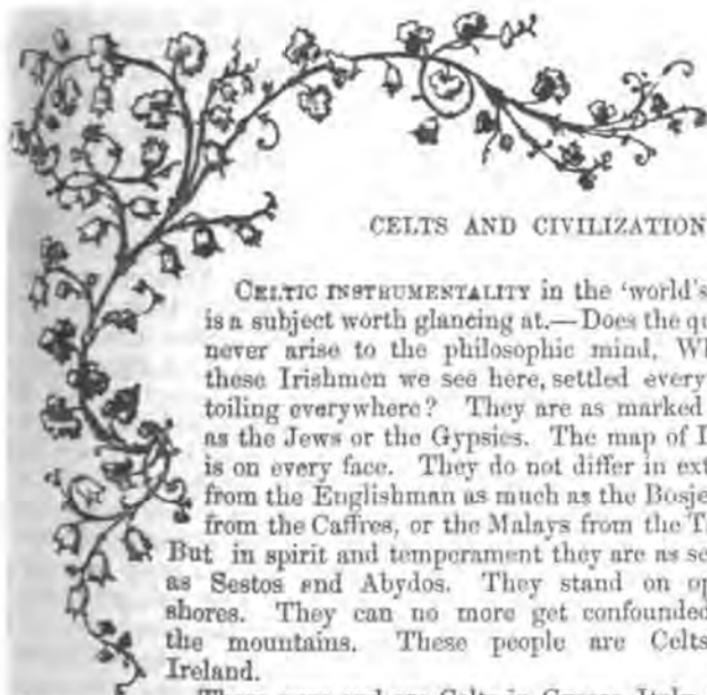


THE
CATHOLIC INSTITUTE
MAGAZINE.

No. 4.

JANUARY, 1857.

VOL. 2.



CELTS AND CIVILIZATION.

CELTIC INSTRUMENTALITY in the 'world's work' is a subject worth glancing at.—Does the question never arise to the philosophic mind, Who are these Irishmen we see here, settled everywhere, toiling everywhere? They are as marked a race as the Jews or the Gypsies. The map of Ireland is on every face. They do not differ in externals from the Englishman as much as the Bosjesmans from the Caffres, or the Malays from the Tartars. But in spirit and temperament they are as separate as Sestos and Abydos. They stand on opposite shores. They can no more get confounded than the mountains. These people are Celts from Ireland.

There were and are Celts in Greece, Italy, Spain, and France. Their history is a necessary part of the great history of this primitive race. Some call them Phœnicians; some the Japhetic race, but the Greeks, the great nomenclators, called them Celts. In Greece these Celts, copying the Arts from Egypt, perfected them above the reach of time to excel or destroy. The Grecian Celts were Encyclopædists and Mythologists. They peopled Heaven with their beliefs and fancies; and the stars this night wear their Greek names over the forest trees of America, and are hailed by them from ships sailing on the southern seas.

The Italian Celts, or Romans, founded a great city, they called Eternal. They took up literary and architectural civilization when Greece laid it down. They borrowed masters, and weapons, and manuscripts from Athens. Then Rome shifted into the foreground of the world's stage. But the Romans aspired to Universal Empire and carried their Eagles after the sun. They made Britain their final battle-field and there they met the freer Celts of Ireland and Scotland. For who were the Picts and Scots that the two walls were built, and the two dikes dug against? Who were they that Agricola and Severus and Aurelius tried in vain to crush? Celts of the West—ancestors of the very men who sweat and toil on this English soil to-day.

In Spain the Celts founded municipal government and responsible administration. It was they who made their Kings with this fierce formula—'We who are as much as you, and are worth more than you, we choose you for our lord, on condition that you will respect our laws—if not—not!' Before the centralization of power under Ferdinand, the Spanish townsmen were the freest people in Europe. The laws of what are called the Goths of Spain are, as a monument of municipal legislation, second only to the Roman; and these laws are Celtic in origin.

The Celts of France were early overcome by the Northern Franks, who parcelled out their lands amongst themselves, and divided Gaul into several kingdoms. But the aborigines of France from time to time extorted "rights" from their masters until after the consolidation of power they came to have but one master, the King. In time they struggled with him, and laid his head upon a wooden pillow, whence he passed into eternity. They, too, have done Liberty some service. Now the Irish Celts are the kinsmen of these Greeks, Romans, Spaniards, and French. They have all the family failings and the family virtues. The same deep passions—the same ideality—the same changeability, marks the whole race.—Under their peculiar circumstances the Irish Celts developed differently from their Southern and Eastern kindred. Far away from Egypt, and under a northern climate, the plastic arts were comparatively unknown; the in-door science of music was their favourite. The old Irish banner is the only one in Europe that bears a blazon of high art. While the Slavonic heraldry is crowded with serpents, bears, and lions, and the Eastern with flaming towers, and stars, and crescents, the Irish device is the beautiful symbol of inspiration—the harp of Prophets, of Women, and of Bards.

What were the old Irish laws and customs? A question full of questions, and one it would take years to answer.

Their organization has been distinguished as Udal. It is in most respects the opposite of Feudal. By the feudal law the chief was lord of the vassal's life, and by the udal law there were no vassals, but clans. Clanship as rightly understood was association. Each member of the clan had as absolute title to a share of the soil as the chief, and could sell his share just as we in the present

day can sell bank stock or railway scrip. The custom they call Tenant Right in Ireland has been proved to be a relic of the Celtic law. The holders of land in Ireland were obliged to keep a certain number of men for defence and war. This was their only tribute to 'the State.'

Besides these Farmers or Brooes there were certain keepers of public lands set apart for the maintenance of hospitality and religion. These public hosts were called *Biataghs*, and the Church farmers *Erenachs*. By road and bridge, hurdle-park and mountain pass these sacred warders kept watch and vigil, turning to the four winds to see if God would send them any stranger for a guest.

The early Christian schools of Ireland were supported by hospitality rather than endowment. In the valley of Banchor, about the Church of Armagh, and on the banks of the Avondhu, thousands of foreign scholars received food and lodgment, and such knowledge as the Irish saints only possessed in the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th centuries. We must not confound these students' societies with the modern University. They were clusters of rude cottages supported by the hospitality of the district. Some of the teachers visited in succession the princes and nobles, and returned laden with stores for the maintenance of the schools. Some schools had so many as 3,000 scholars at the same time.

Such were the Irish Celts. Hospitality is the virtue of localism and the virtue of localism pervaded all their ideas. They swore by their own Saint, stood by their own chief, lived on their own land, buried in their own churchyard. This intense localism marks them to this hour; their patriotism is local, not national;—it is Connaught or Munster, the North or the South they love or cherish. It is not Ireland, but Home they think of, speak of, dream of!

It is this temperament which has made them so formidable to all centralizations of power. Whenever the Celtic race and centralization came into conflict one or the other had to give way. Let us trace their records.

The first great European centralization was the Roman. One city governed three continents. All Europe, Asia, and Africa were subjugated to make Rome supreme—made poor to enrich Rome. Rome itself became centralized in the person of the Emperor, in whose little self all power converged like rays in some brittle focus. There was no citizenship tolerated but Roman—no law but the Roman—no character but the Roman. The dusky Idumean, the rude German, the stiff-necked Jews themselves bent under the yoke and rendered tribute to Cæsar. The Irish Celts never bent a knee before that world-sceptre waving above the Seven Hills. No Irish Celt was ever drawn at the chariot wheels of Consul or Emperor. No Roman vault ever arched an Irish captive's head.

It will be perhaps said 'the island was too remote.'—What, too remote for the Romans? There was no country too remote for them. The shores of the Caspian and the banks of the Oxus

were familiar to the feet of their legions. But the Alps were between the extreme Celts and Rome, and with these Alps for a breast-work, they fought. 'Long before Rome was built,' says Dr. Knox in the *Medical Times*,—'the Continental Celt, occupied all France and northern Italy—they extended probably into Galatia.' How beautifully Thierry describes the race, tracing the mighty deeds performed by the Celt, the most warlike of men. See him before the period of well authenticated history, burst from the territory of Old Gaul join his countrymen in Cisalpine Gaul—that is Northern Italy—pour down on Rome and the Peninsula, ravaging Greece and plundering the sacred temple of Delphi. Now, he repeats his game, century upon century—from Brennus to Napoleon. Three thousand years alter neither his character nor his course; it is ever the same. A warlike leader appears, and his cry is 'to the Rhine,'—To the Rhine. March once more Italy!—Once more across the Alps! See the Celts under Hannibal fight the battles of Thrasymene and Cannæ—the forefathers of those who conquered at Marengo and Austerlitz.

Yes, it was the Celts who most resisted the Roman despotism; not Continental Celts alone, but British, Scotch, and Irish Celts. The Irish Celts were particularly active; an invasion of a Roman territory was the first act of each new King of Ireland. Nial perished in the Loire. Dathi was struck by lightning at the foot of the Alps, four hundred years after Julius Cæsars time. The Roman empire in Britain, was so harassed by the Irish Celts that Agricola had organized an invasion of Ireland, which he was prevented from completing, by his recall to Rome.

Why did the Celts oppose Rome so furiously? Because Rome claimed the mastership of Europe, and the Celts have never freely acknowledged any master, but God alone.

The next despotism attempted in Europe was that of the northern conquerors of Rome. These nations, whether Greeks, Saxons, Goths, Lombards, Ventii, or by whatever name known, were despots, not by institutions, but from ignorance. Theirs was not the despotism of laws, but the despotism of no laws—not the arbitrary rule of a system, but of capricious force—The able man was their lord—the strong arm their sceptre—the violent will, their law. They were a race, powerful to destroy, but weak to construct—gifted to change existing powers, but unskilful to create new ones.

The Irish Celts supplied them with skill, civilization, and system. Ireland was passing from Paganism to Christianity during these events. Remote, sequestered, with a passionate, poetic, all-believing people, Christianity made a complete conquest of the island in one generation. St. Patrick saw the first cross, and the last Druid: he outlived the errors he came to oppose. A new civilization sprung spontaneously from this Christian basis.

Ireland rushed into the new channel of her destiny like a flood long restrained. War itself sunk secondary to religion. It was no longer the red-branch or the sunburst but the cross and the cowl

that were the insignia of Irish heroism. Schools thickened over the land, and scholars from afar stepped out of strange ships and kissed the shores of Ireland as the land of holiness and lore.

There went forth the missionaries of nations, each choosing, after the Divine example, twelve companions. Saint Buan sailed to Iceland, Saint Aidan to Northumberland, Saint Columb to Scotland, Saint Columbanus, first to Burgundy and then to Lombardy, Saint Gall to Switzerland, Saints Killian, Rumold, and Fridblin into Germany. 'Who were the Missionaries of Nations,' asked Dr. Milner, an Englishman; and he answers with the Irish Martyrology. There is not a cathedral church from Iceland to Sicily wherein an Irish saint is not honoured or remembered.

But not alone did teachers of religion go forth. Religion and Science in these happy days were inseparable. Clament and Albin, two Irish scholars went to Paris, and crying out in the streets that they had "wisdom to sell," were brought before Charlemagne, who founded universities for them to teach in. Fieargal, Bishop of Saltzburgh taught the sphericity of the earth. Erigena was the instructor of Charles the Bald. Alfred of Northumberland was himself an Irish scholar, as were many Welsh, Scotch, and Norwegian princes. In the words of Dr. Johnson, 'Ireland in these ages was the luminary of the Western world.

But though converted and half civilised there grew up out of the Gothic invasions an order of tyrants not less odious than the Romans—the Normans. The rise and constitution of this singular people is one of the least known passages in history. They came upon the Celts of Europe as conquerors—they declared them to be their serfs. They 'collared' the men; they laid claim to the first fruits of everything, even extended it to an abominable extent. They over ran a part of France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Sicily, and at last, towards the end of the 12th century, invaded England.

What has been the history of Ireland since then? A Celtic struggle for liberty. That struggle has an epic sequence and unity. Augustin Thierry, the greatest historian the world ever saw, traces back the contests of democracy in France to a Celtic source. We do the same for Ireland. That great thinker calls Ireland 'A nation with a long memory.' Nationally an Irishman never forgets a wrong, and never forgives an insult.

We will not stop to enquire whether the Celts or the Normans have done most for civilization. If civilization be the spread of empire, the Normans have done the most; if the spread of truth, the Celts. 'People talk,' says Laing 'of the superiority of the Gothic, Germanic, or Anglo-Saxon race, as if no such people ever existed as the Romans, the Spaniards, the French—no such men as Cæsar, Buonaparte, Montesquieu, Cervantes, Raphael, Michael Angelo.—True, and as if there were no such Irish Celts as Owen O'Neil, Marshal Thomond, Flood, Curran, O'Connell, Moore, Mac-lise. Let us hear no more then of such talk about what men have never examined—never thought of.

We have briefly sketched this pedigree for the Irish race; as a solemn warning; not to introduce them to 'their grand relations,' but to inspire them with better ambitions; not to have them dwell on what they were, but what they are. They are the same people who resisted Rome, resisted the Norman, resisted Great Britain. They are the same race who spread Christianity in the 6th century, and revived letters in the 16th. They are the same who brought music to Western Europe, and founded the arts in Italy. In Arms, in Arts, in Oratory, they have excelled—can excel.

But how do we find these Irish Celts in England? Are they marching at the head, or dragged at the tail? Are they reapers or gleaners, designers or chisels, architects or tools, leaders or led? We find them workers at the docks, or waiters on Providence—shovellers of earth-works; carriers of water; tools, and tackle for other men's uses.

And is this indeed the end? Are they who wrested with the Roman, who would not yield to the Norman—are they to give out at last in the race of human families, and to break stones by the way-side, while the winners ride by in triumphal chariots, covered with fame, and laurels, and benedictions!

The falsest ideas are those that prevail about Irish character. The Handy Andys of the library, and the Dennis Bulgrudderys of the theatres, never existed but as exceptions. The basis of Irish character is all imbedded in deep passions—love, hatred, revenge, devotion, ambition, vanity. Meet an Irishman alone in the streets or in the fields, and who can be more serious? What makes him gay in society is the ambition to please or the love of approbation. Wit and humour are but as wall-flowers on the eve of that ancient and somewhat dilapidated edifice. Within you have all the tragic and heroic passions—all that makes men eminent as Soldiers, Poets, Orators, Missionaries, Artists, or Rulers. Oh, that the mental power of Irishmen could be let loose to labour on this land as their physical strength has been! The mind would work still greater changes than the body. And why not let it loose?

VACATION MEMORANDA.

The haven hums with many a cheering sound,
 The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,
 The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,
 And sportive dolphins bend them through the spray;
 Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill, discordant shriek,
 Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak.

* * * * *

How beautiful are these! how happy they,
 Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
 Steal to look on where nought but Ocean strives!

The Island.

We had rounded the Long-ships about seven o'clock in the morning, after a tolerable 'dusting' for two days in the Channel, and

running along the coast in smooth water all day, had passed the Start-point about five o'clock in the evening. Although from this time the wind gradually died away, until the sun went down amid a calm as profound as though Nature were listening for his first dip in the western sea, yet the breeze soon came gradually stealing over the water, and freshened, before dark, more rapidly than it had faded. Once more, therefore, bidding adieu for a few hours to the coast, now so distinct in outline against the sky, we dashed on through the bay which endows Devon with so much beauty, hoping to pass the Needles, and glide into the Solent, soon after dawn.

The vessel which was dashing on with us over the still sparkling water was one of those long, beautiful 'craft' now so familiar to British shores. Of great weatherly qualities and astonishing speed, the racing cutter beneath us was so docile and quick to obey, that although she now and again staggered under the weight of her enormous spars, and threw up sufficient spray as almost to hide her from the growling steamers and sulky looking merchantmen that constantly heaved past us, like wet mountains, in the gloom; yet we drove her on without one suspicion of danger. If indeed a sober feeling occasionally arose, when perhaps the drops of spray reaching us from the graceful creature's bows were a trifle too large, it was, we fear, more one of exultation in our amateur power over the whitening and gleaming element, than of fear for our safety, or of true gratitude for our skill.

The hands having by this time separated—two to crouch down 'forrid,' and the others to 'turn in' for four hours—the skipper, whom we had secured only a few days before, came aft to take charge of the little vessel. He was an elderly man, of that kindness we so constantly meet with in sailors; as also of attractive bearing and pleasing manners. He had particularly interested me from the first moment he came on board, for there was about him a thoughtful quiet more than was peculiar to his years; and tho' his language was not above the educated of his class, yet it drew one to him, its tone was so courteous and his voice so pleasing. His prime merit in the eyes of my friend the owner was indeed merely that he liked the craft, and could sail her well; but though I could feel friendly enough towards the man, who could tell the particulars of every harbour in the kingdom, and the merits of every yacht about her shores; who knew the tides everywhere with marvellous accuracy; and when at the tiller of the vessel he appeared to *love*, could pick up a slow stealthy breeze, and coax her along with it, although for another it would scarce fill a sail; there was yet so little conceit apparent in his skill, so highly prized in this country, and in his lowly position so much evidence of respect for himself and amiability towards others, that altogether forgetting his merit as a yachtsman, I pulled out my cigar-case, and warmed towards the old man in the very first hour.

On this night, therefore, I determined to learn something more of my hero: with some slight anxiety, indeed—for though he had

as yet evinced no particular reserve, there was that in his manner which hinted he might hesitate to tell me. My friend having disappeared below, I had him now all to myself; so wiping the spray out of my eyes, I lit another cigar, and buttoned up for an hour or so more. I had for some years been familiar with the names and deeds of most of the remarkable craft about the kingdom, so matter for talk was not wanting, and I found his interest in our conversation gradually increasing as he heard me name the vessels in whose struggles and triumphs he had long borne a share.

Becoming more and more interested in the conversation, by the gentleness and pleasant voice of my companion, I made several attempts to turn it to himself, in order to satisfy my kindling curiosity as to his past life and fortunes. "Had he always been a sailor?" I enquired. He smiled, and quietly asked in reply, "Did I think him fit for any other calling?" "Had he been a fisherman, then?" "No," he said "he had never done more in that line than catch mackerel off Torquay." Half-ashamed of my last guess, for I was rapidly coming to regard the man as an equal, I allowed the conversation to digress into yachting matters once more, and, more curious than ever about the silent sailor at the helm, I soon after followed my friend below.

For many weeks we cruized about the coast, at one time starting for, and winning a cup through the prowess of our skipper, at another leaving the regatta-mad locality to run into some of the lovely land-locked harbours that seemed comparatively deserted. At morn we would perhaps procure milk at some tiny settlement, whence, before breakfast, we would be scarce visible, far down in the horizon like the wing of a seagull. Now in the Solent, anon at Dartmouth, Tuesday would perhaps find us in Guernsey harbour, and the following night back again in Torbay. In all our movements, however pleasing the novelty or considerable the excitement, still the figure of the quiet gentlemanly skipper perpetually haunted me. Everywhere we went he was known, but the salute of all was respectful, and at one of the great yachting stations, I watched his striking manner during a few minutes' conversation with a peer. At first I had named my curiosity to my friend, but he only ridiculed my notions, said that the man was no doubt respectable, had always been amongst gentlemen, and was the most successful cutter-sailer about the coast; he added too that I would spoil him if I made so free! Of course after this I let my friend smoke away in peace so far as the skipper was concerned, but the restraint only made my curiosity the warmer, and I at last mentally sketched out so romantic a past for my hero, that I almost feared the disappointment which I knew the plain truth must now occasion me,

Gliding one splendid morning through the long rock-girt channel which forms one of the approaches to Guernsey harbour, I clambered to the mast-head to catch a glimpse inland, and was quickly bound fast there by a canny "salt," who had crept up after

me under the lee of the sail. According to the provisions of nautical bye-laws I had to purchase my freedom by promising to 'stand a gallon' at the port whither we were swiftly gliding. Sailing thence at night a sample of my ransom was handed round, the skipper's eye caught mine, we pledged one another, and partly excited by the boisterous scene around, and partly, no doubt, encouraged by the French brandy, I determined that night or never to learn his story.

We were dashing through Alderney race, and the fleet vessel 'hailed as close as she could lie' sent the spray aft in sharp blinding showers; the dark water around seemed to boil, so broken and irregular was its motion, and now and again the light on Cape la Hague broke out of the gloom. We had soon the deck to ourselves as usual, so 'now or never' thought I, as I moved up close to the silent figure, his quick eye glancing from the compass out into the darkness. In the hurry of my curiosity I at once bluntly told him that I was excessively interested in him, and was anxious to serve him; that I had noted his superiority to his position, and had observed how he kept aloof from his admiring fellows, without appearing to shun them, and that if he would tell me all about himself I would be glad to be his friend. He heard me out with perfect composure, said that he was glad of my good feeling towards him, and was not annoyed by my curiosity, though he fancied I could not prove of much service to him; he said he had no cause to conceal his past from a well-wisher—that it was sad, but thank God, not shameful, and only romantic so far as he had been born and educated for a higher sphere.

He ran rapidly over the events of his life, and showed me that contentment was the source of his manly bearing and pleasing manners. Something may have been added to these, no doubt, by his extreme love for his present calling—it being at once his pleasure and profession, and much must have arisen from his gentle, though melancholy amiability. His mother had died when he was a boy, leaving her malady as a heritage to an only daughter. His father had once been a wealthy merchant, but died some years after his mother, leaving little for himself and sister: how he loved that sister I had abundant proof every time he mentioned her that stormy night. A fortune-hunter, fancying her wealthy, crossed her path and brought on her malady. For two years the brother watched her fading and saw their means (unknown to her) melt away through the great expenses of her illness. One night, after a protracted tour on the continent in the vain hope of prolonging her darling life, he was carrying her on board a vessel at Cherbourg for England, when a figure met them in the crowd, recognised the pair, started, and passed on. The meeting was too much for Lily; she burst a blood vessel during the night and died on board.

Just then a dive of the cutter sent the gleam from Cape La Hague across the old man's face, and I saw that he was consider-

ably agitated. A sudden thought held me spell-bound. Wound up as I was by the sad tale, and moreover not a little excited by the circumstances of our position, it flashed across my mind that but a comparatively short distance inside that light was Cherbourg, and that we must be at that very moment crossing the vessel's track on that fatal night. In fear lest anything I might say should suggest the painful recollection, I held my peace for a full half-hour. I then ventured to enquire why he had never attempted to struggle up in life, and find a home? He had tried several things, he said, but could not live away from the sea. A small craft in boyhood, and one or two voyages in youth, had fascinated him with the salt water, besides when he failed to save Lily's life, he had no care for more than absolutely necessary means. As for distinction, he said, why his name was known all round the coast, and his skill valued by some of the finest fellows in England, he had comfort in this world, and Lily in the next, and what cared he for more!

Of course, I saw clearly enough that I had scarce learned the half of his story, and had no doubt that I could yet glean much entertainment from the reserved details of his tangled life. Just then, however, the gradually freshening wind whistled so sharply past the straining and struggling vessel, that the calm voice, already often hushed as through respect for the disturbed elements, seemed unwilling to say more. Driving along, too, without doubt or fear. every time the long sharp bow rushed into more angry water, it flung up spray which flew in our faces in a strong smarting gush. Rain, too, came on sharply; my cigar went out with a hiss, and I was at last compelled to tumble below.

I saw the sun rise in the morning as though wind and rain were surly at the intrusion; but in a short time his rays dried up the atmosphere, and pierced the sparkling water which the still-surviving breeze seemed so joyfully to shake out before them. Right ahead we traced the bold outline of the beautiful Wight against the clearing sky, and all was glisten and gladness once more. Shaking out our canvas as we now ran further off the wind, we slipped along the coast, rounded the Culvers, and dashing past Shanklin into smooth water, flew down amongst the beautiful vessels at their moorings off Ryde.

We remained in those lovely waters for several days before we ran out again, bound for the coast of France. In the calm which prevailed I had but rare opportunity of hasty conversation with my hero, who now seemed to acknowledge a kindly understanding between us. Weeks ran by before I knew him thoroughly, and the reader will no doubt grant me a similar interval to call to mind the remainder of his story.

THE LAY OF A HUMBLE SOUL .

I.

A poet sings a beateous tale
 Of one who long inhabited
 A cottage in a rural vale,
 And whom a noble lover wed ;
 She little dreaming of his state
 Till she had croased his castle-gate.

II.

He woo'd her in a peasant's guise,
 He won her with an equal love ;
 Love gained not by her late surprise
 His home she felt too far above
 Her simple spirit ; young and fair,
 She withered in its lofty air.—

III.

Across my early love there came
 A child, with all divinest charms,
 The soul of music in his name,
 Borne in his peasant-Mother's arms ;
 Kneeling beside my mother's knee,
 I thought he sadly smiled on me.

IV.

I saw him on the fatal tree,
 Weary and dying, as he bled ;
 They laid him on his Mother's knee,—
 Rest of the Infant, and the Dead.
 Asleep upon her noble breast
 He woo'd me to his lowly rest.

V.

And as I grew, they bid me come
 On Sundays, with the Faithful throng,
 To worship in his earthly home,
 At holy Mass and even-song ;
 'Mid flower, and light, in beauty rare
 My little heart could feel him there.

VI.

Till I awoke, one autumn morn,
 To know that ere it passed away
 My Love, for all the years unborn,
 Would come to claim his own, that day
 To write in never-dying flame
 Upon my heart his own new Name.

VII.

Lowly He came, in love's disguise,—
 It was my spirit's marriage-hour ;
 If she was lovely in his eyes,
 His precious gifts were all her dower ;
 Her timid love his Presence cheered,
 Less than the least, himself appeared.

The Lay of a Humble Soul.

VIII.

O wondrous charm ! O heavenly art !
 Which thus could veil his face divine ;
 He who had lain on Mary's heart
 Now lay in peace on mine,—on mine,—
 My spirit knew no inward fear,
 Her only sense that he was near.

IX.

'Twas still the Infant who had wept
 On Mary's knee ; the Crucified ;
 The Man of sorrows who had slept
 His last sleep on the Rood, and died.
 What best I knew, I loved ; his meekness ;
 His weariness, his tears, his weakness.—

X.

Slowly my opening mind began
 To gaze on Nature's changing face ;
 The wide vault of the sky to span,
 To gauge the abyss of boundless space ;
 To watch the glories of each star
 That rises and that sets, afar.

XI.

Upward I saw Light's subtle beam
 Flash from Aurora's golden door ;
 Measured the swifter Lightning's gleam,
 And trembled at the thunder-roar ;
 I paused before each flower and tree,
 Sounding the depths of land and sea.

XII.

On every hand, a Giant Force
 Pervades the universe of things ;
 A law to hold them in their course,
 To bird and planet giving wings ;
 The greatest and the least, designed
 To honour One Creating Mind.

XIII.

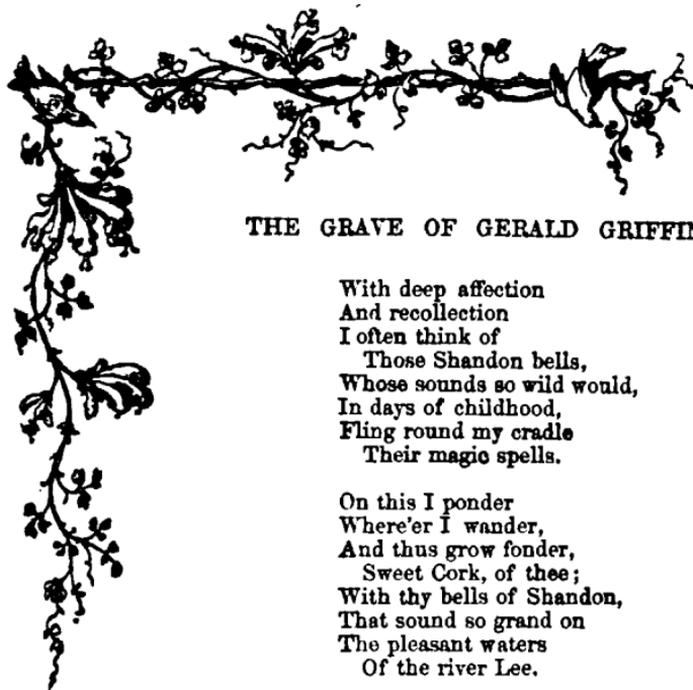
When lo ! on Nature's awful throne
 Crowned monarch of her giant power,
 He who had woo'd me for his own,
 And won me in my childhood's flower !
 The universe his palace high,
 His Presence worshipped, far and nigh.

XIV.

I trembled not. For thought of fear
 With love like his would not abide ;
 Vast though his power, his love, more dear,
 Still drew me to his wounded side.
 O wonder ! even his God-like state
 Upon his burning Heart must wait.

XV.

His burning Heart, whose boundless wealth
 With my poor love makes common store.
 My changing moods of pain or health
 Felt in its glory evermore ;
 Its wealth is mine, in homes of sorrow,
 Mine through our Love's unclouded morrow.



THE GRAVE OF GERALD GRIFFIN.

With deep affection
 And recollection
 I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would,
 In days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
 Where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee;
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

The bells were ringing out from Shandon's steeple tower, and the chimes pealing from the brazen mortars, destroyed with their artillery the silence that prevailed over Cork's fair city.

It was the Sabbath day, the day of rest and love, which God has commanded to be kept holy; when the labourer ceases his daily toil, the over-worked brain forgets its cares, and those who are afflicted in the spirit find a solace in the house of prayer. A pleasant, cheerful sun lighted up the beautiful landscape, as, accompanied by a reverend friend, I mounted the northern bank of the river, and looked on the beautiful capital of the South, with its broad streets and spacious quays confining to its wonted channel the silver course of the Lee. Far over the high roofs rose the towers of the various churches, and through the silence of the morning resounded the metal voices, some near, others distant, of various tones, and all harmoniously announcing the blessed Sunday, But, of the bells which sent to every living soul within the city, the summons of the day, reminding him, if he needed such a prompter, how it was to be kept holy, there were none that resounded more grandly, and yet more pleasingly, than those which the native bard has distinguished—the 'Shandon bells.'

I accepted the invitation of my esteemed and respected guide to visit the North Monastery of Cork, where the last days of Gerald Griffin were piously passed, in the exalted labours of the Christian Brotherhood.

The house in which the brothers reside is a large and commodious building, occupying the northern end of a sloping lawn near which are their extensive schools. Here the gifted novelist, having drank of the Circean cup of worldly applause, and yet remained proof against its intoxicating influence, devoted himself, in his youthful prime, to instruct the poor children of Cork. I could not look upon those large school-rooms without conjuring up the form of Gerald Griffin, bending low to the little group of poverty-stricken children, who listened to his instruction, and recalling the benignant glance of his deep thoughtful eyes, which beamed confidence in reply to their wistful glances. They regarded him as a friend to be loved, not as a harsh teacher to be feared. 'Tis said the heart leaps kindly to kindness, and when the infantine hand pressed the fingers of the sage, he drove them not away, nor did he discourage the jocund laugh which betrayed the happiness that dwelt in his pupils' hearts. To this abode of religion Gerald Griffin, after achieving fame that the world will not easily let die—renown with which the most ambitious might well be content, and which few can expect to attain—retired in search of that true and solid happiness which the world can neither give nor take away. It was just such, as one desirous of retirement could have wished. Here, beside those who shared his labour of love, the remains of Gerald Griffin rest. A simple stone, with his name, and life's brief date* serves to mark the grass-grown mound. Some trees are close at hand, which prevent the cold blast from visiting the spot too roughly; but admitting the free sunshine, the light comes beaming brightly down, and at even-tide the shadow of the tombstones lengthens there silently. Hither, we may suppose, the children whom he loved and taught, steal timidly through; he grass to behold where they have laid him. And, in after years, will they not lead their own little ones, and tell them of the talents and the virtues of their departed friend.

The circumstance of writing about places and friends whose presence made the places dear, when death or absence make it impossible that we ever enjoy their presence again, always imparts sadness to the composition, and thus it is, that most of Griffin's effusions, written apart from the scenes he loved, have a deep tinge of sorrow. For years, during his sojourn in London, Griffin endured all the bitter trials which await the struggling sons of genius in climbing the ladder of literary fame. His plays were often rejected, and employment on periodicals being difficult to procure the want of remunerative labour soon exhausted his funds, and the natural unwillingness of a hopeful mind and proud spirit to write home for supplies placed him in dire distress. At length matters assumed a brighter aspect. Banim, who had already won his laurel-wreath, took a sincere and permanent interest in the success of his young countryman, made him acquainted with Mr.

* He died 12th June, 1846, aged 37 years.

Arnold, who enlisted him to write for his theatre, and Mr. Jordan, of the *Literary Gazette*, who set him to work for that periodical. With the most untiring energy the generous originator of *Tales of the O'Hara Family* did all in his power to advance the prospects of his young friend. In June, 1825, his reputation having risen he obtained a lucrative engagement from the *News of Literature and Fashion* then enjoying considerable circulation. In a letter of this date he says:—'I sent the editor a couple of essays or sketches of London life, or some trash of the kind anonymously; he begged to know my name—I did not tell, but offered to continue them gratuitously; he wrote to say he would be glad to pay for them. I had no objection, whatever, and he gives me a pound per page. He sends the money to my address every week by a livery servant, who never says a word, but slips the note to a servant—touches his lips—and mum!—presto!—Off he is! All very romantic is it not? A good illustration of a remark I made to you, concerning patronage in the literary world, is this. I applied openly to the editor about a year ago through his publisher; he would not have anything to do with me.'

And then in succession came forth those wonderful pictures of Irish life, manners and scenery which excite equal admiration for the dramatic skill of the story, the interest the reader takes in each character, and the graphic power with which the narrative is told. *The Tales of the Munster Festivals*, soon reached the circulation they merited, and the author at once took a high place among the writers of fiction. But his great work was *The Collegians*, founded on a tragic occurrence which happened in his own county; and the fidelity with which the characters are drawn, the truthfulness of the work in depicting the manners of the trio—the blending of pathos and humour in its pages, caused its appearance to be hailed with delight. It was perused with avidity, wherever the English language was known. With a strange perversity of human nature, perhaps not common to authors in general, Griffin cared little for the applause that was granted him. He possessed, as all similarly constituted minds possess, beneath a resolute bearing, and strong mind, a sensitive organization, at once shrinking and nervous; the severe struggles he encountered at the outset of his London career, his repeated disappointments, and the mental labours he underwent, were ever present to his thoughts. He was subject to distressing palpitation of the heart, the sad offspring of mental application and these being increased by the close atmosphere, and confined streets of London, made him long for his native air.

Adieu, thou pestilential air,
 Where death and pain reside,
 Where every brow is dark with care,
 And every eye with pride;
 When vapours change the maiden hue
 Of winter's cloudless moon,
 And man's unwinking eye may view
 The burning sun at noon.

The Grave of Gerald Griffin.

And welcome! welcome, O ye hills!
 Bright skies and varied plain!
 A rushing joy my bosom fills
 To see your tints again.
 Here no deceitful ruin lurks
 Beneath the splendid show,
 But God unrolls his glorious works
 Around me as I go.

Health breathes in every passing gale
 That shakes my parted hair;
 I bid the western breezes hail
 With laughing forehead bare.
 They tell me of my native plains,
 They whisper of my home,
 And the fresh'ning blood within my veins
 Runs gaily while I roam.*

To home his thoughts were ever turning, and never beat a heart more affectionate towards his family, or more devotedly attached to his native land. He felt that the applause of strangers, the flattery of the multitude, the favour of men who know not, is far less gratifying, than that which we receive from the hearts and lips of those we love. But a change was at hand—his mind no longer thirsted for worldly applause. Seriousness was taking the place of playfulness in his mind, and, though always timid, he now grew shy, and sought retirement.

In short, 'he could not escape the destiny of being one of the elect of God. He could not escape that destiny which the grace of his Redeemer had stamped on his soul in baptism; which his good angel had seen written there, and had done his zealous part to keep inviolate and bright; which his own co-operation with the influences of Heaven had confirmed and secured. He could not escape the destiny in due time, in God's time (though it might be long, though angels might be anxious, though the Church might plead as if defrauded of her promised increase of a stranger yet a son—yet come it must, it was written in Heaven and the slow wheels of time each hour brought it nearer) he could not escape the destiny of becoming a monk.'†

For a while indeed he paused, but it was from the humility of a pious heart, proving its worthiness for the sacred calling, and not any vain repinings after the world he longed to leave. The change to which I alluded is avowed by himself in a publication called the *Christian Physiologist, or Tales of the Five Senses*; and when the desire to embrace a conventual life became irresistible he joined the Christian Brothers, a community of lay monks who devote their lives to the education of the poor. He was transferred from the Dublin house to the North Monastery of Cork, where he passed the brief remainder of his days.

* Lines on leaving London.

† *Loss and Gain*—the word in the text is 'Catholica.

DYRBINGTON.

CHAP. XV.

THE WORLD'S RECEPTION.

And now the year was spent and gone.

Lord and Lady Westrey were remaining in London that, in the last week of June, Madame Lefranc and the three who had been her pupils might join them.

In London the ladies arrived safely, and met with their expected welcome. Anna thought that Mary looked more graceful and noble than ever, no word had ever been coined that could satisfactorily express what *she* was; Anna was to stay in London till she could return to Watermouth under her friend's escort.

Julian had placed a liberal sum of money at Lady Westrey's disposal to procure all that could possibly be required by his daughter; with Madame Lefranc's assistance, the important affair of arranging Anna's wardrobe was commenced. Her mind was full of the excitement attendant on the novelty of her circumstances. It was a mixture of pride and pleasantness; she was very happy.

Lord Westrey declared himself, when alone with his wife, actually astonished at the loveliness of their protégé; and Madame Lefranc resigned her charge with a solemnity which was almost amusing.

Then followed a few large parties, two or three dinners, and a ball. Anna danced beautifully. Her manner was thought delightful. She was frank and lively, unaffected and obliging; and though evidently of high spirit and great energy of character, she was gentle and feminine, endowed with the charming grace of unobtrusiveness. She was everywhere admired, everywhere talked-of, everwhere enquired about. People praised her beauty and lauded her mind. There was also a romance in her history which assisted in making her the fashion—and the fashion in a certain circle, Anna was. There was an absolute excitement about her.

In the midst of this, at the end of that gay month of June, Edward arrived.

He came in the evening. Their last party for that season—not a very large party—was assembled at Lord Westrey's. Edward heard it all from old Thomas the butler when he arrived; so he went straight to his room and prepared himself to join it. When he was ready he entered the small drawing-room where he expected to find Lord Westrey. He went from him to Lady Westrey. She received him with even more than her usual cordiality. After a few words she said, "Edward your sister is in the next room, she

was singing with Mary just now, you had better go and see her. She is prepared for your coming, indeed we expected you earlier. But," she added these words with a smile, "but *you* are perhaps the one who ought to be prepared for the meeting."

Edward felt and looked a little puzzled. "Why?" he asked.

"Anna is wonderfully improved," said Lady Westrey. Her woman's attire suits her wonderfully. She is really quite beautiful."

"Dear Lady Westrey how you enchant me."

"You must take care of her, Edward, there are not many such in the world. But go now; go and seek her. I will venture to say that her thoughts are this moment of you. Go—keep her waiting no longer,"

Edward left Lady Westrey. His cheek was flushed with pride and joy, and his heart throbbed from the same cause. He passed slowly through the magnificent scene around him. He felt, as he looked on so much that was brilliant, that she ought to be gifted indeed who would shine with conspicuous radiance in such a hemisphere. And could his own gentle young sister excite remark, and had she already obtained distinction where there was so much to wonder at and admire? Still he moved on, and his eyes fell soon upon a picture which answered the question in his mind.

Standing side by side, and listening with smiles to the praises their singing brought forth, were Mary Westrey and Anna. Anna was more than all he had hoped; he paused to look at her. "How very handsome! how elegant; how uncommon is her beauty." Then Anna turned more towards him; she was seeking for some one; he followed every glance; he watched every motion. Such a sweet smile came to her face. It delighted Edward most of all. It was the loved and tender smile of home, a smile that spoke of a heart unchanged, and a head undisturbed by the flattery around her.

People were talking of Edward. "There—that's her brother!"

"Indeed; well he looks like it: there is a resemblance; he is exceedingly handsome."

"Yes, he is; and a miracle of genius I assure you. It is altogether a kind of thing, such as the world does not often see. I envy Westrey his friends. The father and mother are very extraordinary people also; quite above their former place in life. He is an antiquary, and not uneducated. There is a famous school, one of the old endowments, at Watermouth—father and son were both there."

"Indeed—it is quite a romance! And everything going together. Such beauty, and such natural good manners. Such talent—advantages—money. Dear me! Well, it is truly astonishing. I should like to be introduced to that young man. Could you manage it for me?"

"I hope they wont be spoiled," growled some one who was fond of viewing things under a threatening aspect.

"Spoiled! what for?" said the more amiable neighbour.

"Such sudden prosperity might spoil you or me."

"But those two young creatures have been brought up to it. This did not happen yesterday you know. The tide turned years back; only they were too young to attract attention. But they have been getting what is a good preparation for the flatteries that are likely to be offered to them; they have had, in the meantime, and in consequence, an excellent education."

"That is very well," remarked some one close by; "Very well, indeed; just the only thing to be done. But, after all, nothing can make up for the want of gentle blood."

"But gentle blood is not always the portion of the rich,"

"No. Only it ought to be. Give me pedigree—pedigree; that's the thing, sir. That makes the true nobleman."

"Well," replied the first speaker, who seemed to have it at heart to say all the good that he could for the Julians. "Well, that's curious. Do you not know that Westrey has a well-traced pedigree of these people for three hundred years. Very curious, I assure you. Not found in the herald's college that's true; never borne arms, of course; but by means of old papers belonging to himself, Mr. Dyrbington, and Lady Westrey—she was a Lullinstone you recollect—the pedigree of these young people, certainly by one side, if not by both, can be traced as I have said."

"I congratulate them," was the dry reply. The speaker did not think much of three hundred years. In an instant more came another question.

"That youth has not taken his degree I think?"

"Not yet; he can't—hasn't kept terms enough yet; can't take it till next year. He'll carry off the first honours, Parker says."

"Parker is very sanguine when he likes," said the unwillingly convinced gentleman.

"Yes. But Parker only likes, when he has a right to be sanguine," said the kindly disposed, in answer.

"Is the young man intended for the Church?" asked another.

"It is not settled. The Church was looked too naturally. Lord Westrey told us all about it the other day. The thing was proposed to Julian. There is a living waiting for him; but he was perfectly candid to Lord Westrey. He said that he was ambitious—ambitious was the word; that of course he, in consequence, would not pledge himself to enter any profession which, in point of fact so ties a man's hands as the Church does. That was the substance of what Lord Westrey said, I think."

"Ah, indeed; a patriot I suppose. Well, I like that. He may be a very useful man; a practical man; having opportunities of observation from connexions with a lower grade of society. Well, he will enter parliament? Can he speak?" The enquirer raised his double glasses to his eyes and looked at Edward with a plain intention of getting him by heart, and knowing him again. Then he went on:—

"Large connexions in trade, commerce, great affluence, such things form a man of influence. Good education too—solid parts—a brilliancy of genius also, I think I have heard. A capital parliamentary man—get him for one of Westrey's boroughs?"

"The talk went that way the other night."

"Ah! very good. Where is Westrey? He must introduce me to him. Not taken his degree yet, you said? Never mind; never too soon to know a man of promise." And the far-seeing speaker moved off. "By the by," he said returning, "What is the father worth, any idea? Eh?"

"Oh; I can't tell you the exact sum. But his successes only this year have been extraordinary. It's like a fairy tale—puts Aladdin's lamp quite out of countenance."

"Not all floating I hope? Something safely settled of course?"

"Oh yes. Wife and children taken care of. Westrey took care of that. He admires him in everything I believe."

"Then," said the lady who had declared her intention of knowing Edward, "Then if any misfortune should happen the father. I don't at all understand trade but one hears of such things—fortunes made and lost in a day. I am afraid it is terrible gambling," the lady shut her eyes piously behind her raised fan for a moment, and then recommenced her own trading speculations, "If any reverses were unfortunately to occur, such things do happen, the fortune of this young man, I mean of these two interesting young creatures would not be involved?"

"Quite safe, I believe so. Westrey said something, I forget exactly what. I daresay that he is trustee. But he has no dislike to talk about the Julians. Why don't you ask him?"

"Oh, it is no concern of mine you know." It certainly was not. Only the lady had a son and two daughters unprovided for.

And so friends, good and bad, flatterers, speculators male and female, political and matrimonial, welcomed Anna and Edward Julian to the world.

CHAP. XVI.

WELCOMES OF ANOTHER SORT.

Edward's progress through those rooms of entertainment was slow. He reached his sister and Mary Westrey, and that was all his heart desired. In all the joy of re-union, in all the exuberance of spirits belonging to so much of mingled promise and attained success—in feelings such as these Edward Julian passed that joyous night. He scarcely left Mary's side for a moment, and she seemed to be as happy as himself. There was not anything to excite fear. The atmosphere around him was one of hope. He would not have been near if he

could have resisted its enchantment. Lady Westrey was engaged in her duties as hostess. Lullingstone had just come in—he and Edward had arrived together—and he had taken Anna entirely to himself. Edward found Mary fall to his share naturally, and in the joyousness of the moment he fearlessly put forth all his powers for her entertainment.

Edward had kept his promise to himself. He had never sought to win her—he had abstained from every word that might possibly betray the secret of his soul; he had only given way to the happy influences around him, and yet Mary Westrey had found him out, and she knew that he loved her.

And something, so slight as not to be describable, something, a mere tone, a gleam, a blush, a stammering word, a passing tremour, something, that night, before they parted, told Edward that his secret was his own no longer. He knew that she knew it. As the thought came he could scarcely restrain the words that the bursting heart sent upwards to the lips. And when he did restrain them he felt covered with confusion; nervous as an infant.

Involuntarily he looked at Mary; then quickly withdrew his glance, but then, as quickly, sought her face again. What could he do but look at her? There, on that fair tablet must he not seek to read his fate—could he seek it anywhere else? He dared not speak. He felt that it would be wrong to speak. He had nothing to depend upon—he could only try to read such language as might be written there. She had found him out; and she made no show of misunderstanding him—was he not now bound in honour to speak openly?

While the contest was going on in his mind she spoke. And she spoke with such serenity that Edward could not help contrasting his own really wretched state of disquietude with the peace that possessed her.

“I am going to the other drawing-room; I am going to mamma.”

Edward could only look acquiesce by a look. She rose quietly, and walked with a steady step away. For the remainder of the evening Edward scarcely knew what he was about. Lord Westrey introduced him to his friends; he received such attentions with his best grace, talked of what they talked, and answered their questions, and got on in a kind of mechanical way, making himself agreeable as a matter of course, and as he best could. But all the time he was feeling that something had to be done, and thinking what he had best do.

Should he let things alone? Mary would think she had been trifled with.

The thought was not to be considered for a moment. Should he speak to her; write to her; do her justice by confessing to the feelings of whose existence she had no doubt? But what a return it would seem to be for Lord Westrey's patronage! As yet what was he? That evil spirit of torment, which is always ready to do its ill offices in the heart, rose quickly to answer this grieving ques-

tion, "As yet, what was he?" The son of a poor tradesman turned into a successful speculator; the clever boy of a charitable foundation; a youth all intoxicated with his good fortune, forgetful of the common requirements of life; a creature who had been helped on in the world by a great man, and had wilfully, knowingly, and obstinately placed his affections on that man's child." This was the picture presented by the spirit of torment within. Was it his; was he like it; could he recognize that as himself?

Edward indignantly flung it aside. If I be ruined, disgraced, reduced never to rise again; if I lose my position for ever in the world's esteem—and I seem to stand there in a high enough place to-night—I must go through with this thing now. I did not intend it. My own conscience is my witness in that matter. An hour ago I had not a thought of things being as they now are; I never intended it, but now I must go through with it; I should be unworthy of her if I did not. It is like the hazard of a life's hopes on a throw of the dice. It is a tremendous risk. But I must do it; I must do it—but how?

There again came a question upon which Edward paused. And then he resolved to tell everything to Lord Westrey that night. He soon left the drawing-room. When he reached his own bed-room, he found his travelling clothes still strewed about, and he took them up and placed them on a chair as if they were to be resumed. He locked his dressing case, and put things in a way speedily to be replaced in his portmanteau. "No one knows how soon I may wish to go," he said to himself. "At least the decision shall not take me unawares."

The time seemed to pass with distressing slowness. There he was alone, and in a state of harassed feelings which was very hard to bear. He had lighted his candles and thrown himself into a easy chair. He lay there staring at the opposite wall, and longing to hear the sounds of departing guests. Half-hours passed, the clock in the passage chimed them forth, and still he was there, and no sound but now and then a hum of distant gladness disturbed his loneliness. He staid there picturing the scene he had left—he went on to wonder on the things that might be. He began to question himself again. "Was there any real necessity for speaking to Lord Westrey?" "He had not *said* anything to Mary?" He rose briskly from his chair and spoke aloud. "I will speak to him to-night—I *will* tell him all."

Then came the sounds of wheels. He opened the door that he might hear more distinctly what was passing. The guests were going. He went to Lord Westrey's sitting-room and rang the bell.

"Tell Lord Westrey that I want to tell him something to-night—to tell him something he will be interested in hearing, or I would not trouble him to-night. I shall be in my bed-room. Will you ask Lord Westrey to be so good as to send for me when he is disengaged?"

Again he returned to his solitude. Again a half-hour passed drearily. Then came a servant to his door—"Lord Westrey was in his dressing-room and would be very happy to see Mr. Julian for as long a time as he pleased."

Lord Westrey's whole man displayed delight and tenderness. He held out his hand to Edward, and looked at him with affection. All at once the youth's hopes rose.

But he had not come there to further his own interests. He had come there to *do right*. He might lose hope, and lose Mary, but he would never lose himself. He would never lose her with anything but a heart unconscious of wrong in her cause.

"What I have to say requires your Lordship's fixed attention. Will it be agreeable to you to hear me now, or shall I wait?"

"Of course I will do as you wish. There is nothing wrong Edward. Is Lullingstone——"

"All is right with Lullingstone, sir."

"Well, go on."

"I am not a culprit and yet I feel like one," said Edward in the voice of one talking to himself.

"You don't look like one," said Lord Westrey, "You are no culprit depend upon it Edward, you only don't know how to begin." Lord Westrey smiled and pointed to a chair.

Edward did not take the chair. He remained standing, his eyes fixed on Lord Westrey's face. At last he spoke.

"I am guiltless of harm, yet I come to confess to you my Lord. My life has been an extraordinary one, I have had such experience as few find in a whole life, and that a long one. Lord Westrey I am not—I know I am not unduly elevated with a sense of wealth—great as it is, I think but little of it, for its own sake. I am gifted with talents but I may not set a price on them. They have not yet been proved to the world. But I have long felt that if, on taking my degree, I accomplished—perhaps exceeded—the expectations of my friends—if I made myself a place in society if, by my father's gifts, or my own exertions—for I cherished the thought before his altered fortunes came to the furtherance of my hopes—I earned a position less only in the fortuitous dispositions of fortune to your own; and if—these things being accomplished—I could bring also to my aid a heart, as far unsullied as might be, that then I would bring such things as I had—talents proved, position gained, independence accomplished—and virtue preserved, it may sound to your ears my Lord a poor inventory of merits, but it is all that I could hope to achieve—I would bring these things to your daughter Mary, and ask her to accept them. Yes, Lord Westrey, that has been the sustaining, existing hope of my life—for I have loved her— I loved her when to do so was like the dream of a child in years and knowledge as I was—I loved her as a youth when that dream seemed to gather itself into something tangible and take to itself form and shape; and I have loved her, as I now,

love her, with the man's heart that throbs within. And now Lord Westrey, you are the only human being who has heard my thoughts ; and I tell you now, because of no fault of mine, but somehow, I know not how, I have seen this evening that Mary suspects my thoughts, and that the secret of my life is a secret no longer."

Not once, not by a single movement, or by any attempt to speak had Lord Westrey interrupted Edward. He had heard all through, looking at him the whole of the time, and never taking his eyes off him, and now that Edward ceased speaking he still looked at him ; but it was impossible to say from that still fixed look what were the emotions excited within. There was silence for full a minute. Then Lord Westrey spoke.

"Nothing has passed between you?"

"Nothing."

"You are ready to assure me that you have not—not—not, what people call, made love to her."

"Never, on my soul."

"Yet you think she knows your secret."

"I do."

"May I ask whether you have any idea, of how Mary would receive a confession from you?"

Edward trembled in every limb. Lord Westrey saw his agitation.

"Don't tempt me Lord Westrey. I have not made myself worthy of her yet. I would not put that question to myself for the world. Lord Westrey, I can't tell you what I feel—if I were to answer that question to myself as I must wish it to be answered, and if in time to come—or now by your *fiat*—it were to be changed, I don't know, but I think that I should never recover it."

Lord Westrey walked briskly up and down the room. Edward still standing, looked neither to the right nor the left. He was absorbed in his own thoughts. He knew not how time passed on. It might have been only a few moments, it might have been an hour in which things stood thus, but at last he was roused by Lord Westrey stopping opposite to him, and abruptly asking him "Edward! why have you told me this?"

He roused himself immediately, his own frank smile came back to his face. "I will tell you," he said. And then the two smiled on each other, and again, in Edward's heart up sprung Hope.

"I thought that she had found me out. She rose up from where, by my side, she had been sitting, and went to her mother; I thought she might feel my speaking to her possible, even probable. I knew that I was in no position to speak to her. Then I feared lest my silence should make her feel that I had dared to trifle with her. These thoughts seemed to change my position. While the secret was in my own breast, it was my own, and belonging solely to me, I had a right to preserve it as I liked. But now it had escaped, and I owed a duty somewhere, perhaps to her, if not to her, to you. That the thought of my heart should have escaped thus, was a

thing entirely against my will. At this moment I would gladly at a great price purchase back that right to think of her, and cherish my love in my heart, as a thing that being mine and mine only, involved me in no responsibility. But now that that hope has passed from my heart to her knowledge, I am involved in a responsibility, and I have for that reason, and because you are her father, laid open my whole heart to you."

"But girls have often strange things said to them. Things are said, and done, and looked, and all that sort of thing, just as if there was some great meaning in them, and when nothing comes of it they think, if they think of it at all, that it was an instant's flirtation—that's all—and there being no more said, no harm is done. Nothing more than that has happened with Mary, I dare say?"

"Possibly not," said Edward, almost proudly. "But if your daughter has suspected me, she has suspected truth, Lord Westrey. I am not here before you to confess a momentary flirtation; I have asked to see you, to tell you the truth—to tell you that your daughter has been the hope of my life; that I feel to hold life simply on that hope, and that to lose it is to be at once and for ever ruined and wretched. Within my breast that passion has lived as a holy thing. And because I would not have it misunderstood—because I could not help so holy a thing in my heart, and suffer it to be profaned by becoming the cause of anything underhand or dishonourable between you and me—because of this I have told you all; I have risked all to make life what it is to me rather than run any risk of this treasured hope being polluted by ought unworthy of it. My Lord, I give up nothing, I promise nothing, I unsay nothing. Good night, Lord Westrey; I hope indeed, that no harm is done!" With a thousand mingled emotions struggling in his breast, Edward was turning to leave the room, but Lord Westrey recalled him.

"Stop, Edward, come back; with what feelings—with what intentions are you leaving this room?"

Edward returned. He saw that Lord Westrey was deeply agitated. He advanced close to him.

"You are my benefactor. I know that I owe much to you. You may think that I have ill-rewarded your kindness and patronage. If I had not done as I have done this night I should feel that possibly I might be open to that charge. But now I have done all that I can do. You know me now. As soon as it seemed needful for you to know me you have known me. We are on even ground, my Lord. If you say no more to me I shall leave this room with every thought and intention the same as they have ever been, and when the time comes that I can offer to your daughter what she may without degradation accept, I will offer it to her; but if now you choose to order things otherwise, you can. There is a terrible power in your hands, Lord Westrey. I would ask you to use it with mercy and caution."

"I have wished her to marry Morton," said Lord Westrey.

“ Old Sir Giles wished it. He spoke of it to me. He spoke of it to Morton. I should think that Morton will certainly propose to her—probably soon—this year on his return. It would be a good connexion for her. I have always hoped it.”

Lord Westrey looked at Edward, but Edward made no answer.

“ Nonsense, Edward! By the time you have taken your degrees you will see her Lady Morton.”

“ May God help me,” groaned Edward,

“ That is, if you don't make love to her in the mean time, and so turn her head, and prevent it,” went on Lord Westrey.

“ My determination is taken,” said Edward. “ Not till I have taken my place in the world, will I ask her to hear me ; and then, if she be still disengaged, and if you do not now forbid it, Lord Westrey, then I will.”

“ No man has courage and patience for such a course,” said Lord Westrey. “ Put it out of your head, Edward ; it is a trial beyond human strength. Consider ; you have much to accomplish ; don't worry your mind with this thing.”

Edward smiled. “ A great deal indeed to accomplish ; do you allow me to leave the room, bent upon victory, my Lord ?”

“ No Edward,” he exclaimed, standing up. “ No Edward, for that would be to give you a tacit consent. I will not give any consent to the course you have marked out for yourself ; but I will say this, that I admire you greatly, and that you have raised yourself in my esteem by what has passed this night.”

“ Then I am free, my Lord ?” exclaimed Edward joyfully.

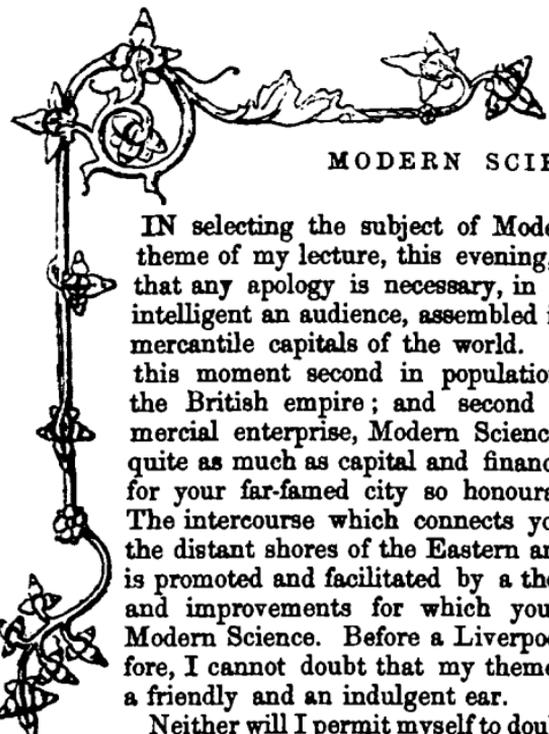
“ Free to do as you like about yourself ; free to do anything except make love to Mary. And I say this, you may remember it, Edward. I say that, should you ever come to me, having kept your word about Mary, and bringing with you those recommendations of which you have this night spoken, and recollect that not one has to be omitted—then Edward—and rising, Lord Westrey placed his hand on the youth's shoulder. “ Then, if she be disengaged, you shall make love to her, if you like !”

Edward seized Lord Westrey's hand.

“ Nay, nay, Edward ; I have promised nothing, after all. Don't buoy yourself up on what I have said. To me your earnestness is the most sorrowful thing in the world. You have everything before you, and yet you peril happiness wilfully, and knowingly, on a chance which is not worth a straw. I assure you—as your friend I assure you that Mary is certain to be engaged within the year.”

“ Enough, enough—good, kind, noble friend,” said Edward. “ You shall never repent the admissions you have made to me this night. I will go to Watermouth to-morrow. I will keep my word with the tenderest honour. I will seek in everything to deserve her, and trust to Heaven for success.” And Edward left Lord Westrey, and laid himself down to rest happier than, an hour before, he had ventured to think would be possible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]


 MODERN SCIENCE.*

IN selecting the subject of Modern Science for the theme of my lecture, this evening, I do not imagine that any apology is necessary, in the presence of so intelligent an audience, assembled in one of the chief mercantile capitals of the world. If Liverpool is at this moment second in population to few cities in the British empire; and second to none in commercial enterprise, Modern Science has contributed, quite as much as capital and financial skill, to secure for your far-famed city so honourable a distinction. The intercourse which connects your busy port with the distant shores of the Eastern and Western world, is promoted and facilitated by a thousand discoveries and improvements for which you are indebted to Modern Science. Before a Liverpool audience, therefore, I cannot doubt that my theme will gain for me a friendly and an indulgent ear.

Neither will I permit myself to doubt that a Liverpool Catholic audience will be less disposed to indulgence, in consequence of the peculiar character of my subject. I know, indeed, that many of our Catholic body in England are accustomed to regard the achievements and the triumphs of Modern Science with indifference; I fear, I must add, in some cases, with undisguised mistrust; as if the advance of Science were a hostile invasion into the sacred territory of Revealed truth. Daily increasing opportunities of acquiring better information are no doubt daily diminishing the number of such persons; and I will take the liberty of believing that there is not one such person to be found, among the members of *The Liverpool Catholic Institute*. If each new discovery in Science, if each newly-established Law in nature, is a new manifestation of the power, of the wisdom, of the mystery, and of the goodness of the Creator, it must be, not only that nothing in Science can possibly come into collision with the other manifestation of God made to us in Revelation; but it may be that the sacred mysteries of Revelation itself are shadowed forth and illustrated by what is known, and by what is daily discovered of the Divine operation in the external order of nature.† With such an assured certainty on the one side, and so great a probability on the other, the most

* Lecture delivered at the Catholic Institute on the Evening of Thursday, November 27th, by the REV. JAMES A. STOTHERT.

† Rom. 1. 20,

cautious Catholic may not only bid adieu to fear, but may expect to find in the study of Modern Science many indications of its possessing a common origin with the supernatural revelation on which he rests his hopes for this world and for the next.

It was a favourite theme with the ancient classical poets, to symbolize the subjection of the powers of nature to the dominion of a superior intelligence, under the representation of certain deities, who presided over the supposed residence of these powers. Thus Neptune ruled the sea; Vulcan was the fire-king; Apollo resided in the sun; Jupiter governed the phenomena of the atmosphere; it was he who pointed the lightning, and who drove the thunder cloud. If there is an inferior kind of honour and of worship which may lawfully be offered to whatever is excellent and beautiful in the works of the great Creator, I should be disposed to claim a large share of such honour, and of such worship, for the Genius of Modern Science. I am very sure, that her character is more irreproachable, and her achievements far more wonderful, than either the character or the achievements attributed by the poets of Greece and Rome to the deities of their Mythology. Vulcan, with all his skilful handicraft, was but a rude workman, when compared with the Genius that covers acres of our soil with palaces of iron and of glass, as elegant as they are stupendous; when compared with the power that spans not our continents and our rivers only, but wide arms of the sea, with highways of iron. Neptune with his Tritons shrinks into something less than a river god, before the British steam-navy alone, which a few months ago swept the ocean with the power of 90,000 horses.* Apollo, as we all know, has become the humble servant of Modern Science; has delivered up the secrets of heat, of light, and of actinism or chemical agency, which had lain for ages in his royal bosom; Apollo condescends to copy our pictures, and to paint our portraits. Even the Thunderer himself has been despoiled of his prerogatives; the sacred fire which he had so long appropriated, and whose first theft he so cruelly visited, flows in silent and beneficent streams from continent to continent, and underneath the ocean, excited, regulated, and employed by the Genius of Modern Science, as the instantaneous messenger of her royal will. The clouds which the monarch of Olympus could compel around his royal seat must yield in force to the clouds which Modern Science gathers and controls, in her foundries, in her locomotives, in her marine steam engines.

But, now, passing from what might perhaps be considered as the exaggerated language of declamation, let us take a calmer and a closer view of the present state and condition of Modern Science. There are divisions of it, more particularly distinguished by their revelations of almost boundless tracts of time. There are departments of Modern Science which expand our view into the immensity of space. There are others, with which phenomena of subtlety, of

* Lardner's Museum: 10. 176.

mysterious secrecy, of remote and unintelligible agency are more especially associated. In our day, we have seen the science of Geology advance almost from infancy, through successive stages of development, till it has reached, if not its maturity, at least a solid and permanent footing among the Sciences strictly inductive. It is not seventy years since William Smith, justly named the Father of English Geology, proposed to construct a map of the Geological state of England; a task which it took him a quarter of a century to accomplish; and which immediately gave a stimulus to enquiry and to observation in a field of knowledge almost boundless. A succession of eminent men, both at home, and on the continent, have arranged a long series of observations, among the rocks, and the organic remains which compose the earth's crust; they have thus established the supremacy of law and of order among the mountain masses and in the hollow valleys of our globe; and have read the history of its successive periods in the wreck of ancient systems, and in the progress of contemporary changes. There is no Science that opens up to us ideas of vaster periods of time than Geology reveals. We are shown mountain masses 14,000 feet in thickness, which must have been slowly heaped upon the remains of organic life in the lowest stratum; without doing violence to any authorized interpretation of Scripture, we are assured that, on the very lowest computation, such mountain-masses cannot have taken less than 20,000 centuries to form. The gradual rising of the coast-line, the slow formation of vast fields of vegetable deposits into peat and into coal, afford a glimpse into tracts of time almost boundless; of which our common standards fail to convey a definite, or an intelligible measure. There is no science which more directly bears on human progress or more immediately benefits our modern society. It is a guide to the miner in discovering and in working the subterranean repositories of the precious metals, and of what is of even more value to England, those of ores of iron, and those fields of coal, which have raised her as a nation to the very first rank among the commercial peoples of the world. The engineer is a debtor to Geology; his cuttings and his tunnels, and the other innumerable operations of his profession are facilitated by a knowledge of the materials which he may expect to find; a knowledge which Geology alone can teach him. Nor is modern agriculture less indebted to this young science.

Other sciences open to us views of distance, similar in vastness to the revelations of Geology in the field of time. Such a science is Astronomy; and a principal feature in the progress which it has made in our day is associated with this very province. Till a few years ago, it was thought that no means existed for measuring the distance of any of the stars usually called fixed. The planets, which, as their name implies, wander in their orbits around the sun, could be brought within the operation of the yard measure, as the Astronomer Royal expresses it; we knew, with astonishing accuracy exactly how far off Jupiter or Saturn is from the sun and from our own globe. But who could ever hope to measure across the gulf that

separates us from those apparently immoveable points of light that look down upon us on a clear night, the only unchanging things, as they seem, on which our eye can rest? Modern Science has, at least, accomplished this feat. Modern Science with her double eye of the telescope and the micrometer, can see further, and can see nearer than our predecessors could in their most sanguine moments have dared even to hope. Through the perfection of modern workmanship, which enables the astronomer to measure with his instruments intervals of space more minute than would otherwise have been possible, the distance of about nine stars has been approximately found.* And what do you think the distance of the nearest of these is from the earth? It would hardly convey a definite idea to your minds to tell you the number of millions of miles. I will take another method of expressing it. We know that Neptune the furthest known planet is about thirty times further from the sun than our globe is. We are ninety-six millions of miles from the sun; Neptune, therefore, is about 2,900 millions of miles from the solar centre. Now let us suppose this distance reduced to a line two miles long. How long a line do you think we should require to stretch from our globe to the nearest star? We should require a line longer than would encircle our globe; we should require a line 27,600 miles long to reach from this earth to the principal star in the constellation of the Centaur, which is the nearest known in the heavens.

There is another, and perhaps a more striking way of exhibiting the vastness of heavenly space. The impulse or thrill of light has the swiftest motion with which we are acquainted, except indeed, the flash of lightning and unless we are to except also the instantaneous force of gravitation. But light is so rapid, as to travel over a million of miles in five seconds of time; it flashes from the sun in about eight minutes and a half. It takes rather more than four hours to travel between the sun and Neptune. But the time which light takes to thrill from the nearest star in the constellation of the Centaur, is not measured only by hours, or days, or weeks, or months, but by years. A ray of light requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ years to reach us from that remote star.

There is a star with which some of you must be familiar; the Pole Star. That is one of the few stars whose distance has been measured. But the Pole Star is fifteen times further off than the star in the Centaur. Light, therefore, takes fifteen times as long to reach us from the Pole Star; a period nearly approaching to half a century. Advancing a step further, it has been estimated by an eminent foreign astronomer (Peters) that a star of the sixth or seventh magnitude, the smallest visible to the naked eye, is removed to a distance which light could not pass over in less than 138 years; and that the time required for the same subtle and swift messenger to come from the smallest star visible in Hers-

* Herschel's *Outlines of Astronomy*; 815.

chel's 20 feet reflecting telescope, would not be less than 3,541 years*. Such are some of the discoveries of Modern Science in the vastness of celestial space. They have led scientific men to conclude it to be extremely probable, that there are stars in the remote distances of heaven, which no human eye has yet seen, because the first ray of light which left them at the moment of creation has not yet had time to flash across the inconceivable abyss lying between them and our earth.

I have said that some branches of Modern Science reveal phenomena of subtlety, of mysterious secrecy, of remote and invisible, and unintelligible agency. Chemistry is one of these. No science has advanced by more prodigious strides, in our day, than the science of chemistry, in both its branches of organic and inorganic analysis. I wish exceedingly that I could go a little into the mysterious subject of chemical affinities, as they are called; the strange and incomprehensible system of laws which govern the chemical composition and decomposition of substances. The subject seems to me all the more attractive, from our vicinity to the home of the illustrious Dalton, who has inseparably associated with his native city of Manchester, his immortal discovery of the atomic constitution of all bodies; a law, in its wide application, in its important consequences, and in its simplicity, which may be placed side by side with Newton's discovery of universal gravitation. But at present, such an indulgence is out of the question.

One remark, however, I will offer, on this subject; and that is to call your attention to the enormous forces which the most apparently 'simple and silent processes of chemistry call into energy. Take, for example, a familiar instance, the preparation of common salt, by the union of chlorine and of sodium. 24 parts, by measure, of common rock salt contain 25 parts by measure of the metallic element of sodium, more than the whole bulk of salt, together with no less than 30 parts by measure of liquid chlorine; that is to say 25 parts, added to 30 parts, or 55 parts by volume, or bulk, when united by a chemical process, of the utmost apparent simplicity, are compressed into 24 parts by bulk; or into less than half the sum of the original volumes. No mechanical force with which we are acquainted, not even the hydraulic press, nor the steam hammer, could accomplish such a feat. Yet it is the silent result of chemical affinity. And still further to increase our wonder, this enormous pressure or squeezing together of the particles does not in the least affect the transparency of the rock salt, which permits the passage both of light and of heat, more freely than glass itself.†

There is one agency which fills a most important place in Modern Science; the agency of electricity. It affords a very remarkable example of what I have called the mysteriousness and

* Grant's History of Astronomy.

† Faraday's Lectures on non-metallic elements. 148.

the subtlety of many natural operations which have been revealed to modern discovery. Electricity is commonly reckoned as a branch of chemistry; because the most powerful artificial developments of electric force, with which we are acquainted, are produced by chemical agency. The greatest living electrician, Professor Faraday, of London, has devoted the assiduous labour of his life to the investigation of this wonderful force, and to its identification with the cognate agencies of heat, of light, and of magnetism. Not only has he established the fact, that all of these influences are merely different operations or states of one and the same agent; but he has even pushed his inquiries to the very frontiers of the empire of gravitation itself; and although at the date of his interesting paper on the subject, (November 1850) he had not succeeded in arriving at any conclusive result, he closes the narrative of his experiments in these memorable words. "Here end my trials for the present. The results are negative. They do not shake my strong feeling of the existence of a relation between gravity and electricity, though they give no proof that such a relation exists."

But there is one peculiar form in which Modern Science exhibits the electric force, which, familiar as we now are with it, strikes us with fresh wonder and admiration, as often as it occurs to our observation. You have already guessed that I allude to the electric telegraph.

If one of our ancestors, only a generation or two ago, could revisit this world, knowing nothing more than he knew, when he was alive, among the many wonders of our time, nothing, I think, would strike him so much as the electric telegraph. An express train, flashing across the country, as on the Great Western Railway, a mile in a minute, would no doubt astonish him with its fleetness and its power. But I am much mistaken if those wonderful wires, lying along the side of our railways, would not astonish him more. He would ask what they meant? You would tell him they were the great highway of news, of every kind; the highway of thought and of intelligence, passing and repassing incessantly, from city to city, across the country, under the sea, from one capital of the world to another. He would hardly understand what you meant. You would then take him to some telegraph station; say in London or Paris; you would shew him a number of youths, seated before little boxes; each box being furnished with two tiny needles, which the youth in charge of it shakes from side to side before him. A signal is made at one of those little boxes; the needles move; it is a message from Vienna, or St. Petersburg; a few months hence we shall be able to say that it comes from Washington or from New Orleans, across the bottom of the Atlantic. Something done by another clerk, at one of those distant places, at the same instant moves the needles in London. The clerk before you does something in reply; two little needles at Vienna, or at New York are shaken, at the same instant; an answer flashes back, underneath

2,000 miles of ocean, faster than you can spell the words of the answer ; a series of shakes conveys the far-travelled message ; the two correspondents, one of them in Europe, and the other in America, have a perfect and instantaneous intelligence of what the other wishes each of them to know. While you are watching the clerk who attends to the American telegraph, a signal comes to his next neighbour from India ; we may live to see a seat, in the Central Telegraph Office in London, occupied by a clerk who receives instantaneous intelligence from Sydney, or from New Zealand. In the words of a friend of mine—

———"the living letters
Pulse along the trembling wires,
Silent as the flowing moonlight,
Sudden as the thunder-fire."

A locomotive engine is no doubt, as I said, a wonderful object ; so is a great steamship, like the 'Great Eastern' leviathan now building in the Thames, as long as St. Peter's at Rome, and capable of accommodating the population of a small town. Familiarity hardly diminishes our admiration of the wonderful contrivances and adaptations in the machinery of a great factory or mill ; its wheels, and looms, and spinning-jennies seem alive with intelligent instinct. The Crystal Palace and the Britannia Bridge are, in their way, stupendous examples of human ingenuity and power. But if you compare the effect produced by a given outlay of power, in each of these instances, what are they, after all, but examples of mere brute force, of no very difficult comprehension, beside the silent, subtle, I had almost said the spirit-like agency in the telegraph? *That something*, which starts from the east or from the west, 2,000 miles off, and at the same instant moves the needles in London, is so strong as to force its way through the air, and from particle to particle of iron wire, at the rate of many thousand miles in a second ; while the explosive force of gunpowder is able to send a cannon ball only some 2,000 feet in the same period, or not quite half a minute. Yet *that something*, which forces its way so irresistibly, is in itself quite invisible ; you can see it only in its effects. In less time than you can wink it thrills along thousands of miles of wire, across valleys, and under the ocean ; yet without noise. It has no weight ; the wires are not heavier while it passes, nor lighter when it is gone, as a pipe, along which water flowed, might be. It is more like spirit than anything we know of ; it comes, whence we know not, nor how ; it pierces so keenly, and thrills so rapidly. We can gather it in reservoirs, and make it obey us, as a docile servant ; but what it is, of what nature, whether it is a fluid, whether simple or composed of elements, or only a state of matter, like weight, or hardness, whether it flows from the sun, as its vast reservoir, or is only excited by the solar rays, we seem likely for ever to remain totally ignorant. I mentioned Professor Faraday just now as the most eminent electrician of our age. This distinguished philo-

sopher, at a meeting of the British Association at Swansea, a few years ago, bore candid testimony to the mysteriousness of electric force. "There was a time," he said, "when I thought I knew something about the matter; but the longer I live, and the more carefully I study the subject, the more convinced I am of my total ignorance of the nature of electricity."*

This hidden and subtle force seems to fill all material nature; it is hard to say where it is not. The telegraph wires indeed are its highway; but it took the scientific world a little by surprise a few years ago, (1840) to learn that the steam blowing from a high-pressure locomotive engine, generates electricity in enormous quantity, owing to the friction of the particles of watery vapour on the edge of the orifice. It was an accidental discovery, made by an intelligent workman in charge of a fixed steam-engine at Sighill, near Newcastle. While he was adjusting the weight on the escape-valve, he was surprised to feel an electric spark strike his hand. A scientific gentleman of the name of Armstrong, pursued the investigation which Professor Faraday has completed. It is now a recognized method of generating electricity. The hydro-electric machine, some of my audience may have seen at the Polytechnic Institution in London. It is in fact nothing more than an insulated boiler, about six feet and a half long, and three feet and a half in diameter. The steam is allowed to escape by forty-six little iron tubes, with orifices or jets of partridge-wood. In front of these jets there are rows of metallic points which receive and convey away the electricity to the ground or for the purposes of experiment. The steam-pressure usually employed is 60lbs to the square inch. Sparks 14 inches long rush from the machine, and at a distance of six inches the continuous stream of electric discharges is too rapid to be counted. There can be no doubt therefore that an ordinary locomotive engine, every minute of its journey at the head of a train, is generating electric force in sufficient quantity to destroy the whole train instantaneously. But by a beneficent arrangement of nature, this force is dissipated at every instant of its excitation, and its discovery was the result of accident. The same effects are secretly in operation in every chemical change with which we are acquainted. It is regarded as highly probable that an operation so simple as the burning of a candle excites electricity in quantity exceeding the contents of a thunder-cloud; yet this, too, is also dissipated, in silence and in secrecy.

Professor Faraday has shown that the force necessary to prevent the decomposition of any material substance existing in component parts, must be at least equal to the force required for effecting its decomposition by the separation of those parts. Water, for instance, as we know, is composed of two volumes, or measures of hydrogen gas, and one measure of oxygen, in intimate combination. These

* Bahewell's Elect. Science; 99. note.

component elements of water may be separated from each other, by passing a stream of electricity through a drop of water. Faraday has proved by experiment that the chemical action which effects the decomposition of a grain of water by weight, evolves electricity equal in quantity to a thunder-storm. Now, if the force which retains the elements of a grain of water in combination is at least equal to the force which dissipates them, you may form a faint conception of the enormous amount of electric force employed in nature in the single office of holding together every grain of the water of our rivers, of our lakes, and of our oceans; in preventing the component elements of every grain of water in our globe, from being dissipated at every instant, in invisible gases. These are only some of the subtle operations of electricity, and not perhaps the most wonderful. It has many others, of constant and universal occurrence, known to students of nature; it has probably many more which they will never know. All growth, in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, seems to have a close dependence on electricity; even the secret phenomena of life appear to be in some way connected with it. The weather, rain, hail, storms, wind, clouds, are all of them evidence of its apparently capricious forces. The formation of mineral veins, of precious stones, is proved by actual experiment, to be the work of this mysterious agent. Every crevice and cranny on the earth's surface is the field of its operations; every fibre of every plant, and animal is the seat of its influence. The atmosphere is full of it; distant space, at least as far as the sun's presence is felt, and probably much farther, is the theatre of electric phenomena. It is everywhere; changing; modifying; fructifying; all the while, noiselessly, invisibly; in its subtle pulse, leaving our conceptions of time and distance far, far behind; outstripping even the speed of light. It is more than suspected that the cohesion of the particles of matter depends on electric conditions. What a world of speculation and of possible discovery is opened before us, in such a probability!

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

I.

'Twas early morning in the laughing May,
We waited for the train; fresh breezes blew
Grey shadows on the corn fields far away;
Brief speck of gloom across the golden day
A moment in each snowy cloudlet flew.

II.

When hark! among the electric wires a tone,
Fresh strayed from Harmony's divinest sphere,
In concord murmuring as it alone
And feeble plaint; a fierce discordant moan;
And, last, on high a rising shriek of fear.

III.

'Tis but the wind kissing each vocal string.—
 'Tis more to me. It seems the changing news
 That fly afar upon the lightning's wing;
 Those wires, of Death, and Life, and Sorrow sing;
 My spirit on their song will sadly muse.

IV.

To household hearths they flash a note of mirth,
 Making wild joy beside the Christmas fire;
 Announcing here a marriage or a birth;
 And there, with wailing tone, how, deep in earth,
 Dear hopes of love for all the years expire.

V.

A flash from fields of glory. Britain's flower
 Of chivalry upon her native flood
 Is crowned; her spirit trembling in that hour
 'Twixt joy and weeping, deems her royal power
 Is dearly purchased by her noblest blood.

VI.

Round a still heart, upon war's bloody plain,
 A maiden's love is twined. The touch of death
 That staid its pulse has pierced with mortal pain
 Her gentle heart; our sympathy is vain;
 That wailing whisper was her passing breath.

VII.

And as the shriek of anguish wildly rose
 An angel fallen dark pinions downward bear;
 Long tales of infamy in horror close;
 In darkness, where the sullen river flows,
 Dear woman's wreck drops deep in her despair.

VIII.

A guardian Spirit in the wandering wind
 Mourns for the woe he visits as he flies;
 O'er sunny hours he sees a cloud behind
 In sorrow creeping; to its shadow blind
 To-day we worship what to-morrow dies.

IX.

Our Life laid bare beneath his tender eyes,
 In phase of gloom or sunshine, bids him mourn;
 From pleasure's concord, tones of sadness rise,
 To him our laughter mingles with our sighs,
 And tearful songs from sweetest hours are borne.

X.

Æolian chords! upon your airy lyre
 Attuned, his teeming spirit finds relief;
 As, one by one, our darling joys expire,
 He sounds their funeral music ever higher,
 And makes your silence vocal with his grief.

J. A. S.

CHARADE.

My first is a title endearing,
 My next, a disparaging word;
 Be careful to test the veneering
 Of my whole, if you purchase my third.

THE REFORMATORY MOVEMENT.

ARNO'S COURT.

We have already given our views on the 'Reformatory movement' as a question of great political and social importance; we have explained more in detail the principles upon which Catholic Reformatories are worked, and which give them prospects of stability and success beyond any Institution of a similar kind. It now only remains for us to state briefly what has already been done by the Catholic Church to meet our great national want, and what we as individuals are still required to do. We have shewn that the agricultural colony at Mount Saint Bernard possesses all the requisites for a Catholic Reformatory; would that all our friends could study by personal observation their system of religious training!

We have two other institutions for boys; the Brook Green Reformatory under the Brothers of Mercy, from Belgium, and the Yorkshire Catholic Reformatory; the former was certified by act of parliament eighteen months since, and is now working most satisfactorily.

As yet we have but one Institution for girls, the Arno's Court Reformatory near Bristol; this establishment was for several years an Asylum or Penitentiary under the care of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; during the last spring the penitents were gradually disposed of, the object of the charity was changed, and the house was certified by Government as a Reformatory School—the same invaluable Community direct the Institution, and no management could be better calculated to regenerate the degraded criminal, or to edify the observant visitor. To combine the penal and reformatory action is always most difficult, and can only be carried out by those who are guided by supernatural grace; but it is now generally admitted that the task is much more difficult and discouraging with girls than with boys; the latter can be employed much more actively in out-door occupations; their interests are easily engaged in such pursuits, and their passions are checked by a wholesome physical fatigue; not so with girls—their more confined habits, with less bodily exertion, allow more play for their untrained minds, and their more lively imaginations are day and night plotting evil. is indeed the highest of all vocations; requiring patience, forbearance and self-sacrifice such as heroic virtue alone can give. The order of the Good Shepherd is one of those miraculous fruits of the Catholic Church, which prove by the mark of Holiness the indwelling of the Divine Spirit. Every age has its wonders; wonders in science, wonders in art; the Church of God has in every age her miracles, the wonders of grace, and these are far more interesting and more evident to our senses, than all the discoveries of science;

would that we were not so blind ; would that we could all see and believe. The Order of the Good Shepherd is but of recent origin in the Church ; one of her youngest families, with the Mother Foundress still living at the parent house in France. Never did a community commence with less to attract subjects to her ranks ; yet within a few years, we have seen innumerable ladies of high birth, refined education, unsullied purity joining this most austere and forbidding rule, making themselves the perpetual slaves of the most abandoned and revolting members of their own sex.

These daughters of the Good Shepherd, a name they deserve to bear, have extended their mission to almost every Christian nation, and now they have undertaken the care of our young female prisoners. May God bless their new work, and may the Catholics of England encourage them by gratitude and support. Arno's Court has most advantages for a Reformatory ; it is a healthy locality, and the large grounds could afford occupation and recreation for two hundred girls ; but the building requires considerable alteration and addition to make it suitable for the present purposes. Already 40 children have been placed there under sentence, and the community are most anxious during the coming spring to prepare further accommodation. May the public render them generous aid.

In concluding our last article on this subject we will sum up the purport of our remarks under two considerations which we venture to suggest most seriously to our readers.

1st.—The Reformatory movement being connected with our most valued social interests, demands the sympathy and co-operation of every member of the community.

2nd.—Catholic Reformatories, more than any others, possess the elements of stability and endurance, because they are conducted by Religious who have annihilated self, and who work only for God ; who knowing the inconstancy of frail humanity, have disposed of their whole life by one sublime act of disinterestedness ; who by the vastest conceivable exercise of free-will have pledged their future to the cause of charity ; who find in the sacraments of the Church strength to accomplish what at the moment of profession they had the courage to promise.

THE SHIRT MAKERS.

CHAP. I

You do not penetrate into Gilbert-street in search of the picturesque or agreeable. The denizen draws listlessly or hurries recklessly along—the wayfarer throws an anxious glance around wishing he had already 'got his heels clean out of it.' A fetid court on one side pours as it were its impurities upon you, and damp, dank, unwholesome cellars disagreeably intimate

that you tread on filth only more condensed than that which as it were envelops you. In fact you would not willingly delay there, and your steps involuntarily assume a more determined stride as you hasten along the unwelcome pavement. Untidy women stand in twos and threes around the gin shops, and from some door or window you are unexpectedly disgusted by the sight of a tawdry dress and a bloated face. There is nonage here, but no childhood. Little things for the most part mope about, sometimes they play, but they never romp or gambol. Their pale faces are rendered more pitiable by neglect. They are laughing now, but they have none of that sunshine of delight around them which arrests and bids us stay amid laughing children that we may be gladdened by their innocence. Many seem even to play wearily, and their delight is uttered in a scream of which playfulness is not a characteristic. You cannot pass through this scene and not utter a silent prayer that those little ones may not grow up to such a maturity as you compare them with; and you thank the Almighty Father who has cast the lot of those bright children you love in another sphere.

But the field which is overrun with thistles will yield flowers also; and perhaps the flowers are but of greater fragrance, as they certainly are of a more striking beauty, for the contrast. The darkness has fallen around, and if we have occasion to enter Gilbert street to-night, it is with a double motive to hasten out of it again. But as we pass along we are attracted by a steady, well-trimmed, though not brilliant light, streaming through a window where glass, not grime, is the medium. A female head, not of one in years, is projected upon the window, and her attitude betokens labour—a labour from which she unbends not from morning until night. Let us enter. The person whose shadow caught our sight is that of a young woman in the prime of life. Her figure has the roundness which youth and strength impart, and her features, regular though wan, betoken a resignation and a purpose that rebuke many of those whom the world favours with its smiles. Opposite to her, and near the fire-place, is an elder female, on whom the world, and not time has written agedness. Her work has fallen on her lap—her body is thrown, it does not incline, upon a settle which serves for bed and couch. Weariness and exhaustion have done their work upon her, and the feeble energy of years demands repose ere the machinery of the body be again set in motion. Before the fire-place, upon that small round table with which such households are familiar, is set an humble tea equipage, and the feeble fire gives indication that (for the fifth time that day) the laborious pair were about to have recourse to that great stimulus for the overwrought.

In the feebleness of years are retained many of the characteristics of childhood—querulousness is amongst them. The mother allowed her voice to be thus slightly affected when she spoke. "Hey dear! whatever shall I do; I am very weary."

"Go to rest, mother," advised the worker; "you'll be better after."

"Well, and what are you to do?"

"I shall work on—I am not tired." But an uneasy motion of the poor body belied the words.

"Catherine, I am tired of tea," continued the elder; "I begin not to like it. I don't think it agrees with me so well now, as it did some years ago. I felt strong, like, after taking tea then, I don't now."

Catherine sighed, but she replied not. She raised her affectionate eyes towards her mother, and she then saw, that the old woman was indeed weak—terrible evidence of feebleness was upon her pale haggard face, colourless lips, and exhausted form. Her poor daughter rose and took her hand; it was cold and unsubstantial. The young woman looked around, as if hoping to fix on something which should revive her mother. Alas! within that poor apartment the hope was an idle one.

"What would you have, mother!" said the humble worker—the thought as yet unformed of what that reply would suggest; but speaking in the spirit in which we ask a feeble child what next will his fancy court, although we but intend to baffle his request.

"I should like some fleshmeat," said the old woman, and a light shone in her eye at the thought, but in an instant she fell back more exhausted.

Her daughter rose, glanced at her mother for a moment, snatched something hastily from her work-parcel, and drawing her shawl around her, flung, rather than placed, her bonnet on her head, and rushed from the house.

CHAP. II.

Mr. Peter Mills is an active and a prosperous citizen. He is assiduous in his avocation, energetic in business; prudently speculative, well to do, and in short a model tradesman. Mr. Mills is one who has grasped that intelligence which in this age is sown broadcast, and he has retained a larger share than falls to the lot of many men of his order. He is a political economist. But of all the *dicta* of economical professors, he is addicted to that which counsels "to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest." This is not the place to discuss the tendency of this advice, which has however, we believe, been very much mistaken. There is another principle upon which he is equally strong however—that capital should preside over labour. The opinion is one universally prevalent among the class of which Mr. Peter Mills is a bright exemplar. Circumstances, and doctrines propounded, incline them to believe that there is an inevitable antagonism between capital and labour, and as they find that in this age capital has generally the upper-hand, and believe this serves their purposes, so they hold it should be to the end.

To proceed. Mr. Peter Mills, is an employer of labour, and he purchases his labour in the cheapest market. That is, he pays for it at the least possible price. In the abstract and upon principle, he is right. The doctrine is inevitable. People will not pay for any article more than they can help. There are in our day some difficulties which prevent labour from fairly competing with capital, and it does not seem likely that political economy will ever discover the means for their removal. Keen men, however, like Mr. Peter Mills, make the most of the present state of things. The poet says with truth; "When self the wav'ring balance sways, 'tis rarely true to justice." And as it is a prevalent belief that the first axiom of political economy is "take care of number one!" It is accepted as a corollary to this injunction, to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. No! Mr. Mills, naturally enough, took the best possible care of his own interests, and if in doing so he achieved a point at which those who laboured for him were unable to protect or release themselves, why that was only an accident for which he was not accountable.

Mr. Mills was a dealer in those wares properly classed as outfittings, but popularly known as "slops." He employed a good deal of labour, principally, if not entirely, that of females. Amongst his work-people were two women, mother and daughter, who had seen "better days," as the phrase is, and like many sych, they were diligent and industrious. Mr. Mills therefore gave them a preference, and proposed that they should occupy one of his cottages. The workers preferred this to lodgings, and they readily became his tenants. His cottage property was in the immediate neighbourhood of his own shop, and from the nature of his business, the locality would not be healthful. The mother and daughter therefore, were not healthy, but as the weaker went first to the wall, the mother fell ill and could do little—sometimes nothing at all. It therefore came to pass that they fell into arrears—not that the daughter did not work diligently when she had the work, nor that the mother failed when she was physically capable, but they were in arrears. How much? One week. Mr. Mills had the payment of his account in his own hands. His tenants had a pass-book in which the first weekly credit was five shillings for rent. When the extra week was due, that credit of course reached ten shillings, and although the sum is not large, still the withholding—rather the payment may be embarrassing. Now,

the mother had been ill, and Mr. Mills not so 'flush' in work as he could desire—trade stagnated as it will do occasionally. Upon a certain day, after a very brief continuance of this dull period, Mr. Mills wanted home his work for his stock was getting low, and it did not come from the mother and daughter. His messenger reached the cottage, and the younger female attended him at his summons. She brought a portion of the work with her. "But where was the remainder, you must have done it long ago?" asked the employer in those terms and tones which employers will use when their property seems jeopardised. She who heard him hung her head, and a colour flushed over her pale face, and her lips moved but gave no utterance. Mr. Mills was not deceived. He sent for a police-officer, and his workwoman found her way to the bridewell, charged with illegally pledging the work entrusted to her by her employer.

This is the police-court. Let us step in here. We shall have another opportunity perhaps to look around us enquiringly, but at present our attention is caught by the calling of a number, upon which a constable advances to the table, behind which sit the magistrate and his assessor, and he places there a young woman whose appearance is somewhat wasted, and whose apparel manifests long wear; her features—but stay, can we not recognise those features, although they have a deeper shade of sorrow and anxiety, and the paler hue of shame cast over them. Yes; it is no other than our acquaintance the shirt-maker of Gilbert-street, whose proceedings just before we last saw her, were of such a nature as to prevent our being astonished at the unhappy position she now occupies. The officer stated the cause of his having taken the prisoner Catherine Browne into custody, and the next witness called is Mr. Peter Mills, also an acquaintance of ours. Mr. Mills is of intelligent aspect, and respectable exterior. He is manifestly one who knows something more than the ell measure. His statement is very brief; the prisoner was one of his workpeople, of whom he employed a great number. He entrusted her with certain work to make up, part of which only she had returned, the remaining part she admitted having pawned, and it was found at the pledge-shop.

"Well, what have you to say to this charge?" enquired the magistrate of the prisoner.

The prisoner did not raise her head, which was held very low, but a little hue—you could not call it a flush—passed over her features, as transient as an autumn shadow—"If you please, sir, my mother was very ill," was whispered, it could hardly be called spoken.

"Well?" said the magistrate, with awakened interest.

"And I had no food to give her, sir. So I pledged some of the shirts, sir. I thought I should be able to redeem them."

"She had plenty of work," observed Mr. Mills.

"Is that so?" asked the magistrate.

"Just then I had, sir," said the prisoner candidly. "But I had been nearly idle for a week, and I was in arrears, and I owed Mr. Mills ten shillings, sir, and he stopped it altogether, sir."

"And how did you owe Mr. Mills ten shillings; for money lent?"

"O, no sir, for the rent."

"Are you his tenant, or do you live in his house?"

"I live sir, in one of his cottages in Gilbert-street."

The magistrate looked at Mr. Mills who intimated that he had some cottage property in the vicinity of his place of business—principally for the convenience of his work people.

"But as you had plenty of work, you could not have been so much inconvenienced by one week's cessation of labour, as to afford an excuse for anything of this sort." The magistrate was again addressing the prisoner.

"And besides if you had spoken to Mr. Mills, I have no doubt he would have refrained from deducting all your rent at one time?"

No expression of assent or dissent came from Mr. Mills to the portion of this remark which concerned himself, although the magistrate while speaking invited assent by his look.

"Please, sir," said the poor young woman, "Mr. Mills pays a very low price, and he always deducts the rent first."

"I pay the same price with other men in the trade," said Mr. Mills, replying to the prisoner's first observation—the other he allowed to pass.

"At what were you employed?" asked the magistrate of the accused.

"At shirt-making, sir," said the latter.

"Well, that ought to be a good business when you had plenty of work. Shirts sell extensively in Liverpool."

And it is true; shirts do sell extensively in Liverpool, but unhappily the labour competition is still more extensive, and hence, though there may be plenty of work for 'good hands,' the wages of labour in that line are at the lowest.

"How much," said the magistrate, in continuation, "do you receive for making a shirt?"

"Three shillings a dozen, sir, is the price, and I find my own thread!"

"Three shillings a dozen!" repeated the magistrate in astonishment; "threepence a shirt?"

"Yes, sir, and there are some made at two-and-ninepence a dozen," exclaimed poor Catherine Browne.

"I pay the full price of the trade," said Mr. Mills, taking part in the dialogue; in proof of which he added, "she can earn fifteen shillings a week."

"And that is good wages for a needlewoman," argued the magistrate, and his sympathy for Catherine Browne's position seemed small indeed.

"Well sir," said the poor woman, "I could do so, if I got good work. But I get very little of the work that pays best."

"She has work at four and sixpence a dozen," persisted Mr. Mills. "Fourpence half-penny a shirt."

"Please sir," said the prisoner, "they are sample shirts, and have a deal of work. I only make one or two in a long time. I get fourpence half-penny for making, and I pay three half-pence for thread. I couldn't get any but the worst work, blue slops, at three shillings a dozen, and it cost me ninepence for thread to make them."

"And how many shirts are you able to make in the day?" pursued the magistrate.

"I can make six, sir," replied the shirt maker.

"In how many working hours?"

"I must work, sir, from seven in the morning until three the next morning."

The dark eyes of the magistrate sought the woman in compassion, and as if charged with additional lightning from that jaded form, turned and flashed indignant lightning upon the prosecutor. He moved uneasily in his seat.

It is justice to Mr. Mills to say that he was not in the least disturbed. Not that he didn't recognise his exact position so far as the magistrate was concerned, and that of the woman as contrasted with himself. He was too intelligent for that. But he felt strong in his own justice, and was supported by the principles of that science in which he not only found delight, but security and confidence. The security of right, and the confidence to uphold it which conscious right alone affords. With his actuating notions we have nothing to do—the principle of them were too long and subtle for discussion here, and we shall content ourselves with stating that while the magistrate did not at all seem favourably impressed with the demeanour of Mr. Mills, but rather otherwise, the tendencies of the court appeared to indurate Mr. Mills in the maintenance of his own. The economist wanted labour, and he ought to buy it "in the cheapest market." Just as he would sell his blue slops in the dearest. Besides he paid the customary rates of the trade. Poor Catherine Browne with her weak frame, and sore heart, and position of degradation would probably not admit the full force of his reasoning, and would technically reply, if she knew how, that the rules of the science did not apply to her, for she was not a free agent in the labour market.

There was one in court who no doubt did realise her position in this respect, & the proceedings showed.

The prisoner in corroboration of her statement handed in her pass-book. The magistrate and his assessor inspected it.

"This poor woman seems bound to you, body and soul," said the latter.

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Mills impatiently.

"I don't see how she can release herself," persisted the one.

"She can leave me any moment she pleases," said the other.

"Legally, I know she may, but actually, I can't see how she can. Her book shows an outside earning of fifteen shillings a-week, and whether her earnings are fifteen shillings or less, each week I see that five shillings weekly rent is first deducted. Now, it would seem to me that a woman like her, in her position, is really bound body and soul to the man who employs her."

"Well, I don't insist on her keeping my house."

"The question is, how can she leave it?"

"I have nothing to do with that; I employ her, and I pay her; I expect her to act honestly; and the law punishes dishonesty. I call for the application of the law."

The magistrate here again interfered.

"No doubt," said he, "the law punishes dishonesty, and we are here to administer the law; but we are also here to enquire into the circumstances of every case in which we adjudicate, and we are doing so in this. Have you known her long?"

"Yes, some years."

"Has she ever done this before?"

"Time enough she should do it now."

Mr. Mills was losing his equanimity. No wonder, for the court seemed much inclined to temper justice with mercy, and he had invoked only justice. Your scientific philosopher, from Philosopher-square downwards, insists upon judging all things rectangularly, unless when his own peccadilloes must be effected.

"It were better she had not done this, certainly," said the magistrate, and he looked severely at the prisoner, who during all this time appeared a very picture of misery—woe-begone and degraded even in her own esteem.

"But," he added, humanely appealing with a look to Mr. Mills, "the question is, whether this is a proper case for punishment."

Mr. Mills was utterly astounded by this appeal.

"What," said he indignantly, "is it to be proclaimed from this bench that a needle-woman may pledge her employer's property?"

"Certainly not," replied the magistrate, and he moved uneasily in his chair.

"This woman's mother has work, too," observed Mr. Mills.

"Please, sir, she can do very little," said the poor woman before the justice-seat. And she added, it was Mr. Mills who induced me to take his cottage, telling me I should have constant work. He can't deny it. I could do very well if I got 'singlets' to make, but he don't give them."

Mr. Mills made no remark.

The magistrate, our text we hope shows he was a humane one, consulted with his assessor, their communication was interrupted by an indignant burst from the respected tradesman before them.

"I hope," he exclaimed in a loud tone, "it is not intended, it should go forth from this court that the tradesmen of Liverpool are to be at the mercy of their workpeople, and that they can pledge their employers' property with impunity."

"No such thing, sir," said the magistrate, severely, "has gone forth or can go forth from this bench."

The assessor added: "No such decision has ever been enunciated from this bench, but it will probably go forth from hence that you are a hard task-master."

"The prisoner is remanded," said the magistrate, "until to-morrow," and

the shirt-maker was taken to those shades where those poor bodies crowd whose crimes are yet unwhipped of justice.

The morrow came, but Mr. Mills did not appear, and the poor shirt-maker, after a doubtless unwilling introduction to the associations of a bridewell, was dismissed to that poor cottage, whither we shall not follow her, and to the arms of that poor mother, to which we commend her gladly.

Our tale is not a fiction, but a fact. It is an illustration repeated day after day of a phase in our social aspect with which society seems incompetent to deal. Abundant considerations precede, surround, and follow cases such as that of our shirt-makers. They are for the Christian philosopher and statesman to deal with. Our object will be accomplished if we attract towards them the unpretending virtues of charity and mercy.

The Office and Work of Universities. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D., of the Oratory. London: LONGMAN.

To praise the style, execution, and scope of this little volume would be the merest trifling and bad taste; for even the invisible mantle that shields the anonymous reviewer from the gaze of day, would fail to cover up the presumption of most men that might attempt to seat themselves in judgment on one who understands the work he is about so well as Dr. Newman. With the book itself we will meddle directly no farther than to say that we have read it with interest, profit, a melancholy satisfaction, and hope. The gossiping style of the book will induce many to read, that might have been deterred by anything more severe and didactic. The general design and object were carefully digested; and, therefore, although we have entertaining and instructive episodes continually, a *lucidus ordo* prevails, which renders the argument easy to be followed. As a mere handbook, and apart from the author's thesis, the work is valuable as condensing into a focus the whole history of universities, with indirect dissertations on their construction and working. The particular University of Dublin is not pushed forward very prominently on the stage, though the allusions to it, whether in gentle reproof or in hope, keep it sufficiently before the eye. The author has long had our sympathy, on being drawn, by the calls of duty, from what must have been to him a dear seclusion, into the centre of public life, and into a situation involving anxiety and responsibility, requiring tact and labour, and provoking unfriendly criticisms, evil auguries, and depreciating sneers. However he brought to his work the elements of success, so far as it depended upon him: ability, energy, determination, and a hopeful heart. We believe it is pretty well agreed, that no other Catholic could have been found in these kingdoms, so well fitted, in every way, to superintend and direct the planting of the young University as Dr. Newman. And if he earned our sympathy in the first instance by being brought into this prominence, he has doubly won it since, by the small measure of support he has had, to cheer him from other quarters. Not that we ever ventured to anticipate a mushroom growth for the young institution; we knew, of course, that every

great work must be a work of time ; that it would not ripen in a night, but that the spring must wane, the summer must fade, and the autumn wear on ere it could arrive at maturity. Everyone who considered at all must have thought the same ; and all who are already prostrated by disappointment because Ireland's young *alma mater* did not spring into life in panoply, were fixing their eyes on the crown, but overlooking the fight ; they forgot that, of which Dr. Newman reminds them, that this project ' has to be carried into effect in the presence of a reluctant, and perplexed public opinion, and that, without any counterbalancing assistance whatever, as has commonly been the case with Universities, from royal favour or civil sanction.' But while we profess ourselves not utterly beaten down by despair, we are far from thinking that things are as they ought to be, or that all the interested parties have done their duty by the University of Dublin. Whatever be the cause, there is certainly a present stagnation, the numbers of the *alumni* are too sparse, and the ardour of those out of doors is relaxed. Why is this ? Not want of confidence in the University staff ; it would be hard to provide an abler body of men : not exorbitancy in the fees, they are moderation itself and reduced rather to the tariff of a boarding-school. Is it that the road to preferment lies through the Godless colleges, that thus men reach civil appointments, and make their way into the bureaus of the East India Company's service, *sic itur ad astra* ? No doubt this has much to do with it ; the son's advancement too often smothering the father's conscience. Alas for the blindness and little faith, that clings so tenaciously to the loaves and fishes ! Depend upon it, that the honest, well-educated man can always push his way into the front ranks of any profession, can always earn a sweeter loaf, in spite of civil disability, and without the base sacrifice of principle, that would thus drag a man through a *curriculum* which authority has pronounced to be unholy, merely to provide what the honest ploughman earns by the sweat of his brow. Thanks to ourselves and our fathers before us, our law-makers have been forced to efface from the statute books most of the wicked laws that once kept us in bondage ; and though we are yet little better than " hewers of wood and drawers of water " by the side of our fellow-citizens, who first steal our property and then taunt us with being poor—who shut us out from the national fountains of learning, and then taunt us with being ignorant—who debar us from advancement, and then adduce our want of position as an argument against our faith,—in spite of all this, the professions are patent to us as well as to the most favoured among them. Then, where are our young men, that they do not avail themselves of the advantages and opportunities which the University places at their disposal, as a foundation on which to base future fortune and fame. Is it the old error, that nothing good can come from Nazareth ? Is it that fatal folly that leads us to venerate everything Protestant, and to depreciate all that is Catholic, whether it be the university, school, literature, teacher, tradesman,

of merchant? This is bowing to the golden calf, if anything is. And while no folly is more suicidal, none is more erroneous. In every department, we have the *materiel* among ourselves, if we only had self-reliance to use it, and less of the fashionable sycophancy that makes money and perfection convertible terms. The degrees of Dublin University may be held cheap to-day as compared with diplomas from Edinburgh or Oxford; but as surely as Oxford is a *British* institution, and Dublin a *Catholic* one, so surely will this come, when the claims of the one will be ignored, and the honours of the other will be respected through the great and universal Church. Oxford will have a name among the Protestant sects, of course; but in the Church of ages, Dublin will stand, as once stood Padua, Salamanca, and the Sorbonne. It is not that we are careless of honours. When London threw her portals open to us, a simultaneous and successful rush was made from all the affiliated colleges, and continued till the difficulties, in the way of expence, interruption of established courses at the colleges, and other causes, damped our ardour. Here we have the means of achieving literary honours safely, economically, and from a source which the Church, if not the British Government, and which every honest man must know to be reliable. It is therefore the duty of those having sons who seek advancement through knowledge, to employ this excellent and truly Catholic medium of effecting their purpose; every parish should lend its aid; every diocese should assist in the work. Seminaries and colleges could send their representatives, and smaller schools might train their youth so as to fit them when leaving the smaller nursery, to develop the early seeds in the more expanded fields of letters which the University opens before them. For our own part, we are working in earnest hope of being able some time to affiliate our Institute some way or other with the University of Dublin; and we trust that the day is not far distant when perhaps some of the scholarships or prizes in the Dublin University will be carried off by a few of the Liverpool Irishmen, who received their first training in the Catholic Institute. Far then from despairing, we *know* that there is a great future in store for the Catholic University. We may not live to see it, but the day *will* come. The Holy See ordained it: to use the phrase of the day, the Rector is "the right man in the right place;" and success must be the issue; for, as Dr. Newman says, 'We are going forward in the strength of the Cross, under the patronage of Mary, in the name of Patrick.'

The Lost Sheep; and other Poems. By HENRY RAWES, M.A.
London; RICHARDSON AND SON.

Dr. Johnson has pronounced all devotional poetry to be unsatisfactory. 'The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction.' But Dr. Johnson must not be taken as a final authority

in the matter. He lived at a time eminently unfavourable to the development of devotional poetry. He knew only of a religion stripped of nearly all the elements of poetry. Many of the Breviary Hymns, and such compositions in the Missal as the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, at Pentecost, abundantly vindicate the possibility of making devotional poetry something more even than satisfactory. Yet it is only in our own day, we may say, that the English language has risen in this branch of literature above the sweeping estimate of the great critic. Men like Cowper led the way; Keble still lives to see more than one annual edition of his delightful poems; Faber and Caswell, both converts from the Anglican communion, have both of them brought their poetic gifts to the service of the Church of Christ. Our language may now be pronounced rich in devotional poetry, at least equal to that of any other language.

We have in *The Lost Sheep, and other Poems* another candidate for distinction in this department of literature. In religious poetry, more especially, an honest critic is bound to distinguish between the poet and the man. If the critic finds a vein of pure and refined piety running through a little volume; if he meets in every page with evidence of devotional warmth united to almost boyish simplicity; he is bound to give his author full credit for excellencies, which are unfortunately somewhat of the rarest, as times go. Such a little volume now lies before us; in which all that is estimable in sentiment, and pure in aspiration within its short compass is generally expressed in language of classical propriety, and in easy and fluent measure.

But while a faithful critic applauds the man, he is not on this account pledged, or even entitled, to approve of the poet, unless in that capacity also, the author has proved himself worthy of approbation. There may be in the province of the poet a poverty of imagination, a monotony of idea, even of expression, an absence of manly force, a weakness of inspiration, a viciousness of rhyme, which all the excellencies of the author as a man must not be permitted to extenuate. In fact, an honest critic, has a double duty to perform. He is regarded by the purchasing public as a guide to what is best worth their buying. He is the censor, with a view to be the ultimate improver of the literature, or of the author under review. The author indeed may not thank him for his pains, still less avail himself of them; but one end of criticism is the correction of authors. It has been too much the habit, in the narrow range of contemporary Catholic literature, to praise, almost without discrimination, whatever our Catholic authors have been pleased to offer to the public. Against this really vicious custom we have, from the first, set our face. Be the author Catholic, or whatever else he pleases, as an author, he must stand or fall in our pages, according to his literary merits. The cause which we have most at heart in these will, in the long run, be best promoted by an independent course such as this. In this little volume, filled with pleasant, and with devotional, sometimes with tender, thought.

'Sorrow,' 'Submission,' 'A Bright day,' 'St. Margaret,' and perhaps above all the rest, 'To Mary,' are, all of them, little poems of considerable merit. But there are others, such as 'Our joy in Mary,' and 'St. John,' which are totally destitute of any leading idea; they read more like an exercise in versification. From what our poet has done well in this volume, we are persuaded that he could reach better things still, by cultivating a severer taste, and by a more rigid selection of his words. In a volume of devotional poetry, we expect to find something more than the language of our prayer-books, or of our ascetic writers; we expect a little play of fancy at least, a little of the dignity of sonorous verse. We must therefore, with the utmost deference, protest against the repetition of such platitudes as the sixth stanza in page 60; which, by the way, first appeared in our pages; the three last lines of stanza three on page 75 are inadmissible. The second stanza of 'the Blind Man of Jericho,' provokes a smile of merriment, rather than a sigh of pity. The stricter castigation of his thoughts, and of their expression, which we have presumed to recommend to him, would have led him, we think, to suppress, or to re-write the whole of 'St. John's chapel, Portobello,' it would certainly have made him dissatisfied with the rhymes in stanza two, page 65.

Having thus, at considerable sacrifice of our own feelings, discharged our duty as a critic towards our author, our more responsible duty towards the purchasing public leads us to recommend this pious little volume to their favour. We began our remarks with Dr. Johnson; we will close them almost in the very words of the critic's judgment in the religious poetry of Isaac Watts. His lines are commonly smooth and easy; and his thoughts always religiously pure; but who is there that in addition to so much piety and innocence does not wish for a greater measure of sprightliness and vigour? He is at least one of the few poets with whom youth may be safely pleased; and happy will that reader be, whose mind is disposed by his verses to imitate his benevolence to man, and his reverence to God.

The Roman Catacombs, or some account of the burial places of the early Christians in Rome. By the Rev. J. SPENCER NORTHCOTE, M.A. 1 vol. London: DOLMAN.

We have read this earnest volume with undivided attention. Since the appearance of *Fabiola*, the geography and history of this wonderful city of cemeteries, chapels and schools has secured almost universal interest; in that now celebrated story this subterranean region—the only one, by the way, which un-Christian law never reached, is lifted for ever out of oblivion, and presented to the inquiring mind of a family proud of its ancestry, and glowing with enthusiasm from having been as it were just shown its cradle. The graceful romance thrown around the characters, and the slight tinge

of fiction which has filled up the narrative, have not more warmly excited our admiration for the pure faith of our ancestors, than kindled our curiosity about their wonderful sanctuary, which we cannot help regarding as our own early home.

The volume before us, however, is a book for calm and attentive reading. It is altogether free from enthusiasm or even digression, and the author, in plain and dignified language, notes his aim at the beginning and pursues it to the end. Having been for years a daily visitant of the catacombs, with the advantages, moreover, of conversation with the first living authorities, and access to the best sources of information, he describes their appearance and notes their discovery in the sixteenth century, by a Maltese, Antonio Bosio, agent or procurator at Rome for the Knights of Malta. This occurrence, told with a dramatic effect which fictitious narrative can seldom reach, and occurring so early in the volume, serves to whet the reader's curiosity, and send him on through the following pages with kindling interest as he reads. The various theories as to the catacombs having been once merely the burial places of slaves, &c., are refuted, one would imagine, beyond the hope of revival. Each little difficulty in establishing the truth is explained away with as much clearness as cleverness. Accordingly as it becomes apparent, and the first facts of the case are so powerfully grouped and developed in this preliminary chapter, that we are prepared to discuss with much confidence and pleasure the correct interpretation and symbolical meaning of recent discoveries.

In the next chapter we learn the construction and internal arrangements of the catacombs; and amongst other interesting particulars we observe the price paid for graves noted, this latter being sanctuaries recorded in the inscriptions. A sum equivalent to eighteen shillings of our money appearing to have been paid (to the *fossor*) about A. D. 426. We find also much information relative to the galleries, private burial places (*arcosolia*), and chambers evidently intended for the celebration of the divine mysteries. Passing on we hear of the viscissitudes of the excavated city; the filling up of the ventilating shafts (*luminaria*); the rifling by barbarous hordes in search of treasure, in the middle of the fifth century; consequent removal of precious reliques to monasteries, or to churches built at lower entrances, and their falling into neglect and ruin after the secession of the Popes to Avignon, and finally into oblivion during the latter's long residence there. At last, on their discovery by Bosio, as already noticed, Catholic interest in them was excited once more; the researches of Padre Marchi under the late Pontificate, made them an object of antiquarian study; the commission of archæology, under his present Holiness, went on with the good work, and the publication of *Fabiola* made them an object of curious interest once more to the whole Catholic world.

Chap. III describes the paintings in the catacombs, which are illustrated by wood-cuts at the commencement of the volume. This

chapter, together with the seventh on the inscriptions, afford further proof of the reverend author's scholarship and care. In these two most interesting chapters we can perceive what a mass of evidence he has to his hand, and they with the rest of the work, show considerable reading, sound judgment, and acute observation. The plates referred to add to the reader's enjoyment, and the interpretations of symbols not seldom prompt remarks of great beauty.

We have a chapter devoted to the catacomb of St. Agnes; another to that of St. Callistus, which latter we may be allowed the pleasure to note, our readers have seen before. The remainder of the volume treats of the other catacombs and Christian museums in general.

The last chapter, already referred to, is on the inscriptions and truly seems the fruit of much patience and learning. By its careful perusal, the well-informed will be instructed, and the cultivated in such lore wiser still. Here also the careless or sceptical reader, unfrightened so far by anything dry or tedious, will be startled to find, dug out of a so far remote past, the most beautiful ejaculatory prayers of to-day.

We therefore commend this interesting volume to our readers, with the great praise that though its advent is humble, yet its accomplishment is great. It will gladden the true hearts of thousands proud of the noble pedigree of their faith, because it brightens the links which connect the Church of the Chosen Twelve with the Church of to-day.

The Collegians; a Tale of Garryowen. By GERALD GRIFFIN. Dublin: JAMES DUFFY.

A new and complete edition of the works of Gerald Griffin has long been wanted. The first volume of Duffy's new series is brought out in a very superior style, a fitting ornament for the library or drawing room of the rich, whilst at the same time, the price brings it within the home and the fireside of the poor. There are few writers of our memory that know so intimately, and can draw so faithfully, the character of the Irish people. He has made letters the handmaid of truth and pure morality, and is never carried away with the mawkish spirit of the day, which caricatures nature and truth for the sake of effect. His writings ought to be familiar to every Irishman, and to every sincere friend of that country which is so rich in the beauties of nature, historical incident, and legendary lore. The volume before us is the first of the series, and is we believe, the best Irish work of fiction. Garryowen and 'its glories' live in the past, but the sad and touching history of Eily O'Conner cannot fail to draw forth the generous tear of sympathy from every honest heart. The incidents and characters that are crowded into this dramatic tale are painted to life, deep pathos, love, religion; wit and humour lend their mellow light to bring out the darker background. Our limited space permits us only to notice the receipt of the 'Collegians,' and to refer our readers to a pleasant and interesting paper in our columns on Gerald Griffin.

The Rules, Office, and Devotions of the Carmelite Confraternity. By the Very Rev. Provost CROCKALL, V.G. London: RICHARDEON and Son.

We cordially hail the appearance of this excellent manual from the sister diocese of Salford. The first thing that must strike any one on looking over it, is, that it is not merely an effort at book-making, but the work of one thoroughly in earnest. Every line in it, and the turn of every sentence breathes zeal for the spiritual advancement of the reader. We do not use this as an idle expression of praise: there really is an indefinable something in the very wording of its æsthetical portion, as well as in its prayers, that evinces the devotion of the author. It is excellent in several other respects; the order of the parts is natural and conspicuous; it contains that great essential of every work that is to do any amount of good—a clear and copious index; and, though it is ostensibly nothing more than the handbook of the Carmelite Confraternity, it is adapted to be used as a general book of devotion as well. This work, so reasonable in its price, is another instance of how much the Catholic body is indebted to the generous and enterprising spirit of the eminent firm of whom we may say, that we consider the works they have issued, and the tariff of prices they have adopted, to have been one of the greatest means under Providence of the great spread of our holy religion in these countries, during the last fourteen years.

LITERARY ITEMS.

The Commission of the Roman Philodramatic Academy, appointed by the Holy Father at the end of 1853, has just published its report, and awarded its prizes. The commission was composed of the most distinguished members of the academy, and fifty dramatic compositions were sent into them, none of which had ever been published or represented. Knowing the great talent of his subjects for dramatic literature, he desired to employ it in the service of religion, and it was made a condition that in every drama the cause of true morality and virtue should triumph. The scheme has proved eminently successful.

The late John Kenyon, author of the work *A Rhymed Plea for Tolerance*, has just died worth £80,000. Amongst his co-legatees are many friends of the poet, well known in literature. Mr. and Mrs. Browning have benefitted £10,000, Dr. Southey £8,000, Barry Cornwall £6,000. The Universal College Hospital is also, we hear, to receive £5,000.

We notice that a new edition of Mr. Thomas Carlyle commences with the present month. Mr. Lever also appears in a cheaper form.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. F. I.—Unfortunately too late. Mary Anne—Send in the rest of the MSS. A. S.; H. A. R.; R. C.; G. P.; C. de C.; Catechism; J. T. Received N.—The Bazaar for St. Elizabeth's Institute will take place on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of February.

NOTICE.—All literary communications and books for review must be sent to the editor, Catholic Institute, 26, Hope-street; subscriptions, details, and complaints to Messrs Hilton & Co., 14, Williamson-street.

Calendar for January

1	Th	Circumcision of Our Lord. Holiday of obligation, d. II, cl. <i>white</i> . (<i>Plenary Indulgence</i> .) 2 Vesp. of the Feast, Com. of St. Stephen.	13	Tu	Octave of the Epiphany, d. <i>white</i> .—St. Mary's Young Men's Society, S. Wells, Esq., will read Longfellow's <i>Evangeline</i> .
2	F	Octave of St. Stephen, d. <i>red</i> . <i>Abstinence</i> .	14	W	St. Hilary, bp. c. D. d. <i>white</i> .
3	S	Octave of St. John, d. <i>white</i> .	15	Th	St. Paul the first Hermit, d. <i>white</i> .
4	S	Octave of Holy Innocents, d. <i>red</i> . 2 Vesp., of the Feast, from the Chap., of the fol., Com. of the Holy Innocents, of the Vigil, and of St. Telesphorus.—St. Mary's Young Men's Society, General Communion at 9 o'clock Mass.	16	F	St. Marcellus, p. m. sd. <i>red</i> . <i>Abstinence</i> .
5	M	Vigil. Octave of St. Thomas, d. <i>red</i> .—Meeting of the Benevolent Society, at St. Nicholas's School, at 8½ p.m.—Meeting of the Girls' Orphanage Committee, at 6 p.m. At the Catholic Institute Monthly Meeting of the companies.—Meeting of Blind Asylum Committee at 6½.	17	S	St. Anthony, ab. c. d. <i>white</i> .
6	Tu	Epiphany of Our Lord. Holiday of obligation. d. I. cl. with an Octave, <i>white</i> . (<i>Plenary Indulgence</i> .) 2 Vesp., of the Feast.—At the Catholic Institute, Vespers of the B. V. M. at 8 p.m. The Indulgence ends.	18	S	2nd after Epiphany. Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, d. II. cl. <i>white</i> . (<i>Plenary Indulgence</i> .) M., of the Feast, Com., of the fol., of Sun., and of SS. Marcius, &c.
7	W	Of the Octave, sd. <i>white</i> .	19	M	St. Wolstan, bp. c. d. <i>white</i> .
8	Th	Of the Octave, sd. <i>white</i> .—St. Mary's Young Men's Society, a Lecture by W. C. Maclaurin, Esq., subject: <i>The Middle Ages</i> .—Annual Sale at the Catholic Blind Asylum.	20	Tu	SS. Fabian and Sebastian. mm. d. <i>red</i> .—St. Mary's Young Men's Society, Monthly Concert, at 8 p.m.
9	F	Ditto. <i>Abstinence</i>	21	W	St. Agnes, V. M. d. <i>red</i> .
10	S	Ditto.	22	Th	SS. Vincent and Anastasius, mm. sd. <i>red</i> .
11	S	Sunday within the Octave, sd. <i>white</i> . M. of the Sunday, Com. of St. Hyginus. 2 Vesp. of the Sun., Com. of the Octave.	23	F	The Espousals of the B. V. M., gr. d. <i>white</i> (<i>Plenary Indulgence</i>) <i>Abstinence</i> .
12	M	Of the Octave, sd. <i>white</i> .—At the Catholic Institute, the Day and Evening Schools re-open.	24	S	St. Timothy, bp. m. d. <i>red</i> .
			25	S	3rd after Epiphany. Conversion of St. Paul, gr. d. <i>white</i> . M. and 2nd Vesp., of the Feast; Com. of St. Peter, of the fol., and of Sun.
			26	M	St. Polycarp, bp. m. d. <i>red</i> .
			27	Tu	St. John Chrysostom, bp. c. D. d. <i>white</i> .—St. Mary's Young Men's Society, Monthly Debate at 8 p.m.
			28	W	St. Raymond, c. d. <i>white</i> .
			29	Th	St. Francis of Sales, bp. c. d. <i>white</i> .
			30	F	St. Martina, V. M. m. d. <i>red</i> .— <i>Abstinence</i> .
			31	S	St. Peter Nolasco, c. d. <i>white</i> .