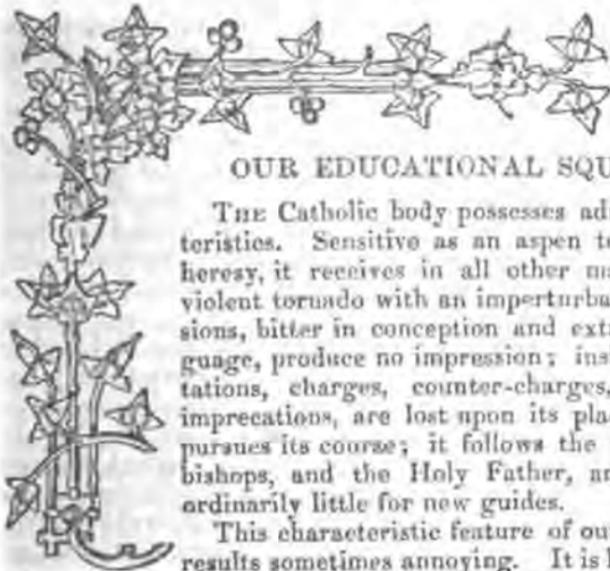


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OUR EDUCATIONAL SQUABBLES.

THE Catholic body possesses admirable characteristics. Sensitive as an aspen to the breath of heresy, it receives in all other matters the most violent tornado with an imperturbable calm. Effusions, bitter in conception and extravagant in language, produce no impression; insinuations, imputations, charges, counter-charges, de.unciations, imprecations, are lost upon its placid phlegm. It pursues its course; it follows the priests, and the bishops, and the Holy Father, and cares extraordinarily little for new guides.

This characteristic feature of our body produces results sometimes annoying. It is hard to move us. It is next to impossible to make us comprehend any thing novel. Take an educational example. For eight years, national grants have been awarded to Catholic Schools. But (excepting a few priests) who knows any thing of them, of their terms, conditions, amount, and effects? We were present the other day among some strangers at the annual examination of an admirable school, and heard one of the visitors observe that, "she wondered what the Government Inspector thought of all the priests, and nuns, and sacred images." This lady, interested in Catholic schools, subscribing towards their support, and visiting them, as well as mixing in our Catholic society, had never even heard that the Inspectors of Catholic schools are themselves Catholics, and was in all likelihood profoundly unsuspecting that the very room in which we

were assembled was erected with the aid of a handsome grant from the Privy Council, the schoolbooks purchased with the same aid, all the teachers and assistants similarly helped, and the clergy provided with some means towards the ordinary school expenses. While such is the general ignorance, we cannot be surprised that letter-writers and pamphleteers, be they even clerics, when they descend to details, expose themselves to the charge of making egregious blunders.

Then, again, when a real grievance has been exposed, how difficult to make us comprehend it, move against it, and redress it. Years back it was proved of the Marylebone workhouse, by the admission of the guardians themselves, that sixty poor children known to be Catholics were there brought up as Protestants, contrary to natural right, and even to the provisions of the English law. Has this outrageous wrong been redressed? In how many Union schools is the same wicked and illegal system constantly pursued? Look also at the Regimental schools. That poor victim, little Alicia Race, is sworn to have been educated as a Protestant by her father. Why? Where is the proof? She attended the Regimental school. Do our readers know any thing of Regimental schools? Every one is nowadays aware that Catholic soldiers compose more than one-third of the army. Where are the children of these brave men brought up? In the Regimental schools, where their very presence is taken as proof of Protestantism; where they daily read the corrupt Protestant version of Holy Scripture; where they are instructed by masters trained at Chelsea under the direction of Protestant clergymen.

Well, one might suppose that those among us who feel deep interest in the education of children, and fervid anxiety to attack existing arrangements, will find scope for useful labour in the Workhouse and Regimental schools. Here, however, they are silent as the grave! They move neither hand nor tongue to save one child from tyrannical proselytisers. They reserve themselves, and concentrate all their powers, to create an unreasonable opposition to that one branch of Poor-school education, where Catholics are for the first time treated with absolute impartiality by the State; where every condition has been examined and approved by Ecclesiastical authority; where, after long trial, bishops and clergy find only benefit; where, through the hands and under the control of priests, some £20,000 are yearly contributed by the English Government for the training of Catholic children in Catholic schools, without one single restriction upon choice of teachers, use of books, or selection of subjects to be taught.

Against the principles and proceedings of those whose aim seems to be to breed dissension and discord in the Catholic body, it would not be hard to marshal a crushing array of authorities, beginning with the very highest, and descending through all the poets, patriots, and politicians on record. We prefer to confide in the characteristic equability of the Catholic mind. Long since the bishops and

clergy have chosen their course. Phantoms will not drive them from it.

In Liverpool, however, we see before our eyes, more forcibly than elsewhere, conspicuous proofs of the success with which Divine Providence has blessed exertions made in reliance upon the wisdom of Church authority; and we think it will be neither uninteresting here, nor unprofitable elsewhere, to illustrate what may be accomplished by reference to what has been done in Liverpool. We wish Protestants would reflect upon it. If "knowledge is power" under some circumstances, with regard to the enemies of the Church it is ignorance which is power, and blind prejudice, and base misrepresentation. Catholics need not dread the truth, shun the light, and shrink from facts. Our practice is not so utterly opposed to our faith, that safety must be sought in the shades of concealment. Let swindlers pale at the thought of detection, and deny confidence to their associates. Such are not we. Our schools are well managed and well taught. The more unreservedly their affairs are exposed to the faithful laity, whether acting (as is generally the case with our older charities) as committeemen, or simply as friends and supporters, the more will confidence be promoted and contributions increased. The more insight into their working afforded to those outside the fold, and to the Government of the day, the more clearly will the relation of the Church to education be made to appear, and the more general will grow the acknowledgment of the invaluable services of religious teachers. Repeatedly has it happened to us to accompany strangers, Protestant clergymen, and others, into our schools, and among the exemplary ladies who conduct them. Invariably the effect has been to extort the avowal, that Protestants have nothing to compare to them. Knowledge, indeed, is power to us; ignorance is the power of our opponents. In the year 1845, the Catholic Institute, at the suggestion of the Vicar Apostolic, instituted an inquiry into the condition of Poor-school Education, and collected returns, of which a summary was subsequently published by the Catholic Poor-school Committee. What at that time was the state of the Liverpool Girls' schools? In 1845, there appear to have been five Catholic Girls' schools in Liverpool, viz.—

St. Peter's, attended by	200	girls.
St. Patrick's	392	"
St. Nicholas's	200	"
St. Mary's	300	"
St. Anthony's	230	"

giving a total, in numbers evidently round, of 1322 children under Catholic female teachers. No Infants' schools were then in existence, and the blessed labours of nuns were all but unknown.

In the tabulated reports of her Majesty's Inspector of schools for 1855-56, we possess exact statements about all the Catholic Girls' schools, excepting St. Patrick's. What advance had been gained in ten years? For the sake of fair comparison we will sup-

pose, that in the school not reported on no gain had been effected. The numbers for 1856 will then stand—

St. Patrick's	392
St. Peter's, girls and infants ...	510
St. Nicholas's	813
St. Mary's	657
St. Anthony's (1857)	558

Showing in the old schools an attendance from exact returns of more than double the former estimate. But the five old schools are now no longer alone. The new schools surpass them in number, and rival even their doubled attendance—

St. Helen's, girls and infants	156
St. Thomas and William's	204
Holy Cross	431
" Night School	291
St. George's Industrial	122
St. Francis Xavier's	373
St. Thomas's	173
St. Oswald's	188
St. Anne's	208

The result is, that we have under female Catholic teachers nearly four times as many children as attended school in 1845. And still additions are made. St. Augustine's is about to open extensive school-rooms; St. Vincent's to build them; and the older institutions are resolved, by improvements and additions, to maintain their high reputation.

But of the teaching what can be said? Far be it from us to disparage the teachers of former days, who with few advantages expended their best energies on the instruction of the young. But now we possess teachers of whom we may feel justly proud. Their equals may be found—for the sake of poor children we trust it is so—in convents elsewhere; their superiors—it is our honest conviction—nowhere exist. Judged even by the standard of a literary examination, by which it would be ridiculous to measure their deserts, the teachers of St. Peter's, St. Nicholas's, St. Mary's, St. Anthony's, Holy Cross, St. Francis's, St. Thomas's, St. Oswald's, and St. Anne's, have gained certificates of merit. Charity obliged them to prove their qualifications, and they have done so in a manner which they would be the last to wish to see characterised as it deserves. Suffice it to say, that the attainments thus drawn into the light, excited the astonishment of those whose duty it was to take notice of them, and raised, in a high degree, the reputation of Catholic poor-school teaching.

Liverpool enjoys the devoted services of three teaching communities. The Faithful Companions of Jesus conduct St. Patrick's schools; the Sisters of Mercy teach St. Thomas's, St. Oswald's, St. Francis's, and Holy Cross, and direct the studies of twenty-four pupil-teachers receiving annual stipends from the Government; the Sisters

of Notre Dame labour in St. Nicholas's, St. Peter's, St. Anne's, St. Mary's, and St. Anthony's, and have under their care fifty-seven pupil-teachers. And the few institutions in the charge of teachers remain so temporarily until sisters can be supplied for them.

It is the character of the teachers which forms the prominent feature of our Girls' schools, and this character can neither be valued in money nor produced by wealth. Nevertheless, schools cannot be built and carried on without money, and the aid granted by the Privy Council has not been inconsiderable. From the minutes of Privy Council for 1856, the amounts paid appear to have been—

To Holy Cross School, boys, girls, and infants	£1456	9	8
St. Anthony's	"	"	"
St. Anne's	"	"	"
St. Thomas's, girls and infants
St. Francis's, boys, girls, and infants
St. Mary's	"	"	"
St. Thomas and William's	"
St. Nicholas's, girls and infants
St. Oswald's, boys, girls, and infants
St. Helen's, girls and infants
St. Peter's	"	"	"
St. George's Industrial, girls

While we write, the grants for 1857 are being paid to the Liverpool schools, and for the future they will not amount to less than £2000 per annum. Three of the finest of our schools were erected with the assistance of building grants; and they, with the other new school buildings, are not surpassed by any similar institutions in the kingdom. Our twelve Liverpool poor-schools, we may truly affirm, are held in finer rooms, attended by more children, taught by a larger proportion of religious, and at the same time receive greater amounts of Government aid than the same number of schools in any part of the island. Such has been the work of our bishops, and clergy, and laity. Why should it cease? Who has a right to interrupt it? Surely, efforts so grand, and so abundantly blessed by Almighty God, will not be sacrificed to imaginary dangers, petty prejudices, and personal recrimination! Some persons will never be satisfied. Give nothing, they are persecuted; give something, they are betrayed. In the name of common-sense, for the interests of our holy religion, let them pursue their own course in peace; let them work as Liverpool works; let them raise schools as elegant, gather children as numerous, obtain teachers as devoted, rear for the Church a flock as large and as well instructed; and, whether they take or reject the Government grants, we will honour and applaud their zealous labour. If, however, they possess not the ability or the opportunity to rival our exertions, let them at least display the

grace of silence, lest, by idle bickerings and irrelevant interruptions, they damp the spirit and check the progress of others' labour.

There is in Liverpool an educational institution of which we have said nothing. Yet of all it is the most important—not for us so much as for our neighbours. Daily passengers up Mount Pleasant hill might have noticed, that some five years ago a large detached house on the south side was opened as a Catholic school for girls of the middle and upper classes. Presently another detached house, lower down the hill, was secured for the same beneficent purposes. Then a new building arose to connect the two houses, and to form large class-rooms and chapel. Lastly, during 1856 a large pile of building has reared its lofty head above the original house. These additional buildings mark the growth among us of the admirable community of Notre Dame. The newest structure is the Training College, where the excellent and accomplished sisters receive pupil-teachers who have finished their five years' apprenticeship (besides some other students), and complete their education as mistresses of Catholic schools. Such of the students as succeed in the annual examinations bear the name of Queen's Scholars. Their pension is provided by the Government, and, on leaving the training school, they obtain the certificate of merit, and are entitled to annual augmentation of salary. There are now in the training school forty-two students, of whom about thirty have gained scholarships. For the future we shall have an available supply of efficient teachers. Every Christmas, some twenty or thirty young women will be ready to take charge of schools. Having served their apprenticeship of five years, for the most part under the care of nuns and the careful supervision of the clergy; and having further completed the two years' course in the sisters' training school they will have enjoyed every imaginable advantage, and they will reproduce in their own schools, whether in town or country, proofs of the unwearied pains bestowed upon the cultivation of their manners, minds, and hearts.

An excellent ecclesiastic, who had gone carefully through the inspector's Reports upon schools, mentioned to us lately, that during last year a larger number of children attended the inspected schools in the diocese of Liverpool than were found in the schools of the dioceses of Hexham, Salford, and Shrewsbury, together with the entire kingdom of Scotland. Liverpool, then, has a right to her opinion respecting the education of the Catholic poor; and the opinion of Liverpool is, that other dioceses will do well to imitate her.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE OMNIBUS.

“Trace the great chain, each thin-spun link pursue,
 And prove the wondrous springs of Nature true;
 Nor deem the fountain’s eye, that from the hills
 Pours forth its tearful tribute into rills,
 Unmeet, when swelling on in sinuous course,
 To yield the sea its bulk, the storm its force.”

THE Omnibus is of modern invention; the ancients knew nothing of the omnibus! Its enjoyments were forbidden to them. They could neither see nor taste. The fountain was shut up—the book sealed. They were ignorant: they lived too early in the world’s history: they died too soon for their own. We can only lament their ignorance; it is now too late to repair the evil, and our joys and luxuries must sometimes be embittered, when we think how few were possessed by our fathers—when we reflect that they knew nothing of the omnibus.

And yet they fondly imagined—in simplicity most wonderful—that they knew much, that they enjoyed much, and many of their wise men and magnates, doubtless, in the solitude of distinction, wept with the madman of Macedon that the *Ultima Thule* had been obtained. The appetite and the sense had with them pillars not less impassable than those of Hercules. The world was all waste beyond. No barque might penetrate the unfathomable void—no mind perceive its depth—no conqueror win its sway—no plummet fathom its mysteries; and the potentate who proffered the wealth of a world for an untasted pleasure—a new enjoyment—had, not less than Solomon, discovered all the narrow nothingness of life. He too could feel, with the preacher, that all was vanity. He knew nothing of the omnibus!

Years—ages succeeded, and the omnibus was yet unknown. Strange that life should have been desired on such terms; well might they esteem it vanity, when lampreys and the mushroom were held luxuries for men! What indeed, under such circumstances, was the value, the importance, the passion of conquest? For what? Here lies the mystery. The era of the omnibus is not the era of ambition. It could not be looked for at such a period. It required for its discovery a new condition of things, a new order of events, a new class of men. Pursuits differing entirely from those existing at, and marking such a time, were essentially necessary to the establishment of the omnibus. The Romans, though wise in many things, and daring in all, could never have made it. They were not wise, not daring enough for this; and, again, they were quite too individual—too selfish. The horse was then rather the instrument of war—not merely, or not so much, of carriage. With the Greeks, the case did not vary materially.

They counted the speed rather than the utility of the animal, and the horse had no existence independent of the racer. All his employments were for the individual, for the selfish; and the omnibus was still unknown. A social era was necessary for its creation, and the popular mind required a new direction and an impulse directly opposite for such an invention. The chariot of the ancient games, or of the ancient warfare, though guided in all directions, was any thing but social in its character. Destruction was the striking organ of such a period, and the build of the omnibus demands the opposite development.

The omnibus, therefore, indicates an era! Who shall question this truth? Not the philosopher—not he who, looking through the surface beyond effects and up to causes, may trace the nature, the character, and the claim of a people in their domestic habits and exercises. Let us look to causes. A single glance will prove what we assert. The omnibus could never have been known to the ancients. It was the fruit of a philosophy, warring with and in the very teeth of theirs. It could only be the creature, not of a general equality in the people, but of a general passion for equality; of a time of increasing accommodativeness in the popular spirit; of a diffusion of hoarded wealth; of a long repose from war; of a mercantile and money-loving condition of things. The mere seeker after amusement would never have craved it; the utilitarian would hold it the very best vehicle in the world. It might have belonged to Carthage, had she been permitted to survive, to pursue her old occupations, and, instead of colonizing other countries, to continue blessing and beautifying her own. Yet, it could not have been invented in the time of Hanno and Hamilcar. Hannibal would have disdained it, unless, mounted on the back of his elephants, its inmates were willing to carry spear and javelin for the destruction of their neighbours. With the crafty Greek it could not have been tolerated; or, if known, would have rapidly fallen into disuse. He is too much of the individual; he goes only on his own account, and is in a blessed condition of ignorance on the subject of joint-stock companies. Persuade him to enter with the rest, and it will be only to cut their throats, and be off with their purses.

We say the omnibus marks an era, and what era? It follows in the negative—from a knowledge of those it would not suit, of those which it will. It must indicate a social condition of mankind. By social, we do not merely mean the living together in communities. The barbarians did so; yet were not social. The social history of the Romans was a farce. The Scythians preyed less upon one another, and seemed never to have had a Nero, who could fiddle while their cities were burning. Mark the change as we progress to our own times! Peter the Cruel could share such luxuries with his mistress, and the social condescensions of Miguel are something of a proverb. Tyranny to-day is certainly of the tyranny of yesterday. Anciently the despot hunted game for him-

self, and wo to the poor devil who came between his spear and the victim! Kings are social now. The luxuries of power, like all other luxuries, have undergone refinement. The difference between past and present in this particular, is indicated by a comparison the most humble. Of old, all drank from the same cup—now, each man has a cup of his own; and thus—mark the social levelness of the thing—all drink together—all are upon an equal footing, and thus all offence is avoided.

This fact brings to view another peculiarity of this era, and the most striking of all—its levellism. In this arises a chief beauty of the omnibus. It ministers equally to all classes; and, as if the more fully to illustrate the republicanism of the thing, the conductor who receives the money at the door is without doubt the most important personage of the company. The omnibus has no prejudices, no partialities; no charge of favouritism will lie against it. The coxcomb takes his seat beside the blacksmith, and dares not complain if his white inexpressibles win some unusual hues from the fellowship of his sooty neighbour. The statesman or politician is "Hail fellow, well met!" with the greasy citizen who votes against him, and the zealots of different sectaries, dismounted of their several hobbies, are compelled to ride cheek by jowl with one another. Such is the levelling and democratic omnibus!

There is yet another feature of the era thus indicated by the omnibus. It does not merely bring down the prince from his high station, his pride of place, and the concentrated selfishness of all his purposes: it goes yet farther. It lifts the peasant into hope! It does not merely bring the peer to his level: it elevates the hind, if not to the condition of the peer, at least into an arena of equal contest, and a fair field in which the peer has no advantage. There is an important, an imposing truth in this small particular. It carries a warning to the titled—to the insolent dominator of ages—to the misdirected assumptions of class and caste—to the few who, violating all the legitimacies of nature, yet assume to be the legitimates of earth. We convey this warning lesson, this solemn truth, in a single sentence, when we ask, how can the chariot of the peer presume to clash with the omnibus of the people? How can the slight though showy vehicle, with its solitary inmate, stand audaciously in the highway, when the omnibus comes whirling along with its freightage of sturdy citizens? The thing is ridiculous—the thought is that of one, foolish with his own conceit, and maddened, as those for ever must be, whom God desires to destroy. *Quos Deus, &c.*

Considered morally thus, and as embodying visibly to the eye the current expression of the popular thinking, the omnibus certainly holds forth illustrations abundantly numerous and strong in support of these opinions. So far, then, it may be looked upon with favour, and we give it our passport. It certainly indicates an elevation in the aim of man in the general, though perhaps largely subtracting from all his individuality. Great men will seldom ride in the omnibus.

For our own part, we never think to do what all the town does, and the person solicitous of his own stature will always keep clear of the crowd. Levellism, though of great benefit to the community, is dangerous to the man. The individual is lost in the species; and what, in his estimation, is a much greater evil, the exceptions which make him the individual, and upon which he so much prides himself, are merged completely in the mountainous and mixing masses which surround him. The fine features have no eminence, no command amongst the mob—the fine shades and colours soon undergo obscurities; and what are the nice proprieties of the gentlemen where Toms, Dicks, and Harrys make up the majority?

We see yet another feature of the moral condition of society brought actively forth by the new and levelling quality of the omnibus: and here our approval ends. It is no favourite here. The principle of thought which, in this respect, governs and has led to its existence, is highly dangerous, and subversive of sundry of those fine features which sometimes make up the redeeming and apologetic circumstances in the progress of a tyranny—a tyranny such as that of Augustus Cæsar—of a time when omnibuses could not be. The omnibus shows us that there is no limit to levellism when it once begins—that it stops at nothing—that it recognises no restraining agency—that the spirit which has brought it into being is one as reckless in the pursuit of the one social, as the olden power in the desire for the other selfish, extreme. And this is the evil of the omnibus. It wants discrimination; it is without taste; it takes up riders who are not altogether prepared for such a mode of conveyance; it lifts men from the ground who have not yet freed their shoes from the mud; it begets a passion for elevation which has infinitely the start of any general preparation for ascent: and hence it is that the beauty, and fine enamel, and rich paint of the popular omnibus does not last long. How should any man dare to enjoy that which is neat, delicate, and clean, without first having carefully made himself so? Yet such is the teaching of the era when the omnibus had birth. The omnibus marks such an era—it is the sign indicative of a moral phase in the progress of the nations.

Are you sceptical? Do you doubt? Do you forsooth, bearing a high thought and a nice sense—do you hold forth denial? Are you stubborn and unconvinced? We offer you no vain theory. Our thought asks not for argument—it needs not to be written. Look for yourself. Go fresh into the highways—go into the halls of council and deliberation—into the church, the forum, the senate. Look where you will, and the omnibus principle is for ever in your eye. See you not the court of *Pic-poutré* in our parliamentary system, amongst the congregated wisdom of this mighty empire? Look down as we have looked upon that unmanageable assembly. They are the wise men of your nation. They speak the doom—not of to-day—not of to-morrow—not of a province, a city, or a tribe: they speak the fate of a people. And what are their pretensions, so to

speak? Look and answer. The omnibus principle was clearly pursued in the selection of many of them.

But it is not merely in government—in the art vilely surnamed that of politics—that the omnibus principle is the dangerous vehicle of levellism and vulgarity. There are some things in the history of civilisation and society to which it should never extend; but which it nevertheless presumes, with irreligious and profane hands, most desperately to grapple. There are some things—some pursuits—some principles and performances—essentially aristocratic in their very nature, and only to be approached with clean hands and bare feet, as things for love, for reverence, for worship. Such are the just principles of truth and wisdom, to be educes from the unselfish natures of high and worthy men—men who should be beyond the price and pay, as they must be above the praise, of the vulgar—such are the charities and offices of religion—such are the gentle joys and pleasantries of the happy fireside of domestic felicity and evening resort—such are the polite and fine arts—such are poetry, and music, and the drama—and all things which lighten the spirit of its weariness, and aim to win us back to the pure nature from which we are always on the eve of departure.

The omnibus principle should have no control over these things. We recognise its existence within a given and limited space as perfectly legitimate. It will do for the mere utilitarian—for the bad weather—for the dusty feet—for the vile necessity; but when we behold it carried into our halls of council and our theatres—when we see the tobacco voided in volumes over our houses—when we perceive a tradesman fresh from the counting-house, adjusting his business and talking over his banking concerns and shipments while the play is in progress, to the infinite annoyance of all around him—when we see the youth resolutely keep his hat stuck to his head, as if it had grown there, while sitting in the box with ladies, rudely applauding or hissing while in the same situation—we immediately suspect the agency of that revolutionary principle in morals which has brought the omnibus into existence.

We see at once that some have availed themselves of its carriage to penetrate into a region for which they have never been prepared by the refining hand of education. We see at once the levelling disposition which knows of no distinction whatsoever between any of the concerns of life—which, not content with overthrowing the artificial aristocracies of governments and an unequal system of laws, is solicitous to graduate all things of whatever class or character by the same narrow standard—and which speaks of the sale of cattle and the fine arts in the same breath—passing rapidly, without even a change of raiment, not to speak of mood, from the roughest exercises of trade to the brilliant circles, the seductive fascinations, and elaborate delicacies of that sweet company who wait upon and receive their inspiration from the muse.

The arts are not for the vulgar. To enjoy them we must cease to be so. The road is a royal one, indeed, but not a rapid one, by

which we must attain their mysteries. To comprehend them in a right spirit, we must beware of the levellism of the omnibus. They must be approached in a spirit little short of veneration. To appreciate one must study them. He must go through a long apprenticeship, and secure to himself the possession of a large body of fine thoughts, high principles and purposes, a noble aim, a gentle spirit, and a desire paramount to all these—to trace, with the analysis of a kindred mind, the soarings of that daring spirit which has stolen, according to ancient fable, its fire from the sun, while looking with audacious gaze, undazzled and undaunted, upon its destroying and ireful glances.

Let us not be misunderstood. In all we have said we have meant nothing disrespectful. We have intended no sneer, no sarcasm, in reference to any of the occupations referred to. We would only insist that they be kept apart from one another; that as there is no necessary, no proper connection between them, we should suffer no practices to prevail which would have the effect of bringing them together to the common annoyance. The enlightened mind will readily understand us; the unprejudiced will strive to do so. The merchant, the retailer, the mechanic, the labourer, and so forth, may be all good, and are necessary in their several places. We only insist that, meeting together for a common object, they should "sink the shop." It is not necessary that the concerns of the 'Change or the Market-place should be carried for adjustment into a temple consecrated to the muses, arts, literature, education, and all those more elevated occupations of our nature, which are not only essentially foreign to the office of trade, but entirely, in their design and exercise, unselfish and intended for mankind. This exhortation is more particularly necessary during the progress of the omnibus. The omnibus marks the period in human economy when the barriers are to be overthrown; when the gross deference to authority must be done away with; when all men may stand upon the same level, and look fearlessly upon one another; and when gradually rising from the wallow, the plebeian shall be the father of a race strong in freedom as in intellect, superior to circumstance, and moulding the passing hour according to the dictates of that caprice which has thought proper to employ the omnibus. Our prayer is, that something may be spared in the general overthrow, to the spirit which was great and glorious in the history of the past. If we overthrow the old superstition, let us not destroy with headlong stupidity the Druidical temples—the high columns—the vaulted grandeur of its dwellings and its worship. If we deny the faith, let us at least preserve the memorials, which are true to taste, and emblematic of a soaring aim which moved, though in error, in grandeur and majesty little short of supernatural. Conquer the Lucifer, and bend him down if you will, but deface not the sublime sadness, the imperial loveliness—lovely even in overthrow and ruin—of his once angelic face, and symmetric majesty of proportion. Spare that which Time would spare. If he left the

pyramids, let us not destroy them. Let us discriminate between all things in our progress; between the merely useful, the necessary, and the unavoidable in life; and that grace, drapery and polish, which make society not less lovely than useful—not less fascinating than necessary—not less the handmaid of choice spirits, and generous affections, and high fancies, than the housewife who makes the bed and airs all the chambers. The era of the omnibus is one that goes onward. It stops not for meditation. It is the era of revolution; of that love of change which is the delirium of unaccustomed licence. It should not be suffered to go too far, for its course is never backward. It has no conscience. It knows not how to think. The strong mind must watch to arrest its progress. It will need no propulsion. The impetus once given, it has nothing of the retrograde in any one of its thousand tendencies. Let it not crush all things in its progress; burying itself in the end amid the ruins of its own creation. Such must be its history if not carefully regulated. Let the wise, let the strong, let those who ride often in the omnibus, look to it well. Let them be chary in their choice of drivers. One weak head; one unsteady hand; one hasty feeling, or fear, or folly; and the vehicle is upon their heads.

S. J. M.

THE BRIDAL.

Suggested by MULREADY'S Picture, "THE WEDDING-DAY."

Young Beauty at the altar! Oh, kneel down
 All you that come to gaze into her face,
 And breathe low prayers for her! See, at her side
 Stand her pale parents, in their latter days,
 Pondering that bitter word—the last farewell!
 The father with a mild but tearless eye—
 The mother with both eye and heart in tears!
 He, with his iron nature just put off,
 Comes from the mart of noisy men awhile,
 To witness holier vows than bind the world,
 And taste once more the fount of sympathy!
 She, from the secret chamber of her sighs,
 The home of women, she has softly come
 To stand beside her child—her only child—
 And hear her pale-lipp'd promises. She comes
 With hand laid meekly on her bosom, yet
 With eye upraised, as though to catch one glance,
 Like that of childhood, from that pallid face
 That hung for hours imploringly on her
 In the long watchful years of trial. Now
 She would endure those cruel years again,
 To take her as an infant back to arms
 That shielded and encircled her ere she
 Had blossom'd into life.

The Bridal.

But lo! she stands,
 A plighted lovely creature at her side—
 The child all lost in woman! The whole world
 Contains for her no glory now like that
 That centres in her full and thrilling heart.
 Her eye roves not—is fix'd not—but a deep
 And lovely haze, as though she were in vision,
 Has gather'd on its dark transparency.
 Her sight is on the future! Clouds and dreams!
 Her head is bent—and on her varying cheek
 The beautiful shame flits by, as hurrying thoughts
 Press out the blood from the o'erteeming citadel.
 Roses and buds are struggling through her hair,
 That hangs like night upon her brow, and, see,
 Dew still is on their bloom. Oh! emblem fair
 Of pure luxuriant youth, ere yet the sun
 Of toiling heated life hath wither'd it,
 And scatter'd all its fragrance to the wind.

And doth she tremble—this long-cherish'd flower—
 As friends come closer round her, and the voice
 Of adjuration calls her from her dream?
 Oh! wonder not that glowing youth like this,
 To whom existence has been sunshine all,
 A long sweet dream of love—when on her ear
 The tale of faith, of trial, and of death,
 Sounds with a fearful music, should be dumb,
 And quake before the altar! Wonder not
 That her heart shakes alarmingly; for now
 She listens to the vow that, like a voice
 From out of heaven at night, when it comes down
 Upon our fever'd slumbers, steals on her,
 And calls to the recalcless sacrifice!
 Young maidens cluster round her, but she bows
 Amid her bridal tears and heeds them not.
 Her thoughts are toss'd and troubled,—like lone barks
 Upon a tempest sea, when stars have set
 Under the heaving waters;—she hears not
 The very prayers that float up round her; but,
 Veiling her eyes, she gives her heart away,
 Deaf to all sounds but that low-voiced one
 That love breathes through the temple of her soul.

Young Beauty at the altar! Ye may go
 And rife earth of all its loveliness,
 And of all things created hither bring,
 The richest and richest,—but, alas!
 The world is all too poor to rival this:
 Ye summon nothing from the place of dreams,
 The orient realm of fancy, that can cope,
 In all its passionate devotedness,
 With this chaste silent picture of the heart!
 Youth, bud-encircled youth, and purity,
 Yielding their bloom and fragrance up—in tears.

The promises have past. And, welling now
 Up from the lowly throng, a faint far hymn
 Breaks on the whispering silence—plaintively
 Sweet voices, mingling in the mellow notes,
 Lift up the gathering melody, till all
 Join in the lay to Jesus—all save they
 Whose hearts are echoing still to other sounds—
 The music of their vows!

DYRBINGTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WEIGHT OF WOE.

THERE, while Anna lay in mingled sorrow and surprise, she thought of all that she had heard. The secret of their rapid and extraordinary rise in life was before her. Anna had often heard Mr. Dyrbington's feelings on the subject of sacrilegious wealth discussed. That there was a clinging evil in such treasures she had heard, and she believed it. But she had never suspected that her own family were guilty of sacrilegious spoil, and liable to its penalty. Now that she knew it, and at the same time was writhing under her first great trial of heart, she accounted for one by the others; and looking upon the costly elegances that surrounded her, and thinking of the habits of life upon which they had now long entered, she shuddered, and thought how impossible it must be to separate themselves from these circumstances of life; and yet, how terrible to hold them, suffering!

The night of sorrow passed. The next morning, though Julian was pronounced to be better, Anna was not allowed to see him; only, as he lay sleeping, she ventured one quickly withdrawn gleam on his pale, gaunt features, on which, even in repose, there rested a look of trouble and disappointment.

Lord Westrey came to inquire after Julian. Anna was sitting in the morning room alone when he was announced. They met each other with great kindness.

"How is your father?"

"We scarcely know. He is still sleeping. He had another attack—I can hardly describe what it was—yesterday."

"Am I keeping you from him?"

"No; I am not allowed to be with him." Anna burst into tears.

"Indeed! How is that? Anna, what is the matter?"

"Oh, I cannot tell! But I have been the wretched cause of this illness. Oh, my poor father!"

Again Anna was interrupted by her tears. But now Lord Westrey would know all about it; and, sitting down beside her, in the kind way peculiar to him he talked to the unhappy girl, and learnt the whole history from her trembling lips. They had not spoken of Lullingstone till then. Anna had had no answer to her note to Lady Westrey. Perhaps Edward had been charged with a verbal one; but his return on the night of her father's first attack had been so sudden, and the circumstances under which he had been sent were so painful, that, if he had had any message, he had forgotten to deliver it. And Anna had felt that there was a restraint

in Edward's manner towards her, and that hour after hour this restraint had increased ; so that, in pouring forth all that was upon her mind to Lord Westrey, she really enjoyed a relief of spirits which she would nowhere else have found.

That good man comforted her as well as he could ; and to do so was a hard task ; for when she asked after Lullingstone, then the sorrows of his own heart were opened, and he required comforting in his turn.

"We all made too sure of you, Anna," he said. "Lullingstone himself, dear boy, was to blame in that. He had got too strong an impression of your belonging to us. And our wishes for dear Lullingstone directed us to you. He has not, on account of his ill health as a child, received such discipline in life as falls usually to the lot of young men. But you know what he is, dear Lullingstone ! Well, we wished to see him with a wife, good, tender, amiable, devoted—you were just the woman, and he loved you. But, never mind. Don't weep, Anna. We never wished you to force your inclinations. There must be a few years of separation."

Anna started at those words, "separation" and "a few years!" Was she to lose friends just as she most wanted them ? This was another trial. But Lord Westrey went on ; he talked as if, now that he had begun to speak, talking was a relief to him.

"I think that that is the only thing to be done. Lullingstone is—in fact, he has suffered a good deal. But he is noble and generous. I wished to plead his cause with you myself, but he dreaded giving you pain in the first place, and to hope, however slightly, to be again disappointed, might—in fact, I don't think that he could recover a second trial."

Lord Westrey looked at Anna—he looked hardly and askingly. She knew what he meant. Every nerve trembled with emotion. Should she yield ? But her father ! To yield now would not undo the past. No. *Now* it was too late ! She could only bury her face in the cushion of the chair on which she leaned, and weep more bitterly than ever.

"Well, well, I must not be hard upon you. We have made up our minds what to do," resumed Lord Westrey. "Mary and her mother are now engaged superintending a rather extensive packing up. Happily Caroline Eastnor's marriage is a good excuse. It would not do to tell Lullingstone that it was necessary for *him* to remove for a time. But Caroline's marriage is an excellent excuse. Mary is to be a bridesmaid. We all like the match exceedingly."

Lord Westrey was talking in an odd disjointed sort of way. Anna felt that there was strong proof of nervousness in his thus telling her of the marriage, and of their approval of it, when she knew both facts before.

"Is Caroline going to be married immediately ?" she asked.

"No—not for a month—a month at least. Lady Westrey is

going to London first. In fact, Anna—in fact, Lullingstone must have advice.”

“Is he ill—worse? *How* is he, Lord Westrey?”

“He broke a bloodvessel the night before last,” said the father with a gasp, and walking quickly towards the window, at once to hide his own emotion, and to avoid seeing the trouble that the announcement might give to Anna.

“Oh God! and could I have prevented *all* this?” Anna uttered the words aloud, and *really* as a prayer they came from her heart—as a prayer from one who desired to know what share of responsibility was hers, whether she really had or had not any thing to answer for. There was a sad, confused, reproachful feeling in her heart. Had any one a right to cause misery, so great and so extensive? was she really the cause of it? ought she not at once to have sacrificed herself? But then she could not have foreseen the effects to be produced by her determination—and Harold? Oh! why mention *him* at that moment? It was as if her heart itself was divided, and had risen up against itself.

Harold! What did she, know of him? where was he? what was he doing? should they ever meet again? did *he* ever wish that they might meet again? what did she know of his thoughts and hopes? how could she judge of his feelings? What folly—worse, perhaps—what wickedness, to sacrifice those to whom her greatest gratitude was due, for the sake of a romantic fancy, which perhaps it was disgraceful to indulge! She was miserable—utterly miserable; she had separated herself from her best friends. In her heart she felt lonely and deserted. Her own conscience even had risen up in judgment against her, and had reproached her for a folly—which was more than folly—which was ingratitude, coldness of heart, selfishness, cruelty. Alas! this was to be indeed deserted.

“But I must bring this interview to a close,” said Lord Westrey; “and perhaps it is best for us both that I should do so, though I confess that I am loth to leave you; it is like bidding farewell to old times. I always loved old times, you know, Anna; I am sorry to think of the past as the past; indeed, a past never to be recalled! We can never be all the same again. I must go off with my family as soon as possible. They sent love to you, Anna; they would have called with me to-day, but I thought that to do so would be a needless trial of feeling, both to Lady Westrey and to Mary; there is trial enough at home—Heaven knows!” Again there was a pause. Anna roused all her energies to speak.

“My mother is miserable, my father stricken, you are all going away—good-bye! Pray that God have mercy on me—farewell!” Lord Westrey took the poor girl in his arms, and embraced her with a fatherly kindness.

“Edward will write to me,” he said; “don’t encourage these thoughts: we shall still have happy times, perhaps. Would you like to write to me yourself, Anna, sometimes? Always as you

please with me. You have no better friend in the world. Good-bye!"

Lord Westrey was gone, and Anna was left in her loneliness. How, throughout that day, she longed to go to her father; but the commands of Dr. Davis were positive: she was not even to sit in his room. He feared even for her father to hear her voice, or to detect her footsteps. It was as if the day would never pass—alone, alone—always alone, except when Mrs. Herbert came, and she would stay and speak to her. Mrs. Herbert knew; her mother had told her of what had passed between her father and herself: she could stay and speak to *her*. But if she heard Mrs. Seaforth's voice, or the voice of any other friend, then Anna fled away, and feared to be seen or heard. She felt like a cast-out creature; she could not explain to others why she was shut out of her father's room; she could not bear that people should see that she was absent from it. A nervous excitement of feeling possessed her on this subject; her tranquil mother never suspected it; her absorbed and sadly thinking brother never remarked it. There, in her own home, poor Anna, suddenly struck down with a sense of being the cause of evils, wandered along or sat in a state of miserable dejection, or, on Mrs. Herbert's breast, gave way to the dangerous relief of hours of enervating tears.

Still, her father remained the same; still, no one could say whether he would live or die. And so passed the day and the night, and another day, and then towards evening there was an improvement. He had spoken, he had been propped up in the bed, he had taken some refreshment, he had recognised her mother and Edward. He had made some remark on his bandaged arm and shaved and blistered head; he had smiled, and thanked them for their kindness; he had said, "Ah, doctor! this is a terrible illness—thank God, I am better;" and, lastly, he was again asleep. These accounts were delivered to Anna, time after time. How her heart throbbed—would he speak of her? Oh yes! surely, with returned consciousness, he would ask about her. But now he was asleep, that was the last thing to be heard that night. He had never spoken of her.

Edward joined her about half-past nine o'clock. He looked pale and fatigued; he was very silent; he hardly seemed to know when she spoke to him.

"Who sits up to-night, Edward?"

"What!—sits up? Oh! Mark. He says that he slept well last night. He wishes to sit up."

"I hope that *you* will sleep well, then, to-night."

Edward pulled out his watch. "I am going to Lullingstone. How late they are with the horse! I ought to have been half-way there by this time." It was the first time that Edward and Anna had talked of Lullingstone, or any thing connected with it, since she had sent that note to Lady Westrey by him.

"Lullingstone! Edward! what——"

"To say good-bye," said Edward hastily.

"They go early to-morrow morn." A great-coat lay thrown across the back of a chair; Edward heard the approach of a horse outside, and began to put it on. While so engaged, and never looking at Anna, he went on—"I intend to be here again in the morning early for two hours, perhaps from five to seven, then I shall return to Lullingstone and see them off."

And, so saying, he left the room. No kiss offered—not even his hand, at parting. Not another word; not even good-night. The strokes of his horse's hoofs fell like blows on his sister's heart. But she was not destined to go to bed quite neglected. Her mother stole from her father's room to see her again that night. Anna could not heighten her mother's griefs by adding to them the swelling sorrows of her own sad heart. But they talked together for a few minutes, and then parted with blessing, embraces, and prayers; and Anna lay down with a spirit consoled.

Edward did as he said he should do. Early the next morning she heard him pass her door to go to their father's room. She opened the door and stopped him on his return.

"How is he, Edward?"

"He has had a good night."

"Has Dr. Davis seen him?"

"Yes, and is pleased with his appearance."

"Has he spoken again?"

"Yes, he asked for my mother in the night, and said 'that's right,' when he was told that she was lying down."

"Are you going to Lullingstone again, Edward?"

"Yes, now, immediately. They hope to get off by nine o'clock. I shall come back as soon as they are gone. You did not tell me that you had seen Lord Westrey yesterday, Anna."

"We said so little to each then on any subject."

"He sent his particular remembrances to you. Lady Westrey, too. I shall bring you a note from Lady Westrey by and bye. Lullingstone is better. Good-bye for the present, Anna."

Edward put his hand through the small space of the door which Anna had been holding open. She took it gladly and pressed it to her lips. Edward's hand returned the pressure of hers fondly. He said something, but Anna could not make out what it was, only it sounded kind, and that was enough. She went back to her bed shedding tears of joy.

That day Mr. Seaforth came to see Edward. He told him what his father had done. "Thornbank is to be sold to-morrow," said Mr. Seaforth, "and the money for the purchase is already in my hands. Your rental will be about a thousand a year; and the whole of your father's money in the funds, to the amount of another thousand a year, is yours by a deed of gift executed the night before his illness. Your father is able to do this without inconvenience," said Mr. Seaforth, "and I am very glad he has done it."

After about a week Julian one night sat, propped up with

cushions, by a fire in his room while his bed was again preparing for him. He turned round a little on hearing a step near him and said, "Is that Edward or Anna?" It was Edward, but he answered readily, "Anna will be here directly, father; and then he signed to his mother to go and fetch her. In another minute Anna was in the room. She had presence of mind enough not to speak to her father as if she had not seen him lately. She only stood near him and said, "The bed will soon be ready. I hope you wont be tired with sitting up." Julian looked up at her and smiled, "Good girl!" he said, and no more. Then his attention was withdrawn from her by his being lifted back to his bed. She was so happy at the success of this adventure, that she left the room almost immediately, afraid to stay lest something uncomfortable should occur to spoil the recollection of so much pleasure. After this Julian improved daily; Anna kept more and more in his sight. He seemed again to enjoy looking at her, and watching her in his old way as she moved about the room. He was pronounced to be out of danger; but so great was his weakness that he required incessant attention and care. People poured in to call on Mrs. Julian, and congratulated her on her husband's recovery; so that, within the ten days that followed on Lord Westrey's departure, a delightful change had occurred at Mayfield.

CHAPTER XIX.

A DESPERATE MAN.

MR. SEAFORTH was in the counting-house. Ralph Seaforth was standing by his side. He began to talk, and spoke openly of Julian and his affairs. Edward had just been with him. Mr. Seaforth was pleased to see Edward independent. He had just been saying that Mrs. Julian could draw upon him to any amount, and he had been hearing a rather improved account of Julian. Ralph did not interrupt his brother. He had come there as a ruined man—a man who would soon see Isaacs sell all that he most valued if he could not satisfy him. In a desperate state of mind he heard his brother praise those prosperous Julians, and he watched his brother fingering money which he was sure was theirs.

Mr. Seaforth pronounced the notes "all right!" Laying his hand on a heavy, square, well-corded package of gold, all sealed carefully at the edges of the paper and the intersections of the cords, he said—"You can answer for this, I suppose, Barnes?" The answer being "Yes," he said—"Well, then, I will look over it to-morrow. To-morrow Edward will be here himself." He drew out a drawer—it was lined with metal. He placed the notes and the packet into it. He closed the drawer, fastened two locks which

secured it, and then sealed pieces of wide red tape across and across the edges.

"Come," said Mr. Seaforth, rising, "we can go now." Then, looking round, he said, "Where's Ralph?"

"He has been gone two or three minutes," said Barnes. Then they left the room together. The doors were fastened after them, as usual. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the time was the second week in May.

It would be hard to give the reader any idea of the state of mind in which Ralph Seaforth had left that room.

The love of gold had never been so strong within him—his necessities had never been greater. Not a difficulty was absent from his mind. As he walked from the room and the house, they seemed to accompany him like spectres. They were urging him, threatening him, laughing at him, triumphing over him. They were suggesting, persuading, expostulating with him.

He had had to suffer Isaacs's threats; he had had to force himself to the task of soliciting his forbearance. The time was fast coming when his whole folly must be made known to the world. Ralph would not have cared for the world knowing either of his folly or his vice, if it could also, and at the same time, have seen him successful. What he could not bear to contemplate was the world seeing him ruined and disappointed. *Failure*—that was his dread—that was the one thing to prevent which he would attempt and encounter any thing. Yet failure was sure to be his. There it was now, staring him in the face, keeping close to him, and never to be persuaded away by any contrivance or argument for a single moment. Ah, failure!—failure before a mocking world! Any thing but that!

So Ralph Seaforth thought, and still walked on. His steps took him—without any fixed intention on his part—to Isaacs the Jew's.

Isaacs received him not very graciously.

"I shall do no more!" he exclaimed, immediately on seeing Ralph enter; and then, turning aside in an obstinate mood, he went on with the work of cleaning and apparently mending some keys, of which a large number lay before him.

"Why do you speak so soon? I haven't asked you for more yet!"

"What else should you be here for?"

"Mayn't I wish to talk to a friend?"

A bitter, scornful laugh was the answer.

"What if I come to talk of paying you?"

"I shall be paid when I like—next month, according to agreement. I shall be paid *then*, you know."

Ralph feared and hated him at the same moment.

"You've forgotten that I am to marry that girl," he said, with as much coolness as he could command.

"'Tis impossible!" said Isaacs, gravely.

"But I shall disappoint you. I am going to take to work again. I am going to sea!"

"Eh—sea? I wish you would. But that's *talk*."

"Haven't I always said that I would take a few more trips?"

"Yes, always *said*!"

"I tell you that I am engaged—for the Williamsons—the boat, the *Nymph*."

"Ah! Ah!"

"Yes—for next month; and with your help may take my pretty wife off in her."

Isaacs looked up brightly. His sunk, bleared, bloodshot eyes gave forth sparks of intelligence.

"There'll be plenty of pay."

Isaacs rubbed his hands. "We must see—we must see!" he muttered.

"I believe," said Ralph, looking at the wretch before him—"I believe that such fellows as you are sent on purpose to tempt men to the devil!" But Isaacs only laughed.

"They have been there before they come here," he said.

"In the mean time, it is well to have two anchors in a storm—You are busy at cleaning keys, Master Isaacs—are you clever at opening a lock?"

"A very hard one!"

"Yes—very hard, difficult, close, a little dangerous, but a quick way of getting back our own. Goods got by injustice to another don't prosper—'tis a proverb, Isaacs. I know the history of this gold. I look upon it as mine. Why not take it? It would make things right directly." Isaacs took up a small instrument.

"This is a good friend," he said, and handed it to Ralph.

Ralph examined it. "I can hold a helm easier."

"Yet this requires less experience," answered Isaacs; and, applying it to a lock on a drawer near, he exhibited its powers plainly enough.

He then replaced it on the table, and turned aside. Ralph put the instrument into his pocket. And those keys—that, and that, and that—good! The likeness is perfect. He took them and walked away.

His impressions as to what he might do were not very distinct. He felt that he would do something. He must watch his opportunity. Yet there must be speed. Whatever was done must be done that night. The next day would be too late. He walked about thoughtfully for sometime; then he returned to his brother's house. He sat with his sister-in-law, for his brother had gone to Mayfield, and was not expected back till late. Ralph did his best to be agreeable to his hostess. He so far succeeded as to be pressed to stay to tea, and he accepted the invitation.

During the evening he wandered into the office. There was Barnes still at work, looking over some accounts on which the clerks had been engaged in his absence.

"You are late, Barnes."

"Not very. I generally stay after the others. It is but a little after nine."

"Well, I'm glad that you are not gone. I want to go into the counting-house above. I dropped a guinea there, I think, to-day. I heard something drop, and, when I missed the money, I thought of it."

"I am going up to bar the windows directly," said Barnes.

"I am rather in a hurry. Can't you send Ben? I'll go with him, and report how he does his work."

"Yes, Ben may go," said Barnes, scarcely lifting his eyes from the ledger.

Ben was a youth who lived in the house, and to whom the barring and bolting of outer doors belonged. He was not often intrusted with fastening other doors, but he did such things occasionally, and, being in the office at that moment, there seemed nothing extraordinary in Ralph's proposal. Barnes now produced some keys; among them was the key of the upper counting-house. "Here—put up the cross-bar—you know—to the window, I mean. Take a candle; you won't see how to do it properly by this light." Ben took candle and keys, and, going out of the room, was followed by Ralph.

When they came to the door, Ben was going to set the candle down on the floor. "There—give me the key," said Ralph. Ben gave the key, and held the light while Ralph opened the door.

"We may be here a minute or two while I am hunting for my money," said Ralph; "so I think that we had better take the key out—we don't want a passer-by to lock us in, I suppose."

Ben laughed, and said—"No; that he should not like that;," so the keys were taken out, and Ralph put them in his pocket. Ben bolted and barred the window. Ralph looked about for his money. "I've found it!" he cried.

"Well, that's in good time," said Ben, "for I've just finished my job."

"Very well, let us be going," answered Ralph.

Outside the door Ralph produced the keys. He found some difficulty in locking the door. "Hold the candle more this way, Ben; there, that will do." The door locked, but Ralph's hand struck back and knocked the candle out of Ben's hand. "Pick it up—quick; we shall be in the dark," cried Ralph. The boy turned round—caught up the candle—saved the flame from expiring; and, Ralph giving him some keys—not *the* keys—praised him for his quickness, and bid him good-night. "And say 'good-night' for me to Barnes," he said. "I shall not see him; I am going to Mrs. Seaforth again."

He went back to the drawing-room, and there remained for another hour. Then he bade her good-night and went down-stairs. He tried the office door. It was locked; all was still; the trick had succeeded, and Barnes was gone. The street-door was not fasten-

ed within. Mr. Seaforth was expected home, and it would not be fastened till after his return. Ralph put his candle out and placed it, as his custom on such occasions was, on the half table; he had, however, first lighted a small dark lantern which he sometimes used when walking home of a dark night. He then opened and shut the street door loudly, but did not go out. He walked quickly and softly back, and proceeded again up-stairs. He had known the house all his life. He had been born in that part of it; he could traverse its passages as easily by night as by day. His brother had purchased the premises on either side of it, but love of past times had induced him to leave the old house as it had always been remembered; and this enabled Ralph to use his utmost speed and activity in safety and certainty, and, finally, to conceal himself, with the keys of the counting-house in his pocket, in an apartment not far from the door.

He had hardly reached his place of concealment in safety before he heard his brother return. Then he heard bolts and bars made fast, and soon all was silence. *He couldn't get out now*; almost his blood curdled; almost he wished that he had never attempted such an enterprise; almost he feared—but such sensations could only produce desperation in a man like him; for *he couldn't get out now!*

He waited till twelve o'clock. Then he opened the door of the counting-house, closed it, locked himself in, and stood before the place in which the money had been deposited. His lantern gave him sufficient light. He looked round the room, as if fearing to see some one watching him. Its dull recesses and gloomy loneliness reassured him. He listened: all was silent. He could hear his own heart beat. He drew a small pistol from his great-coat pocket, for he clothed himself as if for his night-walk, and laid it on the table. Then he produced the instrument procured from Isaacs, and the work began. It did not take much trouble. Soon the precious packet was before him. The notes were of no use to him. Those could be recovered, and perhaps traced. He therefore took only the gold, and put it safely in his breast, securing it with a handkerchief tied round him.

Gently and softly he opened the window. He produced a strong rope and fastened it to an iron bar, which, being still screwed on to the window frame at one end, hung down, and afforded him a secure place for the purpose. He opened the window. By means of the rope he could easily descend to the alley into which the window looked. He returned to the table for his lantern; when there, the sight of the open drawer brought a thousand terrors to his mind. He stood still, appalled! To exchange the keys had been his first difficulty, but how to again exchange them? He must be in the office as soon as Barnes. He must be lurking by. He must enter it with him. He must watch for the production of the keys. But the difficulties bewildered him. The chances of success were infinitely against him. His hand shook—his whole

frame trembled; a cold perspiration burst out upon his guilty brow. What was to be done?

The flame in the lantern burnt low. He opened it to examine the light. It was quite right; the tremor of his hand must have affected it. It was a small wax light he held in his hand. One thing would cover his sin. Why not do it? He put the candle to the papers. There were piles of letters, newspapers, invoices, old account-books. In his hurry he lighted any thing—every thing—all were ignited. He let himself down from the window. It was a double rope, and had nooses tied in it for his hands, or feet, if he choosa. He suspended himself, holding by one hand, and closing as well as he could the shutters of the open window. He reached the ground, and pulled the rope down. He rolled it up, secured it safely, and rushed away.

It was not an uncommon thing for Ralph to absent himself from his home for a night. He always carried a key by which he could let himself in, and his servants never sat up for him. Now he went off in the direction of Isaacs's. There he was admitted; for his wretched assistant in crime was staying up to know the result. Even he shuddered when he had heard the whole.

"Now," said Ralph, "I must lie by here for a few hours. But you must go out and raise the alarm of fire in proper time. It was a safe part of the house for the experiment. No one sleeps there. They must not be burnt in their beds. You'll take care of that, Isaacs."

Isaacs went out two or three times, and as many times returned, always saying that it was not time to give the alarm yet. But the smoke was pouring from the window, and the window looking into that narrow alley sent forth its terror unobserved; for the good people of Watermouth were asleep, and the few persons whose business called them through the streets, did not pass that narrow passage so late at night.

There, in the most secret recess of those dark chambers, he sat crouching, longing for Isaacs' return, listening for noises which might tell of his brother's danger being discovered; yet dreading lest the fire should be discovered too soon, and urging Isaacs to go out again before he had been five minutes returned.

At last sounds were heard. Ralph jumped up; Isaacs rushed to the door with him. There they stood for a moment listening; then Isaacs sped forward, and Ralph returned to the dark chamber he had left, and crouched down again beside the embers of the dying fire. He heard the increasing sound of footsteps. The cry of "Fire!" mingled with loud exhortations, reached his ear; and still these sounds of terror came thicker and thicker, amid the enduring flow of rapid footsteps, and the murmuring, ceaseless notes of a speaking multitude, all passing near him, and all debating the deed that *he* had done. First he felt cowed by the sense of guilt—he was afraid; then a strange sort of terror. He paced the small chamber panting with excitement. This could not long be borne. A

sense of personal danger struck at his heart. What if he should be suspected? What if he should be sought after? What if he should be found *there*? It would be proof of guilt. Where ought he to be? Surely at the scene of danger. He would be looked for there. Already, perhaps, people were wondering—already his name was in their mouths. Why was he not there?

Ralph Seaforth placed his hat on his head, seized his stick quickly, and ran from the house. Soon he was in the thickest of the crowd—soon he was before his brother's house.

The noise—the pressure—the very torment of tongues—the bewilderment of the danger—and the flames! The roof of the end of the house where Ralph had perpetrated his crime, was blazing fiercely, and so as to defy every effort that was making to get it under. But when, after the first moment, Ralph recovered some share of self-possession, he looked on the terrible and awful scene of ruin with an inward smile, and a glad satisfaction that his evil deed was covered.

He was awaked from this momentary joy by the sight of his brother, pale and haggard, by his side. Some words of recognition were bursting from the lips of each, when, suddenly, Mr. Seaforth's countenance changed, his grasp of his brother's hand grew closer, and a look like that of death overspread his face. He spoke lowly, and yet with rapid utterance—"My God! that man's account. Every document that fixes what he is worth in the world is in that room below!" He made a rush forward. Ralph held him back.

"What man? What accounts?" he cried.

"John Julian's—let me go!"

"You cannot!"

"I will—begone!" He struggled, but Ralph held him firmly. A thought came into his mind that any thing that injured Julian would advantage himself. But no power could hold so desperate a man as Mr. Seaforth was at that moment.

"You have duplicates—or he has," urged Ralph.

"We have only honour and memory. He left them with me the night before his illness."

"Save him—save him—keep him back!" cried Ralph wildly, as his brother, bursting from his hold, rushed towards the house. But it was not to be done. How, Ralph did not see; but he knew by the cries around him that his brother had got into the house. A few dreadful moments passed, then there was another outcry and another excitement among the mob, and this time mingled with loud expostulations from the firemen. What was it? Barnes would follow his master. He, too, had entered that burning grave. Then followed cries for ladders. Then an apparition of Mr. Seaforth at the window; his face—oh, what agony was there! How changed in a few minutes!

"He will be lost!" Ralph, mad with fear, threw his arms about him, striking back the people, and uttering cries more like the bellowsings of an exasperated beast than the wails of a human

being ; yet wails they were, for in his heart had burst open the long-sealed fountain of a brother's love. He rushed forward—his strained eyes were upon that figure beckoning from the open space. He was not working out any idea ; he only looked on that form, and obeyed the inward impulse to go forward to it. But in his frantic course suddenly he paused. There was a loud, crashing, hissing, rattling, overpowering sound. The wretched man fell to the ground ; and, a few people gathering round him in his perilous situation, held a senseless form among them. The roof had fallen in, and the groan that burst from that assemblage of people, and then the cries, sobs, and beatings of breasts that followed, told that the good merchant and his honest Barnes were lost amid the flaming ruins. It was true ; and, when the scarcely then sensible Ralph was conveyed to his own house, it was with the sympathy of the people generally, for it was clear to all how much he had suffered—poor gentleman !

CHAPTER XX.

TROUBLE AND FEAR.

A FEW days had passed slowly and sadly over Watermouth. The smell of fire still lingered in the air among those ruins. And still groups of people were seen, from time to time, standing by them in sorrowful contemplation, or speaking in high eulogy of the two good men whose useful lives had made so terrible an ending ; and sadly wondering over the unexplained accident that had caused such woe.

Among such persons, on a fine afternoon, when the fair and sun of May felt happily invigorating, were Edward and Anna Julian. Anna had been tearfully gazing on the scene before them, when her brother, pressing her arm affectionately, drew her gently away. They pursued their way silently for a short time in the direction of Mayfield. Edward spoke—

“So you would really have me go to London to-morrow ?”

“Yes—certainly ! There is every thing to take you there, and little or nothing to keep you here. I really wish you to go. Our dear father will like to hear of your being there. I shall be so glad to hear more exact accounts than Mary sends to me. Perhaps she fears to pain me ; but you, Edward, must tell me the truth—whatever it is, truth is best. Be very particular in telling me about Lullingstone.”

“Anna, are you *sure* that you can give him no hope ?” Edward had not spoken for some time on this subject. Now he spoke softly, fearfully, and tremblingly. But in his manner there was so much affection, that Anna could not be annoyed. She answered him,

however, so gravely and solemnly, that he could not press the subject.

"Sure? Yes, Edward. I have never felt other than sure. Think of what I have endured because I was sure. Think of all that that heartfelt certainty has brought upon us. I regret our afflictions. I think that I would have sacrificed myself to save them falling upon us, had it been possible to look into futurity and have the choice before me. But if you ask of my heart if it is sure? it answers 'Yes—quite sure!' Sure? Oh, Edward—yes, surer than ever!"

They walked on again in silence for some time, after which Edward resumed the conversation.

"My father is not in a state to miss me, I think."

"Oh, no! If he inquires, he will be pleased to know you are with Lord Westrey."

"But if Lord Westrey wishes me to go abroad with them?"

"I think that you should go. Dr. Davis does not consider our poor father in any danger of death. He only says that it may take a year or two to get back the full exercise of his reason."

"Do you know, Anna," began Edward, faltering and blushing, "that I have heard to-day from Lord Westrey? He wishes me very much to accompany them. Lullingstone has set his heart on it. You would not think it unkind to be left, Anna?"

"No—no! Give me a sister. Think of the joy, when my father recovers, of seeing you at Thornbank. Indeed, dear Edward, you should not want pressing!"

"I don't," he answered with a smile.

Lord Westrey expected to be obliged to take Lullingstone to the south of France. About autumn a dissolution of parliament was expected, and it was already certain that Edward was to be returned for one of Lord Westrey's boroughs.

When Lord Westrey proposed to Edward to join their party abroad, he said—"And do your best with Mary, Edward. Get it settled." Edward's heart jumped. But he had made up his mind to ask Mary very soon—before these words of her father's.

Edward went on—

"About our father's affairs, Anna, I think we had better name a lawyer—Mr. Dyrbington's, for instance. Benson is a most upright man, and a well qualified person also—and then acquiesce in every thing he may say. My father will never again have any thing to do with business. When he recovers sufficiently to inquire any thing about it, he will be glad to find himself relieved of its anxieties.

"Oh, yes!" said Anna, "I am sure that that will be the best way. You will speak to my mother, and after that see Mr. Benson yourself."

"Yes! and both may be done to-night, I think."

"Did you see Mrs. Seaforth to-day at Beaumont?" asked Anna.

"Yes! but only for a minute. However, it was long enough for

her to speak of her feelings about Ralph. Really, I had no idea that that man had so much good feeling in him. She praised him, even with tears. His conduct towards her has been most exemplary."

Mrs. Seaforth had immediately taken refuge at Ralph Seaforth's house, and there she was certainly treated with the utmost kindness and consideration. Her trial was heavy in the extreme, for she had been a happy, proud, and most affectionate wife. There was a confusion of mind attendant on her heavy loss, that made her peculiarly alive to the comfort of Ralph's oft-repeated promises that he would manage every thing, and do every thing for her. Without her husband—without Barnes—without the help which Mr. Julian would, under other circumstances, have afforded her, poor Mrs. Seaforth felt pressed to the earth with the accumulation of thoughts which harassed her mind. Therefore, to listen to Ralph's promises, to see Edward Julian, and hear his assurances of there being no occasion for her to trouble herself, for that, with Mr. Benson's assistance, every thing could be easily arranged, was an inexpressible satisfaction.

And this much being settled, Edward took leave of his friends, and left Mayfield for London.

And yet poor Julian was in a very bad state—a state which might have excused a great deal of doubt, fear, and perplexity. It was impossible to ascertain the precise state of his mental powers.

"He knows more than he seems to know," Mrs. Julian would say to her daughter. "He *feels*—at least he *feels*," would be that daughter's answer. And now the power of money, and the luxuries of prosperity, became very dear to Anna. She made them all active in her father's cause. She dressed for his smile, and thanked God when she saw his answering look of admiration. She showed him paintings, she brought him rare hot-house plants. She rode her beautiful Fairy in his sight. She took him to Thornbank; she saw that he was pleased and interested, and understood that what he saw was Edward's. And then he spoke longer sentences than he had ventured on before, and showed a disposition to question and direct; how glad she was—what pure joy filled her heart!

Anna was to know from Mr. Benson how the arrangements went on which were to separate her father's affairs from Mr. Seaforth's.

Mr. Benson called on her one evening, to make an unexpected disclosure. It was this—Julian had no claim to any property of any kind. Thornbank, and the money which had been transferred to Edward's name, was all that could be claimed.

"But of course," said Mr. Benson, "we all know Edward Julian; he will not touch any of it—it is your father's morally, though not legally, Miss Anna."

Anna knew nothing of money. She felt like one palsied. After a moment, there came a rallying. "Mr. Benson, how much a

year is there?" The answer to that question, she felt, would give her the clearest idea of their position.

"Thornbank must be sold again; it may perhaps be managed without loss—let me see." Mr. Benson made some calculations in pencil on the back of a letter. "An income of, perhaps—at good interest—possibly two thousand a year. It is a good fortune!"

"I understand you rightly—that is *all!*"

"Yes—all!"

"There has been a great deal more—immensely more; where is it gone, Mr. Benson?"

Mr. Benson looked embarrassed. "Mr. Julian should have kept his own accounts, or trusted them to some professional man. A man can't claim what he can't prove to be his. I have a common sense, certainly, that you have had, as you say, immensely more. You spend from two to three thousand a year here. You have ever been considered to live much within your income."

"But the money is somewhere! Who has it?" asked Anna, feeling confused, yet knowing that, by plain questions, she should probe to the bottom of the mystery.

"It is, I presume, absorbed in the Seaforth property."

"Who inherits that?"

"There is no will. Mrs. Seaforth comes in for her legal portion, and every thing else is Ralph Seaforth's."

"But *he knows* that my father was rich."

"He says that he knows nothing."

"Who, then, knows?"

"The dead, and the incapable," said Benson bitterly, for he was both angry and unhappy. He was going to soften what he had said; but Anna interrupted him. She had become, as it were, bereft of feeling for the time.

"Have you looked over my father's papers?"

"Every thing. Broken open every thing that might contain any thing like a voucher for the money he unquestionably possessed. There is nothing. He has nothing to show. He can produce no more claim on the estate of the late banker than I can, who never had a penny in his hands. I have told you all that is acknowledged."

"Acknowledged by whom?"

"By Ralph Seaforth."

"What does he say?"

"He says that he can't believe that your father, whose beginnings were supposed to be small, could ever have made more."

"He can't suppose that my father would have given all he possessed to my brother?"

[To be Continued.]

REGNARD AND FRENCH COMEDY OF THE SECOND CLASS.

THE first class of French comedy, like that of the English drama, is summed up in one name. The list of French comic dramatists of the foremost rank is exhausted when Molière has been mentioned, as the whole English drama of the first class is comprehended in the name of Shakspeare. Precisely what Shakspeare is to all his contemporaries and followers, Molière is to the comic stage of France. It is difficult to persuade foreigners that, even if Shakspeare had never lived, England would still possess a drama which might compare not unfavourably with that of any country. They can hardly be brought to see that Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson, Massinger, Marlowe, and Ford are neglected, not because of their inferiority to the dramatic poets of any other nation of modern Europe, but because of the unapproachable height on which Shakspeare stands above them all. In very rare instances have foreigners understood, and too seldom do even Englishmen appreciate, the wealth of humour, passion, tenderness, melody, which lies between the covers of any one volume of the Elizabethan dramatists. Even the most intelligent and appreciative of the German critics—they who have felt the influence of the soul of Shakspeare, and acknowledged his power with a reverence equal to our own—seem quite unable to recognise any claims at all which are inferior to his. Schlegel, who, when he speaks of Shakspeare, ceases to be the critic and becomes the hero-worshipper, dismisses Massinger with a few cold and careless lines. Indeed, to the vast majority, even in our own country, Philip Massinger is still the stranger described on the tomb in the old churchyard of Southwark. At very rare intervals, *Every Man in his Humour* reminds a theatrical audience that there was such a man as Ben Jonson. *Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife*, 'adapted' to the modern stage, comes out every now and then as a faint recognition of Beaumont and Fletcher. *Sir Giles Overreach* sometimes affords a grand scope for the wildest ravings of some great popular tragedian; and the public are left to form a judgment of the genius of Massinger from a play which is all but the very worst he has written. One scarcely knows whether to feel proud of the intellectual wealth of a country which can afford to overlook such genius, or ashamed of the want of comprehensive appreciation which, in striving to be just to one great name, becomes manifestly unjust to all beneath it. As it is with the Elizabethan dramatists of England, so is it with the French comic poets of the age and school of Molière. It may not perhaps be strictly true to say, that the same amount of neglect exists in the latter as in the former instance. But unquestionably all his

inferiors are obscured, if not hidden, by the shadow cast from the pedestal of Molière. To most English readers this great writer is the sole representative of that age of French comedy. To read *L'Avare*, *Le Misanthrope*, and perhaps *L'École des Femmes*—to get such an idea of these comedies as may serve to explain the meaning of an occasional picture in an Art Union exhibition—to see within the last two or three years Webster's revival of the *Tartuffe*—this is usually held to constitute a sufficient acquaintance with the great comic dramatist of France. It might, indeed, be an advantageous rule for the great body of readers if one could establish a thorough aristocracy of letters, and exclude from every circle all but the very first class, the *Dix majores*. But it is certain that no one ever carried such a rule into practice, and even the most fastidious of our readers—we may venture to affirm—has spent many and many an hour over work, from which far less was to be got than may be found in the second rank of French comedy. Take away her Molière, and Regnard, Destouches, Dufresny, and Beaumarchais, would still vindicate a high and distinctive claim for France in this field. Examine any one of these writers separately, and the general impression left upon the mind is any thing rather than a sense of inferiority. Rather will a strong feeling of surprise come over the mind, that such humour, such broad and vigorous appreciation of the characteristic marks of human nature on the outward, such dialogue and such grouping, should ever under any circumstances have been neglected by English readers. The true springs of humour enrich and suffuse them all; while the heartless indecency which taints the very breath of our own Congreve and Farquhar has not rendered the stream impure. Over their pages many a genial laugh may be enjoyed, and sometimes much that is more profitable even than laughter may be received into the mind. A true type of French comedy of this class may be found in Jean François Regnard. We select him as much because he embodies, in his works, some of the principal defects in structure and thought of French comedy, as because he is almost universally allowed—even although we must add *sed longo intervallo*—to hold the place nearest to that which is exclusively occupied by the author of the *Misanthrope*.

Before we speak of the works of Regnard, we must say something of his singularly chequered and romantic life—a life filled with such incidents and adventures, as, one might have thought, would have developed any tendency in the mind rather than a tendency for the production of genteel comedy.

Regnard was born in Paris, and in every line he wrote was a true Parisian, and nothing more. His knowledge of human society and character appears to have limited itself as completely to Paris as that of our own Charles Dickens to London. His life embraced a great part of the reign of Louis XIV. We need not allude in more than a sentence to the character of that age; the age of Molière, Massillon, Bossuet, Boileau, in France; of Wycherley, Con-

greve, and Butler, in England. The poverty proverbially attached to genius did not cower over the cradle of Regnard. He inherited a considerable fortune and a handsome person. His father died while the poet was yet pursuing his academic studies. The heir consoled himself by travelling, and, we are sorry to add, by gambling. He spent some time in Italy, and returned to France with a passion for travel, and a large addition to his financial resources acquired at the gaming-table. He could not fix himself long at Paris, but returned to Italy; and, while at Bologna, fell very deeply in love. We are obliged to add, with regret for our embryo comic poet, that the object of his affections had a husband, who, however, appears to have been very little in the way, or at this period at least, very easily satisfied. This lady and her husband were about to return to France, and Regnard obligingly volunteered to accompany them. The whole three took their departure in an English vessel from Civita-Vecchia. The adventure which followed carries one back to the old Spanish romance days. The vessel which bore Regnard and his fortunes was attacked by two Algerine corsairs; and after a desperate fight of some hours' duration, in which the English captain lost his gallant life, the crew were compelled to surrender, and all the survivors were carried in triumph to Algiers. Here was a situation which, one might have thought, would have converted the most whimsical satirist into a despairing poet, or at the least a romance-writer. This corsair-adventure took place in 1678, somewhere about the time that the most utterly anti-romantic, adventure-ridiculing satire the world ever read, was being concluded in England—"Butler's Hudibras." It was, however, a genuine adventure for Regnard. He was taken to Algiers and sold as a slave. His fair mistress, a lady of Provence, was disposed of in similar fashion. We are told the exact sum each produced. The future satirist was bought for 1500 livres; the lady only realized 1000. No very distinct information is given about the disposal of the husband, whose fate appears to have caused very little trouble to any one. Regnard, even at the early age of twenty-two, was a good liver; fond of his dinner, and able to cook it. Where his poetic or satiric genius would have been little worth, his skill in cookery procured him the high domestic post of *cuisinier* to his Algerine master, who bore the romantically-sounding name of Achmet Talem. But Regnard was not destined for a quiet life. He was very handsome, very good-tempered, very fascinating—why need we say any more? Any reader who ever read a romance can guess what followed. Of course the heads of the female part of the establishment were turned, and we fear that even the memory of his lost Provençale did not preserve Regnard. We are afraid he was not even as virtuously-indignant as Don Juan when brought before the Sultana. At least, it is certain, Achmet Talem did not think he was; for that wronged individual declared that he had discovered intrigues of unparalleled effrontery, and handed his too fascinating cook over to justice. The decision of justice was prompt

and intelligible. A Christian infidel, detected in *flagrante delicto* with a fair Mahommedan believer, must either become a Mussalman or expiate his crime by being roasted alive. Our poet will not be censured as too difficult to be pleased, if we say that either alternative was exceedingly distasteful to him. Now, however, steps in a *Deus ex machinâ* in very modern and unromantic shape. We are pained to have to bring the whole narrative several octaves down, by introducing so very ordinary an individual as a French consul to rescue Regnard from his fiery furnace. The French consul interposed with every personal influence he could bring to bear; but in vain. He laboured hard to break down the testimony against the prisoner, and to convince the Algerine of the generally deceptive character of appearances; but in vain. He appealed to the magnanimity and mercy of Achmet Talem; but in vain. At last he produced a considerable sum of money, which had been transmitted to him a few days before by the friends of Regnard, and with this he made his final appeal. Achmet Talem was touched as nearly as the governor in the *Critic*. He pocketed the money; declared that all his former accusations must have been groundless; and succeeded in withdrawing Regnard from the talons of Mahommedan justice. But the poet was not set free—the money was only for his life; and his master had no idea of throwing his liberty into the bargain. No thought seemed to have entered any body's mind that a French frigate might possibly have obtained poor Regnard's freedom by appearing in front of Algiers. This was what might be called the pre-Kosta period. Regnard accordingly continued cooking Algerine ragouts. Some time after, his master, having commercial engagements with the Ottoman Porte, changed his residence to Constantinople, taking with him not only Regnard, but the long-lost Provence captive. For more than two years, Regnard suffered in Constantinople a dreary and inexorable captivity and servitude, severe enough to have stamped a lasting and stern impression on the minds of most men for a long lifetime. His slavery in Algiers had been comparatively light; but his master was determined that the handsome slave should sin no more, and therefore kept him in literal chains, and in the slow endurance of all a prisoner's misery. But even these years at last passed away, and Regnard was happy enough to receive from his family a large sum of money, far more than sufficient to buy his freedom. He satisfied the avarice of his master, and was set at liberty. We are glad to say that, with the money he had left, Regnard acted generously, if not with an entirely blameless motive. He bought the freedom of the woman whose capture and slavery had been contemporaneous with his own. The emancipated lovers lost no time in embarking for France, and safely set foot on free earth at Marseilles.

Not very long after Regnard's return, something was at last heard of the deserted husband, and something which, we are afraid, was not very disagreeable to the redeemed pair. The news which arrived announced the death of the amiable Provençale's legitimate

possessor. He died, it was said, in slavery. The event does not appear to have seemed particularly tragic to Regnard and his mistress, who resolved at once upon a lawful union in marriage. The lady, however, insisted upon paying that honour to her late husband when dead, of which she had been careless enough in his lifetime. She required some time of ostentatious mourning for the deceased before assuming the joyous robes of a second marriage. This could not be denied to her pious scruples, and Regnard consented to postpone for a little his happiness. A cross-grained destiny appeared, however, always determined to unshape his ends, rough-hew them as he might. Before the day fixed for the wedding, an unexpected *récépant* appeared to interpose. A catastrophe, precisely similar to that of Beppo, or the "noble Moringer" of the old ballad, took place. The husband, abandoned to slavery, believed to be dead, and affectingly mourned, re-appeared, alive, ransomed, and determined to reclaim his wife. We shall not attempt to paint the scene of touching joy which followed. Every one had his or her own: the prepared marriage feast celebrated a reunion instead of the end for which it had been destined; and poor Regnard, like Lord Ullin, was left lamenting. He was invited to share the festivities, but did not accept the good-natured offer. He quitted the reunited pair, and determined to crush out his grief by a little more wandering. One can scarcely help being amazed at the complaisance of the husband, who so good-humouredly received back a wife who had twice deserted him, and who, moreover, had been for years an inmate of a Mussulman household. If he had ever read Boccaccio he might have found, in the adventures of a certain lady detailed there, something not very unlike the circumstances of the interval during which his wife had been absent from his society.

We find Regnard, shortly after, in the more modern capacity of a northern explorer. After leaving Paris, he had wandered through Germany, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. In the latter country he was invited by the king to undertake an exploring expedition to the northernmost parts of Europe. Regnard gladly undertook the enterprise, which in those days was a grave one, and with two companions embarked from Stockholm, and arrived at Torneo. He traversed, with much fatigue and some danger—both of which were singularly congenial to his nature—the whole of the northern regions of Lapland and Finland, extending his exploring to the Icy Sea. On the mountain of Metawara, at the North Cape, he bounded his enterprise. Here, on one of the rocks of its summit, upon the 22nd day of August, 1681, Regnard carved the following lines to commemorate the extent of his pilgrimage:—

"Gallia nos genuit: vidit nos Africa—*Gangem*
 Hauserunt, Europamque oculis lustravimus omnem:
 Casibus et variis acti terræque marique
 Illic tandem stetimus, nobis ubi deficit orbis."

More than thirty-six years afterwards, it is said that another adventurer read these lines.

Regnard returned to Stockholm, and rendered a faithful account of his expedition. He did not long remain at rest, but crossed the Baltic Sea, and from Dantzic wandered into Poland, from thence into Hungary, and at length found himself in Germany. He returned to France in December, 1683, having been nearly three years an almost unresting wanderer. It is certain that he returned cured of his love, and it is even added purified of his passion for gambling and travel.

Little more remains to be said of the life of Regnard. He lived an easy, pleasant existence in Paris, with a visit every hunting season to a small estate he had purchased in the vicinity. This was the period of his authorship, both as a narrator of travels then deemed wonderful, and as a comic poet, destined in all future years to hold a rank only below that which the world accords to Molière. His Parisian home and his way of life he has himself described in his dainty *Horatian Epistle to M*——. Here, in a few words, he draws a perfect picture of himself when he says—

“Cynique mitigé, je jouis de la vie.”

No words could add any thing to the description of the whole character of the poet and his comedies, condensed into the expression, “cynique mitigé.” The capacity for an idle, lounging life, which appeared the only enjoyment, rivalling in his mind that of restless, exhausting travel, he indulged here fully. He never married, and died in 1710, at the age of fifty-four. According to some of his biographers, his death was no less eccentric than his life had been. Feeling himself a little unwell, and having the same easy scepticism in the medical art as he had in most other things, he inquired of one of his tenants what medicine was most effective for curing indigestion in a horse, concluding probably that the drug which was efficacious for such an animal, must *à fortiori* be an irresistible specific to cure the ailments of a man. It indeed proved so. He obtained the ingredients, compounded them himself, and in two hours died without being able to articulate a word.

A more probable version of the circumstance is, that Regnard, having taken some ordinary but powerful medicine, was imprudent enough to hunt the same day, over-exercise himself, and drink on his return a vast quantity of iced water, which brought on spasms and sudden death.

Whatever the precise mode of his exit from the world may have been, the poet died in quietness after so much unrest—in settled retirement after so many adventures and wanderings, surrounded by many friends, who esteemed and honoured him, after a life which, in its earlier years, was for the most part so disappointing and so lonely.

It need scarcely be said that the fame of Regnard rests altogether upon his comedies. His romances, his travels, and his dreary tragedy of "Sapar," are very little known; of the latter, we need only add that it cannot be too little known. His numerous comedies it would be impossible here to analyse separately. The most celebrated among them are *Le Joueur*, played for the first time at the Theatre Français in 1696, several years after he had closed his travels; *Le Distrait*, played in 1697; *Democrite Amoureux*, published in 1700; *Les Ménechmes* and *Le Legataire Universel*, respectively brought out in 1705 and 1708. The latter was—save a very short and unsuccessful piece—the conclusion of Regnard's comedies. Many of his shorter and lighter pieces exhibit the peculiar sarcastic powers of the author, with a force unsurpassed in the best of his more pretentious efforts. The little comedy or farce of *Attendez-moi sous L'Orme*, *Les Vendanges*, and several others, must be read by any one who would appreciate the wonderful comic force with which a few of the simplest words can be made irresistible lightning-conductors to laughter.

Le Joueur is a comedy with a "moral purpose." The plot is said to have been stolen from Dufresny. The hero is an inveterate gambler, loving in the intervals of his mania a fond woman, who tries devotedly, by all the arts of affection, to reclaim the selfish truant; and at length, when all proves unavailing, has the courage to cast him off and marry a deserving but excessively dull rival. The play is precisely the obverse of *Le Dissipateur*, by Destouches, and far excels that comedy in pungent force, while it is less delicately drawn, and much less pleasant to read. It is more gratifying to hear of a prodigal redeemed and restored, than of one irreclaimable and cast away; and it must be owned that Regnard has done all in his power to put us out of humour with all the characters of his piece. The wit which cannot hide itself for a single page, will exercise for ever a preserving power to keep this comedy freshly alive. *Le Distrait* has for its subject the eccentricities of an absent-minded lover, at whom one cannot help laughing, although with considerable scruples, both of conscience and judgment, as to the character of that mirth which is awakened by the constitutional defects of a poor devil who cannot help himself. *Democrite Amoureux* paints the celebrated laughing philosopher in the character of a lover, and a rejected lover. This comedy has been much censured by contemporaries, for the violation of the unity of place which occurs when the scene changes from the desert of the first act to the Athenian court. Modern readers will not be disposed to attach much importance to this objection, or to join in the wish expressed by critics, that the occurrences of the first act had been detailed in a few lines, while the characters are in Athens, in order to preserve the unity undisturbed. The same objection was urged, and the same means of obviating it suggested, in regard to a dramatic work of an incalculably loftier position—Shakspeare's *Othello*. Much in

this comedy indicates attributes of genius which Regnard developed but too little. There is something positively touching in the subjugation of the satirical philosopher's whole heart to the light-headed, coquettish girl. The contrast between the exalted mind of *Democrite*, and the vulgar humour of his Sauchio Panza, *Strabon*—between the single-hearted, unselfish character of the former, and the different shades of the worldly and imperfect passions, aims, and loves of those by whom he is surrounded, is drawn not only with a humour whose source is the purest spirit of comedy, but with an occasional gleam of a contemplative suggestiveness, not unworthy of the illustrious hand which created the *Misanthrope*. Few can read without an interest deeper than that awakened by the merely comic, that closing scene where the philosopher, more true to his guiding principle than most of his profession, tramples down his wounded pride, lays bare the quivering nerves of his feelings, and resigns at once the object of his love, and the dignity of concealment, with a forced calmness, underneath which the generosity of a noble heart is seen to struggle with some self-mockery, and some scarcely culpable contempt for the beings who could not appreciate the depth of a manly and independent nature.

Those who are acquainted with the French drama, tragic or comic, will not need to be told that *Democrite* must not be criticized as a piece having the least pretensions to correctness, even of outline, as a delineation of national character. There is nothing whatever of the Greek, either in the philosopher or any of those around him. All are unquestionable French men and women dressed in Athenian garments. French dramatists appear utterly incapable of drawing any other than a French character.

Les Menechmes requires no description. It bears somewhat a similar relation to its prototype, the *Menechmi* of Plautus, that *L'Avare* and *Amphitryon* of Molière have to the models after which they were fashioned. It is said, however, that Regnard's *Menechmes* was but an imitation of a comedy bearing the same name, produced eighty years before, from the plot and incidents of the Latin original. It is not denied that Regnard was well acquainted with Plautus, unhappily for the development of his own natural powers. Indeed, the fact of this intimacy with the old comedian, and of his slavish attachment to him, is only too obtrusively evident to every reader.

Le Legatarie Universel, is one of those comedies whose humour depends, almost altogether, on the playing off of a ludicrous trick. Regnard has seized hold of an amusing, if somewhat incredible incident, and built out of the materials, with what flourishes his nature would, a play which gives one a good deal to laugh at, but very little to remember.

We do not intend any detail, however brief, of Regnard's other pieces. Even the very hasty outline just given is presented to the reader, not so much because the comedies mentioned require special

notice, as because they are almost the only instances in which the plot and incidents have an individually peculiar character.

There was an era in the life of Molière, when, after having achieved a brilliant success for a purely French comedy, he declared that he would, for the future, fling aside all recollection of Plautus and Terence, and draw his materials only from his own brain, and from the world which lived, and laughed, and erred around him. This period never appears to have arrived in the career of Regnard, a man who had seen regions of which Molière had scarcely heard the names, and undergone varieties of adventure which, to his great master, would have appeared all but incredible. To vamp up an old plot exhausted by Plautus, with the variation of turning the characters from Romans into Frenchmen, seems to have constituted, in Regnard's eyes, the worthy occupation of his genius. The whole character of his productions is strikingly unlike what might have been expected as the result of so varied and adventurous a life. It is true that genius can clothe the scantiest materials with an aspect of perpetual richness and novelty. But, in the characters which move in his comedies, as well as the plot which sets them in motion, no writer was ever more limited in his range, less cosmopolitan in his tendencies. Only a certain period of French society, and only a very small section of that period, furnished our author with his *dramatis personæ*. Indeed, he has but one set of characters, who reappear under but slightly altered circumstances. It is only on certain conditions that Regnard can be appreciated at all; the reader must put wholly out of his mind all recollection of the universality of Shakspeare, of the occasional depth and earnestness of Molière. Not one thought of heartfelt meaning, not one passionate burst, not one note of sympathy or pathos, either animates or saddens the wit of Regnard. The whole world might, for all he shews us, have been made up of petty perplexity and roguish humour. A modern pantomime has as much variety, and very nearly the same range of character. Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon, and Clown; in other words, the lover, the mistress, the dupe, and the comic valet, may be said almost literally to exhaust his whole stock company. Of the lover class there are but two specimens—the deserving lover, who wins his mistress in the end; or the worthless lover, who loses her. But all of each kind are of one pattern, and the same *Valere*, *Clitandre*, or *Leandre* is continually reappearing. The mistress never alters in the least, except that she is sometimes *fills* and sometimes *veuve*. The dupe may be a niggardly father, or an old fogie rival, or a loutish provincial. The servant is always precisely the same—roguish, unscrupulous, cunning, and wonderfully witty; in fact, the buffoon slave of Plautus reproduced in a French body. Indeed, the whole structure of Regnard's comedies is but a modernized version of Plautus. It is singular that so much observation and humour could have found nothing in the society around out of which to construct a comedy, but should have had to go back over so many centuries

to an age of so dissimilar a character, from thence to bring out, for the amusement of a French audience, the old comic plot which, even in the days of Cicero, was beginning to get used up. More strange still, that this should actually have been made then amusing; and, most strange of all, that even in our own day it is not possible to read one page of this curious modern-antique structure, without being made to succumb to the irresistible humour which sparkles all through it. It is not only that Regnard has produced a French version of the *Ménechme*—it is not only that he has, in several instances, translated whole passages from Plautus—but his entire plot, in the great majority of instances, is that which, in some shape or other, forms the body of every one of Plautus's comedies. The lover in the Roman comedy is enamoured of a female slave. She is about to be purchased by some one else. If the lover cannot raise money to buy her before a certain day, she must become the property of his rival. She is in despair. All that remains for him is to juggle the rival out of the slave, or his father out of the money to buy her. Being a lover of dull faculties, and no inventive genius, he would be utterly unable to grapple with any of his difficulties; but happily he has a comic servant whose inexhaustible resources of humorous trick eventuate in securing for his master the object of his desire, and leaving both rival and father cheated, mocked, and ridiculous. In Regnard, the lover is too poor to marry his mistress, and has a rich rival. It may be that he is in debt, and his father declines to pay; or that he is somewhat dissipated, and his father has cast him off. All would in this case, too, be lost but for the facetious *valet*, whose genius triumphs over all obstacles (and even over the scruples of the most antagonistic reader), until a *dénouement*, happy for the lovers, confounding to the rival, and ridiculous to the father, is brought about, after three or five acts of ludicrous perplexity, and impossible stratagem. It is inconceivable whence could have arisen the extraordinary superstition and pedantic reverence, which made a man like Regnard cling as fondly to the traditional models of a defunct age, as a schoolmaster of the Dominie Sampson class might have done. It will readily be believed that Plautus is in many respects infinitely more lifelike, natural, and hearty, than his imitator. Nevertheless one cannot help believing that, if the old schemes and stratagems upon which both writers have so revelled, were as unlike anything in the real life of Regnard's day, as they are to the real life of our own, they were not a whit less fantastically unreal in the age of Plautus than in the age of Regnard. Was there ever a time when people perpetually planned and executed such absurd schemes as those of Plautus? Were there ever such lovers and fathers as those of Regnard? And did, at any era of the world, all the humour, wit, knowledge of men, and practical philosophy of the age, lie in the breast and articulate with the tongues of the slaves and valets only?

These are the conditions upon which alone Regnard can be ap-

preciated. Grant such a state of society, and you have a writer who can make you laugh at it as scarcely any other could. Admit the possibility of such dupes as his Gerontes, and Colins, and Grifons; such valets as his Hectors, and Crispins, and Pasquins, having ever had an existence, and you have before you endless groups, whose humour is inexhaustible. Indeed, the whole soul of the author's comic genius is thrown into the contrast of the buffoon's intentional and unintentional, the rogues and the dupes, the collision between the sheepish innocence or asinine pomposity of the one, and the ape-like tricks and mischief of the other. Let any one read at random a page of *Le Joueur*, *Democrite*, or *Le Legataire*, in which Hector, Strabon, or Crispin appear, and he will have to acknowledge that, in one phase of humour at least, Regnard is not inferior to Molière, or to any writer who ever lived. Repartee is what the genius of Regnard revels in. Look at the dialogue in which Pasquin and Colin take part in *Attendez-moi sous L'Orme*, that ineffably comic setting-off of humorous roguery against clownish simplicity. Take the scene in *Le Joueur* where Hector consoles Valere for his gaming-table losses by reading passages of Seneca, which he diversifies by interlineal commentary of his own. At the close of the same play, the mock gravity of the valet's words, when he offers to the ruined gamester a page from the same feeble source of consolation, is far more amusing and less repulsive than the comically selfish burst of personal and pecuniary regret with which the valet of Molière, Don Juan, bewails his lost master. It must be remembered, too, that Regnard rarely, if ever, calls up laughter from the same displays of mere pantomimic buffoonery, which Molière has too often thrown in to aid the comic powers of his Scapins and Mascarilles. Humour, unforced and fresh as that of Farquhar—keen, condensed, and glittering as that of Thackeray—this is the one great quality which covers the multitude of artistic defects, and makes up for much of the natural wants which are felt when the genius of Regnard is compared with that of any French or English master of comedy.

In the power of bringing out various phases of human character, Regnard is far inferior to Molière; the latter can make an individual live before us—the former can only impersonate a type. Regnard can embody an example of a single weakness, eccentricity, or passion carried to a ludicrous excess; but Molière can produce twenty different individuals having the same general outlines of character, and yet each perfectly distinct from the other. Regnard is utterly unable to realize a character, in which many and different emotions contrast and contend. His lovers have no characteristic whatever except that of being in love; his jealous man is jealous and nothing else; his avaricious senior is never for a moment swayed by any other feeling but that of avarice. Molière can blend together all the contrasting properties and qualifying attributes which we know are competent in real life of every

character. Regnard never gets beyond a comic allegory. Molière fixes his eye upon any section of society around him, and transfers the group to his page with the faithfulness of the daguerreotype, but also with the fresh life of a great painting.

Perhaps the superiority of Molière came as much out of his heart as his brain. He possessed a depth and earnestness unknown to the easy scepticism of Regnard. To conceive such a character as *Alceste* in the *Misanthrope*—a man whose soul was so naturally noble, filled with such a generous scorn of all that was mean and worldly around him, that the very faults for which he is satirized and suffers, which make him intolerable to the light-headed crowd among whom he reluctantly moves, only spring from a too sensitive and morbid repugnance to all which falls below the standard he loved to contemplate—to conceive such a character as this, is as much beyond the scope of Regnard as the creation of *Don Quixote* is above the reach of the power which gave life to *Gil Blas*. Even in the satire of Regnard there is no earnestness, and consequently little discrimination. His gamester, Valere, selfish and worthless as he is, can scarcely be called much more selfish and worthless than every one around him. Read the play through, and say which are the good people and which the bad. It is very unlucky that Valere's peculiar selfishness should have taken a gambling turn, but otherwise he is not very different from all the rest. Indeed, our good-humoured, easy, comic poet gives himself very little trouble in taking thought about either good or evil. He could have produced quite as good, or better, *Scapins* and *Sganarelles* than Molière; but he never disturbed his mind sufficiently about truth and manly honour to create an *Alceste*, or was roused to anger sufficiently by masked vice to animate such a character as that which has branded religious hypocrisy for ever with the undying name of *Tartuffe*.

Therefore is the comedy of Molière still a living thing, while that of Regnard is a dead language. It has gone the way of the modern epic—of the English pastoral—and, we may add, of the oration. We read these plays with a strange feeling of wonder that so much wit, and such keen perception, at least of human weakness, should have produced nothing more real, joyous, and animating, than the fixed mechanical smile of the ballet-dancer. We are amused; forced to laugh whether we will or not; interested even, but never warmed. "No such people ever did live and speak thus!" is the feeling which follows us through every page. It is not possible to doubt that Regnard must have known much, even of the depths of the heart of humanity; for he had lived, loved, and suffered on his own account. But, certainly, few writers of such reputation ever drew less from that real world, of which each individual human heart is a separate atom. His comedies will well repay that reader who opens them only for a feast of keen irony, and irresistible mocking humour. Every one who goes to them

with a hope for, at least, a glimpse of something higher, must be inevitably disappointed. Viewed in regard to these attributes alone, can Regnard be deemed worthy of the panegyric of Voltaire—"Qui ne se plait pas avec Regnard n'est pas digne d'admirer Molière."

ANDREW BRAVEALL.

CHAPTER I.

Not far from the Bridge of Clay, one of the seven wonders of Dauphiné, and at the foot of those mountains whose picturesque blue summits are so dear to artists, Andrew was born in the year of grace 1804, on a merry Shrove Tuesday. His father, although not rich, was in circumstances sufficiently easy to content his moderate desires. A white house built in an orchard, like a linnet's nest in a thicket, close by was a farm, and in the distance were fields which owed their yearly fertility to a tillage which could have served as a model. Four cart-horses or mules in the stables, a dozen heifers in the stalls, and some good bank shares, constituted the fortune of Andrew's family; a family honoured and respected throughout all the neighbourhood. Andrew's father was a thoroughly honest man in the esteem of the world, a good Christian in theory, but indifferent to the practice of religion from habit, rather than by design; his wife was a pious woman, whom he justly called the guardian angel of his house. Madame Clotilde Rambaud might have passed for an angel upon earth, for hers, the best of souls, seemed to be the sanctuary of every virtue. A faithful wife, a good mother, an excellent housekeeper. Clotilde was the pride and joy of the family, just as George the eldest son, and little Andrew, were the joy and pride of her maternal heart.

Every day Père Rambaud tried to develop the physical strength of his children, to make them robust and vigorous men. Every day, also, their mother tried to form their character, to make them virtuous men and good Christians. When the father, who had retired from the navy in the prime of life, had won the curious attention of his children by his interesting sea stories, and had told them that there was not in the world a nobler calling than a mariner's, the mother completed his tales by proving, with the eloquent logic of facts, that good Christians always made good sailors. If, to give weight to her assertion, she asked her husband's opinion, he affirmed that "sailors were the best of Christians, because nothing in the world could give men such an idea of the grandeur and immensity of God as the sight of the sea." "He whose pure soul can present itself without fear before God," said Madame Rambaud, "such a one fears not death, often he welcomes it even with love; true strength, true courage, is always to be found in the peace of a good conscience. What do you think of it, Rambaud?"

"I think you are right. If now and then one finds a brave man among wicked and good-for-nothing men, one never finds a coward among those that fear God. I knew a sailor who never opened his mouth but to blaspheme God. Well, this man, whom his comrades feared on account of his physical strength and his wild character, was weaker at heart than a baby in arms; he would toss his head disdainfully at the sight of a crucifix, but he would grow pale and bend it when he heard the hissing of a cannon-ball passing through the

rigging. At Navarino, suddenly attacked by an indisposition, he abandoned his fighting post three times during an hour, leaving behind him nauseous traces of his lack of courage. If at that moment a grape-shot had carried him off, he would not have died in odour of sanctity, I assure you.

"From that time, his comrades sent him to Coventry, and gave him for a nickname, a name which Molière has rendered illustrious in his *Malade Imaginaire*. At the same battle of Navarino, a young ensign, whom the old hands called a chicken-hearted choir boy, behaved like a lion; in the heat of the battle he sought out the most perilous posts. From the first cannon-shot he knelt down upon the deck, but he rose brave as a Jean Bart. The secret of heroism is often found in a prayer."

"The secret of virtue is always to be found there," added Madame Rambaud. "Let us pray, then, my children—let us pray to God, let us pray to his august mother, star of mariners and of little children!" Accordingly, joining their hands before a crucifix, ornamented by a blessed palm, she terminated thus these familiar conversations, which took place generally of an evening. After this pious exercise, the children, tired by the sports of the day, sought in sleep strength for the sports of the morrow. Madame Clotilde then read for her husband a chapter of the history of the French navy, and for herself a chapter of the lives of the Saints. The retired sailor listened to both with equal attention, smoking turn by turn his long and his short pipe.

The nature of children is like that of the soil, more or less adapted to receive the seed which produces the fertile harvest, the word which makes young souls fruitful for good. George, who was ten years old, thrilled with emotion at the pious instructions of his mother; while Andrew's heart bounded at the warlike stories of his father. The former, whose character was gentle and painstaking, promised to be one day the perfect counterpart of the pious woman who had so well known the way to his heart; the latter, who was eight years old, was of an ardent and impetuous nature, and revealed, by instincts opposed to those of his brother, the turbulent and domineering part which he desired to play in life. George, attentive and studious, was the schoolmaster's pride, who quoted him as a model to all in every thing; Andrew, who played truant from morning till night, was the terror of the whole parish. Endowed with a courage and a strength unusual at his age, he abandoned himself rather to exercises of body rather than to those of the mind. The bird's nests were never mysteriously or high enough perched, but that he managed to get at them; the fruits of the orchards in autumn, the fresh eggs of the poulturer in spring, the hens of the neighbours at all seasons, excited his instincts of conquest, and often became his property by what he called the right of cunning and of plunder. Inaccessible to the fear of punishment, he endured with a Spartan stoicism the punishments which befell him whenever, caught in the fact, he became in his turn the accidental prey of one stronger than himself. Whether beating others, or beaten by others, Andrew, whom his comrades surnamed Braveall, was loved by every body, and his freaks were forgiven in consideration of the goodness of his heart, and of the ingenuity they displayed. One day, when he had been foraging in the hen-house of a neighbour, and that she had menaced him with the anger of her husband:—"It isn't I that have taken your fowls, mother," said he.

"What, you little rogue," replied she, "it isn't you?"

"No, it isn't I."

"It is, perhaps, our grey ass?"

"You are right, it is she; and I can prove it to you before witnesses. Do you wish it?"

"I command it."

"Very well; come with me." Then, accompanied by some chosen persons to serve as arbiters in the dispute, he led them to an old tower where it was said a sorcerer came to deliver his oracles. The spot was admirably adapted for the exploits of witchcraft. When there, the young marauder paused a moment, and then shouted—"In the name of truth, sorcerer, I in-

voke thee—answer me! Who took the fowls of mother Jélagobe? Was it I or the ass?”

A mysterious voice answered immediately—“The ass.”

The trial was renewed three times with the same success, to the great amazement of the simple people, who seriously took the sound of an echo for the voice of a sorcerer, who had been long held in repute throughout all the country. A few months afterwards, Andrew completely reconciled himself with mother Jélagobe, by saving her only child, the little Louisa, who had fallen accidentally into the rapid waters of the Drakc, at the risk of his own life.

One day, Andrew, who had just completed his fourteenth year, went to his father and mother, and said to them, with a gravity unusual to him:—“You know, my dear parents, how much I love you, and how happy I am with you. Since my birth your tenderness has provided for my daily wants; you have warmed me when I was cold; you have given me food when I was hungry; you have kissed away my tears when I wept. You, my dear mother, have taught me that I was created and sent into this world to love and serve God; you, my dear father, have taught me that I was sent upon earth to love and to serve my country.”

“But, in the name of wonder, what are you coming at with all this preamble?” cried Père Rambaud, emptying his pipe; whilst his wife concealed, with the corner of her handkerchief, a tear which had wandered from her eyelid.

“I wish to come at what I ought to have begun by, without any phrases; for I see I was not created and placed in the world to become a pedantic scholar, as our schoolmaster says. I wish to say to you that, in spite of all the love I have for you, I have the intension of bidding you adieu, in the hope that we may soon meet again.”

“What, Andrew, you would leave us!” said Madame Rambaud, in a tone of voice which expressed a reproach.

“Yes, mother, with the sole object of putting into practice the lessons of the virtuous author of my days. I wish to serve my country on board the king's vessels.”

“But, my child, you are not old enough yet.”

“Pierre Chalumeau, our neighbour's son, is younger than I, and yet it is now two years since he had the honour of being cabin-boy on board the Labrador. I wish to be a cabin-boy, like Pierre.”

“A rolling stone gathers no moss,” said Père Rambaud, glad to interpose a bad pun between the satisfaction which his son's resolution gave him, and his secret desire to keep him still with him.

“A ship which rolls gathers glory and profit. Father, have you not often told me that the admiral's baton is often found amongst those who have worn the red belts of a simple sailor?”

“He is ambitious, the little rogue —”

“Of doing what his father has done before him—of well serving his country.”

“So you wish to leave us?”

“To return more worthy of you. I prefer being a good sailor at sea, to being a useless good-for-nothing on the cow's back, as our comrades say.”

Andrew replied with firmness to all the objections which were made to him, and ended by obtaining the consent he hoped for, with which he had resolved in case of need to dispense.

In turning over in his mind the names of his old comrades, Père Rambaud bethought him of the harbour-master of Toulon, with whom he had been on intimate terms. He conjectured rightly that this officer would serve as a protector and counsellor to his son. Quite easy on this point, he devoted the few days which remained for Andrew to spend at home, to give to the future sailor the first notions of the profession which had given to France a Jean Bart and a Duquesne.

The evening preceding Andrew's departure was grave and solemn. The

whole family being united round the hearth, Père Rambaud said to his son :—

“In a few hours you will be far from us ; but our thoughts will follow you every where and always. God grant, my child, that yours may be always with us ! In all the trials which await you, never forget that you are a Frenchman ; and, above all, remember that you are a Christian. If I have pronounced before you, less frequently than your tender mother has done, the name of the sovereign Arbiter of our destinies, it is because I knew from my own experience the power of a mother's voice when speaking to her children of God. That voice, mark me, has echoes which never die away in a manly soul ! That voice, never silenced amidst the errors and agitations of life, is always heard again at the hour of death ! Above all, then, be a good Christian ; for, by being a good Christian, you will be a good Frenchman, a good sailor, a good son, a good comrade. Submit yourself to discipline, and you will do so more easily if you are faithful to the commandments of God. Honour and respect your superiors ; be conciliating and kind to your equals ; be just and gentle towards your inferiors ; be courageous in danger ; humble in success. Never on any occasion abuse either your strength or your superiority. Strength sustains rights, but it does not constitute them. Never let your conscience or your reason be submitted to the fear of man. Worldly fear is the courage of fools and of cowards. When, on the deck of your vessel, you see before you any nuns or priests, take off your hat reverently before these holy women and those pious men, as before the most perfect model of virtue and of self-sacrifice. Never laugh at the ridicule which others cast upon them ; ridicule is the weapon of cowards. He who gives even secret approbation to ridicule, becomes an accomplice in its cowardliness if any one insults them in your presence.”

“I will think of my mother, and then woe betide insulters !”

“Well said, Andrew !” replied his father ; “but curb your just indignation, for these outrages upon good taste are gone by, and are not met with now-a-days, except in wretched drivellings of a few philosophical and revolutionary papers. The good common-sense of the people condemned them. But one word more, my son—listen well ! In all circumstances of your life, let them be happy or sad, remember that the cross is a compass which infallibly leads to the haven of salvation, every man who, having the law of God in his heart, as well as the love of his neighbour, sails under full canvass on the waters of honour and virtue.”

The next morning, Andrew Braveall, whose eyes were dim with tears though his heart was full of gladness, provided with a letter of recommendation for the harbour-master of Toulon, and with a belt, into which his fond mother had slipped ten new pieces of gold, quitted the white cottage which had witnessed the sports of his childhood ; the village spire, which more than once made him look back ; the young companions, whom he had so often thrashed, who now thought it an honour to conduct him as far as the confines of the beautiful avenue which serves at once as the high-road and as a promenade to the city of Grenoble. Three days afterwards, he made an engagement to serve two years in the marines, under the direction of the harbour-master, who received him with the kindness of a father.

CHAPTER II.

THE Cacique, on board which Andrew had embarked, had been six weeks in the roads, when the captain received orders to transport some troops to Senegal, and from thence to cruise on the track of the Indian vessels. Andrew watched the signal of departure hoisted with enthusiasm, and was among the most eager to hoist and to spread the sails—he was at the beginning of

his first campaign. Driven on quickly by a strong north-west wind, the *Cacique*, gliding along the waters like a swallow in the air, soon doubled Cape Sepet on her way to the Straits of Gibraltar. The sun shone in all its splendour. Andrew Braveall's face radiated with joy, and he would not then have changed his position as a simple cabin-boy for that of Rothschild, when he found himself in the boundless circle formed by the sea, and could distinguish only the fantastic clouds in the sky gliding above his head, and the green waves of the Mediterranean swelling beneath his feet. Six months of navigation sufficed to form the independent and impetuous nature of our young volunteer to the rude profession of seamen. Always light-headed, but with an excellent heart, he submitted without too much resistance to the severe yoke of discipline. He was so well adapted to his calling, that he captivated, more and more every day, the affection of his superiors, by his aptitude and zeal in executing all the manœuvres which were intrusted to him. When, at the word of command, he ran up the rigging, to see him, one would have said it was a squirrel springing among the branches of a large tree. None knew better than he how to unfurl the sails or to row a boat.

When he was fifteen—nine months after his embarkation—Andrew was so much changed that his mother would not have recognised, in the robust, broad-shouldered boy, his complexion bronzed by the sun and the sea-breezes, the child, with rosy cheeks and light hair, who was her joy and her pride. It was a very happy day for Braveall when he passed from cabin-boy to midshipman. He wrote these few lines to his father:—

“DEAR FATHER,—Your little Andrew is now nearly a man: I am now a midshipman. Faithful to your counsels, to your examples, and to your lessons, I have managed to win the esteem of my officers, the friendship of my comrades, and the satisfaction of my conscience. I never sulk over my work, and never have a cross look in trouble. A month ago I left the *Cacique* for the *Suffren*, a beautiful vessel of ninety guns. We have on board a venerable ecclesiastic, who is as good as the daily bread given us by God. His name is C——. He appears to me like a thorough sailor. I have seen him as calm in the middle of a storm as our curé at the altar on Easter-day. A true St. John Chrysostom in his talk, he is a St. Vincent de Paul in his charity. Nothing can surpass his zeal, when an epidemic disease breaks out on board our vessel, in relieving the sick. If it were not for his noble masculine face, where he only wants a pair of mustaches, one would take his black dress directly for that of a Sister of Charity. The sight of him alone, when he looks at me, reminds me of my mother's teaching. I say this to prove to you that I have not forgotten what you said to me on the eve of my departure—I mean, that good Christians make good sailors. Adieu, dear father! kiss dear mother on both cheeks, as also brother George.—Your affectionate and respectful son,

ANDREW,

Midshipman on board the *Suffren*.”

Andrew could not have signed himself more triumphantly a *Buyter*, a *Tromp*, or a *Tourville*, than by this simple title of midshipman. Two years later the boy of the *Dauphiné* mountains had grown into a man; seamen grow fast amongst storms and tempests. More than once his thoughts, regardless of time and space, carried him back to the humble village which had protected his childhood, and each time with an eager desire to see it again. But, as Andrew grew older, he had become ambitious. I will not return to my country until I wear a good mark on my breast—a mark tied with a bit of ribbon, I don't care what colour. Noble and good actions will do as well with one colour as with another. The sooner to obtain the recompense which, in his imaginative style, he called the good point of honour, he would have desired a maritime war. But Europe, tired by the long struggle with the empire, now enjoyed profound peace, and the olive-tree shadowed the French vessels with its pacific branches. Sad, but not discouraged, he was beginning to give up all hope of displaying his courage, when an unforeseen occasion occurred, responding to his dearest wish.

One day, amidst the most furious storm he had ever known since he went

to sea, signals of distress were heard in the distance, and soon after, his vessel perceived a Russian ship in the most imminent danger, dismasted and tossed about like a ferry-boat. The alarm gun continued to sound like a voice of mourning and sorrow. The sea was so boisterous that every means of rescue seemed impossible. Andrew contemplated with holiest emotion this mournful scene, which threatened each moment to terminate with the loss of lives and of property. "Captain," said he to the commander of the vessel, who also followed with anxiety the phases of this maritime drama, "must we then leave these noble fellows to perish, without tendering them any help?" The captain contented himself by pointing to the waves, which were running mountains high, and dashing with fury against the sides of the ship. The distress-guns became more and more rapid and hurried. Above the roaring of the waves and the whistling of the rigging, they heard the cries from the Russian ship imploring help. "Lower the long-boat!" cried the captain, and, "Volunteers." Fifty sailors responded to his call,—Andrew Bravacall among the first.

"You are a brave young fellow!" said the captain; "take five-and-twenty men, and go under God's keeping."

"Under God's keeping," said Andrew, and, followed by twenty-five devoted sailors, he threw himself into the long-boat. The storm was now at its height; one would have said that, jealous of the victims which they were trying to take from it, it redoubled its fury to swallow at once the Russian ship and its deliverers. The long-boat soon disappeared from the sight of the crew of the French vessel, who were collected on deck, awaiting a catastrophe. The distress-guns were no longer heard. Andrew found himself alongside of the ship in danger. It was the critical moment. "My lads," cried the brave midshipman, "invoke with me the blessed Virgin, mother of sailors. I know a prayer which she never fails to answer," and with a firm voice he said the *Memorare*, repeated in a low tone by his valiant companions. A moment afterwards a rope, thrown from the deck of the Russian vessel, brought without danger the boat alongside, and gave the distressed sailors a hope of escape. The French crew welcomed with lively acclamations, the return of the long-boat; and the captain pressed the brave Andrew to his breast, whose courage and skill had just saved the lives of sixty men. Amongst those who had been saved was a superior Russian officer, who belonged to one of the first Muscovite families. The same day Andrew saw his name inscribed in the ship's log-book, and three months afterwards he received from the French government a first class gold medal. He announced the happy news to his family in these words:—

"DEAR FATHER,—At last I bear on my breast the gold medal I desired so much. Your son's name has been mentioned in the public despatches, and the King of the French has given me a gold medal for having saved the lives of the crew of a Russian frigate. I owe this good fortune to the Blessed Virgin, whom I invoked in the hour of danger. My mother is right: one never invokes that powerful protectress of mariners in vain. I owe to her the lives of sixty men, and the honour of having signalized myself by an action which has redoubled the esteem of my superiors and the affection of my comrades for me. I hope soon to have the pleasure of embracing you all again, as I now do in imagination, with a loving and respectful heart—
Your son,
ANDREW."

Whilst the breeze of fortune was now swelling the sails of our young mariner, the Lord, whose designs are impenetrable, sent trials to his family, which had hitherto been so happy. An epidemic disease had left the farm-stables empty: a commercial disaster had crushed one of the first banks of the city of Grenoble, in which Père Rambaud had placed part of his income, which was now diminished to less than half: for two years the harvests had been quite fruitless: a long illness, which had brought Madame Rambaud to the brink of the grave, had absorbed a greater part of their pecuniary resources. To add to their misfortune, the law of military conscription had obliged George, the only support of this afflicted family, to serve under the

French standard. It was in the midst of these troubles that Andrew, who, in the eyes of his parents, was grown into a great man, returned home. The joy occasioned by his return was immense, and made them forget for an instant their domestic troubles. Andrew was the first to show an example of courage and of resignation.

"Take courage, my father," said he; "I am young, strong, and vigorous. I came to embrace you, and to ask permission of you to enlist as a sailor altogether. This permission now becomes a necessity—I shall so prevent my brother being called out; so that by this means George can be with you. In his name I will myself serve France; every body will gain by it. Thus let it be arranged—let us speak of it no more."

Father Rambaud could only reply to his son by his tears. The day following this scene saw the family in great distress. Père Rambaud, pale and disquieted, was pacing up and down his room, following with anxiety the hands which marked the hours upon the face of the old clock.

"What is the matter with you, father?" said Andrew. "Really, one would say that the fire had caught the powder-magazine, or that the cottage was going to fall down!"

"What you say is but too true, child," said his father; "our house is in danger."

"But I am here!" cried Andrew proudly; and, showing the gold medal that decorated his breast, he added, "I know well how to save—I will save the cottage, whatever happens."

"No, my child; for strength and courage have no power to prevent the danger which threatens it."

"Is it a settled thing, then?"

"Inevitable."

"We will see about that."

At that moment a blow dealt violently against the door interrupted the conversation, and made Père Rambaud jump, and his face turned quite livid.

"Who knocks in that way?" asked Andrew.

"The danger of which I was speaking, my poor child."

"Ah! well, I will open the door to receive it myself;" and, going towards the door, he opened it quickly to a tall and meagre-looking man of a sallow complexion, who had a roll of paper in his hand.

"What do you want, sir?" said Andrew.

"To execute an order. Forgive me all that may be painful and grievous in it."

"No phrases, sir; let us say little, but let that little be well said. What is it about?"

"Of an execution by act of law."

"Of an execution! You are, then, a corsair!"

"I am a bailiff."

"It comes to the same thing."

"Sir!" cried the bailiff, assuming an air of dignity.

"Now then, my good man, don't be angry; show me your warrant, and do your business."

"My duty, sir." So saying, he slowly unfolded his warrant, and began to make an inventory of the furniture, seized on account of a bill which had fallen due and had been protested.

As soon as this operation was finished, at the moment when the officer, who had really done his duty very civilly, was going to take his departure, Andrew, retaining him by his coat-tails, said to him:—

"Would you be so good, sir, as to tell me how much that piece of paper amounts to which has procured us the honour of so early a visit?"

"Capital, interest, and expenses, it amounts to five hundred and fifty-seven francs, ninety centimes."

"Excuse me; but it seems that paper costs more in a farm-yard than on the deck of a ship. I have a proposal to make you."

"What is it?"

"To change paper for paper—exchange for exchange; does that suit you?"

"It depends."

"And for interest, and *à propos* to good and bad paper, I will tell you a simple and laughable tale. Does that suit you?"

"But first let us see your papers."

"That is but fair," replied Andrew. Searching in the large pocket of his great-coat, he produced a tobacco-pouch made of shrunk leather, which he had the vain pretension to call his pocket-book. In the pocket of this bag there was, amongst the many things indispensable to a smoker, a square piece of paper as yellow as a cigarette. "That bit of paper," said he, "was made at the Bank of France, and passes every where. Does that suit you?"

At the sight of the figures, which represented a thousand francs, the grim countenance of the bailiff relaxed into a smile, and he counted out on the table the sum of two hundred and forty-two francs, ten centimes, and said—

"Young man, we are quits."

"Not yet, my brave bailiff; I owe you a tale, which I heard on board the Suffren."

"You are right: a tale about paper."

"Here it is. One day, an ugly customer, escaped no doubt from the galleys of Toulon, was required by a worthy gendarme to show his paper. This customer of ours had taken the name of one of the most illustrious families of Brittany; but instead of writing Kersabier with a K, he wrote it with a Q. The gendarme, well versed in the orthography of the names of his country, collared his man, saying to him, 'Turn your Q into a K, and your paper will do.' There. Now, worthy bailiff, we are quits; you may retire."

Père Rambaud, who had been a silent witness of this amusing scene, threw himself upon his son's neck, saying: "Well, Andrew, you are a brave young man; I am proud of you!"

(To be continued.)

Theophania: or, a Scriptural View of the Manifestation of the Logos, or Pre-existent Messiah: as contradistinguished from Angelic Personation of the Deity, with which it has been erroneously confounded. Exhibiting the genuine and important Testimony which the subject, as thus illustrated, affords to the Catholic doctrine of Christ's Supreme Divinity. With Supplementary Dissertations on Relevant Subjects. By TWINBOCK ELMELICHT, ESQ. London: RICHARDSONS.

SUCH is the long title of a work of six hundred and twenty pages, by a man who seems to have been so long a Protestant that he cannot yet conform to Catholic habits of writing, but constantly quotes the Protestant version of the Scriptures, numbers the Psalms according to the Protestant fashion, talks of heretical teachers as having gone to their rest, and displays an intimate familiarity with all their principal divines. It is, perhaps, in consequence of this persistent bias that he adopts, in his very title-page, an expression which Catholics are not in the habit of using, and which, unexplained, may even prove offensive to pious ears. We allude to the expression, "Pre-existent Messiah." It is, we believe, heresy to assert that our blessed Lord was our *Mediator* before he assumed our nature. "There is one mediator of God and man," says St.

Paul; "the man Christ Jesus." We object, therefore, to a term which, if it do not imply this heresy, may be easily twisted into it, and so may seem to justify Protestants in denying, as they do, in defiance of the very words of St. Paul, that it is our Lord's *manhood* which qualifies him for the mediatorial office; a denial which is very convenient for them, inasmuch as it involves their rebellious *protest* against the entire priestly or hierarchical system. Thus do they closely follow the wretched Pharisees, who maintained that God *alone* had power to forgive sins; a heresy which our Lord took pains, as it were, to condemn by the expressive words he was pleased to utter as he proceeded to the cure of the paralytic:—"That you may know," said he, "that *the Son of man* hath power *on earth* to forgive sins Arise, take up thy bed," &c. Bishop Horsley, indeed, who is often quoted by our author, tells us that the expression "Son of man" always means, in the New Testament, that person of the blessed Trinity who assumed our nature; but the mischief is that he does not *prove* this—and it would require *large* and *clear* proof before we could be justified in so restricting a phrase which is undeniably and frequently used, in the Hebrew writings, in a much greater extension.

Our readers, however, would do very wrong to conclude, from all this, that Mr. Elmlicht is not a good and sound Catholic. Nay, more: he has done good service, in this book, to the Catholic cause. He has taken from Protestants one of their strongholds, confirming, by a plentiful exegesis of Scripture, the Catholic doctrine of the religious invocation of angels; while, at the same time, we cannot entirely acquit him of playing into the hands of our adversaries by condescending to their arena, and so bolstering them up in the notion that such questions *require* to be settled in so elaborate a manner, and by so critical a libration of texts. Verily, if faith and salvation were to depend on such gladiatorship, the path to heaven could be trodden by none but men of ripe scholarship and practised acumen; for such alone could arrive at any satisfactory issue upon them. At least it would have been advisable for Mr. Elmlicht to have fully stated, in some prominent part of his work, that *he* does not ground his faith upon his learning, but is content, as simply as the merest old woman of either sex, to take it on the word of that one infallible church, without whose constant guidance there could not for a moment be rational certainty in matters of religion. Instead of this, he finishes the body of his work as unfortunately as he entitled it, quoting what he calls "the pious and impassioned ejaculation of Bacon." "Thy creatures have been my books," said this great originator of the modern and free-thinking philosophy, "but thy Scriptures much more: I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens; but I have found thee in thy temples." We know what god it was that Bacon found in his "*courts*," and what "*temples*" he frequented; the desecrated temples of Elizabeth, who obliged men by fine and imprisonment to attend their cold and languid services,

while she hung, drew, and quartered numbers of holy priests for no other crime than offering, as they best might, that adorable sacrifice which those temples were the first impiously to expel from within their walls.

But it is time to state, in few words, what it is that Mr. Elmlich has successfully undertaken to prove against Protestants. Their divines very generally assert that when we find, in the Old Testament, an *angel* appearing to men, and addressing them in the name of God, and operating as his delegate, this is no other than our Lord, or the *Logos*, assuming the angelic nature, and therefore giving no countenance to our worship of angels. Mr. E., on the other hand, proves most elaborately, by an examination of all the passages, that the appearance was that of an "angel-personator" of the Divinity, and therefore adopting the divine style and titles.

The question is indeed a difficult one on Protestant principles; and one of the most eminent of their divines, Dr. Watts, with whose work we are surprised Mr. E. is not acquainted, had recourse, for solution of the difficulty, to a new theory of his own, and wrote a work to prove, as he thought, the pre-existence of Christ's human soul united to the *Logos*, long before He took a *body* of our blessed Lady; a supposition, indeed, which would amply justify our author's speaking of a pre-existent *Messiah*. We need not tell our readers that this is heresy: still, on Protestant principles, it is an ingenious and creditable speculation, formed with the good intention of preserving to the *Logos* his due and divine honour, and of accounting, consistently with this, for those passages which furnish the difficulties. But the fact is, that the only generation *in time*, before the birth from Mary, which the Fathers allowed the *Logos*, is that figurative one of going forth from the paternal bosom to create the worlds; and even of this, finding it was abused by the Arians, they did not long go on to speak.

One of the worst *twistings* of which Protestants are guilty, in order to support their heresy about angels, is their assertion that the "seven spirits before his throne," in the first chapter of the Apocalypse, mean the Holy Ghost; and the masterly way in which our author confutes and rebukes their boldness, furnishes one of the best portions of his work;—the style of which, by the way, is sometimes obscure from too great elaboration, and forbids our giving, as we intended, some specimens of the production. It is one which will be read only by biblical scholars, and such will find a valuable mass of this kind of learning in the appendixes, which are no fewer than thirty-three.

Respecting that mysterious subject, the *Schekinah*, inhabiting-glory, or *Theophany*, as our author calls it, he has carefully distinguished it from the angelic personations, while yet allowing that both the appearance and the voice which were its organs were of angelic formation. An instance occurs in the giving of the Old Law, which an apostle accordingly describes as "ordained by angels."

His remarks respecting the word *angel*, as a conventional restriction of the term for *messenger*, are excellent, but would lead us into too long a disquisition on the important philological subject which they involve. Indeed, it is one of the nicest things in translation to know when to conventionalize and when not. As an instance of egregious want of the common-sense necessary in such cases, we may mention Gilbert Wakefield's translation of St. James, i. 17. "Every best gift," says the apostle, "is from the Father of lights, with whom there is no change, nor shadow of alteration." Wakefield, by way of preserving the figure, would render the last two clauses, "with whom there is no parallax, nor tropical shadow."

With respect to the heavenly visit to Abraham in Genesis xviii., our author does not seem to be aware that the Breviary sanctions the notion, that the three angels were representatives of all the divine persons. Its words are, *Tres vidit, et unum adoravit*; implying that the patriarch so understood the visit, and honoured the divine Unity in its threefold representation.

Our author is justly severe on what is one of the worst faults of the authorized Anglican version; viz., the rendering of the same original word by several different English terms, without any reason. There is a passage in the Epistle of St. John, where a single Greek word, quite unnecessarily, is rendered by four different English ones in the course of a few verses. Again, in Romans v. 10, 11, a Greek verb is rendered *reconciled* in the former verse, but its cognate noun *atonement* in the second. Now, although *atonement* is doubtless *at-one-ment*, yet what modern English reader thinks of this? His prominent idea, when he reads it, is that of *substitution*, and thus he regards St. Paul as introducing a new term and notion into the argument; whereas one sees at once, from the Douay version, that he is repeating the idea of the *reconciliation* just mentioned in verse 10, as would have been made still plainer had our translator had the Greek Testament before him, and given the article. As the Latin language has no articles, a translator of the Vulgate must consult the Greek original to know when the article is to be inserted in English. For want of this, St. Paul is made to wander from his subject in 1 Thess. iv. 6. He is in the middle of an exhortation against impurity, when all at once comes mention of overreaching "*in business*:" it ought to be "*in the business*;" that is, the business of which I am speaking. But the Protestant translation is worse, and renders it "*in any matter*." We conclude with a recommendation to Mr. E., if he wants to make his work more generally useful, to compress it to about one-half its present size by judicious omission and condensation,

LITERARY GOSSIP.

We are very tired of Protestantism, and are therefore sorry to find the last number of "Brownson's Review" nearly half taken up by arguments in refutation of it. Interesting as the articles in question are, or ought to be, to persons alien from the church, it is very unlikely that any one so situated will ever read them; and to Catholics they can be but so much waste paper. We can ill spare the space they occupy in a work standing so deservedly high in English contemporary literature as the one before us. It is much to say, in the present book-making era, but it is true, that we never yet saw a number of it, from the perusal of which we did not feel ourselves improved, from which we did not gather important thoughts, and not unfrequently see evolved altogether a new idea. It seems almost a mockery, within the space we can afford, to pretend to speak of the *Quarterlies* at all; yet, doing so, we may record the mutations which certain of them appear to have undergone. "The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly" stands now where the "Edinburgh" did, incomparably the highest in point of literary merit; and, setting political prejudice aside (which few people in the present day suffer to interfere in the matter), the "North British" seems to have taken the place of the "Quarterly." In the former of these (February No.) we find an article on "Modern Style," containing many suggestive thoughts, and well deserving of perusal, and another on the nature and progress of Art Unions. This latter goes to prove that the popular appreciation of art has been for some years, and is still, higher in Edinburgh than in London. At first sight this fact seems to run counter to the ordinary conditions of art progress; but when we reflect that art, though greatest now in countries where religion flourishes, was great also in Pagan times, we come to perceive that it is not positive truth which is indispensable to its advancement, so much as earnestness and faith, and these are formed rather where the Pagan element preponderates, than amidst the pure negations of Protestantism; they are more consistent with the practical rationalism of Scotland than with the avowed compromise of Church of Englandism.

In connection with art, we may most appropriately mention the name of a man who, in our own day, has raised prose fiction from the mere talent of storytelling, to rank deservedly with architecture and painting. We allude to the election of Sir Bulwer Lytton to be Lord Rector of the university of Glasgow. It is an important advance that such an office should be given rather to one great in the annals of literature than to a political partisan, and the inaugural address of the learned baronet did no discredit to a choice thus founded. He paid a true, and for various reasons graceful, compliment to the author of *Waverley*, when he said—

"The first great literature produced by this century which spread over the civilized nations, thrusting back into dusty shelves the verse without soul, and the prose without muscle, which had joined the circulating library of Europe—the first great literature that strode forth to civilize and to conquer, restoring the ancestral past to its due place in human reverence, recalling from exile truth and virtue, binding man to man in the genial chain of character and humour, refreshing this work-a-day world with a joyous holiday of romance—the great first literature which poured its own young blood into the century, and rushing over Europe found a home in every heart, rose in these islands, and, paramount in that literature, towers your immortal 'Walter Scott.'"

A "Reader" in the British Museum has published what he calls a method to obtain a "full, complete, and satisfactory" catalogue of the library. We are afraid the method will not succeed, for two reasons; one, because its provisions are inadequate for the purpose in view; and the other, because, if they were not so, they are altogether unlikely to be adopted. Any discussion, however, which serves to agitate (for Londoners especially) this important question, cannot be without its value. The affairs of the museum are unfortunately transacted in a branch of the "Circumlocution Office."

A volume, entitled the "Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders," by Edward Shortland, M.A., would, we think, not prove uninteresting to pass away an idle half-hour. In some respects their traditions clash with our own, and so produce a new phase of thought; in others they seem to coalesce, and thus prove a common origin with tales and legends with which we are familiar.

Mrs. Ellis has published another of the class of works by which her name is known, which she calls "Education of Character, with Hints on Moral Training." These "hints," says the *Athenæum*, "remind us of the dinner to which the fox invited the stork, 'thin broth on a fiat dish,' which she found great difficulty in getting up. The observations are wide and general to the extent of platitude, and those who have character at all will entirely decline to be influenced by them." We could add nothing to this description, even had we an indefinite amount of time and space to waste, which we have not; we therefore pass on to "*Plain Instructions for the Discovery of Fraud in Food and Medicine.*" Food and medicine for the mind as well as the body, we feel at this moment tempted to ask! Dr. Hassall would be of marvellous service to his fellow mortals if he would include that in his next edition. He has however produced a most useful book as it is, and one greatly needed, if people will only read it. He tells us, among other things equally startling, though scarcely any could be so important—that the whitest bakers' bread we are in this country accustomed to buy, is more unwholesome, according to the experiments of Liebig, than the black bread which we would none of us taste in Germany.

We said we were tired of Protestantism, but there is no use in being tired of its effects; because no one now alive is ever likely to have the happiness of being freed from them. If it were not on so serious a subject, we might enjoy a pleasant laugh over the following advertisement, followed by a whole host of laudatory "*Evangelical*" notices:—

"The Holy Bible, with numerous emendations derived from the works of more than 300 of the most learned and pious men of the last two centuries. It is freed from many obsolete and indelicate words, and printed in paragraphs, the poetical parts being in parallelism. By J. F. Conquest, M.D., F.L.S."

But this singular specimen of human audacity does not, as we might suppose, stand alone; it is followed up by a similar demonstration from "our brethren," in Germany:—

"Mr. Bunsen, we hear, (whoever we may be,) is engaged at Heidelberg upon his new translation of the Bible for the people, with a complete commentary, two volumes of which will appear this year, together with an introductory philosophical work, entitled 'God in History.' The first volume of this work has already appeared, and is said to be creating a great sensation. It is being translated by Miss Winkworth, and could not be in better hands." Very likely not, if the lady be worthy of her principal.

"CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS."

The Mersey and Irwell Canal and Navigation, for which an act was obtained in the reign of George I., was the first navigable canal by locks and cutting through land in the united kingdom.

The comfortable woollen covering of our beds derives its name from three brothers named Blanket, who were its first makers. They were eminent woollen weavers at Bristol, in the reign of Edward III.

In 1750, the freedom of Liverpool was purchased for £5 : 5 : 0.

Among the many causes of trouble to the postmen of London, one is that of the irregular numbering of the houses. The inspector of letter-carriers once met with No. 95, between Nos. 14 and 16. On inquiry he found that the lady who resided there, having been at the expense of procuring a brass number for her previous residence, considered herself fully entitled to transplant it on her removal.

Calendar for March.

1	§	1st of Lent, sd. <i>purple</i> . 1st Vesp. of the Fol., Com. of Sunday, <i>white</i> .—Exposition at St. Nicholas's, Copperas Hill.	16 M	Feria, <i>purple</i> .
			17 Tu	St. Patrick, bp. c. gr. d. <i>white</i> .—(<i>Plenary Indulgence</i>).—Deposition at St. Anthony's; Exposition at Holy Cross, Gt. Crosshall street.—At the Catholic Institute, Grand Soiree in honour of St. Patrick, Concert Hall, Lord Nelson-st.—At St. Mary's Y. M. Society, a Concert, St. Gabriel, Archangel, gr. d. <i>white</i> .
2	M	St. Chad, bp. c. d. <i>white</i> .—At the Catholic Institute, meeting of the Companies.—Meeting of the Benevolent Society, at 6.30.—Meeting of Girls' Orphanage Committee, at 6 p.m.		
3	Tu	St. David, bp.c. (March 1) d. <i>white</i> .—At the Catholic Institute, Vesp. of B. V. M. at 8.—At St. Mary's Y. M. Society, a Reading.—Deposition of B. S., at St. Nicholas's; Exposition at St. Mary's, Edinund-st.	18 W	
			19 Th	<i>Feast of Devotion</i> . St. Joseph c. d. II. cl. <i>white</i> .—Deposition at Holy Cross; Expositions at St. Alban's.
4	W	<i>Ember-day</i> St. Casimir, c. sd. <i>white</i>	20 F	The Five Wounds of O. L. Jesus Christ, gr. d. <i>red</i> . (<i>Plenary Indulgence</i> .)
5	Th	Feria, <i>purple</i> .—Meeting of Blind Asylum Committee, at 6 p.m.—Deposition of B.S., at St. Mary's; Exposition at St. Francis Xavier's, Salisbury-st.	21 S	St. Benedict, c. d. <i>white</i> .—Deposition at St. Alban's; Exposition at the Oratory of Philip Neri, Hope-st.
6	F	<i>Ember-day</i> . The Lance and the Nails of O. L. Jesus Christ, gr. d. <i>red</i> . (<i>Plenary Indulgence</i> .)	22 §	4th of Lent, sd. <i>purple</i> . 1st Vesp. of the Fol., Com. of Sunday, <i>white</i> .
7	S	<i>Ember-day</i> , St. Thomas of Aquin, c. D. d. <i>white</i> .—Deposition at St. Francis Xavier's; Exposition at the Oratory of La Salette, Blackstock-st.	23 M	St. Cuthbert, bp. c. (March 20) d. <i>white</i> .—Deposition at the Oratory of St. Philip Neri; Expos. at St. Peter's, Seel-st.
8	§	2nd of Lent, sd. <i>purple</i> . 1st Vesp. of the Fol. Com., of Sunday, <i>white</i> . (<i>Indulgence ends</i> .)	24 Tu	Feria, <i>purple</i> .—At St. Mary's Y. M. Society, a Debate.
9	M	St. Frances, w. d. <i>white</i> .—Deposition at the Oratory of La Salette; Exposition at St. Vincent of Paul's, Norfolk-st.	25 W	<i>Feast of Devotion</i> . The Annunciation of the B. V. Mary. d. II. cl. <i>white</i> .—(<i>Plenary Indulgence</i>). Deposition at St. Peter's; Exposition at St. Oswald's, Old Swan.
10	Tu	The Forty Martyrs, sd. <i>red</i> . At St. Mary's Y. M. Society, a Lecture.	26 Th	Feria, <i>purple</i> .
11	W	St. John of God, c. d. <i>white</i> .—Deposition at St. Vincent of Paul's; Exposition at St. Joseph's, Grosvenor-st.	27 F	The Precious Blood of O. L. Jesus Christ, gr. d. <i>red</i> . (<i>Plenary Indulgence</i>).—Deposition at St. Oswald's; Exposition at St. Augustine's, Gt. Howard-st.
12	Th	St. Gregory the Great, p. c. D. d. II. cl. <i>white</i> . (<i>Plenary Indul.</i>)	28	Feria, <i>purple</i> .
13	F	The Holy Winding Sheet of O. L. Jesus Christ, gr. d. <i>red</i> . (<i>Plenary Indulgence</i>).—Deposition at St. Joseph's; Exposition at St. Anne's, Edge Hill.	29 §	Passion Sunday, sd. <i>purple</i> . Vesp. of the Sunday.—Deposition at St. Augustine's; Exposition at St. Patrick's, Park Place.
14	S	St. Felix, bp.c. (March 8) d. <i>white</i> .	30 M	Feria, <i>purple</i> .
15	§	3rd of Lent, sd. <i>purple</i> , Vesp., of Sunday. The suffrages are said.—Deposition at St. Anne's; Exposition at St. Anthony's, Scotland-road.	31 Tu	Feria, <i>purple</i> .—Depos. at St. Patrick's; Expos. at SS. Peter and Paul, Crosby.