

THE  
CATHOLIC INSTITUTE  
MAGAZINE.

No. 9.]

JUNE, 1857.

[VOL. II.]



DIVORCE AND MATRIMONIAL BILL.

IF ever a professedly Christian legislature had before it a subject, its treatment of which would effect for good or evil, and to many generations, the nearest interests of the millions for whom it legislates, such is now the case with that Divorce and Matrimonial Bill which appears likely to pass with such appalling rapidity through both Houses of the new Parliament.

Incapable as we trust we are of any thing so chimerical as a hope that our humble columns may stay the plague, we shall yet deem ourselves amply rewarded for the remarks which follow if they may only sink into a few minds, and thus tend, in ever so slight a degree, to deepen conviction and to confirm the wavering.

It is necessary, in treating on this subject, to state, in the

*First* place, The original and divine constitution of things as regards matrimony; to notice,

*Secondly*, The several divergencies, in practice, from that constitution among Jews and Heathens;

*Thirdly*, To show what our blessed Lord did, as the great and divine Teacher, by way of correcting those abuses;

*Fourthly*, To state the condition of things matrimonial in England since the "Reformation;" and,

*Lastly*, To consider the alterations which the bill now passing through Parliament will effect.

*First*, then, we find, at the very beginning of the sacred records

that Almighty God, finding "for Adam no helper like himself" among all the wondrously varied and beautiful animals with which the divine goodness and skill had so richly furnished the "paradise of pleasure," "took one of his ribs, and built the rib into a woman, and brought her to Adam; and Adam said, This is bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh. Wherefore a man shall leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh." Here we find every iota of the account supporting the Catholic doctrine of marriage, and reconcilable with no other theory. The problem was to find for each one man a helper like himself. And the problem was performed, in this great primary instance, in a way that absolutely precludes any of the modern laxities on the subject. The Almighty did not create another intellectual being of flesh and blood, and see whether the man would be pleased with her; far less did he give him a choice and a succession. His wife was literally part of himself, and no more to be separated from him, as long as they both should live and breathe, than was one of his limbs. Every man, then, when he should marry, was to consider the one woman for whose sake alone he was justifiably to leave father and mother, and set up a separate household, as indissolubly his. Nay, even in the event of her proving unfaithful to him, he could no more, after divorcing her, marry another, than he could replace a diseased limb which had been separated from him by the surgeon's knife.

*Secondly,* Let us see how this strict and original institution of marriage (so clearly divine that nothing less than infidelity can consistently pronounce it, with the Reformers and Lord Cranworth, a "civil contract") was vitiated by human licence, among both Jews and Heathens. With respect to the latter, indeed, nothing else was to be expected; and, accordingly, the more civilized they became, the more widely did their laws depart from the divine. But, as regards the Jews, it does seem singular, at first sight, that the latitude allowed them should have been so great. To account for this we must remember that their institute never professed to be a perfect one, but only *preparatory* to one which should be perfect; that the Almighty himself declares that he "gave them statutes that were not good, and judgments in which they should not live," in punishment of their revolts; and that Moses, in promulgating their original law, was directed to meet half-way the prejudices they had imbibed from the nations out of which they were taken. This is remarkably instanced in the appointment of the cities of refuge as asylums for protection from the revenge of that nearest relative whose sacred duty it was and is accounted, among the Orientals, to have blood for blood even accidentally spilt. If the manslayer left one of these cities before the death of the High Priest, he might be lawfully slain.

*Thirdly,* It was the province of our Lord, as the only absolute and perfect lawgiver, to put an end to these imperfections and discrepancies, and re-establish the law of marriage in its original purity. This He most emphatically did by declaring that the Mosaic concession had been made "because of the hardness of heart"

under that imperfect dispensation ; “ but from the beginning of the creation God made them a male and a female, two in one flesh. What therefore God hath joined, let no man put asunder.” And when His disciples, astonished at a doctrine so different from that which they had been accustomed to hear from their doctors, questioned him privately on the same subject, he replied in words which, one would think, could leave no doubt as to their meaning. “ Whoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery ; and if the wife shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery.” These words, while they give both sexes equal right of divorce (a point about which our modern legislators find it so difficult to make up their minds), clearly teach that such divorce is in either case only *à mensâ et thoro*, and not *à vinculo matrimonii*, which is indissoluble as long as both parties live. The only thing, indeed, which could make a serious Christian doubt of this is the parallel passage in St. Matthew, where we find, inserted in the first clause of our quotation above, “ except for fornication ; ” which exception, says the Protestant, must in common fairness be understood in the second clause, which will then virtually read, “ He that shall marry her that is put away, except for fornication, committeth adultery.” This is very plausible, and perhaps has not received, at least in popular treatises, that consideration to which it is entitled at the hand of Catholic divines ; but we think it can be easily overthrown by a consideration of the ends of the law of marriage. One, and a principal one of these is, to restrain and limit one of the most powerful passions of our nature. But would it not be a strange limitation to tell men that, although they would commit mortal sin in marrying a woman divorced for any other cause than infidelity to her husband, yet she has only to be guilty of this in order to render herself a capital prize, and an object of most legitimate pursuit, even to her seducer himself ? We would unhesitatingly put it to any devout person, whether it would not sound amazingly like blasphemy to say that such was our Lord’s intention in thus delivering His law ?

*Fourthly*, We now have to state the conditions of things matrimonial in England since the Reformation, when the law of Christ and of the Catholic church began to be in abeyance.

In the late debate in the House of Lords, the innovators, in order to justify their departure from the ancient landmarks, take care to tell us that the Church, by her “ devices to get out of the difficulty,” virtually confessed the necessity of an alteration. They allude to the frequent declarations of *nullity* of marriage ; and they of course imply, that in many cases no nullity would have been pretended, except where there was anxiety for separation. Even granting this—and the concession amounts to no more than that details and difficulties are seldom examined, except when the interested parties desire it—we do not see how it affects the question between us and our opponents. But it is amusing how they confound *divorce* with *declaration of nullity*. “ A marriage,” says the Lord Chancellor, “ could

be dissolved, and a divorce procured, by showing some remote connection," &c.; and the editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, whom we should have supposed better informed, tells us that, although "the Church regards marriage as a sacrament, it kindly assents now and then to a departure, on grounds which satisfy the court of Rome." Now, we must emphatically declare that there is no dissolution of marriage, no divorce, no departure from law, in the business. The Church simply declares that what was supposed to be a marriage, was never really one at all. And this brings us to the question of consanguinity; on which we want no better authority than that of St. Gregory the Great, who, in answering the questions sent him by St. Augustine from England, as to the government of the newly-converted people, replies as follows to the question:—"To what degree may the faithful marry with their kindred?" "We have found," says he, "that no offspring can come of such wedlock; and it must be the third and fourth generation that can be lawfully joined in matrimony." With respect to spiritual relationship, it is a bar on analogous principles. The intimacy it engenders—and this was still more the case in ages of faith—is such, that if people so related could ordinarily marry, they would be placed in circumstances of greater temptation.

But we are forgetting our "Reformers." No sooner had Henry broken with the Holy See than he authorized a commission for the framing of a new code of laws, and into this code were introduced all the new notions upon marriage. One reason for divorce was "violent hatred!" Curiously, however, this *Reformatio Legum Anglicanarum* never became law, and England has consequently been saved from the abominations which have infected other Protestant states. The state of things, indeed, has been most singular. The ecclesiastical courts have uniformly declared themselves incapable of divorcing *à vinculo matrimonii*, and therefore, when a rich man wants this luxury, he gets an Act of Parliament to give it to him; Parliament, which the lawyers declare "omnipotent," and therefore capable of dispensing with the laws of omnipotence. The Pope, poor man, pretends to dispense only with laws of his own making; but the legislators on the banks of the Thames, after abusing him well for this, take a much higher flight, and are not satisfied with less than virtually deposing the Almighty.

It could not be expected, however, that where so much is risked, little is to be paid; and, therefore, no poor man has the slightest chance of enjoying this luxury more than any other. Indeed, we English seem to think that poor men have a different kind of conscience from that of the rich, and are to be managed in a quite different way. It cost the late Lord Elgin £10,000 to get rid of his wife; and when she married a commoner, and visited France, where she had formerly been ambassadress, she bitterly felt the difference of respect paid her. For the French do not understand that delicate doctrine of parliamentary omnipotence, and think the *divorcée* who marries her seducer as rather worse "than she should be."

Lastly, it is this state of things, so well described in the *Times* as "dishonourable," preserving a "monopoly of doing wrong," and refusing "to allow that to be right which it was doing continually," as involving, moreover, "malignant obstinacy, irreligious bravado, and the unnecessary repetition of a farce;" it is this state of things, we say, which the bill now passing through the Houses is intended to amend. And, doubtless, many things in it *will* be emendations. It will nearly equalize the poor and the rich in this matter. It will greatly simplify what is now a matter of intolerable length and complexity, and most demoralizing in the reports of its procedures. It will enable married women, whose husbands have deserted them, to keep from those unhallowed hands such property as the wives may have acquired. It will put an end to that horrid anomaly, a man's legally having one wife in England and another in Scotland. But, in spite of all this good, it will not be free from the one damning spot and fault of reducing England to a level with all other Protestant nations, and of involving her, as the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford have well intimated, in the guilt of altering the law of God to suit the corruption of man. For ourselves, we are independent of its action. As Catholics, we have infallible guidance, and can smile with contemptuous pity on the wretched uncertainties and discrepancies of assuming lords and man-made prelates; but we have written in earnest hope that some few may be led to protest, with all the strength of earnest conviction, against what will soon complete the moral ruin of our beloved country.

---

### THE "REVIVAL," AND ITS EFFECTS.

At the close of some remarks in our April Number, on the Revival, or *Renaissance* as it is now commonly called, we observed that there was one important aspect of the subject which would afford matter for future observations. To this, and to some others which will follow, we now invite the attention of our readers.

The aspect in question, as was then hinted, regards Education; and we remarked on the opposite methods pursued and approved by ancient and modern Christians. The former taught boys Latin and Greek from the approved writers of the Church; and then, when the years of training were over, and the matured faculties could more safely be trusted, allowed the readings of the Pagan classics. We, on the other hand, make these latter the school-books; and do not encourage the reading of the Fathers till youth be prepared for them, by what must certainly be termed a strange *method* of preparation; viz., a familiarity with the filth and corruption of heathen authors.

We are aware that a very plausible argument may be employed in vindication of the modern plan. "The method you condemn," it may be said, "is justified by the dictates of common sense. We put Ovid, for instance, into a youngster's hands when he is too much puzzled and terrified by the crabbednesses of grammar, and by their consequences, to be at all alive to the moral abominations of that fascinating corruptor. You, on the contrary, would have him studied when those difficulties and fears have subsided, and when there is nothing to forbid an absorbed attention to the infamous lessons of the ancient mythology." This, we allow, is very ingenious; but, like many other fine-spun ratiocinations, it is condemned by that awkward and surly judge—Fact or Experience. It is a *fact* well known to those who have been concerned in classical education, that boys *do* interest themselves in those shameful stories, were it only to be rid of the disagreeable grammar-rules and teasing constructions. Nay, at some schools, such books as Lemprière's *Classical Dictionary*, and Tooke's *Pantheon*, are made school-books, and the boys allowed the uncontrolled use of them; in which case, farewell to the ingenuous innocence of childhood—to that pearl of great price which can never be restored—to that ignorance of "good and evil" which was the blessed inheritance of our first parents till they chose to risk it. A few half-hours spent with such guides, will induce a fearful precocity, and leave the young aspirant little to learn, in theory at least, from the most accomplished profligates in Christendom.

And then, in the next place, look at the effect of all this as we grow up. Is it not a notorious fact that, deeply tinctured as educated men have been, at the most impressible period of their lives, with the lessons of Heathenism, they come, and very naturally, to make these, and not the maxims of the Gospel, their rule of life? War, contention, selfishness, conquest, party-spirit—these make the hero; peace, deference to others, humility, and dereliction of our own desires—at these men smile as at what Milton calls with a sneer "fugitive and cloistered virtues," fit only for a vowed religious. Thus the very things which our Lord has declared to be the essential conditions of citizenship in His kingdom, are undervalued, while all that He came to undo and extirpate is made the model; and this simply because our modern methods of education form our standard from antichristian materials; and then, applying this standard to what is said or written in strict conformity to Christian ethics, we condemn the latter as wanting; and so indeed it is, and God forbid it should not be!

Thus, then, whenever, as in Protestant countries, the principles of the Revival have ripened to their perfect fruits, men habitually live and act, most of them unconsciously, in a wholly different moral atmosphere from that of the Spirit of Truth. That bold man, Dr Macneile, lately said at a public meeting, that his and the Reformation Society's missionaries to us Papists always found the great difficulty to consist in the discrepancy that exists between our sentiments and

"the Bible;" meaning, of course, between the Church's interpretation and theirs. God knows there is little enough, in every profession of Christianity, of the rectitude and fervour of its primitive type; but for unblushing, downright, unfluctuating opposition to the entire tone and spirit of the gospel, commend us to Protestantism. We would ask any candid and intelligent person whether, in case Protestantism were honestly to publish its Beatitudes, they would not run somewhat in the following strain:—

I. Blessed are the high-spirited,\* for theirs is success in life.

II. Blessed are the rough and ready, for they shall possess the earth.

III. Blessed are they that laugh, for they shall be well treated.

IV. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after riches, for they shall have their fill.

V. Blessed are the merciless, for they shall not need mercy.

VI. Blessed are the unclean of heart, for they shall rise above scruples.

VII. Blessed are the war-makers, for they shall be called preservers of the balance of power.

VIII. Blessed are they that inflict persecution for reason's sake, for theirs is freedom from annoyance.

As, however, we are not preaching a sermon, we will now descend to a lower level, and try to expose some of the more ridiculous and effeminating influences of the *Renaissance*.

It is well known to those who have studied what we may call the natural laws of the intellectual world, that every nation has its own adaptations for literature, which is healthy and effective in proportion as these are followed. It is only since there has been a reaction from the Revival that this has been fully felt and appreciated; and that literary men value the spontaneous efforts of the rudest nations above those stereotyped forms of classical imitation which made the eighteenth century at once the lowest and most silly of the Christian periods.

Nothing was then valued in poetry or art that was not clothed in the guise of some god or goddess of the classical idolatry. This afforded admirable matter of ridicule to the wits. Sir Richard Steele concludes a paper on pastoral poetry in the *Guardian* (after remarking on the strange mixture of ancient and modern conceit and national peculiarities) in the following words:—"I cannot better illustrate what I would say of the French, than by the dress in which they make their shepherds appear upon the stage, as I find it described by a celebrated author: 'The shepherds,' saith he, 'are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alphæus, instead of having his head covered with

\* The Presbyterian translator of the Gospels, Dr. Campbell, rendered the first beatitude, "Blessed are the poor that *repine not*;" coolly declaring that our Lord could never have meant to praise *poor-spirited* men. To this the present Archbishop of Canterbury well replied, that the world must bend to the Gospel, not the Gospel to the world. *O si sic omnia!*

sedges and bulrushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers that I should have thought the murmurs of a country-brook the much more agreeable music."

Mr. Macaulay, too, all modern though he is in the main, has taste enough to despise this paltry style, affecting as it did the greatest intellects. "During the second year," says he, in his life of Lord Chatham, "of his residence at the university, George the First died; and the event was, after the fashion of that generation, celebrated by the Oxonians in many middling copies of verses. On this occasion Pitt published some Latin lines. The matter of the poem is as worthless as that of any college exercise ever written. There is, of course, much about Mars, Themis, Neptune, and Cocytus. The Muses are earnestly entreated to weep over the urn of Cæsar; for Cæsar, says the poet, loved the Muses—Cæsar, who could not read a line of Pope, and who loved nothing but punch and fat women."

The mention of Mr. Macaulay's name reminds us of the part he has taken respecting the Baconian philosophy; that eminent effect and exponent both of the Revival and the "Reformation." "This philosophy," says Macaulay, "aimed at things altogether different from those which his (Bacon's) predecessors had proposed." They, poor men, had dreamed that the end of philosophy, or of the *love and pursuit of wisdom*, was to raise men above the low level of a corrupted materialism, and restore them to that God who is their origin and end. Plato and his followers in wondrous, though of course imperfect, anticipation of the Gospel, had proclaimed this as the object of their studies. "Not so," say Lord Bacon and Mr. Macaulay. The end of philosophy is "fruit" and "progress;" "the multiplication of human enjoyments." "For our own part," says the latter (he was reviewing in the *Edinburgh*), "if we are forced to make our choice between the first shoemaker, and the author of the three books on Anger, we pronounce for the shoemaker." Thus the Revivalists, while they retain, imitate, and parade, all that was bad in ancient literature, make war, with Bacon at their head, against the one sole thing in which it had a Christian aspect. "Bacon," says Macaulay, "did not consider the revolution which Socrates effected in philosophy as a happy event." Of course not. The *ἡμετέριον σπουδὴν* must ever be despised by those whose desire it is to know every thing—*except* themselves. Philosophy's being of no account in the school of Luther, was considered as a compliment by his followers, and by the Church as a reproach. And why? Simply because the Church, instead of despising the ancient philosophy, made constant use of its authors, and because it was her province to supply in general practice what those illustrious men had only aspired after in theory; for which glorious aspirations they are so despised by Bacon, and unmercifully ridiculed by his admirer, Macaulay, who little thinks that the humiliating contrast between his idol's life and genius was but the natural consequence of the mean ends of his system. The man who seeks nothing but material progress, has no *fulcrum* to raise him

above the vilest actions. The great reproach of the ancient philosophy was, that it could not spread among the vulgar and benefit them. And it is the glory of the Church that, with her divine and sacramental power, she communicates to the most humble individuals what the illustrious ancients could only see far off. But the very appreciation of it was their glory; as it is the condemnation and curse of the modern schools to prefer darkness to light manifested and incarnate. Our readers will hardly believe that we are quoting fairly when we tell them that the excellence of medicine, according to Macaulay, is, that it "repairs frames enervated by lust, swollen by gluttony, or inflamed by wine, *encourages sensuality by mitigating the natural punishment of the sensualist.*" Yet these are his *ipsissima verba*, and he blames Plato because such doings "had no share of his esteem." Verily, Mr. M. should have lived among those heathen Romans who, as soon as they were sated at table, took an emetic in order to begin again their disgusting work of repletion. We conclude with one short remark:—Platonism, as Macaulay confesses, had for its end what Catholicism alone can accomplish—to make men what St. Peter calls "partakers of the divine nature:" the Revivalists and Baconians, on the other hand, do all they can to make him forget the God who made him, and the eternity that awaits him.

---

## SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

### No. I.

SIMILARITY in diversity is a principle which pervades all nature. What similarity appears greater or more perfect than that which seems to exist among the million leaves that flutter in the forest? Yet no two of these are perfectly alike. There are few features in the human countenance, and these might at first sight be thought susceptible of no great variety; yet the diversity of countenance, even in the same division of the human family, is limited only by the number in that division. The human mind has powers, faculties, and habits, as well as the human frame; they are not many, indeed, but abundantly sufficient to serve as a mark or index of each particular person. The predominance of one faculty over another, either by the accident of natural predisposition, or by the prevalent use and development of that faculty in later life, communicates to each mind a tendency to think and act in a particular way; and thus by repeated acts to acquire certain habits and dispositions, differing more or less from the habits and dispositions proper to the minds of its companions. One man is irascible in a high degree; another is gentle and yielding; a third is neither gentle, nor yet irascible, but sullen and dogged; and so of the rest. It is impossible to associate

with mankind, and remain blind to the remarkable diversity of character which even the members of the same family will exhibit. It is equally impossible not to see that many features of character are in a similar degree hereditary. It would go deeper than our present purpose to inquire how this strange fact comes about, that by association with bodies of kindred birth, minds exhibit all the appearances of kindred sympathies and habits; how the child of a sullen man grows up sullen, sometimes without having ever seen his father; how the gentle love of a mother is reproduced in her child, even though it may never have had the benefit of her beautiful example.

Character essentially belongs to the moral being of man. Its very nature implies the performance of certain acts, or the acquisition of certain habits of particular virtues, or of their opposites. Character, therefore, is justly regarded as a subject for educational training—for correction and modification; character also may become deteriorated by deficient or by erroneous training. The importance of such a subject must therefore be at once apparent; and we shall be justified in our purpose of exhibiting a few positive pictures of human character, drawn from careful observation of many examples, although exhibiting the peculiar traits of no one example in particular. We therefore, at the outset of our researches, once for all disclaim any idea or any intention of personality. If any of our readers should imagine that they see their own reflection in any of our portraits, it can only be because they belong to the family or class of character that happens for the moment to be sitting to our pencil.

The emotions of the human mind have sometimes been arranged in two great classes—namely, the concupiscible and the irascible; in other words, desire or aversion lies at the bottom of every human emotion. Filial or domestic love is an example of wholesome desire; avarice or ambition is an example of the emotions of desire in pernicious exercise. Aversion is the root of envy, or of jealousy, or of hatred. It is on the whole a convenient arrangement, and we will therefore adopt it in our succeeding remarks on human character.

Poor human nature! How imperfect it is at its best; how strangely marked by frequent beauties, scarred by obvious flaws! Even the most affectionate heart must take the average of its friend, and love and admire that; the admirable is so dashed with the imperfect and the frail, even in the most amiable, that it is only the medium between perfection and imperfection, that partial love can set up as its idol, and fall down and worship. Take our friend Mannerleigh, for example. Never almost did nature bestow more kindly endowments of body and of mind than upon him. As a boy, his lessons hardly ever cost him trouble; to this day he has only to turn his mind to any branch of study to make it his own. Kindness of nature is as conspicuous in his character, as quick wit marks his intellect. If he takes an interest in you, he will go through fire and water to serve you; you could not drive him an inch by force or violence; but, if you carry his regard along with

you, you may lead him round the world with a thread of silk. His prospects in youth were excellent; his education was elaborate and complete; the means of carving out his fortune were ready to his hand; in the ordinary course of nature he must succeed to a fair and competent inheritance. Nothing ever promised better, and yet our friend never will succeed. The very facility with which he acquires knowledge, indisposes him to attach himself to any branch in particular; stimulates him to new conquests in other fields, instead of aiding him to turn his past acquisitions to profitable advantage.

Refined and fastidious, he early contracted friendships with persons superior to himself in social advantages of wealth and family. His ideas and estimates of living conformed to their higher standard; and domestic life, on a simpler scale of expense, ceased to offer him any prospect of happiness. His agreeable manners and his goodness of heart, combined with his fair social prospects, might easily have won for him a prize in the matrimonial lottery; but a certain constitutional caution, almost amounting to timidity, invariably disposed him to doubt whether something better might not be gained by waiting, and to all appearance he seems now likely to wait for ever. The early difficulties of an honourable profession disgusted him; study gave way to the more fascinating cultivation of private friendship; literature opened for him a seductive path to a little local reputation, and—comparative poverty.

Our friend Mannerleigh is now passing over the grand plateau which lies between the acclivity of youth and the declivity of age; and, for every practical purpose, you would say his life has yet to begin. He is benevolent without an object; clever, accomplished, and really well informed in many subjects, and all without scope and definite aim; his friends are attached to him, but even among his friends he possesses little influence on questions of practical importance. To add one trait more: he is perfectly conscious of his defects; he will talk of them with his intimate friends without any reserve; he knows them, regrets them, but has not force of character enough to amend them. The religious element is sound in him; but Mannerleigh's religion, like his other endowments, partakes of his constitutional feebleness; there is never the making of a hero in him. He will probably, through God's grace, make a good end; but his life will be a record of useless gifts, of aimless energies, of unfinished projects. He will be surpassed in reputation, in usefulness, in grateful remembrance, by many men who have not half of his mental capacity, who have not half of his goodness of soul. His almost feminine sweetness incapacitates him for vigorous enterprise; his fastidious taste secludes him from the strong, rough-handed men of action.

Poor Mannerleigh's education and his principle might have done much to correct his constitutional failing; nature has always a constitutional weakness, which education of mind and body must do its best to correct. In its correction, rather than in its possession, lies a condition of our lifelong trial. At the expense of a little rough-

ening and hardening, our poor friend would have gained a more vigorous use of his conspicuous gifts; principle ought to have taught him to submit to the process. If his life is on the whole a failure, he must blame himself rather than Nature.

---

## THE JESUITS AT THE HULKS.

TOULON stands at the extremity of a fertile plain abounding in olive and date trees, and stretching down to the sea from a distance of several miles. Girded by a range of bold hills, and washed by the dark blue waves of the Mediterranean, which sweep into a bay before its feet, the natural beauty of its situation might fairly attract a stranger's attention, no less than the display of its commercial greatness. It is to neither the one nor the other of these, however, but to a spot which stands out in striking contrast to them both, that we are about to direct the reader's notice. At some little distance from the town, and immediately fronting the celebrated arsenal, is a small rocky island, connected with the mainland by a bridge of boats, and containing six long, bare, desolate-looking sheds. Nothing else stands on the island; but three hulks are moored by its side, and a fourth rides at anchor close by. Perfectly deserted from morning to night, this strange group would any how look sad and dreary; but its melancholy aspect is in no small measure brightened by the constant din of business that swells up round it from the neighbouring port. Without sound or motion in the midst of teeming life, you would take it for the dead-house of some plague-stricken city, or the solitude of a huge prison.

A prison indeed it is, not as we commonly use the word, but one which serves for the night quarters of the convicts, or galley-slaves, who are employed by day in the arsenal of the port, or even in the town of Toulon. It is called "The Hulks." Among its four thousand inmates are political and civil offenders, citizens and foreigners, rich and poor, educated and uneducated; occasionally men even of literary fame or high social consideration are found there; and some of the tasks devolving upon the convicts are of a kind for which a certain degree of education is necessary. The main classification, however, is quite independent of such distinctions. All the convicts, on their arrival, are dressed in a costume composed of yellow trousers, loose red overcoat, and heavy shoes. There is then added a cap, which, if the wearer is condemned for life, is green, but red if his confinement is for a determinate period; and from this badge the two classes are respectively called "green-caps" and "red-caps." If a convict who has once been liberated is again condemned and sent to the hulks, he is called in the slang of the place a "return-horse," and is marked by a yellow sleeve attached to the ordinary

red coat. In addition to these equipments, an iron ring, with a chain long enough to be raised at will, and of proportionate weight, is fastened to the foot of each: and the superintendent of the hulks then assigns him his proper quarters. In this arrangement the green-caps are kept by themselves. Separate sheds are also appropriated both to the insubordinate and to those who have shown themselves especially tractable; and the latter have a further advantage in being assigned comparatively light employment. The produce of every convict's labour belongs exclusively to himself: he can keep it for his own benefit, send it home to his family, or dispose of it in any other way he pleases. The remuneration for each kind of toil, as well as the amount of labour enforced, which is something less *per diem* than that of a free labourer, is fixed by government scale; and no peculiar hardship presses on the convict in his daily toil, beyond that to which he is necessarily exposed from the contempt of the free labourers among whom he works. This, however, is not a light punishment. No epithet is too stinging, no sarcasm too coarse, to be occasionally hurled at the criminals, and not unfrequently a bloody fray has been the result of such provocations. At night the convicts sleep upon boards. They are arranged in a long row, and the chain attached to the foot of each is there secured to a heavy iron bar which runs along the whole length of the room, and is called the "ramas."

At the time of which we write, the French government had done scarcely any thing for the reformation of these outcasts. Ashamed or afraid to trust wholly to a system of repression and punishment, it had gone so far as to appoint a chaplain to the hulks; but instead of acting on the maxim, that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, it had almost entirely neutralized the benefit which might have resulted from religious intervention, by not allowing a single colleague to the pastor of so dense and so diseased a flock; leaving him unprovided with a chapel, and throwing in his way a body of vexatious regulations, which almost prohibited his access to the men. Mass, it is true, was celebrated in one of the sheds on a Sunday, but scarcely a seventh part of the convicts could be crowded in to hear it; and, as for any other thought of God, a glimpse of the solitary priest was all that could suggest it to them from one week's end to another. Well might poor Abbé Maine's heart faint within him as he thought of the charge committed to his care, and toiled on in his uphill, profitless work. There was no lack of zeal on his part; it was only opportunity and help that was wanting; and these, in spite of his prayers and exertions, the government resolutely withheld.

At last they came from another source. A Jesuit Father, whose attention had for some time been directed to the subject of convict reformation, happened to pass through Toulon. On hearing the poor chaplain's story, he was struck with the immense good that might be expected from a well-organized mission to the hulks; and made inquiry into every particular likely to bear upon the execution of such a scheme. The difficulties were many and great. It would be

impossible almost to make any adequate impression by a mission consisting of fewer than ten priests, or lasting for less time than a month. Then a residence must be found for the missionaries, and their expenses must be defrayed. The chaplain could do nothing for them on these points; still less could he secure for them that access to the convicts which was in a great measure denied to himself, and for which an order from the minister of marine was absolutely necessary. This last was the greatest difficulty of all; and, for the present, it seemed quite insuperable. But before long the circumstances became known to Father Brunault, who, though himself possessing no influence with government except in the war department, was fortunately able to enlist the sympathies of M. Collas and others in the cause; and, through their instrumentality, to lay a definite application on behalf of his brethren before the minister of marine.

The Jesuits requested permission, first, to visit the hulks; second, to be lodged and maintained during their stay. They neither asked nor desired to fare better than the convicts; and expressed their perfect readiness to have the black bread and bean soup which formed the staple diet of the place. A proposal so generous, it would scarcely have seemed possible to meet with any other answer than one of courteous, if not grateful acquiescence. M. de Tracy, however, the minister of marine, while he at once accepted the first part of their offer, felt bound in a no less absolute manner to refuse his consent to the second. But this was felt to be comparatively of slight importance, as there could be little doubt that the charity of the faithful would not allow so great and unexpected an opportunity to be lost by the pressure of merely financial difficulties. It was at once determined, therefore, to organize the mission. Father Lairgue, who was to conduct it, accompanied by eight of his brethren, arrived at Toulon on the 23rd of October. The cholera was there before them; and at first it became a question whether the convicts' anxiety on their own account would not indispose them to attend to the exercises of the mission. But the Fathers ultimately made up their minds to regard the epidemic as an ally rather than a rival; and resolved, in spite of every thing, to set about their labours without delay.

On the 25th of October the mission opened. The plan was to give daily two instructions of half an hour each; the first reading at seven in the morning, when the convicts were summoned to their work; and the second at six in the evening, the hour at which they were fastened to the rams. To guard against encouraging hypocrisy, and at the same time to preclude all hope of temporal advantage from their visit, the Fathers, for some time, abstained from entering into any private or personal communication with the men. They contented themselves with merely giving the morning and evening instruction, visiting one by one the work-sheds and dock-yards, and attending the hospital, where a few cases of cholera had occurred. Gradually, as the men became familiarized with their presence, this reserve ceased to be maintained. Still, the Fathers

were as careful as ever not to interfere in any way with the discipline of the place, either by hindering work, or soliciting exceptions from punishment. It was also their fixed rule to distribute no alms, but only to give away little crucifixes, medals, and religious books, which had been supplied to them for the purpose.

At first the instructions were listened to with curiosity and astonishment. Strange as the prisoners were for the most part to Catholic doctrine, and very often even to the rudiments of Christianity, it was necessary first to enlighten their understandings before any hope could be entertained of touching their hearts. Clearly and firmly, therefore, the missionaries preached the great truths of natural religion, the being of God, the nature of the soul, the relation between the Creator and the creature. Before the hearers could be taught what they were as Christians, it was necessary to teach them what they were as men.

Meanwhile provision had been made for enabling every one to hear mass on Sundays. No building of sufficient size being available, an altar was erected in the open air, and placed, whether by design or accident, on the very spot ordinarily appropriated to the scaffold. It was the practice to give a short instruction after mass, and then to conclude the function with benediction of the blessed Sacrament. On the festival of All Saints the number of masses was increased, and on the following day a low mass in black was said for the souls of the deceased relatives of the convicts.

Hitherto tolerable progress had been made. The missionaries had been treated with courtesy; their instructions spoken of with interest; and their good intentions gratefully acknowledged. Indeed, so great was the respect felt for them, that on one occasion, when a report was circulated of a handkerchief belonging to one of them having been lost, the convicts indignantly denied the theft, protesting that such an act would be "a stain upon the honour of the hulks." Still, good as this might be for a beginning, it was a beginning only. With here and there an exception, the mission continued to be regarded with cold reserve. But this week decided its success. The ice at last appeared to melt, and with a warmth and earnestness to which they had hitherto been strangers, the men began to display their interest in the work. Not only were the instructions eagerly listened to, but wishes were frequently expressed for the time spent in rest to pass quickly, that they might once more hear the words of the missionaries. At work the men employed themselves in praising the Fathers, or repeating passages from their discourses; and sometimes, when a missionary came in sight, they would begin singing, "*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.*"

Encouraged by these signs the Fathers now began to extend their instructions. The mysteries of sin and of atonement, the gift of the new birth, the sacrament of penance, were spoken of in their discourses. Gradually the whole length and breadth of gospel teaching were unfolded to the hearers. Sinners and outcasts as they were, they were told to look to the precious blood that streamed for their

redemption, and to the agonizing heart that still yearned for their salvation. It was enough; the name of Jesus triumphed. Hearts seared and stony yielded to its sweet persuasion. Eyes long unmoistened by a tear, glistened at its tale of love. The pride of guilt, the lust of passion, the strength of habit, the wildness of despair, encountered it and fell. Where sin abounded, grace did more abound. Poor burdened souls, first one and then another, they cast themselves before the cross, to be emancipated from their guilt and misery by the spell of His absolving words! "Oh! how I long," writes one of them, "to cast away the load of sin by which my soul is cankered." "In the name of Him who brought life, and light, and charity into the world," exclaims another, "I implore the aid of your ministry!" "My God! I thank thee," cries a third, "for the grace thou hast vouchsafed in sending thy holy ministers among us poor abandoned creatures, in this place of tears and sorrow, where no human eye is turned upon us, and no human hand stretched out to help. We are outcasts from the world, and our punishment is just. But thou, O God! hast not dealt with us as men deal. Thou hast come down from heaven to comfort us."

Thoughts like these were naturally accompanied with deep gratitude towards the missionaries themselves. The men began to regard them almost with a feeling of enthusiasm. They would run to meet them on their approach, and vie with one another in trying to attract their attention. Every little dispute was submitted to their arbitration. If a question of orthography, history, geography, or any other subject arose, they were referred to on the first opportunity, and their decision unhesitatingly accepted. A convict who spoke the sentiments of others as well as his own, dwelt much on the sacrifice their benefactors had been content to make in order to establish the mission:—"You have left those dear to you to speak peace and consolation to us—to stretch out a friendly hand to the rejected outcasts of society. Instead of despising, you pity us. By coming under our roof to breathe unwholesome air, you expose your own health and lives to danger—and all this that you may talk to us of God, our families, and our souls." Nor did their gratitude stop short in words only. Happy at the interest displayed in them, and proud to have excited it, they began to think how they might offer some recompense for the sacrifices by which they were profiting. One of the missionaries chanced to speak of the vow of poverty taken by the Jesuits, and to mention that the expenses of the mission were defrayed, neither by themselves nor by the government, but by charitable persons who devoted their savings to the purpose. On hearing this, the convicts determined to make an offering to the missionaries out of their wages of a few pence a day; and, so strong was their desire of evincing the gratitude they felt, that the green-caps alone contributed the sum of twenty pounds to the fund. They all displayed great sorrow at finding their offering rejected. "Give us, however," said the missionaries, "a different proof of your sincerity. Be obedient to your superiors. That is the only reward we

desire." The next day not a single punishment had to be inflicted on any one of the four thousand convicts, an event unparalleled up to that time in the annals of the hulks.

Two conversions, which took place about this time, are especially worthy of notice. The first was that of a cholera patient in the hospital, whose life had been despaired of when the Fathers visited him. After saying a few words, they presented him with a medal of the Blessed Virgin, and a little prayer against the cholera. On his observing that probably they would not have given him those things had they known him to be a Jew, they replied that there was no objection to his keeping them if he would promise not to profane them. This he at once agreed to do, and the medal was placed under his pillow. The Fathers passed on, and in the press of work forgot the poor Jew altogether; but he carefully attended to the lectures that were given in the hospital wards, and the result was his complete conversion. On his recovery, he solemnly dedicated himself to the service of our Blessed Lady. The other case was that of a poor Protestant. Scrupulous in the observance of all that his religion prescribed, he was constant, even at the hulks, in his attendance on the sermons of the Protestant minister. When the missionaries arrived, however, he became very anxious to ease his conscience by making a general confession. He went to consult his own minister, who told him to "confess to God." This he did, but still the doubt remained whether God would pardon him. He craved the assurance of forgiveness. Then the Protestant minister told him to read the Bible, but it did not take long for him to find there the words "confess your sins one to another;" and back he went to his minister with the text, begging to have his confession heard. Still he was refused. "So, Father, what can I do?" he writes. "The Protestant religion fails to satisfy my heart. I desire to confess. I long to have the assurance of forgiveness, whatever it may cost me. When a priest has heard my confession, and pronounced my pardon in the name of God, perhaps I may have less dread in the contemplation of eternity."

Freed at last from all necessity of reserve in the exercise of their ministry, the Fathers were anxious to secure a more abundant blessing on their mission, by solemnly dedicating it to our Blessed Lady under the invocation of the mother of mercy. Sunday, the 11th of November, was chosen for the ceremony. An altar was erected in the usual spot, and over it, amid flowers and lights, was placed an image of Our Lady. After mass, F. Lavigne addressed the assembled throng. He spoke of her who had appeared to sinners like the rainbow of the deluge, wakening hope within their hearts—the ark of the new covenant between their souls and God. To her he consecrated the vast kneeling crowd—the guilty to the spotless, the sinners to the merciful—commending to her love the tears and miseries of their parents, children, wives, their own deep repentance, and their resolutions of amendment; beseeching her to bless the children of misfortune, prostrate at her feet, and to replace their fetters in the

heavenly kingdom by those chains of love that bind the chosen ones to God and to each other. Loud sobs broke upon his words, and when he ended the emotion was intense and universal. The whole assembly then joined in a fervent prayer for those in authority at the hulks, and the function was over. That day a bracelet dropped by a lady was found by one of the convicts. He carried it to an officer, with instructions to place it in the hands of Madame Hamelin, the governor's wife, and positively refused to accept any reward. A gold watch and chain were found a few days afterwards by a convict in the dockyard, and restored to their owner with the same disinterestedness and promptitude.

The mother of mercy did not forget her penitents. The effect of the consecration was soon evident in a great increase of zeal for religion. The aspect of the place was changed. Honesty became the rule. Some of the convicts tore up their impious books, or committed them to the flames. Sacred songs, rejected at first, were now heartily sung; and profane ballads, imprecations, and blasphemies, made way for the praises of Jesus and Mary. The picture, of course, was not without its darker side; but a fortnight before it had been all dark, and now the shadows were comparatively few. On one occasion a quarrel between two men broke out in the presence of the Father, and ended in blows. The next morning brought a letter to one of them, apologizing on behalf of the convicts for so disgraceful an exhibition. The painful sacrifice which was often necessary on the part of those who sought reconciliation, is exemplified in the following extract from a letter:—"I am anxious to do my duty towards God, and to follow the good example of my comrades. But my circumstances prevent me. For ten years I have been in this place of misery, far from my family and my country. I am now on the point of being liberated, and I need not tell you how I yearn to see them once more. But this joy is denied me, because I am condemned to remain under superintendence, even after my liberation from the hulks. I have applied to the minister, told him that I am of good family, that my relatives will answer for me, that the authorities of my district will give me certificates; but all in vain. Now I ask you, Father, can I forgive this injustice? I cannot forgive it, and therefore I cannot make a good confession. I should only commit sacrilege, and though I cannot get rid of my sins, at any rate I will not be persuaded to add to them." But at last grace triumphed, and the poor man was reconciled to God.

It was not long before, in their turn and degree, the new converts became missionaries too, exerting themselves to bring those who still remained unmoved under the influence of grace and truth. In spite, however, of such assistance, or rather perhaps in consequence of it, the Fathers began to find their number quite inadequate to the work. They were not more than nine in all, and the field before them was both large and diversified. Where men of all nations and all religions—Pagan, Protestant, Mahometan, Jew, Chinese—were congregated, it was necessary to suit the instructions to many different classes, and

to provide catechetical instructions besides the ordinary lectures. Moreover, the low-pitched roof, the fetid atmosphere, the monotonous beating of the sea, and the constant need of exertion in addressing large audiences under all these disadvantages, had considerably impaired the health of the missionaries. They appealed therefore to their brethren for help, and were soon joined by nine other Fathers, besides two novices, to whom the catechetical instruction of the most ignorant was committed.

One of these catechists became a great favourite with his class. After he had been engaged for some time in teaching, they brought a small crucifix, carved by themselves, which they begged him to accept. In compliance with the rule of his order, he refused it. But the convicts would not hear of the matter being settled in this summary way. On the first opportunity they flocked round F. Lavigne, kissing his hands, and repeating the request on their knees; and with such earnestness that he could resist no longer, and was obliged to decide that the young Jesuit, being only a novice, and therefore bound by no precise vow to the contrary, might accept the crucifix.

But though all the new-comers were received with great rejoicing, a decided preference was still given to the first missionaries; especially to F. Lavigne, who was so great a favourite with the convicts that on one occasion, when he was thought to be seriously ill, they spent the half-hour's midday respite from labour in praying for him. F. de Damas, the instructor of the green-caps, and F. Pailloux, to whom the convicts on board the hulk in the roadstead had been committed, were also very popular with their respective charges. One day, when the latter was going across to the scene of his labours, he found the sea so high that the pilots considered it unsafe, and refused to embark. Having little time to spare, he bade his companions take a safe though longer route by land, and then, taking the helm himself, was rowed over by the convict boatmen, to the intense delight of the poor men. This personal affection for the missionaries was by no means confined to those who availed themselves of the blessings of religion, but spread throughout the hulks. Having heard that an insurrection had taken place in Paris, the convicts in a body entreated the Fathers, if any insult were offered them, to fall back on the hulks, and trust to the protection of their inmates. "Nothing short of soldiers and cannon will force us to yield," they said; "but the Fathers may be certain of our submission if they do but speak."

The convicts' ordinary fare consists of black bread, bean soup, and a little wine. The last can be given only to those who have been actually labouring in the day; so that, when classes were formed for catechetical instructions previous to Baptism or first Communion, those who attended them, being taken away from their work, were at the same time deprived of their ordinary claim to the wine. Hearing that this deprivation might have a bad effect on the health of their catechumens, the Fathers asked leave to supply them with the usual ration of wine, intending to purchase it out of the alms at

their disposal. Their request was granted; but, as soon as the convicts discovered how this supply was furnished, they determined to reimburse their benefactors by subscribing the necessary amount among themselves. The Fathers, of course, refused to accept their money; and the catechumens then resolved not to be outdone in generosity, declared that a trifling sacrifice was a good preparation for communion, and from that time forward resolutely persisted in going without the wine. Similarly encouraging was the behaviour of the convicts when exposed to those taunting jokes and sneers which were flung at them as plentifully as ever by their fellow-labourers in the port. One day, as they were practising their sacred songs, the sailors interrupted them with loud shouts and hisses. At another time such taunts would have provoked a serious quarrel, but the lesson of patience had now been learned effectually: and the only reply to them was the humble acknowledgment, "We have offended God by our blasphemies long enough; let us end by sanctifying our captivity with songs of repentance."

Incidents like these suggested that the time was come for a solemn act of reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for all the outrages committed against it by the criminals. The worship of reparation is the touchstone of love, and few ceremonies could be more full of meaning than that which the Fathers now contemplated. Great preparations were made. An altar was set up in one of the sheds, the interior of which was decorated with banners; the cathedral lent its most superb ornaments, and the Sisters of *La Sagesse* their industry in adding all that could be contrived to enhance the splendour of the function. It took place on Sunday the 18th of November. Mass was said by the Archpriest of Toulon, in the presence of the convicts and a large number of strangers. Next followed a procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the ranks of kneeling penitents, and there F. Lavigne delivered a sermon on the forgiveness of injuries. "Do you," he exclaimed, addressing the convicts at its close—"Do you forgive your enemies, your accusers, your judges, and all who have been the cause of your suffering, deserved or not deserved?" "Yes, we do!" burst forth spontaneously from the crowd. One proof of it at least was given in the evening, when a convict seized the hand of one of the Fathers, and kissing it with tears and thanks exclaimed—"This day you have wrought the good of many. They who have faith in the vengeance of a Corsican may henceforth believe in his forgiveness. I had resolved on the death of a man; but my feelings of revenge have passed away, and I forgive him."

Great was the lamentation of the convicts as the mission drew to its close. It had been to them the dawn of a new day of grace, and they felt that the departure of the Fathers would throw them back again into old trials and temptations. Their fervour, however, knew no diminution, nor did the grateful expressions in their letters to the missionaries become less frequent or intense. "How can one who has long been in pain, not rejoice to have been cured! But, alas!

I am saying too much ; we are no more than convalescent ; our cure is not complete." "What a good friend shall we lose in you ; what a void will your absence create ! To this we must be resigned, but the tears with which we are preparing for it are most sincere. My gratitude shall be evinced by my prayers, which will follow you every where."

Before admitting the candidates to Baptism, Father Lavigne satisfied himself of the adequacy of their knowledge by carefully examining them in person. The anxiety displayed by each one in following the answers of the rest evinced their mutual good-will, and their earnest desire to receive the sacrament together. The 21st of November was appointed for the day of baptism ; and five Pagans, eighteen Protestants, seventeen Mahometans, and two Jews, were on that day received into the church.

The mission was to end with a general communion on Sunday the 25th of November. As the number of convicts who wished to communicate was too great to admit of all their confessions being heard by the Fathers in leisure hours, it was resolved that the whole of the Friday and Saturday nights should be devoted to that purpose. The authorities, after some hesitation, consented to suspend the rams on the missionaries making themselves responsible for the consequences. It was the first time that such a relaxation of discipline had ever been permitted at the hulks ; but the convicts gave their word that no disturbance should ensue, and the night was in fact unsurpassed for quietness. They awoke one another, and went in turn each to his own confessor, with naked feet and noiseless step, carrying the chain in their hands ; and, although such a multitude was incessantly passing to and fro, not a syllable above a whisper was ever interchanged between them.

The inmates of the floating hulk had hitherto assisted at none of the functions. Both difficulty and danger would have attended the frequent embarkation and landing of five hundred men, and Father Pailloux had therefore up to this time been accustomed to say mass for them on board their own hulk. But the majority of them having prepared for communion, and many also being anxious for confirmation, they were permitted to come on shore for the closing ceremony of the mission. Work, which ordinarily continued till mid-day on Sundays, was on this occasion suspended altogether, and at eight o'clock the Bishop of Frejus commenced mass in the presence of the whole four thousand convicts, besides two thousand of the inhabitants of Toulon, who had obtained permission to be present. The preparations had been made with more than common pomp. Two thousand five hundred received the body of their Lord, two hundred and fifty of them making their first communion. In the afternoon, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, and then about twelve hundred of the men received confirmation. So late did the service last, that before it was over night had closed in, and the signal had long sounded for shutting the gates of the arsenal. At the end of all, F. Lavigne in a few short sentences exhorted the

convicts to perseverance, and bade them farewell. They rushed towards him in crowds, kneeling, kissing his hands, and covering them with their tears. He told them he had pledged himself that they should return to the shed in silence and good order. "We promise it—we swear it!" they answered, and they kept their word.

The next day the Fathers left Toulon amid the blessings of every class. Short as their labour was, it had proceeded a result widely and deeply felt. Many a grateful letter reached them after their departure, not only from the men themselves, but from their wives or children, whose prayers for the conversion of the sinners had been granted by their means, and the chaplain was before long comforted by the prospect of having two additional priests fixed permanently at the hulks.

[To be Continued.]

---

## MALINES AND THE BELGIAN REVOLUTION.

STEAMBOATS or study have familiarized us all so much with Belgium, that we now know it almost by heart. Bruges is nearly as familiar to us as Brighton, and our recollections of the Place Royale of Brussels are quite as vivid as those of our own Trafalgar Square. To whom is Belgium unknown with its flat surface—a perfect *cornucopia* teeming with abundance; its musical chimes ringing out merrily from every spire; its carvings so elaborate, that they seem first to have been moulded in plaster-wax, and then to have been hardened into the more enduring wood; its railways, "slow but sure," in which the little-speaking, much-bugle-blowing guard travels and smokes with the passengers, gathering tickets as he goes? All this is as well known to us here in England, as to the veriest dweller amid the beer-vats of Louvaine or the smoke of Tournai. And properly so, too.

Removed but a day's journey from our shores, bound up with us both by commerce and the fine arts, and associated with the most brilliant pages of our history; the land of men great in every walk, Philip van Artevelde and Godfrey de Bouillon, Rubens and Quentin Matsys, justly entitling her to be called the *Nutrix leonum*; the cradle of our manufactures, the theatre of Marlborough's triumphs, and of Wellington's "king-making victory," the name of Belgium must ever awaken the most thrilling recollections in the English heart. In the fourteenth century, when our third Edward was preparing to invade France, he entered into a treaty, which was eventually of the greatest service to him, with the reigning Count of Flanders; and at the conclusion of the war, those industrious Flemings whom he brought back with him to England, laid the

foundations of our trade in those woollen manufactures for which our country now stands pre-eminent. Philippa of Hainault, the queen of Edward the Third—one of the noblest queen-consorts that ever graced the English throne—was a Belgian. Conspicuous alike for her courage and her mercy, it is difficult to say which phase of her character most provokes our admiration—whether her chivalry, when, in her husband's absence, she confronts the invading Scots, and leads away their captive king in triumph; or her tenderness, when, yielding to the feelings of her woman's heart, she pleads for the lives of the burghesses of Calais.

But if Belgium challenges our regard as Englishmen, how much dearer ought it to be to us as Catholics! There the world beholds the spectacle of a loyal people, who, through generations of oppression, and in the teeth of menacing arms, have remained steadfast in the faith; or, when the scoffer would identify the church with despotism, to Belgium can we point as an example of a nation, which in our own recollection has become indebted for its liberty, its happiness, its very existence to the Church—the Church Catholic, which has always been the champion of the weak against the strong.

It is now many years since the writer of the present sketch received the story of the Belgian Revolution from the lips of a venerable ecclesiastic, who could truly say of the events he was describing, "*Quæque ipse vidi, et quorum pars magna fui;*"\* and would that he could transfer to these pages some portion of the fervid and glowing eloquence that lent a feeling and a life to every word uttered.

Before reciting the events of 1830, it may not be amiss to premise a brief description of the archiepiscopal city of Belgium. Malines, or as it is commonly called in England, Mechlin, is the primatial see of Belgium. It is a quiet grave old city, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Dyle; it numbers about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. One of its most striking features are its magnificent churches, which proclaim so loudly the piety, the generosity, and the architectural genius of the old Catholics of Malines. Chief among these may be enumerated the Cathedral of the city, the Church St. John, containing two of Rubens' masterpieces, and the Church of Our Lady, before which many a votive offering attests the abundant favours that flow from her powerful patronage. The first Archbishop of Malines was the celebrated Cardinal de Granville, whose name awakens so many stirring memories of the revolt of the United Provinces and the civil wars in Flanders. At a later period Cardinal Allen, the founder of the celebrated college of St. Omer, became Archbishop of Malines. At the present time the city is chiefly remarkable as being the centre of the Belgian system of railways. One of its most enterprising and noted men is Hanicq, the printer, whose press is so prolific of works connected with the Ritual-missals, breviaries, ceremoniales, hand-books of plain chant, and such like.

\* "Which I myself saw, and in which I took a leading part."

But its strongest claim to honour is based on the noble and effective part which it took in the glorious struggle for independence and a national existence in the year 1830.

In 1815 the Congress of Vienna intrusted Catholic Belgium to the tender mercies of the Dutch government; which, not reading history aright, adopted the fatal policy of Joseph the Second of Austria. State interference in religion, and centralization in politics, were the order of the day. It was enacted that the Dutch language should be used in all the courts of law throughout Belgium, and consequently the barristers of the Wallon provinces, who had always been accustomed to plead in French, suddenly found themselves forced to use a language which they had never acquired. Above every thing else, the Dutch government was anxious to keep education under its own close control. Students in theology were to be trained in state establishments side by side with students in law and medicine. All professors were to be appointed by the government.

There is nothing in which the Church is so jealous as the education of her young. And therefore when, in addition to these projects, the Belgian bishops beheld several infidel professors inducted into the academical chairs, they naturally grew alarmed. In the first instance, they endeavoured to reason with the King of Holland; they exhausted every source of persuasion, entreaty, and warning; but all in vain.

At this time the archiepiscopal throne of Malines was occupied by the Prince de Méan, to which dignity he had been elevated from the see of Liége. A prince by birth, an ecclesiastic by choice, on his translation to Mechlin he voluntarily resigned the temporal principality of Liége. The last of the long line of prince bishops, so eloquently portrayed by Sir W. Scott in *Quentin Durward*, he worthily closed the whole series. Of course, so vigilant a pastor must soon come into collision with the temporal power, when such a tender matter was invaded as the education of the young. The bishops made common cause as one man against the encroachments of the state. They began by calling the attention of the second order of the clergy, and the truly Catholic people, to the insidious and frightful evil that menaced them. The Belgians at once awoke to a sense of their danger, and learned with just indignation this attack against their liberties and their faith. Their alarm and excitement were already at fever heat, when two events occurred which precipitated the crisis.

It appears that the following was the understood arrangement as to the appointment of vicars-general of Belgian dioceses. The bishop of the diocese enjoyed the right of nominating his own vicar-general; but, considering that the latter was paid by the Dutch government, the state possessed the power of putting a *veto* on the bishop's nominee; but, in the case of the government exercising this right, they were bound to give a substantial reason for so doing. About this time the vicar-general of Malines died, and the Prince Archbishop nominated as his successor the Abbé Stercks, the pre-

sent cardinal-archbishop. This young priest had already earned for himself a distinguished and honourable reputation. In his academic career he had carried off the highest honours which the university of Louvaine could bestow; and, as a parish priest, his personal piety, and his zeal in the discharge of his duties, has won for him "a harvest of golden opinions from all sorts of men." Indeed it would have been difficult, throughout the whole of the arch-diocese, to have found any other person so well qualified for the office of vicar-general, either as to character, habits, or attainments. The nomination was hailed with universal satisfaction. But, to the amazement of every one, the Dutch government, without reason given or cause assigned, refused to ratify the appointment. His Grace expostulated; but in vain. The administration would neither approve, recognise, nor pay the Abbé Stercks as vicar-general. On learning the final resolve of the state, the archbishop determined to retain the valuable services of that ecclesiastic at whatever cost; and, therefore, the same evening he addressed a pastoral letter to every priest in his diocese, announcing the issue of his negotiation with the government, and informing them that, nevertheless, he thereby appointed the Abbé Stercks as his vicar-general, and that he would pay him from his own private purse. The breach between the Government and the Church was now complete; and it was enlarged by the events of each succeeding day. So infuriated did the king become, that, far from pausing in his reckless career, he now multiplied aggressions on the rights both of the clergy and the people. Freedom of speech was visited as a crime; the pulpits were placed under a rigid censorship; priests, who had ventured by writings to call attention to their grievances, were apprehended like malefactors, subjected to the ignominy of a public trial, and transported to penal settlements. There is little reason to doubt that the archbishop himself would have been arrested, had not the king dreaded the effect that such a proceeding must have caused on an already exasperated people. The popular feeling was now, like a swollen and angry torrent, lashed into fury, ready to burst its barriers. Had the king paused even now, he might have averted his doom; but never did there seem to have been a case in which the saying could be most truly applied—*Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*\* Of all things on earth, he selected this ominous moment for the publication of a royal ordonnance, which enacted that all episcopal seminaries and religious establishments for purposes of education throughout Belgium should be closed, their inmates expelled, and their furniture sold by public auction. Now you might have seen groups of students wending their way towards their several homes, objects of general sympathy, and wearing on their brows a threatening scowl. The sword was not hung up to rust on the wall, nor was it beaten into a ploughshare. But the cassock was laid aside for the blouse, and hands used to the breviary grasped the sabre; every student became

\* "Whom God wishes to destroy, he first stultifies."

a soldier, or rather an officer, leading the stalwart peasants of Flanders and Brabant to expel the odious Dutch. Brussels rose as one man; and each day brought fresh troops of young and gallant volunteers, who had left their peaceful homes to die for their country and their God. After a day's struggle in the park at Brussels, hundreds of Belgium's bravest sons were left dead on the reeking earth; *but* the Dutch troops were prudent enough to retire after dark, leaving the capital in the hands of the national party. The outbreak now became general throughout the kingdom; and in nearly every encounter, the undisciplined patriotism of the national forces prevailed against the best troops of Holland.

Among the many patriots whom the occasion called forth, two are deserving of special mention. The one of illustrious lineage and princely fortune. The young Count de Mérode was enjoying in France the dignified ease which his ample means afforded him; but when the revolution of 1830 broke out, forgetful of all else save the welfare of his country, he hastened to Brussels, and throwing his fortune—his energies—his life—into the struggle, clad in the blue blouse of a peasant, with his good sword in his hand, and a rifle slung at his side, he fought as a humble volunteer in the ranks of the people. No one who has ever visited the Church of St. Gudule at Brussels, can have beheld without emotion the beautiful monument of white marble in honour of the young count. The sculptor's hand brings him before you, stretched upon the ground in his loose blouse, as, like the dying Bayard, he expires upon the field of death and glory. Never did a purer soul sacrifice itself in a holier cause; and never did the tree of liberty appear so fair, or so divine, as when, bedewed with a martyr's blood, it entwined its victorious wreaths around the standard of the cross. The other hero of that stormy time still lives, to adorn by his virtue, and enlighten by his wisdom, the country which he laboured to disenthral. The venerable canon, Van Hemel, the present vicar-general of Malines, was engaged in the duties of teaching at the Petit Séminaire, when, with all similar establishments, it was despotically suppressed.

Gifted with intellectual powers of the highest order, which had been ripened by severe and constant study, he was professor of rhetoric at twenty years of age. He was already in minor orders, though his age precluded him from being yet promoted to the Subdiaconate. The arbitrary act of the Dutch king at once deprived him of his appointment, and prevented him from continuing his preparation for the priesthood. Whilst others were buckling on the sword, the young John Van Hemel wielded against the oppressor of his country a weapon scarcely less formidable. In a masterly address, he appealed to the people to rise and free themselves from the shameful yoke which weighed upon them. He recalled to them the memory of their ancient valour, and the many stout fights for liberty waged by the brave old burgesses and sturdy peasants of bygone times. He bade them show themselves worthy of their sires. The address of the young professor struck a chord which vibrated in

every breast. It was in the hands of every one ; it found a place in the chateau of the wealthy baron, and in the peasant's humble cot. It was the engrossing subject of discourse ; children learnt it off by heart, and left their games to pore over its pages. But, as might be supposed, the tyrant whom this work boldly stigmatised, vowed vengeance against its author. Warrants were issued for the apprehension of the young professor ; patrols of cavalry and gendarmes scoured the country to intercept his retreat ; and the whole power of Holland was put into requisition to hunt down John Van Hemel. Menaced with a dungeon, transportation, or even death, the young patriot resolved to retire to France ; but how to cross the frontier seemed an insuperable difficulty. But that God who had rescued Daniel from the den of lions, wrought also the deliverance of his servant. Disguised, and under an assumed name, Mr. Van Hemel entered a diligence on the road to France. He had not gone far upon his journey when the coach was stopped, and two Dutch soldiers and their captain took their seats inside. They entered into conversation with the professor, and informed him that they were seeking that notorious rebel John Van Hemel, and asked him how far he himself was going. Wishing to be rid of such unpleasant neighbours, he replied that he should stop at the next stage. The captain said that he was going to do the same, and hoped to have the pleasure of taking wine with him. The offer was accepted, and they spent an agreeable evening together at the inn. After mutual protestations of friendship, they retired at last for the night. At dawn, Mr. Van Hemel resumed his journey ; and, taking post-horses at the next inn, found himself in a few hours upon the hospitable soil of France. He did not, however, forget his pleasant companion of the former night ; but, before departing, left a note to be delivered to him when pursuit would be useless, requesting him to give himself no further trouble about John Van Hemel, as he was already beyond the French frontier.

Upon the recognition by Europe of Belgium independence, Mr. Van Hemel returned to Belgium, and he has lived to become one of her most saintly and honoured ecclesiastics, and one of her best citizens.

It remains briefly to draw our sketch to a close. After a series of severe encounters between the national party and the Dutch, the issue of the contest was favourable to the struggling patriots ; and Europe, with ready accord, admitted the claims of Belgium to be admitted into the family of nations. Under the wise and fatherly sway of the king of her choice, the young state has yearly increased in happiness and prosperity. Commerce crowds the busy streets of her thriving towns, and agriculture flourishes upon her free and fertile soil. The church, the best guardian of a people's happiness and freedom, enjoys free action, and therefore secures the affection of both prince and people. The hope of Belgium, the young Duke de Brabant, together with his pious consort, the sister to the emperor of Austria, gives the best augury for the future welfare of the country.

The Catholic university of Louvain enjoys once more her ancient reputation, and students from all climes flock within her venerable walls. With feelings of gratitude and joy we contemplate the land of Godfrey de Bouillon, and, as we proudly point it out to the admiration of our Protestant fellow-countrymen, we can bid them remember, that if Belgium is free and happy it is because she is Catholic. But while we rejoice in the blessings which Belgium now possesses, we should not forget those brave paladins by whom they were secured. Indeed, there can be but little doubt, that posterity will emblazon the names and the deeds of Belgium's heroes in the records of fame ; and that, as long as men pay tribute to bravery and patriotism, so long as Englishmen recall with pride the days when Stephen, Cardinal Langton, headed the barons to wrest the liberties of England from the tyrant John, so long will the heart warm at the names of Belgium's patriotic sons, the Prince Archbishop de Méan and John Van Hemel.

---

## REVIEWS.

*Edith Mortimer ; or, The Trials of Life at Mortimer Manor.*

BY MRS. PARSONS. London: Dolman.

THE authoress of some of the best tales in the Clifton Series is always welcome ; we are sometimes disposed to think that her best tale is her last. Without losing any thing of her singular vigour, she gains more finish ; a little ruggedness in her earliest style disappears as her art grows more familiar to her. In *Edith Mortimer* we are introduced to a young lady of family, a good deal addicted to an exclusive admiration for a few members of her own select circle ; a circle still more limited with advancing years, by the conversion of Edith and her father to the Catholic faith. Sir Godfrey Mortimer has a relation, Lady Sarah Tregenna, an old Catholic, who kindly undertakes the task of correcting Miss Edith's undue estimate of birth and refinement. In the course of the narrative, the young lady's mistakes and troubles become useful auxiliaries to the efforts of her friendly mistress. Edith's character is well drawn ; young, beautiful, kind ; but wayward, exclusive, and ignorant of what "people" do, and think, and feel. Her amendment is clearly depicted. We think Lady Sarah has a slight tinge of the severe in her method of dealing with her kinswoman's failings ; we think that she a little exaggerates the evil of a mixed marriage, for example, as absolutely productive of nothing but mischief. Like every subject, it has two points of view to regard it from—as the possible forerunner of perversion, and as the cause of many conversions. Its true estimate must be taken half-way between either ; it is undesirable where better can be had ; it is not to be declined where worse might follow. We have less sympathy with good Father Maynard than with any other of Edith's friends and advisers ; he is too hard, and too little sympathising with his flock, to be a faithful portrait, we should hope, of any Catholic priest. With these slight imperfections, the tale abounds in charming description, in lively dialogue, and in remarks on life and manners, which sometimes go very deep indeed. We select, as a fair specimen of Mrs. Parsons' style, the following description of the residence of a Catholic family which had always remained true to the Faith. Thetford Royals is the representative of some ancient houses still, in our England.

"Do you remember saying to me once something to this effect—that I might enjoy heraldry, genealogy, and all the things I love so much—that I might enjoy them safely, because I was a Catholic?"

"I forget ; but I may have done so."

"I understand that now, perfectly well. I liked it all so much that I

could not stand aside from the very midst of them, when bade to do so ; and so I fell. There are all sorts of old things at Thetford. It is a more living kind of age than we have here. Here things were dead, or asleep—there has been no cessation of life there. I have not fallen in love with all things there ; but I have been taken captive by the thought of life—of life which knows no age, no infirmity, no death. A few fashions have changed, but it is playing with toys to pause upon them ; the pleasure of idle hours. The great idea is Life ; Sameness, the unalterable atmosphere of Piety ; the perpetual spring of the same flowers in different marts. I went about the house, aunt, saying, 'As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.' And then there is a world there ; a world of strife and noise, hard labour and quick thought ; a world of toil by day and by night ; a ceaseless trouble of the body ; and yet, all of One heart, and One hope ; all like One mighty Soul anchored on the rock. And there are splendid old family portraits. They look down on those who are but, as it were, the reproductions and reflections of themselves. And when one dies, and is seen among the living no more, but has his place among the watchers on the wall, still they are One—not a link in that chain is broken ; not a flaw in the faith ; 'As it was in the beginning, is now'—O aunt, there is no poetry like the poetry that belongs to those who have kept the faith. Canst you fancy some great guardian angel saying from that house, 'Of those whom thou hast given me I have lost none ?' There is no such praise as that. I have got a new page in history : and I am going to walk humbly all the days of my life."—Pp. 158, 159.

*Alice Sherwin; a Historical Tale.* By C. J. M.

London: Burns & Lambert.

THIS is a tale of the days of Henry the Eighth; and the authoress is well up in that time, and has shown much judgment in weaving into the story all the best scenes of the fatal drama of Wolsey, Fisher, and Sir Thomas More. Perhaps, without this, the interest of the plot would not be absorbing; for in the former part of the work, before those stirring memories are brought in, there is a want of clearness. We have plenty of minute description of costume; but nine hearers out of ten would be puzzled, after listening to a few pages, to say who did this thing and who did the other. Alice, the heroine, about whom there is much early mystery, eventually is happy with her beloved; for his affections had in vain entangled themselves round a loftier object, who is obliged, in pursuit of conventual happiness, to flee abroad from that spoliator, monster, and murderer, to whom Anglicans owe their doctrine of lay supremacy. Alice Sherwin is an addition to our light literature, and we trust every Catholic lending library has it already in circulation.

*The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography: a Series of Original Memoirs of Distinguished Men of all Nations.* By Writers of Eminence in the various Branches of Literature, Science, and Art. PART I. Glasgow: Mackenzie.

THE list of contributors to this new undertaking shows a fair sprinkling of talent, and is made up chiefly from the liberal and evangelical schools. To judge from the part before us, the work will be creditable to the parties who are thus seeking public favour. A good Biographical Dictionary has long been a *desideratum*; and if the promises made regarding this work are faithfully kept and judiciously executed, it will supply this want. The past will of necessity become the largest portion of the work. To give original memoirs of distinguished men of every nation and every period is an arduous and ticklish task. To please all would be impossible. Let us hope, however, that the narrow or sectarian views of some of the writers may not be stamped upon the characters they portray; but let historical truth hold supremacy over individual prejudice. Mr. Masson, who does the *Abbases*, might have mentioned, in what he says of Abbas Mirza, that this *Mirza* is not a proper name, but answers to our *Prince*. There is a great difference, however, in its significancy, according as it is *prefixed* or *affixed*. In the former case it denotes something less than *Prince* does when describing any of those numerous German adventurers who throng our promenades, jewellers' shops, and mansion-house balls; in the latter, it announces a prince of the blood-royal of Persia.—The article on Abelard, by the same gentleman, is artistic, candid, and judicious; but it is rather too much of a good thing for a Dr. Angus to fill a column with the lineage, birth, life, and cant of the late Sir Andrew Agnew, to whom society's only obligation is that of having furnished Tom Moore with his immortal "Sunday Ethics," from which we cannot, for the life of us, help extracting these delicious lines:—

"Only hear, in your Senate, how awfu' he cries,  
 'Wae, wae, to a' sinners who boil and who stew!  
 Wae, wae, to a' eaters o' Sabbath-baked pies,  
 For as surely again shall the crust thereof rise  
 In judgment against ye,' saith Andrew Agnew!  
 Ye may think from a' this that our Andie's the lad,  
 To ca' o'er the coals your nobeility too;  
 That their drives o' a Sunday, wi' fluukies a' clad  
 Like shawmen behind them, would make the man mad—  
 But he's nae sic a noodle, our Andie Agnew."

The portraits of this part are two, and very well engraved; one of Ariosto from Raffaele Morghen, and one from Albert Durer's Melanchthon; the latter not without some *soupsçon* of that sour, grudging, grumbling expression which distinguishes all the *genus* "Reformer," except Luther, in whom it was overmastered by the sot and bully.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THOSE of our readers who have ever had an Editor entered on their list of friends, can form some idea of the sight presented by "Our Library Table." For such as have not enjoyed that enviable privilege, one or two leading strokes will suffice to give the outlines of the picture. Chaos is its leading characteristic; it is all confusion except a limited space in the centre, measuring eighteen inches by fifteen, which the Editor in sheer self-defence is obliged to reserve for his scriptorial operations. But beyond this sacred precinct the direst disorder prevails. The timid or the fanciful, suddenly introduced into the Editorial sanctum, would be very likely to compare it to the magic circle attributed to wizards, or to the awful figure one beholds on the title-page of Zadkiel and other similar prophetic works—the mystic ring with dreadful emblems around it, a tall seer bearded like a pard holding a poker, and enveloped in a fear-inspiring mantle, covered over with letters and signs borrowed from the Greek alphabet, the tea-chest, and other cabala. So in the Editor's chamber of horrors, round about the oasis on the table, you see the emblems of deeds that are done in that land. In the foreground, the fate-bearing inkstand and the omnipotent pen, which all sorts of men, from Bulwer to Henry Russell, assure us is more mighty than the sword. Not less suggestive in their way, you next see the paste-pot and the brush, and a little further on Clotho's weapon—the redoubtable shears; whilst around and below are scattered fragments of journals cut and hawocked, all their tit-bits carried away at one fell swoop—there they lie, as if the Editor had been an ogre, and these the *disjecta membra* of his victims. On the various regions of the table are strewn letters, posters, postage-stamps, circulars, and last, not least, books and pamphlets for review. These last he can scarcely bear to look upon. There is something so reproachful in the mute expression of old friends that have been under his eye for months, calling out with their poor dumb mouths, not for notice merely, but for favourable notice—for friendly notice—for laudatory notice. They are clamorous for laudation; they appeal to him through their gilt edges, they appeal to him through their many-hued bindings, through their presentations "to the Editor with the Author's kind regards," or "respectful compliments," as the case may be. Alas! wretched man that he is, what can an Editor do! In the score or two lines disposable for reviews, he cannot notice more than a small fraction of the books that are issued, and of the books that are issued, bear witness, O ye trunk-makers! how infinitesimal a fraction are worthy of a nail on "the columns."

A writer in a contemporary has lately charged Catholic reviewers with the grave fault of being always laudatory, excepting *The Rambler* only from his censure. Whomsoever the cap may fit, we will leave in undisturbed possession of it. For our own part, however little of merit our reviews of books may possess, one attribute we certainly do lay claim to for them, and that is candour and truthfulness. We have always uttered honest opinions, saying straight out what we do know, setting down naught in malice, and not extenuating any thing. That we have done so, we feel in the demeanour of several of our best friends; but having set up this standard for ourselves, we intend at all hazards to adhere to it.

*Collections illustrating the History of the Catholic Religion in Cornwall, &c.* By the REV. DR. OLIVER. London: DOLMAN.—This is a very interesting volume, and contains a great amount of valuable information connected with the history of religion in the counties concerned. It is well to have such matters rescued from a perishable form, and preserved in *litera scripta*. In the merely traditional form they are more apt to die out, and get lost. What Sir Walter Scott did for Border minstrelsy, the author has done in this volume for the Missions of the south-west; but its value will be more appreciable in a hundred years' time than it is at present. Indeed, it is very questionable how far it is prudent or in good taste to sketch, however briefly, the lives of the living. Delicacy requires suppression here, ambiguity there; and few questionable matters can be freely discussed, and therefore they have to be omitted. This necessity becomes painfully evident in many parts of the biographical notices. On the whole, it is a gossiping, agreeable book, that can be taken up with pleasure for half an hour after dinner; and, while we are sorry that the biographies have been published, we consider the historical portion of it an undoubted acquisition to our Catholic literature.

*May Carols.* By AUBREY DE VERE. London: LONGMANS.—As usual with the emanations from the pen of this gifted author, the *May Carols* evince an intimate acquaintance with the sources of poetic inspiration, coupled with artistic manipulation, varied learning, and refined taste. Every stanza bears evidence of careful preparation; and there is scarcely a line that is not polished *ad unguem*. The sustained religious feeling pervading its every page will make it welcome to Catholics. For *May* poems it is rather late in the field; indeed, the Epilogue bears date, "Rome, April 27, 1857." However, it will read as well by the sea-coal fire as by the sea-side. Still there is this to be said: what with the sameness of subjects, and the monotony of the metre, it is not a book to read continuously through; but it will always be a delightful and improving volume to take up, and read an occasional *carol* from.

*The Mystic Crown of Mary*, (in verse.) By D. ROCK, D.D. DOLMAN.—Be it what it may, that which is intended as a tribute of love or of devotion to our Blessed Lady, excites at once our heartfelt sympathy. The spirit which it breathes is that which we might expect from the very reverend author, but versification is evidently not his line.

*Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. CHAPMAN & HALL.—This is the second work in the cheap reissue of Carlyle's works. There are few things in which its author and ourselves are likely to be of one mind, and few on which we more widely differ than in our estimate of the character of the Protector. Carlyle seeks to prove him, from his own letters and speeches, a model of honesty, piety, and moderation. He wastes much labour in investigating and introducing into his work matters comparatively of little or no interest. Had he devoted one tithe of the pains to the investigation from better sources of the character of his hero, he must, if himself honest, have come to the conclusion, that seldom has human nature displayed a greater development of hypocrisy, blood-thirstiness, and tyranny.

*Barchester Towers.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. LONGMAN.—Evidently the work of a clever man and of a skilful novelist. This book is certain warmly to excite the interest of its readers, and almost as certain to produce upon their minds no beneficial influence of any description whatsoever.

*Below the Surface; a Story of English Country life.* SMITH, ELDER, & Co.—Far below the preceding one in construction and power, the novel before us is as far its superior in its tone and tendency. Its pictures of English life are genial and agreeable, its satire kindly and wholesome. It is a work of real merit, and one which will, we think, be pleasing to most novel readers.

*Narrative of the Defence of Kara, Historical and Military.* By COL. ALWELL LAKE. London: BENTLEY.—This is a book which, to our mind, appears to be a most valuable one for the military student. There are few more signal examples of the results attainable by courage, perseverance, and skill, against obstacles at first sight apparently insurmountable, than that afforded by the defence of Kara, the history of which is here well and instructively told.

*New Zealand; or, Zealandia, the Britain of the South.* 2 Vols. By CHARLES HURSTHOUSE. STANFORD.—While forming a well-arranged and useful manual for the intending colonist of New Zealand, these two volumes afford also an interesting occupation for the leisure of the general reader. Mr. Hursthouse is, however, for our taste, rather too energetic in his admiration of the Maori, in many respects we acknowledge, one of the noblest and most promising of the savage races, now being subjected to the influences of European civilisation. Cannibalism cannot, under any circumstances, be to the Christian mind otherwise than horrifying; and we see no advantage that can be derived by endeavouring to palliate its existence among the New Zealand tribes, by ridiculous assertions of its former existence in our native isle. To the Catholic the contemplation is a sorrowful one of the results of the British civilizing influence, which produces the Maori "exquisite arrayed in dress coat or surtout, ogling the girls in tall hat, stiff collar, and tight boots," or the gay damsel who, on the race-day, "takes the saddle, with gauntlets and silver whip, habit, hat, and plume," as compared with the results of Jesuit labours among the poor Indians of Paraguay, or the noble principalities of Japan.

*Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa.* By HENRY BARTH. LONGMAN & Co.—The wonder excited by Dr. Livingstone's account of the fertile lands and industrious races occupying the interior of Southern Africa, has not yet had time to subside when Dr. Barth presents us with a no less brilliant picture of the fertile and populous territories of the Northern and Central portions of the same vast continent. He depicts to us thousands of square miles of the most fertile land, irrigated by magnificent navigable rivers, ornamented with the finest of timber, rich with the abundance of most valuable produce, and inhabited by a people engaged in an extensive system of agriculture and manufactures. His adventures are capable of exciting the interest of the devotee of romance almost as strongly as his splendid discoveries will that of the more reflective reader. While the press of our own land teems with its fearful disclosures of gigantic swindles and of disgusting immorality among the higher classes, and of coarse brutality or squalid misery among the lower; while that of our Transatlantic kinsmen astounds us with its revelations of the march of "know-nothingism, Mormonism, and filibusterism;" and the states of Continental Europe are undermined by the ramifications of secret societies, the very mention of whose deeds fills the mind with terror; who can say how soon may not the labour of the Catholic Missionary sow the seed which shall raise up in these noble lands, now first laid open to our view, the civilisation and the empire which shall rule the world, when the great nations of to-day shall have followed in the path of Nineveh, of Babylon, and of Rome!

*The Metropolitan for May.* Baltimore: MURPHY.—As usual, full of readable and useful matter, without, however, any thing entitling it to rank above an average number.

- *The Catholic Child's Magazine*, No. 3, for May. London: RICHARDSON & SON.—We like to see our young friends catered for; and the present work addresses itself to the very young. We are glad of it; for they are sadly in want of a cheap little publication of this sort. The present number contains a story, two little papers on natural history, a chapter of sacred history, a little homily, the music of a litany, and some amusing jetsam-and-flotsam in the way of puzzles, games, and riddles. It must not be too frivolous and childish. Another point. In these days, the little ones feel as keenly as they did in Elizabeth's time, Sir Thomas More's expressed wish—"To have a pennyworth for a penny." There are good "pennyworths" in the juvenile market, and, if these are to be competed with, a little more matter would not be undesirable. There is a similar publication called "*The Boys' Magazine*," which the editor might advantageously borrow a leaf from.

---

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

It may perhaps be untrue to say that there have not been many books of interest published during the last month; nevertheless, if there have been, we have not had the good fortune to meet with them. Reversing the Baconian axiom, we have, while prosecuting the search, read "many but not much," and have felt—oh, how thankful—that the axiom in its original form is not binding as regards the literary productions of the present day. To read much of any modern work, would be, with one or two bright exceptions, a task something greater than human strength would be able to sustain.

But is this as it should be! Surely not. Yet if the literary world as a body do nothing to stem the torrent of nonsense hourly issuing from the press, where will be the end!

"Legere multo" at one time meant, and could mean nothing else but intellectual improvement; to take it in that sense now, is like reverting to a different state of existence. If we employ the same words, it is under protest, and with marvellous restrictions. But, setting aside our personal distaste for modern literature in the abstract, we must say a few words of certain specimens of it before us. A very dear lady friend of ours is accustomed to remark, when any event takes place for which she feels no particular grief: "If it had got to happen, I am not sorry it should be to such and such a person." Now on this principle—if it were decreed that the circle of living authors should sustain a loss in the person of its members, we are not sorry that the lot should have fallen on "Mr. Peter Parley," the bugbear of our childhood, and, we doubt not, that of many of our contemporaries. We never knew of his books doing any good; but we think we know and have felt they have done considerable harm. We well remember on one occasion having a volume of the Arabian Nights taken away from us, and being told to study one of these productions instead. It would be difficult to say how we loathed it—but we can say how, in our mature years, we believe the loathing to have been most just. Since the author's death, whose real name was, it seems, J. C. Goodrich, there has been given to the world two volumes of his life and adventures. These, under the title of "Recollections of a Lifetime," are full of disjointed chit-chat, and not unamusing.

Certain religionists who suppose that our blessed Lord came into the world simply to teach a particular system of ethics, must feel it somewhat too difficult to reconcile with their belief the fact of these having been known to the Chinese some 600 years before the Christian era. For instance, we read in a Chinese book of that date, lately translated:—

"The sage relishes what is without savour; he avenges the injuries he receives by benefits.

"The sage fears glory as much as ignominy. Glory is something low. When a man has it he is filled with fear; when he has lost it he is filled with fear.

"The saint seeks not to do great things; therefore he can accomplish great things.

"The saint clothes himself in coarse raiment, and hides precious gems in his breast.

"The saint loves humility."

The Abbé Huc's book on China, Thibet, and Tartary, we have not as yet read, and therefore hereon, in a separate notice, will speak of it next

month. It appears to be even more valuable than his former work upon the same subject, being, instead of a mere chronicle of events, full of facts deduced from them.

"The Burmish Family" is a tale published at Glasgow, and which obtained a £50 prize from the Scottish Temperance League.

Will any one living in Glasgow, a city we believe to be the most intemperate in the world, take a glass of ale, or spirits, the less in consequence of perusing this publication! We cannot conceive that they will. The *Athenæum* appropriately says of it: "The story points the moral backwards. We are among those who confidently hope for a diminution of drunkenness and crime by the progress of intelligence, but we protest against the animus of this tale; it is an attempt to drive people beyond their principles, and to tyrannize over them by one-sided appeals to their conscience." We fancy there are more would-be Moral Tales, written in this sort of spirit, than the *Athenæum* seems to suppose; nevertheless, it is well to bring forward for animadversion one as the type of a class.

We took up Miss Bronte's Life rather as a psychological study than as feeling an individual interest in the author of "*Jane Eyre*;" but, neither regarding the work from one point of view nor the other, could we contrive to get through many consecutive paragraphs. The presumption displayed by the heroine, and her ignorant dogmatism on the most sacred subjects, had upon us very much the same effect as we might have experienced from an overdose of ipecacuanha. That this sort of thing would take with the general public, we should beforehand have anticipated, and that it has done so is proved by the book having already arrived at a second edition.—We can speak but through the voice of others of "*A General Survey of Roman Literature*," from the pen of a German, Dr. Bernhalds; but so speaking, and judging by the fragments that have been translated, we should like very much to see the whole in an English dress. The work would so be more widely circulated as it appears to merit.

An attempt made to laugh down a volume entitled, "*The Blemishes and Defects of Modern English Literature*," will we hope not finally succeed. The author tells home truths with regard to the false grammar and careless style of composition so prevalent in the present day; and just because he does this, because there are very few writers indeed who might not derive more or less profit from what he says, nobody will listen to him. We are very sorry indeed to find the last number of *Brownson's Review* almost entirely taken up with religious controversy; it is most uninteresting, and so out of place, that, if the plan be continued, it will altogether destroy the value of the work as a contribution to Catholic literature. The only article we had patience to read, was one a few pages long on Prayer-books. The writer makes some very judicious remarks on the ordinary formularies, and advises much shorter ones; we believe him to be right. All the English devotional books we ever looked through are prolix, and too objective; the French are worse. A dear and rev. friend of ours once called this sort of thing "memorialising the government," and we do not think it can be better described. Our friend and first Padre further added—"A Pater and an Ave will suffice for whatever we at any time need;" and so of course they will: but for those who require, especially during the celebration of the sacred mysteries, some further help to meditation, we believe a certain three pages in the "*Paradisus Animæ*" to be worth not only the remainder of the book, but all the other "methods of bearing mass" in ordinary use put together. We suppose that, as the volume has been translated, these three pages have been along with it; but we never saw the English version. The Latin is headed, "*Oratio Dominica junta quatuor sacrifici finæ, seu quatuor oblationum genere, ad usum tum celebrantium tum communicantium accomodata.*"

## CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS.

PASQUINO ON THE JOURNEY OF HIS HOLINESS TO BOLOGNA.

*Pasquino*—E vero che il Pastore se ne va!

*Marforio*—Pur troppo.

*Pasquino*—Cosa faremmo allora le povere pecorelle!

*Marforio*—Ci a lasciato i Cani!

Which means as follows:—

*Pasquino*—Is it true that the chief Shepherd is going to leave us?

*Marforio*—It is only too true.

*Pasquino*—What then will we poor little sheep do!

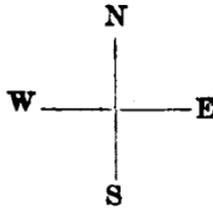
*Marforio*—Oh! he is leaving the dogs with us!

IMPROVEMENTS IN PARIS—BOULEVARD DE SEBASTOPOL.—This magnificent thoroughfare is within 470 metres of its completion on the right bank of the Seine, and will, in its progress, entirely absorb the Enclos de la Trinité, a nest of horrid little filthy lanes occupying the space where the Hospital de la Trinité stood, which dated from 1202, and was chiefly reserved for pilgrims. Towards the end of the 14th century, the monks of this establishment let out the largest hall of the building to the Confrères de la Passion, a company of comedians. In 1536 the Parliament of Paris ordered a portion of the hospital to be reserved for patients labouring under contagious disorders; but this decree was never put into force, and the establishment was at length devoted to the education of poor children. Towards the end of the 18th century the hospital was pulled down, and houses for workmen were erected on the site. After the Enclos de la Trinité, the Boulevard de Sebastopol will encounter the Passage Basfour, where it will in time be crossed by a large and elegant street, which is to extend in a straight line from the Boulevard des Capucines to the Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire. Next in the order of demolition come the dark and fetid Rue Gúerin Boisseau and the Rue du Ponceau, which was built by François Miron, *prévot des marchands*, in 1605. At that time, two citizens and a nobleman, who possessed several houses in the Rue St. Denis, opposed the plan, on the ground that it would diminish the value of their property; the provost, however, refused to yield to their arguments, whereupon they excited the populace to rebellion, invaded the place, put several of the masons to death, and drove the remainder away. On learning this, François Miron proceeded to the spot at the head of a large police-force, captured the ringleaders, and had them all three strung up by the same rope. Henri IV., on being informed of this exploit, wrote the following letter to the provost—“*Com-*

*père*, I knew you were a man of parts; now I know you are a man of courage; if you want a second, think of me. I embrace you.—HENRI." From this spot, a street will be pierced at right angles to the principal entrance of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, and the Boulevard de Sebastopol, after absorbing the Rue de Tracy and the Passage de la Longue Allée, will finally reach the Boulevard St. Martin, when the splendid Strasburg terminus will become directly visible from the Place du Châtelet.

**BIBLIOGRAPHIC CURIOSITIES.**—Two of the rarest specimens of xylographic or block books, cut entirely on wood, which were the precursors of printing by means of moveable types, have recently come into the possession of Messrs. Boone, of 19, New Bond-street. Of these the first in point of rarity is the *Liber Regum*, or "Life of David," pictorially illustrated with two woodcuts on a page, with descriptive text beneath, and extending to twenty pages. So little is known of this work, printed about the year 1450, that it escaped Heineken, who specially devoted his researches to the history of early printing. Brunet and Dibdin are alike meagre in details—in fact, but one other copy is known to exist, and that is in the Imperial Library at Vienna. The other is known as the *Biblia Pauperum*, of which facsimiles have been given. The copy in Messrs. Boone's possession corresponds with the description given by Heineken as being of the first impression, a copy of which sold at Willett's sale for 245 guineas. Both these volumes are in matchless state, being uncoloured, not pasted back to back as is generally the case with similar books, as the *Ars Moriendi*, *Apocalypsis S. Johannis*, &c., but the leaves are set, as in books of ordinary printing, with the reverses blank. The margins also are of ample dimensions.

**BEATING PARISH BOUNDS.**—Ascension-day, or Holy Thursday, the incumbents of the metropolitan parishes, the churchwardens and other officials, assisted by the charity boys, who, in most cases, were the most attractive portions of the procession, in consequence of the zest with which they performed their part of the duty, went through the ceremony of beating the parochial bounds. The Templars took their usual precautions against an invasion of their extra-parochial rights, and from an early hour in the day their gates were closed, and carefully guarded against the intrusion of the "parish," whose authority over them the legal gentlemen have hitherto successfully resisted. The rector of St. Dunstan's, with his faithful band of officials and boys, knocked at "the outer gate of the Temple," and requested admission, but the guards kept to their posts, and the legal citadel was impregnable. The rector and his party retired, as they had done many times before, without effecting an entrance, and the Templars consequently still maintain their exemption from parochial rates. The same ceremony was gone through with precisely the same results at Lincoln's inn and Gray's inn. In some of the outlying parishes the marking of the bounds only takes place septennially, and then a man is violently captured and bumped against a post, in order to strengthen his memory in reference to those strict legal boundaries which it is considered desirable to maintain.



**NEWSPAPERS.**—When newspapers at first began to be published, there was no general term by which they could be denominated, each being of course distinguished by the name of the town whence it issued. The want of a general designation was, however, soon felt; and it originated from a peculiarity which the publications were observed to possess in common. It was customary to insert at the beginning of each a representation of the four cardinal points, similar to the design given above, to intimate that the journal contained information from all quarters of the world. These four letters the reader made into the word *NEWS*; and hence arose the term *News-papers*.

---