THE

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE MAGAZINE.

No. 12.] SEPTEMBER, 1857. [Vol. II.

EDUCATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

The wide subject of education has many important branches. There is the system of Poor Schools, provided for those who cannot pay, or who can pay only a very small sum in the year for the acquisition of the rudiments of knowledge. The opposite side of this large subject embraces the system of university education, designed for the more favoured children of fortune, whose parents or guardians can afford to enable them to protract their studies beyond the age of boyhood into youth, and to give them the advantage of prosecuting those studies in seats of learning, and under the tuition of eminent instructors. Between the opposite and extreme boundaries of Poor School education and of University education, there lies a wide territory, less generally familiar than either of those, embracing the education of the middle classes, that is, of persons who are destined to employments and callings requiring a certain amount of elementary instruction, and who have not the leisure nor the means for making study the sole business of life, till the period of early youth. With the exception of youths designed for the learned professions, as they are called, and of youths designed for no profession or employment at all, middle-class education embraces all persons whose future means of livelihood depend on exertions not simply manual and mechanical; on exertions which demand some exercise, and therefore some cultivation of mental faculties, in which a principal part of education consists. Notions and theories regarding this kind of education are probably less defined, than the notions and theories which affect either Poor School or University education; people have been less accustomed to think or speculate about it. Yet, for all the comparative neglect in which it has lain, it is forcing attention at last, by the growing importance of the class in question, both in numbers and in influence. Our tradesmen, our mercantile men, for the most part,

belong to it; and the tradesmen and the merchants of England never occupied a position more conspicuous, or more closely connected with the future destiny of our country, than they do at present. Vast interests are involved in the capacity of the men who are to preside over our future commerce; many of them will become legislators, will fill distinguished and highly responsible places in the government of this country. It is therefore a question of no small moment, how they can best be prepared for the career which is opening to them. We are becoming less and less disposed to let things take their chance, as has been too much the past habit of this nation; we have too often and too keenly smarted for similar neglect, any longer to regard the subject of education with indifference. We now compel manufacturers, for example, to erect schools where they establish factories, for we have found to our cost that ignorance is the mother of crime, that it fosters pauperism, and fills our goals and our penal colonies. And as the social importance of our middle class developes itself, so the discussion of the best means of training the middle class acquires a commensurate importance, and attracts men of all opinions on educational subjects. From the active collision of these opinions, we shall probably arrive, sooner or later, at some definite system.

It is admitted by every one who has given attention to the subject, that the aim and object of education is twofold, namely, (1) to communicate a certain necessary amount of information on particular subjects; and (2) by the very act of acquiring such knowledge, to train and educate the mind in habits of thought, of patience, of order, and of perseverance. It is in this second object of education that the University is conspicuous. It is because a utilitarian age has lost sight of this object, that it undervalues and depreciates University education. What is the use, it cries, of making young men devote years of their prime to the study of dead languages or of mathematics? Not one in a hundred of them will ever continue these studies in later life. Why not rather teach them accomplishments more readily available in their future course? There is nothing to be said in reply to this, if the only use of acquiring knowledge is to qualify a youth for a specific purpose; if the very act of acquiring it is not recognised as a means of also communicating a habit of mind which nothing else will impart. Yet thoughtful men must see that every analogy points to such a recognition. The youth learns gymnastics, for example, he is taught to climb poles and to ascend ropes, although his future profession may not be the navy, although he may never climb a pole, or ascend a rope, after he has left school. The young sailor requires to learn how to do both, for the purpose of his future calling, but both he and the young landsman acquire also habits of agility and of strength, which will be of service to both through

life. In like manner, a youth who has patiently mastered the difficulties of the dead languages, or of the mathematical sciences, will carry with him, from the prolonged effort, habits and powers of application, which will prove invaluable to him, whether his future studies may be the dry technicalities of law, or the vast complexities of political history. The judge and the prime minister may both be indebted for their success to the lasting effect of studies which neither has had leisure to prolong, since his last term at the University.

Another singular advantage belonging to University education results from the association of young men together under the tuition of able and accomplished men, in places which have a distinguished history; in places filled with the memory and the spirit of the departed Great. Noble incitements are thus applied to the minds of successive generations of students, to maintain the character of their Alma Mater, to contribute their share to the reputation bequeathed to her by the illustrious dead. Hence arises a corporate feeling, highly conducive to wholesome emulation and to mental activity.

Such, then, are two important elements in the University system; elements which have hitherto been supposed, exclusively to belong to it, and to be available under no other system. But we think that a wise and comprehensive system of middle-class education might be made, in great part at least, to yield similar results. Institutions might be set on foot, in our large towns, in which, besides the usual routine of what is called a mercantile education, the sons of our tradesmen and of our merchants, might have an opportunity of acquiring mental habits and powers, at a less expensive rate than at the University. Besides, the acquisition of the merely technical requirements of their future callings in life, they might be taught to think, to reflect, to reason, and to speak; all of them accomplishments of the highest value in any calling, as belonging to the duties of every citizen in common. The youth of our Middle-class Institution should be taught English composition, and book-keeping, and geography; because without such teaching he would be ill-qualified to enter on his future calling, in trade or in commerce. But he should have an opportunity also of training his mental powers by an elementary course of logic, and of mathematics; his taste should be cultivated by the study of the classics of his own language at least, under a master of literature, able to point out their beauties and their defects. He should also have the option, if required, of learning something of other languages, both living and dead. The physical constitution of the world should be explained to him, with a view as much to mental training as to utilitarian objects. We would have a Debating Society in every such Institution, on the principle that, while reading makes a full man, and writing an

accurate man, speaking, and more especially debating, makes a ready man. Hundreds of occasions happen, in which the power of speech is of incalculable benefit, not only to the man, but to the cause which he represents; and, like other accomplishments, speech is not to be acquired but by speaking.

Such an Institution as we are supposing, would require only time to acquire a history and a tradition of worth and of reputation. Successive generations of students would go forth from it, well qualified by its assistance, for their future struggle in the world. Some of the more successful might remember their old Alma Mater, and might provide her with the pecuniary means of supporting and of educating young men of talent, in humble and impoverished circumstances. And thus, in the course of time, we should see some of the most valuable elements in the machinery of a University secured and made available for the education of a body of our youth, who, but for such an Institution, might have remained destitute of any training, but the most meagre and inefficient.

In contemplating the rise and the maturity of such an institution, we confess that our hopes are much encouraged by the success of seminaries of instruction like the Liverpool and like the Manchester Catholic Institutes. Preston also possesses an establishment of a similar kind, and London is about to follow the example of Lancashire. It will ere long be the good fortune of others of our large towns, as it has certainly become their duty, to give their Catholic middle classes the benefit of similar Institutes. Besides the manifest and immediate advantages resulting from their introduction, in the manner we have very imperfectly described, other points, less obvious, but not less certain, or less valuable, cannot fail in no long time to be gathered. Such establishments must sooner or later become useful nurseries for the learned professions. The natural bent of a youth's mind to study will be at once marked and encouraged; talent, that might have otherwise lain dormant, will come to light; and society will largely benefit by the discovery. In another important point of view we shall be pardoned if we allude to the past success of our own Institute, as full of the happiest auguries for the future. We mean its adaptation as a nursery for ecclesiastical students. The Liverpool Catholic Institute, though not of many years standing, sends on an average about ten students annually, to prosecute their studies in our colleges for the priesthood. Their success as regards diligence and acquirement at our principal establishment of the kind affords good evidence of the care with which their previous training had been conducted. Their general behaviour and their piety have, we believe, been all that their superiors could desire, and give good promise that they will persevere to the end of their vocation. If time and experience shall confirm this augury, it is needless to dilate on the advantage which must

accrue to the Church in this country from our Catholic Institutes. Instead of choosing boys direct from the elementary school, the bishops will be enabled to avail themselves of the preliminary training which the boys have already received in the Institute, and of the trial of their tempers and dispositions which they have already undergone there. If Providence smiles on our endeavours, we can easily foresee that it might be of singular advantage to send young boys from the country, candidates for ecclesiastical burses, to such Institutes for a year or two, to rub off their provincial peculiarities, and acquire something more than the rudiments of secular instruction. Perhaps their admission to the burse might depend on the result of examination in their studies during this time of preparation. It is true that for some time to come such Institutes may not be prepared to receive boarders, but there is no difficulty in supposing that some of the professors connected with them might be willing to receive boys and young men from the country to board and lodge in their houses.

But whether the future character and the future destiny of our middle class education assumes the form that we have thus briefly outlined, of this we are well assured, that this branch of education must ere long become of immense importance, and that under the control of Catholic principles it cannot miss a development worthy of its growing importance.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Our readers have probably heard more than enough of the "Glasgow poisoning case," as it is called; and we are not going to enter into the details of that celebrated trial. But there are some considerations on circumstantial evidence in general, suggested by it, which we wish to recommend to the attention of our readers.

The Great Judge is also the Great Witness, to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hidden. Every action, and every motive of every action are perfectly well known to him; far more intimately than to any human eye-witness, by whom the secret motives of any action can be only very imperfectly understood. The reflection inspires a feeling of security regarding the final trial, regarding the last sentence of the Great Assize. But the Great Judge has delegated a part of his authority to the administrators of human justice; the magistrate, the juryman, and the judge are permitted, nay, are enjoined to anticipate the scrutiny to come, to

gather up the fragments of proof and of presumption by which crime may be traced to the criminal, with a view to the correction of the offender, to the repression of evil, and to the safety and protection of society. Together with a portion of his jurisdiction, the Supreme Judge has not delegated to man his faculty of infallible knowledge, the clear vision of his Divine Eye. The only means by which a criminal act can be established, and by which it can be brought home to the perpetrator, to the conviction of a human tribunal, are liable to all the imperfection of human senses, and to the wayward chances of human testimony. Even if every crime could be proved by an eye-witness, we should not always feel secure against mistake. Instances are almost every year occurring in which the value of such evidence is damaged, and even destroyed, by the extraordinary resemblance of one man to another; through which an innocent person is accused, and the real offender escapes. Only last year, a case of this kind occurred in the Scottish Criminal Court. A young man of respectability was accused of attempting to get a forged cheque cashed in an Edinburgh bank. The clerks of the bank swore to his identity; eye-witnesses of his crime, as they supposed. The clerks, however, in the lawyer's office to which this young man belonged, attested the impossibility of his having been in the bank at that particular time; and what was more remarkable, one or two persons, familiarly acquainted with the accused, swore that about the very same time as the alleged commission of the crime, they had met a man so closely resembling the accused, as so arrest their attention in the street, and make them look at him again, after he had passed. The exculpatory evidence was so conclusive, that the public prosecutor threw up the case. So lately as the last Assizes at Exeter, in July, a case almost precisely similar was tried, and with the same result. The testimony of supposed eye-witnesses was overthrown by stronger evidence, and a verdict of acquittal was secured.

If so much uncertainty attaches even to what pretends to be the direct and most conclusive evidence of eye-witnesses, what are we to think of the complicated train of circumstances, and of presumptions by which alone most grave crimes can be brought home to the criminal. For the graver the crime, the more anxious and the more careful the offender naturally becomes to shroud his villany in secrecy, to elude eye-witnesses, and further his own escape by the aid of solitude, and of darkness. He has been heard to threaten or to hint a purpose similar to the crime with which he is charged. He is seen near the place, or he is not seen in his usual haunts, about the time of its occurrence; his dress or his manner betrays evidence of mischief; he buys materials which are now proved to have done the deed; his motives for its per-

petration are many and strong. Such are some of the principal elements of circumstantial evidence, on which juries are every day asked for a verdict affecting the liberty and the life of accused persons. Yet it is clear that none of these elements give infallible security that the accused is really the culprit. For men do not always perform what they threaten, or act on what they have obscurely hinted: a man may be seen near the place of a crime, or he may be missed from his accustomed resort without, of necessity, being a participator in that crime; other causes besides the alleged one, may stain or disorder his dress; innocence, under a serious charge, may be more disturbed than the hardened, or the desperate front of guilt: a man may purchase materials which another uses; no man can be infallibly held responsible for what his motives, in the opinion of his judges, must have been.

No doubt a sequence of such presumptions creates a strong case in support of the prosecutor's theory; one little circumstance may so well fit another, in unbroken series, as to leave little moral doubt, if any, that the conviction of the accused is founded in justice and in truth. Yet, as no chain is stronger than its weakest part, the notable failure of proof in regard to one or more of such elements of circumstantial evidence ought to throw discredit on the whole theory of guilt constructed upon them. Thus, to draw an obvious illustration from the recent case of Miss Smith, there were two points in the prosecutor's case, as we think, and as the jury decided, utterly fatal to the theory of her guilt. The public prosecutor proved the purchase of arsenic by the prisoner on two distinct occasions, and with the arsenic thus purchased, he maintained that she had poisoned her lover. Now it happened that, in compliance with a recent act of parliament, the arsenic purchased from one chemist was coloured with soot, and that purchased from another chemist with indigo. Yet no trace either of indigo or of soot, was found in the stomach of Angelier after death, though it was proved that he must have swallowed 200 grains of the coloured arsenic; and though it was also proved that the colouring matter ought to have been found. It was attempted to evade the force of this argument by shewing that the analysts omitted to look for colouring matter. The accused person, in such a case, is perfectly entitled to say, The colouring matter is the only link connecting the arsenic found, with the arsenic that I bought. You cannot prove this link to exist, it may be through your oversight, or it may be through your inability; I am therefore entitled to dissever the one specimen of arsenic from the other. The failure, therefore, of so important a link in the chain of evidence, as the instrument of the crime, very properly disposed the jury to doubt the whole theory of Miss Smith's guilt.

Then, as to the question of motive; always a delicate one,

because almost always more or less concealed from the eye of man; the theory of the prosecution went to show that the recovery of her letters from Angelier was the chief motive of Miss Smith in desiring and in compassing his death. But her advocate showed very clearly how such an act as poisoning Angelier was sure to defeat its own end, if that end was the secret recovery of the letters. The friends of the deceased were sure to examine his papers, and among them to discover the letters of his mistress. It was, in fact, more likely to accelerate their discovery, and to insure for them a new importance and a wide notoriety, as the event has shown. The imputation of motive, therefore, completely failed, and at the same time the doubts of the jury as to the guilt of the accused received a new confirmation.

On a general review of the principles of evidence, and more particularly of that evidence which consists in a chain of suspicious circumstances, we venture to lay down this canon: It is not sufficient to establish the guilt of an accused person, that the theory set up by the public prosecutor, will connect and explain all the facts and presumptions which make up his proof; but all those facts and presumptions, and every one of them, must be so conclusively established, as to admit of no other theory than the guilt of the accused. Thus, to revert for a moment to the case of Miss Smith; the theory of the prosecution ingeniously connected her purchase of arsenic with the death of Angelier; but the converse of this notably failed in the proof; namely, that she purchased the very arsenic which poisoned her lover, or that the arsenic which she purchased was employed for any such purpose. Again, the prosecutor interwove in his theory, a motive which must probably have induced Miss Smith to get rid of Angelier, namely, the recovery of the letters which she had written to him. But this motive was not only unsubstantiated, it was further shown to be quite inconsistent with the act to which it was alleged to have incited Miss Smith. The theory of her guilt, therefore, very properly failed.

Our readers are probably not aware of the number of cases on record in which conviction has erroneously been obtained on circumstantial evidence, and, we regret to add, in which execution has followed conviction too soon to permit reparation in this world for the dreadful mistake. The number of cases is indeed not great, in which life was forfeited unjustly; yet we are surely justified in saying that even one such case is one too many. But the erroneous imputation of minor offences is more common in the annals of our criminal law than could have been supposed. Our readers will find a curious and a very painful account of some cases of this kind, in Captain Chesterton's interesting work on Prison Discipline in Coldbath Fields. One of the examples which came under his own eye, is peculiarly

instructive. A lady, already engaged to a naval officer, employed her maid, a young and beautiful woman, to carry to him, at various times, little memorials of her affection. On some of these occasions the young officer paid homage to the attractions of the messenger, by giving her one or two of the little presents which she had brought him from his future bride. In the course of a few months he was ordered on foreign service, leaving the lady and her mother in England to await his return. One day, the lady, searching in haste for something in her maid's room, opened a drawer, and to her surprise found one or two of her own little presents to her lover. Nothing seemed clearer to her jealous scrutiny, and to her mother's, than that the poor maid was a thief. Their proceedings were summary, the maid's improbable story was disbelieved, and in due course of law she was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Before the expiry of that term, the real truth came out, but the difficulties interposed by the law proved so many, and so great, that it was thought best for her to await her liberation in the ordinary course. This poor young woman was a model of propriety all the time of her imprisonment, and she returned to freedom with an irreproachable character. But let any one imagine the bitter humiliation and the anxiety of suspicion and of trial, and the agony of conviction. Our readers will doubtless agree with us in thinking the conduct of her accusers rash as well as cruel, in disbelieving her word, and treating her as a felon, before taking the trouble of communicating with the young officer concerned. It was his casually hearing of her conviction while on the foreign station, which led to the discovery of her innocence. But if humanity and prudence had guided the proceedings at home, her innocence ought not to have been doubted, till her story had been tested. Yet, indeed, this is one of the most painful circumstances connected with false imputation; the majority of people are only too willing to believe the first rumour of evil against their most familiar neighbour. We do not mean only those persons of coarser and more animal nature, such as we must all have known at least one in our circle of acquaintance; persons whose lives are a long act of suspicion, and of merciless assumption and vindication of their low estimate of justice; we do not mean persons who daily reverse the Apostle's noble character of charity, and who, by what seems a necessity in their cruel nature, bear nothing, believe nothing, hope nothing, endure nothing. But we mean the majority of well-disposed persons, as they would consider themselves, who are always ready to accept the fact of accusation as a preliminary presumption against an acquaintance. It is a reflection which may considerably abate our complacency in the maintenance of an honest name, that we are all of us surrounded by people who would to-morrow at once believe the first report circulated to our dis-

credit. How rarely do we hear such reports boldly denied, even by intimate friends, on the strength of previous good character. Few among the best of friends refuse to believe because the thing is, in their opinion, impossible; few do more than reserve their judgment till more evidence accumulates.

Society is in fact in a constant habit and state of rash judgment; assigning actions to persons who never committed them, imputing motives where none such existed. Like animals of the lower creation, when an unfortunate brother falls a victim to the tooth of calumny, a hundred neighbours of the same tribe straightway fall upon him, and annihilate him on the spot.

But we shall be told that there was a shew of evidence, that suspicion was too strong to be disregarded, and so the charge of rash judgment is evaded or repelled. But there are plainly degrees of evidence, varying in strength, and in conclusiveness. It ought plainly to require a larger accumulation of proof to convict of a first offence, than to create a presumption against an old offender; we have the authority of St. Paul (ad Tim. v. 19.) for saying that two or three witnesses are necessary to establish a charge against a priest, for example: Unless, therefore, the amount of evidence, on which a deliberate judgment rest, has been adequate to the case in question, it will not be possible altogether to elude the imputation of rash judgment.

But to return to the more serious imputations of crime. We have seen that mistakes as to personal identity have given rise to some of these. Accidental proximity to the perpetration of a crime has sometimes involved the innocent in the penalty of the guilty. The guilty have, sometimes with success, turned the current of suspicion on the innocent. Malice has ere now given vent to its antipathy by arraigning its guiltless victim. Insanity has very recently been revealed as a cause of unjust accusation. The case of Thomas Fuller Bacon is quite fresh in the public recollection; a man, whose insane wife first murdered two of his children, and then laid the guilt of their murder at his own door. Mrs. Talbot, now an inmate of an asylum for the insane, and divorced from her husband, is discovered to have been the innocent victim of a man whose disordered intellect prompted him to invent accusations, and whose fatal disposition was detected when he at last accused himself without foundation, of a serious crime. We must refer any of our readers who are desirous of studying examples of the dangerous facility of accusation, to such works as "Chambers' Cases of Circumstantial Evidence," (Miscellany, vol. 4,) and to "Vacation Thoughts on Capital Punishment," by Charles Phillips.

It is of importance to the public to know that human justice sometimes miscarries. The knowledge ought to make everyone slow to suspect, and slower still to convict, on any evidence short of the most conclusive. There must be convictions on

circumstantial evidence alone; but to make that conviction a just or a safe one, it must rest on evidence which altogether excludes the theory of innocence. For the rest, the protection of each of us must depend, under the blessing of Providence, on honesty, and the integrity of a good conscience. One cannot read the daily reports of crime, without observing that crime, and the accusation of crime commonly take their rise in vice. Men who indulge their vicious inclinations seem to place themselves out of the protection of Providence; restraints fall away, and they are launched in a career of crime, or they become the victims of their associates in vice.

For the innocent victims of such mistakes as we have been describing, we believe that the only chance of escape is a strict adherence to truth. The Declaration of an accused person is his voluntary story of the events relating to his accusation. It may be used in evidence against him. It rarely has any effect in his case, except to damage it. The reason of this is, that accused persons, even those who are unjustly accused, rarely will trust the actual truth with their defence. They must try and mend it, smoothing over suspicious passages, denying all that seems to make against their cause; a course of action which, besides its injury to truth, is injurious to the guilty, and to the innocent is absolutely suicidal. It is cutting off their last chance of justice, by creating a presumption against themselves, as to the whole case, in the minds of men who detect their departure from truth, in some of its details. In a word, the reflections on circumstantial evidence which we now offer, though certainly of a kind to excite rather than to allay anxiety, point to this consoling and reassuring fact, that on the whole, the number of unjust and of erroneous convictions in the criminal record of this country are few; and on this we rest our security. While on the other hand, that there have, from time to time, been a few such convictions, even with all the improvements of our jurisprudence, ought to teach us caution and deliberation in every judgment which depends on circumstantial evidence alone. And as for the victims of human fallibility, they commit the issue of their appeal to the infallible verdict of the Last Assize.

SYMPATHY.

We walked beside a clouded shore,
  While slowly on the stormy strait
  A sombre eve descended late,
Dying along its foaming floor.

Gloom of the North was gathering round,
  Chill cloud-drifts veiled the summer sky,
  Among the leaves a wandering sigh,
And from the sea a wailing sound.

Across the strait, in golden rest,
  Calm evening touched a happier land,
  White hamlets on the sunny strand
Smiled joyfully toward the West;

Whence slanting showers of glory streamed,
  On level shore, and pastoral grange;
  On all the purple mountain range
A crown of rosy vapour gleamed.

From homes of joy, dear comfort's voice
  Is heard within the homes of sorrow;
  "Your darkness from our light shall borrow,
And in our distant joy rejoice."

All joy is but a song of praise;
  And when her notes are dumb with woe,
  'Tis calm to holy grief to know
Joy's song another voice can raise.

J. A. S.

THE MISSION AND INFLUENCE OF ST. PHILIP NERI.

(Continued from page 512.)

We now propose to address a few remarks to our younger readers on the subject of certain dangers which lie in their way; dangers much resembling those from which St. Philip laboured to protect the young men of his day; dangers which beset the intellect as well as the moral being of our rising youth.

Now, in speaking of duty, and of temptations to the neglect, or to the contravention of duty, we can never lose sight of this fact, that these temptations are of an endless variety. Some of them belong to one period of life, more peculiarly; some of them to another. The temptations of the young, are not, generally speaking, those of the old; the temptations of the poor, of the hungry, of the destitute, are of a kind opposite to those of the rich. Clever men are tried in one way, men who have not the same intellectual capacity, or the same intellectual cultivation, are tried in another.

In our judgments of one another we are too apt to forget this. People are so little accustomed to judge of any thing from any other point of view than their own narrow personal experience, that they cannot even imagine a temptation against duty in circumstances of which they have no personal knowledge. Hence, little allowance is made in ordinary judgments for the pressure of temptations, for the exigencies of the case; little pity or charity is felt or shown for the unhappy victim of strong temptation. The wealthy citizen cannot understand the mastery of absolute hunger which tempts the poor boy to steal; he never felt the same craving; how should he know the terrible difficulty of holding to the right in such a case? The protections afforded to virtue in the manners and ways of respectable society, invaluable as they are, make it difficult for many persons who have no knowledge of the customs of any other society, to comprehend the painful ordeal through which virtue must pass, in other positions, where every usage, and every habit, where even public opinion is arrayed against virtue. A person to whom nature has denied more than the most ordinary gifts of mind, or more than the most ordinary opportunities of cultivating those gifts, knows nothing of the fascinations of intellectual superiority, of the dangers of pride, and of vanity, and of the arrogant independence which disdains assistance because it is conscious of defying competition.

These are some of the most common forms of what we shall call the common inability to sympathise with the moral trials of others. God knows, there would be fewer harsh judgments, there would be more tender pity for a fallen brother or sister, if we could bring ourselves to try and regard their temptations from their point of view, and not from our own. We fear that even the decent citizen, who cannot understand the pressure which induces the poor and the unprotected to deviate from the right, but who has not virtue or grace enough to overcome his own peculiar inclinations to avarice, or luxurious living; we fear that even this model of virtue in all that regards the temptations of poverty and dangerous company, has in reality nothing but the accident of position to protect him from the lowest vices of the poor and the neglected. A serious reflection, which may well temper our self-gratulation at our escape from many crimes; which ought to move us to a little more pity, not for the sin, but for the sinner. There are many souls in every city of this great kingdom, called by a mysterious Providence to spend the whole time of their probation in a moral battlefield, thickly beset by shafts of danger and of death, where, not to sink, is to prove themselves possessed of a spirit of enduring heroism which, in the great day of account, will most certainly take the rank and receive the reward of martyrdom.

We are now addressing young men, whom we shall suppose

from their age, from their studies, and from their consciousness of possessing a certain amount of intellectual capacity, to be liable to what we may call intellectual dangers. They are young, and therefore without experience; they are more or less fond of reading and of acquiring knowledge; they are some of them clever, and therefore tempted to measure their gifts by comparison with the inferior endowments of others. Their allegiance to the Church of Christ is sometimes in peril; for a shallow school of modern philosophy is busily propagating the notion that faith is the destruction of intellectual activity, that the subordination of the proud reason of man to the revealed will of his Creator, strikes at the root of independent thought, weakens and obliterates the higher faculties of the mind.

We will offer a few remarks on these temptations, in the order in which we have mentioned them. There is (1) the temptation to value intellectual gifts for their own sake, and to undervalue persons from whom Providence has withheld them; and there is (2) the temptation to grow restive under the restraints which faith imposes on reason; to emancipate the mind from the control of religion, under pretence of exalting its own independence.

One or two reflections may assist our younger brethren in dispelling a too common illusion as to the intrinsic value of the gifts of mind, and as to any superiority which they may confer on their possessor. Alas! personal beauty, or personal strength is not more fleeting and evanescent than the beauty and the strength of a noble mind, when the Great Creator takes back what He alone has given. And nothing is more common in His secret judgments than His thus resuming gifts which have been abused.

An anecdote will illustrate our meaning. In a certain monastery in Germany, about seven hundred years ago, a traveller might have found a young scholar, called Albert, to whom nature had denied the commonest faculties of mind. His dulness exposed him to the contempt of his companions, and, what was still more serious, threatened to interrupt his religious vocation. Poor Albert at last entirely lost heart about his studies, and was tempted to try and escape from school, and from learning altogether.

In this extremity it is related that the Virgin-Mother of Jesus appeared to him, and asked him the cause of his despondency. Albert opened all his heart to her; told her of his inaptitude for learning, of his desire to escape. Mary heard his story, and then replied that, on condition that he would persevere in his studies, she would procure for him the intellectual endowments which nature had denied him; but that if ever, in years to come, he should admit into his soul a feeling of pride, or of self-satisfaction in those gifts, they should be in that instant withdrawn.

Mary was as good as her word. The young man resumed his

studies ; his old incapacity was no more ; difficulties vanished from his course ; he surpassed all his companions in the vigour and the subtlety of his intellectual powers. After finishing his preparatory studies he was ordained priest, and became professor of theology in the monastery of his order at Cologne. Scholars flocked in crowds to hear him ; he received the surname of Albert the Great. St. Thomas was one of his pupils. And he was as humble and as pious as he was learned and accomplished. His holy rule was quite as dear to him as all the treasures of his mind.

Time went on. Albert was an old man of eighty, but his mental power was not diminished. One day, in a school crowded with admiring listeners, he was lecturing on a point of theology; when, on that pinnacle of intellectual elevation, a thought of complacency flashed across his mind, and found a momentary resting-place in the old man's soul. In an instant the accumulated treasures of years faded from his possession ; his memory was gone, and he stood before his astonished audience as destitute of intellectual gifts as the Blessed Virgin had found him in his youth. By what has always seemed to us a heroic act of humility, he attempted to disguise nothing ; in a few simple words he told his scholars the tale of his wonderful career ; then he descended for ever from the chair of the professor, and dedicated his remaining days on earth to a fervent preparation for eternity.

So frail is the tenure of the gifts of mind. Their only value is to trade with, for God; to turn to the best account while they last ; in humility feeling that, like other temporal gifts of Providence, their continuance is beyond our control.

Another reflection will powerfully aid us in estimating the true value of mental superiority. It has been the confession of many illustrious philosophers that a lifetime of profound study has only strengthened their conviction that, in relation to what remained unknown to them, they indeed knew nothing. A great living philosopher (Faraday) has openly confessed as much in regard to his own masterly experiments and generalisations on the subject of electrical action. Many of our readers are no doubt familiar with the humble estimate which the immortal Newton, in his old age, formed of his gigantic achievements ; the dying La Place, only second to Newton in the powers of his genius, exclaimed, " What we know is little ; what we know not is immense."

Now if the temptation to exaggerate the value of intellectual gifts is thus kept in check by a vivid sense of their deficiency in permanence, and of their absolute imperfection when contrasted with all that remains unknown; even when contrasted with the achievements and the endowments of the giant minds of past time ; if this temptation is checked, there will be less danger

from the other, which we have mentioned, namely, from the disposition, to which many are liable, to resent the position of subordination and of subservience assigned to Reason in relation to Faith; the disposition to emancipate the mind from the control of Religion, under pretence of vindicating the independence of Reason. If those very gifts of mind are of the Creator's giving, they are at best only a minute portion of His immense riches of wisdom and knowledge; and if, small as they in reality are, they are uncertain in their permanence, as well as deficient in their scope, it becomes an act of the highest imprudence, to say the least, to trust them, or to exalt them, at the expense of the revelation which the same Almighty Creator has made to man by his Son, through the permanent agency of the Catholic Church. As to the nature of God, and the destinies of man, Reason has positively nothing to lean upon, worth mentioning, except what God himself has revealed. A few theories, a few feeble analogies traced between natural and moral laws, serving by themselves only to make the darkness more obscure; these are positively all that our proud Reason can contribute to the information of man, on a subject of all other subjects the most momentous to his interests in time and in eternity. Man's curious and inquisitive Reason has beat for ages, like a vast advancing ocean on the illimitable continent of the Unknown; a fragment here and there has given way, and dropped into the possession of the hungry deep, but against the iron-bound coast of theological knowledge the waves of human curiosity vex themselves in vain; the Creator repels them, as he keeps in check the material waves, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be staid." Clever and dull, learned and unlearned, are on a level here; all must approach this domain of the Unknown as little children, to listen and not to speculate, to receive and not to call in question; with the docile disposition of the child Samuel, saying, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

A single reflection will add strong confirmation to this view of the incapacity of human Reason to penetrate into the things of God. Not a few of the men most distinguished for intellectual powers, who have ventured on independent speculations on the relation of man to God, have arrived at a conclusion which it requires no very profound philosophy to prove a reduction to absurdity, namely, that there is no God. Human Reason has surely reached a lower intellectual position, in the maintenance of such an opinion, than when she turns with docile eyes to the great and unknown Creator, and prays him to send out his light and truth to guide her, and finally to bring her to his holy hill and to his veiled and sacred tabernacle.

St. Philip was wise, then, in putting learning second, in his means of influencing his large circle of friends and

disciples. If even the most learned and the cleverest must enter the kingdom of heaven by the narrow gate which admits the child and the simple; if there is no patent and royal road to God, reserved exclusively for the philosopher, St. Philip was wise in preferring moral to intellectual motives of obedience; in making the motives of divine fear and of divine love paramount to every other influence. He cured an unhappy person of an inveterate habit of sin, by making him repeat every day, Perhaps I may be dead to-morrow. It is by moral motives that his influence must be kept alive still; the very act of subjecting the mind to such a motive is a wholesome lesson and a salutary mortification, to an intellect that would fain be independent of moral restraint.

While our younger brethren, then, are thankful to the giver of every good and of every perfect gift, for the measure of mental capacity which he has bestowed on them; let them use it, not against the beneficent giver, but in obedience to his government. When they are tempted to think highly of what they are able to do, or tempted to think themselves too well informed simply to obey the laws of the church of Christ, let them remember how easily God can recal his gifts; let them remember how much more there is which God knows, and which they will never know; let them remember, that they may be dead to-morrow, and then what will become of the rarest gifts of mind, if they have not been consecrated to the service of God. It is not now by his profound studies in theological science that St. Philip is known, so much as by his higher, simpler, commoner endowments. God exalts the humble faculties of his servant's soul, to teach us not to over-estimate the higher faculties in our own. St. Philip is distinguished, at this hour in heaven, and among his children on earth by that supernatural love which used to stir and agitate his great heart; which sometimes shook the altar at which he offered the immaculate victim of love. O that he would gain for each of ourselves a little of that love of God which was the consuming passion of his life; all other gifts of intelligence, of graceful accomplishments, of human learning, fade away in comparison. But all these secondary gifts are never so beautiful, never so likely to endure, as when they are presented, like flowers of harmonious colour, and of exquisite fragrance, at the altar of divine love.

THE NEWS-BOYS OF LIVERPOOL.

When the greatest reform of the present century, the introduction of the penny postage, took place, many conservative financiers prophesied a total ruin to that department of the national revenue. The more thinking portion of the mercantile community, however, foresaw the wonderful advantage that would almost immediately and necessarily follow the great and comprehensive measure. The result of the scheme has proved the wisdom of its promoters, and instead of ruining the national exchequer, it has proved the most lucrative of all the public departments. Not alone in the revenue department has the penny postage been productive of beneficial results. A new field of enterprise was opened, a sort of Australia was discovered, and an innumerable quantity of heretofore unprofitable hands flocked to its diggings, or were employed in the ramifications that sprang from the discovery. A new branch of trade grew up, and a variety of manufactures followed. Inventions of various kinds came thick and fast on each other, and profit succeeded employment. The manufacture of envelopes, a branch of trade unknown previously, grew into vigorous life. The mind was exercised on devices for stamps and seals; the business of "arms" and "crests" assumed a new and important character, and, in a word, it would be difficult to enumerate the vast deal of employment it called into existence. Girls and children, who were useless, and who only found support by casual charity, or at the public cost in the workhouse, became useful and self-sustaining by industry, and many have not only risen to independence by good conduct and perseverance, but thousands have good reason to bless the wisdom of the legislature for the introduction of the greatest national benefit ever given to this country.

The exercise of the mind was developed in no small degree, and the extent and variety of beautiful devices on self-sealing envelopes attest the ingenuity and taste of talent that lay dormant, and probably would have ever remained in a torpid state, had not the revolution called it into active existence. Go into any fancy stationer's shop to purchase a package of envelopes, and you get quite bewildered when the tempting box is laid open before you. You can hardly select, as all appear so handsome. These are the production of girls and children, who are employed at the great metropolitan marts, that supply the demand, not only at home, but that furnish the colonies in Australia, India, and Africa. The consumption of paper caused an increase in the manufacture of that article, and a consequent employment of additional hands. Indeed, if particular statistical details, in

reference to the entire subject could be entered on, the result would be perfectly astounding. It may, in a word, be said to have been one of the main springs of great national prosperity.

A branch of manufacture, the extent of which it would be totally impossible to estimate, has grown out of this great superstructure, and that is the fabrication of steel and other metallic pens—an article that has recently approximated to perfection; indeed gold pens, when well made, are the acme of the art in that respect. Whether this portion of the manufacture has at all interfered with the old one of quill dressing, and quill importing, is very doubtful, but supposing such to be the case, the surprising extent of the former more than compensates for any loss arising from the latter, either generally or individually. We remember some quarter of a century since, when steel pens were first introduced, and we also clearly remember, (although but a boy at the time,) giving a sixpence for one—and, oh! we shall never forget the shocking thing it was. We shall not compare that horrible thing with that which we now hold in our digits; but this we will assert, that the improvement has taken place since the penny postage was established. We may here, by way of parenthesis, remark, that when lucifer matches were first introduced, we paid a sum of 2s. 6d. for a box of Bell's matches, and at the present time we can get four better boxes for the "small charge of one penny!" Such is the result of progress. The world has now arrived at that peculiar point, that *progress* and *onward* are the words. We go back on nothing, except the ruins of Nineveh, and by the way, we find traces of greater civilization there, but that is not our present object.

We come now to the more immediate object of our present heading, and that is the "News-boys of Liverpool." Here is a class of beings that within less than eighteen months has started into vigorous life, consequent on the removal of an obnoxious restriction long placed on the best possible public instructors—the newspapers. We are free to confess that *there was* a variety of opinions prevalent in regard to the reduction of the compulsory stamp on newspapers, and to such as wished to retain that last die of barbarism on the country, we give full credit for sincerity. If we were asked to argue the question at this moment, we could overwhelm our opponent by pointing to the streets of Liverpool, where hundreds of boys now make out, not only daily bread, but in a majority of instances, a handsome competency by the sale of newspapers. We believe that in the history of the rise and rapid progress of Liverpool, there never was anything to equal the strides which have been made in the last few months in the particular department referred to. True it is, that to the eyes of the great ship-owner, the cotton importer, the wealthy African merchant;

leviathan shopkeeper, and a thousand others, that little ragged rascal who shouts out at the corner of North John Street, "the fourth edition of the *Northern Daily Times*," or "*The Daily Post*," as the case may be, only one penny, may appear a very insignificant "brat," yet if the "prince merchant" who kicks him out of his path, and the cabalistic figured policeman who seizes the little fellow by the throat, and drags him before Mr. Mansfield on a charge of obstructing the footway, only took time to reflect, if gifted with that power, they would find the little fellow a much more important unit in the human family than their philosophy can at present find out. The advantages conferred on the nation by the adoption of the penny postage, will, we think, fall far below what is likely to follow the abolition of the stamp duty on newspapers. The first was to a certain extent a physical advantage—the latter will be both physical and mental. This we shall prove in one word, particularly as to the latter portion. A cheap, sound, and wholesomely moral newspaper is the death of the fearfully immoral and pernicious penny publications that have heretofore issued from the printing presses of the metropolis. Ask any newsvendor in Liverpool, and he will tell you that since the introduction of a cheap and really good *news*paper, the sale of the London penny trash, has decreased ten fold, whilst the paper is increasing nearly a thousand fold. This is one of the best and most convincing proofs of the value of a good, cheap, and instructive journal, whilst at the same time it clearly demonstrates that the taste of the people leads in the true direction. The working classes of Liverpool are a reading people, and they read vile stuff, not from inclination, but because it was cheap and suited their pockets. Now that they can obtain wholesome food for the mind at equal cost, of course they embrace it with satisfaction, and use it with profit to themselves and their families. Three years ago, there was no cheap newspaper in our northern metropolis.

The old trade axiom, that *a demand will always create a supply*, was verified in our own case; for at this moment we possess in Liverpool three daily papers, of which two at least have passed through the perils of infancy, have already sprung into a vigorous manhood, and may be said to be as much a *sine qua non* on the breakfast-table, as the brose of Scotland, or the bread-and-butter of tea-loving England.

For some time a difficulty was to be overcome, and as long as the compulsory stamp remained blotched on the corner of the sheet in sanguinary ink, nothing more could be done. By one united and vigorous effort that blot was removed, and now we come to the more immediate point of our heading of this article.

Up to this time the newspapers, or rather the periodicals, known by that name, that issued from the Liverpool press, were

all but a sealed letter to the great body of the public; first the price precluded 80 per cent of the people from purchasing, and second the journals belonged to a class or party, and none but persons attached to this or that party, would read other than papers supporting certain views. The general character, with one or two exceptions, of the Liverpool papers, was bigotedly religious, and instead of affording their patrons news, blinded some and disgusted others by the abuse of all religions that dared to differ with the views of the editor. At last the people got a paper that eschewed religious controversy—all newspapers should act on this great golden rule—that joined neither the whig party nor the tory party, but treated both, when they deserved it, with equal severity. A great national policy consists not in advocating whig principles nor tory governments. The people, who are the true source of all legitimate power, have found what they wanted; the corrector of general and local abuses, the maintenance of every man's rights, be he a dock labourer or a coronetted earl, all found the same fearless expression, and hence the superiority above the existing prints. At last the restriction was completely removed, and then, as in the case of the penny postage, sprang up new branches of enterprise. A host of poor boys and girls, who were heretofore neglected, and who existed on casual charity, or who pined in loathsome abodes of misery and vice, started into busy life, and became, as it were, capitalists on their own industry and exertion. A small sum sufficed to begin with, and by frugality and attention, hundreds can now boast of comparative independence. Look at the number of boys and girls in the streets, who make out a comfortable livelihood by vending cheap and good newspapers. It is now a well established fact that many families in Liverpool, have not only the means of decent living derived from this source, but in a majority of cases, have been enabled to put by something for a rainy day. The average wages of these boys range from seven to twelve shillings per week, and in many cases, when two or more belonging to a family are engaged, they make from one pound to thirty-five shillings clear profit weekly. Contrast this with their former state, and the change for the better is beyond estimating. Where vice and misery would have crept in, industry and self-respect now prevail. The poorhouse is relieved of inmates, and consequently the tax-payers' burdens are lightened. The prisons are deprived of many juvenile delinquents, for such would be naturally led into crime had they no means of employment. We know many instances of boys who are now engaged during the day in selling papers in the street, resorting in the evening to schools, where they are taught morality and the rudiments of secular education, that may fit them for still better positions in society. This, it will be observed, is a point of much im-

portance, for in their former state the force of bad example and necessity of procuring bread, would have brought them into contact with everything save honesty. The change that has taken place in the appearance of the news-boys of Liverpool, within a brief period, is remarkable. At first, they were ill-clad, dirty, and unmannerly. Now they are civil, if not polite; well-clad, and happy looking little fellows with plenty to eat. Many of them are highly to be valued, and, as a sample of this sort, we may take one who was once brought before Mr. Mansfield on a charge of obstructing the footway by selling his papers. This lad, in reply to questions put to him by the worthy magistrate, said he supported his poor sick mother, and also his father (when the latter was out of work) by the profits arising to him from the sale of newspapers. This is not a solitary instance of the kind. To the credit of Mr. Mansfield, he refused to fine any boy for simply selling papers in the street, and rightly decided that such boys had as good a right to stand in the streets as Queen Victoria herself, so long as they conducted themselves with propriety,—and in this latter respect, there is nothing to complain of. The worthy man did more than this—for he ordered that boy to school, and stated that he would bear the charge until the lad was taught to read and write at least. It is needless to dwell upon this. The employment with these boys begets self-respect, and this is one of the most important ingredients in the youthful mind. They are aware that to succeed they must be honest, industrious, and persevering, and this will qualify them for something better hereafter. By no means do we advocate the principle that all boys should resort to the sale of newspapers in the street; but this we do maintain, that in the absence of other provision being made for them, cheap newspapers have been a blessing to hundreds, who by them have been rescued from poverty and vice. In this respect, therefore, we think the value of such newspapers is amply proved.

Let us also take another view of the subject. The humblest man in the town, as well as the more wealthy individual, can now enjoy his newspaper in the evening after his day's toil. This, we look upon as a subject of paramount importance. In place of resorting to the public house or to the reading of some immoral tale in a London penny publication, he can now see the romance of real life in the details of the police courts, where shivering wretchedness and gilded vice, stand side by side—the one on a charge of asking for a morsel of bread, the other bloated after a night's debauch, and brought up for valorously smashing a lamp-post, or knocking down a policeman. Such reports are however, devoid of immoral language, or any tendency to vitiate good taste. He can also find out what our army in India or China, is doing. He is told what is going forward in America,

and if he wishes to see the sayings and doings of our local parliament, the Town Council, he will find all these faithfully recorded. The benefit is incalculable, for this is the best sort of public instruction which the population, shut out from other sources, can possibly have. We have said enough to show the great advantages of this popular literature, and we think that those who were foremost and most enterprizing in this great national race, have been as great benefactors to their country and their age, as any of the heroes, whose sanguinary fields the poet and the historian are so prone to glorify and proclaim.

THE SISTERS.

I.

I saw them once ; a baby pair,
Hand twined in little hand;
Their childish lips breathed the same prayer ;
One simple game they planned;
They were perchance the dearest there,
Of that dear household band.

II.

I saw them next, a lovely pair,
Hand still in hand linked fast ;
Men called them fair, O wondrous fair,
And down their homage cast ;
But they with calm, unconscious air
Unheeding onward past.

III.

I've seen them since, a holy pair ;
Their hands are severed now,
And holy are the robes they wear,
Veiled is each virgin brow ;
The mark of God's own house they bear,
And keep the holy vow.

IV.

Each one alone ! their lives will fleet,
Their prayers to heaven ascend,
But ne'er again their hands will meet,
Their voices never blend ;
It would have been a lot too sweet
"Together to the end."

v.

Yes, all too sweet; for they would share
His loneliness once more;
With deepest love they yearned to bear
The cross their Saviour bore;
For Him, their chosen One, to wear
The thorny crown He wore.

VI.

So pass their days; the holy vows,
Which keep them severed here,
Have bound them to their Heavenly Spouse,
With chains too sweet for fear;
And closer drawn them, as the close
Of this world's day draws near.

VII.

So journeying on, through lonely ways,
Their steps to heaven ascend,
Filling the measure of their days,
Till their sweet voices blend
Once more, in songs of love and praise
"Together without end."

M. D. L.

A DAY AT FRASCATI.

We could fill a chapter, to begin, with a description of the magnificent specimen of the *gente di Polizia*, (Anglicé, Policeman,) who stood patronizingly by, while we were bargaining with Signor Ambrogione, for a dust-begrimmed phæton that was to take us to Frascati, for two *scudi* and a *buonamano*. Why, a view of his cocked hat and gloves alone was worth the money, to say nothing of his boots and dangling sabre, and his superb whiskers. Seductive though the subject be, we will not be decoyed into an episode; suffice it to say, he was there when we clenched the bargain; he stood by while the *vetturino* took a lace out of one of his boots to mend an important fracture in the harness withal; with true police sagacity, he was not far off when the driver turned into an *osteria* to discuss a flask of Orvieto before starting; and he raised his cocked hat with the air of a Field Marshal at least, as we started gallantly off along the *Ripresa dei Barberi*.

Having resisted the temptation to digress into such a fruitful subject as the splendour of a Papal Policeman, we need scarcely say that we are stern of purpose; and in our anxiety to reach Frascati, we shall not be expected after this to pause on the way to remark any of the scenes of interest that strike us as we pass. And yet, as we move along, the panorama presents a few objects second in interest to nothing on earth.

We skirt the Roman Forum, with its world of ruins. Those Cyclopean boulders, their surfaces worn as polished as steel by the footfalls of two thousand years, are the *Via Sacra*, where the courtly Horace was worried by his pertinacious friend. Passing hurriedly on, we catch a glimpse of three ruins, standing within a stone's throw of each other, and forming such a group as no city but Rome can present. They are the Arch of Titus, built to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem; the Coliseum, and the Arch of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor. These three epitomise the whole history of the Church. Titus's Arch proclaims the end of the Jewish religion and the completion of prophecy. The Coliseum witnessed the struggles and the sufferings of the Church; while the Arch of Constantine is a symbol and a record of the triumph of Religion.

Next we come to the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the Eternal City, the *Scala Santa*, where a splendid edifice contains the very marble steps up which our Blessed Lord mounted to the balcony from which Pilate showed Him to the people with the brief appeal—*Ecce Homo*—as if the spectacle spoke for itself. The steps are protected with a casing of hard wood, or otherwise they would long since have been worn away by the knees of pilgrims; for all the year round crowds are continuously ascending them on their knees. The *Scala Santa* is signalised outwardly by a very ancient Byzantine Mosaic in gold, which represents our Saviour and His Apostles, and according to the old symbols, our Lord is figured as towering in size above the others. Hurried though our journey, we cannot fail to be struck with the magnificent proportions of the palace and Basilica of St. John Lateran's. It was in this palace that the Lateran Councils were held; and hence were fulminated the thunders that scattered the Albigenses. The Basilica is the Metropolitan Church of the world, bearing on its threshold the proud inscription: "*Omnium Urbis et Orbis ecclesiarum Mater et Caput.*"*

At length we emerge from the City by the *Porta San Giovanni;* and the Roman Campagna bursts upon us in all its solemn grandeur. The vineyards girded about with cane plantations; the darker patches of olive grounds; the aqueducts, not only spanning from Rome to the Alban Hills, but also connecting us of to-day with the Consulate of Plancus, or the Ædileship of Quin-

* "The Mother and the Head of all the Churches of the City and the Earth."

tus Maximus. Herds of *bufali*, driven along like the wind—*ocyor cervis, ocyor Euro*—by a fierce-looking herdsman, mounted on a shaggy pony, and armed with a long pole that has the appearance of a Cossack's lance; strings of wine-carts, journeying drowsily along towards Rome, the driver asleep under a rude awning of sheepskin, and the horses defended from the flies and the solar heat by thick coverlids of the same fabric, that look hot enough to kill them as they jog along to the sleep-inducing tinkling of scores of bells dependent from their collars. That ruin, looking like a tower on a mound, is remarkable as being the spot where the Barberini or Portland Vase was discovered. A little further on we pass near the grotto, fabled as being that to which Numa retired to commune and consult with the Nymph Egeria. Thus it was, that one object of interest or another whiled away the time, till we found ourselves brought, by a sudden turn of the road, to the bottom of the hill leading up to Frascati.

And now the signs of the *festa* or holiday burst fairly upon us. The road was alive with visitors pouring in from the neighbouring villages. Most of the young men were dressed alike, in light blue trousers, very tight about the knees, and very much the reverse of tight about the ancles. The blouse of France and the round-about coat of England were absent; and instead of them, we saw every man with a blue cloth jacket, slung a-la-Hussar, over one shoulder, displaying linen of the most unimpeachable whiteness. The damsels who made up the groups are beyond description, with their boddices of golden-coloured silk; their skirts of satin of more hues than the rainbow ever knew; their long ear-rings, many of whose pendents enclosed cameos of the most delicate finish; their hair dressed in fantastic fashion, and kept in form by at least a pound weight of silver pins, so distributed about the head as to look like a large fan of silver; their gauzy veils floating about them like a light cloud, and attached to the head by a formidable silver skewer at least a-foot-and-a-half long, with a head about the size of a pigeon's egg. By the shape and fashion of these same veils, the knowing ones can tell to a nicety where the ladies hail from, because every township has its own peculiar mode of head-dress, which the maidens think it matter of great moment to adhere to.

We are pleased to observe one group from Genzano kneeling down *en masse* before a way-side Madonna, whose niche has been fresh painted for the occasion, decorated with fresh flowers, and illumined with a new supply of oil. We join them for a moment, and before we have got far up the hill, another company has taken our place, and we can plainly distinguish their hymn wafted after us by the sunny breeze:—

"Evviva Maria!
Maria evviva!
Evviva Maria,
E Chi la crede!"

Next we were met by a vendor of cigars, who carried at his breast a box such as we see used by those industrious personages in our own country, that stand in busy thoroughfares, and sell what must be a magic strop-paste, inasmuch as it puts an edge that will split a hair on a razor that was used a moment previously in chopping up a log of ash or oak. Our Italian hawker carries execrable cigars for which he finds a ready market at two *bajocchi* each, a light included. His box bears on its front a printed label, inscribed with the aspiring words:—"*Lo spaccio volante—The flying shop.*" Nearer the city gates, either side of the road is lined with stalls, covered with gaudy awnings, where rows of lemons, and tiny fountains improvised through pieces of reed and morsels of straw, entice the adust wayfarer to halt and quench his thirst. Further on, a Capuchin is taking a quiet pinch of snuff with one of the Municipal Guard, who evidently considers himself a very important person. Then we have a Hotel, styling itself "*The Lily;*" which is about as unlike the flower of that name as anything can be. Only for the unconcern of everyone about it, you might imagine it to be on fire, from the immense volumes of smoke that are curling from every orifice about it, the chimneys excepted. These dense vapors are nothing more dangerous than clouds of tobacco smoke; and peering through these, as your eyes get accustomed to the inner gloom, you begin to descry the lights of lamps, and you can make out white linen sleeves that have something to do with the rumbling and sharp crack of billiard balls that you have heard all along, and finally you become aware of swarthy faces, bearded like pards, and all wearing that peculiarly gloomy and defiant expression of features that billiard-players in all lands think it proper and necessary to assume.

We are now fairly arrived, and find that we are just in time for the sports of the day, which are on the point of commencing. The programme comprehends the three great attractions, of a horse-race, a *Tombola,* and a *Girandola* or display of fireworks, which of course includes a huge fire-balloon, whose ascent will wind up the proceedings.

The race came first; and as the sport was already due, we lost no time in getting ourselves conducted to the race-course. We meant nothing else but to get a seat on the grand stand, and so secure a good sight of the proceedings. Judge our amazement, then, when we found that the course was nothing more or less than the very road we had just come along; the starting-point being the Madonna's chapel at the bottom of the hill;

and the winning post, a platform about the spot where the "Flying Shop" had first encountered us. The race was a single heat between three horses. They were without riders; and were left to their own honest length of limb and strength of lung. The only harness they had, was a girth; some trappings about the head, and a plume of horse-hair that streamed out in the air as they dashed along; and sundry pointed pieces of metal, so hung as to flap about and wound the flanks when they moved. Each horse was distinguished by a number, 1, 2, or 3, painted in large white figures on its side. They were conducted by three grooms to the starting-point, and already the goading of their flanks made them eager for the start. A rope was stretched across the road about four feet from the ground, and this the horses were made to breast. All was now ready. The umpire had taken his place; and taken it, with an air of supreme mightiness that is quite unknown in these Northern latitudes. We recognised the judge, as an individual we had already noticed for the length of his beard, and for the readiness with which his decision had been bowed to in a disputed point at billiards up at "The Lily." A canon now booms through the air; and a loud huzza lets us know that this was the signal for starting. Here they come in gallant style; urged on by their own pluck and the flapping goads and spurs that lacerate their already bleeding sides! Out of the road, you son of a seacook, unless you want to be trodden to death! How they make the sparks fly from the old stones, that were possibly placed there under the supervision of the great Cunctator himself! Number 2 leads the van, rushing like a whirlwind, and leaving his far-streaming plume behind him. Amidst a thunder of huzzas, he comes first in a line with the umpire's throne, and so wins the race, losing for me the stake which I had made on number 3, namely, an iced cream and a paul's worth of "jumbles." My great anxiety was about the stopping of the "high-mettled racers;" how was it to be done? Were they not victims of a vicious circle, the goads increasing their speed, and their increasing speed augmenting their punishment, till, like the unhappy merchant of Rotterdam, they could never stop, but would run themselves into skeletons? The problem was more simply and effectually solved, by the coursers rushing headlong against three blankets, or screens, that had been suspended across the road. Had they been walls of flint instead of blankets, they would have dashed their heads against them just the same. As it was, the first blanket brought them up a little; the second cooled them a little more; and number three brought them to a standstill.

The *Tombola* came next. It was managed thus: Several shops and stalls were opened for the sale of tickets, each bearing the well-known sign: *Prenditoria dei Lotti.* In the announce-

ment of the *Tombola*, the following Shiboleth was used:—"Prizes: *Terna*, 100 crowns; *Quaderna*, 200 crowns; *Quintina*, 300 crowns; *Tombola*, 500 crowns!" We got the key to this enigma in due course. The following account of our own proceedings will make it intelligible. Wishing to take part in the lottery, for such it was, we entered a shop to provide ourselves with the necessary papers, and found they were to be purchased at about three-pence each. A book was produced, with pages prepared like a banker's cheque-book, one part to be torn off, and taken by the purchaser, the counterpart to be retained in the office. Both parts were ruled, like a draft-board, in squares, three rows, of five squares each. The more of these papers the speculator buys, the more he increases his chances of success. He now fills in the fifteen blank squares, on each paper, with any numbers he pleases, between one and ninety. Of course he varies the numbers on the different papers. Having filled them in, the clerk in the shop makes a copy of each paper on its counterpart, which he retains for purpose of verification in case of disputes. This is preliminary, and of course the prizes are provided from the money accruing from the sale of these papers. Next comes the drawing of the prizes. The theatre of operations is a large balcony, overlooking the principal square of the town. On this, several persons and things are assembled. Among the former we noticed especially the officials connected with the speculation; a beadle, in a cocked-hat and scarlet cloak; and a little boy dressed in white, belonging to the College of the *Orfanelli*, or *Little Orphans*. His business will be to draw the numbers; and he is selected, as being too tender in years to act fraudulently. Nevertheless, as accidents will happen in the best regulated families, his right arm is stripped to the shoulder, and before each number is drawn, he is obliged to raise his arm aloft, and extend his fingers, to satisfy all that he has no number already concealed in his hand. We also observe on the balcony, our friend, the umpire of the race. He is here officially again; a sort of *Tribune of the People*, to see fair-play for his towns-men below. And we may quite depend on his conniving at no official trickery, inasmuch as the array of papers before him, shows that he has a heavy stake in the transaction. The paraphernalia of the balcony are, a large tin-case containing the numbers, which an official is osteutatiously shaking about, as much as to say:—"Look here, Ladies and Gentlemen; our proceedings are all fair and above-board! No deception, *Signore e Signori!*" There is also a large frame set up, like an unglazed window frame. In this, the numbers drawn will be displayed, like the winning numbers at a horse-race. This is all in the way of preparation: every man is at his post. The crowd is hushed. The *Spaccio Volante* has laid aside business for the time, and taken to the excitement of gambling.

The tin case is shaken for the last time. The *Orfanello* opens his fingers wide, and the drawing begins.

The *Orfanello* plunges his hand into the box, draws out a number, and hands it to the beadle. He looks at it, and the Tribune of the People scrutinizes it likewise. You can see by the fall of his brow that he hasn't the number on any of his papers. The Beadle advances to the front of the balcony, and exclaims:

"*Ottantasette!*"

And in a moment, number 87 is fixed up in the unglazed cucumber frame. A buzz runs through the crowd. All are examining their papers. Those having the number look delighted, and prick the successful square with a pin, by way of recording the fact. You can at once tell the unsuccessful speculators by their countenances assuming the expression of woe, which a moment ago clouded the face of the Tribune. However, his sorrow is past now, hope dominates within him; and once more he is in his normal state of smiling sunshine.

Hush! The *Orfanello* has his hand up again. You hear the numbers rattle, as the tin-case is agitated. In goes the hand; out comes the number; up rises the beadle's voice; down falls the Tribune's jaw.

"*Trentadue!*"

And 32 appears in the frame. A buzz; pins; joy; disappointment; the *Orfanello's* hand; the rattling numbers; hush; the Tribune's sunshine is perfectly tropical, as the Beadle proclaims:

"*Numero sessantatre!*"

Number 63, in the frame! And so in succession, came *ventinove*, (29) *cinque*, (5) and scarcely had *numero cinquanta*, (50) been announced, when a shrill voice, but joyous withal, rung through the crowd:—"*Terna! Terna!*" This was part of the mystic phraseology of the handbill which I had seen announcing the Tombola, and now came the solution. Out of the numbers already drawn, the screaming lady had been so fortunate as to have *three* written on one of her rows of five squares, and this entitled her to the lowest prize of a hundred crowns. On her proclaiming her success, business was suspended. She mounted up to the balcony to verify her numbers by comparison with the official counterpart; and while this was going on, the bands played a gay tune; the *Spaccio Volante* took a turn at trade; *gelati* disappeared; and general merriment was the order of the day. In a few minutes, it was found that the lady's claim was just. She descended into the arms of an expectant circle of friends, one of whom took charge of her prize for her, while she proceeded once more to lend her attention to her leaves of fate; because the drawing was about to recommence, and who knows but she might yet draw the next windfall by managing to get

four numbers in a row on one of her cards. In this however she was forestalled. It was a small urchin this time, with bare feet and no head-gear; who had invested his only *bajocchi* in the present venture. He had a single paper; and a lucky combination of figures produced four in a row, and entitled him to the two-hundred crowns that were the prize for the *Quaderna*.

Then *Quintina*, or five in a row, brought joy to some one else, in the form of three hundred crowns; and then it became a race who should complete his fifteen numbers first, and so win the *Tombola*, or highest prize. We ourselves gained nothing; neither did the Tribune, though his transitions from sun to cloud were something wonderful to look upon. On the whole, however, he was like the rest of the crowd, full of expectation, and looking most dismal in the first momont of disappointment. But like a summer cloud, his gloom soon passed away, and serenity was the order of the day. Everybody seemed happy and joyful. There was none of the boorishness, and none of the exclusiveness that characterise our merry makings. With us, the lower grades form coteries, and combine for quarrels: "You stand by me, and I'll stand by you!" The higher ranks look on any one that comes between the wind and their gentility as an intruder, or something worse. The Frascatians did nothing of the sort. They assembled to be merry; and for the time they mingled freely and without formality with one another. All were courteous, accommodating, chatty, and smiling. A more merry and a more innocent gathering I never beheld. Not a creature among them showed the least sign of drunkenness; as indeed, how could they, using nothing stronger than the mere juice of the grape, coffee, and ices?

It was now drawing towards nightfall, and preparations were beginning for the fireworks. These we need not describe. They were much the same as we have at home. The Italians certainly do excel in the construction of fire balloons. Here was one the size of a house, entirely fabricated of paper. The inflation, as usual, was a tedious business, but being brought to a satisfactory issue, the assiduous Tribune was observed to cut its moorings, and away it sailed in glorious style, displaying round its huge bulk a transparent cincture in which shone the words:— "*Evviva Pio Nono!*"

The day's festivity ended as every other does in Italy, with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. To the Parish Church or the adjoining *piazza* everybody repaired; and beautiful it was, in the thickening twilight, to hear the whole mass of worshippers, cemented in the unity of faith, joining with heart and voice in one of Borghi's finest litanies; and to behold them all, Hussar-jackets and veils alike, bent down to the ground as the Most Holy was raised up to shed forth His blessings upon them!

The Tribune had been very busy in helping the Sacristan to

arrange the altar; and the last we saw of him was, setting off a huge firework consisting of about a hundred-and-fifty crackers, that was so contrived as to explode at the moment when Benediction was given. It had a glorious effect, in conjunction with the clanging of all the bells in the town. We can scarcely imagine it here; but it is quite intelligible in Italy, where everything—bells, music, or gunpowder—is pressed into the service of Almighty God. For they not only feel, but act, on the principle of every spirit praising the Lord—*Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.*

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ELDERLY SPINSTER.

This has been a trying day to me, it has excited feelings which I believed to have been extinct but which I find are still smouldering in the depths of my heart; strange that it should be so, and that the deciding influence of time should not have extinguished that sensitiveness which it has been a life-long labour to endeavour to subdue! In one respect the review of this day has been satisfactory; I have been able to give to a suffering fellow-creature the only alleviation that was in my power, or indeed, in the power of any one, to give her sympathy,—oh how full and entire was known only to myself.

I had risen later than usual and found my brother had already completed his breakfast and gone into the town; I was feeling rather ashamed of such unwonted laziness, but still telling myself that it was best to take care of my rheumatism before the winter had fairly set in, and hurrying over my solitary meal, I sat down by the study fire, intending diligently to finish my brother's knitted comforter, when the door opened so hastily that I was quite startled. It was, however, only Judith, who from having reigned supreme in my brother's house for twenty years, was a privileged person; and as it was for scarcely half that time that I had shared her dignity, I felt still almost an intruder, and generally retreated before her despotic rule. However, now her manner was agitated and her cheeks pale, as she hastily asked,

"Oh Miss Trevor, have you any cotton-wool or lint?"

"Yes to be sure," said I rising, "but what is the matter?"

"Oh, ma'am, that sweet little boy of Ellen Burrett's, I fear he must be burnt to death."

"No, impossible, not little Robert," and a vision of the blue eyed bright haired boy I had seen only yesterday, a perfect model of childish beauty, arose before my eyes.

"Yes indeed ma'am, I do, and it was only yesterday he ran out to open the gate for me as I came from church; he was the sweetest child."

And here the tender-hearted woman fairly broke down. I felt inclined to follow her example, and said, "I had better go at once, Judith, I think."

"Oh, no ma'am," returned Judith, "don't you go to do that, in this cold, with your rhumatiz; why it's enough to kill you; I could go at once, only it's the people's soup-day, and master wants to dine early. May be I can run there after twelve o'clock."

"Oh no, it won't signify," said I, leaving the room and hastily tying on my large cloak to escape further remonstrances from Judith, I set forth. It was not far, but my heart ached at the thought of poor Ellen Burrett's trouble. I had known her from a child, and she was one of those incorrigibly thoughtless, good-tempered and warm-hearted beings, that wind themselves around one's heart, in spite of one's better judgment. I always felt guilty when some slight circumstances showed me how much she was my favourite among the school children; and I deeply regretted her early marriage, but as her husband was a steady man, though considerably older than herself, I had not any sufficiently good reason to oppose to poor Ellen's pleading looks, to justify any very decided remonstrance. He was many years older than herself, and Ellen's evident attachment to him, had occasioned me considerable surprise; his nature was so thoroughly congenial, and in their early married days I often saw the colour deepen on poor Ellen's cheeks and her eyes fill with tears, at the bitter and caustic words to which her frequent carelessnesses gave rise. I dreaded to hear that her terrible calamity had been occasioned by her usual heedlessness, and hastened to the cottage. The door was closed, but as I softly raised the latch I was sorry to hear the suppressed sound of many voices, and indeed I could not at first see poor Ellen through the knot of tattling women that stood in the middle of the small room. She was sitting on a wooden bench on one side of the fire-place, her face covered with her apron, and her head resting on the top of the wooden cradle, in which the little sufferer lay. I approached and looked at the child, his face was white as alabaster, his eyes were nearly closed, but there was a faint streak of blue between the long dark eyelashes, that lay on the deathly pale countenance of the child which wore an expression of extreme suffering. I took the little hand which was burning with fever, the boy moved and moaned, and his mother raised her eyes.

"Oh I am so glad you are here, but he must die," and here she burst into an hysterical fit of weeping.

"Poor little darling, how did it happen?" I enquired anxiously, to induce her to ease her mind by speaking of her sorrow; but

Ellen only continued to weep, and her husband's mother, a stern hard-featured woman, answered for her.

"Why there she left him alone without e'er a bit of a fence on the fire, and he running about, let his pinafore catch, and she out in the street there could never hear his screams, which the neighbours' children say were awful to hear."

"Why did they not come to him at once then?" said I, with a feeling of irritation, that anything should be said to add to the crushing weight of sorrow and remorse that was laying poor Ellen to the earth. She raised her head feebly and said with an appealing glance at me.

"I only took Johnny to school, he was late, and I thought it would not take five minutes, but I ought to have carried Robert too, and he is his father's darling."

"Where is his father?" said I, to the old woman, "does he know?"

"He's two miles up in the new ground, but we've sent after him; I suppose he'll be here just now," and she rose to open the door, and look up the road, to know if her son was coming.

I sat silently, mechanically turning over the leaves of the large Bible, that lay on the little round table near the window; the cottage was by this time nearly empty, but I determined not to leave Ellen till after the return of her husband, whose arrival I could see, by the nervous glances she cast towards the window, she was anxiously expecting. I saw him coming with hasty strides up the lane, and the old woman quickly advanced to meet him. I wished that I could have spoken to him first, and fancied that I should have prevented his first feelings of bitterness from being vented on poor Ellen, but as it was I could only sit watching the tall, stern looking man, with considerable dread, when, to my surprize, I saw him turn away from the cottage. "Where is he?" said I, quickly, to the old woman, who at that moment re-entered the house. She shook her head in a mysterious manner, but only said, "Gone back, there, he would not come in."

"Not come in!" repeated his wife, with a confused look, as if awaking from a dream.

"No, he is terrible angry," said a young girl, whom I had seen speaking to him, "and says, if the child be burnt, why should he see it?"

Ellen's eyes wandered from one speaker to another, with a vacant troubled expression, and then a light seemed to dawn upon her. "Not come in, not come to see the child, O Robert;" and a cry of agony burst from the very depths of her heart.

I could bear it no longer. "He *must* come," said I, eagerly, "where is he?" I felt indignant, as if every one were conspiring to add to poor Ellen's wretchedness, and in no very calm or charitable state of mind did I leave the cottage, and follow Robert Burrett's retreating figure down the lane. I was breath-

less with haste, and could only gasp out, "Pray, pray don't go, I want to speak to you."

The man stood still, and touched his hat so coldly and calmly, that I felt growing quite shy, and almost repented my self-imposed task. "I want you to come back and see Ellen," said I, after a moment's pause, "she is in such distress."

"So she ought to be," replied he, in a harsh, cold voice, "it's all her carelessness, I can do no good," and he turned away.

"Oh, yes, you could comfort her," exclaimed I, feeling desperate, "and your child, surely you want to see him again."

He was silent, his hat was slouched over his forehead, and it was only by the convulsive twitches of his mouth that I could see how deeply he was feeling.

"You will come again," pleaded I, "it would be cruel not." Oh how angry I felt with myself for that misplaced word.

"Cruel," repeated the man, and a gleam of concentrated wrath flashed from his eyes, which made me shudder. "It is not I that have been cruel. No, let her bear it as she can, I don't care now if I never set foot in the house again."

I was appalled at the man's manner, and the thought of poor Ellen's misery wrung my heart; I hardly knew what I said to him, I implored him to forgive, as he hoped to be forgiven. I asked him how he dared inflict more suffering on a helpless being, whom he had vowed to love and cherish; I desired him to look on to a future, when, with a heart scorched and withered by remorse, he would exist in a lonely and unloved old age. I entreated him now, before it was too late, to spare himself and others this uncalled for misery. I believe I spoke vehemently and bitterly, for the man gazed at me in amazement, as I begged him to look around, and see if the world was not sufficiently full of anguish, without his adding to it by his harshness, and cruelty unworthy of a man and a Christian. I was usually so shy, and shrunk, even to a fault, from any demonstration of feeling, that the man was evidently taken by surprise. I am not sure he did not think me mad, (indeed, there were some recollections, and thoughts that had lain for long years buried in my heart's depths, which, if fully aroused, might have made me so,) however, this consciousness gave me courage, and the man seemed quite at a loss for words to reply to my passionate appeal. I took advantage of his hesitation, as I laid my hand on his arm, and said, in a tone of command, "Now, come with me." I felt he would obey me, and we walked together to the cottage. I would not go in; I felt that the meeting between the husband and wife should be without witnesses. I contrived to take the grandmother home with me, promising to send some little comforts for the poor child. The morning had been one of such intense excitement that I had not reflected upon how the time

had passed, and I saw with dismay on entering the house, that my brother was evidently waiting dinner for me.

"I suppose I may order dinner now, Mary," said he, with the look of a martyr, "it is half-past two, and I must be at —— before four. But what is the matter?" asked he quickly, with a surprised look at my flushed cheeks and red eyes.

"Nothing," said I, feeling heartily ashamed of myself; "I am quite ready, and so sorry to be late, only little Robert Burrett is dreadfully burnt, and I did not like to leave Ellen."

"So Judith told me: poor child, I dare say it was owing to his mother's carelessness."

"Surely, David, you are not going to judge her harshly," said I, rather indignantly, feeling that indeed poor Ellen had not a friend in the world except myself.

"I don't want to judge her at all, but I think one good lesson that she would feel sufficiently the only thing to cure her."

I felt more provoked, and said carelessly, "I dare say she will have it, for her husband was so angry that he refused to enter the house."

"Really, poor thing; and he is such a stern man;" and I saw with triumph his look of commiseration, but for my sake he thought it his duty to add: "So I suppose, Mary, you have been wasting your time in trying to persuade the man to act against his better judgment, if not against his conscience."

"Do you remember your own favourite passage in Christabel," replied I, "how

> "To be wroth with one we love,
> Doth work like madness in the brain."

"You don't suppose I could leave such a state of things as that of a father refusing to see his dying child, or to comfort his wife in such affliction?"

"Oh, Mary, when will you learn wisdom and discretion?" said my brother, shaking his head. I knew that he felt entirely with me, and only repeated the following words of a very favourite song of his.

> "Oh, ye who meeting sigh to part,
> Whose words are treasures to some heart,
> Deal gently ere the dark days come
> When earth has but for one a home.
> Let misery e'er the part like me
> You feel your hearts wrung bitterly;
> And heeding not what else you heard
> Dwell weeping o'er a careless word."

"Ah, yes, very true, Mary," was his only reply; and I had the satisfaction of seeing a tear glisten in his eye, as with a benevolent smile he said, "I believe you were right," and I knew our thoughts travelled back together over the lapse of many many

years, to a time which the scene of that morning had vividly recalled to my mind, but I must not think or write of that now. I saw the child once more, pale, still, and cold, but with an expression of heavenly peace on his countenance; his mother knelt by him, but her tears flowed quietly as she raised her head and said, "Oh, ma'am, we know he is an angel now, and Robert has been so kind to me." I met the small band of mourners returning from the child's funeral. Ellon was leaning on her husband's arm, as if her great treasure was still left to her. Strange, I thought as I passed them, I wonder if it is in a woman's nature to love intensely where she does not fear.

REVIEW.

The Creator and the Creature, by F. W. Faber, D.D. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son.

(Second Notice.)

Brownson thus forcibly utters a sentiment that we all feel. "The Church, unalterable and immoveable, takes the world as she finds it, and deals with it as it is. She found the world in the beginning Imperial; she accepted Imperialism, and laboured to Christianize it. At a later epoch she found the world Barbarian; and she took the Barbarians as they were and Christianized and civilized them. At a still later period she found it Feudal. She never introduced or approved Feudalism itself, yet she conformed her secular relations to it, and addressed Feudal society in language it would understand and profit by. In the same way she deals with our proud, self-reliant, republican, Anglo-Saxon world. She concedes it frankly in the outset whatever it is or has that is not repugnant to the essential nature and prerogatives of our religion, and labours to aid its progress. She leaves it its own habits, manners, customs, institutions, laws, associations, in so far as they do not repugn eternal truth and justice, speaks to it in its own tongue, to its own understanding, in such forms of speech, and such modes of address, as are best fitted to convince its reason and win its love, and that too, without casting a single longing, lingering look to the past she leaves behind!"

So it is exactly. So long as *the essential nature* and *the prerogatives of religion* are conserved, the Church always studies to address men in the most alluring way; *she speaks to them in such forms of speech, and such modes of address as are best fitted to convince their reason and to win their love.* In this spirit it was, that, as the fervour of the early Christians cooled, she first mitigated

and finally abolished the penitential canons. In our own day, conforming to the altered circumstances and requirements of the times, she has considerably modified the Lenten discipline; and also removed one of the two abstinence days which, within the memory of many of us, used to close the week. St. Francis of Sales said, "that more flies could be caught with a spoonful of honey than a cask full of vinegar." One of our first living theologians, speaking of the French system of Moral Theology, once remarked: "They have long been in the habit of placing burdens upon men's shoulders which neither we nor our fathers could bear."

Whatever be the cause of it, certain it is that now-a-days people will not be won to religion by the same arts that prevailed fifty or a hundred years ago. Directors find that the *reges-eos-in-virga-ferrea* system, tends rather to repel than to attract penitents. It may be true that, *the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;* but it is also true that St. Paul does not confine preachers to the single *locus* of fear. He does not say: "*Increpa, increpa, increpa;*" but "*argue, obsecra, increpa,*" whichever will produce the best results. Father Faber seems to have felt, with most of our directors in large towns, that the lever that ought to be plied first, is not the lever of fear, but the lever of love. The people must be won rather than driven; they must be enticed, not forced to the altar. Let holy love once pierce the heart, and holy fear will not be long absent. In fact, they are co-existent. Therefore our author assumes the attitude and tone of invitation and encouragement. His sermons preach it; his hymns preach it; his books preach it. Neither St. Philip Neri, nor St. Alphonsus used the argument of fear as a guiding principle. The loveliness of God and the beauty of virtue were their themes; and Father Faber, as a true disciple of St. Philip, meets men with a smile; he exhibits the bright side of the picture; he dresses religion in holiday attire; and, the consequence is, he moves the hearts of his hearers and his readers,—hearts, that in all human probability might never have been approached, had not the avenue of love and sensibility been assailed. It is no slight proof of the correctness of Father Faber's system to find that beyond all question he creates a sensation and a movement among the people, and amongst all classes of the people. The Oratorian services are thronged; and the earliest masses and the latest confessionals are alike peopled. The works of Father Faber are found where Catholic works never made their way before. The blue cover of "All for Jesus," like Death, *æquo pulsat pede regumque turres, pauperumque tabernas.* You find it on every drawing-room table; at the desk of the missionary priest; in the enclosure of the monastery; in the cloister of the nun; we have seen it on a shelf in a confectioner's shop; it is known in the

workman's cottage ; no young men's society is without it. And it is a very suggestive fact that, in one of our principal Ecclesiastical Seminaries, where priests are trained for several dioceses, and whose President is much looked up to as a skilled master in spiritual things, there are not fewer than two hundred copies of this work to be found.

It is unavailing to complain that these works are not encyclopædias of Divinity. They are what they are, and no more. They who raise this objection, would complain that a statue is not a picture, or a yacht, a carriage-and-pair. Horace's potter got wrong, because

> Amphora cœpit institui, cur urceus exit ?

But this would suit our complainants to a nicety. The only fault in their eyes would be, if the *amphora* came out an *amphora ;* they would consider an *urceus* much more the thing. The works of Father Faber have a special object, and yet people are not satisfied because they are not as comprehensive as Rodriguez or Scaramelli. "As a son of St. Philip," he says, "I have especially to do with the world, and with people living in the world and trying to be good there, and to sanctify themselves in ordinary vocations. It is to such I speak; and I am putting before them, not high things, but things that are at once attractive as devotions, and also tend to raise their fervour, to quicken their love, and to increase their sensible sweetness in practical religion and its duties. I want to make piety bright and happy to those who need such helps, as I do myself. I have not ventured to aim higher." And most successfully has the author attained his aim. What a gap there would be for thousands of hearts, were these most valuable works eliminated from the language! They have already, through God's grace, brought large numbers to penance, and we trust that their holy career may be long continued ; and that their learned Author's health and avocations may permit him to amplify their number, to the edification of souls and the glory of God. We are glad, in conclusion, to be able to fortify our opinion with the words of a learned and holy son of St. Ignatius of Loyola, who thus writes of Father Faber's works: "The four productions thus briefly noticed, and which all who love God, their country, and their Church, should pray to see in the hands of every Catholic family, form in themselves a treasure of theological learning, devotional reading, and practical piety, to say nothing of the author's countless beauties of thought and language, such as, we believe, cannot be found in any other four works bearing the same relation to each other."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Westminster Review. Chapman, King William St., Strand, London.

The last (July) number of this periodical has disappointed us, being by no means so interesting as we have been accustomed to expect. It is chiefly taken up with politics, French, Italian, and American, and as these are treated of rather in respect to theories than to facts, it is of course impossible that we should agree with the views propounded. One statement, we find made, is however on this very account worth mentioning,—it is that, "the Protestants of the Slave States of America are anxious for the propagation of the Catholic Faith; because living in continual dread of incendiarism and insurrection, they understand how very precious is the safeguard of the confessional." Had this fact been put on record by any Catholic author, it would without doubt, and not unnaturally have been disputed; as it is we leave it to the consideration of the writers of the Review, and others who profess to look rather to the working out of principles, than to the keeping up of mere party clap-traps. Besides these papers, the "Westminster" contains one on the life of George Stevenson, the railway engineer, and another on the Sonnets of Shakespeare. With regard to the first of these, concerned as every one of course must be in railway progress, it would be difficult to care as much about the private affairs of one of its promoters as we do about the "life" of an artist, or of a scholar; because while the labours of the latter form a part of their own minds and of universal nature, those of the former are altogether external to themselves and to mankind. Any one about to engage in the same profession, or having a taste for it, will feel an interest in perusing the Life of George Stephenson; but that, or as many similar ones as may be written, can never in the nature of things become a subject of interest to the species generally. The author of the paper on the "Sonnets of Shakespeare" entertains exactly the opposite opinion to that expressed by Mr. Hallam: "that it would have been better, viz, if they had never been written." The writer in question regards them as of exceeding value and importance. We are disposed not to agree with either of the two. It cannot, we think, be desirable that anything respecting our great Dramatist should have remained unwritten; at the same time it is by no means to be wished, and also extremely improbable, that these "Sonnets" should ever be generally read, or become at any time popular.

Stories and Sketches, by James Payn. Smith, Elder and Co., London.

These Stories scattered over the pages of "Household Words," and of "Chambers' Journal" might, we should think, originally have been far from unreadable; but it is another thing, quite, to challenge judgment upon their own merits alone in a collective form. The specimens of them which we have read are very unfinished, and though, as in the "Change for Gold," for instance, sometimes contain an unhackneyed thought; this is not worked out, but just as we are expecting an interesting elucidation, is abruptly left, with its causes and consequences in greater obscurity than before.

Morning Clouds. Longmans, London.

This book, by an anonymous writer, is addressed, we are left to infer, to young ladies not yet out of their teens. Whether or not, we (individually) have fallen asleep over its pages, there is no need to make public mention; it is however, a great advance on "Letters of an Aunt to her Niece," "Advice to

my Daughter on entering Life," and other similar productions which we remember to have been greatly in vogue about twelve or fifteen years ago. The present volume discusses the same subjects as the books we have mentioned, but in a higher ethical tone. The religious *tone*, generally speaking, is not good; but a sentence here and there shows the author to possess an instinct superior to her Protestantism. We read, for instance (p. 23): "Suppose a taste, for music or painting, and ask yourself can youth rightly judge whether the pursuit of Art will bring the soul nearer to God 1" Surely no,—and we never yet met with any one out of the Church, who had been so much as taught to make the enquiry. But we are perpetually being reminded of that overwhelming testimony to the truth of the Catholic Faith; the fact, viz., that were it possible it should ever be lost, the entire of its teaching might be picked out again, from among the various and contradictory beliefs of different sects.

In a chapter headed "Destitution" and by which we conclude the author means "Desolation," she suggests by way of comfort to those who may be undergoing certain phases of this suffering, that their endurance of them will "intensify individual characteristics." We make no doubt of it; but to young women who have already found out for themselves that they are leading an aimless existence, with their highest faculties something worse than dormant, such *intensification* is about the last thing needful. Their misery lies deeper than in any mere state of feeling; and we think the remedy must consist in an education which will rather counteract the subjective tendencies of their minds than increase them. Our fair "Cloud" dispeller makes further on some good remarks on works of fiction, she says: "A one-sided party history, an exaggerated portraiture of character in biography; moralizings that ignore what human nature really is, and careful siftings of theological arguments no longer opposed, are more dangerous, more full of *fiction* than hundreds of the novels and poems included on this suspected class of books, but which are in fact based on universal Truth and are too deep-rooted in humanity, to remain unrecognised when uttered."

Alfieri and Goldoni, their Lives and Adventures. by Edward Copping. Addey and Co., Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

This volume reads like a bad translation and we should have concluded it to be one, were it not that the author's defiance of grammar is mixed up with such an ignorance of religion, as we believe nowhere exists but among English Protestants. Disbelief and abuse of the Catholic Faith it has pleased God to permit should be common enough on the Continent; but this is not for want of knowledge. Protestants there know well enough what the Church teaches; and could not if they would fall into the ludicrous mistakes which Mr. Copping and others of his class write and print with such Boswell-like folly in this country. The work before us may possibly be in some respects trustworthy; it contains, however, no references, and such a reason put into the mouth of one of the heroes for admiring England, as finding no *poverty* there, may well cause one to doubt how far any other statement made by the author can be relied upon. Goldoni, who was born early in the eighteenth century, was for a long time and, in fact, may be said still, to be the representative of Italian comedy. With the exception of Lope de Vega, he is probably the most prolific dramatic writer who ever existed. In one year he wrote sixteen plays—a hundred and fifty in the course of his life, and also studied in succession, medicine, law, and diplomacy. His career was that of a superior kind of vagrant, and we should have said most unedifying, were it not that, contrasted with the life of Alfieri, it appears almost pure and without fault. The latter, who came into the world some fifty years later, seems to have possessed a mind of vastly superior order, but so far as we can judge to have made a much worse use of it. He became a master in Italian Tragedy, and in connection with the celebrated Countess of Albany, the scandal of Europe. During the period natural to a college career, he entirely neglected his studies, and then voluntarily at the age of forty-six mastered the Greek language almost unassisted, and laid down for himself a rule of daily study from which he never afterwards swerved,—what might not have been hoped

from a mind so constituted? "In the midst of all his (moral) weakness," says his biographer, "he was strong, and the strength was towards good rather than evil." And we believe this to have been true; but how does it not make one shudder to think, that nevertheless he died impenitent.

"*To be or not to be.*" By Hans Christian Andersen. Bentley, London.

We have always regarded a "novel" as a story-book, with plenty of love in it, and a proper allowance of marriages; here, however is a volume bearing that name, which contains nobody to love, and in which there is scarcely a marriage spoken of. We have, instead, a number of words and phrases intended to pass for religion, and a Jewish girl converted to some sort of Protestantism by reading the New Testament. This latter event is a very common one in books, but we never heard of its happening in real life; and having had some means of knowing, and taken a certain amount of pains to enquire, we do not believe it ever did happen. There are Jews who by the grace of God are converted to be Catholics, and there are others who cease practising their religion and take more or less to infidelity; but for a Jew *to believe* in Protestantism, as many who have never heard anything better honestly *do* believe in it, we venture with submission to think is impossible. But to the story; looking at the title, we began to muse upon Hamlet, supposing we should not find much else to remind us of him, and in this our expectation was verified. Niels Bryde, the hero, is adopted by (we suppose) a Lutheran minister, Mr. Japetus Mollerup. The parson has a wife and a daughter, Bodil, quite grown up; these all pet the child, who in process of time is sent to Copenhagen to study for the ministry. This he soon finds is not to his taste,—he offends his adopted father and friends by declaring himself a materialist,—becomes an army surgeon, and is wounded in a battle where he goes to look after the soldiers. Here our hero begins to reflect that immortality is so *grand*, (that is the very word), he had best give up materialism, and presently meets the Jewish girl, who having entirely convinced him that his latest notions are the right ones, it is to be supposed they would have been married, but that she dies of the cholera. Niels then goes home to the parsonage, and all is concluded by his "joining in psalm singing as when he was a pious child." There is no harm in the book, and it is much better translated than many of the same author's previous effusions.

The Biographical History of Philosophy, from its origin in Greece down to the present day, by George Henry Henry Lewes. John W. Parker, London.

This is a new edition of a work, intended to prove that there is no such thing as Philosophy, only positive science, which the author thinks so much more important. When it shall have been satisfactorily proved, that the body is of more importance than the soul, that material prosperity is our summum bonum in this life, then will it also become clear that mental science is useless, and nothing desirable that we cannot touch, or taste, or smell. What the Reformation was to Christianity, that these sort of works are to Philosophy; they may impair its usefulness for a time, but can do it no real injury. The physical sciences will grow, increase, and expand, according to the ingenuity of man, and the requirements of the age; but metaphysics are above these conditions; instead of being moulded by man they mould him, and educate each individual of the human race according to laws which are fixed and immutable, if they be, as it may be said, comparatively obscure.

CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS.

THE UNION JACK.

The British Flag consists of the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, united. But the etymology of the term "Union Jack," has never it is presumed, been explained; for it does not occur in any Lexicon or glossary. The word "Union" obviously arose from the event to which the flag owes its origin (the Union of Ireland, in 1801). The only difficulty therefore is as to the expression "Jack." As the alteration in the banner of St. George occurred in the reign of James I., it may with great probability be supposed to be a corruption of "Jacques," the French for James. If, however, this hypothesis be rejected, the following is submitted. English soldiers were formerly accustomed to wear the cross of St. George on their upper garment; and as it appears from early writers that the upper dress of a horseman, and according to others a coat of mail, was called a Jack, it admits of the inference that a small flag containing the cross in question was termed a "Jack" when used at Sea, after the banner, which more properly speaking is confined to the field, fell into comparative disuse. The former of these conjectures appears, however, the more probable.—*Sir Harry Nicolas, Naval and Military Magazine*, 1827.—Query: Was it called "Union Jack" before the union with Ireland? I suspect it was, since the union with Scotland. It was certainly called "Jack" in 1703, for it occurs in the fourth edition of "Littleton's Latine Dictionary." Since the union of Ireland, not much visible alteration has been made in it, unless it be the blue field on which the crosses are laid. St. George's flag is a red cross on white ground; St. Andrew's a red cross (saltire, like ×) on white ground; and I think St. Patrick's is a white cross on a blue ground. All these are found expressed and combined in the true "Union Jack."

PHENOMENA OF THE DEATH-BED.

Whatever be the cause of dissolution, whether sudden violence or lingering malady, the immediate modes by which death is brought about, appear to be but two. In the one, the nervous system is primarily attacked, and there is a sinking, sometimes an instantaneous extinction, of the powers of life. In the other, dissolution is effected by the circulation of black venous blood, instead of the red arterial blood. The former is termed death by syncope, or fainting; the latter, death by asphyxia. In the last-mentioned manner of death, when it is the result of disease, the struggle is long, protracted, and accompanied by all the visible marks of agony which the imagination associates with the closing scenes of life,—the pinched and pallid features, the cold clammy skin, the upturned eye, and the heaving, laborious, rattling respiration. Death does not strike all the organs of the body at the same time; some may be said to survive others; and the lungs are the last to give up the performance of their function and die. As death approaches, they become gradually more and more oppressed; the air-cells are loaded with an increased quantity of the fluid which naturally lubricates their surfaces; the atmosphere can now no longer come into contact with the minute blood-vessels spread over the air-cells, without first permeating this viscous fluid,—hence the rattle; nor is the contact sufficiently perfect to change the black venous into the red arterial blood. An unprepared fluid consequently issues from the lungs into the heart, and is thence transmitted to every other organ of the body. The brain receives it, and its energies appear to be lulled thereby into sleep—generally tranquil sleep, filled with dreams which impel the dying lip to murmur out the names of friends, and the occupations and recollections of past life. The peasant "babbles o' green fields," and Napoleon expires amid visions of battle, uttering with his last breath, "tête d'armée."—*Sir Henry Halford.*

Where is Hell? —To the Editor.—Sir,—Your correspondent who, under the head of *Where is Hell?* alludes to the very remarkable narratives connected with the Lipari Islands, and asks whether any of your readers can quote any parallel case, in addition to the one given in the Roman Breviary, May 27, will find three similar instances mentioned in the 2nd volume of *Compitum* on the authority of Cæsar of Heistenbach. They are as follow:

"Some Sulians, returning from Jerusalem, sailing near the Lipari mountains, which vomited flames, heard voices saying, 'Welcome, welcome, our friend Schulter of Kolmer; it is cold, make a good fire for him.' On their return they found that he had died the same day and hour when they heard that cry; and relating it to his widow, she replied, 'If so, then it is right that I should succour him;' and soon after, leaving all things, she proceeded on pilgrimage to various holy places, supplicating God with prayers and alms for his soul. 2. Another time, some Flemings passing the same place, heard a similar voice announcing the arrival there of Siward, who was a still worse man than the other, and who in fact had died at that moment. 3. Another time, Conrad, a priest of Rinkassel, passing the sea with other pilgrims of our province, coming near the same mountains, heard a voice crying, 'Here comes Bruno de Flittrit. Receive him.' All heard it, and noted down the hour, and the man was found to have then expired. Conrad soon after became a monk in Berge."

The parallelism between these cases, especially the first, and that of Booty the Liverpool captain, is awfully striking; while the difference in the conduct of the respective widows is singularly characteristic of a Catholic's faith and a Protestant's unbelief. Mrs. Booty simply disbelieves the whole story, and prosecutes the eye-witnesses, thirty in number; the wife of Schulter accepts the account, but hoping that it was to purgatory, and not to hell, that her husband was being taken, devotes her substance and her life to the relief of his soul. I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

E. Healy Thompson.

Advertisements and Books for Review must be addressed to Messrs. Richardson and Son, 147, Strand, London.

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

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RICHARDSON AND SON, PRINTERS, DERBY.