

POETRY.

THE WRECK.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Where lately sped, with snowy sail,
A gallant barque before the gale,
The cold, blue waters sweep:
Far down beneath the icy waves,
In Ocean's dim and silent caves,
Many, who stood at morn, elate,
Unconscious of approaching fate,
Rest in their last, long sleep.

Yet all who trod that busy deck,
Sleep not in death within the wreck;
A fragile boat, with human life,
Deep laden, braves the billow's strife,
And plies its dreary way:
God help them now through storm and night,
And glad them with the rising light
Of yet another day!

But hark! 'Mid tempest and deep gloom,
Are sounds which speak a fearful doom!
Shrieks, struggles, oaths, in mingled tone—
The frequent plunge—the bubbling foam—
The brother's hurried, wild farewell,
To her who followed where he fell,
Stronger than death is love—
And desperate efforts to regain
The boat's deep side, but made in vain,
Gave to that night a darker woe,
Than storm or darkness could bestow,
Which time shall ne'er remove.

But one faint voice was heard that night,
Which oft shall come in dreams, to light
The selfish heart of sin
Of him, whose ruthless hand could tear
The child from where he crouched, to share
The wave-shroud of his kin;
'Cast me not yet,' it said, 'ateer—
Give me a little while to pray!'
That touching plea could not avail,
With hearts insensate as the gale,
Cold as the very deep:
Scarcely to his God one cry he gave,
Ere the young martyr parts the wave,
Which murmurs o'er his sleep.
The boat that laboured in the storm
Scarcely felt the weight of that slight form;
But, oh! how could it float beneath
Its load of guilt and needless death,
When that young soul was cast away,
Death's undecked sacrifice and prey?

Ah! well for him who did the deed
If, in his hour of utmost need,
When help is far and death is near,
And his strong form is shook with fear,
As life ebbs quick away,
He asks of Him to whom in vain
No earnest lip or heart complain,
A little space to pray—
Well then for him, if, o'er his soul,
Flash not with deep and stern controul,
The thought that he had dared refuse
The very boon for which he sues.

*The ship William Brozen.

Boston, 1841.

LETTER TO THE REV. E. B. PUSEY, D. D., REGINO PROFESSOR OF HEBREW, CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH, LATE FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD, &c. &c.

Church of the Conception, Dublin, Sept. 16, 1841.

REVEREND SIR—The *Saunders'* newspaper of last Tuesday gives a letter from Dr. Pusey to a clergyman of the diocese of Dublin, commenting upon an extract from a Sermon preached by me, in aid of the efforts which the clergy and people of St. Audeon's parish, in this city, are at present making to erect their parochial church in a situation more becoming the dignity of God's temple than in the recess of a back alley, where their forefathers had been obliged, by the pressure of persecution, to celebrate the sacred mysteries. In that letter there are several strictures requiring a reply, but it is probable, notwithstanding, that I should have been deterred from venturing before Dr. Pusey and the public, with even a syllable of explanation, had not a singular inadvertence of the very learned writer charged me, by inference, with being guilty of a grave and deliberate misrepresentation. The very ingenious argument, by which I am placed in a light so unenviable before the public, is entirely founded upon a most singular delusion, as shall appear presently; but before addressing myself to this strange error, it will be expected by the public, who feel interested even in trifles when they concern a distinguished personage, that I should exhibit at full length the passage which has called for animadversion from Dr. Pusey.

Having argued, in my sermon, from the well-known zeal of Catholicity in every age for the glory and splendour of God's honour, and from the testimonials of that zeal which stand erect or lie prostrate in ruins all over the face of Christendom, to prove that it must have been under the pressure of some dire necessity that hovels in the most obscure and sordid bye-places of the city came to be used in every parish of Dublin, without exception, for the solemn consecration and residence of the blessed eucharist, the passage, designated in the *Saunders'* a "painful extract," went on to say—

"But why spend ourselves upon conjectures? Here is a document quoted in D'Alton's 'Memoirs of the Archbishops of Dublin,' (pp. 262 and 393), which unravels the mystery, and brings home the guilt of this proceeding to the true source. 'About this time, that is in the year 1629, the (Protestant) Archbishop and Mayor of Dublin, having applied to the lords justices for a warrant and a file of musketeers, seized upon several priests in Cook-street in the act of massing; their trinkets were taken from them, the images battered and destroyed, the priests and friars were delivered up to the soldiers, whom some Papists endeavoured to rescue, but in vain; for a far stronger power appearing with the magistrates, they were repelled. Twelve Popish aldermen were imprisoned for not assisting the mayor, and upon their misbehaviour and resistance, fifteen houses were seized and forfeited to the King; the friars and priests were ordered to be prosecuted, and two of them, to avoid justice, hanged themselves in prison.' Behold, said the apologist, the agency which drove your Saviour to back-yards; the Protestant archbishop, at the head of his file of musketeers, preceded, not by the emblems of mercy and 'the peace of good will to men,' but by the terrors of imprisonment, confiscation, and death. This blessed 'visitation' took place in the hallowed festival of Christmas. Judge for yourselves whether he who performed it acted as a disciple of Herod or of the newborn God of peace. I cannot proceed without remarking the singular change that has come over the spirit of the Established Church. You have heard how the most profound and erudite divines of the great Protestant University of Oxford have adopted the Catholic view of all the long controverted doctrines of our church, and that the most distinguished of them all has been amongst us, going about through our churches and convents, adoring the blessed eucharist, and assisting very devoutly, as is reported, at the holy sacrifice of the mass. Now, contrast all this with the language and conduct

of the established archbishop of 1629. With a file of musketeers, he invades a chapel not fifty paces from this, and seizes upon several priests in the act of 'massing.' *Massing!—That is, in celebrating what Dr. Pusey, and the first authorities of the Established Church, now profess to adore as the eucharistic sacrifice, identical with that which was offered on the cross.*"

"Dr. Pusey does not take exception to any parts of this extract, except those which are in italics; he does not question the currency of the report above alluded to, but he expresses painful surprise that Dr. Miley should have put forth a statement upon that report, which he must have known to be untrue from a personal discussion which had taken place between Dr. Pusey and himself upon transubstantiation. "I am the more surprised at this statement," are the words of the letter, "because Dr. Miley was one of the individuals with whom I had a discussion on transubstantiation, to which I objected as a mode of explaining the mystery of the holy eucharist opposed to antiquity. But the Roman Catholic doctrine of the sacrifice of the mass depends entirely on the doctrines of transubstantiation; the statement, then, that is attributed to Dr. Miley, &c., is incorrect." This is the main argument of the letter—it is logical; but the point on which the conclusion hangs is imaginary—through respect for Dr. Pusey, I shall call it only a whimsical mistake. As I admit that the Roman Catholic doctrine of the sacrifice of the mass does depend on the doctrine of transubstantiation, had it been true that the aforesaid personal interview had taken place, Dr. Pusey and the public might have some reason to conclude that I was not warranted to rest upon the common rumour; but what will the public think when they learn that Dr. Miley never exchanged a word with Dr. Pusey in his life! I never had the honour to be introduced to Dr. Pusey; no conversation, by writing or word of mouth, ever passed between us. Very learned Sir, I never had the pleasure of even seeing you but once, in an open carriage on the Kingstown railway; surely no magic of the imagination could metamorphose that occurrence into a discussion upon transubstantiation!

[After showing, by quotations of passages already familiar to most of our readers, that the writings of Dr. Pusey and his compeers give sufficient countenance to the rumour in question, Dr. Miley thus proceeds:]—

"And with such sentiments concerning the holy sacrifice as abound in writings recognized by Dr. Pusey, does not his surprise and annoyance to find that the reports of his having adored the blessed eucharist are believed, appear almost as unaccountable as the statement that he had a personal controversy on transubstantiation with an individual who never exchanged a syllable with him upon any subject in his life? So little was I disposed to doubt the reports in general circulation, from my acquaintance with Dr. Pusey's writings, that I should have regarded the contrary statement as inconsistent with Dr. Pusey's principles, and injurious to his reputation as a Christian, had it reached me from any other person but himself. Dr. Pusey professes to believe in the "real presence" of his Saviour in the blessed eucharist; he professes to believe that he is there, "verily and indeed;" why, then, does not Dr. Pusey there adore him? Does the fact of our Lord's having humbled himself so as to be "verily and indeed" under the appearance of our "daily bread" disentitle him to Dr. Pusey's adoration? Is this consistent with the solemn counsel of Tract 90, page 58, "to believe and act on the truth that the consecrated bread is Christ's body, as He says?"

"Is it not calculated to 'lead us into the temptation' that would suspect the sincerity of professions, so much vaunted, of accord in all things with antiquity, and with St. Augustine in particular, when we find that great doctor of the church proclaiming that 'no one eateth this flesh without having first adored it' (nisi prius adoraverit); and not only we do not sin by adoring, but we even sin by not adoring it (peccemus non adorando)?"

"With such evidences before one, would not injustice seem to consist in stating that Dr. Pusey declined to act up to these professions by adoring the blessed eucharist? You say, reverend sir: "I did not go to their churches and convents for the purpose of worship, as persons might suppose from this statement." There is subtlety here as well as in other expressions of the letter. I did not say that report said that Dr. Pusey went for the purpose of worship; but I did say that "the most distinguished divine of Oxford was amongst us, going about through our churches and convents adoring the blessed eucharist;" and that Dr. Pusey, who takes this statement to himself, may say that he did not go to our churches and convents for the purpose of worship, without contradicting the report that he did actually go and actually worship. "I did not go," pursues the letter, "but declined going expressly to the service of the mass, not thinking that that service should be (as it unhappily is) a spectacle." Here there is subtlety again, and something like want of charity and candour, but there is no contradiction of the report that "the most distinguished divine of Oxford did actually assist, very devoutly, at the holy sacrifice of the mass." With the truth of the report I am not concerned, but only with its publicity. But had I any doubt before, the subtle and tortuous phraseology with which the report has been met would incline me to suspect its veracity. For me to lay before the public the precise tenor of Dr. Pusey's conversation and deportment (both of which were considered Catholic by those competent to judge) would appear, as matters stand now, both impractical and ungracious; nor will I be expected, after what I have adduced from his writings, respectively of the blessed eucharist, to enter on a discussion of Dr. Pusey's reservations as to the Catholic practice of adoring it; especially as I know Dr. Pusey's favourite among the fathers to be St. Augustine, who says that 'not to adore the blessed eucharist is a sin.'

"Having thus vindicated myself against the inferential misrepresentation with which I have been charged in Dr. Pusey's letter, may I be indulged in one word of expostulation? I do not complain that an argument calculated to prove me guilty of having publicly stated what, from a personal interview, I must have known to be unfounded, was first of all based upon a delusion, and then published in a newspaper which fell into the hands of the accused by the merest accident; but of the tone of Dr. Pusey's remarks upon my religion, and of the incorrectness of his expressions, I have too much reason to complain. You assert, rev. sir, that the holy sacrifice, as celebrated in our convent chapels, is a profane spectacle. This I cannot contradict with sufficient emphasis, because I shall not use a most uncorrect phrase. You do well, sir, to look upon a "union" as impossible as long as the bland and sanctimonious language of Catholic faith and sentiment would seem to have been assumed only to give an air of authenticity to the aspersions that "the opinions of Romanists in Ireland inspired a painful conviction that Rome has at

present no disposition to lay aside her corruptions." Could the vision, so prone to detect objects for censure, discover nothing praiseworthy in our religious institutions? It must be so; for, surely, had they even one solitary redeeming virtue, Dr. Pusey would have been delighted to show his sense of "the great personal kindness with which his enquiries were answered" by renouncing it. It is as easy and as wise to cast factious epithets and bring charges of "corruptions" against his spotless church, as it was for the Pharisees to prefer charges against the Saviour; no truth—no sanctity—no innocence is secure against accusation; but let "the corruptions of Romanism in Ireland" be brought, not to the test applied by the Pharisees to the teaching and deportment of our Lord—but to a simple and decisive test—to a comparison with the morality of "the Sermon on the Mount," and with what is eulogized as "Christian perfection" in the "Tracts;" and I venture to anticipate that more numerous and genuine instances of obedience to that sermon, of zeal for the working out of its injunctions, more examples of the practices and institutions praised in the *Tracts* as perfect Christianity, shall be recognized by all as existing within the circuit made by Dr. Pusey around Dublin, than even his searching eye shall find out within the entire dominion of the Established Church.

"Should any expression in this reply appear too ardent, I beg it may be attributed, not to any personal feeling, but to a sensibility about the honour of the church, similar to that expressed by "the youngest son of Jesse," for the honour of "the armies of the living God." Permit me, in concluding, again to assure you, reverend sir, that in stating that you had "a controversy on transubstantiation" with me, you are under a mistake, and that it is with all possible respect, I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

JOHN MILEY."

THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.
(From the Times.)

For several months past a portion of the Birmingham, Bristol, and Thames Junction railway, the project of which is now abandoned, has been the scene of continual experiments, performed with a view to ascertain the practicability of a new system for propelling carriages along a line of rail. The force employed for this purpose is simply that of atmospheric pressure, and of the mode in which this force has been made available by the inventors, as seen in the specimen of their apparatus laid down for the space of half a mile at Wormwood Scrubs, we will endeavour to give a brief description. Between the rails upon which the carriages move, is laid a continuous cylinder of cast-iron, having all the appearance of a common gas or water-main; within this tube, which is internally coated with a greasy preparation, a piston attached to the leading carriage of the train is fitted air-tight; and the slanting iron plate which establishes the connexion between the piston rod and the carriage passes through a longitudinal and flexible valve, forming the upper portion of the main. Now, it is evident that the carriage being in this position, if a vacuum be formed in that part of the tube which is before the piston, the air, which gains admittance behind it through that portion of the valve opened by the iron plate alluded to, will force the piston forward, and with it the entire train. This vacuum is produced in the tube by means of an air pump communicating with it, and worked by a stationary engine. It is proposed that when the system is extensively applied, the tube should be divided into sections of suitable length for exhaustion, and separated by a peculiar kind of valve, constructed for the purpose; it will therefore be necessary that a separate engine be stationed at each of these intervals throughout the road, and which have been determined at 2½ or 3 miles. The longitudinal valve which forms the upper part of the main, and portions of which are continuously raised as the carriage travels, is bedded in a composition of bees' wax and tallow; and as the carriage moves on, a heated tube runs over this composition, and seals the valve hermetically after the passage of the piston: so that when the carriage moves from one section of the tube to another, that which it leaves behind remains air-tight, and is again fitted for exhaustion. We were recently present at the performances of some experiments on the apparatus in question, on which occasion the carriage travelled over the portion of the rail laid down, which, as we have said, extends to half a mile, with the most perfect ease, and notwithstanding the rough and irregular manner in which the rails are laid down, was propelled at a maximum speed of 30 miles an hour. To give a notion of the time which would be occupied in producing a sufficient vacuum in 3 miles of the tube, the proposed length of each section, we will state that from a barometric gauge in the engine-house, a vacuum equal to 17½ inches of mercury was obtained in one minute; a distance of three miles could, therefore, be exhausted in about six minutes.

Having given a rough idea of the principles of this new system and of their application, it may be as well to glance at the advantages which, according to the statements put forth by the patentees, will accrue from the adoption of their scheme. These they sum up in the two important words "economy and safety." The first assertion they make out by very plausible estimates; and the second is grounded, first, upon the physical impossibility of a collision occurring, since the motive power cannot act in two directions at the same time; and second, upon the fact that a train cannot get off the rail, as the leading carriage is firmly attached to the piston, which travels in the pipe between the rails, and that as no engines travel with the train, accidents from fire or explosions can never occur. It need be no wonder if a project which promises such advantages as these has hitherto met but with little notice, as the very men who are likely to have their attention attracted to it—namely, railway proprietors and engineers—are those whose interests it appears mostly to threaten, and who accordingly have generally treated it with ridicule. Of late, however, Mr. Pim, the treasurer of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway Company, has taken up the subject with energy, and has published a letter addressed to Lord Morpeth, setting forth the merits of the invention, and proposing that as there appears to be some intention of establishing a system of railways in Ireland, it should, under the protection of the Government, receive a fair trial upon an extended line, with a view, if found successful, of adopting it throughout that country, to which, as the traffic is not considerable, railways with a single track would be found amply sufficient.

A scheme so plausible in appearance as this, holding forth a prospect of so important an amelioration in railway travelling, and against which no valid objections have hitherto been raised, does indeed seem to call for a fair trial, by which its alleged merits may be attested or confuted.

KING ROBERT THE BRUCE.
(From Tytler's History of Scotland.)

In his figure, the king was tall and well shaped. Before broken down by illness, and in the prime of life, he stood nearly six feet high; his hair curled closely and thickly round his neck, which possessed that breadth and thickness that belong to men of great strength; he was broad shouldered and open-chested, and the proportion of his limbs combined power with lightness and activity. These qualities were increased, not only by his constant occupation in war, but by his fondness for the chase and all manly amusements. It is not known whether he was dark or fair complexioned; but his forehead was low, his cheek-bones strong and prominent, and the general expression of his countenance open and cheerful, although he was maimed by a wound which had injured his lower jaw. His manners were dignified and engaging; after battle, nothing could be pleasanter or more courteous; and it is infinitely to his honour, that, in a savage age, and smarting under injuries which attacked him in his kindest and tenderest relations, he never abused a victory, but conquered often as effectually by his generosity and kindness, as by his great military talents. We know, however, from his interview with the papal legates, that when he chose to express displeasure, his look was stern and kingly, and at once imposed silence, and ensured obedience. He excelled in all the exercises of chivalry—to such a degree, indeed, that the English themselves did not scruple to account him the third best knight in Europe. His memory was stored with the romances of the period, in which he took great delight. Their hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures were sometimes scarcely more wonderful than his own; and he had early imbibed from such works an appetite for individual enterprise and glory, which had not been checked by a stronger passion,—the love of liberty,—might have led him into fatal mistakes. It is quite conceivable, that Bruce, instead of a great king, might, like Richard the First, have become only a kingly knight-errant. But from this error he was saved by the love of his country, directed by an admirable judgment, an unshaken perseverance, and a vein of strong good sense. It is here, although some may think it the homeliest, that we are to find assuredly the brightest part of the character of the king. It is these qualities which are especially conspicuous in his long war for the liberty of Scotland. They enabled him to follow out his plans through many a tedious year with undeviating energy; to bear reverses, to calculate his means, to wait for his opportunities, and to concentrate his whole strength upon one great point, till it was gained and secured to his country for ever. Brilliant military talent and consummate bravery have often been found amongst men, and proved far more of a curse than a blessing; but rarely indeed shall we discover them united to so excellent a judgment, controlled by such perfect disinterestedness, and employed for so sacred an end. There is but one instance on record where he seems to have thought more of himself than of his people; and even this, though rash, was heroic. Immediately after the king's death, his heart was taken out, as he had himself directed. He was then buried, with great state and solemnity, under the pavement of the choir, in the Abbey Church of Dunfermline, and over the grave was raised a rich marble monument, which was made at Paris. Centuries passed on; the ancient church, with the marble monument, fell into ruins, and a more modern building was erected on the same site. This, in our own days, gave way to time; and in clearing the foundation of a third church, the workmen laid open a tomb, which proved to be that of Robert the Bruce. The lead coating in which the body was found enclosed was twisted round the head into the shape of a rude crown. A rich cloth of gold, but much decayed, was thrown over it; and, on examining the skeleton, it was found that the breast-bone had been sawn asunder, to get at the heart. There remained, therefore, no doubt, that, after the lapse of almost five hundred years, his countrymen were permitted, with a mixture of delight and awe, to behold the very bones of their great deliverer.

STATE OF JUSTICE IN SPAIN.—A miller near Malaga sold his mill. It was known he had the proceeds of the sale in his house, and at midnight some persons demanded entrance. Luckily, five soldiers had begged to be allowed to pass the night with him, as they could not reach their destination. They advised the miller to let in the robbers, and give them the money. He did so, and three men, with their faces blackened, and in peasant dresses, entered. They immediately set about to divide the money, and whilst in the act, the soldiers threw open the door, fired and killed them all. In the morning the miller went to Malaga to give notice to the alguazil, but he was not to be found; to the chief judge, but he was also missing. He then returned with his friends, and on washing the faces of the robbers, they recognised the alguazil, the judge, and the lawyer who had prepared the deeds.—Private letter from Malta.

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF AVARICE.—An elderly woman at Beaume, in the Cote-d'Or, although possessing property known to produce her an income of 40,000*l.*, lived in a wretched garret, lying on a flock-bed, with no other covering, even in the coldest nights, than an old worn-out blanket. As there was a large chest in her room, it was generally believed that she kept a considerable sum of money in it.—This rumour tempted some robbers, who resolved to explore its contents. Having got into the room during the absence of its wretched tenant, they soon broke open the supposed treasury, but instead of heaps of gold and silver, they first saw roll out of the receptacle a human skull, followed by other dry bones. This unexpected display of the remains of mortality struck the rogues with terror; and they instantly fled without making any further search. The explanation of this extraordinary result exposes at an instance of avarice perhaps unequalled. To the magistrates, who were called in on the discovery of the attack, the old lady confessed that she formerly had a daughter who died at Paris, and was buried in ground taken up for a limited term of years. When this period expired she determined, rather than pay the price to allow the remains of her daughter a perpetual rest, to have the bones removed, which would have cost but a few shillings, and put them into a chest, and brought them to her dwelling, where they had been lying in quiet, until disturbed by the cupidity of the robbers, who had broken the sanctuary. The robbery, however, had not been discovered, and, for the sake of the money, the magistrates have compelled the penurious old woman to pay herself to the expense of having the bones interred in consecrated ground.—Globe.

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