprehension, it would have been inconclusive to argue that for this reason, revelation could not contain anything harder to be understood. But when nature is such as we find her, so mysterious, so unintelligible in her operations, the conclusion is, I think, very strongly in favour of revelation being shrouded in yet deeper mystery, with its mode of operation, and its ultimate causes wrapped up beneath a closer and a denser veil. If space and time are ever branching away into the illimitable,

at every moment, may we not be prepared to find revelation also cognate to a world of ideas, not less, but more extended ?

It is no shame to philosophy to sit patiently by nature's gate and note what passes, and wait for a development of the ultimate cause, and be content for the present, and for a long time to come, with no more than half a reason. And why shall it be thought shame to accept anything from revelation, of which the meaning is not instantly obvious and plain ?

Shall mankind surpass itself in its knowledge of natural things, so notably at various stages of its progress, and yet no time be allowed for growing up to a better understanding of the things of revelation ? The true philosopher does not repudiate the higher branches of knowledge, because they are yet too high for him ; neither should we, the loftier truths of revelation, because they are too hard of comprehension at the present stage of our intelligence.

All that a philosopher asks, with regard to the knowledge of nature, is this — is so and so the case ; is it nature's way ? If he is satisfied of that, on the very best evidence at his command, he takes the new fact into his sum of knowledge, adjusts it, as best he can, and explains it, when, and as he is able. Of two facts equally proved, he will not reject one, because he thinks it unintelligible, while accepting the other on account of its apparent simplicity ; he well knows that every truth in nature is valuable, though its place may not be at once adjusted, nor its rationale explained.

A philosopher will do no less towards revelation. Once convinced that God has revealed himself to mankind, he will ask only what that revelation is, not whether this or that part of it is intelligible to him or not, or whether it corresponds or not with the impressions of his senses. His study of nature's wonders has prepared him for greater wonders in the wider sphere of revelation ; in a higher elevation, so to speak, where wonderful things would seem to be more appropriate. As a simple matter of fact, a subject for evidence, and proved by evidence, revelation exists, together with a train of moral effects resulting from it, open to examination, established by proof ; effects as palpably visible, and every way perceptible, as the cure in the Gospel ; "I was blind, now I see." Unless all human testimony is a mockery, wonderful actions of Canonical Saints, for example, are proved. If they are not proved, there never was a fact proved in a court of human justice, where far inferior evidence is daily admitted. These effects, resulting from the operation of revealed truth, when observed, agree exactly with what we already know from revelation they ought to be ; just as theory in physics explains, and confirms empirical observations. It is the part of every consistent philosopher to examine the evidence, and decide on its broad and extrinsic merits, without taking the sum of revealed truth to pieces, and making his imperfect understanding the measure of how much of it he is to receive.

Thus Modern Science, if rightly studied, becomes a witness in behalf of Catholic Truth. So far from assuming an attitude of indifference or of hostility to the study of science, every Catholic whose

leisure and whose education qualify him for it, would do well to make some acquaintance with nature in her daily operations. It were much to be desired, that some of our youth would make branches of science their profession—the business of their lives. They would become the champions of Truth in a field which, at home at least, has been too long regarded both by friend and by opponent as enemy's property; by our opponents, as impregnable; as unassailable, by ourselves. It would be a great day for the Catholic body in England—may I rather say, it will be a great day for them—when they can point to men of eminence in every branch of science among their own sons; to men whom the same training has made good Christians, and docile as well as enterprising and successful philosophers; who have learnt on the same principles to study Nature, and to accept the whole of Revealed Truth. The arrival of that day will announce the occupation of another important position in our approaches to the rampart of prejudice and of hostility, which misconception and misrepresentation have erected, and have too long defended, against the Catholic Faith.

And for the interests of science herself, hardly less than for the sake of religion, I look forward with sanguine hope to such a day. When one remembers how many of the secrets of nature have been disclosed to men who sought in their pursuit only their own reputation, and who often applied their brilliant discoveries to undermine the credibility of Revelation, I cannot believe that Nature would long withhold still more precious secrets from the scrutiny of men, who sought them principally in order to promote the greater glory of the Almighty Creator. I cannot believe that in the Kingdom of Nature another principle prevails from that which so widely predominates in the Kingdom of Grace—"that the clean or the pure in heart shall see God."

FELIX PERETTI.

(SIXTUS THE FIFTH.)

CHAPTER I.

THE DETERMINATION MADE.

TAKE an earnest English Catholic, one whose religion pervades his every feeling and sentiment, suddenly transport him to Italy, and put him down in any of the streets or squares of Rome. Nothing certainly would sooner arrest his attention or touch his heart, than the universal and unmistakable love and devotion to our Blessed Lady evidenced by the whole Roman people. I do not mean merely that every household recites the Rosary of an evening, or that in every church you find our Lady's Altar crowded, or that, in moments of surprise or peril, the first exclamation on a Roman's lips is, *Madonna santissima, ajutatemi*; but as from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, so from the exuberance of this sweet devotion, it continually manifests itself in multitudinous forms. Every shop has its statue or picture of the Madonna set up on high, and surrounded by flaming lights, or illuminated by the pale steady gleam of the little lamp, whose tiny flame

offers uninterruptedly the sacrifice of faith, from Holy Saturday's newly consecrated fire, till the circling year on Maunday-Thursday strips the church's altars, and extinguishes the lamps of her sanctuaries. Every street corner, every piazza, is beautified with its Madonna, lighted with the ever-burning lamp, and shielded from the weather by an ornamental niche. I do not mean that these statues and pictures are admirable always as works of art; many of them are sufficiently rude and inartistic; but I do mean, that in most cases the artist, whether sculptor or painter, has contrived to catch a certain expression of tenderness or sweetness, that touches the heart wonderfully, albeit it is whole spheres removed from the high art of Protestant "Redeemers" and "Virgins" in our English exhibitions. How beautiful is it, and how striking to one coming from a Protestant country, and witnessing it for the first time, to see the conduct of the people towards nightfall in respect of these pictures by the wayside! The shopkeeper, out for his evening stroll, never passes one without raising his hat and respectfully bowing his head. As you pass along, you see the self-appointed sacristan here and there touching up his Madonna, dusting the niche and the figure, burnishing its silver crown, replacing the wasted candles, or replenishing the oil-lamp for its nightly vigil. Here is a party of youths returning to town after spending the afternoon on Monte Testaccio; they have their quoina, bowls, and ninepins distributed among them; but as they pass the Madonna in front of St. Prisca on the Aventine, they drop their implements of play by the wayside, fall upon their knees, and chant the Litany of our Blessed Lady. One of them takes the part of cantor, intoning the responses and chanting the prayers. They need no books to guide them; every Roman infant lisps the Litany of Loreto almost before it can toddle. Further on, you come to a group of a different kind. These are countrymen from Tivoli, saying their evening prayers under the Madonna before they turn in for the night on the steps of St. Peter's. They'll sleep snugly enough there, although their couch and pillow be the hard marble, and their curtains the walls of the Vatican and the dome of old St. Peter's. In another quarter, the kneeling group is a *camerata* or company of students from one of the colleges; you can distinguish their nation by the colour of their cassocks. Those in flaming red are Germans; but their fair complexions, ponderous foreheads, blue eyes, and yellow hair, would tell you that, without the index of their dress. Black with red facings are the sons of St. Patrick. Pure white are the *Orfanelli*, or little orphans; the Greeks bear their national blue; while the unostentatious black are the English, the *penitens toto avvisos orbe Britannos*, whom St. Philip Neri used to salute, either retrospectively or prospectively, as the "flowers of the martyrs." The students of Propaganda wear the same colours as the Irish students, except that they are girded with a scarlet cincture to remind them of the martyrdom which certainly awaits some of them, and to which most of them will be exposed. Their nations are as various as their complexions: "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites," however, they all bend the knee, or reverently uncover the head as they pass the Madonnas by the wayside.

Then, when Advent comes, the Pifferari come trooping in from the Romagna and the Abruzzi. These are poor peasants and mountaineers, who follow some laborious calling during the greater part of the year, toiling for their daily bread as shepherds, carpenters, cultivators of the vine or olive, or working in the wine-press. But a few weeks before Christmas time, when the autumnal work is finished, they seek another means of at once keeping the wolf from the door, and satisfying their devotion. They repair to Rome in their picturesque costumes, carrying with them a sort of bagpipes, which are played very much as the Highland pipes are played, and which discourse very much the same eloquent music. They appear at the beginning of Advent. They generally show themselves in groups of three or four, and their custom is to go about from one Madonna to another, playing their simple hymns before each, and begging blessings for the holy Father, the sacred city, and the good man and his family to whose house the Madonna is attached, or by whom it is lighted and kept. This music and these prayers they repeat nightly; and, unmelod-

dious though their strains be, yet in fancy they become associated with the season; and knowing that they are shepherds and mountaineers, hither assembling to keep their Christmas time, it requires but little stretch of the imagination to interpret their shrilly melody:—" *Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum: I announce to you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people: a Child is born to us, and a Son is given to us.*" And so the poor Pifferari are favourites at Rome, and their coming is looked forward to, and they are always received welcome. The passers-by generally drop a few bajocchi for them; and they complete their work at Christmas, by going round to their various patrons, before whose Madonnas they have chanted and prayed. These generally treat them well, giving them a Christmas-box in the shape of money to cheer their homeward journey, and supplying their present wants with generous wine and slices of a peculiar Christmas cake, called *panzillo*. Then on the Feast itself they never fail to be present while the Pope sings

"The high, high mass
All at St. Peter's shrine;"

they receive the Papal blessing, and with light hearts and (to them) heavy purses, they turn their backs for eleven months on the Eternal City, and begin to plod their way homewards.

One cold evening of Advent, in the year 1629, two of these mountaineers might have been seen entering Rome by the Porta Angelica. They were evidently father and son; and, humble though their condition, there was something about them that could not fail to arrest attention. They were both footsore and travel-stained. The father's dress was a blouse of untanned goat-skin, nether garments of the same, a conical shaped hat of felt, bedizened with blue and red streaming ribbons, and sandals made from the bark of a tree, and laced to his ankles with thongs of untanned leather. His pipes were strapped to his back, and in his hand he bore a long staff to lessen the fatigue of his journey. The boy's dress resembled the man's. The features of both were bronzed with climate and exposure. A something about the elder betokened thought, self-respect, and self-culture; and there was a springiness in the boy's step, a vivacity in his eye, a gathering of his brows, and a purpose in his manner, that bespoke him a child of courage and determination.

They made their way to an humble house in Trastevere, over whose door was nailed a rough board rudely inscribed with the words:—" *Osteria con oucina.*" Here they sought and obtained a lodging. Had any one been sufficiently interested in their movements afterwards, he might have seen that they daily attended an early mass at the convent of St. Grisogono; they then made their regular rounds to certain Madonnas, performing their wonted offices before each. Towards nightfall they visited a church, where Benediction of the Most Venerable was given; after this came the frugal supper, and the close of day brought nightly prayer, and needful and welcome repose. Thus passed the Advent, unvaried by any strange occurrence; and now the time drew near for them to bid adieu to Rome and turn their faces homewards. But first they must perform the crowning act of devotion; they must attend at the solemn mass chanted by his Holiness at St. Peter's Basilica. The brazen gates were unfolded, and an anxious crowd entered, amongst whom were our two poor Pifferari. The function had not yet commenced, so they knelt down for a brief space before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. Suddenly their meditations were broken in upon by a trampling of many feet, a rattling of spears, swords, and lances upon the pavement, and a thrilling burst of music which has few parallels on earth. "*Tu es Petrus,*" sang that glorious choir, "*Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church.*" The boy started to his feet, and turned his amazed glances towards the sound. He beheld a crowd, many glaring colours, and much pomp. But one object only arrested his gaze. On a portative throne, raised high upon men's shoulders, was seated a venerable and saintly-looking man. His joined hands, his downcast eyes, his composed features, gave him the look of an exquisite statue, and the boy could scarce refrain from thinking that it was an angel from heaven corporally present,

"That is the Holy Father, our beloved Pope, Clement the Seventh!" said the old man. He turned his eyes again towards the procession, and did not mark the boy's fixed eye—what a strange fire shone from it; nor his agitated bosom—how it heaved like a billow. Could he have read the thoughts then passing in that anxious young breast, he would have descried the following inscription, engraven on a will of adamant in letters more lasting than brass: "*And I, too, will be Pope!*" He might have smiled at the boy's fancy; but there the words were, had there been a Daniel near to decipher the writing on the wall.

"Come, Felix," said the father; "*Andiamo.*" The boy was watching the last of the portative throng as it receded through the brazen gates. They rose, and Felix Peretti followed his father from St. Peter's.

A few weeks later, the father resumed his usual labour as a carpenter. His mallet resounded through his workshop, the floor of which was littered with shavings. Felix played beside him on the ground. Twice had the father called him by name to do some trifling service; but so deeply was the boy absorbed in his employment that he heard him not. The father now approached him, leaned over him, and perceived that he had cleared the chips and shavings away from a portion of the floor, and that he was deeply engaged in forming small pieces of wood into certain letters and words. He read them:—

SIXTUS THE FIFTH.

"What's all this, my boy?" said the old man.

"That is the name I shall take when I am Pope, father," replied the boy.

"Get along, you simpleton!" said the father: "you'll learn better sense next spring, when you go out to take charge of Emidio Bianchi's pigs on the mountains."

CHAPTER II.

THE DETERMINATION REALIZED.

It was spring. The trees were clothed in green, the early flowers scented the air, the birds were caroling, and all nature combined to give pleasure to man.

A friar, distracted by the beauty of the landscape, had wandered from the road he wished to take. The little path whereon he was walking traversed a forest of green oaks, so common in southern Italy. The good religious was much embarrassed, for there did not appear to be a habitation where he might ask his way. After having reflected for a few seconds, he decided upon taking a beaten track which conducted him into the thickest part of the wood.

He had not gone above a hundred paces when he fell in with a drove of pigs; and shortly after perceived a boy, who seemed to be the herd, for at the sound of his voice, doubtless well-known to them, they came flocking round him.

The father exclaimed, "Tell me, my boy, am I still far from Ascoli?"

"Ascoli! you are coming from Ascoli. You must turn back, and take the first turn on your right, then turn to your left. You will see two roads; take that by which you did not come."

"I must confess, my little friend," interrupted the traveller, "that I do not exactly understand you."

"If you wish, father, I can guide you."

"You would render me a great service; but what would become of your charges?"

"Oh! never mind them; they very seldom stray, and nearly all know their stable as well as I do."

The child picked up a long stick, and they walked on together in silence,

"Pardon the liberty I am taking, father," said the young herd; "but, pray, tell me at what age one can enter your convent."

The monk smiled.

"Why do you ask?" inquired he.

The boy laughed, and replied, blushing—

"Because I am going to ask you to receive me. I wish very much to learn what is necessary for those entering religion."

"Indeed! so you want to be a monk? But do you know how much and how hard you must work?"

"No, father—not yet; but I hope to prove that labour does not frighten me. Oh, father! I conjure you, take me with you!"

"But," objected the friar, "would your father consent?"

"My father!" exclaimed Felix eagerly, you could tell him no more welcome news than that I was in a monastery. He is too poor to keep me at home, so he placed me, much against his own wish, with a labourer as pig-driver. He would die happy if he thought I could be instructed sufficiently to be ordained priest, and perhaps made cardinal."

"A cardinal!" cried the good-natured man; "do you want to be cardinal? Perhaps you would like to be Pope?"

"If God wishes, father, who shall prevent it?"

"Well, come," said the friar, "I see your ambition is not to be easily gratified. If your parents and my superiors consent, I will take you home to the convent."

Felix silently kissed the hand of his new friend.

The father's consent was almost a matter of course; but there was a slight hitch in the proceedings when the good monk said that the boy must necessarily have a new pair of shoes for the journey. The household, family, kindred, and patriarchy of the Perettis mustered their means, which amounted to about four shillings of English money. Fortified with this sum, they proceeded to the Crispin of the village, and opened negotiations as to the sale and purchase of the shoes. A suitable pair was found; they fitted to a nicety; they were thick and strong; but, alas! the price was just one shilling and sixpence beyond the family means. Here was a dilemma; ready money transactions were the order of the day at Macerata, and, when the one shilling and sixpence was not forthcoming, the man of leather prepared to replace the shoes on the shelf. It was then that little Felix propounded to the shoemaker the following notable suggestion:—"Let me have the shoes for what money we have," said he, "and when I am Pope I will pay you the other *giulio*, principal and interest." "It's a bargain!" cried the son of St. Crispin, laughing heartily at the boy's conceit. Felix put the shoes on, left the shop, soon bade adieu to his humble home, and began his march upwards.

At the request of his good patron, the monk, he was admitted into the monastery, and he had not been long there before he began to shew the germs of brilliant talents; he became an excellent grammarian and a subtle philosopher. He persevered through all the difficulties of a student's life, was ordained priest at the age of twenty-four, and was named doctor of divinity and professor of theology at Sienna.

He acquired such a reputation by his sermons at Rome and at Genoa, that he was appointed inquisitor at Venice. This dignity was the certain stepping-stone to the sacred purple; and in due course Felix Peretti was elevated to this coveted rank, and his reputation for talent and sound judgment was such, that no name in the Sacred College was held in higher esteem than that of Cardinal Montalto. A lively dispute between him and the Venetian senate obliged him to retreat to Rome. To those who ridiculed him for his precipitate flight he observed—

"I had much rather go to Rome to be elected Pope, than stay in Venice to be hung."

Thus, his youthful resolution was always in his remembrances.

On the death of Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, the cardinals were divided as to a successor. Cardinal Felix Montalto then had the appearance of an

old man, bent under the weight of years, leaning continually on a staff, and his cough threatened him daily with sudden death. When informed that many voters thought seriously of him, he said, "Alas! I am unworthy of such an honour; but, if I live long enough to be elected Pope, I will be so only in name, and hope to leave most of the authority to others."

They waited for no more; he was unanimously chosen Pope on the 14th of April, 1585, by the title of Sixtus the Fifth. Scarcely had the conclave led the Pope-elect to the chapel of the Quirinal, when the latter, casting away his stick, marched firmly to the altar steps, and began the "*Te Deum*," in tones that made the roofs ring and echo for some seconds. On leaving the church, he gave benedictions in so vigorous a style, that nobody would recognise in this pontiff the old and infirm Cardinal Montalto. A friend could not resist the pleasure of asking him how his health had improved so suddenly.

"Do not be surprised," replied Sisto-Quinto, "I was looking for St. Peter's keys then, and naturally thought to find them on the ground; but, now that I hold them, I raise my head to heaven, having no longer need of earthly things."

As soon as Sixtus the Fifth had taken possession of the throne, he applied himself to the improvement of the laws and of the manners of the people. He put a stop to the unbounded licence which had prevailed with regard to civil regulations, and showed great rigour to criminals.

The Pontifical States were filled with all sorts of true and untrue stories of the Pope's severity. Crime of every kind he seemed to detect by inspiration; nothing was so hidden as to lie too deep for his penetrating ken. So that nothing was more common than for crimes almost forgotten to be suddenly brought to the light of day, investigated, and punished. No one felt that he was safe, and the timid trembled in their beds at the rushing of the midnight blast, thinking it might be an officer of Pope Sixtus. Imagine, then, the horror that thrilled through the inhabitants of Macerata, when one day a mounted dragoon came spurring into the town. He asked for a certain townsman by name, galloped up to his shop, and said that he was there by the Pope's orders to conduct him to Rome. This townsman was no other than our poor shoemaker of forty years ago. All recollection of little Felix and the owing *giulio* had long ago passed out of his memory, and little wot he the business for which he was dragged away two hundred miles from home to the dreaded Pope Sixtus the Fifth. So he followed the *dragone* with an anxious heart. The sequel of the story we will give in the words of an old biographer.

As it was above forty years since this affair happened, the shoemaker had entirely forgot it, and could not conceive the meaning of being sent for by his Holiness. As soon as he arrived at Rome, he was introduced into the Pope's presence, who asked him, "If he had never seen him at Macerata?" The poor shoemaker, almost frightened out of his wits, said, "Never, that he recollected." "No!" says Sixtus; "don't you remember that I once bought a pair of shoes of you there?" The shoemaker, more confounded than ever, said, "He knew nothing at all of the matter." "Well, then," says the Pope, "I must remember for you; I am in your debt, and sent for you hither to be paid." The shoemaker, who could not comprehend the meaning of this, stood speechless, till the Pope explained the mystery, by saying, "You formerly sold me a pair of shoes, in the price of which you gave me credit for a *giulio*; that I promised to pay you with interest when I was Pope; now that is come to pass, I have a mind to show myself an honest man, by being as good as my word;" and immediately ordered his major-domo to see how much the interest of a *giulio* at 5 per cent. came to in forty years, and then to pay him both principal and interest, dismissing him with, *Andate in pace—Go in peace*. The shoemaker went away very well pleased, and had already swallowed a large sum; but when the major-domo came to him again with three *giulios* in his hand, and said, "There's your money, write a receipt for it," he began to mutter, and meeting some of his countrymen, he told them, "His Holiness had made him come to Rome only to pay him three *giulios*, complaining that his journey had already cost him above twenty crowns, without reckoning the expense of his return."

Sixtus could not help laughing very heartily when he received an account of the shoemaker's behaviour; and that he was setting out again directly for Maccrata in a very peevish humour. But he had scarcely got out of Rome before he was overtaken by a messenger with orders to return; "for his Holiness had forgot something that he designed to say to him." When he came before the Pope a second time, he was asked by him, "Whether he had any son?" and answering that he had one who was in orders and a Servite, the Pope bid him send for him to Rome, and stay himself till he came.

In the mean time, he made strict inquiry into his life and conversation; and, finding him a man of good character, he gave him a bishopric in the kingdom of Naples. The shoemaker, coming soon after to return thanks, Sixtus said to him, "We hope you are now satisfied for the use of your *giulio*."

He was also anxious for the reform of religious orders, many of which were much relaxed from their original severity; and gave a new rule to the congregation established to check heresy and judge heretics.

Not content with improving the government of Rome, he beautified the city itself. He restored the Vatican library, and spared neither trouble nor expense to render it the most beautiful and most extensive in the world. Near this library he founded a printing establishment, destined to produce correct copies of books, altered by heretics or ignorant Catholics.

A great prince as well as a great pope, Sixtus the Fifth proved that men worthy and capable of wearing a crown, and of sustaining its weight with dignity, may be born under the humble and thatched roof.

He dissipated whole armies of bandits by the terror which his name inspired; he renewed the face of his territory, although he left the pontifical treasury full and unembarrassed.

Occupied unceasingly, he used to say to those who recommended him to take more repose—"A sovereign ought to die on foot."

He continued labouring for the Church night and day up to the moment of his death, which was hastened, as it is imagined, by poison.

This crime was attributed to the Spanish party, jealous of the pontiff's well-deserved preference for the French king, who, when he heard of the Pope's death, exclaimed—

"I have lost a friend! God grant that his successor may resemble him! I recognise here a stroke of Spanish policy."

Sisto Quinto expired on the 27th of August, 1590, at the age of sixty-nine.

Fundamental Philosophy, by REV. JAMES BALMES. Translated from the Spanish, by HENRY F. BROWNSON, M.A. In 2 Vols. New York: SADLER & Co. 1856.

THIS great work has at length made its appearance in an English dress. Though some years have elapsed since its publication in the Spanish language, and though a correct and elegant French translation, by M. Manec, has put it, we may say, into the hands of the learned of every country of Europe, yet it has, up to this time, been almost unknown to the generality of English readers. It has every where been favourably received by all those whose genius and learning enable them to appreciate truly philosophical and metaphysical labours.

The illustrious author, whose premature death, at the age of thirty-seven, is still felt as a serious loss by every friend of religion,

science, and literature, was unquestionably one of the most elegant writers, and one of the most profound philosophers of his time in Spain. This is high praise, when we consider that he had as contemporaries Claret, Juan Donoso Cortes, Mazo, and others whom we could name. His work on European civilisation, by which he is best known in this country, has been translated into several languages; and we know well what effect it has had, both here and in France, in correcting the unsound theories and socialist tendencies of contemporary writers on that subject. But his great work, that which he esteemed the most important, is the "Filosofia Fundamental." He seems to have undertaken this work, impressed with the truth of that remark of Aristotle (quoted by St. Thomas in the very preface to his treatise *De Ente et Essentia*), that an error, however slight in first principles, becomes an error of great importance in all conclusions deduced from those principles.* Though thus guided in examining the principles, deductions, and conclusions of modern philosophers, his work is not a mere critical examination of various systems, nor a comparison of the merits of various schools—it contains, itself, a system of philosophy. As a criticism, however, we anticipate more fruit from it, in this country. As a clear and distinct exposition of the somewhat plausible errors of Hume, of the false and illogical conclusions of Bacon, Locke, and Spinoza, and as a closely reasoned refutation of their theories, the work is, in our opinion, inestimable. Whoever reads it with attention, will afterwards have little difficulty in detecting the numerous errors which modern English writers have imbibed from the indistinct speculations and unsatisfactory theories of German philosophers. The work will be welcomed by those who have a taste for useful studies; it may even go far to create such a taste. Many other benefits, we are persuaded, will be the rewards of an attentive perusal of this singularly valuable work. The author's intention in this, as indeed in all the labours of his short life, was solely to expose error, to advance the interests of truth and virtue, religion and social happiness. It is almost unnecessary to add that this, as well as all his other writings, is free, not only from any error contrary to Catholic faith, but from any expression or *modus loquendi* in any sense objectionable. We earnestly hope that it will be read and studied by young men who have not yet formed their opinions on many of the subjects which it discusses. We would recommend it particularly to Catholic young men, not merely as an antidote to the influence of a literature almost as infidel as superficial, but also as a guide to a deeper study of first principles, and to clearer and more fundamental notions, both of the speculative and of the practical.

* Mr. Brownson, by his translation of this work, has, we think, a strong claim on the gratitude of the English reader. We are glad to see him directing his genius towards that field of science in which his father has so long stood with few equals and no superior. We have read the work in the original, and can therefore say, that this translation, as far as we have examined it, gives faithfully the author's meaning.

The following extract will serve as a specimen both of the author's style of writing and of his manner of analysis :—

Fundamental Explanation of the Moral Order.—There must be something absolute in morality. It is not possible to conceive anything all relative, without something absolute on which it is founded. Moreover, every relation implies a term to which it relates, and consequently, though we suppose a series of relations, we must come to a last term. This shows why purely relative explanations of morality do not satisfy the understanding; reason, and even sentiment seek an absolute basis.

Besides this purely ontological argument in favour of the absolute in morality, there are others not less conclusive, and which are within the reach of ordinary men.

In the infinitely perfect being we conceive infinite holiness, independently of the existence of creatures; and what is infinite holiness but *moral* perfection in an infinite degree? This argument is decisive for all the world excepting atheists; who admit the existence of God must admit his holiness; the contrary is repugnant to reason, to the heart, to common sense. Therefore something absolutely moral exists; therefore morality in itself cannot be explained by any relation of creatures to end, since morality in an infinite degree would exist though there had never been any creature.

In what, then, does absolute morality consist? Where is the hidden source of this ray of beauty which we all perceive, which penetrates every thing, making all things beautiful, and without which the world of intelligences would wither and fade away?

It seems to me that on this point, as on many others, science has not paid sufficient regard to the admirable profundness of the Christian religion, which answers with one word, as full of tenderness as of meaning: *Love*.—Vol. ii., pp. 527-9.

The Hidden Treasure ; or, the Value and Excellence of Holy Mass.

Edinburgh : MARSH and BEATTIE.

It is but a year since we heartily welcomed one issue of this most excellent work. And, now, we are glad to find its value attested, by another press producing a second version of it. Like all the works of Beato Leonardo, this *Treasure* breathes in every line the spirit of charity and piety. Nothing could be a better companion to the altar; and we not only earnestly recommend it as journalists, but, as Catholic journalists, we sincerely hope that the low price for which the work may now be obtained, will induce every sincere Catholic to provide himself with this most excellent manual.

The Dublin Review; January, 1857. Derby: RICHARDSON & SON.

The Lamp. London: DOLMAN.

The Catholic Chronicle. Melbourne: GASON.

Catholic Library Magazine. Newburgh, U. S.: ASHURST.

THE *Dublin Review* must not be offended at being classed with the above "lesser lights;" for all the list, each in its sphere, are working for the same end. When our own *Magazine* was started we were fearful of being regarded as interlopers, and unwilling to trench on preoccupied ground. But, just as astronomers, observing a yawning gap between Mars and Jupiter, inferred that something in the shape of a planet must lie between, and finally verified their inference by the discovery of the Asteroids; so we thought that there was "ample space and verge enough," between the *Rambler* and the *Lamp* for a journal, that might work in an orbit of its own without interfering with either. On this

idea we started, and on this we have worked ever since; nor are we aware that we have hitherto done any thing to interrupt the harmony of the spheres, while we are conscious of having effected some little good.

The Catholic Chronicle hails from far Melbourne; and is a new periodical addressing itself, on "religious, social, and literary" subjects, to the middle and upper classes of Catholics. The number before us contains original papers on subjects of Catholic interest which are well written, without exaggeration either of style or sentiment. It is a quiet, respectable periodical, which we think will be read, and will certainly do good.

In the Editor of the *Catholic Library Magazine*, many will recognise a name known in this neighbourhood, and will be glad to find Mr. Ashurst conducting so valuable and rising a journal; which is dedicated to the same mission in America, as the *Lamp* is in England, and the *Catholic Chronicle* at Melbourne. It bears the impress of being in the hands of men who know their work, whether we look at its literary or business character.

We have always turned a friendly regard on our venerable contemporary, the *Lamp*, which has now been almost two lustrums before the public. Of the Jansenist affair we will say nothing, as it was evidently an oversight. We think the *Lamp* would do well to insert more original, and less selected matter. As for its new illustrations, of which we have seen one, the style seems to be good; but we were almost chilled at finding the series of biographies and portraits inaugurated with the "thrice-told tale" of Sir Thomas More. The editor may say with Horace, "Decies repetita placebit;" still there is such a thing as people getting tired of a subject. Would it not be possible to procure illustrations from French Catholic serials, of which there are many profusely illustrated, and which, we have reason to think, would almost give their blocks for the good of Catholic literature in England? These would be new in this country; and a judicious selection, with the proper letterpress, could not fail to be interesting.

The present is a highly successful number of the *Dublin Review*. The first paper, on Lord Cockburn's *Memorials of his Times*, is an agreeable article, and takes occasion to show, for the encouragement of Ireland under English misrule, in how dreadfully low a political state Scotland was fifty years ago. The second article inflicts a hearty, merciless, and deserved chastisement on Froude. Then follows a valuable digest of the true views and arguments on that important and daily more and more momentous question, *The Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes*. Two papers, each good in its way, come next, on the *Great Rebellion* and the *Tales and Poems of Madame D'Arbouville*, grand-daughter of one of Ronsseau's celebrities. The sixth article describes *Dangers to Catholics* in the case of certain suggestions of the *Rambler's* being adopted. We will not mix ourselves up with the question, but the article in the *Dublin* should be read by all Catholics. It bears internal evidence that

its author has had opportunities of knowing the best interests of Catholics in these countries; and he fortifies his position by sound arguments and common sense. The last paper, on *The Irish in England*, is founded on Mayhew's "Great World of London," and takes up the case of the Irish poor in this country; not begging for them, or claiming sympathy in their behalf, but showing that as a class they are apostles of Catholicity, leading religious lives in the midst of the distractions of poverty, labour, and contempt. It is written by one who knows Ireland well, both in its home and in its developments, and impresses the idea that this subject presents a most useful study for the present day, when the Irish race are bidding fair to produce powerful impressions and enduring effects on the other nations of the earth.

The Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes. By the VERY REV. CANON MILEY, D.D. Dublin: DUFFY, 1856.

IF Dr. Miley's first volume can be taken as a sample, the "Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes" promises to be a work of no ordinary interest. Appearing, as it does, at a time when the political state of the Italian peninsula attracts so much attention, it can hardly fail to be popular—particularly among Catholics—and to exercise a wholesome influence upon those who read it with attention. The work is marked by great and profound erudition; it shows that its author has read extensively and with profit, and can adduce illustrations, numerous and felicitous, in favour of his theory. We have seen only the first volume of the work, and therefore cannot be expected to say much, or offer any criticism on it. Indeed we feel that it is unnecessary to say anything in commendation of a work, the writer of which is so well and so favourably known as the author of "Rome under Paganism, and the Papacy." In his present undertaking, he proposes to treat of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, in its origin, the vicissitudes through which it has passed, from St. Peter to Pius IX.; and to discuss historically the important question or questions—"Is it (the sovereignty of the Popes) the life of Rome, the glory of Italy, the 'Magna Charta' of Christendom?" The theory which he defends will be best understood in his own words.

"The theory regarding this territory, having Rome for its capital, which, after long pondering on the proofs, appears to me to be tenable, is this, that it belongs to the Pontiffs, not alone by free 'cession of the Aborigines,' by formal 'donation,' and by the 'prescription of ages,'—all most valid and thoroughly well-authenticated titles—but also by 'divine right,' to this extent, that as it was present to the mind of the Redeemer, when investing St. Peter with the supremacy, that Rome with its dependent territory was to be the sphere where that supremacy was, throughout all time, to be wielded, it follows that He must have willed that region to be sequestered and exempt from all secular domination, whether of

king, republic, or emperor; experience, as well as reason, having demonstrated, that otherwise the tendency would ever be to degrade and pervert the supremacy, by converting it into an engine of state policy, those invested with it being held, like the Primates of Russia, or the Byzantine Patriarchs, in abject subserviency to a Basileus or Czar."—Vol. I. pp. xvii. xviii.

We shall not attempt to influence our readers in forming their estimate of this theory. As they will examine for themselves, each in his own way, it is only necessary that we should give the principal argument by which the author seems to defend it.

"Startling as it may appear at first, this assertion—that temporal independence, exemption from earthly control, the right to have no power above him but that of his divine Lord and Master—this assertion, at first sight so anomalous, when the nature of St. Peter's charge is considered, becomes a self-evident verity. Nothing easier than to test this; one solitary argument will be enough to place the subject in the clearest light; the argument is this:—

"That Christ conferred the supremacy of his Church on St. Peter—a supremacy not alone of honour but of jurisdiction; made him the viceroy of His kingdom on earth; invested him with his own authority to decide all controversies, judge all causes regarding truth and error, right and wrong, vice and virtue; to reward and punish, bind and loose, with an authority identical with his own. This can no more be doubted than that the words of the Gospel, in which all these prerogatives are solemnly conferred on St. Peter, are truly the words of Christ. Therefore it must have been the will and design of the Redeemer, that a sphere wherein such a supremacy could be exercised should be prepared and sequestered from all human control, wherever the See of St. Peter was to be established finally. Otherwise the prerogatives would be nugatory, &c.," pp. 5-6.

We regret that our limits do not permit us to examine more fully this important book; we hope to be able to notice it again at some future period.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

An endless variety of books now issue from the Press: it may not be very untrue to say that quantity takes the place of quality; nevertheless, among noticeable publications, we find collected more than we shall have room to speak of. The mutability of Heresy is not an uninteresting topic at any time; and in the present day, when the minds of all men are more or less turned towards the church, it becomes in some sense important to notice certain of the less popular "variations" of Protestantism. One of these is an attempt lately made to establish "Evangelism" (so called) on a philosophical basis; the "Rationale of Justification by Faith," (Hamilton and Adams.) The title is a curious one. Philosophy, by the class of persons concerned, used to be considered a bane, human science an impediment, to the "fulness and freedom of the gospel." Have they come to perceive, that fulness does not mean laxity, nor freedom,

licence; that, in the words of an eminent convert from their own body, "they can by no means obtain a right to believe that two and two make five, or that the earth is square." We think that these unphilosophical notions, where they exist, will not stand much chance of being refuted by the brochure before us; still, as proving the silliness of the system in which they are found, the enunciation of one more new theory may not be without its value. Although the name of Bacon can unfortunately be said to have little concern with religion, it is never out of place when even alluding to philosophy; and the next work of which we have to say a few words, is one by Dr. Kuno Tischer, a German, and purporting to be an exposition of the life and works of the great Francis Lord Verulam. A short time ago, *à propos* to "Emerson's English Traits," we were wishing for a refutation of Macaulay's exaggerated eulogy of the philosophy of "fruit." We did not expect to see our wish carried out in the pages of a "Free-thinking" review—our contemporary, whose elegant learning we often wish devoted to a better cause, says, speaking of Dr. Tischer's book, "Bacon's character was homogeneous; the same habit of thought which pervaded his philosophy ruled his life; his self-interested, utilitarian conduct, translated into speculation, became his philosophy." And as though that might not suffice for those who would make a rule of life of the latter—"Anglo-French illuminism, the deism of the end of the 17th, and the atheism of the 18th century, trace themselves back to the direction given to the human mind by Bacon."

This puts us in mind of the first time we read, in some essay of Carlyle's, "The great social revolution of 1793, which was the third act of the English reformation."

The words seemed to burn themselves into our brain; for the Reformation had hitherto been to us a sacred thing;—we closed the book, and could not open it again for weeks. We are, however, at the present moment, growing too serious in our gossip. Many persons will be amused by a volume of letters lately brought to light, and found to be addressed by the biographer of Johnson, James Boswell, to a certain Mr. Temple; they reveal the minutiae of his private life, which, as we read, we wonder that so great a fool should have been allowed to be at large. He was conceited withal, and so frightfully ugly. This man had nevertheless, according to his own showing, a great number of *affaires de cœur*, and as telling the truth seems to have been the one virtue he possessed, we may perhaps contrive to believe him. Part of a scene with one of the favoured damsels, surnamed by her adorer the "Princess," we cannot forbear quoting; in modern slang phrase she was evidently "chaffing" him:—

On Monday forenoon I waited on Miss B. I found her alone, and she did not seem distant; I then asked her to be candid and fair, as I had been with her, and to tell me if she had any particular liking for me. What think you, Temple, was her answer? "No; I really have no particular liking for you; I like many people as well as you." Temple, you must have it in the genuine dialogue.

Boswell. Do you, indeed? Well, I cannot help it; I am obliged to you for telling me so in time. I am sorry for it.

Princess. I like Jeany Maxwell (Duchess of Gordon) better than you.

B. Very well; but do you like no man better than me?

P. No.

B. Is it possible that you may like me better than other men?

P. I don't know what is possible.

(By this time I had run and placed myself by her, and was in real agitation.)

B. I'll tell you what, my dear Miss Blair, I love you so much, that I am very unhappy if you cannot love me. I must, if possible, endeavour to forget you. What would you have me do?

P. I really don't know what you should do.

B. It is certainly possible that you may love me, and if you should ever do so, I shall be the happiest man in the world. Will you make a fair bargain with me? If you should happen to love me, will you own it?

P. Yes.

B. And, if you should happen to love another, will you tell me immediately, and help me to make myself easy?

P. Yes, I will.

B. Well, you are very good (often squeezing and kissing her fine hand) while she looked at me with those beautiful black eyes.

Two other volumes of letters claim some attention in an historical point of view, those of Charles the First to the Queen, published for the Camden Society; and the letters of her Majesty Queen Henrietta Maria, including her correspondence with Charles, collected now for the first time from the public and private archives of France and England. We have not read these books attentively; but, glancing through them, find their principal interest to consist in the admirable character of the queen, and the influence she might have had for good on the king and kingdom, had her counsels, we had almost said in every case, been followed. Some years ago, when a Mr. Burnet edited, as he said, the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, we found the lectures of the latter wonderfully increased in length, but not a thought or word added that was not expressed much more effectively in the original text. Here is now another volume on the same subject, whether edited by the same Mr. Burnet we do not know, but the name sounds to us as one of inauspicious augury. This book does not appear to meddle with the "Lectures," but purports to be selections from the diary of Sir Joshua, and from certain of his unpublished notes; two or three paragraphs from the latter strike us as worth quotation.

"In writing, in criticism, and in life—in all these, first impressions are to be preserved.

"The great business of life is to watch over yourself. Second thoughts have novelty, to guard against that.

"Second thoughts in life is a cunning imposing on one's-self, by an endeavour to make our reason conform to our will."

We are not able to judge of the degree of conviction which operated at any particular time upon our thoughts, but as it is recorded by some certain and definite effect.

We quote the following paragraph from the Athenæum; for the idea it contains strikes us as well worth promulgating:—"We want a good Ballad Poet, one who should find inspiration in the living time, and put into his verse something of the sinewy strength and smiting tenderness of the old ballad poetry. Our young poets are getting near-sighted, by continually looking within themselves instead of looking well about them. They are leaving to the novelists the whole world of incident, peopled with its strong human sympathies. Who knows but that, when the thought is once put into their minds, there may be certain of our friends already fitted to take up this suggestion, and act upon it?"

The legitimate drama is finding novel patronage in London just now. The managers of Astley's are producing Shakspeare's Plays, "illustrated by horses." Now, we are very fond of Shakspeare's plays and also of horses, but it had never hitherto occurred to us we would in any way unite the two—we have a great desire to witness the performance, and will give our readers an account of it in some future gossip.

"CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS."

Before the great Revolution, the colours of the city of Paris were red and blue. When, after the destruction of the Bastille, the armed Bourgeoisie adopted the title of "The National Guard," they added to these the "white," hitherto appropriated to the king and army, to indicate that there was no longer a distinction between the monarch and the people. Thus originated the "tricolor" of France.

"*Dieu et Mon Droit*," was the word of the day given by Cœur de Lion to his army at the battle of Gisors; and, in commemoration of the victory gained that day, was afterwards adopted by him as the motto of the Royal Arms.

It is said that wrapping the affected member with carded cotton, has in some instances greatly alleviated the pains of gout.

The great superiority of the Irish to all other trout, has been attributed to the prevalence of limestone in the beds of the streams and lakes.

The Greek gourmands of ancient days were unacquainted with salmon, a fish which has never been found in the Mediterranean.

The idea of packing fish in ice, to preserve its freshness, is originally Chinese.

In Middleton's tragedy of "*Women beware Women*," published in 1657, occurs the following passage:

"I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons
To this lost limb; who, ere they show their art,
Cast one asleep; then cut the diseased part."

Does this indicate that the use of ether in surgery was then already known?

Fruit-trees grown against the walls of houses, are very apt to render the adjacent rooms damp. Ivy, on the contrary, has been found effectually to cure dampness when the art of the builder has signally failed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. J. F.—We cannot send you the first volume of the Magazine, as the May number is out of print. If a sufficient number of subscribers can be had, to warrant the expense, we are prepared to reprint it.
- H. S. B.—We have your favour. It will appear later.
- J. D. F.—We thank you for your kind interest and good wishes, but must decline the present paper. Try to form a debating-class in the college, which might easily be done, by getting half-a-dozen earnest young men to join you. The advantage you would derive from such, would be a most important help on the mission.
- A Kilkenny Man.—We cannot explain the reason why your Magazine did not reach you before the 21st of the month. If there is any difficulty for the future in getting it through your bookseller by the first of the month, send postage stamps to our publishers, and they will forward it at once by post.
- A. L.—The Bazaar for St. Elizabeth's Institute has been *postponed* until the 16th, 17th, and 18th of this month, and will take place in the Assembly Rooms Great George-street.

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

STANZAS.

I.

Come, lean upon my bosom, Harp of mine,
 Along the strings my faltering fingers stray—
 Once more would I recall these strains of thine,
 Beloved of old, ere pass'd my youth away:
 Albeit no master-hand thou dost obey,
 Nor blooms the bay-leaf on this pallid brow—
 Yet many a wild and long-forgotten lay
 Thrills through mine heart, in music sweet and low—
 The songs we loved, my Harp, say—wilt thou echo now?

II.

To thee, the same the summer's sunset glories—
 As blue the heaven, as softly green the grass—
 The same wild zephyr woos thy tuneful stories—
 The mountain echoes catch them as they pass.
 Yet changed am I, and nerveless now, alas!
 The trembling hand that dares thy chords to sweep—
 Harp of my youth! soul of a song that was—
 Like dreams I feel sweet memories o'er me creep,
 Immortal Melos wake, then sleep—for ever sleep!

III.

In vain, in vain! no more to rapture swelling
 May thy sweet numbers on my spirit fall,
 Like fountain dried, whose limpid freshness welling
 The wild-flowers wither'd may not now recall;
 Even thus farewell my Harp to thee—to all!
 To her for whom I wake thy sleep of years,
 To him whose heart she holds in gentlest thrall,
 Proud may he be who Love's light fetter wears:
 O'er thee, my long-loved Harp, fast flows sad Memory's tears.

M.

Calendar for February.

1	3	4th after Epiphany. St. Ignatius, bp. m. d. <i>red</i> . Mass of the Feast. —1 Vesp., of the fol., Com. of St. Ignatius, <i>white</i> .	14	S	Of the B. Virgin, sd. <i>white</i> . Mass as on the 8th of December.
2	M	<i>Feast of Devotion</i> . Candlemas Day; Purification of the B. V. Mary. d. II. cl. <i>white</i> . (<i>Plenary Indulgence</i> .)—At the Catholic Institute, Meeting of the Companies at 8 p.m.—At St. Nicholas's Schools, Meeting of the Benevolent Society at 6½ p.m.—Meeting of the Girls' Orphanage Committee.	15	3	Sexagesima Sunday, sd. <i>purple</i> , Vesp., of the Sunday, the Suffrages are said.
3	Tu	St. Peter's Chair at Rome, (Jan. 18.) gr. d. <i>white</i> .—At the Catholic Institute, Vesp. of B. V., at 8 p.m.—At St. Mary's Y. M. Society, a Lecture.	16	M	Feria. <i>Purple</i> .—St. Elizabeth's Institute Bazaar, at the Royal Assembly Rooms, Great George Street; 1st day,
4	W	St. Andrew Corsini, bp. c. d. <i>white</i> .—Catholic Institute Plays at Clayton Hall, Clayton Square.	17	Tu	Ditto. St. Elizabeth's Institute Bazaar, 2nd day.—At St. Mary's Y. M. Society, a Concert.
5	Th	St. Agatha, v. m. d. <i>red</i> .—Meeting of the Blind Asylum Committee at 6½ p.m.—Catholic Institute Plays; 2nd and last evening.	18	W	St. Simeon, bp. m. <i>red</i> .—St. Elizabeth's Instit. Buz, 3rd & last day.
6	F	St. Titus, bp. c. d. <i>white</i> . <i>Abstinence</i> .	19	Th	Of the B. Sacrament, sd. <i>red</i> .
7	S	St. Romnald, c. d. <i>white</i> .	20	F	Of the Passion of our Lord, gr. d. <i>red</i> . (<i>Plenary Indulgence</i> .) <i>Abstinence</i> .
8	3	Septuagesima Sunday, sd. <i>purple</i> , 1st Vesp., of the fol., Com. of Sunday, and of St. Apollonia, <i>white</i> .	21	S	Of the B. Virgin, sd. <i>white</i> . Mass of Dec. 8.
9	M	St. John of Matha, c. (Feb. 8.) d. <i>white</i> .	22	3	Quinquagesima Sunday, sd. <i>purple</i> . 1st Vesp., of the fol., Com. of the Sunday, <i>white</i> .
10	Tu	St. Scholastica, v. d. <i>white</i> .—At St. Mary's Y. M. Society, a Reading.	23	M	Vigil St. Peter Damian, bp. c. D. d. <i>white</i> .
11	W	Feria. <i>Purple</i> .	24	Tu	<i>Feast of Devotion</i> . St. Matthias, Ap. d. II. cl. <i>red</i> .—At St. Mary's Y. M. Society, a Debate.
12	Th	Of the Blessed Sacrament, sd. <i>white</i> .	25	W	Ash Wednesday, <i>purple</i> . <i>Fast</i> . The fast of Lent is to be continued till Easter on all days except Sundays. And on the Sundays in Lent, abstinence, unless leave be granted by the Bishop to the contrary—which is usually done.
13	F	The Prayer of our Lord in the Garden, gr. d. <i>red</i> . (<i>Plenary Indulgence</i> .) <i>Abstinence</i> .	26	Th	St. Peter's Chair at Antioch, (Feb. 22.) gr. d. <i>red</i> .
			27	F	The Crown of Thorns of our L. Jesus Christ, gr. d. <i>red</i> . (<i>Plenary Indulgence</i> .)
			28	S	Feria, <i>purple</i> .