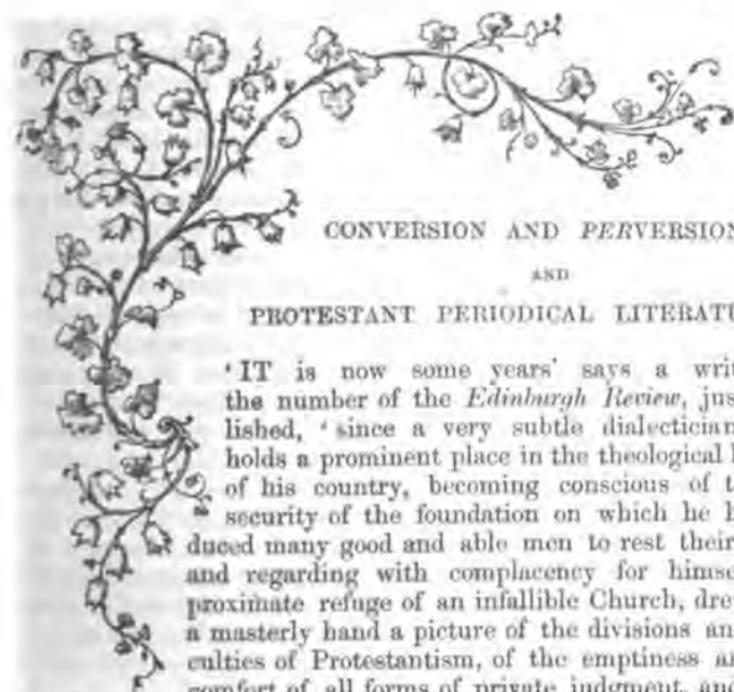


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CONVERSION AND PERVERSION,
AND
PROTESTANT PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

'IT is now some years' says a writer in the number of the *Edinburgh Review*, just published, 'since a very subtle dialectician, who holds a prominent place in the theological history of his country, becoming conscious of the insecurity of the foundation on which he had induced many good and able men to rest their faith, and regarding with complacency for himself the proximate refuge of an infallible Church, drew with a masterly hand a picture of the divisions and difficulties of Protestantism, of the emptiness and discomfort of all forms of private judgment, and, after exhausting every phase of independent belief, left his bewildered reader to choose between Atheism and Rome.'

We need hardly tell our readers that the 'subtle dialectician' to whom reference is here made is Doctor Newman; but as if to show the world that there may be subtlety *without* dialectics, the writer has woven together, in the short compass of ten lines, some important truths with some outrageous misrepresentations. It is true

that Dr. Newman holds a prominent place in the theological history of his country; but it is *not* true that *he* has induced men to rest their faith on an insecure foundation. It is true that he has most ably exposed 'the divisions and difficulties of Protestantism,' as indeed had been done long before him by Bossuet in the '*Variations des Eglises Protestantes*;' but it is *not* true, as insinuated in the lines quoted above, and more plainly stated in the succeeding context, that the eminent convert showed an absence of tenderness of conscience, and gentleness of heart, or was actuated by 'contemptuous pity and malicious pleasure.' But thus it ever is with our opponents when they speak or write of our efforts for their everlasting welfare. We *must* be in the wrong. Like the Jews, who were equally displeased with the asceticism of St. John, and the genialness of our Lord, they *must* have some fault to find; and this simply because they are alike pre-determined against conviction.

Another amusing instance of the same thing is afforded by a paper in the last number of *Fraser's Magazine*, entitled 'Protestantism from a Roman Catholic point of view.' It is a notice of the learned Father Perrone's *Catechismo interno del Protestantismo ad uso del Popolo*: and gives considerable extracts from the work, in order that Protestants, seeing how much better they are than the Father represents them, may lift up their eyes in holy wonder, and say, 'Are *such* representations of us necessary for Romish purposes? What a virtual confession those purposes are bad!' But, as generally occurs in cases of the kind, the writer has overshot his mark; for thousands of candid Protestants (and it is only for such, of course, that we Catholics write,) are continually lamenting the very defects pointed out by Perrone, and would fain find their way into the Church, did not traditional prejudice and misrepresentation, or the scandal given by bad Catholics, or the overpowering weight of some worldly interest, keep them where they are. But why need we speak of those who are still Protestants? Look at the thousands who have joined us, and *are* joining us every year, and month, and week. Is it not a fact that one can hardly enter into any company of Englishmen without meeting some one who numbers a relative or friend among the '*perverts*?' And could this be the case, if, as the writer in *Fraser* pretends, it were necessary, in order to gain men, that their religion should be misrepresented to them? Surely they know their *own* religion sufficiently well, (however little as yet they may know of *ours*,) to be able to distinguish between a drawing and a caricature!

But let us look at some of these statements of F. Perrone which this writer pretends are so grossly exaggerated that a Protestant has nothing to do but turn away his eyes with contempt when he has begun to peruse them. He gives, we are told, 'the usual Roman Catholic definition of the word (Protestantism)—the rebellion of all the modern sects against the Catholic Church.' And what definition, we ask, can be fairer? What is a *protest against authority* but a rebellion? Let any Protestant try and place himself, in

imagination, in the sixteenth century, and realize to his own thoughts the change that must have come over him in *becoming* a Protestant. He had been reared in the bosom of the Church, and had never doubted any one of her tenets. All at once he hears of the lustful Henry's putting down her power in England, or of Luther's burning the Pope's bull in Germany, or of the iconoclasm of Switzerland. Supposing him influenced to imitate these people, what is his conduct but a *rebellion* against the spiritual power to which he had been made subject at his baptism?

Again, Dr. Perrone is represented as stating that 'the doctrines of Protestantism are most difficult of determination, since they change with the moon, every man being permitted to interpret the Bible according to his own fashion.' And is not this, we again ask, the glory and the boast of Protestantism? Nay, does it not go *farther* than this, and deny that any man, or body of men, has a right to dictate *what is* the Bible, and what is not? Hence the multiplicity of opinions, not only as to the meaning of Scripture, but as to the books that constitute it;—some rejecting the Canticles, others the Apocalypse, and others again, and those in the very high places of Anglicanism, denying the necessity of any canon at all—and indeed quite consistently, on the supposition that there is no infallible Church to *decide* that canon.

'It would be well,' continues Dr. Perrone, as represented in *Fraser*, 'if Protestantism were nothing worse than this; but it professes doctrines horrible in theory, and immoral in practice; an outrage against God and man, injurious to society, and contrary to good sense and modesty.' Well: is not the Protestant doctrine of divorce an instance of all this? According to it, in order to obtain, as a wife, her who is the wife of another, a man has only to succeed in inducing her to crime. Then, if her husband can afford it, she is divorced by act of the 'omnipotent' parliament, and can marry the partner of her guilt. And yet the scribe in *Fraser* represents Protestants 'as desirous to know where the doctrines are to be found that sanction such enormities.'

But poor Perrone cannot please even when he candidly allows that 'many Protestants, *comprising the most numerous class of the people*, knowing nothing of the meaning of the new Gospel, went on in good faith, traditionally preserving Catholic teaching, and still preserve probity in the midst of Protestantism, ignorant of its corrupting doctrines.' This liberal and charitable admission of the good Jesuit is referred by the writer in *Fraser* to 'fear he had gone too far' for the 'capacious swallow' of his pupils &c. But we must strongly protest against the conclusion drawn, half in jest and half in earnest, by his reviewer. 'Ignorant,' says he, 'as he makes out that most of us are of the corrupting doctrines of Protestantism, we may perhaps console ourselves with the thought that we are Catholics without knowing it, and therefore not beyond the pale of salvation.' Not so fast, Mr. Reviewer. This consolation is not for such as you, *who know too well* what you are doing when you write in this strain. It is for the *uneducated*: thousands

of whom, if they had *your* light, would leave the shams of Protestantism, and betake themselves to their only true home.

But the most bare-faced thing in the article is the writer's numbering, among Perrone's exaggerations, his statement that 'in some countries penal laws have been in force against Catholics for upwards of two centuries: in others they are still visited with confiscation of their property;' and again, that 'Protestants on principle foment hatred against Catholics, endeavouring to deprive them of employment, and even of bread itself.' Why, these facts are as notorious as the sun at noon-day; and there is not a day which he gladdens with his light, that does not witness some special manifestations of this spirit.—So, again the following picture by Perrone is known by every well-informed Englishman to be a perfect likeness.

'In England religion is a confusion of ideas: the people are split into a hundred sects: the Established Church does not know what it believes or not: the so-called bishops are so many vile slaves who fatten on the enormous incomes which the government pays them: benefices are put up to auction, and the newspapers advertise that in such and such a living there is little to do, much to enjoy: lastly, the articles are so elastic that every one understands them in his own fashion. English Protestants, taken in the mass, are more than any other nation given up to immorality, sensuality, robbery, homicide, and suicide, as may be seen by statistical tables.'

Will our readers believe that, when Dr. Perrone represents his pupil answering to all this, 'Truly, I should never have believed it,' the scribe in *Fraser* adds, 'Neither need you,' although he knows perfectly well that it is true! He pretends, moreover, that the Doctor's book is so exaggerated as to defeat its object, and will make 'converts to Protestantism of some who might have remained Catholics all their lives long.' We should like to see an instance of this kind; and surely, if such exist, they can be pointed out by this time; for, as the writer in *Fraser* goes on *fearfully* to acknowledge, the book, though published only last year, has gone through a second edition.

Of a very different character from either the *Edinburgh* or *Fraser*, is a recently-established periodical called *The National Review*, the recent number of which concludes with an elaborate article entitled 'Personal Influences on our present theology: Newman—Coleridge—Carlyle.' The writer 'sees, or deems he sees,' under the widely-different developments made by these three minds, a certain unity of principle; and regards them as having been mainly influential in causing that undoubted desertion of the dried technicalities of Calvinism, for something more living and more genial, which forms so marked a feature in the present time. Of Newman, in particular, he allows, 'in the whole influence of his personality and writings, a great preponderance of good;' and agrees with Thirlwall, that the Oxford movement has given rise to more valuable theology than had appeared for a long time previous.' But what

we wish principally to remark, with respect to this able, though somewhat too mystical, writer, is, that he unconsciously affords, like so many of his Protestant brethren, an admirable witness for Catholicity; which could not desire a better expression of her essential basis than is given in the following words: 'The private conscience ceases to be private, the public claim to be merely public, when both are to us the instant pleadings of His will. In obeying them, we yield neither to a mixed multitude of our own kind, whose average voice is no better than our own, nor even to our mere higher self; but to the august Revealer of whatever is pure, and just, and true. In enforcing its traditions and inheritance of right, the Society is not proudly riding on its own arbitrary will, but recognising the trust committed to it and serving as the organism of eternal rectitude.'

In contrast with this Divine Society of the Catholic Church, what is 'private judgment' when trusted as a guide? What but, as the very term (*judicium privatum*) implies, a judgment deprived of that help and light which it *might* obtain but for its perverse self-conceit or unhappy traditional bias.

On the whole, then, we have little cause to congratulate ourselves on the general tone of modern Protestant literature towards Catholicity. But perhaps it is as well that it should be so. The adoption of a pseudo-liberal style of sentiment towards us could be productive of no benefit, and might lead to bad results. So long as men are out of the Church they cannot be expected to love her, and it is better their dislike should be expressed. One thing, however, we have a right to insist, while yet it is a thing we do not get, and that is, *fairness*. If the *Times*, for instance, as is generally the case, adopts some misrepresentation of Catholic doings, and is better informed by a Catholic correspondent, how seldom has the editor the honesty to insert the letter! How carefully too, do the newspapers exclude such accounts of foreign affairs as set Catholicism in a favourable light! All this looks as if there were a systematic understanding that it is dangerous to let Protestants know the truth, and that their system can stand only on partial representation. Our only comfort is that this style of thing generally overrates itself, and makes enquirers suspect that they have been hoodwinked. Indeed, we suspect there are few converts who would not attribute their conversion, under God, partly to this very *false-ness* on the part of heresy; and one of the most learned of them, the late Dr. Jerrard told us that after reading Labbe's sixteen folio volumes his exclamation was: 'How have I been deceived by the Protestant accounts of the great councils!'

We now wish to devote our remaining space to a few remarks, suggested by two of the periodical writers we have been quoting, on the common use of the terms *Conversion* and *Perversion*. The speaker or writer generally uses these in reference to his own system of belief. If this has gained a neophyte, he is called a *convert*: if it has lost one, such a person is said to have been *perverted*. But any mind which looks a little below the surface

will not be satisfied with this easy mode of distinguishing the terms. He will search a little deeper, and in doing so will light upon what, if he be sincere, will be of no small use in assisting his religious enquiries. The word *conversion* properly means a *turning together* of many minds to one standard, which is to guide them in common; and, if so, *perversion*, as the *opposite* to *conversion*, must mean a falling off from unity, a dispersing into varieties of teaching, all of which, of course, are equally uncertain. Now this is decisive of the whole question. The *Edinburgh Reviewer*, as we have seen, accuses Dr. Newman of having induced men to rest their faith on an insecure foundation. Now, we would ask the Reviewer what he makes of the following passage of St. Paul to the Corinthians, as it is found in the authorized English version: 'I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same things, and there be no division among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.' Does not this imply such a *common standard* as we hinted above, by consulting which, *and by no other method*, it is possible to attain that perfect unity to which the Apostle exhorts? No serious Protestant will say he was exhorting to what is impossible. Well, then, must not that system of religion be true which *alone* enables men to *obey* the exhortation? And is not this the Catholic religion; the professors of which, whether living by the Mersey or the Missouri, in Canada or at Melbourne, are 'all perfectly joined in the same mind and judgment' on every thing which has been declared by the Apostolic See to be a part of divine revelation? And hence it follows that 'an infallible Church,' that 'proximate refuge for himself' which the Reviewer says Dr. Newman regarded with complacency, is essential to the very idea of a revelation from God. If the Church is fallible, and men have no certain means of knowing what the truth is, or what it means, they unconsciously blaspheme when they pretend to be possessed of a revelation; for they virtually accuse God of leaving them liable to deception while professing to reveal his truth to them. And hence, the choice between 'Atheism and Rome,' which the *Edinburgh Reviewer* thinks it was so wicked in Dr. Newman to hint, is just the simple choice which every mind *must* make which is determined to grapple with the argument at every step, and not to be put off with shams and expediences. 'You will see,' said a Swedenborgian to us one day lately, 'that in another twelvemonth or so there will be no Pope.' We answered, 'we will just as soon believe that in another twelvemonth or so there will be no God.' The words seem strange, and they should seem so; but the evidence for the Papal authority rests on precisely the same foundation as supports our belief in our Almighty Ruler. Resist one, and we may easily resist the other; and believe, like so many thousands of the present day, in nothing more than a necessary and mechanical first cause, without moral attributes, and to whom therefore no account must be rendered.

THE TRAVIATA CONTROVERSY.

We have no wish to court 'public opinion' in the case of this notorious controversy; *on its account* we neither desire to swell the tide of angry denunciation, nor, on the other hand, to lend any assistance to the supporters of this opera, and the friends of its heroine; we take up the question after full knowledge of most that has been said in condemnation, and urged in excuse; and after having attentively witnessed the representation ourselves.

It has been said that the English public takes a fit of morality about once in the seven years; and that the cause of the excitement or anger having passed, our virtue goes quietly to sleep for seven years more. It would appear that the 'cry' lately got up about the last work of Signor Verdi, which has driven it into notoriety, and acquired for it and its *troupe* in the present case, a degree of notice glaringly undeserved, is a genuine instance of this; and that the effort is too spasmodic, and in the particular case, comparatively too little called for, to be productive of any good to morality as certainly must have been sincerely contemplated by *some* of *Il Traviata's* censors. It has been urged on the other hand, and in some degree argued by our own body, that the first condemnation was well deserved, and that its representation is criminal, and should be legally prohibited. Now we are not prompted to advert to the matter because of the angry virtue of one side, or even by the sincere disapproval of the other; we avail ourselves of the attention at present devoted to the subject, to place before the readers of *MAGA*, why *she* condemns it.

The first test of *Il Traviata's* being unfit for our amusement and unworthy of our leisure hour, we hold to be that we dare not give any analysis of its story. The common excuse for its representation is that the *libretto* is no worse than that of many other operas, hitherto unattacked. Now we fancy the reply that first rises to the lips of the most feeble reasoner on the other side is, that such an excuse is simply no excuse at all. If other immoral stories or painful spectacles are so far permitted that there is a ban over the theatre for many clever and gifted minds who might otherwise honour it and please themselves—is it any reason that an additional one should be added; that a further step downward should not be arrested; that towards regeneration no beginning should ever be made? Because indeed day by day the English stage is sinking lower and lower, until the Parisian vice hitherto translated only to lesser theatres, has at last polluted the highest scenic abodes in these islands; those who have all along mourned the sorrow and excitement accepted from hideous vice, are forsooth to take no notice of the compunction on the part of its hitherto supporters; and are to lose the opportunity of crying 'out with it for ever?' Truly that fine sense of the beauty of virtue, and the loveliness of innocence which before now has damned many works of fiction, cannot approve of the highest art rendering familiar the lowest vice; or of our sympathies being excited by witnessing the lawlessness of passion, and the glitter of crime.

We cannot therefore too warmly express our hope that this commencement of better times may be followed up 'for goodness sake,' and with a view to morals and religion, in endeavouring to purify our degenerate theatrical times. We attended this opera with intentions altogether abstracted from preconceived notions, and from what we had heard on the subject; and with a determination to defend *Il Traviata* if it proved to be slandered, or if not, to cordially support its condemnation; consequently its repulsiveness for us is altogether inherent in what we saw. It appears to every-day people like ourselves that the present question is not one affecting women alone, as the journals which first took up the subject seem more or less to imagine; we do not attempt to condemn the opera, merely on account of the so-called 'knowledge' it may impart; or argue here that men may be allowed more information than would be proper for our fair friends. Indeed, often as we have heard the contrary asserted, we have never had occasion to reverse our own opinion, that what a woman *may* know, bystanders may safely leave to her own taste, and her own conscience; while what a man *does* know, is obviously nothing to her. But on whichever side the balance of 'knowledge' may be, it must be granted that so long as the world remains as it is, there must be innumerable occurrences absolutely unfit for conversation or discussion between both sides. Now this latter—a mere truism we take it—is a very striking point of view from which *Il Traviata, et hoc genus omne*, may be regarded, and is inevitably one from which it must be condemned.

With reference to the first part of the acting we have rarely met with anything more fascinating; and the more so, no doubt, because the poverty of the music throws our attention almost altogether on the acting. In this particular Madlle. Piccolomini is highly accomplished. We are now and again wound up in her destiny and pained by her sorrow. But what is the result;—we shake off our enthusiasm because it is in the cause of vice, and we are disgusted with the woman because she exhibits such deadly skill in the snares and temptations of crime!

And with reference to the second part, where that Fate secures her which, through the practised power of the actress, we saw strengthening its grasp upon her all along—we unhesitatingly state that anything more painful or disgusting, it is impossible to fancy; a slow, terrible death gradually grinding down the fair creature—evidences of suffering and the fearful cough which the absence of virtue or repentance urges us not to pity—until at last the unfortunate being, having spent her last accent in a final burst of passion, goes off for ever with what sounded to us a yell of agony! Oh, it was very horrible.

We do not even address the love of virtue and purity alone amongst our readers in urging them to lend their voices to denounce such representations; we warn them also of the after memory which makes us almost shudder as we pen these lines.

AN INCIDENT OF HUMBLE LIFE.

O dream not, that the honest poor
 'Gainst human woes bear hearts of steel,
 Rough though their shell, their hearts can feel
 Keenly as yours or mine, be sure.

A youthful mother, drowned in grief,
 Image of Famine, gaunt and pale,
 Told me her melancholy tale;
 Once told, her woe might find relief.

'My husband, long a sickly man
 In subterranean mine entombed,
 To slow consumption early doomed,
 He perished, since the year began.

'This shivering infant, three weeks born,
 Dwindles away with want and cold;
 Her little sister, seven years old,
 From my poor heart was lately torn.

'To gain my living, through the land
 On foot I wander far and near,
 My daily pittance purchased dear,
 Dependent on no friendly hand.

'My elder child, beyond her years
 Meek partner of my weary walk,
 Beguiled the way with prattling talk,
 Till weariness provoked her tears.

'At last she pined; the dire disease,
 Which drew her father from me, came
 To seize her, too; her tender frame
 Shook with a cough which nought could ease.

'My room is small, and cold, and bare,
 A heap of straw is all our bed;
 She could not raise her aching head;
 We could not starve; I left her there.

'I wandered far, from door to door,
 Few words of kindness by the way;
 Faded at last the wintry day,
 Night found me famished and foot-sore.

'Grim night descended on the town,
 Across the lamps the snow-flakes fell;
 Past doors where rich and happy dwell,
 I staggered home; and, stooping down,

'Felt through the dark my child was dead!—
 Dead in that dreary room, alone;
 No love to soothe her dying moan,
 No pillow for her sinking head.

'A light I borrowed. All was o'er;
 The feeble tide of life had run,
 Fatigue and cold for her were done,
 Hunger and pain would come no more.

' My child, my child ! Her parting sigh
 Would I had heard. O did I err,
 That bitter day, in leaving her
 All by herself, alone to die ?'—

' No, stricken one ; I well believe
 A mother's hand she never missed ;
 Her brow fair sister-spirits kissed,
 Waiting her spirit to receive.

' His smile, the light of Paradise,
 Glanced warmly through that friendless room
 Drawing, beyond its wintry gloom,
 Up to His light, her filming eye.'—

' God bless you sir, for all you say.'—
 Tumult of woe was hushed in calm,
 To her bruised heart the hope was balm ;
 And, thanking me, she went her way.

J. A. S.

 DYRBINGTON.

The two girls seated themselves near the fire to chat about the various occurrences of the strange day—for some minutes neither spoke as they looked into the blaze, at length Anna, said "I feel so strange being here, where my mother's family were servants! Yet here am I with *you*—How easily people are changed. I too might have been a servant here; and yet I cannot fancy myself such; these things have come so easily to me.

"It is all education and association. But you were never quite like other people; you have had extraordinary parents, and have been so carefully seen after, and brought up with such a kind good strictness, and then *your brother*."

"But also there has been *your brother*, Mary. I think that things may have come more easily for his being my foster-brother, and for your father being my sponsor, and for my frequent visits to Lullingstone, and for your coming to see us; yes, there is a great deal in association. The things that indicate independence and wealth have been familiar to me from childhood, and I always longed for education. Even now, it has not lost its fascination. I shall like going back next week. Yet, as soon as I am separated from so much that I love, I shall think of my return, next year, with impatience."

"I wonder why Mr. Dyrbington tried you, as he called it, about those good old people in the village. It was the only disagreeable thing that I ever heard him say."

"I was thinking of it just now. I felt so wretched, and so angry. I would rather give up every new friend in the world than one of those old ones. I would rather have a smile from one of them than

the praises of the greatest people on earth. I would not have them say that Anna Julian had forgotten them, and was proud; I wouldn't give pain now that we are rich, to any to whom it was right and natural to give pleasure when we were poor."

"That is right, Anna. I love to hear you speak so. Do you know, that a long time since, when Edward was at school, he said the same sort of thing to me, when holding my pony, as he used to do, on the sands. I have never forgotten it, or him either; how good and beautiful he looked when he spoke. I quite loved him for it."

"I am not insensible to the advantages of the station into which fortune has raised me," said Anna, "but I love my old station notwithstanding. It had its pleasures and its hopes, its labours and its rewards. I pray that the future which is now before me may have as much happiness as—as—as I used to expect." Anna's voice faltered. Her future had scarcely dawned—why did she fear?

Mary looked up; then gave a look around her. "Dear Anna, my contemplative Anna—I know your future. Hereafter, if we live, we shall meet as women, a little more than women, perhaps; you will be *well married*—many years before you will have married. You will have married some person whom, at this moment, we have never seen, or if seen, never thought of for a moment. You will be happy, Oh very happy, Anna; don't look so sad or so frightened. I am reading your fortune, it is a very good one; don't you like it?"

"Oh don't Mary!"

"You are not civil, Anna. The coffee did me good. I like this adventure of ours very well, and it's just a time to say things that could not sound well at any other time. I am going on with your destiny."

"No—Mary, pray don't."

"Well, then, Anna. Hereafter—you know that we shall never forget this night—hereafter Lady A or Lady B shall make me her full confession."

"Oh, never!" Anna covered her blushing face with her hands. "No Mary, if not *now*, never, never *then*!"

"Look at me," said Mary.

Anna uncovered her face and looked as she was bid.

"Anna there is something."

"Stop, Mary, I won't have you say that there is a thought in your heart;" Anna's face was a look of agony. Mary turned aside her head, and looking at the fire spoke in her usual soft gentle way.

"After all you will be happy. Lady A and Lady B are very happy Anna, and smile very good sensible smiles when they think of their youth's romantic thoughts, and of confidential conversations where nothing was confided. And to do so is quite right. Their husbands have been in precisely the same predicament. I am informed that school-boys at a very early age discover that they have

hearts, and that youths at college fall desperately in love. Oh Anna! don't start—Yes, I have really said—*love*—never mind, you know that we have been *thinking* of it all the time! So my Lord and my Lady, having each dreamt their dream and having each awaked, a little the worse for the pushing and pulling about, and knocks and rubs that attended the operation of being brought fully to themselves again—they marry each other, and are fond of each other, and they look back with good sensible smiles, I repeat it, on such folk as you and me."

"Is that the way you intend to marry, Mary?"

"Oh dear no!" This was very quickly, very positively said, "Oh dear, no!"

"Tell me about yourself, then."

"No, my dear Anna." Mary spoke gently and tenderly now.

"But why not?"

"Because *my* marrying—*my* falling-in-love depends on that other thing—is subservient to that other thing"—

"Of which we never talk," added Anna. "But you have said that this night is just the night for talking of untalked-of things—so say it all to me now; I want to know. Your falling in love will be?"

"As religion permits," said Mary.

"I don't understand it."

"Why not?"

"It would make the impulse of the heart so stiff, cold, formal, a bondage, an imprisonment."

"Oh Anna! what are you saying?" said Mary.

"Something horrible to you, perhaps—but just what I feel, notwithstanding."

"Then you don't know what religion means."

"Do you Mary, know what love means?"

"I know what it is."

"Tell me."

"Wedded love is the ordinary state, in which, by God's will, we live with each other."

"Go on."

"It is the joy of Paradise which has out-lived the fall."

"Go on," said Anna again, more interested.

"It is God's great gift to us for our consolation, encouragement, happiness. Do you think that I could wish to take so great a bounty except from the Giver's hand?"

"But you might love and be deserted, deceived, and made miserable?"

"Yes, while sin is in the world, I might suffer so."

"And what then?"

"Then I would turn to my God with security for strength and consolation. He will heal the suffering spirit of such as have never shunned His sight."

"I should be broken hearted, I should droop, I should die," said Anna, drearily.

"You would die in that furnace of affliction, which, to a Catholic, would be a purifying fire. You would die because you had acted in your own strength.

"Mary, tell me; do you think you could love so well as I could?"

"Oh, better than you, Anna; much better," said Mary, half laughing, and kissing Anna's upturned enquiring face.

"But tell me seriously, I want to know."

"More boldly, because I should have nothing to fear; more fervently, because I could not take what God gives with anything less than all my heart; and more solemnly, because marriage is a sacrament. My dear Anna," said Mary Westrey, her face beaming with admiration, "I intend to love with all my heart."

"I did not know that Catholics were so romantic," said Anna gravely, "I thought you fancied romance was wrong."

"Your romance perhaps, I don't know," said Mary, "but not mine. My romance is truth united by a sacrament to God. It is a treasure for the right use of which I shall answer at the Judgment. Anna, you are like a motherless child who would enjoy a treat away from the sight of one whose kindness is suspected. I am a child to whom a good parent is saying—Take it my daughter, I intended it for you—it is yours. My spirit is freer, happier, than yours; I am sustained and protected. I am safe."

Mary rose up to go to bed. Anna proceeded to light a candle for her. She performed the ceremony with great deliberation, and on presenting it, said—"Well Mary, but we need not marry at all."

Mary laughed. "Oh, Anna, you think about it every day; you wonder, you imagine, you hope, you fear; I can see it in your face. You are restless while I am at peace. You hurry your thoughts into the future, I wait for the future to come to me—no—I won't say whether I may marry or not."

"You *will* marry, Mary!"

"Good night, Anna."

"Good night."

She opened the door of the little bed-room. "How bright the room looks. How tempting those white covers and hangings—and I am really tired. Don't be long, Anna. I leave all Martha's instructions about the fire to you for their fulfilment. I shall soon be asleep."

"Do you know that it is still very early!" said Anna. "It is not nine o'clock; but I shall not linger here very long. Good night."

When Mary was gone, Anna drew her arm-chair nearer to the fire, wrapped round her the embroidered garment, half-cloak and half dressing-gown, which Martha had supplied out of certain stores of Dyrbington property which had been supplied to her on some past occasion, and gave way freely to her thoughts.

It seemed to her that Mary had been saying things strange, yet

true. She thought that the bright change which had fallen on her path in life might not be a change of entire happiness. She thought that the freedom she had as yet enjoyed—the knowledge of life and its luxuries, life and its hopes, life and its enjoyments—would not always last; could not last when the season of girlhood had passed, and the time of womanhood had come. She felt that before her there were cares and trials. That she should have to suffer, to relinquish, to submit herself to the force of circumstances—that she should have to resign the happy exercise of her own will, that she should be free no more.

Why? Her heart, heaving and fearful asked, why? The answer came. Because over such as occupy prominent places in the world, that world has power.

Her thoughts had fled back to that last day of seeing Harold. Perhaps she should never see him again. Perhaps in those coming years, under those new circumstances she should see him—see him as she had so often seen him; at his work, with his busy hammer; with strong arms bending the wood; with straining limbs, gaining by hard labour his honest livelihood—his daily bread. Why did the tears rush to her eyes? Why did she rise quickly from her seat, and lean against the high marble chimney-piece in an attitude of such sorrowful meditation? At this moment she started, for she thought she heard an unusual sound. She looked carefully and cautiously all round the room. There was nothing to be seen; but the noise came again, more distinctly than before, and as if very near her. She felt the blood forsake her cheek, and held by the chimney-piece trembling, and listening with high-wrought earnestness. Again! It was a sound like the forcible opening of a door, not by the lock, but by the means of some instrument which might force the hinges. It was an idea which presented itself clearly to her mind, and as it came, again and again, she went cold all over; and in a tremor of alarm expected every minute that the draperies would move aside and a forcible entry be completed into the room in which she stood.

She really could not move, her feet felt either nailed or converted into lead, she had no power to stir; but the acuteness of her hearing increased painfully, and she felt her eyes wide open, and fixed in helpless staring on the satin drapery behind which that persevering sound was heard too plainly to admit of any doubt of what it was, or where. The recollection of the long dreary way by which they had reached these rooms, of their distance from the inhabited part of the house, of their utterly helpless position came upon Anna with sickening reality. On went the sound. It seemed to become louder and louder. She could distinctly hear that wood-work was giving way before the efforts that were being made. Somebody was close by—engaged in making a forcible entrance into their rooms—no reasonable person could doubt it—no creature acquainted with the sound of tools and the cracking, splitting, and giving way of wood, could question what those sounds indicated—

and—Heaven help them—they were alone! Still Anna's eyes were fixed on the drapery behind which those sounds issued, and still she held for support by the chimney-piece, feeling that fright alone kept her from fainting, but that at the first movement of that damask she might die!

Then just as she felt wrought up to the utmost pitch of endurance, when she felt that to retain her consciousness a moment would be impossible, that the sound of rushing waters were in her ears, and an icy feeling was crossing through her frame—the sound ceased! By a powerful effort she recalled her energies—all was still. From head to foot spread a sudden heat, a superhuman quickness of apprehension seemed to possess her—every faculty became acutely alive, and suddenly endowed with increased power, and heightened sensibility. She listened, not a sound was heard but that of the consuming coal.

A few soft, swift steps took her to the bed-room door. The fire glowed on the snowy bed, and the soft light rested on Mary's sleeping face. It was all profoundest calm.

Still as marble stood Anna Julian in the door-way; her posture hesitating; her ear still listening.

What was she to do?

She had scarcely asked herself the question when the sound came again. But this time—why, could not be told—this time she was not as before overcome with fright. She listened attentively, with a reasoning ear, to discover exactly, if she could, whence it came. She was sure that it was behind that ruby damask drapery. Was there a window there? She would see. Softly she stepped to that side of the room. She grasped the curtain; it separated in its fulness and she pushed one part aside. Before her there was something—perhaps a window—shutters were closed on it. She determined to see what the shutters concealed. There was no way of fastening back the curtains. She must not let them fall behind her, for she should be in darkness if she did. She got two heavy chairs, and so placed them that she could throw the drapery across their backs, and so get light and freedom. Then she brought a candle, and by it examined the fastenings of the shutters. They were very slight, and insufficient for any purpose of protection. She removed them gently; for now that she was engaged in her work of discovery she purposely sought to be as quiet as possible, and not to awake Mary. When the shutters were unfastened and taken down, there appeared behind them not a window, but an aperture closed by small doors, which were so slight that through them the sound of the workman and his tools was heard with as much distinctness as if he and they had been in the same room with Anna; and also these slight doors were so shrunk that where they had met together in the centre there was an aperture wide enough to admit of the insertion of a finger for the purpose of opening them.

Anna looked at them thoughtfully. "There is some one on the

other side—they must open into a room—if I open them the light from this room will discover me—and what then?" Again she considered; and in a moment her course was fixed upon. "I must release those heavy curtains, then I shall stand here in safety, behind them, in the dark. Then, if I open these doors—he must have a light whoever he is—I shall be able to look into the room, and satisfy my own mind without being myself discovered. I will do so."

Anna turned round, pulled the curtains from the chairs that had supported them, closed them carefully to shut out the light, and then turned round again, and her hands passed over the doors till they found the aperture in the middle.

One door is open full three inches, a light comes creeping through pale and dim, and there is the sound of a chisel as if employed in forcing open the lid of a box. Anna's heart beats quickly, why? they are such familiar sounds! And the old work-shop and her father, and—but stay! The sound of a hammer is heard. It is a simple sound—why does Anna start, and her heart beat loud and her cheek flush, and her eyes gleam so strangely bright? It is heard again—two quick hard strokes; then after a pause, another, deliberately; and then one more, just like a tap of approbation. How slight a thing suffices to bring truth to the mind—to bring knowledge, certainty; belief that cannot be persuaded away! Anna had heard those strokes before—a hundred times she had heard them—she had often smiled at the meaning that seemed to dwell in them—one only had ever made them—she heard, and *he* was there!

For an instant she pressed her hands upon her side to quell the throbbing within. "Stop—peace—fortitude—I *must* know; I *must* see. I am not dreaming—it is all true; it is Dyrbington—it is Anna Julian—now!" She gently forced open the door as far as it could go. She looked into a room long and narrow, and not on the same level as that in which she was, for where she stood she was near to its ceiling. At the further end there was a raised platform from which a descent was made by means of five or six steps to the main floor. This raised platform was close to Anna's right hand, for she was looking across the room where she stood, and not down its length. Towards the centre of the room stood a figure with two or three large packing cases about him. They had contained pictures, and the tools on the floor by his side showed that he had lately been engaged in taking them from their enclosures. Two flaring oil lamps were burning near him, and he now stood contemplating the painting that lay on the ground before him. It was Harold.

Anna stood firm and stedfast as a rock.

There stood Harold, not as he had been last seen by her, but strangely changed into an indescribable picturesqueness. The lights cast their full glare upon him. He was standing with little more than his side-face shown to her, but his attitude was one of exqui-

site grace, and his appearance was so full of dignity, that that grand noble benignant beauty which had so often been observed in him seemed to have heightened and expanded, since she had last seen him, to its utmost development.

At last he changed that musing posture, and looked about him with a quick vivacity. He was searching for something. On the platform so near to where Anna was situated, there stood two chairs and a rude sort of desk. He ran towards them, bringing one of the lights in his hand. He was very close to Anna now. His object was to form these chairs and this desk into a temporary easel, upon which he could place the picture he had been examining. The idea was soon accomplished; he returned to the platform bearing his treasure with him, and put it on the apparatus he had contrived. Then he placed the lamps so as to throw light upon it properly, and when done he stepped back under where Anna stood, and gazed upon it as she did also.

It was a picture of herself—standing, and gazing on the Dyrbington crucifix! The blue earnest eyes were raised upwards, the long golden coloured hair hung back from her upturned face, and fell in rich luxuriance on her shoulders, and strayed over a dress of a colour deep, dark, and undefined, except where the light fell upon its glossy folds and showed the brilliance of its hue, and the richness of its texture. But the light on the golden ringlets—the brightness on the velvet robe were as nothing to the glory that dwelt upon the countenance of that figure—the innocence, the earnestness, the devotion of that face spoke more of heaven than earth; and on those opening lips there dwelt a prayer—some great thing that young girl was asking, something beyond man's power to give; something she knew not how to obtain, except by prayer and faith. It was a countenance such as is never lifted up to man; never to fellow-mortal has such a face of hope and love, of trust and confidence been raised; on it was the reflection of the things that belong to God; and when Anna looked upon that face she wept. She sunk softly on her knees, she glided down gently out of its sight, and she sunk her head upon her breast and wept.

"Ah no," she said within herself, "that is not me. It may be *my* face, but *his* spirit rests upon it. Oh, am I to be called *above him*—too great for *him*? too great for one who loves so purely; above one who can feel like *that*!"

But again the spirit is hushed within her. She hears a voice. She hears footsteps, they are going from her; the light also is departing; they are gone. And still Anna remained on her knees amid the falling drapery, in darkness and in prayer.

She did not know how long she staid there. But after a time she crept out softly, replaced the shutter, and laid herself down to rest.

Martha, true to her promise, came to them early in the morning. "Had they slept well?" "Yes," Mary said, "Quite well and soundly." "Would they breakfast in the room where they had

supped?"—"Yes, if Martha pleased." "Well, she had brought back their riding-habits. They were quite dry."

The morning was fair and bright. By the time they had breakfasted Lord Westrey had come for them. Mr. Dyrbington sent them his love, he was engaged and could not see the young ladies that morning. And so, by an early hour Mary and Anna were returning to Lullingstone.

But Anna had contrived to get Martha alone for a few moments, and to say to her that there had been the previous night a noise like the forcing open of packing cases. "Ah, yes," Martha had said; "I was afraid that you might have heard it. I did not know of it till this morning."

"What was it?" asked Anna.

"Oh, the young German artist opening some pictures to show to Master. He is with him now; That's the reason he can't see you this morning; dear Master, he's always helping somebody."

Anna said no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ROAD OF THE STARS.

CHAP. II.

If Europe was the last of three great continents to receive the secrets of star-knowledge, she soon surpassed the rest in its cultivation. From Spain, the study of the stars passed to the north of Europe; two German astronomers, Purbach, and Muller, of Königsberg, better known as Regiomontanus, were much distinguished, towards the close of the fifteenth century. The birth of Nicholas Copernicus, at Thorn, in Polish Prussia, in 1473, is the commencement of a new era in astronomy. He made choice of the ecclesiastical profession, and rose to the dignity of canon in the church of Thorn. The stars were his favourite study; and from long and close observation of their motions, he was forcibly led to the conclusion at which the Greek astronomers had arrived two thousand years before, that the centre of the solar system is not the earth, but the sun. Other observers of the starry heavens had shrewdly suspected, and had taught the same truth; one of the most distinguished of them was Nicholas Cardinal Cusa, author of a treatise entitled *De docta Ignorantia*. They, however, were content to hold it as a speculative opinion; Copernicus, encouraged by several high dignitaries of the Church, sought to establish it by elaborate argument, in a work, *De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium*, which although finished in 1530, did not see the light till 1543, a few hours before the death of its illustrious author. At that time the great mass of mankind had no more doubt that the sun and stars revolved round the earth, than of the most simple and self-evident

truth. Men saw, or thought they saw the sun dip down into the west at evening; they found him again in the morning evidently climbing the eastern heavens. Through the long winter nights, group after group of stars did the same, revolving round a stationary point, high up in the north. Human sight was a delusion, if the earth was not the centre of all these motions. Strange to say, the phraseology founded on this belief has survived the extinction of the belief itself; we still talk of sunrise and sunset, the universe, and the rest. Moreover, assent to this apparently self-evident truth was associated in the minds of Christians with the veracity of Scripture itself. Did not Scripture in many places announce the fact in so many words? To doubt or deny the fact was therefore openly to impugn the truth of the inspired volume.

Copernicus, and the other advocates of the heliocentric system of planetary motions, felt the magnitude of the opposition which awaited their doctrine; they maintained it with prudence and moderation, and where they found persons capable of weighing their arguments, they gained disciples. At that time indeed they had few facts of a decided character to point to, in confirmation of their view; none to compare with the overwhelming evidence in its favour, which almost immediately followed the discovery of the telescope, early in the seventeenth century.

Meanwhile, a subject of the King of Denmark drew the eyes of Europe to his observatory on the shores of the Baltic, by the value of his laborious observations among the stars. No astronomer before him had ever equalled Tycho Brahe in the accuracy of his methods. Yet Tycho Brahe was no Copernican. As a theorist, he was far inferior to himself as a patient observer. A few years later, a more distinguished theorist adopted his observations as the basis of three celebrated laws of planetary motion, which all but demonstrated the truth of what the Greek philosophers, and after them Copernicus and his school, had taught; and which ultimately proved the stepping-stone by which Newton accomplished his generalisation of all the known motions of the planets and their satellites round the sun. This eminent theorist was Kepler, a native of Wiel, in the duchy of Wirtemberg. Contemporary with him was a distinguished Scottish philosopher, Napier, of Merchiston, the original inventor of logarithms; a discovery, to use the language of a great French mathematician, 'which by reducing to a few days the work of several months, doubles, if we may so speak, the life of the astronomer.'

The name of Galileo is one which awakens varied emotions of admiration and of regret; of admiration for his surpassing genius, and the importance of his discoveries; of regret that his own imprudence and his ill-regulated impulses should have involved so brilliant a genius in a protracted contest with the public opinion of an age little able to appreciate the value of his contributions to human knowledge. The eye of Galileo was the first to witness, through the newly discovered telescope, the revolution of Jupiter's satellites round the planet, (1610) and the varying phases of Venus

in her change of position with regard to the sun; discoveries which, more immediately than any other proof then known, went to establish the truth of the Copernican system. The accumulation of evidence was further increased though not till after Galileo's death, by the observations of Richter on the retardation of the pendulum, as it is carried from the poles towards the earth's equator; thereby demonstrating the existence of the centrifugal force generated by the earth's rotation. The accumulation of evidence was again enriched by Roemer's and by Bradley's observations on the velocity of light as affecting the true places of the heavenly bodies; observations which prove the earth's motion in an annual orbit round the sun. Nothing further was wanting than that human vision should at last be enabled to perceive the earth's rotation; a superfluity of evidence which was at last in our own day furnished by a French philosopher, Foucault.

In the enthusiasm of his success, Galileo forgot every maxim of prudence; perhaps he underrated the strength of popular prejudice in favour of the old theory, which placed the centre of the universe in the earth. His candid biographer remarks that 'the boldness, may we not say the recklessness, with which Galileo insisted upon making proselytes of his enemies, served but to alienate them from the truth. Errors thus assailed speedily entrench themselves in general feeling, and become embalmed in the virulence of the passions.* Many persons must still remember the keen opposition with which the first advances of geological science against the older interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis were received in this country. A loud and persevering cry of infidelity and scepticism was raised against a new interpretation; one can hardly say that this cry has even now altogether ceased; among classes of persons, especially, either too indolent, or too much prejudiced, to undertake an examination of the folly of such an outcry. If such was the reception that awaited an innovation on popular opinion, in a country and in an age in which open questions regarding religion seem on the fair way ere long to include every fragment of revealed truth, we may imagine the storm which Galileo's new theory of Scripture interpretation had to encounter, in countries where the whole sum of revealed truth was regarded as a sacred deposit, to be highly prized, and jealously guarded. With fatal want of tact, and assisted by the sceptics of the day,† who hoped thus to undermine the authority of all religion, by establishing the new theory, as they thought, on the ruins of a venerable belief, the philosopher carried his controversy at once into the domain of religion, and contended warmly that Scripture was at least as much on his side, as on the side of his rivals. His keen attacks provoked bitter retaliation; the sacred language of Scripture was bandied about by the

* Sir David Brewster; *Martyrs of Science*; 46.

+ *Ibid* 47.

disputants, to the scandalous injury of religious reverence and the grief of good men.* With the imprudent tactics of its advocate, it was not easy to avoid confounding the system of philosophy which he defended; a system, of which only a few of the initiated had yet weighed the evidence, and of which the most conclusive proofs were yet unknown to any. Our calmer judgment, indeed, now that the dust of the conflict has long since disappeared and left us an unclouded view of its merits, can easily distinguish between the physical truth which Galileo sought to establish, and the indiscreet attempt on both sides to make Scripture an umpire in the cause. Scripture, as an important part of divine revelation, is designed to instruct mankind in the knowledge of God, and of their duty to Him and to each other. It is no part of the design of Scripture to enlighten mankind in the mysteries of science. Hence, the sacred writers, when they had occasion to refer to natural phenomena, made use of the language commonly current, at the time in which they wrote. If they had to describe a period of interruption in the course of the sun's apparent path, or its equivalent in the earth's rotation, they simply said that the sun stood still, as any one else would have done (Josue, x. 12, 13. See also *Isaias xxxviii.* 8.) If it should ever afterwards be proved that the sun in fact always stands still, and that his apparent motion is really due to the earth's rotation, and to its translation in space round the sun, such a subsequent proof ought not to be rejected, or distrusted, merely because the expression employed in Scripture to describe that motion corresponds to the theory of it generally accepted at a former period. The inspiration of the sacred writers was never designed to ensure scientific accuracy in their language; all that they aimed at, on points of minor importance, was to be intelligible as to the incident, or matter of fact.

But, indeed, if Scripture is minutely examined, it will be found quite as frequently using terms in exact accordance with the Copernican doctrines. Thus, Job declares that God "stretcheth out the earth over the empty space, and hangeth the earth on nothing." (*xxvi.* 7.) The latter expression remarkably corresponds with our knowledge of the earth as a globe, poised, or suspended in space, rather than with the older notion that the earth is a flat, solid mass, 'which cannot move at any time,' the very type of rest and stability. In like manner, if we carefully examine the account given in the fourth book of Kings, (*chap. xx.*, verses 9-11,) of the retrogression of the solar shadow, ten degrees in the sun-dial of Achaz, granted as a sign to Ezechias, we shall find that there is not an expression in the whole of it inconsistent with the immovable position of the sun with regard to the earth. While, in the account of the

* *Viri Galilei, quid statis aspicientes in cœlum* (*Acts* 1. 11.) was chosen by a Dominican friar, as the text of a discourse, in which he inveighed against Galileo's doctrine. 'Galileo's men' made ample reprisals.

same phenomenon, given by Isaias, (chap. xxxviii,) it is said that the sun returned ten lines by the degrees by which it was gone down; (verse 8.) The author of the book of Kings uniformly represents the shadow alone as moving.

In this unhappy struggle between Galileo and the supporters of the old, geocentric opinion, it is admitted by candid writers, like Sir D. Brewster, that the ecclesiastical authorities were certainly disposed to rest on the defensive, rather than interfere with the prosecution of science. In the very heat of the contest, Galileo addressed a letter to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, in which he draws an argument for his own side, from the fact that his predecessor, Copernicus, had dedicated his celebrated work to Pope Paul III, in order, as the German philosophers had expressly stated, that the authority of the Pontiff might silence the calumnies of his opponents, who combated his theory with quotations from Scripture wrested for the purpose.* If Galileo had promulgated his doctrines with the moderation of Copernicus, he would have found the supreme pontiff equally ready to protect him from the calumnies of his opponents.

But the contest had now grown so hot, that the tribunal of the Inquisition, as the appointed guardian of faith and morals within its own local jurisdiction, thought fit to interfere. Galileo, who had either voluntarily gone, or been summoned to Rome, was charged with teaching heretical novelties, and was enjoined to retract them. He complied, February 26, 1616, and was dismissed from the bar of the tribunal. That he was not regarded, even then, as a delinquent of a serious complexion, is evident from this, that only the following month he was admitted to an audience of Pope Paul V, which lasted for about an hour; his Holiness received him graciously, and assured him of his protection.

The accession, in 1623, of Galileo's personal friend, Cardinal Barberini, under the title of Urban VIII, opened up new prospects to the philosopher and his associates, of which they were not slow in availing themselves. Galileo paid another visit to Rome, where he was warmly received by the Pope. But the presents and the pension which Urban bestowed on him, must have seemed of less value to him than the declaration of his Holiness that the Church had not condemned his system; and that it should not be condemned as heretical, but only as rash. Age, however, had not yet taught the philosopher the commonest maxims of prudence. He again set to work to maintain his system through the medium of the press; and in a new work, as full of pungent wit, as of philosophy, he, in 1632, rebuilt the whole structure which the Inquisition had made him pull down in 1616. He had even the hardihood openly to ridicule the opinions of his patron, Urban VIII.; a sorry return for all his kindness, and especially for his protection, at the critical period of Galileo's trial before the Inquisition.

* Martyrs of Science—50.

Unless ecclesiastical authority were to be trampled under foot with impunity, the reckless conduct of Galileo could not pass unnoticed. It was not a contest any longer between rival systems of philosophy, but between authority and insubordination. Like many advocates with a good cause to defend, he placed himself and his cause in a false position by his method of conducting it. It was for his imprudent contumacy, rather than for his philosophical theory, that Galileo was a second time arraigned before the Inquisition; his theory, almost as a matter of course, was for the time implicated in the delinquency of its advocate, and shared his condemnation. But even then, the greatest deference was shown to his genius, and the utmost commiseration for his infirmities. Every indulgence was permitted him, even to the infringement of the rule and custom of the tribunal. The idea of torture, which some reckless triflers with historical truth have suggested, by way of casting a deeper shade on the transaction, was never entertained. Even if torture had been a common practice in the Roman Inquisition, it would have been unnecessary in Galileo's case; for he made no serious opposition, but conformed at once to the decision of the tribunal. On the 23rd June, 1633, he renounced his theory and its propagation, and remained the nominal prisoner of the Inquisition, at his own house at Arcetri, till his death, nine years later.

Throughout the whole of this melancholy story, we must bear in mind the distinction between the system of philosophy defended by Galileo, and his manner of defending it. As a system, supported by credible evidence, many members of the Catholic Church, some of them ecclesiastics of high rank, were actually teaching it, at the very time when the extravagant conduct of Galileo was bringing it into disrepute.* It is matter for extreme regret, that circumstances should ever have made it necessary for the Roman Inquisition to interfere in the manner it did; that circumstances were such as to justify its interference, we, at least, at this distance of time, and with the imperfect knowledge of all the facts of the case now at our command, are not in a position to deny. Circumstances fortunately changed; evidence in favour of the system rapidly accumulated; the danger of innovation no longer impended; men's minds were better trained to discriminate between the provinces of Scripture and of natural science; the system in question could show more prudent defenders; and in 1744, during the pontificate of Benedict XIV, an edition of Galileo's works appeared in Padua *Colle debite licenzæ*. Finally, in 1818, Pius VII revoked the condemnation of the Copernican system, and thus happily readjusted the relations of Science to Religion.

The interest and the importance of this epoch in the history of our star-knowledge have claimed for it a more minute examination, than it might otherwise have deserved. Our next paper will introduce the subject of Newton and his contemporaries.

See a short history of these; *Martyrs of Science*; 77.

STORM AND CALM.

I.

The strong storm-wind through the forest swept,
 When the leafless trees were bare,
 From peak to peak of the mountains leapt,
 And shook all their tangled hair.
 The storm laughing loud, with a wild deep voice,
 Swept onward across the sea,
 And bade the tempestuous waves rejoice,
 That they were so wild and free.

II.

But what is the storm of that homeless wind,
 To the tempest of human hearts,
 Which in darkness and storm no refuge find,
 As the light of the day departs?
 And what is the rage of that wild deep sea
 In which shattered wrecks are lost,
 To the rage of that false, wild liberty,
 On which souls are tempest-tossed?

III.

The sun-shine slept on the forest glade
 When the leafy trees were green,
 And over the flower-strewn mountains strayed
 With its splendour of dazzling sheen.
 The sunshine danced on the waters bright,
 That laughed with their dimpled smiles.
 And sped on its way, with the glancing light
 That encircles its thousand isles.

IV.

But what is the light of the sunshine sweet,
 With its shadows among the trees,
 To the waving circles of light, that meet
 Round a watcher upon his knees?
 And what is the light of the sun above,
 As it sinks in the waveless sea,
 To the light in the depths of the souls that love,
 And the joy of their purity?

V.

O may it be ours when storms are gone,
 In the sea, and the sky above,
 To rejoice, at rest, in our Father's Home,
 And be crowned with our Mother's love.
 O may it be ours, in God foreknown,
 Dear brothers and sisters mine,
 To dwell in the beauty of Mary's throne,
 And the love of our Lord Divine.

H.

THE TRIUMPH OF PRINCIPLE.

Continued from page 36.

AFTER the lapse of five minutes, which appeared as many ages to Marie, the distant rustle of a silk dress was heard, and the young peasant fixed her eyes with a feeling of almost terror on the door through which Anna had disappeared. It opened, and a tall beautiful creature ran forward with extended arms exclaiming, "Marie, Marie, welcome, welcome, my sister." And taking both her hands with the most winning tenderness, she again said, "Welcome, most welcome! How thankful I am to God that you have come to us! How is my dear nurse? But what is the matter? Have you no kiss for me? Surely you are not afraid of me?"

Marie was confounded. She was not prepared for such a reception, and if her gentle and ingenuous nature had ever harboured one feeling of hatred or resentment against her who had so innocently usurped her place, it gave way before this tender manifestation of affection.

"Dame Martha is dead," answered Marie. She had scarcely uttered the words, when she felt the caressing arms of Clementina around her neck, and the pressure of an affectionate kiss. "Alas! alas! but together we will weep for her. My poor, good nurse! And you came off at once; you knew you would find a sister and a mother too. Is it not so? How I love you for the thought! Yea, yes, you are my sister, and everybody here must love you as my sister, and obey you, and respect you. Do you hear me?" added she, turning to the servants, who had been drawn into the passage by this little scene; "This is a second Mademoiselle de la Roche; we have shared the same milk; I deprived her of half her mother's caresses and cares: surely she has every right to half that belongs to me. I must except, however, the half of my mother's love," said she, interrupting herself with somewhat the air of a spoiled child; "but I will give you some little portion of it, Marie, so do not be uneasy."

"Oh, if I could but see her!" said poor Marie, almost gasping for breath.

"See my Mother!" said Clementina; "you cannot see her yet; she is in bed; but come with me."

Marie shrank back, and Clementina now perceived the porter, and instantly ordered that he should be paid and dismissed. "Come, come, dear sister, the joy of seeing you is too much for me—I feel quite faint; but I care not, it is all delight." And taking Marie's hand, she led her through some splendidly-furnished rooms into a small apartment, where wealth had collected all that could be conceived most luxuriously useful, and most usefully luxurious. "Now you are in my quarters," said Clementina, as with gentle force she made Marie sit down in a large arm-chair, and took a seat on a low stool at her feet. "This is my sitting room, on the right is my bed-room, on the left, my study; at the end of that alcove is Anna's room; but I will send her to sleep elsewhere, and I will give you her room, so that we shall be together night and day. But perhaps you may not be a sound sleeper, and I may disturb you. I am so often very ill during the night; I have such bad health that the slightest exertion brings on fever; feel my hand now, is it not burning?—all from the delight of seeing you. Any painful emotion must kill me, I am persuaded; and therefore it is that everyone tries to spare me the least annoyance—everyone tries to please me; no one contradicts me, so that I am quite spoiled. But this delicacy I inherit from Mamma. My Father had a strong constitution, at least so I have been told, for alas! I never knew him: he died of a fall from his horse, about two years

after I was born. But how well you are looking! What fine rosy cheeks, and your arms are so firm, so rounded!" added Clementina playfully patting Marie's cheek. "How happy you must be! It is so sad to be ill, and I am always ill. But you do not answer me. What is the matter? You are cold, reserved. Do you not love me?"

"I am only just arrived," stammered Marie, "and I do not know you."

"And do I know more of you? When two children have been fed with the same milk, and have slept in the same cradle, do they, when they meet, require ages in order to love each other? You are a naughty girl, Marie, for that speech. Kiss me—now I will have it so; contradiction always makes me ill."

CHAP. III.

Marie was deeply affected by the sweet caresses of Clementina, who, as a being all sentiment, and of the most delicate health, seemed to the country girl something different from ordinary mortals. There was novelty in every look and expression of the gentle creature, and as Marie yielded to her embrace, she timidly returned her friendly kiss. Clementina, now rising, made Marie stand up with her, and placed her before a mirror, saying "You see you are exactly my size; my dresses will fit you. Your style of dress is pretty, but you must change it for my sake. I should wish so much to see you dressed like me." And at this moment, in obedience to a feminine instinct, the two young girls cast at one another a furtive glance of survey.

As Clementina had remarked, all in Marie indicated health. Her polished forehead, her finely proportioned figure, which, though tall and robust, was still perfect in its symmetry; her roseate cheeks, her large sparkling black eyes; her whole person, in short, with its young healthful beauty, was a striking contrast to the languid and delicate appearance which Clementina presented. Of equal height with Marie, her fragile form seemed bending, under suffering, which clouded her fair face, and obscured the brilliancy of her beautiful eyes; and her long black hair gave her cheeks a pale and sickly hue. Her voice, which, when she began to speak, had somewhat of feverish excitement, became by degrees almost inaudible, and her last words died upon her lips.

The mutual survey caused a momentary silence; and Marie steeling herself against emotion which the sight of the suffering Clementina and her touching kindness inspired her with, reiterated her desire to see Madame de la Roche.

"Impossible just now dear sister, answered Mademoiselle as she leant for support on the shoulder of Marie; we must not go to Mamma's room till noon. Oh, what a simpleton I am! not to be able to bear any event, sad or gay. My heart is beating—beating so that I can scarcely breathe. I am sure that I shall die suddenly some day. But here I am chattering; I am listening only to myself, thinking only of myself; and my dear sister so grave, so silent, while I in my selfishness am making her get up and sit down, without even enquiring if she wants anything. Are you hungry? are you thirsty? would you like to undress and lie down for a little time? I believe I am bewildering you," resumed she, laughing with a charming simplicity.

"I want nothing—only to see Madame de la Roche," again said Marie, clasping her hands almost despairingly.

"Well I will go and try if we can see her. Perhaps you have some message from Dame Martha? That letter I suppose, is for Mamma," said she, extending her hand for the fatal document, that document so important to Marie; but perceiving the almost convulsive grasp with which she still retained it, she resumed—"You wish to give it to her yourself? well, just as you please, I will not contradict you. But, as in any case you can't see her

before an hour, take off your hat, let down your hair, do here just as if you were at home. I will go and see if Mamma is awake. But you will be lonely; here is a book for you to read."

Marie, for the first time in her life, experienced a feeling of shame. She, who had come to the house so proud of her newly-discovered birth, so haughtily determined to assert her rights, and to mortify her who had usurped her place, now suddenly felt the inferiority resulting from the want of education; but, too proud to dissemble, she coldly said, whilst her cheek crimsoned, and her eyes sought the ground, "I cannot read, I do not know how."

Clementina suffered an exclamation of surprise to escape her; then in generous fear of having wounded Marie, she took her hand, and whilst lavishing upon her the most winning caresses, cried out, "Forgive me, forgive me! not for worlds would I have made you blush. But why should you be ashamed sweet sister? It is only because you were not taught to read, that is all, so never mind. But do not tell any one else, I beg of you; for there are people who might laugh at you and be astonished, and this would grieve me. I will teach you myself to read—would you like it? and to write too, and to sing and to draw, and do everything that I can do. Tell me, do tell me, would you like it?"

At this fresh instance of disinterested affection and angelic goodness, Marie felt all the icy barriers give way. Ever since the extraordinary declaration of Dame Martha, she had experienced neither peace or happiness. Her mind had been in a constant tumult, her better nature struggling with an ambition of which she had previously had no experience. It was a war of Passion and Principle, victory was now inclining to one side, and now to the other, but Principle on the whole maintaining its sway in the conflict. The kindness of Clementina, so unexpected, and, in a great degree undeserved, gave new force to Principle. Had she been received with the cold indifference she had almost anticipated, the consciousness of injury would have caused her unhesitatingly to proclaim the object of her visit, and in strict justice she would have been right. But justice unblended with compassion—with that charity which suffereth long, and is kind—what miseries may not be produced in its name; how often may it miscalculate and overshoot the mark. Marie was no casuist. Without staying to reckon with what advantage the blow of justice might be suspended, she felt that it would be cruel to deceive and render miserable the sensitive being, who with a kindness as miscalculating as her own, had offered to communicate the accomplishments of which she was deficient. Instead of pronouncing the death warrant of the fragile creature in the words—"Go, thou who hast hitherto been in the enjoyment of my blessings, surrounded by the fond cares of a mother's love—go, thou who till this moment hast had a mother, wealth, illustrious name. Go, thou whose tender arms are still entwined around me. I am to strip thee of everything—to take from thee that fond mother, that wealth, that name." She gazed once more on the pale face of Clementina; and abandoning herself to the impulses of her heroic and noble nature, excited to the utmost, she in turn took her foster-sister's hand, and clasping her to her heart, and covering her cheeks with kisses, and with tears exclaimed, "Keep all, keep all, you are more worthy of all than I am."

"What am I to keep dear Marie?" said Clementina in surprise, "Have you kindly brought me some little gifts from Lyons?"

"I believe I am mad," interrupted Marie, covering her face with her hands.

"Mademoiselle," said Anna, gently opening the door, "My mistress is asking for you. She has heard of the arrival of Dame Martha's child, and wishes to see her."

"Heavenly Father forsake me not!" murmured Marie, and her trembling limbs almost refused their office, as she rose to obey the summons.

"Stay a moment," said Mademoiselle de la Roche as soon as they reached her mother's room, "Mamma's first glance, as well as her first caress must be mine." And she bounded into the room, whilst Marie, reluctantly obeying the order, remained near the half-open door, following the movements of the young lady with a gaze into which her whole soul had passed. Clementina approached the bed, drew back the curtains, and Marie looked for the first time on the face of her mother.—At the same instant a voice fell upon her ear—The voice of her mother. Oh, if Marie were not at that moment at her feet, if she did not avow herself, if she did not exclaim, "Mother! Mother! I am your child!" it was because the mighty emotion she experienced left her powerless to speak or to move.

"Well dearest, what have you done with Marie?" asked Madame de la Roche.

Every pulse of Marie's heart responded to this name uttered by her mother. She rushed into the room. At the first glance, Madame de la Roche started, and exclaimed, "Those eyes! those eyes! what a resemblance?"

"Who is she like?" enquired Clementina, alternately glancing from her mother's agitated countenance to Marie's large black eyes.

"She has your father's eyes," said the Baroness,—"*Your father's eyes.* Oh, why should a stranger have those eyes, and not my Clementina, my child? Come to me Marie; do not cast down your eyes; look up at me again—again—that glance at once revives and wounds me." Poor child! But who is weeping there?" asked Madame de la Roche in sudden terror.

Clementina had thrown herself into a chair, and was weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, my child?" cried the Mother, as she caught her hand.

"I am weeping that I have not my Father's eyes, which heaven has given to Marie and denied to me," replied she with a look of deep sorrow; "you will now love her more than me, and look at her more frequently."

"Child of my heart's affections," interrupted the mother, raising her precious daughter and straining her to her bosom—what strange whim have you taken up? Oh, do not weep, I implore of you; you will make yourself ill. Remember the physicians have warned you against giving way to emotion. Clementina, remember your health is my health, your life is my life. Do not envy this young creature her eyes. See how calmly I can gaze upon them now."

Marie, who had been throughout this scene like one in a dream, so entirely had the violence and the variety of her feelings overwhelmed her, now awoke to consciousness, and her first impulse was to conceal the letter which she still held.

Madame de la Roche perceiving this movement, enquired if the letter was for her, and from Dame Martha?

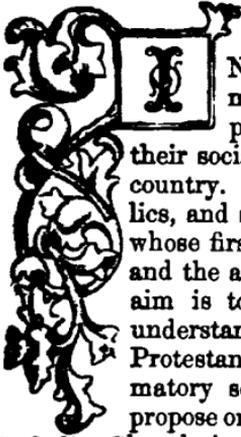
"Yes,—no, no, Madame," stammered out Marie; and then, as if overworked feeling could no longer be restrained, she burst into tears, exclaiming, "I have lost my mother! I have lost my mother;" an exclamation how ill understood! For of all present, the poor child alone knew to what immolation of self it had doomed her—to what a painful sacrifice it had for ever pledged her.

Self-denying, heroic Principle had triumphed!

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE REFORMATORY MOVEMENT.

(ITS RELIGIOUS ASPECT.)



IN our last number we considered the Reformatory movement in its political bearings, and proved its deep importance to all who value their social position and the internal happiness of their country. We will now consider the question as Catholics, and show what an especial interest it has for those whose first end in life should be the salvation of souls and the advancement of our holy religion. Our present aim is to establish certain Catholic truths, the well understanding of which will enable both Catholics and Protestants to take a right view of our Catholic Reformatory schools, the system and working of which, we propose on a future occasion to examine in detail. The Catholic Church is no foster-mother who has her favourites and her prejudices, who neglects such as are undutiful to her commands, or who disown her authority; she is universal, claiming as her own every baptized soul, and like a true mother, she perseveringly labours for the salvation of each; however undutiful they may be, she preserves her singleness of purpose, viz.—their eternal salvation. The Church is not, as many suppose, a mere accidental association of individuals or of congregations; she is an organism, living her own independent life, as operating from her own central vitality derived from the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. It is a great mistake to suppose that individuals form the Church; they are unnecessary to her; she has her own existence independent of them, and she would continue just the same to the end of time however many chose to disown her. But individual Christians cannot live without the Church, for they must be dead members unless they receive their vitality from her Divine life. As the mother must precede the birth of the child, so must the Church precede the birth of the Christian, which explains the words of St. Cyprian, ‘He cannot have God for his father, who has not the Church for his mother.’ Thus it is why Catholics call the Church mother, and are so jealous of her rights and privileges; they alone understand the all-importance of unity with the Church, because they know that life flows from the Holy Ghost only through the medium of the Church; they alone understand the destructive nature of heresy and schism, which cut off so many from the source and conditions of spiritual life. The Church is ever seeking after her lost sheep, her most prodigal children; she is ever ready to pardon them, to press them

again to her maternal heart, and to rekindle that true life, which she had breathed into them at Baptism; however far they may have wandered from her, she quickly recognises within them the pearl of faith, the brilliancy of which she alone can restore, when its first purity has once been lost. To carry out this singleness of purpose, viz.—the salvation of souls, the Church accommodates herself to the wants and disadvantages of every age and of every people; she is obliged to take the world as she finds it, and to do the best she can with it under the circumstances and with the materials it furnishes to her own hands. Independent of external aids, in spite of external opposition, the Church will ever do her part; she will continue to unite souls to God, and her sacraments will ever form the steps of that ladder by which God descends to the soul, and by which the soul ascends to God. The success, however, of her external or visible mission, it has pleased Divine Providence to leave partly dependent upon human agency, and man, in the exercise of his free-will, is permitted either to co-operate with, or to resist her designs.

At the present time, and in our own country, the Church makes a great effort to save souls; never since she emerged from the catacombs have her children been more mixed up with the enemies of their religion, or more exposed to the fatal influences of error and indifference. We see around us thousands of our own poor, educated in sin, matured in crime, and rapidly swelling the torrent of iniquity which threatens to destroy our unhappy land. We cannot be surprised that so many of our poor children have fallen, knowing the innumerable perils which beset them, and we are bound, not to despise them, but with Christ and His Church, to seek after them, to compassionate them, to weep over them. An opportunity now presents itself when our human agency is demanded from us; the State takes possession of our criminal children and is willing to make us guardians of them. If we co-operate with this design of Providence, these forsaken children will be placed under Catholic training, so that the Church may assimilate them to herself; and enable them, by her instructions and her sacraments, to fill their place in society without being contaminated by the vices of the world. But if we resist the designs of Providence, as shown in these late legal enactments, if we are deaf to the voice of God, how many of our poor children must remain for ever as dead branches, or be swallowed up in the vast sea of error; their eternal loss will rest upon our heads.

Few Catholics realize the extent to which we are interested in the Reformatory movement. Probably an average of 35,000 Catholics come every year under the penal action of English law; of these we may fairly calculate that 3,000 are children; if we neglect the smaller number with whom we can deal, the aggregate, with whom we cannot deal, will rapidly increase; but if we only give the Church full power over the children, we shall cut off the supply, and so gradually decrease the total amount of Catholic criminals,

Within the last four months about 90 children have been sentenced to Reformatories from Liverpool alone, and of these 65 were proved to be Catholics. The majority were poor Irish children, driven with their parents by famine and persecution upon the cold shores of England, scorned and despised by our money-making race, and compelled to seek a living in our crowded streets. How many a heart-rending story could be gathered from our poor criminals. The rapidly downward course from a once happy, decent home in Catholic Ireland, to the gloom of an English workhouse or a borough gaol; persecution and expulsion from home are followed by poverty and idleness; starvation and despair wear out the parents; orphans are uneducated, and uncared for; their first sin exposes them to the corroding atmosphere of a prison, which blights the remaining seeds of virtue and hurries them down the reckless path of crime. How many Irish landlords, how many English Catholics will have to answer for their souls at the day of judgment. We still have time for reparation; the country offers us justice and asks our aid; the Church demands our co-operation; let us all unite, Celt and Saxon, in reforming our neglected children, and in labouring for their salvation. Whoever feels remorse for past negligence; whoever owes a debt to the goodness of God for favours received, and who does not? let him respond generously to the appeal now made in the name of the Church by the Abbot of Mount Saint Bernard: to all who aid in establishing that most encouraging Reformatory school, we can promise much consolation; they will receive an increasing interest upon their charity, by sharing in that rich harvest of souls, which has already begun, and which will multiply with each successive year.

As a secondary motive for aiding the Church in the present crisis, we believe the Reformatory movement will enable us to lay before our non-Catholic countrymen the claims of our holy religion in the way best adapted to the present state of their understanding, and to the actual wants of their hearts. In our dealing with Protestants, we should endeavour to recognise those elements of truth which are contained in their tenets and practices. The aim of the intellect is truth; therefore we cannot imagine they embrace error but for the sake of the truth mixed up in it. Let us, therefore, commence in the goods they have, and not in those they have not; we all recognise the same wants of fallen and unfallen nature; let us show that Catholicity responds better than Protestantism to those wants; that our doctrines and our institutions have a firmer basis in the human heart, and harmonize more with its requirements. Earnestly wishing, as we all do, the conversion of our country, we do not, and cannot entertain the notion that the English people are beyond the reach of Catholic truth and Catholic love. Such a thought would be unjust to them and religion. God's grace, like His sun, shines upon all; His ear is not deafened, nor His hand shortened; nor is His power less than in the early Christian ages.

Where then is the change, where the fault? Why do so many remain estranged from the household of God? Is it not our own indolence and faintheartedness? Is it not because we rest so satisfied with our own little doings, whilst we neglect thousands of our poor who adhere to the faith, and despair of converting those who are struggling in darkness and error? The conversion of England is not a greater work than was the conversion of pagan Germany by our English St. Boniface, or the reconversion of Gaul by St. Columbanus and his Irish monks. No doubt we want heroism; we want saints, who, by their own lives, would publish the power and the claims of the Church. This heroism we can all employ upon those practical works of charity which the emergency of the day requires. We can all make heroic sacrifices, and if we only supply asylums for reformation, the Church will prove her own power to grapple with great evils. We firmly believe that Catholicity alone can save this country from infidelity and social ruin.

When the errors of individuals, long overlooked, have grown into national disorders; when organic evils have become sanctioned by time and tolerated by law; when society and politics are radically diseased, it requires not words, not philanthropists, not legal enactments, but strong lasting institutions to curb the unruly passions of the human heart, and the destructive tendency of crime. Institutions which raise the mind, pacify and ennoble the soul, which call into play the supernatural elements, and so establish in society a powerful reaction and resistance to the fatal current hurrying it to destruction.

Such are the religious and monastic institutions of the Catholic Church, and in them is our hope and strength at the present crisis. There is not a nobler or more consoling spectacle than that presented to us by the foundation and development of our religious institutions in Europe. They have been, under various forms, the expression and remedy of great moral necessities, and the most powerful means in the hands of Providence of promoting, not only the spiritual good of the Church, but also the salvation and regeneration of society. It is but too well known how often Europe has seen general revolutions; through how many critical phases she has passed; her most powerful dynasties have crumbled away; her laws, customs, manners, monuments, arts and sciences have been suddenly crushed; even civilization has in every century experienced a prolonged agony, and approached the brink of dissolution. Everything human shakes, falls to pieces and perishes; and judging of the future fate of the world by past experiences and probable inferences, we cannot forbode much happier prospects. Against these various elements of corruption the wisdom of philosophy has failed, but the wisdom of the Catholic Church has raised up an invincible barrier in her religious orders. The secret of strength is in the union of individual forces by associations: this secret was revealed to the Church in her early struggles, and

by her alone has it been fully developed. Her religious institutions were not only intended to sanctify those who belonged to them, but were from the beginning strictly conservative, restorative, regenerative associations. We do not mean to stamp them as infallible, or to deny that they have often suffered from the inconstancy of the human elements which they bind together; but then they possess an internal vitality derived from the Church, a supernatural principle, which enables them alone to withstand the destructive tendency of time; which empowers them to throw off the dead members, to put out branches and bear fruit even as in the days of their first growth. Willingly acknowledging that everything with human elements is liable to abuse, we may only appeal to impartial philosophy and to universal history to answer the calumnies against our religious orders; on the vast and checkered picture of time, they will ever form the most marked, the most lasting, the most consoling features.

To accustom man to grave and strict morality; to bring back the soul within itself; to teach man the dignity of his nature, the loftiness of his origin, and of his destiny; to prove by example that the mind, (aided by grace) can triumph over the animal passions, and make man lead an angelic life on earth; these have been the constant reformatory influences of religious institutions, and we firmly believe that no other means can remedy our present social evils, and save our country and Europe from a general conflagration.

It is far from our intention to under-value the efforts of our many non-Catholic countrymen and countrywomen who are working most devotedly in the same cause as ourselves; with many of them we are personally acquainted, and no words could express our high regard for their individual virtues, their pure benevolence, their persevering zeal; they have made great sacrifices from a religious intention, and we earnestly wish them, as the reward of their charity, the light of faith. May they live to labour with more lasting fruit, and with more consolation to themselves, in the unity of the Catholic Church.

We have seen much good done by Protestants in this movement; they have some excellent reformatory schools, but with them success rests with individuals, and passes away with them; whereas, Catholicity produces lasting institutions, all the fruits of which are attributed to the Church, and all the failures only to the individual members. Yes, Catholicity defies all societies and all sects to realize what she has realized; to triumph over what she has triumphed over; to pass through, without perishing, what she has passed through; she feared no crisis in the past, she trembles at no peril in the future; she hangs not her success upon individuals, but she raises up in every age her own families and her own households to carry on her mission, and she models them according to the wants of the time. Some call this—her accomodating powers—instinct; but every Catholic recognizes in it but the fulfilment of the promise 'On this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall never prevail against it.'

EUTAPHIA

A POET'S GRAVE.

I.

In his last sleep, when life shall close,
 No lordly tomb oppress his head,
 In English soil his dust repose
 Beside a rippling brook that flows
 Among the lowly village dead.

II.

His bones no lonely vault surround
 With iron grate and mildewed wall;
 Give to his breast an ampler bound
 Where, on this green and grassy mound,
 Light snow, or summer-rain may fall.

III.

Give him the heaven's blue concave height
 Sole canopy above his breast,
 Where stars may shine, the dewy night;
 And autumn skies and sunset light
 Rain gold and purple o'er his rest.

IV.

Where daisies round his head may rise,
 And from his sleeping dust may bloom
 May look forth with their starry eyes
 Deep in the mirror of the skies,
 Life springing from the shadowy tomb.

V.

Across his grave, the deathless yew,
 Like martyr's trophy, ever green,
 Her shade may cast, a sober hue,
 While noon-tide glows, or, through the dew,
 Rises the moon's full orb serene.

VI.

Where choral bees, 'neath aisles of limes,
 Soft harmonies in summer weave,
 Echoes far-borne from ancient times;
 Or village-bells break forth in chimes
 Of mirth, each glorious festal eve.

VII.

Each bird of song, at peep of morn,
 May troll its merriest carols near,
 Perched on the fence of gnarled thorn,
 When with the May new hopes are born
 Of beauty for the opening year.

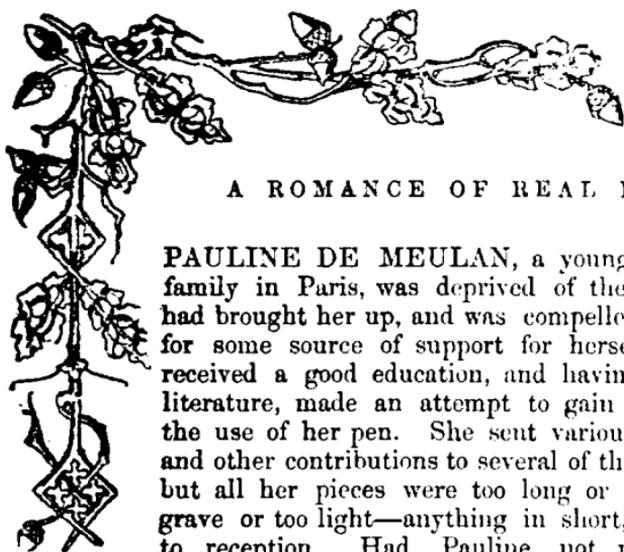
VIII.

There, at the closing of the day,
 When village labour has an end,
 The old may meet, and children play,
 And some who loved him once, may say,
 Rest to the spirit of our friend.

IX.

Till the Great Morn at last shall break,
 In light above the heaving sod,
 And graves shall teem, and earth shall quake,
 And blessed angels shall awake
 The sleep of one who rests with God.

J. A. S.



A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

PAULINE DE MEULAN, a young lady of good family in Paris, was deprived of the friends who had brought her up, and was compelled to look out for some source of support for herself. She had received a good education, and having a taste for literature, made an attempt to gain her bread by the use of her pen. She sent various little stories and other contributions to several of the newspapers, but all her pieces were too long or too short, too grave or too light—anything in short, but entitled to reception. Had Pauline not possessed uncommon abilities, as well as uncommon energies, she would have found it impossible to fight her way through the briery path which leads to literary success. Many a time and oft, in her solitary little chamber, she would cast down her pen in despairing lassitude; but the difficulty of seeing any better mode of maintenance made her always lift it anew, with revived determination. Her efforts were at length rewarded with something like success. Her essays found favour with the manager of the periodical paper called the *Publiciste*, and she became a regular contributor to its pages, being paid for her labours in such a manner as to maintain herself in comparative comfort. She became even the object of considerable notice, and was occasionally an invited guest of the literary soirees so common amongst the Parisians. At M. Suard's in particular, a well known member of the world of literature, Pauline met and mingled with many of the rising people of talent, male and female, in the French metropolis.

Things continued thus until Pauline fell ill, and became unable to send her contributions as usual to the *Publiciste*. Unluckily for her, the capital supplied too many young persons of literary ability to make the cessation of her labours a matter of much consequence to the people, with whom she communicated. She was sensible of this, and her sick bed was harassed by fears of indigence and distress. But at this moment, a kind, though unknown, assistant stepped in to relieve her terrors, and to save her from falling a prey to the evils in prospect. One morning whilst musing sadly on her state, she received a packet, which proved on being opened, to contain a contribution, in her own line and style, for the *Publiciste*,

It was accompanied by a kind-hearted note, in which the writer stated his intention to send her a similar paper at regular intervals, hoping at the same time that they might be accepted in place of her own, until she was sufficiently recovered to resume her task. The hand-writing of the note and paper were unknown to her, and she could form no guess who was their author. The promise made, was faithfully fulfilled. Articles of a fitting kind were regularly sent, and they procured for the young invalid, from the conductors of the *Publiciste*, the same remuneration which her own toils had produced. All necessary comforts were thus assured to her during her tedious illness, and she recovered that health which distress of mind might otherwise have aided to withhold.

Pauline's unknown benefactor dropped his labours when she was enabled to resume her own. It may be imagined that her mind dwelt much on this almost mysterious circumstance, and that she longed to know, and to thank her unknown friend. She was not long left in the dark. A pale slender young man, with a mild and expressive countenance, called upon her soon after, and modestly revealed himself as her unknown assistant. He was immediately recognised by the young lady as one whom she had seen at M. Suard's, and who had won for himself the repute of being one of the most promising young men of the day. He had also seen her there, and it was from no common feeling that he had been induced to act as has been related. After their first interview, they saw each other again and again, and Pauline soon learned to reciprocate the affection which the other had already conceived for her. They were married, and lived happily together; and whilst the husband filled one of the highest places in the senate and literature of his country, the wife held no ignoble station also in the world of literature, elevated high amongst the matrons of France. Reader, the parties of whom we have been speaking are—Monsieur and Madame Guizot. The *Letters on Education*, and other works of the latter, show her the worthy partner of a statesman and historian, such as Guizot proved to be.



Rebicks.

English Traits. By R. W. EMERSON. 1 Vol. London ;
ROUTLEDGE & Co.

The market is so overstocked with books of travel, of twenty or thirty times the price and pretensions of this little volume, that we opened it without any suspicion of its real value, and intending only to make an amusing article by laughing at its blunders. But we had settled too soon there would be any blunders to laugh at ; and having read the book through quite seriously, find it extremely interesting and *true*. Instead of mere desultory traits, as is modestly suggested by the title, we find it to consist of a complete sketch of English habits, opinions, and manners, under classified headings, and entirely devoid of that uninteresting personality which equally forms the staple of this class of publications. Since Mrs. Trollope's *Vienna and the Austrians*, which was on so much larger a scale, we remember no production of the kind with which by comparison it would not gain.

There is one thing, however, which we should greatly like to see altered in this volume, viz.—a careless, unintelligible style of composition, by which it is in many places disfigured, and which is such a growing habit among certain writers of the present day, that if no one will protest against it, we cannot but dread its causing the language to sink into a kind of slang dialect ; something more unlike the pure English of the seventeenth century, than modern Greek is unlike the ancient.

'What are you reading that infidel *Leader* for,' said a literary friend to us the other day, 'to find something in it to contradict?' We had not previously taken that view of our occupation, but it was perhaps the true one, and we had no need to read far ; it will not, however, do to put the *Traits* in the place of that particular *Leader*, with a similar intention, for the former contains nothing to contradict, and we can but proceed to give some extracts to prove what we have said, and to justify our opinion. As a specimen of clear thought and reasoning in the commencement take the following :

"Again, as if to *intensate* (we suppose the author means intensify) the influences that are not of race, what we think of when we talk of 'English Traits' really narrows itself to a small district. It excludes Ireland, and Scotland, and Wales, and reduces itself at last to London, that is, to those who come to go thither. The portraits that hang on the walls of the Academy Exhibition in London, the figures in *Punch's* drawings of the public men, or of the club houses, the prints in the shop windows, are distinctive English, and not American ; no, nor Scotch, nor Irish ; *but it is* (that is, *they represent*) a very restricted nationality. As you go north into the manufacturing

and agricultural districts, and to the population that never travels, as you go into Yorkshire, as you enter Scotland, the world's Englishman is no longer found. In Scotland, there is a rapid loss of all grandeur of men and manners; a provincial eagerness and acuteness appear; the poverty of the country makes itself remarked, and a coarseness of manners; and among the intellectual is the insanity of dialectics. In Ireland are the same climate and soil as in England, but less food, no right relation to the land, political dependence, small tenantry, and an inferior or misplaced race.

"England" we are told "at present does not rule her wealth"—hence, when the fashion of shoe strings supersedes buckles, when cotton takes the place of linen, or railways of turnpikes, whole towns were sacrificed like ant-hills.

When society is admonished of the mischief of the division of labour, and (of the fact) that the best political economy is (the) care and culture of men; for, in these crises, all are ruined except such as are proper (we suppose, *actual*) individuals, capable of thought and of (a) new choice, and the application of their talent to new labor.

These lines contain a lesson on which humanity may ponder; after nineteen centuries the world is only just now beginning to see clearly, that it is to the welfare of man, as an individual, that all human schemes and systems should bow; and here the fact is stated as simply, as though it had always been acknowledged, and had not taken all these hundreds of years to elaborate. Perhaps it is to the new world we must look for rough diamonds, as well of a mental as of a material nature; both alike requiring to be sent to Europe for polish. We would not, however, be understood to make this last remark with reference to the author before us; the few faults in his book are of a more verbal character, and some parts of it for terseness of expression, as well as the deep knowledge displayed, deserve almost to be quoted as apothegms.

He gives, on the authority of the Selwyn correspondence, a somewhat different character to the reign of George the Third, to that lately put into print by the Right Honourable the Duke of Buckingham. We venture to assert that under no circumstances could a comparison of that monarch with *Alfred* have occurred to so acute a thinker as Mr. Emerson. We own we should very much like to hear what he would say were it suggested to him.

An educated American is surprised, and justly enough, at advantages given to absolve the 'young patrician' from intellectual labour.

In the university noblemen are exempted from the public exercises for the degree &c., by which they attain a degree called *honorary*. At the same time, the fees they have to pay for matriculation and on all other occasions are much higher.

We wonder if this fact will account for the ignorance of one of her Majesty's bishops, who being called upon lately to address (we believe) the Royal Society of Literature, said 'that few people

could doubt now of the ignorance fostered by Popery, since his present Holiness had refused to make himself master of the library of Cardinal Mai; although he might have had it for half the sum at which it was offered to any one else.' The Archbishop of Westminster being present, gave the truth of the story, which was this: that not only had the Pope actually purchased the rich collection of books amassed by the learned Cardinal, but that having already several copies of each in the Vatican, he had made a present of this first acquisition, as it stood, to the college which is established in Rome for the education of English converts. We were told that the "Right Reverend" delinquent evinced no feeling of shame at his mistake.

Mr. Emerson is a 'Unitarian,' but he evinces without ostentation, that he has aspirations beyond his system.

In seeing old castles and cathedrals I sometimes say, as to day in front of Dundee church tower, which is eight hundred years old, this was built by another and a better race than any that now look on it.

And from this fact what should follow? When we see a man of understanding, and mental power, carry his meditations just so far, and no farther, it surely should make us adore in thankfulness the marvellous grace which has bestowed on many of us, as individuals, the gift of faith. The author of the *Traits* perceives clearly enough the hollowness of the Establishment in England; he says, the Gospel it preaches is, 'By taste are ye saved.' * * *

The torpidity on the side of religion of the vigorous English understanding, shows how much wit and folly can agree in one brain. Their religion is a quotation; their church is a doll: and any examination is interdicted with screams of terror. In good company you expect them to laugh at the fanaticism of the vulgar; but they do not, they are the vulgar.

And again:—

The doctrine of the Old Testament is the religion of England. The first leaf of the New Testament it does not open. It believes in a Providence which does not treat with levity a pound sterling. They are neither transcendentalists nor Christians. They put up no Socratic prayer, much less any saintly prayer, for the Queen's mind; ask neither for light nor right, but say bluntly, grant her in health and wealth long to live. * * *

The Church of England at this moment is much to be pitied; she has nothing left but possession. If a bishop meets an intelligent gentleman, and reads fatal interrogations in his eyes, he has no resource but to take wine with him. False position introduces cant, perjury, simony, and even a lower class of mind and character into the clergy; and when the hierarchy is afraid of science and education, afraid of tradition, and afraid of theology, there is nothing left but to quit a church which is no longer one.

The late Mr. Lucas has given us in a very clever treatise, the history of a soul brought into the Church from Quakerism. Will not some one, who knows the process by experience, tell us how to convert Unitarians? Among the many persons who have published

the reasons, causes, motives, &c., by which they have been influenced in becoming Catholic, we do not remember one of this particular sect who has done so—one who has sought to bring his own experiences to bear upon the still unenlightened state of his friends and former associates. Yet it is certain that the religion must contain some truths, or it could not exist: it is not possible that the human mind should subsist on error.

In the next chapter, headed 'Literature,' there is some deep and admirable criticism, especially on living writers, but we must pass it over, only at the risk of being thought by our readers somewhat too serious. We will venture one quotation from the remarks on Mr. Macaulay's Review of the Life and Works of Bacon. We have often wished that some one would write an answer to that essay; no one, so far as we know, has ever done so. Mr. Emerson says:

The brilliant Macaulay, who expresses the tone of the English governing classes of the day, explicitly teaches, that *good* means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity; that the glory of modern philosophy is its direction on 'fruit;' to yield economical inventions; and that its merit is to avoid ideas, and avoid morals. He thinks it the distinctive merit of the Baconian philosophy, in its triumph over the old Platonic, its disentangling the intellect from theories of the all-fair and all-good, and pinning it down to the making a better sick chair, and a better wine-why for an invalid; and this not ironically, but in good faith; that *solid advantage*, as he calls it, meaning always sensual benefit, is the only good. The eminent benefit of astronomy is the better navigation it creates, to enable the fruit-ships to bring home their lemons and wine to the London groves. It would be a curious result, for the civility and religion of England for a thousand years, to end in denying morals, and reducing the intellect to a saucepan.

Curious, indeed, yet we fear not so very unlikely, unless without crossing the Atlantic there be active men found, who, as well as writers and thinkers, will use the weapons at their command to hinder such a catastrophe.

Arthur Brandon. A Novel. 2 Vols. London; HURST AND
BLACKETT.

These are two nice readable volumes done up in the best style of the spirited publishers, and coming at the right season to break up the *ennui* of a few weeks at the sea side. We have but a limited space at disposal, so that our notice of these two volumes must of necessity be short. Arthur Brandon, we surmise, is intended as a series of sketches from the portfolio of an artist's life. His ups and downs in the world, his first love and disappointed hopes, his second and more successful wooing of fair Nesta and Dame Fortune. The scene is laid in Rome, the seat and

centre of art. The writing is smart, sketchy, and on the whole above that of the ordinary class of novels. The make up, however, is unequal to the material at the disposal of the author. He must have had some knowledge of Roman life as we judge from his frequent use of the language, and his familiar reference to particular places and subjects, which flying visitors only get from their phrase book, or their blushing companion *Murray*. Had he been more skilful, with more aptitude for drawing his sketches true to the reality, the subject afforded him peculiar chances to have won for himself fame, and, at the same time, to have enlightened and interested his readers. Most Englishmen writing upon Rome pick up their materials during a winter's visit of a few months at most. Thus the sources of their information, their knowledge of the language and habits of the people, are at best but very imperfect. They are generally *crammed* by *Ciceroni*, who are ready to pour out calumny, lies and deceit by the hour, because such fascinate the credulity of our countrymen where the Church or Catholicity is concerned. This kind of information 'acquired by personal observation,' is again dished up in a taking form, which the enlightened British public receive as infallible truth. Again, those who have spent any time in the Eternal City, know how Englishmen blunder and stammer out Italian, often interlarding it with their own tongue, misunderstanding and finding fault with everything which does not agree with their ideas; from St. Peter's down to the dinner they grumble over at Lepri's trattoria. Then, again, that dreadful bugbear Popery meets them on every side, not only in the thousand and one churches, but it haunts them in the very streets, in the haberdasher's shop, in the caffè, and, dreadful to relate, it penetrates even to Mone'dini's English library and news-room, so that one cannot indulge in the *Times*, without Popery standing sentry by your side. A sweet Madonna with its little lamp keeps silent guard in every place. No wonder then that Popery disturbs their peace of mind and makes them 'grumpy,' so that they cannot understand it, thus they run into the other extreme and always misrepresent it. The two volumes before us are not altogether free from wilful errors, but they are few, when compared with works of the same class. The first volume contains a foul, groundless calumny against the clergy, which the author invented to darken and melo-dramatize his plot. We have strong misgivings, also, whether the artist Brandon or any other artist, ever met such characters as Lilla and her mother. We believe Roman women to be as virtuous and as pure, as any of the daughters of Eve. The very words of the author would induce us to believe them more so, since the depraved and wretched mother that he depicts, has at best a watchfulness over her child which those nearer home might imitate with advantage.

Seldom alone, however, for I need not tell you that no Italian mother who pretends to decorum would leave an unmarried daughter alone with a man ten minutes, they think it just as much as a girl's reputation is worth; and *Sora Guiseppa* is, or acts to the life, the inexorable duenna.

The author makes a few blunders about locality and distance, which make us think that he is not *very* familiar with the environs of Rome. For instance he says Monte Porzia is five miles from Frascati. It is scarcely two and a half. We cannot help thinking that he was a clever guide and donkey-man who saw from the little locanda of Monte Porzia the storm gathering over Palestrina and Subiaco. He must have been able to see through stone walls; and even so, as regards Palestrina *meno male*; but Subiaco lies some thirty or forty miles distant, which, like the 'Spanish fleet' cannot be seen, because, not in sight. We give the following spirited sketch of the Carnival in Rome, which will be entertaining to many, and is true to the reality.

The French soldiers swarm about, the dragoons ride slowly up and down with drawn swords, through the countless multitudes in vehicle or on foot. It is certainly the strangest tumultuously merry scene. The tens of thousands of motley revellers, the air now darkened by clouds of ever-flying bouquets, tossed from carriage to carriage, from loggia to street, from street to loggia, now whitened by snow storms of confetti and confetti dust. The beautiful black hair of the Roman women—how powdered and spoiled it looks in half an hour! There are some pretty costumes, but more that are fantastic and extraordinary to the last degree. Few of the women leave their faces uncovered, some shield them partially by the cowls of their white bournouises, or by muslin veils, but most by green wire works, often crowned with a little coronal of artificial flowers. Nesta and Nelly are rather timid girls and afraid to venture in a carriage amid that great crowd of uproar; they are come into the loggia to take the Carnival 'soberly' like two lady Graces. But they are getting well pelted with bonbons and bouquets. The great principle of this great *Festa* is a universal give and takeism that equalizes every body. The only law in this subversion of all common law and order is an absolute good humour. It is a veritable saturnalia. Now Nelly catches a beautiful camelia trimmed with double violets, and a dusty bunch of geranium leaves and garden daises knocks it out of her hand. Toto, the tavern-waiter flung her the first, and the Prince Sotta-Sopra the last. In the loggia of the next house a grave, solitary young Englishman has taken up his position with a large box of confetti at his side. These he digs out with a scoop which he empties on the devoted heads of all persons in dark clothing. There comes by a solemn, spruce, elderly gentleman with an elaborate air of having nothing at all to say to the Carnival, and of despising its follies. He is passing down the Corso on some private errand quite unconnected with this disgraceful riot. Down, on his well-brushed beaver descends the rattling shower, up turns the furious indignant countenance. Great British decidedly. His mouth opens and shuts and opens—you can't hear a word in the uproar, but he is evidently menacing and vengeful. He stamps, he shakes his fist, but all unmoved the grave young Englishman continues to dig out his confetti, and empty scoop after scoop on that respectable and busy face. He does it in such a calm, regular, and business-like way, every one who sees it roars with laughter, thereby lashing the insulted gentleman into a species of dancing frenzy, so that he *will* stay there holding up his face, and shaking his fist, instead of common-sensibly walking off; at last the confetti are too far gone to be scooped, so the grave young Englishman takes up the box itself, and in the mild, business-like way, empties it on the angry, upturned countenance—there is a yell of delight from the spectators, a dense white cloud—and when the cloud clears away, the outraged gentleman has cleared away too—[why didn't the goose do it sooner?]

You may fancy the Misses Pynches at a Roman Carnival. You may imagine better than I can describe how they have been storming and stormed; how they have pitched and tossed, and shouted, and stood upon the seats, and

jumped down, and plunged elbow deep into their two great baskets of nose-gays and confetti, and hurled and shrieked; and how one has got a cut lip, and another a black eye, even through their wire masks, and how, tearing them off, they rush into Mrs. Harrowby's drawing-room, their faces smeared with chalk, looking like wild Indians in their war paint, and so panting, dishevelled, flushed and crushed, and battered and tattered, and flattened, that everybody laughs, except Mrs. Pynches whom cousin Charles brought here this morning to see the Carnival, and who has been immovable all day in a corner where she was safe to see nothing at all of it, and who now utters a faint groan at the aspect of her daughters. She did not expect anything half so bad, and I believe the poor lady wishes herself dead.

We conclude this notice of Arthur Brandon, by giving an extract which every one, with a heart must have felt himself, when quitting perhaps, for ever, dear old Rome.

In an hour we shall have left this dear city. At dawn Arthur and I stood at the window looking eastward to the Sabian mountain, and watched for the last time, the yellow sunrise floating up into the sapphire sea of heaven, while the morning star rode like a swallow tossed on the edge of the foaming glory behind the black cypresses. Now birds are warbling in the mulberry trees that skirt the convent walls; a flock of goats lie under them; their herd is kneeling in the convent church; those quaint Pietro Perugino cypresses rear their red stalks and dusky cones in the deep blue; the convent gardens shine white with almond blossoms in the sun; the monks are hoeing their artichoke beds under the fruit trees; the ilex grove spreads a fresher green, due to the night showers. The women sing and chatter, coming with water-conchs on their heads, up the steep bye-street from the fountain; the children are shouting as they leap and crawl in the sunshine; on the steps of the church; a good Irish monk, leaning on the parapet of the steps, calls 'Venite qua?' in Connaught-Italian to a blind beggar; the Madonna, in her niche of the convent wall, is sitting in a gleam of spring sunshine. Ah! the great bell up there in the little tall tower is swinging lusty and loud, answered by many a clash and clang far and near, for the gun has fired from the St. Angelo, and the French drums are beating—it is mezzodi—our time has come—the carriage is at the door—'DEAR ROME!'

The Four Martyrs. By A. F. RIO. Translated from the French. 1 Vol. London; BURNS AND LAMBERT.

This volume consists of a new series of highly interesting biographical essays, intended, the author tells us, to illustrate four distinct types of martyrdom. Of the four illustrious models of Christian piety, the story of whose labours, sufferings and triumphs is here so admirably narrated, one only can, strictly speaking, claim the noble title of martyr, but all endured with saintly resignation for religion's sake, pain of body and agony of mind which brought to a premature close lives of brilliant promise, and of abundant fruit.

The 'Martyr of Truth' Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, who died in the tower on the 19th of October, 1595, was a victim at once to the disappointed sensuality, and to the intolerant anti-Christianity of the 'Virgin Queen,' whose whole life was a glaring

scandal, and on whose cenotaph shameless sycophancy inscribed a blasphemy. Exposed at the early age of eighteen to the contamination of a court, whose immorality has never been exceeded, he had the misfortune to become a favourite with Elizabeth, the exigencies of whose vile passion 'seem but to have increased as she advanced in years:' and who expected to find in him, as much from his youth as from his dislike to his amicable wife, an easy conquest. Abandoning himself without reserve to the action of the evil influences around him, 'he sank from disorder to disorder, until he fell into an abyss far deeper than that from which grace had rescued St. Augustine, and he no longer regarded the laws of God or man.' Awakened by the circumstances of the trial of Father Campian, to a just sense of the awful peril in which he had placed his soul, he resolutely commenced to reform his life, and soon saw the love of the Queen replaced by a hatred as intense and as unscrupulous.

Calumny, perjury, and all the varied devices so familiar to the court of Elizabeth, were employed to destroy his peace of mind; and through a dreary imprisonment of eleven years he was made to suffer severe bodily privation, and great mental agony. Deprived at his last hour of the presence of every friend, he died six years after being sentenced to death, of a virulent disease purposely aggravated by poison mixed in his food by his inhuman persecutors.

The 'Martyr of Charity,' Ausaldo Ceba, a Genoese poet, is chiefly characterized by his ardent love of souls. M. Rio's brief sketch of his career is chiefly devoted to his correspondence with the celebrated Venetian Jewess, Sarah Sulham. This beautiful correspondence affords a rare example of pure charity and disinterested perseverance. Ausaldo died in the year 1622 of a protracted illness, during the whole of which he never ceased to labour for the conversion of his lovely and clever correspondent.

Helena Cornaro the 'Martyr of Humility,' was of one of the noblest families of Venice. 'Prelates, cardinals, generals, admirals, senators, and even doges had issued from this illustrious house.' All this, however, was not sufficient for the family pride of the father of Helena, who imagined that among the daughters of his house there had not yet been one 'whose scientific and literary renown was brilliant enough for a Cornaro.' With an evident tendency for far other things, the spirit of filial obedience alone induced an assiduous application to her various studies. Unassailable by any notion of vanity, she acquired learning which rendered her famous throughout Europe; which caused her admission as doctor in philosophy and arts in the university of Padua, and which might have made her a doctor in theology but for her own invincible repugnance. Her application destroyed her health, yet during a five year's illness she laboured on; and at last, after a magnificent effort, in celebration of Sobieski's victory at Vienna—'exhausted by her enthusiasm and her penances as much

as by her disease'—she expired in 1684, being then but thirty eight years old.

The 'Soldier Martyr,' Marco Antonio Bragadino, the leader of the Christian 'forlorn hope,' in the last of the crusades, completes the series. Into the details of his sublime defence of Famogasta against the Turks, or of the cruel torments of his subsequent martyrdom, we have not space to enter. To this excellent translation we refer our reader in the full confidence that from its pages he may pleasantly derive much valuable knowledge of the capabilities of Christian piety, and of facts of Christian heroism.

General Compts de Rhandow. A Transparency. Translated from the Manuscript of the Baron Frederick de Dachenhausen. 1 Vol. London; RICHARDSON.

Whether this volume be a *bona fide* translation or not, it is exceedingly interesting from its liveliness and sense; and, supposing the worthy Baron's MS. to be only a myth, it is an eminently clever imitation. The opening scene, which is afterwards changed to Rome, is laid at Naples, and the *dramatis personæ* are the General, his daughter Ludomille; a subsequently rejected suitor, and Verradeau the valet. We are introduced to an Abbe interested in the fortunes of Ludomille, who turns out to be an angel, and whose appearances are managed with a cleverness that reminds one of Fouché's *Sintram*. Ludomille loses her Father early in the story, the Abbe administering at his death bed, both as priest and angel; the suitor already mentioned is disposed of; she marries the Prince de Z——; and Verradeau is retained in her service. Her friend Hulda de Weiss now appears, the daughter of a schemer whose intrigues remind one of the travelling adventuress in About's *Tolla*. The object of her designs—Trompetenschalle, a wealthy poltroon, is well sketched, and the troubles he brings upon himself, from Hulda's suitors are not a little amusing. Ultimately the family's 'sinews of war' are proved to be the birth-right of Ludomille, which has fallen as an unexpected inheritance to the former through the machinations of the secret societies, and the removal of the heiress in infancy, by the Abbe. The 'campaigner' flies off to Germany, to look after the matter. Hulda, left with her father, a student of the 'philosophy of bats!' enters a convent before her return, and ultimately Ludomille allows the property to remain with the family during her life-time. Verradeau, the valet, whose adventures, by the way, sharp sayings, and cute notions, materially contribute to the sparkle of the volume, produces a MS. for Ludomille, committed to his care by the General, and intended to clear up the whole matter: it informs her that she is not his daughter at all, but was a foundling entrusted to his care by the Abbe, and is heiress

to the property in question. The curtain falls while yet there is room for a little more explanation, but not before much good advice has been given.

The pages are so cut up into paragraphs, as, in many instances, to appear absurd; and the volume would have been improved by correction from a careful pen; there is, however, a religious tone throughout combined with much cleverness and sound sense which cannot fail to afford the reader a very pleasant hour.

The Differences between the Holy See and the Spanish Government. By GEORGE BOWYER, M.P. for Dundalk. London; RICHARDSON. (*Reprinted from the Dublin Review.*)

This valuable pamphlet was originally published as a review of the answer from the Holy See to the well-known dispatch of General Zabala, the Spanish minister, and we cordially recommend its perusal to our readers in its more convenient form. At the present time, when very many Catholics lean to the criticisms of the press in this country on the present aspect of Italian and Spanish affairs, this able and convincing statement is the more welcome, since all the information we can derive from the common sources is invariably accompanied by reasoning which causes many to refrain from all further thought, much less investigation of the subject. On this point we may let our author speak:

“The press of this country pointed triumphantly to a state paper which seemed to them something more than a beginning of a rupture between the Spanish nation and the Holy See, and the forerunner of what they were pleased to call a ‘Reformation’ in Spain. The state of Ecclesiastical affairs at Turin and Madrid were pointed out as great signs of the times. From Spain and Italy, we were told, a trumpet note of defiance had sounded against Rome, and the apostasy of two eminently Catholic nations was confidently hoped for by the adversaries of the Catholic Church.

In this essay, in clear and straightforward language, the late acts of the Spanish government with reference to the Catholic Church in Spain are proved ungenerous and false; especially as compared with the provisions of the Concordat, here clearly detailed. We trust that its perusal will leave on other minds, the same vivid impression of the false light in which European politics are regarded in this country, as, in spite of some preconceived notions, it has left upon our own.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—*Life of St. Joseph.*—*Sunday Evenings at Home.*—*The Seven Sacraments.*—Part second of *Pictorial Bible Stories.*—*The Poetical Genius of Thomas Moore,* and the first volume of Dr. Miley's *Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes;* (on our receiving the second and third vols. of this work, it shall secure space and care.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Alumnus—H. F.—W. H. B.—S. J.—A. M.—R. F. S.—Harry—Constant Reader—*Song of the Wind.*—*Oh Man.*—*A Glance.*—*Column.*—*Pontia.*—*Doings of the Clergy and Appeal.*—Received.

LITERARY ITEMS.

With reference to the controversy between this Journal and the *Galway Vindicator*, in the columns of our friendly contemporary *The Nation*; we have no wish to foster ill-feeling, or to throw any doubt over the explanation, such as it is, which has been accorded. We regret, however, that our western contemporary—always regarded by us as of high influence and respectability—should have characterized our complaint as 'a silly letter;' and we have only to request him to peruse the Leader in our number for August, then to read the article on the Bible-translation question in his paper for Sep. 3rd, and placing himself in our position, to decide if our complaint was either silly or unwise. This much with reference to the quotation, actually from our pages, but nominally from the *Times*, where our worthy contemporary quoting at second hand, was merely the dupe of the actual thief. But with reference to our additional charge of 'coolly working matter from our pages into the previous part of his article without a word of acknowledgment,' no explanation whatever is tendered; simply—as at present we feel warranted in presuming—because the fact is inexplicable.

Amongst recent deaths in the literary world, we notice that of Mr. William Yarral, the eminent naturalist, and oracle of anglers; of Mrs. Lee, the author of many valuable works on Natural History, and African travel; of Dr. E. Braun, of Rome, the distinguished Antiquary; of Mr. Gilbert Abbot a Becket, author of the well-known Comic History of England; of Mr. C. Rowcroft, author of several popular Australian novels, and of Mr. David Gibson, a young painter of great promise.

A paper on Italy and the Papal states in the new number of the *Dublin Review*, which seems generally attributed to Cardinal Wiseman is worthy of most careful perusal. In the notices at the end of the number we find ourselves spoken of, on the evidence of one article, as anti-English; without delaying to notice the scantiness of the evidence in the case of any periodical, we plead not guilty to the imputation.

Amongst numerous announcements of Illustrated works—which such tasteful artists as Doyle, Birkett Foster, and Gilbert, have made such favourites—we notice editions of *The Lord of the Isles*—Scott's *poetical Works*—*The Book of Job*—Pollok's *Course of Time*, and Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

We are glad to observe that Government has granted a pension of £100 to the widow of Mr. Gilbert Abbot a Beckett; as also one of equal amount towards the maintenance of Mr. Angus B. Reach, whose excessive mental labor—we believe chiefly on periodicals, has some time since broken down his mind.

The numerous admirers of the gentle and pleasing Mary Russell Mitford, will be glad to learn that selections from her correspondence are in preparation, by the Rev. W. Harness, her executor and friend of many years.

We observe that a new poem, *Craikcrook Castle*, by Mr. Gerald Massey is announced; and we understand a new poetical work by Mr. Alexander Smith, is in preparation.

The last volume (the twelfth) of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, includes a life of Dr. Johnson, by Macaulay, and an account of Jesuitism, by Mr. Isaac Taylor.

The directors of the Glasgow Athenæum have arranged with Mr. Thackeray to deliver a course of lectures during the present month.

The Czar has conferred the order of St. Alexander Newsky on Baron Humboldt.

It is stated that Signor Verdi has contracted to produce a new opera at the *Teatro Fenice*, Venice, in January.

Mr. Thackeray's new serial work is expected to appear next month; as also we believe Mr. Thomas Carlyle's *Life of Frederick the Great*.

The Earl of Ellesmere has just marked the grave of Addison with a slab in the pavement, with an inscription of the name and date.

The MSS. left by M. Sturm, an eminent Swiss mathematician, are about to be published.

Calendar for November.

1 S	All Saints, Holiday of Obligation, d. I. cl. with an octave, <i>white</i> . (<i>Plenary Indulgence</i> .) 2 Vesp., of the Feast, Com. of Sunday, <i>Vidi Dominum</i> .—At St. Augustin's, Novena ends.—At St. Nicholas's, Triduo for Souls in Purgatory begins at 7½ p.m.—At St. Augustin's service for the Souls in Purgatory, every evening from Nov. 2.	12 W	St. Martin, p. m. <i>sd. red</i> .
		13 TH	St. Didacus, c. <i>sd. white</i> .
		14 F	St. Erconwald, bp. c. d. <i>white</i> .—Abstinence.
		15 S	St. Gertrude, v. d. <i>white</i> .
		16 S	27th after Pentecost, (6th after Epiphany.) St. Edmund bp. c. d. <i>white</i> . Mass and 2 Vesp. of the Feast, from the ch., of the fol., Com. of St. Edmund and of Sun.
2 S	25th. after Pentecost. (4th, after Epiphany.) <i>sd. white</i> . 1 Vesp. of St. Winefride, (Nov. 3) Com. of Sun. and of Oct., after which Vesp. for the dead.	17 M	St. Hugh, bp. c. d. <i>white</i> .—At the Catholic Institute, at 8, Lecture by W. C. Maclaurin, Esq., on The Four Great Empires considered as preparatory, in the Scheme of Divine Providence, for the Advent of Christ.
3 M	All Souls, <i>black</i> .—At St. Nicholas's school, Meeting of the Benevolent Society at 6½ p.m.—Meeting of the Orphanage Committee at 6 p.m.—At St. Nicholas's Triduo ends.	18 Tu	Dedication of St. Peter's at Rome, d. <i>white</i> .—At the Catholic Institute, Vesp. of the B. V. M. at 8.—At St. Nicholas's, meeting of the Very Rev. Chapter, Office and High Mass at 10½ a.m.
4 Tu	St. Charles, bp. c. d. <i>white</i> .—At the Catholic Institute monthly meeting of the Companies, addresses by the Presidents, and Benediction at 8.	19 W	St. Elizabeth, w. d. <i>white</i> .
5 W	Of the Octave, <i>sd. white</i> .	20 TH	St. Edmund, m. gr. d. <i>red</i> .
6 TH	Ditto. —Meeting of Blind Asylum Committee at 6 pm.	21 F	Presentation of the B. V. M. gr. d. <i>white</i> . (<i>Plenary Indulgence</i> .)—Abstinence.
7 F	Of the octave, <i>sd. white</i> .—Abstinence.	22 S	St. Cecily, v. m. d. <i>red</i> .
8 S	Octave of all Saints, d. <i>white</i> . (The Indulgence ends.)	23 S	28th and last after Pentecost. St. Clement, p. m. d. <i>red</i> . Mass and 2 Vesp., of the Feast; from the ch., of the fol., Com., of St. Clement, of the Sun., and of St. Chrysogonus.
9 S	26th after Pentecost, (5th after Epiphany.) Dedication of Our Saviour's Church, d. <i>white</i> . Mass and 2 Vesp., of the Feast; from the Ch., of the fol., Com. of the Dedication, of Sun., and of SS. Tryphon, &c.	24 M	St. John of the Cross, c. d. <i>white</i> .—At the Catholic Institute, Grand Concert in honour of St. Cecily.
10 M	St. Andrew Avellino, c. d. <i>white</i> .—At the Catholic Institute, Lecture by Rev. J. S. Northcote, on the Paintings and Inscriptions in the Catacombs, at 8.	25 Tu	St. Catharine, v. m. d. <i>red</i> .
		26 W	St. Felix, c. d. <i>white</i> .
		27 TH	St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, bp. c. d. <i>white</i> .
11 Tu	St. Martin, bp. c. d. <i>white</i> .	28 F	Feria, <i>green</i> .—Abstinence.
		29 S	<i>Vigil, purple</i> .
		30 S	1st of Advent, <i>sd. purple</i> .—1 Vesp., of the fol. Com. of Sun. <i>red</i> .