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AN HOUR AND A HALF WITH SPURGEON.

One fine Sunday morning in September, we (that is, my friend and I) after duly discharging our obligation for the day, drove to the Royal Surrey Gardens in the Borough, to see and hear Spurgeon, the lion of modern preachers. The remarks on his preaching, in *The Institute Magazine* for August, were fresh in our memories, and we wished to test their correctness by comparison with the actual reality. As we approached the entrance to the gardens, a continuous stream of well-dressed persons, both men and women, kept pouring along the street and through the gates, although it then wanted nearly half an hour of the time for beginning. On reaching the doors of the great Music Hall, our astonishment was increased by finding that not a seat remained vacant, and that we must be content to get room enough to stand. Nothing was demanded for admission. We chose the lowest gallery on the preacher's right hand, and were fortunate enough to find standing-room, about the middle of the gallery, without being inconveniently crowded. The Music-Hall is a long and very high building, capable of containing between nine and ten thousand persons. The ground-floor is furnished with benches across the middle; under the gallery there is accommodation only for standing. Three galleries rise one above another on three sides of the building; the lowest gallery is prolonged behind and above the stage so as to surround the entire hall.

When we entered, we perceived that the *parterre*, or ground-floor, was completely filled; the standing-room under the gallery, was densely wedged with company; the stage was covered with chairs which were all occupied: a little standing-room in a gallery was all that remained to us to hope for. From the centre of the stage rose an apparently extemporised pulpit, to the height of the lowest gallery, and entirely detached from the walls on every side. Any of our readers who remember the Univer-

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sity Church at Cambridge, will understand the position of the pulpit at the Surrey Gardens.

While we wait for the entrance of the preacher, we scrutinise the general appearance of the audience. We are at once struck with the air of substantial comfort that pervades it. Well-dressed women of all ages, belonging apparently, to the class of thriving tradespeople; men in great numbers, more especially elderly men, who may be tradesmen in good business, or clerks in easy circumstances. Among the reserved seats in the gallery immediately opposite our own, we observed a very few persons, whose appearance indicated a higher and a wealthier class; but they were certainly exceptions to the general mass. Near us there happened to be a number of little boys, who seemed to pay little attention to what was going on; but, in general, we remarked the absence of children throughout the assembly.

The light and airy hall was now overflowing. It wanted a few minutes to eleven o'clock, and the preacher entered the pulpit, followed by a grey haired gentleman, a deacon perhaps, who occupied one of two chairs at the back of the pulpit. After a short, silent prayer, Spurgeon invited the audience to join with him in a vocal prayer, which lasted a minute or two. He then read a long hymn, which was presently sung to a sweet melody, unaccompanied by any instrument. The singing was suspended at the end of every verse, to allow of Spurgeon's reading over the following verse, probably for the convenience of those who had no hymn book.

The hymn finished, he opened a large bible at "Paul's letter to the Colossians," and expounded, in an ordinary enough way, a few verses in the first chapter. We remarked the clearness and force of his voice; its tone is pleasing; with the exception of a few provincial vulgarisms, his pronunciation is singularly good. He spoke in a quiet colloquial way amidst breathless silence. From some expression of the Apostle, he took occasion to protest against those who deny the Divinity of Jesus Christ. "I never knew a Unitarian who had any heart in him; they always seem cold and repulsive, like the touch of a dead fish." By the way, is a dead fish colder than a living one? We imagine not. His sentiment of devotion to the name of Jesus suggested to us very forcibly that he must have made some acquaintance with Catholic books. "Were we holier, we should never be able even to hear that name pronounced without the deepest emotion." We thought of Ignatius, who always wept at the very sound.

This stage of the service over, we were invited to sing one verse of a hymn, which he repeated; and, this time, those who had seats, were requested to retain them; for the former had been sung standing. A longer prayer than before now followed;

the whole company sitting. Another hymn introduced the great event of the day—the Sermon.

The preacher prefaced his text with an apology for the plainness of its subject. He observed that he had often found subjects, the least adapted for display, turn out to have been most useful to souls. In this apologetic way, he proposed his text; "You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, etc." He then proceeded in a vigorous but still colloquial way to show how Christ was originally rich: how for our sakes he had become poor. His illustrations were often good; well worked out; and sometimes his tone and manner rose to great warmth and force. His language was always perfectly grammatical. We particularly remarked the absence of cant terms; only once or twice in the whole sermon, he made use of a phrase such as, "a grey-haired professor," in a sense peculiar to his own religious body. He once or twice betrayed his acquaintance with Catholic books; reminding us that Christ had not disdained the womb of the "Virgin Mary;" and at another time that he passed by the "Via Dolorosa" to his cross.

His style of delivery is marked with a good deal of variety. Now he speaks firmly, with uplifted fore finger; then he stretches out his open hands, or clasps them together, leaning forward on the pulpit. Sometimes he puts his left hand in his waistcoat pocket. But throughout, there is a uniformity and continuity in matter and in manner, for which we were not prepared. We asked ourselves what is it that attracts these ten thousand persons here to-day? There is nothing remarkable in the thought, or the language of the speaker. His discourse bears evidence of careful preparation; it is not the outburst of fanatical and untutored eloquence; its ideas and its language are almost common place. We imagine he must have toned down his performances considerably since his first appearance in public, unless the descriptions then given of him were much exaggerated. Curiosity to see the strange preacher had no doubt attracted many, as it had attracted ourselves. We could observe that, during his prayers, few were occupied with them, except a select circle in the reserved seats, probably composed of his congregation and his personal admirers. His want of cant also recommends his oratory to many. His earnestness, we must say, did not impress us so much as we had expected. Whether the preparation of his discourse, or his anxiety to preserve the prestige of his name before such audiences, had affected his manner, we felt that much of it was unnatural, much of it assumed, and "got up." His appearance is plain enough; attired in a black suit, without gown or bands, he is devoid of anything like "presence" or dignity of person. His countenance, however, is more prepossessing than his portraits.

On the whole we left the hall, after an hour-and-a-half with

Spurgeon, more than ever mystified by this "unprecedented attraction," more than ever at a loss to account for his excessive popularity. We could think of no adequate solution of the difficulty but this, that the thousands of our countrymen who crowd to this common-place orator, are hungering in their very souls for the bread of life, and no man gives it to them. They run hither and thither, till the charm of novelty is dissolved, and then they turn somewhere else, always seeking, and rarely finding. We are persuaded of this, if we understand the matter at all, that the secret of Spurgeon's fame must be looked for in the disposition of the masses who flock to him, rather than in anything very characteristic in himself.

EMMA'S CROSS.

PART I.

In a certain part of England there stood a house which had been the property for many generations of a Catholic family called Priestley. It stood in the midst of a fine estate. The timber was large, and clothed the hill which sheltered the house at the back; and a clear stream, large enough to be called a river, watered the meadows of the valley which stretched away in front of the mansion, and which had once been filled with deer instead of groups of cattle and flocks of sheep, for it was an ancient park. All that remained of the old park were the great walls, which had been the deer-fences, and the name. The place was always called The Park. The Priestley's of The Park were everywhere known, and everywhere respected.

At this time the family consisted of a widowed mother, a lady of about sixty years of age, and two daughters who were the youngest of the family, and of the ages of twenty and eighteen, Miss Priestley, and Miss Teresa Priestley. There were other children. The eldest was a major in the army, and was abroad with his regiment at the date of this story; and the second child was Mrs. Martinby, with whom Miss Teresa had been spending the winter. Mrs. Martinby lived a considerable distance away from The Park, in another county. The place she lived at was called Martinby Mount. She often had one of her sisters to stay with her. And now Miss Teresa was expected back again immediately. The rest of the household at The Park was made up of old servants who had long lived with the family, and of their children and friends. Mrs. Owen was Mrs. Priestley's maid. She was rather old for the place. She had lived as an unmarried woman with Mrs. Priestley in that capacity, and now circum-

stances had brought her again to the house. About eighteen years back she had left the house to marry Mr. Owen, the farm bailiff. They had lived happily together sixteen years. Then he died and left her with a daughter, Emma Owen, a nice girl of fifteen, and a son a few years younger, who was at school.

As the new bailiff had to live in Mrs. Owen's house, the question of where she was to go, arose. And Mrs. Priestley settled it by offering to take her as her own maid once more, and to take her daughter as the young ladies' maid. This was agreed to, and everybody was pleased. Mr. Grafton, the butler, was a friend of Mrs. Owen; he had given her away when she was married, and he was Emma's godfather. He liked the arrangement very much. The housekeeper was related to the Owens, and she was happy to see her relations prospering, and was very fond of Emma. But, still, the best security for everybody being happy and satisfied under this arrangement was in Mrs. Owen's goodness, and in the way in which she had brought up Emma. There was not a fault to be found with either of them.

Mrs. Owen loved the family, and had the honour of the house at heart. She was trusted, and she was faithful. She was very strict with Emma; but Emma was naturally steady, and so perfectly correct in her conduct, that she never fell into the little troubles that other girls know. Emma was looked on as the pride of the housekeeper's room. Every body loved her, and admired her too; and as to trusting her, no one could doubt Emma's truth and faithfulness. She had sincerity in her face; in her open smile; in her clear steady tranquil eyes; in her gentle thoughtful manner. And then she was so lively and open hearted she couldn't deceive. And she was so humble, that she had not that difficulty in acknowledging herself in the wrong, which is a trial and temptation to some people. As a child, Emma had been the pet and plaything of the young ladies, and now she was as much their companion as their servant when they were at home; and yet she was their servant, and a very good servant too, and knew her place and kept it.

The day arrived for the return of Miss Teresa. The whole house was happy and expecting. Emma had been in and out of the young lady's room fifty times, to be sure of its looking as it ought to look; Mrs. Priestley had tears in her eyes for joy, very often that morning; and Miss Priestley had gone in the carriage to meet her sister at a town about fourteen miles distant.

The two young ladies were very fond of each other. At last the carriage wheels were heard. "Oh, Owen, is that they?" said Mrs. Priestley to Mrs. Owen, who happened to be in the room. "It is the carriage, Ma'am. It is stopping at the lawn gate." The door of the room was opened, and Emma, rosy and smiling, tried to say, "They are come," but burst out crying

instead. This made her mother say, "Go away; go away!" And Mrs. Priestley, wiping her eyes, said, "Dear child, how fond she is of them!" Then Mrs. Priestley went as fast as she could through the passage and half way down stairs, where she was met by Miss Priestley. "Well, Cary, you have brought her!" "Oh, yes, Mamma." "My dear, my darling," and then Teresa was in her mother's arms.

It was a loving household. That day and evening there was so much to say. And many things to show, and messages to give, for Mrs. Martinby had sent notes and remembrances to a large number of friends, both rich and poor.

Emma loved Miss Teresa Priestley very much. A little better perhaps than she loved the elder sister. And the only reason for this was that Miss Teresa wanted more doing for her. She liked to be waited upon—never folded up anything, or pretended to keep things tidy. So that Emma felt herself necessary to her favourite, and loved her even for her helplessness. Miss Priestley was different. She knew about her own affairs, and could remember things for herself. She very seldom asked, "Emma, what did I do with that new blue ribbon? Emma, I have no idea where that writing paper is. Emma, I don't see that library-book about anywhere. Emma, did that embroidery go back to the shop? Emma, did you put my sketch-book anywhere?" And fifty other enquiries, such as Teresa was making every day. Not that Miss Priestley was too independent to require a maid. She was very thankful for Emma's services, and valued her highly. But she did not expect any body to find her work, and arrange her writing-table, and remember to do all those daily things which people ought to do for themselves. Yet the more Teresa wanted of Emma, the more Emma did, and the more she loved the dear young lady to whom she had become so necessary.

That afternoon, Mrs. Priestley and Miss Priestley were in the room where Emma was unpacking Miss Teresa's boxes.

"Emma," said the young lady, "take care how you unpack that leathern bonnet-box; it has my cross in it somewhere." "Yes, Ma'am" said Emma.

"What cross is that my dear?" asked Mrs. Priestley. "Is it a new one?" "Oh, no, Mamma; it is the one I bought last year when we were at Torquay." "Oh, I remember; a marble one." "Yes, a marble one. I forgot it till Mary's maid was packing my bonnet, and then she said she could find a nice place for it in that black box. But she cautioned me about taking the loose things out, lest I should injure it." "I remember the cross very well," said Miss Priestley, "I felt truly sorry that you had taken it. You used to put it on that bracket, in front of the figure of our Lady, and my eyes had got so accustomed to the sight of the white marble cross, with its curious veins of red

that, though it was so small, I never felt as if the place was right without it. Our Lady seemed to want it at her feet." "I can fancy that, Cary," said Teresa, smiling, "but now we are both come back, my cross and myself." "Home is really home now," said Mrs. Priestley. They got up to return to the sitting-room. "Put the cross in its old place, Emma." "Yes, Ma'am," said Emma. "We shall be ready to dress in an hour," said Teresa. "And, Emma, Mrs. Martinby has sent presents to Mrs. Tartlet and your mother, and Mrs. Brand at the lodge, and Grafton, and some others, and to some of the school-children. I will give the children's to them to-morrow, at the school, but it is a pity to keep those waiting who are in the house. The parcels are all tied up and directed. Will you give them?—they are all somewhere—give them to-night, and say Mary sent her kindest remembrances with them; and be sure you take care of the cross." Emma said she would do all this, and the young ladies went to the drawing-room.

There was going to be a dinner-party that evening of a few friends who resided in the neighbourhood. The young ladies were dressed by Emma. And it was a great pleasure to make Miss Teresa's beautiful hair look still more beautiful, twisting and plaiting its thick length, and braiding it smoothly away from her forehead and much-loved face; for Emma thought Miss Teresa the loveliest lady in the world. She liked her work, and did it very well. And when Teresa said, "How very nice! Emma, your clever fingers are more skilful than ever. I have never had my hair so well dressed, nor so comfortably since I left home," then she was perfectly rewarded. The young mistress and the young maid exchanged smiles, and Teresa walked away. She met Miss Priestley at the door. "I was going to tell Emma not to stay up for us. I think we shall be late to-night. We can manage for each other, can't we?" "Oh, yes," said Teresa. Then they joined their mother, and some friends who were waiting for them.

The day wore to its close, and the sisters slept well and rose the next morning, and met, with many of the household, at mass in the chapel in the house. Father Cuthbert, the priest, who lived in the village close by, said mass in the house twice a week. On other days mass was said in the little chapel which stood near the school, about half a mile from the house. He breakfasted with them, and after breakfast staid in the library looking at some books. Mrs. Priestley was sitting there writing.

Teresa came in. "Oh, Mamma, Emma says my cross was not in the box." Teresa's face was sad, and she looked puzzled. Father Cuthbert looked up. "You must have left it behind." "I think that I *saw* Mary's maid put the cross into the leathern box. It was when she was putting it in that she cautioned me about taking it out." The three looked round at each other,

"Well," said Father Cuthbert, "write to the Mount. You will find that the cross was not put in, that it fell down, slipped aside"— "Indeed," said Teresa, "I saw it packed; I was talking to Mary, and we were sitting together on the little sofa, and her maid put cotton-wool about it, and then said she had a safe corner for it in that box. Oh, I would not lose the cross for the world."

"Lose! it can't be lost," said Mrs. Priestley. "Write to Mary directly."

Teresa sat down to write. At that moment Emma came in. Cary had sent for a book.

"Oh, this is what Cary wants," said Teresa, and she handed a book to Emma.

"So you did not find the cross," said Mrs. Priestley, looking up at the young girl.

"No, Ma'am." Emma blushed deeply.

"Are you sure that it was not in any of the boxes? are they all unpacked?"

"They are all unpacked. The cross was not in any of them," answered Emma, but her voice trembled. She glanced towards Father Cuthbert. He was looking at her.

"Of course it was left behind," said Mrs. Priestley.

"It is very odd," said Teresa. Emma's face grew hotter as she looked at the young lady, who was writing very fast. "Emma, please to light the taper. If this goes to the village directly it will save a post. There, send it immediately. Dear me! I hope I shall hear to-morrow night. I may, if Mary answers directly. Oh, quickly, Emma—don't wait."

Emma had been standing looking at Teresa in a very absent way, but on being spoken to turned and went quickly from the room. She met the butler in the passage. "Oh, Mr. Grafton, this must go to the post directly." "Anything the matter?"

"Oh, no, nothing. That is—how stupid I am!"

She looked so blushing and trembling that Grafton told her to come with him down stairs. And after sending a boy to the post, he said, "What is the matter? I am sure something is wrong. I see it in your face."

Emma was very fond of her godfather. When he spoke so strongly, and yet so kindly, she sat down and indulged in what people call "a good cry." When Emma had dried her tears, and told Grafton the cause of her trouble, he did not sympathize very deeply with her. He was a plain sensible man, and he spoke quietly, "Emma, you should not be so silly as to cry and fuss about this. You could not take out of a box that which was never there. If the cross had been packed you would have unpacked it. You did not unpack it—it was not there. You only make yourself absurd by fretting over it."

"But Miss Teresa saw it put in." "She *thinks* she saw it put

in," said Grafton. "She is a very kind and generous-hearted young lady. She would not say anything to vex you or anybody living." "I know that," said Emma sadly.

"And to speak the whole truth," said Grafton, "I have known Miss Teresa from the day of her birth, and she never did take much notice about what belonged to her. She did not pack the cross herself; she only thinks she saw another person pack it. Then you open the box and it is not there. It is at Martinby Mount—of course it is. And I say again, Emma, I don't like that habit you are growing into of troubling over trifles, and breaking your heart about nothing. Life will bring its troubles to you as it does to others. Do your duty, bear things patiently, persevere in the right path, and don't be over anxious." "Well," said Emma, "I know that fidgetting over little things is one of my faults. I'll try to do better. But I have felt lost for the last four months without Miss Teresa in the house. There is no work to do when she is not at home. And I love her so much, and have always loved her. And when she came I cried for joy. And then the first thing that happened after her arrival was this little vexation. And so I seemed so disappointed, and cheated, as it were, out of my perfect happiness in seeing her again. And she did not seem to take as much notice of me as I fancied she would, she was so occupied about the cross."

"Oh," said Grafton, "a little bit of self-love is at the bottom of these fine feelings I suppose. Well, go now; pray to St. Antony, and be a good girl." He nodded and smiled, and Emma went away.

She went to Teresa's room, and once more examined the boxes, felt the lining of the carpet-bag all over, and looked into the pockets in the portmanteau. While she was thus employed her mother came in. "My dear Emma, not done unpacking yet?" "Oh, mother, I was just looking once more through everything for Miss Teresa's cross." "But it can't have got inside the folds of the linen," said Mrs. Owen reprovingly. "Is it the cross on three little steps that used to stand on the bracket—a cross about five inches high?" "Yes, mother, that is the cross," said Emma, unfolding a pocket-handkerchief. "Emma, Emma," exclaimed Mrs. Owen, "it can't be in the folds of that cambric. What is the matter with you? Come away. Miss Priestley's new dressing-gowns will never be made at this rate." So Emma, swallowing a sob, at her mother's bidding put back the pocket-handkerchief, and left the room with her to spend the morning in needle-work.

The truth was that Emma had a way of fidgetting about things in a useless way, and of thinking and troubling over trifles till they became of unreal consequence in her mind, and her mother felt that this was one of those moments when the habit was showing itself, and when it ought to be checked.

Teresa never sent for Emma during the whole of that day. She was showing the drawings she had made during the winter to her mother. But Emma, who was longing to do something for her favourite mistress, and to whom it was really a pleasure to look at her once more, was disappointed, and jealous without knowing it, and wondering if it was the loss of the cross that kept Miss Teresa so quietly in the library. At last the letters came. From the work-room window Emma saw the boy, whose place it was to go to the post-office, get off the little rough pony, and swing the letter-bag from his shoulder. "You may go to Grafton and ask to take the letters upstairs, if you like," said Mrs. Owen. Emma flew down to the back door, and almost knocked the old butler down as he turned round on the door step. "Well, Emmal!" "Please, let me take the bag to the library—I want to know if Mrs. Martinby has written, and if she has written, what she has said,—they might not think of sending for me, and I am dying to know!" The old man smiled at her eagerness, and gave her the bag. In another moment, Emma was with the ladies in the library.

"The letters!" said Miss Priestley, rising to take the bag. Mrs. Priestley opened a small drawer in the table at which she sat, and took out the key. Emma looked at Teresa. They both smiled, and both looked very eager. "There is Mary's letter," said Miss Priestley. Emma gave it to Teresa, and Teresa read aloud—

"I write by return of post to say that the cross was put by Jane into the black box. I saw her put it in. Do you not remember her showing us that she had put cotton-wool round the arms? I have questioned her. She is perfectly certain that she put the cross into that box. She says she recollects taking some pains to pack it carefully. And she knows that it was in that box and no other. I dare say you have found it by this time. Though small, it is too large to pass long unnoticed."

"Isn't it extraordinary?" said Teresa, looking up in Emma's face. "I am very sorry, and I am quite bewildered. I believe, with Mary, that I saw it put into the box, and yet you say it was not there?"

"It was not there Ma'am," said Emma.

"My dear girl," said Mrs. Priestley kindly, "I think you must have overlooked it. Go to Teresa's room and examine everything once more."

"If you please Ma'am," said Emma, "I looked through everything this morning,—everything Ma'am. It really is not there—it really was not in the box."

The ladies looked at each other, and then they all three looked at Emma: Emma felt that she should like to cry. No one spoke. As there was nothing more to say, the girl moved towards the door. But before she could leave the room Teresa said, very

earnestly, "Emma, can't you think of anything to explain this—can't you guess at some way of explaining about the cross? It is really not for the value of the cross, nor the fancy I have for it, but because all mysteries are so disagreeable that I want to get to the truth, and have the matter explained."

"Indeed, Miss Teresa, I can't imagine what has become of the cross. I am certain that it was not in that box, nor in any other box that was brought into the house yesterday. You did not leave any box or parcel behind, or lose any on the road?" "No—oh, no!" said Teresa, "I brought them all safely. These were all that I had." "Well," said Mrs. Priestley, "it is very strange; and as you said just now, the mystery is the disagreeable part of it. But we can do no more. One day it may all come out. Of course the cross is somewhere. But at present, as no more remains to be done, let us try to forget it. Emma looks quite harassed. We are not accustomed to have odd things happen here. But don't trouble, Emma; let us forget the cross for the present,—let us think no more about it."

Emma went away, and repeated all that had been said to Mrs. Owen. Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Tartlet, and Mr. Grafton, talked it all over when they had their tea. The feeling in the house was, that Mrs. Martinby's servant had not put it into the box; and the cook, who knew the housekeeper at the Mount, wrote a letter about it—but nothing further could be learned. It still remained just where it was. One servant said she had put the cross into the box, and the other servant said she had never taken it out. Weeks and months passed away. The cross never appeared and was never talked about. But Emma felt that Miss Teresa was not quite as helpless as formerly,—that the experience of the cross had made her look after her own affairs more than she used to do—that she gave only a little more trouble than Miss Priestley now; and from all this Emma knew how much Miss Teresa had felt the loss of the cross, or the mystery of its loss—for that, to one of her open-hearted trusting disposition was the trial, as she herself had declared it to be. The passing of days, and weeks, and months, and company coming and going—and the young ladies visiting, and Emma going with them, put the cross out of remembrance with most people. No one mentioned it. It was, no doubt, never in anyone's mind now,—only Emma did not forget, and perhaps Miss Teresa did not. Yet if any one had said in a hurry, "the cross is found!" people would have asked, "What cross?" Autumn came, and winter. The winter was very severe. It set in early. But it was a happy winter at the Park, for the Major came back. And there were great rejoicings at the return of the soldier, the son and heir; and his mother wished that she might keep him always. But he had only come home for one year. He had brought back invalids from the regiment in India, and was only

to spend that one winter with his family. Everybody was gay and happy. There was additional clothing given away that Christmas, and good coal fires in every cottage in the village. "Rejoice with me," said Mrs. Priestley to those around her, and she gave as much cause for gladness as she could. And so the winter passed.

(To be continued.)

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF CHARITY OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, HAMMERSMITH.

The town of Hammersmith, in which a few years ago the only chapel was one attached to the Benedictine Convent, has come lately, by God's mercy, to wear quite a religious aspect. The parochial church, of which, if it be no great praise to say that it is among the finest of those undesecrated in London, it is very much to be able to add, that it is a standing monument of what may be effected by zeal and by the power of prayer. We simply state the truth in declaring that the young and holy founder, laid, ere the high altar was consecrated, at rest beneath it, had no other means at his disposal. With these he commenced the work, and these only has he left to his friend and confrère to complete it. "Lord bless you," said our informant, "they had not got five pounds between them when they set about it." And this we believe to have been the truth. The success of their labours was looked upon as a pious dream, a holy impossibility; but so it is not at the present moment; the day of judgment will tell how many masses offered, how many sacraments administered, have been the result; and a recording angel will number the souls, who by these masses and sacraments shall, ere that time arrive, have been rescued from perdition.

But the church does not stand alone, it is surrounded nearly by pretty ornamental almshouses; and on the opposite side the road is the Convent of Christian Brothers, and the normal training school, intended to supply in time all the dioceses of England with properly qualified masters. Nor is this all; we have, within five minutes walk, the "Mother house" of that wonderful order of charity, the "Little Sisters of the Poor;" and in another direction, in a ghost-haunted dwelling of Charles the Second's, we come upon the "Brothers of Mercy," Religious from Belgium, who guide in their various labours such children, as saved from the horrors endured by that poor little undying suicide "Josephs," are placed under their fostering care in a "Reformatory."

It ought to be recorded, to the credit of the people of Ham-

mersmith, that when Achilli, or Gavazzi, we forget which, hired a room in which they hoped to make money by some indecent lecture, no tickets were purchased, neither when the appointed hour arrived had any audience made their appearance. The inhabitants of the town clearly did not intend to supply the expected harvest, and the lecturer was presently compelled to shut up his room and to decamp. But a little further on we have yet to notice that which is to be the object just now of our special attention, the Convent of the "Good Shepherd." The intention of this charity is to a certain extent the same as that upon which rests the foundation of Protestant "penitentiaries," but there is nevertheless a considerable difference between the two. While the one seeks to repair the inconveniences sustained by society, and is content should that be accomplished, the other looks in the first place and principally to the sin committed against God. Sin, the great enemy of the Church in every age, is yet at different periods counteracted more effectually by one means than by another. Wisdom at one time was such a means, power and magnificence at another, but in the present day the characteristic which God has most clearly impressed upon his Church appears to be mercy. A distinguished living theologian tells us of his namesake and one to a singular extent his counterpart, the companion of St. Ignatius, that the latter held (as his meaning is explained by Lancelius,) "the prayer of practical oblation to be more excellent and meritorious than even the contemplation of the prayer of quiet; and for this reason, in both whether oblation or contemplation, the formal object is the same; God loved simply for his own sake, but in oblation a further matter is added to the work, or, word done or said for God." From this it would seem that St. Ignatius and the early Fathers of the Society, were among the first who endeavoured to raise a life of active benevolence to anything like an equality with the more hidden and mystical virtues of contemplation, and to us it has always appeared that nuns of the "Good Shepherd" approach as near as it is possible for women to approach, the type of perfection which is manifested in the Company of Jesus. Non-contemplative nuns are, for the most part, occupied in offices which pious women in the world might fill almost equally well; they become (in secular language) nurses, or governesses, but the sisters of the Good Shepherd go beyond this; they are admitted to labour for the salvation of souls, and like the children of St. Ignatius, even to bind themselves by vow so to labour, it is the great and special end of their vocation. The Order of the Good Shepherd is one of the youngest in Religion, the youngest, viz., among those which have already taken root and flourished, subduing the kingdom of Satan in men's, or, rather in women's hearts and in the world: but the Order is not young as men count age. It was in France early in the 17th

century that the first House was established, not at that time as a religious community, but merely as a refuge for penitents. The Père Jean Eudes, better known probably as the founder of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary, was also the chief promoter, under God, of this great charity. He obtained permission, as we read in his life, towards the close of the year 1642, to establish in the city of Caen a convent of women, the inmates of which should consist of two separate classes, the one to be composed of those, who having led a shameful life, might retire there for a time for penance and reformation, and who should be free to go out when they thought proper, the other to be formed of persons of stainless reputation, leaving the world of their own free will, to serve God more perfectly, and to labour for the salvation of the sinful souls committed to their care. These religious were governed at first by nuns of the Visitation, they also adopted the constitution of St. Francis of Sales, under the rule of St. Augustine, but they had, in addition, certain special regulations to distinguish them as a separate Order; it was not, however, till after about twenty years trial that they were approved at Rome; the delay being occasioned by a fear, which seemed not without foundation, of suffering consecrated virgins to concern themselves, and to dwell under one roof with women of abandoned character. This difficulty was at the end of that time satisfactorily proved to exist in theory only. Judging, perhaps, by the rules of human prudence, which it would not have been wise at once to cast aside, the plan might have appeared fraught with dangerous consequences; but as God's ways are not ours, he gave his servants grace commensurate with their vocation, and not the slightest shadow of harm having been caused by the association in question, the Sovereign Pontiff issued the bull of authorization, and bestowed upon the institute his solemn sanction in the course of the year 1666.

An Order of this kind once established; to prove its value and importance in a missionary country, would be a mere waste of words. No opportunity, however, appears to have arrived of naturalising it in England till about fifteen or sixteen years ago, when, by the piety and energy of one holy mother of blessed memory, and of her companion, this was happily brought about. These two women came to this country, not knowing the language, and, like the apostles sent forth by our Lord, without scrip or purse; they came only with an introduction to a good priest at Chelsea, and when they knocked at the door and asked for him, they found that he was dead. Were they, gentle messengers of peace and pardon to the guilty, to retrace their steps? It was not to be thought of; but in a city like London, where it is imperative almost, to reverse the order of justice, and to believe every one guilty till they be proved innocent, difficulties started up before them on every side. They

were ignorant even of many ordinary English customs, but no such obstacles as this were to be permitted to stand in their way; they managed to obtain an introduction to the late Dr. Griffiths, acting Bishop in London previous to the re-establishment of the Hierarchy, and he at once granted them his protection and his conditional approval. For a time the sisters subsisted on what was sent them daily from his table; but it pleased God at length, their faith and patience being sufficiently tried, that their prospects should improve, friends were raised up to assist them, and they were enabled to take a small house at Hammersmith, and to make their object and their intentions more generally known.

The dwelling in which the community at present reside, will be remembered by many as Beauchamp Lodge; the name, however, is all that remains, the house with the changes and enlargements which it has undergone, would not probably be recognised by its former possessors. It is situated in a singularly quiet and retired spot, which is scarcely five minutes walk from the busiest part of the town, and yet during the last seven years at least, not a feature in the neighbourhood appears to have changed. We almost felt on revisiting it a few days since, as though the locality even were under the protection of heaven, and that the noise and bustle of the world, as being especially inappropriate, were not to be permitted to come near it. The interior arrangements are of a similar character; on entering the enclosure you come upon a large garden, which produces sufficient vegetables for the community and for the inmates of the asylum, and affords, besides exercise and entertainment to the latter. There were many to be seen digging and planting in different parts, and a sister, or, as the religious are all called by the penitents, a Mother, superintending each division; one, a young and very pretty novice, her face positively radiant with happiness, was reading to a "Child" occupied seemingly in getting up potatoes. The dress of the former was not pretty, nor is that of the professed nuns, yet it seems intended to be so, the idea of it is. The Père Eudes says:—"They are to be clothed in white, in order to remind them of the care and circumspection, the purity of thought and intention necessary while employed in watching over the unfortunates whom they have undertaken to reform. A blue cross hanging over the heart, but concealed, is to be a token of the works of penance and mortification, which are to be to them as a daily shield, against the peculiar dangers of their position, and the means moreover of drawing down the special graces of heaven upon themselves and upon their charge. A silver heart worn outside the dress, and engraved with a representation of the Virgin and Child, supported on either side by a rose branch and a lily, is to keep them in continual remembrance of the duties of their vocation, and to inspire

them with the courage and confidence necessary to their fulfilment."

The white dress, then, is emblematical, and so far quite to our taste; but white *flannel*, that material, whatever it may do elsewhere, puts us in mind in England of sickness, and of cold, of darkened chambers, and of pale-faced watchers at the couch of death, of many sorrowful things, in fact, but not of joyful ones; it does not seem to us to symbolize virgin purity, nor the beautiful and willing sacrifice of a young free heart to God.

We have, however, not yet got beyond the garden of the convent. The chief occupation of the penitents, that by which they are principally supported is washing, and they have every convenience for that purpose on a very large scale. This, however, being Saturday, the laundry work was all completed and sent home, and the greater number of the Children were in their class-room, engaged with the needle. Their demeanour, not got up for visitors, but as it appeared to a chance and unimportant observer, was one of girlish *insouciance* and happy innocence, often found wanting among the inmates of girls' schools, not only in their rank of life, but even in that which is above them. We own that we have, in common with many other persons, hesitated to believe in the possibility of regaining innocence, under the circumstances in which these young women are placed; but what we have at times seen here, and elsewhere, has clearly proved to us our error; we have become convinced that such a condition is not only possible, but aided by God's grace, conferred upon those who will, in the sacraments, it is very common. There are about a hundred penitents in this house at the present moment, their ages varying generally from eighteen to twenty-four. The time they are usually supposed to remain in the Asylum, is two years, and then, if they desire it, suitable places as domestic servants, or in some other capacity, are found for them. Many prefer never to leave, and these, after two years' trial, are permitted to make a yearly vow of consecration, and have a different habit from the others. There are besides, a class of Magdalens who are separated from the rest. These wishing to enter religion, make a two years' novitiate, and then, having taken the usual vows, renewable annually, follow a rule adopted for them from that of the Carmelites. They are governed by mistresses chosen from the Community of the Good Shepherd, and are under the same strict surveillance as the rest of penitents. In addition to these various classes, there should be one also for "Preservation," that is, for young girls who have not yet fallen into sin, and are to be saved from so falling; but as yet, necessary as it may be, no means have been devised of founding such a one at Hammersmith.

From the "common room" of the Children we proceeded to the

refectory, where it does one good often to see a lot of hungry people enjoying themselves, but no such satisfaction as this was just now in store for us, there was nothing visible in the room but a number of pewter pots and very large slices of bread and butter, and we passed out, and walked through the range of apartments, those at least which are shown to visitors, in which the rest of the house consists.

There are two chapels, two and yet one, for they are built at right angles with each other, and one altar serves for the two; the penitents, however, are by this means preserved in greater privacy, and a portion of the Nun's chapel is open to any lay visitors whom they may invite. At the foot of the altar is the tomb of the first English mother, the mother foundress, namely, in England, whose name is still held in the greatest veneration by the sisterhood. The Cardinal Archbishop, in his character of patron and protector, would not suffer her to be buried with the rest of the community, nor indeed, it being possible to pay her greater honour, would they have desired it. She may have been dead probably some six or seven years, but she lived to be assured of the success of her labours, and to be the means, humanly speaking, of saving hundreds, possibly thousands, of souls. The House at Hammersmith, since its establishment, has founded three others, one at Glasgow, another at Limerick, and another at Bristol, and yet more are demanded; but the principal Community consists at the present moment but of thirty nuns, a number by no means sufficient for the duties that already devolve upon them; putting out of the question those which they are about to undertake, in accepting the charge of a "Reformatory," in the lately extended meaning of the word, for female children generally.

Till last year there was but one noviciate house, that established at Angers, for every one throughout the world desirous of uniting themselves practically to the labours of the Good Shepherd; but the rapid extension of the Order seemed to point to the necessity of dividing it into provinces; this has accordingly been done, and it is found that everywhere more postulants present themselves in consequence. Previous to this arrangement, however, there had been between fifty and sixty Houses founded in Europe, India, and America, one at Smyrna, one at Cairo, and three in Algeria.

We give some account elsewhere of Mr. Maguire's admirable work on "Rome, its Ruler, and its Institutions;" but we cannot more appropriately conclude the present notice, than by a letter which he quotes, addressed by his present Holiness when archbishop of Imola to the superioress of the Good Shepherd, at Angers. He had been most desirous of founding a community of the order in his diocese, and, says Mr. Maguire, "That day was a proud one for Cardinal Mastai that witnessed the arrival of four sisters at

his palace, which he placed at their disposal until their future abode was fully prepared for their reception. With indescribable joy he welcomed the good sisters whom he had so anxiously implored, to come to his assistance in his work of charity ; and the simple nuns were filled with gratitude, at first not entirely divested of embarrassment, at the attentions lavished upon them by a prince of the Church, who himself waited upon them while they sat at his table, and ministered to their wants with more than the humility of a servant." The following is the letter.

" Very Reverend Mother General,

" Your Reverence must have already received from your dear daughters the details of their happy arrival at Imola ; but it is proper that I should myself inform you of this event, and that I should at the same time, express to you the great consolation that I experience, in seeing myself enriched with this little troop of sacred virgins, who in a few days will open the mission for the salvation of so many poor wandering sheep. I feel certain, that with the grace of God, they will recouduct them to the fold of the Prince of pastors, Jesus Christ. May eternal praise be given to the God of Mercies, and I beg your Reverence to accept the assurance of my deep-felt gratitude. I have the consolation of having them with me in my palace. I have great reason to thank the Lord, who holds in His hands the hearts of men ; but it appears to me that He has placed those of your daughters, not in His hands, but in His own heart. I will not fail to render them every assistance in their wants ; and from that thought I pass to the pleasure of assuring you again, that I am, with deep esteem, the affectionate servant of your Maternity,

✠ " JEAN MARIE,

" Cardinal Mastai, Archbishop.

"Imola, 14th Sep., 1845."

POST NUBES LUX.

I.

O'er Indian plains a cry of blood,
 A cry of devils in their rage,
 Sweeps onward in a gathering flood,
 Nor woman spares, nor tender age.

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II.

Fond hearts, at tidings of the strife,
Are trembling for a darling child,
Wrestling for honour and for life,
Alone upon that ocean wild.

III.

With fluttering pulse and sickening weight
Of fear, they watch the tide of news;
Mistrusting, in its far-off date,
Hopes which their darker dreams refuse.

IV.

Not slain, but missing where he fought,
Or he was well, eight weeks ago ;
Weak chance ! his life is hourly sought,
Disease and steel its double foe.

V.

Less wearing is the fate of those
To whom the worst is come and o'er ;
Among the slain their bodings close
At once ; they fear and hope no more.

VI.

By Hastings' town there is a grave,
Where blooms the flower and rocks the tree
Within the murmur of the wave
That ripples on our Southern sea.

VII.

Nine summers green, through sun and shower,
Have worn, since there we laid to rest
The seed of an immortal flower
Safe in her angel-guarded nest.

VIII.

Seven years an exile on the plain
Of India ; from its burning skies,
Back to her English home again
She came, a light to weary eyes.

IX.

Her English home, now desolate,
As half-despondingly she said,
As though her home she sought too late,
Dear friends dispersed, and loved ones dead.

X.

A soul as gentle and as bright
 As ever warmed a household hearth ;
 In pain she faded from our sight,
 Leaving with us her cherished earth.

XI.

From keener anguish yet to come
 Which years of terror will unfold,
 Our Lord hath called her spirit home,
 True to his promised word of old.

XII.

And now, when English mothers weep
 Death and dishonour far away,
 Calm broods above our darling's sleep,
 Safe, safe, and happier, day by day.

XIII.

Trust in his plan is all we need,
 For sharpest wounds a sovereign balm,
 In storms the darkest we may read
 Sure earnest of approaching calm.

S. J.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

A NARRATIVE OF HIS CAREER, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE, POLITICAL,
 LEGAL AND LITERARY.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE, SCHOOLBOY DAYS, TRAITS,
 AND ADVENTURES.

Any Kerry-man of ordinary discrimination who chanced to pass a comfortable looking country residence at Carhen, near the town of Cahirciveen, on the morning of the 6th of August, seventeen hundred and seventy-five, must have remarked, upon the instant, that an unusual amount of domestic bustle was being enacted within. Many a village gossip, determined to ascertain from "the fountain head" the truth of certain vague reports which had circulated through the quiet village, was seen to hold a strict colloquy "*with the sarvent maid*," and depart joyously with the intelligence that Mr. Morgan O'Connell had got a son and heir. A greater bustle was observable a few days later, when the parish priest alighted from his horse at the door,

and proceeded to baptize "the little stranger," who, it had been agreed on all sides, should be called after his worthy grandfather, the late Daniel O'Connell of Derrynane, a gentleman of ancient family and independent fortune, who died some eight or ten months before.* Few thought that that little helpless baby which received with piteous lamentation, the chilling water of regeneration, would one day become the giant-minded patriot and lawyer, the terror of his political and legal opponents, and the idol of the long oppressed people, whom there is little doubt, he loved better than his life.

The mansion alluded to above, has long since fallen into ruin, and the benighted traveller who now passes that way, may not unfrequently hear the gloomy howls of the night-wind, as it wildly runs through the cold grass grown rooms and corridors of Carhen House, where merry musical voices, and joyous peals of laughter, had so many times found utterance in days gone by.

England had rarely felt more humiliated than she did at the time of O'Connell's birth. 'Twas in that year (1775) the two powerful armies of Albion and America, first clashed together, and fought with steel to steel on the plains of Lexington, and the Heights of Bunker's Hill. The latter engagement took place only a couple of weeks previous to O'Connell's first appearance on the great stage, and almost immediately after, the resolute young Republic, in spite of England's teeth, unfurled the star-spangled banner of independence.

Daniel O'Connell, of Derrynane, who died in 1775, was the last member of his stock, or, as it would be termed in Scotland, his clan, who exercised a curious feudal privilege and propensity which the wild character of the place, and the license of the times in some degree sanctioned. Old Daniel O'Connell lived in his castle of Derrynane, a petty prince of the wild and thinly populated district of Iveragh. His watch towers, like those of Drachenfels and Fredericstein, looked grimly down upon the craggy coast; and many a light merchant vessel pitched to and fro upon the dark and boisterous Atlantic waves, received its death wound against the sharp stony rocks, which, like a vast *cheveux de frize*, protected the shore. Deserted by its crew, the

* Also called after him was his youngest son Daniel (the two-and-twentieth child of his father and mother) who entered the French service at the age of 14, in the year 1759. Promotion, the invariable attendant upon merit in the French army, was speedily awarded him. So conspicuously did this remarkable soldier distinguish himself in the honourable profession he adopted, that ere many years elapsed, his friends had the gratification of seeing him become successively Major General, Colonel Commandant, and Count. Few *militaires* of his day, saw more service; but to give an adequate history of his life and exploits, would occupy a book in itself. He finally entered the British service, with the other officers of the Irish brigade, and enjoyed a full colonel's pay until his death, which occurred in 1834, being in the 91st year of his age. We suppose it is unnecessary to mention that this distinguished veteran was the uncle of Daniel O'Connell, the emancipator of Catholic Ireland.

ship usually fell to pieces soon after, disclosing a cargo of coopered meat, or perhaps preserved fruit from Alicant; whereupon down rushed O'Connell's retainers, and bore off the booty amid shouts of exultation. Many a life the old chief of Derrynane saved from a watery grave; but with the casuistry and feudal spirit of the time, he invariably detained within his territory whatever property chanced to be wrecked upon it. On the principle that the Lord of the manor is legally entitled to the property of him who commits suicide within its precincts. O'Connell of Derrynane considered that he had every right to appropriate the good things which floating sought for shelter beneath his walls. After all, perhaps it was better that the old chieftain and his retainers should fall in for an occasional cargo of hams and dried fruit, than that it should become the food of sharks and codfish.

Of the wife of this remarkable personage, we shall now speak from information supplied by some of her descendants. Springing from the old feudal sept of O'Donoghue of the Lakes, she allied herself in marriage to O'Connell of Derrynane, early in the last century. This extraordinary woman was recognized through the length and breadth of Iveragh, by the name of Morna Duiv, or Black Mary. She is traditionally described as a woman of most vigorous intellect, whom her friends, with mingled feelings of reverence and awe, used constantly to consult. Her scathing powers of sarcasm, and violent denunciation of all who happened, in any way, to thwart her purposes or inclinations, are still described by some old Kerry families, with a steadiness of outline, as though Morna Duiv had but yesterday passed from amongst them. Her eldest son, Maurice O'Connell, of Derrynane, familiarly known as "Old Hunting-cap," died about thirty years since at the advanced age of ninety-five. The very considerable period which has elapsed since Morna Duiv lived, and the permanence of the impression which her strong mind and despotic temperament have left behind, may be inferred from the above fact. Morna Duiv's demeanour towards her servitors and labourers was stern in the extreme. When paying them their wages at the end of every week, (as she always did), it was invariably accompanied by the ejaculation, in Irish, "Jhudug clea tharava yuth fe mor a helish!" which being translated, signifies, "May the Almighty prosper or melt away your wages according as you earned them." The younger sister of Morna Duiv, Margaret O'Donoghue, was married to the Mac Carthy More.

The late Mr. O'Connell is considered to have inherited from his grandmother, Morna Duiv, the massiveness of mind and powers of sarcasm and invective for which he was distinguished. O'Connell's parents, as well as Uncle Maurice, were quiet inoffensive folk.

Old Daniel O'Connell of Derrynane left three sons, Maurice, Daniel, and Morgan. Maurice, being the eldest, inherited of course, the old family property of Derrynane, and the estates of Glencara in the county Kerry. The second son, Morgan, although a younger brother, was also in the annual receipt of a good income at the period of our hero's birth, and held for many years the commission of the Peace in his native county. While yet comparatively young, he married Katharine, younger sister of the O'Mullaue of White Church, one of the most respectable and ancient Catholic families in Cork. Morgan left four sons and six daughters, of whom only one half now survive. Maurice of Derrynane having no children, adopted the two elder sons of his brother Morgan, and obtained for them the best instruction which that remote part of the country afforded.* At the ages of 12 and 13, the brothers were placed under the parental care of the worthy Father Harrington, at that time principal of a respectable boarding school in Long Island, near the Cove of Cork—the first, we may observe, openly held by a Catholic clergyman since the introduction of the Penal Laws. Their uncle Maurice, anxious to give his nephews further educational advantages, had them removed on the expiration of a year, to the then celebrated College of St. Omer's, in the north of France, where the subject of this memoir soon rose to the first place in all the classes, and received the most flattering expressions of commendation for his scholastic assiduity and talent. We must not omit mentioning that when the boys were leaving Kerry, the College of Liege was considered as their destination. But having reached the Belgian Birmingham, it was found that the elder of the two had passed the admissible age for students, and access to the study hall was, of course, peremptorily refused. Word had to be written home to Uncle Maurice, apprising him of this disappointment, and as the eighteenth century was not over remarkable for its facilities of transit, or very perfect in telegraphic communications, six long weeks unavoidably elapsed ere a reply reached Liege from the wilds of Iveragh. The interval of leisure thus afforded to our young gentlemen, was devoted by the younger brother to idling and recreation, while the elder, with characteristic steadiness and prudence, repairing to France, entered the Dominican college of Louvain, as a volunteer, and at once applied himself to study, with such untiring industry, that ere nineteen days elapsed, he rose to be almost one of the very highest in a class numbering something between one and two hundred students. It is pretty generally believed

* It would be doing less than justice to the memory of the late Mr. David Mahoney Philomath, or more properly Hedge schoolmaster, if we omitted to record that he was the first person who ever put an alphabet into O'Connell's hands. Tradition states that the learned pedagogue made him master of it in less than half an hour.

that O'Connell inherited this talent from his father, who was considered to be a man of no ordinary ability, and who, had he been fortunate enough to have received half the education bestowed upon his son, would, in all probability, have made some figure in the literature or politics of his time.

Perhaps we should ere this have observed that Mr. O'Connell's first recollections of Old England were not of the most pleasurable description. When the brothers, en route for the Continent, had arrived per ship at Dover, it was found necessary for the passengers who desired to land without loss of time, to do so by means of a row-boat. But just as they had got fairly under weigh, she very unceremoniously capsized, and Mr. O'Connell and his fellow passengers became completely submerged for a short lapse of time. With the exception of the inconvenience attending this provoking contre-temps, we believe the future liberator was none the worse for his immersion.

The characters, academical progress, and *tout ensemble* of the brothers when at St. Omer's were pithily sketched by the president of that college, in a letter to their uncle Maurice, who had expressed a wish that the good clergyman would state in writing his sincere and candid opinion of the two students. The following was his answer, and that it displays a remarkable amount of foresight, cannot be denied.

We omit much epistolary preamble, and come at once to the marrow of the letter.

"I begin with the younger, Maurice.* His manner and demeanour are quite satisfactory. He is gentlemanly in his conduct, and much loved by his fellow students. He is not deficient in ability, but he is idle and fond of amusement. I do not think he will answer for any laborious profession; but I will answer for it, that he will never be guilty of anything discreditable; at least, such is my firm belief.

"With respect to the elder, Daniel, I have but one sentence to write about him, and that is, that *I never was so much mistaken in my life as I shall be, unless he is destined to make a remarkable figure in society.*"

The above letter is dated St. Omer's, January, 1792. A few years later, another successful glance into the mists of futurity was taken and expressed by an eccentric Cork lady, named Margaret Cadd, who, having met young O'Connell in society, saw, or fancied she saw, in him something above the ordinary run of men, which took such a steadfast hold of her sensitive mind and heart, that the enthusiastic lady went about among her friends, panegyricizing in the warmest manner, O'Connell's general demeanour and powers of conversation. "Take my word for it," said she, addressing one of her acquaintances,

* Maurice died at St. Domingo in 1796.

with characteristic earnestness and volubility, "that young man will be like the French flying artillery, he will carry all before him." Less than eight months from that time the subject of her praise made his *debut* at a political meeting in the Royal Exchange, Dublin, convened for the purpose of opposing the Union measure, and the creditable manner in which he acquitted himself upon that occasion, is well known to every zealous Anti-Unionist. But we must not anticipate.

It would appear that the young O'Connell was not ignorant of his own mental power. From the moment he had arrived at that uncertain period, known as "years of discretion," the future Liberator displayed an extraordinary amount of self-possession and confidence. This quality, though generally condemned by the instructors of youth as dangerous in its tendency, is often the great secret of a successful literary career. Men of the most brilliant genius are not unfrequently of a gentle and retiring disposition, distrustful of their own powers, and sensitively alive to the jealous or malignant attacks of captious criticism. Keats, who was not only professionally snuffed out by a critique in the *Quarterly*, but literally killed by its venomous strength, is no solitary instance in which a want of self-confidence has extinguished for ever, some of the brightest intellects. Young O'Connell well knew that they who are constantly afraid of falling do nothing but stumble; and with his sinewy vigour of intellect, he resolved to take the opposite course boldly. An illustration of this fact may be found in an anecdote introduced by the Earl of Dunraven, in his recent speech (August 15th, 1857), as Inaugurator of the O'Connell Monument, at Limerick. From this eloquent oration we will cull a paragraph.

"Sir," exclaimed the venerable peer, "let us for one moment consider the state this country was in at the time of O'Connell's birth. The population of Ireland was then in a state of bondage and slavery; their religion was proscribed; their social position was degraded, and their political power annihilated. At that time appeared this great man, who was destined to perform so important a part in the history of his country. It is a remarkable fact that even at the age of nine years he himself gave a prediction of his own career; for one day, when his family were talking over the Irish patriots, Grattan, Flood, and Charlemont, he was observed to sit in a chair abstracted and silent; and when one of his family said to him, 'What are you thinking of, Daniel?' The boy replied, 'I am thinking that I shall yet make a sir in the world.'"

* This able speech, which traced the outlines of O'Connell's life with accuracy and eloquence, excited a great sensation among the national party. The *Nation*, in a leader, said:—"Perhaps no part of that memorable meeting would have revived the old man's heart so much as the eloquent and touching speech of Lord Dunraven. There was in it not merely so keen and kindly an appreciation of his character—but such a genial goodness of nature, and such a lofty spirit of faith. Surely, talents so high and a heart so gentle are not to be always buried in the happy glades of Adare. The man who spoke so of O'Connell's labours, has in him the call to a nobler *role* than Charlemont's." Lord Dunraven is one of the most distinguished of the Irish converts to Catholicism.

While at St. Omer's Mr. O'Connell wrote a treatise on the different modes of education adopted in England and France. We have seen this document, and it displays no ordinary amount of acumen and learning.

Mr. O'Connell's letters at this period to his Uncle Maurice are still preserved. These interesting relics have been kindly shown to us by O'Connell's talented daughter, Mrs. Fitzsimon, and they may soon be expected to see the light, with a careful selection from his political correspondence.

During his sojourn at college, the daily performance of gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, appears to have been regarded by O'Connell almost as indispensable as the academical studies he was so ardently prosecuting; and to these invigorating practices may be ascribed in a great measure the strong muscular development and peculiarly robust constitution, which, up to a few years before his death he possessed. In all juvenile encounters of a pugilistic nature, young O'Connell distinguished himself for his puissance and dexterity; and many a Gallic coxcomb received a quietus for some petty act of insolence or arrogant assumption of superiority; *petits maitres*, who thought they had nothing to do but to lord it over the young Irishman and stranger. He speedily showed them, however, that his *argumentum bacculi* possessed a very peculiar force and cogency, and, as may be supposed, our stalwart academical had rarely occasion to repeat it. Huish relates an anecdote of O'Connell, who having one day condignly punished a young fellow in the manner described, his adversary, like the generality of foreigners, being wholly ignorant of the fistic art, exclaimed:—"Ah, Monsieur O'Connell, nous ne nous battons pas en France avec le poing." "*Avec quoi donc?*" asked O'Connell. "*Avec L'Epée au la pistole,*" was the reply. "*Attendez un moment,*" said O'Connell, leaving the hall where the altercation had taken place, only to return however in five or six minutes with a rapier in one hand and a pistol in the other, both of which he presented with the greatest sangfroid to his adversary, saying, "*Tenez mon ami la choix est a vous—a moi c'est egal.*" The Gascon was confounded at the cool and collected manner of the young Irishman, and declined to make choice of either of his weapons; but O'Connell gained his point, for particular care was taken in future not to give him any offence, and as he was an individual who seldom gave any—at least at that period of his career—an end was put to that petty strife in which captious youth is too prone to indulge.

At St. Omer's, O'Connell first met, and became ever after warmly attached to Christopher Fagan, subsequently Adjutant-General of the Indian army. An equality of talent made them close class-fellows, and a geniality of disposition, chums. General Fagan's kinsman, the present member for Cork, says:—"He

was a man of commanding talent, and strong popular predilections. He was idolized."

During the year 1792, our academicians were removed from St. Omer's to the once celebrated College of Douay,* but the brothers had not been many months located in their new quarters when that sanguinary Revolution, which well nigh shook the earth to its centre, and made many a brilliant diadem quiver precariously upon the brow of royalty, burst forth with such terrible fury, that every English subject who valued his life deemed it prudent to leave the country without loss of time. The French republicans to a man entertained the most implacable enmity against all persons speaking the language of their hated neighbour, England; and up to the time of which we write the majority of that body were too ignorant of history and geography to distinguish the vast difference existing between the sister countries, Albion and Hibernia. They are now much more enlightened, however, and it is a positive fact that there is hardly a *bloused* Red Republican in Paris at the present day who does not know enough about the wrongs of Old Ireland to entertain a generous sympathy for its much oppressed people. Most of the Douay students had returned to their homes upon the commencement of the reign of terror, but the brothers O'Connell were under the necessity of remaining *in statu quo*, together with several others, who, like our friends, had to wait for a letter of leave, and a supply of pocket-money, before they could return to their fatherland. The students, as might be supposed, were frequently insulted by the brutal soldiery and republican rabble, who had arrived at such a pitch of depravity that the sacred name of God or religion became absolutely loathsome to them. The Douay students being for the most part intended for the Church,† it is not surprising that the

* The Catholic College of Douai was founded by Cardinal Allen, an Englishman. The town also possesses a University, Academy, and Court Royale, which exercise jurisdiction over the departments now known as Nord, and Pas de Calais. The public library contains 27,000 volumes. Both Douai and St. Omer's are strongly fortified by forts, walls, and entrenchments, and besides possess marshes capable of being instantaneously flooded. The ramparts of St. Omer are planted with stately elm trees, and have a most picturesque effect. The respective populations of Douai and St. Omer's, according to the latest census, singularly assimilate. Douai has 23,203 inhabitants, and St. Omer 23,601.

† It has repeatedly been asserted in memoirs of O'Connell that he was intended for the priesthood, and studied at the Ecclesiastical Colleges of Louvain and St. Omer's, with a view of entering the church. As truth is stronger than fiction, it will be satisfactory to refute this assertion on O'Connell's own authority. In the file of the *Dublin Evening Post*, for 1828, a letter from the Great Tribune, dated Merrion Square, July 17, appears. "I was not intended for the Church," he says. "No man respects, loves, or submits to the Church with more alacrity than I do, but I was not intended for the priesthood. It is not usual for the Catholic gentry in Ireland to regulate the religious destiny of their children, and being an eldest son, born to an independence, the story of my having been intended for the Church is a pure fabrication."

atheistical mob should have subjected them to considerable disrespect and intimidation, and on the day of O'Connell's departure with his brother in a voiture for Calais, the soldiers smote the door and the sides of the vehicle with their muskets, in order to intimidate the inoffensive inmates. This occurred upon a day which will be long remembered with horror by one portion of the French people, and with fiendish delight and enthusiasm by another. 'Twas the 21st January, 1793, the day on which the weak but guileless Louis fell a victim to popular fury beneath the axe of the guillotine.

After a long and weary journey from Douay to Calais, (doubly long from the state of nervous apprehension to which the brothers were a prey,) the voiture at length arrived at the long-looked for goal, and little time was lost in getting on board the packet boat which was to bear them off to the land of the Saxon. Among the passengers on deck were two young men, well known to fame in after life as John and Henry Sheares, whose energetic exertions in the struggle of 1798, and subsequent unhappy fate, are remembered with heartfelt sorrow and boiling indignation by every sympathiser with that movement. John, it seems, (who was an ardent Red Republican,) entered into conversation with O'Connell, and some other members of the crew, and having expatiated with characteristic enthusiasm on the glories of French freedom, proceeded to exert his influence in endeavouring to win over adherents to the cause. O'Connell it appears gave him but little hopes of ultimate conversion, but what was his horror when the rather visionary enthusiast pulled a blood-stained handkerchief from his pocket, exultingly boasting that he had only forty-eight hours before steeped it in the blood of France's monarch, as it fell in a crimson stream from his decapitated body. He added that he and his brother had given some gold Louis d'ors to two members of the National Guard for the use of their uniform on the occasion, which they had recourse to because of the difficulty which would be experienced in witnessing the horrible spectacle otherwise.

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRISH REMARKABLE PLACES,

LISBOY—THE HOME OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

It has often occurred to me, that among the many works which the enterprise of publishers willing to supply the demand for information respecting Ireland is annually producing, one is yet wanting, namely, a work descriptive of Irish Remarkable Places, of those localities rendered hallowed ground by the recollections

of the gifted men who dwelt thereon, of those scenes where great events were attempted, or achieved. It will be a source of satisfaction to me to have accomplished something towards rescuing Ireland from the reproach of being unmindful of her great writers. I regard the man who opens a new world of thought, and peoples it with beings of his own creation, as a benefactor of the most exalted kind; one who, when quitting this mortal sphere, must be regarded as an universal testator, bequeathing to every one a most valuable legacy, leaving behind a store of innocent enjoyment, profitable lessons, important acquisitions; making sad hours gladsome, gloomy visions bright by mental alchemy, bringing to every true and trusting heart generous emotions and pure reflections. Literature, emanating from the minds of the gifted, does all this, and surely we must be grateful for such services. Though the man who has laboured for our good is gathered to his fathers, we cherish his memory, and the place where he dwelt is worthy of honour; we take deep interest in the locality where the steps of one so wise and good have trod. Imbued with such feelings, we approach the abode of departed genius with the veneration of a pilgrim visiting a holy shrine, and however lowly or humble the place may appear, it receives a colouring from the imagination, and a halo springs around the memory of the dead that covers any defect, and conceals any deficiency. Changes may have occurred in the land where the days crept over him; years may have pressed his dwelling to the level of the surrounding earth; the mortal remains may be resolved into their parent dust, the subtle and mysterious mechanism of mind may have been for ages mingled with its kindred clay, but the progeny of the intellect, the offsprings of the brain are not forgotten, they live on amid the wreck of ages, imparting vitality to the places mentioned in the works of the departed, causing the heart of the visitor to throb as he draws near the scenes thus immortalized.

Who does not feel with the poet—

“There is a charm in footing slow
Across a silent plain,
Where patriot battle has been fought
When glory had the gain:
There is a pleasure on the heath,
Where Druids old have been,
Where mantles grey have rustled by
And swept the nettles green;
There is a joy in every spot
Made known in days of old,
New to the feet although each tale
A hundred times be told.”

With feelings perfectly identical to those of the enthusiast Keats, when he penned these lines, I indulge in the charm of “footing slow” in every spot to which historical fame, or local tradition, gives an interest for the stranger. The fields of my

native land present many attractive objects to recall by-gone times. The lover of antiquarian pursuits may revel among mounds or burrows, the caves of the Firbolgs, the moats of the Tuath de Danaan, the Druidical altars, and the Danish Rathes, but none of these now claim my attention.

I had long a most anxious desire to visit the locality where Oliver Goldsmith was supposed to have laid the scenes of his *Auburn*, and accordingly proceeded to Lissoy, a little village in the parish of Kilkenny West, co. Westmeath. It stands in a picturesque neighbourhood, not far from Killymore Lough, about six miles north-east from Athlone, on the road to Ballymahon. The entire district is renowned by its connection with the poet. Every spot lives in his lays. The remains of the "Busy Mill" are yet visible. The "decent church" still "tops the neighbouring hill." Until recent years the "hawthorn bush" was in its place. I put up at the rustic alehouse always known as the "Three Pigeons," but certainly missed the "nicely sanded floor," and the hearth, instead of flowers and fennel, was filled with a warm turf fire.

The object of my visit was near, consisting of the shell of a house, of no great size, once described by the poet as the preacher's "modest mansion." Now presenting to the sight one gable, a stone-capped chimney, and the front wall, containing the door, and three windows on the ground floor, with the lower remnants of four windows of the upper story. On entering I found that neither stone walls or stout arched door availed to prevent weeds and rubbish filling the deserted mansion. Mentally I exclaimed in the words of their former tenant, Oliver Goldsmith:—

"Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart,
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care."

Instead of all these sunny fireside groupings, ruin and decay hold unchecked mastery, weeds and rank grass carpeted the lonely dwelling. I sat down musingly beside a fragment of a chimney-piece, and thought upon him who often doubtless presided once in that place, and I reflected on the immortality of literary fame when worthily won, and the imperishable triumph of true genius. Here the great mind of the gifted Goldsmith felt the first stirrings of that love for literature which filled his heart through every stage of his life, and though the busy hand of time is fast effacing the tokens of man's dwelling, and ruin has marked the mansion for its own, the name and fame of Oliver Goldsmith is remembered. Goldsmith's father was a poor curate, and like very many of his order, had a very numerous offspring.

Oliver, born on the 10th of November, 1728, was the sixth of a family of nine. The ruin before us William Goldsmith took possession of four years after Oliver's birth, and within these walls Oliver spent his youth. Here his mind, as it grew to maturity, imbibed those generous and pure emotions of tenderness and love, soul-felt joy and pathos, which overflowed his heart with abundance, and answered him back as a true echo whenever he whispered for them. Here he stamped such life-like images upon his memory, that when, in after years, he essayed to describe them, they covered his pages so naturally and truly, that they rendered his works of lasting import, possessing that grace and charm of having nothing overdone, or overstrained, and all so like human nature, as to suffer no diminution of interest from any lapse of time.

Though it is a fact that Goldsmith has the highest claims to the admiration of posterity, we must not forget that few writers, if any, shewed greater versatility of genius. We know, indeed, that there is no inconsistency in great poets having many other endowments. Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Scott, Moore, have individually achieved great success in other departments of literature besides poetry, and in the case of Goldsmith, as poet, dramatist, historian, novelist and naturalist, his claims to grateful remembrances are very high. He suffered much in the school of affliction, and in his poem of the "Traveller" doubtless describes the mode in which he paid for his food and lodging while on the Continent:—

"How often have I led the sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !
Where shady elms along the margins grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew ;
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour."

After visiting most of the celebrated cities of Italy, and some of the finest scenery in the south of Europe, which are nowhere more happily portrayed than in the poem from which I have just quoted, Goldsmith returned to England after two years of wandering. Then ensued all that misery and flattering existence alternating between hope and despair, which the literary drudge is doomed to undergo. What must have been the feelings of the sensitive author, when, in order to submit to a medical examination at Surgeon's Hall, in 1758, with a view to his entering the army or navy as surgeon's mate, he had to obtain a decent suit of clothes on trust, for which the publisher of the "Monthly Review" became security, that the clothes should be either returned or paid for. Goldsmith was rejected on the examination as not duly qualified, and obliged by absolute want, he pawned the

clothes. To the publisher's threats in consequence of the clothes not being forthcoming, Goldsmith sent this heart-broken answer:—

"I know of no misery but a gaol, to which my own imprudence and your letter seems to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and request it as a favour—as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been for some years struggling with a wretched being—with all that contempt and indigence brings with it—with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a gaol that is formidable?"

To what degrading depths poor human nature is plunged, when the solace of religion is not sought, and a confidence in the Almighty is wanting.

But Goldsmith was preserved for better things than the prison or the suicide's grave. He lived to adorn our literature with several of its standard productions, composed for all times and all men, as much prized in the cottage as in the castle;—passages of his poems are familiar to our ears from our very cradle; heard in after life they call back images long departed—voices long silent—fair scenes of youth, when the ear drunk in the tender voices of parents, whispering to our infant ears the gentlest themes. The

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,"

tells us of peace, prosperity, and happiness, ere it became deserted. We become acquainted with its inhabitants. The reverend minister, the father of Goldsmith, is supposed to have supplied this inimitable character; his abode, in which I now stand solitary,

"Where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild"—

though even those are now confined to a few stunted trees. How full of kindly feeling and active benevolence is the venerable minister of religion! but the dreaded schoolmaster sinks into our childish hearts, and we readily learn where

"Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For even, though vanquished, he could argue still,
 While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew."

And though

"The past is all his fame: the very spot
 Where many a time he triumphed is forgot"—

the fame of the author of this graceful poem is remembered, and ever must be, while sweet and enchanting pictures of rural life are pleasing to mankind. But has not this poem more to recommend it than its beauty as a literary gem? Does it not preach a deep moral to the statesman?

"This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful product still the same;
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
*His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green.*"

This has continued in Ireland since Goldsmith's time, and many a fearful scene of wretchedness has been the consequence of the system of depopulation here so pathetically lamented. In many cases it has produced retaliation—the homeless outcast has turned upon the landlord, or his agent, and the lord of a thousand acres, who seeks to add the poor man's cabbage-garden to his wide domain, runs the risk of paying a dreadful penalty for doing so, and for more than the wretched peasant,

"————— without one arm to save,
 The country blooms a garden and a grave."

Happily such sad events are now of rare occurrence.

Goldsmith's success as a novelist was established by his "Vicar of Wakefield," which a judicious author* has eulogised as one of the most chaste and beautiful offerings which the genius of fiction ever presented at the shrine of virtue. It also bears the impress of having been a transcript of much that really happened; and its characters are obviously drawn from life. George Primrose reminds the reader of Goldsmith himself, when a traveller, and the part of the novel which describes George going to teach English to the Dutch, while he was himself ignorant of that language, is analogous to similar blundering on the part of the author. The best scene of his best play, "She Stoops to Conquer," had its foundation in the following occurrence which happened to him, as I recollect to have read, previous to his enter-

* Vide Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Lit. vol. II. p. 177.
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ing college. He was on his way to Trinity College, Dublin, on horseback, and on arriving near nightfall at Ardagh, inquired for the Inn. The person from whom he sought information was a wag; a fencing master named Kelley. He was, perhaps, struck with the simple manner of the young equestrian, and desirous to play a trick upon the traveller, pointed out a large mansion, the private residence of the landlord of the town, Sir Ralph Fethers-ton, Bart. Goldsmith thus directed, resolved to take his ease at his hotel. He was admitted, and by his confident air deceived the servants, who concluded, from his perfect freedom, he must be some well-known friend of their master. When shown into the parlour, he found there the proprietor, a gentleman of fortune, and a humourist. He soon perceived how matters stood with the young traveller, whose family were known to him, and desirous of enjoying the joke, sustained the Landlord's part admirably, supplying whatever Oliver demanded, and accepted, together with his wife and daughter, an invitation to partake of a bottle of wine and supper, at his own table. When retiring to sleep, Oliver gave strict orders that a hot cake should be prepared for his breakfast next morning. The plot was never discovered until the bill was demanded, and then the astounded youth discovered how completely hoaxed he had been. The gentleman was an old acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, and the affair was regarded as a capital joke. It laid the foundation of the best comedy in the English language.

As an historian, essayist, and naturalist, Goldsmith ranks very respectably, and would occupy a high niche in the Temple of Fame on these grounds alone, had not his renown on these subjects paled before the brightness of his achievements as a poet, novelist, and dramatic writer. His *Histories of England and Rome*, are rather epitomes than original compilations, and not remarkable for any new or striking illustrations of the events they describe. His essays are admirable. To produce such works as I have already adverted to, requires a mind capable of nice discrimination and clever appreciation of character, and this Goldsmith eminently possessed. The *Reveries at the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap*, transports you into the very midst of Falstaff and his boon companions. Beau Tibbs makes you familiar with that melancholy specimen of degraded flesh and blood, as if he was a lifelong acquaintance. All his productions evince a master spirit. The *History of Animated Nature* is imbued with the pervading tone of his writings, a love of all God's works, whether animate or inanimate—whether existing in the might of reason, active, living, sentient beings, or the majesty of seas or mountains—all claimed and enjoyed the tribute of his regard. Goldsmith, who lived almost entirely in London after his return from the continent, was much beloved by his associates, who were the first men of his age, Dr. Johnson,

Edmund Burke, Fox, Reynolds, Garrick. His fame as a writer, of course enhanced the value of the works that flowed from his pen, and his labours produced him an income of from £1000 to £1800 per annum; but unfortunately some men are so improvident or such bad economists, that no amount of money is sufficient to keep them out of debt, and Goldsmith was of this poverty-cursed fraternity. He was not bound to life by the endearing ties of husband or parent; he never used regularity in his expenditure, without which no man, no matter what his income amounts to, can account himself secure. He found his health affected by his incessant application, and expired at the early age of 44. The faults of Goldsmith, remarked one of his admirers, at the most were negative, while his merits were great and decided. His errors, in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous and even affecting circumstances, as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness. When eminent talent is united to spotless virtue, we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold and immovable, while there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good, and great, but erring individual, that pleads touchingly to our nature. The heart yearns towards the object of our idolatry when we find that, like ourselves, he is mortal and frail. May each of us endeavour to pass through life distinguished by as many virtues, and as few vices as the former occupant of this shattered mansion—Oliver Goldsmith.

SONNET.

“Four little girls, the youngest eight, and the eldest only twelve years old, combined to hold a bazaar for the benefit of the Bradford Infirmary. By this means they collected the sum of £6. 12s., which they presented to the Secretary in person. He conducted them through the wards of the infirmary; the little girls wept to see so much sickness and suffering; and resolved to hold another bazaar next year, for the same object. The father of two of them doubled his annual subscription on the spot.”—*Manchester Examiner*.

God bless you, little maids! The simple tale
 Of your young pity, in a selfish time,
 Awakens in my heart a hope sublime
 Of nobler ministries, which will not fail
 To crown your ready tear for Suffering's wail;
 Whispers of pardon in the ear of crime,
 Prophetic echoes of the heavenly chime,
 For souls long exiled from the social pale.

May no rude, human praises, from the wing
 Of your bright charity, e'er brush the down,
 No cloud of pain, nor storm of sorrow frown
 Upon the tender sunshine of your spring,
 Save what may deepen all your sympathy
 With sorrows that around your feet unpitied lie.

S. J.

 THE STORY OF PAT DURKEN AND HIS PIGEONS.

"Did I ever tell you the story of Pat Durken and his pigeons?" I enquired of my friend, as we wandered along the banks of the Shaanon, watching with delight the sporting trout and kingly salmon gamboling about on the surface of the noble stream, in the purpling twilight of a balmy summer's evening. My friend was a sort of living note of interrogation. He ate, drank, and slept upon asking questions. He was never known to have answered one, except by asking another; and when his acquaintance observed him approaching in an opposite direction, it was usual for them to say, "Lo, here the questioner cometh," for he never used the hackneyed phrase of "How do," or any other salutation than, "What news?" "Where are you going?" "What's the hour?" and the like, and if one enquired after his health, the reply was, "Where do you dine to-day?" "What's the play to night?" or, "Who made that coat of yours?" It was very annoying sometimes to be of his company, yet one could not help liking him. He was the drollest fellow imaginable, and frequently his interminable question-asking in conversation, led to the most ludicrous and extraordinary mistakes. I remember one day at a rural party given by a dowager at Lug-alaw, the most romantic and beautiful spot in the far-famed county of Wicklow, that my friend was present. The party was got up in honour of the marriage of one of the pretty nieces of the hostess, a charming girl who had gained a husband and a fortune by her beauty and her voice; and I recollect very well that my friend was seated opposite a dish of plump chickens, when the old lady asked him to help her to a small portion of the breast. "The breast, did you say, my lady?" he interrogated, at the same time placing on the presented plate, the entire capon, and looking significantly at the lady, he cried, or rather sung out, the following lines from one of Moore's melodies:

"All, all have their folly and who will deny
 That yours is the sweetest of any?"

This, of course, as they say in Ireland, caused a regular shindy of laughing. The young ladies blushed white as some of their silk gowns; the gentlemen whispered, "how very savage," and the old lady nearly fainted, and from that good hour to this, the walking note of interrogation (as he was called) never walked into that lady's society. If his name happened to be mentioned in her presence, she would nearly get into a fit, and on one occasion afterwards, a gentleman at an evening party sang, "Oh fly from the world, dear Bessy, with me," and when he came to the lines in the stanza, as quoted by my friend at the country party, the old lady, who was present, fainted outright, and had to be carried away in a state almost bordering on hopelessness. A doctor was sent for, and such consternation prevailed, that the whole party was broken up for that evening. I alone being in possession of the dreadful secret! But to return to the Shannon's banks and the story of Pat Durken's pigeons. My friend, at the moment that I had asked him the question, seemed enraptured with the scene that lay before him, and was, for all I can say to the contrary, asking the moon some questions—that glorious orb of night having just popped her silvery head above the horizon. He turned slowly towards me, and looking with great earnestness into my face, he said, "And pray who was Pat Durken, and what about Pat Durken's pigeons?" "That's the very thing I want to tell you," I replied, "if you have never before heard the story." "Is it a Mary Nowlan story?" he eagerly enquired. "No." "Then what is it?" he again asked. "I shall tell you, my friend," said I, "as well as I remember it;" and so I proceeded. "Pat Durken, you must know, lived in the county of Sligo, at a place called Ballaghadreen."

"Ballagh—a what?" asked my friend. "Did any one ever hear of such a name as Ballagh—a what do you call it?" "Don't mind the name," said I; "Pat lived there at all events, and if he's not dead, he may live there still. Ballaghadreen was a neat little town, and nicely situated at the foot of a mountain that overhung an arm of the sea, which formed a bay of great beauty, and was resorted to in the summer time by the inhabitants of the surrounding districts for the benefit of the salt water. Pat kept the 'Head Inn' of the town. He was a rough-spun sort of honest Irishman, who had a joke for the humbler classes, and his hat, or, more properly speaking, his *caubeen*, always in hand for the better sort of people, or, as Pat used to call them, the *quality*, when they visited his house of entertainment for man and horse. A knowing fellow was Pat Durken, but his jokes and his jests were much older than his ale, and eke his whiskey into the bargain. He had read (for he could read) Joe Miller through and through, and had the greater part of Joe's work off by heart, and so he amused his customers with bits of fun, which he always swore to be original; for many of

the *goins* who resorted to his house had never heard of Joe Miller or anything about that celebrated personage. Pat drove a considerable and thriving trade, and after some time he set up a posting establishment. He had many horses, and of course stables to put them into. In most county-inn stables, there are to be found other four legged animals than horses, namely, dogs and cats, and Pat's equestrian *Doma's* lacked not a numerous progeny of the latter species. It chanced one fine evening in summer, that a driver of Pat's arrived from Sligo with his vehicle, which was unusually loaded at one side (it was an outside car *alias* a jarvey) with trunks and boxes, while on the opposite side sat a strange looking *homo*, one of the strangest ever before seen in Ballaghadreen." "Ballagh—a what?" exclaimed my friend in great impatience, "who in the world ever heard of such a name as Ballagh—who was the man that came in on the car?" I implored my friend to be quiet for a short time, if he wished to hear the story, but if he did not, I would, as Shakespear says, then "make an end on't."

"Tell me who the man was, though?" said my friend. "Yes; listen and you shall hear all; if indeed it be worth the hearing. The stranger, as I said before, was rather more than remarkable-looking, at least to the good people of Ballaghadreen."

"What sort of fellow—or who in the name of patience was he?" roared my friend, as he grasped my arm convulsively.

"You hold my arm too tight friend," I said,—“let it go and be attentive.” For a perfect wonder he did not reply by asking another question, and so I proceeded. "The man who came on the car, was tall and thin, and looked as like one of Pharaoh's lean kine, as a mortal man could look. The summer's sun was setting like fire behind the hills, and although the glass stood"—

"Was it the whiskey glass?" asked my friend gently,—“did this mysterious stranger drink whiskey?”

I did not pretend to hear what he had said, but went on. "The glass stood at boiling heat, although it was a summer's evening. The strange man was, notwithstanding, wrapped up in a cloak and muffler and"—

"Was he a fireman come out of the lower regions, to be so wrapped up on such an evening?" asked my friend. "And if he wasn't what was he?"

"You shall hear," I replied. "He was a Frenchman—his name was *Munseer* Sigismund Raymond, and—"

"*Munseer* what? Ballagh-a-what was bad enough, but I ask, is not that a worse name?" replied my friend.

"Well, his name was *Munseer* Sigismund Raymond. His hair was long, black, and glossy, it hung in curls over his cloak collar. On alighting from the car at Pat Durken's door, the host met him with his usual bow, and addressed him thus; 'Weel thin, yer honour is heartily welcome to Ballaghadreen, and

I hope yer honour is quite well entirely. Faix its myself that's glad to see you, so it is.'

"The Frenchman could speak only a few words of broken English, and these were so perfectly unintelligible to Pat, that he could not make anything out of them. The stranger having seen his luggage all safely bestowed, and having compensated the driver of the car, threw off his cloak and entered the apartment known as the 'coffee room.' Pat waited on his honour to know if he would have anything to eat. Here a difficulty of great magnitude arose. Pat understood from the car-boy that 'his honour' could not speak English—he had a sample of that already—and 'his honour' discovered that Pat could not talk French. Here was a regular dilemma. Pat could not speak French, and Munseer positively could not talk English. What was to be done? Pat hit upon a plan which he was sure would be quite successful. 'Be gona,' says Pat to himself, 'if he can't talk English, may be as he's a Frenchman, he can speak Irish, I'll tip him a stave of the mother tongue,' and, bowing to his guest, he said, '*thingenthow!*' The Frenchman shrugging up his shoulders and shaking his head, replied, '*Ah, que dites vous?*' 'Yes, all right,' says Pat to himself. 'Sure I knew you could; throth, I never knew a Frenchman that couldn't speak the *ould* tongue. Would yer honour *plase* to have some *tay* and a *beef stake?*'

"'Du Thè, no—*beef steik*, no.'

"'Faix! didn't I know right well that yer honour could understand me?'

"'Eh bien, vous etes—you are de maitre d'hotel?' asked the stranger.

"'What's that yer honour? Is this an hotel? Troth it is, and it is the only hotel in the town of Ballaghadreen, and if yer were to travel *ould* Ireland over you wouldn't find a better.'

"'Tres bien, I vill have de glass—de glass—de contra-di-shon, s'il vous plait.'

"'Sie voo, the 'ould chap' in yer teeth!' said Pat, turning about as it were in disgust, but, recollecting himself suddenly, and that he might lose a customer, he bowed lowly and remarked: 'Yer honour, we don't sell any *contradiction* here I assure you—nothing but real good parliament (duty paid whiskey).—No, no, yer honour, no *contradiction!*'

"'Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur le Maitre d'hotel,' said the Frenchman; 'de viskey—dat fhat me cal de contra-di-shon.'

"'Oh, ha!' said Pat; 'why be gona yer honour, I knew what you wanted as well as yourself, and bedad when you get it you will know it as well as your own mother's milk,—*sure* you want the *materiels*,—you'll take a tumbler of punch—isn't that it, yer honour?' The Frenchman nodded in assent, and Pat jumped out of the coffee room (?) as nimble as a mouse when pursued

by a cat. On entering the bar, he said to his wife Jenny, 'Well my darlin, we have got a purty Munseer inside; he wants a tumbler of punch, and do you know what the creature called for?' 'No,' said Jenny, 'what was it?' 'Why the omadhaun,' replied Pat, 'he asked for a glass of *contradiction*.' 'Jane,' he said, smiling at his really pretty better half, 'Jane, if you could have been dished up to him in a tumbler of punch, I dare say he would have found out what he wanted, for you have been *contradicting* me all my life time.' 'Get out of that, you brute,' said Jane, giving him a smart box on the ear as she handed him a tray, on which was placed a tumbler with a quantity of whiskey, a wine glass, some sugar on a small saucer, a slice of lemon, and a small jug containing hot water; and as Pat left the bar, Jane muttered to herself, 'me contradiction, indeed—why I was advised not to have you at all; I might have had Terence O'Driscoll, who's now a gentleman belonging to the bar—not the public house bar, but a real counsellor, and I might be now a lady, going to the Lord Lieutenant's balls at Dublin Castle, instead of standing here to wait on dirty Con-naughtmen,—me a contradiction indeed—thruer for you, so I was, when I took you Pat Durken,—to my sorrow be it said that I was.' Pat laid the tray on the table before Munseer and bowed respectfully. 'Ah,' said the Frenchman, 'dat be, dat be, de shoo-gar do make him swee—swee-et; de citron do make him sow-er; de viskey do make him stroonge and de vatere do make him veak!' 'Well,' said Pat, as he left the room, 'there's no accountin' for tastes! only think of a Christian man—but he may be a heathen, or a hottentot, or a huganot, for anything I know—only think of a man calling a good rousing tumbler of punch the contradiction? He's a Frenchman, to be sure, and I suppose the next thing will be that we must get him some frogs for his breakfast to-morrow; well, there's no accountin' for tastes, anyhow. No matter, if he pays his bill—and my name is not Pat Durkin if I don't make him—he's just as good as any other Frenchman, I suppose. I wonder if he's anything to owd Bony, that Wellington leathered at Waterloo?' 'What are you looking about now?' asked Jane, as Pat entered the bar. The Frenchman imbibed several glasses of Pat Durken's contradiction, and went to bed, and so did Pat and his wife, she who might have been Lady O'Driscoll, going to balls at Dublin castle, only she was married to Pat Durken, the innkeeper at Ballaghadreen, in the county of Sligo!"

"I know all about Pat Durken," said my friend, "but what about his pigeons?"

"Aye, that's the rub," I said, "but listen, and you shall hear. The Frenchman slept that night, and as a matter of course he got up in the morning, eat his breakfast, and went out to walk." "Had he any frogs to his breakfast?" enquired my friend.

"Rashers of bacon and fried eggs, I should think, were a good substitute," I replied. "The Frenchman came home after his walk, as hungry as a hawk. Pat Durken waited on him. 'What will your honour have to-day for dinner?' asked Pat. '*En abuge.*' 'Pon my word and conscienc, I haven't got it, I assure you, Sir,' said Pat, 'but there is excellent mutton, and beef, and veal, and ham,' and turning aside he said, 'cook, you up with *abamage*—its easy known, *you* don't *know* what good aten is—*abamage* how tror ye?—maybe you wouldn't smack them lean chops of yours after a piece of a fine porker, and a slice of fat mutton!' Then turning to his guest, he said, 'perhaps your honour would like a bit of a pie?'

"'Pie, pie, pie,' reiterated the Frenchman, 'oui, oui, I like de pie—de pee—pee—pee—*sheen* (meaning a pigeon) pie!' This he pronounced *push-sheen*, which I believe is tolerably well understood to mean a young cat or kitten, as it is called. 'Oh, the cannibal,' says Pat, 'but I suppose he must have the cats in place of the frogs; but upou my soukins, if I don't make him pay for them, my name is not Pat Durken, that's all. Well, begona,' continued Pat, 'we live in quare times in earnest, when Frenchmen eat pusheen cats for their dinner, and drink contradiction for whiskey punch; no matter though, it's all the same to Pat Durken, and besides the poor *killens* won't cost anything, and that's all clear gain to me.' 'Well, yer honour, (turning to the Frenchman,) I'll get the pie ready in two two's, while you'd be saying Jack Robinson!' so saying he darted out of the room. On entering the bar he met Jane, and turning towards her, he said, 'Jeunny, what do you think this heathen of a Frenchman has ordered for his dinner?' Jane was a bit of a wit in her way, and looking her spouse full in the face, and putting on one of her most bewitching smiles, she replied, 'Perhaps a piece of yourself, for *you* are the greatest boar (bore) I know of!' Pat took the joke in good part, and turning to the stable-boy, ordered him to proceed to the hay-loft, and search for some cats, *alias pusheens*. On Pat's hay-loft there were many families, that is of the feline race, and it just so happened, that one of the matrons of the tribe had, during the morning, added to the census of her population, by half-a-dozen as prettily speckled *pusheens* as a man who hated mice might wish to look upon. The boy returned, bringing in one of the very handsomest of the tribe, thinking his master was about to present it to some neighbour. Pat looked at it for a moment, as it were, with 'compunctious visitings of nature,' not for the small creature itself, but for the biped whose dinner it was shortly destined to be. The *pusheen* was soon made an end on, skinned and quartered, and having been duly baked, with a large quantity of red pepper, sage, onions, and flower-paste, it was laid smoking hot before the Frenchman. It smelt well enough, and when Munseer cut into the paste, Pat

Durken began to think that after all a *pusheen* pie wasn't so bad as some people might imagine. The Frenchman *gobbled* (to use Pat's own words) it all up while one would say 'knife,' and declared, as well as he could declare in his broken English, that it was vera goot, and that he had never before tasted anything like it!

"'True for you *avic*,' says Pat, 'and maybe yer honour would have a drop of the contradiction to wash it down.' The Frenchman did take 'divers and sundry' glasses of the contradiction, and went to bed as glorious 'as any lord.' Pat, before retiring to sleep had to set down the reckoning, so he entered in his book the following:

'Item.—The Frenchman, No. 6.

To a <i>pusheen</i> pie,	-	-	3s. 4½d.
11 Tumblers of Contradiction,	-	-	3s. 8d.'

"'It's a dear dinner enough,' said Pat, as he closed his book for the night, 'but it's all a matter of taste, and if people *will* have *pusheen* pies why it's only fair that they should pay for them.' The second, the third, the fourth, fifth and sixth day after came and went, and the Frenchman's dinner on each day was a *pusheen* pie. Pat Durken's cook was praised to the skies, and down went 3s. 4½d. for each young cat in Pat's book of current time, to the debit of Mr. Munseer. The seventh day, and as usual the pie was ordered by the Frenchman for dinner. The progeny of Mother Tabby had gone, not the way of most young cats, into the horse-pond, or the mill race, but—down the Munseer's throat—his epigastric muscles must have been feasted certainly! The seventh day we say the same dinner was ordered. Pat was 'non plused.' He ordered his boy to try the hay-loft again. No use. He searched it himself—a dead blank. 'I shall lose my customer,' muttered Pat, as he descended the steps of the hay-loft into the yard. Just at this moment a sound caught his ear—what was it? Stopping into a stable he beheld a fine litter of puppy dogs, not half-an-hour in this breathing world. Well, thought Pat, if the Frenchman eats cats, why he can have no objection to a fine plump cur—that will do; and so he entered the bar. The dogs were, however, of a superior breed, and besides Pat had promised some of them to his neighbours, and to break his word he was not at all inclined. 'Oh, but then,' he mused, 'I can easily make an excuse, and then—let me see,' he said, '3s. 4½d., why the curs are not worth quarter the money—not one—nor the whole batch of them.' He did not wish, however, to break his word, and therefore he dispatched Lorry, the stable boy, all over the town to try and procure a few young *kittens*. Not one was to be had. He was in a regular fix. Perhaps after he had dressed a young cur dog for his guest, that Munseer wouldn't like it. What was to be done? Jane

was consulted, but even her woman's wit failed her in this emergency. 'I'll tell him,' says Pat, as he rushed into the parlour, where the Frenchman sat in expectation of his savoury dinner. 'Your honour,' says Pat, 'will excuse the liberty I take, but maybe you'd just like a nice tender young dog, as well as—well as you liked the young cats!' 'De *pusheen* pie, de *pusheen* pie for a me di-ner,' replied the Frenchman.

"The *pusheens* are all gone, Sir,' said Pat. 'Eh bien, prenez votre—take *mousquet* and shute a'em.' 'Shoot what?' replied Pat; 'shoot cats, Sir; troth a one—I mean a young one, is left in the town; no, Sir, but maybe you'd just like an *ould* cat as well as you did the young ones!'

"'Cats, cats, cats,' roared the Frenchman, 'me eat no de cats—cats, cats, cats, oh!'

"'You don't eat cats, don't you?' rejoined Pat. 'You don't eat cats in France, don't you? Well, bedad, if you don't eat them in France, why then you have been eating them here in Ireland for the last six days, and sorra a finer half-dozen of young *pusheens* ever was seen in Paris, that let me tell Mr. Parleyvoo, or whatever the dickens your name is.' The Frenchman roared like a lion, and jumped about the room like a hyena; he dashed chairs and tables about, and at last he flew at Pat Durken like a wild beast on his prey. Pat jumped out of his way, and making a dart to the fire-place, seized the poker, and mounting a chair, flourished the deadly weapon in the air.

"Arrah, then, bad scran to you, you dark-looking thief, would you murder an honest man in his own house? Troth, if you budge one step near me, I'll brain you with the poker that's in my hand, so I will.'

"The enemy was thus kept at bay, and after raging for a while he sunk to the ground completely exhausted, and foaming at the mouth like one in a fit of epilepsy. When he recovered, in desperation he cried out, '*O mon Dieu! chats, chats, chats,*' several times and then—

"'Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw, is it? Oh! take it asy Munseer,' said Pat Durken. 'Troth, you needn't turn up your nose at them now, in sich contempt; let me tell you, there wasn't such a litter of *pusheens* in the town of Ballaghadreen. They were none of your half-starved things—they were well fed on the best of new milk, and'—

"Here the Frenchman sprang from the room, paid his bill, ordered a car, and was never after seen or heard of, at least at Ballaghadreen."

My friend tightened his grip on my arm, looked up at the moon, and then on the broad surface of the mirror-faced stream, and in his usual way exclaimed, "Well, did you ever?" and drawing a long sigh he finished by asking me if I could afford

him a tumbler of the "Contradiction," which I most willingly did, and so ends the story of Pat "Durken's pigeons."*

REVIEW.

Rome, its Ruler and its Institutions. By John Francis Maguire, M.P. London: Longmans.

On taking up this book, and perceiving in it the name of a non-Catholic publisher, we for a moment imagined that it might be one of those infamous productions which cause us instinctively, as it were, to make the sign of the cross as we put them aside; the sight however of the Papal Arms emblazoned upon the cover, and a little further on of a Dedication to the Hon. and Right Rev. George Talbot, presently reassured us. Such a work we thought must, if not of an evil tendency, bear in all probability quite the opposite character; there would scarcely be the possibility of a medium, nor were we mistaken in our conjecture, the book is in every way worthy of praise. Mr. Maguire says "that he feels but too conscious of its defects;" of course he does, just as every artist, or to take higher ground, every Christian feels, the nearer he approaches the ideal at which he is seeking to arrive. But this consciousness does not hinder their constantly working up to, and progressing towards it; neither in this case has it hindered the sending forth to the world of a well written and most valuable compendium; one which had it, by extending its limits, pretended to be more than that, would by the class who are intended especially to profit by it, never probably have been read. "Popular Protestantism," says Dr. Newman, "considered in its opposition to Catholics, is truth as established by law; its philosophy is theory; its faith is prejudice; its facts are fictions; its reasonings fallacies; and its security is ignorance of those whom it is opposing. The Law says that white is black; Ignorance says, why not? Theory says it ought to be, Fallacy says it must be, Fiction says it is, and Prejudice says it shall be." This passage, which contains

* This sketch, founded on fact, was written many years ago, and lay amongst the writer's papers forgotten until a short time since. A literary friend, to whom he mentioned the circumstance, assured him that he had seen something resembling it in a periodical some years since, but he could not tell when, nor the name of the periodical. The writer thinks it only fair to state this circumstance, lest he might be open to the charge of plagiarism, but at the same time begs to say that to his knowledge this story never before appeared in type, although he has told it to many friends, he being at present the only living repository of the original facts.

as much food for thought as a certain celebrated one in Lord Bacon, might well have been adopted by Mr. Maguire as a motto; indeed the entire treatise of the latter is a running commentary upon it, and a confirmation of its truth. "Rome and its Ruler" opens with a beautiful and touching resumé of the Pope's life previous to his being crowned with the Tiara, and proceeds from that to give a succinct account of the events which, though most of us now living remember to have watched with so great anxiety in forty-eight, it is most important to have recorded in a form, that may endure longer than our fading memories. "There were those, (we read) who counselled his Holiness to moderate his generosity within the limits of prudence, and to have a care how he included in a general pardon many men whose past career was no reliable guarantee for their future loyalty." Nor were the fears thus expressed without foundation. "Many of the political prisoners, who soon flocked into Rome, not content with signing the pledge of honour—the only condition enforced by the terms of the amnesty—added of their free accord, such gratuitous vows as these: 'I swear by my head, and by the heads of my children, that I will to the death be faithful to Pius IX.' 'I swear to shed all my blood for Pius IX.' 'I renounce my share of paradise, if ever I betray the oath of honour which binds me to Pius IX.'" The deceit and perfidy of these protestations were presently made manifest, in the Address circulated among the insurgents by one of the vilest of their ringleaders, Joseph Mazzini. He there unveils in a measure the scheme that had been concocted. "*Profit,*" he says, "*by the least concession, to assemble the masses, were it only to testify gratitude. Fetes, songs, assemblies, numerous relations established among men of all opinions, suffice to give the people the feeling of its strength, and to render it exacting.....* Italy is what France was before the Revolution; she wants, then, her Mirabeau, Lafayette, and others." Of course we cannot here trace the events which followed the utterance of this impious wish, and we may almost venture to say, its fulfilment, but they are well and graphically told by our author. Familiar as are the details of the Pope's flight, his sojourn at Gaeta, and triumphant re-entry into Rome, their recapitulation, as given by Mr. Maguire, occasions in the mind no sensation of weariness.

Returned to his dominions, we were not told by the newspapers of the day, how strenuously Pius IX. devoted himself to the difficult duties of his position, and endeavoured by the application of wise remedies, to repair the injury which had been inflicted on the Papal States—in their trade, their industry, their finance, as well as in their intellectual progress and moral condition—by the fury and paralysis of the Revolution. We come now to consider these points, and to perceive how different is the real Pope from the imaginary portrait of him which fiction has

drawn, and which prejudice has accepted. Those who had the advantage of hearing last year a Lecture on the Vatican, delivered to a London audience, by our own Cardinal Metropolitan, will not feel surprised at being told, that the Pope is the sovereign who, of all others in the world, is the most accessible to his subjects. The humblest applicant may approach his person, nor is the meanest or most guilty among the naturalized inhabitants of the States debarred from communicating with him directly, and without intermediate agency, through the Post-office. A petition to the Holy Father, should that more formal mode of address be preferred, is no idle mockery, it is an appeal which is sure to reach the ear, if not touch the heart of him to whom it is preferred, and the petitioner may feel morally certain that it will be read, and the subject matter of it enquired into. The policy of His Holiness is also, in another particular, widely different from that which we see practised in every other court of Europe. Immediately upon his election, he caused it to be made known to his family that they must not expect any promotion not due to them in consequence of that event, and so strictly has this resolution been carried out, that at this moment, not a single one of his relatives holds a public position or office, either in the Papal States or in any foreign country.

We hear a great deal of "cheap bread," and are often asked to believe in the impossibility of suffering it to be procured. No such impossibility as this is known in the Papal States. The Sovereign, with a privy purse, not exceeding £1,000 a year, yet finds means by the sale of jewellery and other presents which are made him, to provide that at least no such thing as death by starvation, should be permitted within his dominions, and that, besides, God's laws should be protected and his servants cared for, in the establishment of decent dwellings, "model lodging houses," if we choose so to call them, at a rent which the poor are in a fit condition to pay.

To an unprejudiced observer it is evident that the subjects of the Pope possess many real advantages which the inhabitants of so-called "free states" frequently yearn and sigh for in vain; but although we have been attempting it by so cursory a survey, we have not yet got even to the centre page of Mr. Maguire's most interesting and able synopsis. We can do nothing more under the circumstances, than hope to return to it next month for a fuller and longer notice of the many important institutions and wise laws which yet remain for our consideration.

A few Sweet Flowers from the Writings of St. Teresa. Translated from the Spanish, by the Rev. Canon Dalton. Dublin: Duffy, 1857.

Whoever reads this sweet little volume must feel grateful to the compiler. A more interesting book, for its size, it is almost im-

possible to meet with. Catholic readers are all, more or less, familiar with the life of the singularly favoured servant of God, St. Teresa, from whose writings these flowers are judiciously gathered. The doubts which, during her life, were entertained by some, regarding her sanctity, have been long removed from the minds of even the most incredulous, not only by her canonization, but also by the miraculous preservation of her body, which, at this day, remains incorrupt at Alva de Tormes (not Torner). Against her writings, however, there still existed a feeling which many holy men zealously endeavoured to remove. Five years after the saint's death, Fr. Luis de Leon thought it necessary to exhort the Discalced Carmelites of Madrid to read these works, assuring them that they might do so, not only without danger, but with great spiritual profit. Even so late as 1851, the editors of the "Libreria Religiosa," in Barcelona, hesitated to publish the works of St. Teresa, until they were encouraged to do so by a learned and pious Spanish prelate, to whom they had submitted the matter. No apprehension of danger from reading her works prevails in this country, but, from whatever cause, they are far from being as well, or as popularly known as they deserve. We trust that the perusal of this little volume will induce many to read and to study attentively and devoutly the whole of her works, from which they will inevitably reap great spiritual fruit.

Books for Children : Book III. The Great Evil of Mortal Sin.
By the Rev. J. Furniss, C. SS. R. Dublin : Duffy.

We have to thank the Redemptorists for many excellent works, introduced by them into this country during the last few years. Their imperial edition of the *Glories of Mary*, their *Mission Books*, their translations of the *Works of St. Alphonsus*, have enriched our spiritual literature beyond all telling. And the little series of books for children, which Father Furniss is now bringing out, though modest in pretension, is just the thing to work unmeasurable good. The little work before us is exactly suited to the object in view. It is intelligible to the simplest ; it searches and expounds its subject to the bottom ; it puts the evil of mortal sin in the strongest and most startling lights, but always without exaggeration ; and while professing to address the young, no better hand-book could be used by the most experienced adult, either at the time of Missions, or for private meditation, or mere spiritual reading. We shall be glad to find the series continued soon, and we trust they will be spread and used proportionately to their merit.

Glimpses of Father Paul Mary. (Passionist.) Dublin, Duffy.

A graceful tribute to the memory of the good father, whose life, after renouncing an alluring and honourable career, was long enough to endear him to all who knew him, but all too short for the affection of those who now mourn his loss.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Tom Brown's School Days. By an Old Boy. Macmillan and Co., Cambridge.

We do not pretend to be deeply versed in the mystery of Second Editions, but that they embrace a mystery, and an inscrutable one; we think those two little words, "second edition," standing prominently forth in the title page of this volume, amply sufficient to prove. A Young Ladies' book which we had last month occasion to notice, appeared to us at the time, by no means to err on the side of too great wit or wisdom; had we, however, been then acquainted with "Tom Brown's School Days," we should decidedly have been of opinion that "Morning Clouds" deserved a considerable meed of praise, and of admiration. Besides, boys have naturally not so great a power of endurance as their sisters,—they require as a necessary condition of their existence, a certain amount of fun and humour, and the production before us, we can do no otherwise than describe, as not containing a single spark of either. It appears to us to be a conglomeration of dulness, varied only by admiration for Garibaldi, Mazzini, and their confederates, and by a kind of religious sentimentalism, which is a mixture of puritanism and of profanity. The book contains, nevertheless, a clever remark which, because of its standing alone, like Sir John Moore, "with its martial cloak around it," we feel bound to quote:—

"After all, what would life be without fighting. I should like to know? From the cradle to the grave, fighting, rightly understood, is the business, the real highest, honestest business, of every son of man. Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies, who must be beaten, be they evil thoughts and habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in high places, or Russians, or border-ruffians, or Bill, or Tom, or Harry, who will not let him live his life in quiet till he has thrashed them. It is no good for quakers, or any other body of men, to uplift their voices against fighting; human nature is too strong for them, and they don't follow their own precepts. Every soul of them is doing his own piece of fighting, somehow and somewhere. The world might be a better world without fighting for anything I know, but it would not be our world; and therefore I am dead against crying peace when there is no peace, and isn't meant to be. I'm as sorry as any man to see folks fighting the wrong people and the wrong thing, but I'd a deal sooner see them doing that, than that they should have no fight in them."

Farina, a Legend of Cologne. By George Meredith. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill, London.

We own to a weakness for Legends, and this one, bound in green and gold, we had deemed would be irresistible; but alas for human expectations! After wading through half of the 250 pages, we cannot tell what the story is about, nor have we been so much as able to discover who "Farina" is. A Legend to our mind, should be a short suggestive tale, full of bright thoughts and unconventional imagery, and here is a long narrative with no thoughts in it at all, and devoid of imagery. The style is rendered unpleasantly harsh by an unnecessary mixing up and jumbling together of the German idiom with the English.

The Wolf-Bog of China, or the incidents which happened to Lyn Payo, and his Adventures. By Wm. Dalton. Bath: Burns and Goodwin.

Here is another boy's book, and quite a refreshing one after that of which we have spoken above. It is full of genial thought and jovial pleasant adventure, the latter claiming besides for the most part the great advantage of novelty. We are beginning to know more of, and to feel a greater interest in China, since the labours, and published travels there, of the Abbé Huc; but it would be as true still, or almost so, as it was in the last century, to say that the greater number of people would feel much more acutely the loss of one of their little fingers, than they would the intelligence, were it to arrive by the next mail, that the entire of the "Celestial Empire," (as it is called) had been swept away from off the face of the earth. As Catholics, we should of course, begin immediately to think of the spiritual interests more than at stake, positively sacrificed by so awful a calamity; but this consideration would have no weight with the greater number of our countrymen, and humanly speaking we see no means more likely to arouse their dormant sympathies than such a book as the one before us. The adventures of Lyn Payo, a boy like themselves, will in a certain measure and degree interest the minds of the rising generation, and like Robinson Crusoe, and the immortal heroes of the Sultana Scheherazade, he will in time become a kind of ordinary friend, and a household companion.

The "Wolf-men," or, as they are designated by their own authorities, the "Miao-tee," cherish the reminiscence of having been an independent people, and bear the same relation to the present inhabitants of China, as the dwellers in the Basque provinces do to the modern race of Spaniards, or the special subjects of the Prince of Wales to the remaining portion of the English nation.

May Hamilton, an autobiography. By Julia Tilt. London: L. Booth, Regent Street.

We wish very much that, looking to all the taxes we have to pay in the present day, there was one laid on story-books. The tax should be arranged on the sliding scale, and rise in proportion to the stupidity of the article. There would thus perhaps be one story-book in a twelve-month published quite free, there would be many which would have to pay a small tax, and a great number a very large one. The autobiography, as it is called, before us, runs through nearly four hundred pages, large octavo (the ordinary sized book adopted for such inflections would not suit the merciless author); and in vain do we look for a single scintillation of genius throughout. The nearest approach to it is in the following really true and amusing portrait.

May Hamilton, the heroine, living in very reduced circumstances, with her sick mother, one day follows the medical attendant of the latter out of the drawing-room, and (putting a five pound note into his hands) she says—"I was really frightened, for instead of taking it prettily, and bowing himself down stairs, he turned upon me more like a wild boar than anything else."

"What do you take me for," hissed he, in a tone that might have frightened the nerves of the hippopotamus in the Regent's Park, "that you should think I want to rob you of the little you have got?"....."I did not think you meant to rob me," returned I, fearfully. "but I know we have no claim on you, and of course you ought to be paid."

"And what jewel or nick-nack has gone to raise this money?" enquired he, interrogatingly, instead of answering my question. "None," said I, blushing deeply, and too unhappy to feel offended.

"Don't tell me any such nonsense," spoke he, angrily, "I know better, I insist on knowing the truth."

"O don't be so angry," pleaded I, apologetically, for alas, I dreaded him much, and was afraid he would step back into the drawing-room, and tell my mother the whole story. "I did not mean to offend you, I know that we can never repay you for your goodness and kindness, but I thought," and here

I reddened to the very roots of my hair. "I thought"....."you thought mischief, doubtless, but how did you get it," proceeded he, never altering his tone, or changing his attitude.

"O dear, Mr. Simpson!" said I, and in spite of my grievous woe, I could not help smiling a little, he did look so odd and whimsical, "if I must tell you, I got Miss Ann (the landlady's daughter,) to sell a dress for me."

"And how dare Miss Ann do any such thing," said he, wrathfully, "I will make her carry back the money and get the dress."

"O pray don't do that," said I, earnestly, "for it was not her fault, and the dress was of no value to me. It was a wedding, that is, a bridesmaid's dress, which had been given me, and I could never bear to wear it again, besides it was not fit for me to wear in common."

"Humph!" said he, growlingly, "well, then, keep the money, and buy good things for the poor sick invalid in there," pointing over his shoulder to the drawing-room door. "Buy anything! but don't think to buy me, for I am not to be bought."

Kate Coventry. An autobiography, edited by G. J. Whyte Melville. Reprinted from *Frazer's Magazine*. J. W. Parker, West Strand, London.

A very wise Jesuit said to us the other day, apropos of Mr. Dickens and his imitators, (we have heard that all Jesuits are *wise*, and do not care to dispute the fact,) "that the mind of England appeared to be becoming effete." It is certain that if writers like the one before us were not previously assured of readers, they would never find publishers, and this assurance we take to be the most melancholy part of the transaction. At the present rate of downward progress in literature, the school of which we have spoken above, will soon come to be looked upon, as quite classical and artistic; for it is much to say, yet nevertheless a fact, that we never remember to have opened a book more utterly worthless than *Kate Coventry*. There is no harm in it as regards either religion or morality, but there is an entire absence of literary merit of every kind and degree. Had we taken it up before "*May Hamilton*," we should have felt almost disposed to praise this latter. Even when Mr. Melville is laughing at an authoress who certainly often lays herself open to it, "*Hannah More*," he evidently does so at random, without being acquainted with the lady's writings, for he more than once speaks of *the* book which she has written, and to our certain knowledge she published nine volumes; we believe more, but we were unfortunately persuaded, before we had arrived at years of discretion to read those nine. "*Regina*," as *Frazer* used to be called, and we suppose is still, must have sadly degenerated from her high estate ere she could have been induced to admit such an autobiography as that of *Kate Coventry* into her pages.

History of Spanish Literature, translated from the German of Frederick Bouterwek. New edition. Bickers and Bush. London.

This volume forms a pleasant change from the three latter, and considering how little we know of Spanish literature in this country, might have been a really valuable production, were it not that the mind of the author is influenced, and his judgment consequently warped, by German rationalism. With the exception of some rude Romances published previously, literature in Spain may be said to have been founded by Alphonso of Castile, the tenth monarch of that name, who reigned in the thirteenth century. This Prince surnamed the "Wise" (and from whom should it interest any one to know it, the present writer claims, or might claim to be descended) not only patronised learning and the arts, but a rare merit as pertaining to royalty, in that or any other age, cultivated various branches of both in his own person. It would be interesting to trace the effect of his example and of his laws; but we have not space to do so here. M. Bouterwek also passes over the next two centuries very briefly. He tells us that it was not till the age of Charles the Fifth that, amidst a throng of diversified talent, the Spanish Drama began to flourish. Considered from a literary

point of view, it can scarcely be said to have existed before, and even now, its progress was retarded by a classical *furor*, which would not tolerate anything that did not bear the form of what was Greek or Latin. This false taste, necessarily before long, passed away, and we are next brought to consider the age of Cervantes and of Lope de Vega. The great and immortal production of the former "Dou Quixote" is, says our author, but little known by means of the ordinary prose translations,—the style of the original is poetical throughout, and proves, that under other circumstance, the writer might have become "the Eschylus of Spain." Never having perused the book in the language in which it was written, we may not dispute this opinion; neither for the same reason can we venture to assent to it; we may however state, that, even in our comparative ignorance of Spanish, we have never believed that any work could have so long held the place this one has held, had it been written as is commonly supposed, merely to be laughed at.

The chief thing which Mr. Bouterwek notices with regard to Lope de Vega, is his well-known facility in composition; according to the poet's own testimony, he wrote, on an average, five sheets a day. It has therefore been computed, that the number of sheets which he composed during his life, amounted to 133,225, and that allowing for the deduction of a small portion of prose, Lope de Vega must have written upwards of 21,300,000 verses. No Spanish poet was ever so much honoured during his life;—he amassed a fortune as may be supposed, but more than that he merited it. Pope Urban the 8th sent him the cross of Malta, and the degree of Doctor in Theology, accompanied by a very flattering letter. His Holiness also appointed him fiscal of the Apostolic chamber, and familiar of the Inquisition. He made a Christian end which our German "philosopher" of course does not care to mention; nor can he so much as abide to speak of Calderon, the greatest Christian Dramatist whom the world has seen. It would not of course do to ignore the existence of such a writer, but the notice given of him is as vague and confused as may be, and is concluded by a blasphemous sneer.

CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS.

Russian Cure for Hydrophobia.—M. Guerin-Meneville, at a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, called the attention of that body to the following letter of Prince Eugene of Sayn Wittgenstein, which has appeared in the *Morski Sbornik*, a journal published under the direction of the Scientific Committee of Marine at St. Petersburg:—

"SIR,—In conformity with the order of the Director of the Department of Marine at Nikolaieff, I have to request the insertion of this letter in your journal:—On the 29th of January last, M. Iwantshenko, an ensign of the navy, was bitten by a mad dog in his father's house. The accident being reported to his Excellency the Director of the Department of Marine, he was at the same time informed that an officer, a native of the government of Riazan, knew of a landed proprietor named Levachoff, in that province, who was celebrated for his wonderful cures of hydrophobia. In the present case the patient's wounds had been cauterized; nevertheless it was considered prudent to send him to Riazan, a distance of 1,000 versts. He arrived there in seventeen days, under the guidance of a vigorous and intelligent courier, who was directed to watch his companion closely. During the journey the wounds continued to suppurate slightly, and were occasionally rubbed with salt, which used to cause the patient great pain. On the 19th February, M. Iwantshenko, provided with an introduction from the Civil Governor of Riazan, arrived at the village of Peklez, and presented himself to M. Andrew Nikitish Levachoff. The first thing the latter did was to seize his patient's hand, and to press it very hard, in order to ascertain whether he was really labouring under the disease. The patient felt acute pain, and his sight became dim; after a minute the pain ceased, but he was seized with a deep melancholy, uneasiness, and fear, after which he lost his senses completely

this delirium lasting thirty hours. All these were well-known symptoms of the first period of hydrophobia. The existence of the malady being thus ascertained beyond a doubt, M. Levachoff administered a pill composed of drugs, the secret of which has descended from father to son in his family. The pill threw the patient into a quiet slumber, which lasted four hours and a half; on waking, he was perfectly calm and conscious, and asked for another dose. The treatment was now regularly continued, and ended with the fourth pill; but the first alone had already brought on convalescence. Besides the pills, M. Levachoff uses certain powders, which are useful accessories to the cure. M. Iwantshenko stayed with him until the 5th March, and inscribed his name in M. Levachoff's book as the 1,791st case cured by his method. On leaving, he received his instructions as to diet; they were, to abstain from smoking for a fortnight, and from wines, spirits, spices, very nourishing animal food, and in general all substances having the effect of inflaming the blood. During M. Iwantshenko's stay at Pekletz, he witnessed several wonderful cures effected by his host. A deacon was brought to him one day, who had been bitten by a mad wolf. The poor man was in the last stage of fury. He was chained down on a bed, his jaws forced asunder with the blade of a knife; a pill was introduced and pushed down to the œsophagus, in order to force him to swallow it. The effect was extraordinary; the patient ceased his terrific howling and fell asleep. On awakening he was calm, and in a few days went away again perfectly cured. M. Levachoff cures animals with the same ease. A mad dog that had bitten several other dogs was shut up with his victims in a barn; M. Levachoff went in, only armed with a pair of tongs holding a pill. The mad dog was the first to approach, foaming with rage, but no sooner was the pill presented to it than it swallowed it at once, moved by an instinct of self-preservation, which even madness had been unable entirely to destroy. All the other dogs received pills in the same way, and were set at liberty again on the following day. It is particularly remarkable that those who have once been cured by this method experience no ill effects from any subsequent bite. M. Levachoff never on any account accepts anything for his services; he sends his pills gratis to those who apply for them with instructions how to use them; but these pills do not preserve their curative qualities more than a week."

On the subject of this letter, M. Guénin-Méneville reminded the academy of a late communication of his, in which he had mentioned several cures of hydrophobia effected in other parts of Russia by administering the *cetonia aurata* (the common rose-beetle) in the form of a powder, and proposed that experiments be made, under the auspices of the academy, to ascertain the power of the above insect as a specific, there being sufficient reason to suspect that M. Levachoff's remedy is the *cetonia* in question.

The annual meeting of the Institutional Association of Lancashire and Cheshire was held at the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, on Tuesday, 12th September. The Right Hon. Lord Brougham presided on the occasion. Mr. Morris, the secretary, read the Annual Report of the Institution, which stated that one hundred literary, mechanic, and mutual improvement societies were in the Association, containing an aggregate of 19,880 male, and 2,150 female members, exclusive of day scholars. The libraries contain 160,800 volumes, and the evening classes were attended by 8,050 males, and 500 females. Answers to questions to each Institute, as to what were the most attractive features, reported that in thirty it was the reading-room, in twenty-eight the classes, in eleven the library, in two the lectures, in two the singing, and in one the coffee—only seventy-five having answered the question.

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Literary communications to the "Editor," Catholic Institute, 26, Hope Street, Liverpool.

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