

order of procession of the souls tormented was that appointed for the passage of pilgrims, those coming on one side, those going on the other, with a barrier between—

Even as the Romans, for the mighty host,  
The year of jubilee, upon the bridge,  
Have chosen a road to pass the people over.\*

But now again, even while we write, the scenes we speak of are filled with a dense multitude gathered to Rome to celebrate another jubilee, that of the Holy Father's "Golden Wedding," his consecration fifty years ago as Archbishop of Spoleto. And he is worthy of all the homage that can be shown to him, not only as Pope and Vicar of Christ, which titles render him worthy of all homage, but also as the man and servant of God that he is. To this let the following anecdote, told by Maguire, testify, while it adds fresh interest to the fortress seen in our illustration:—

A few days after the battle of Mentana, the door of a great hall in the Castle of St. Angelo, in which some two hundred prisoners were assembled was thrown open, and the Pope suddenly stood in the presence of his enemies. His silver hair, venerable aspect, and sweet benignity of expression, added to his august dignity as Chief Pastor of the Christian Church. "Behold me, my friends," said the Holy Father, in a voice of deep emotion, "You see before you the 'Vampire of Italy,' of whom your General has spoken. What! All of you have taken up arms to rush against me, and you find only a poor old man!"

There was no resisting the influence of these words, combined with a presence so sweet and so paternal. The two hundred men, who a few days before had probably loaded his name with every foul term of reproach, yielded to an involuntary influence, and fell on their knees in an impulse of humility and reverence. The Holy Father went amongst them, and blessed them. "You, my friend, said he, 'want garments—you shoes—you linen. Well, it will be your Pope, against whom you marched so often, who will think of clothing you, and sending you back to your families, to whom you will bear his benediction. One thing, before setting out, you will do, as Catholics—you will make a spiritual retreat for my sake. It is the Pope who asks this of you.'

The response was what might might have been expected. Overcome with emotion, they grasped at his robe, kissed his hands and feet, and promised, with tears and sobs, to comply with a request so touchingly urged. His was a victory more glorious than Mentana—he conquered their hearts, even though only for a time.

### THE MONKS OF OLD.

(Contributed to the Sydney Freeman's Journal.)

FAR AWAY in the fair peninsula of Italy, the world-renowned monastery of Monte Cassino may be seen, sitting sedate and gloomy on the summit of a huge mountain, half enveloped in cloud, and hid by aged trees, which cluster round that venerable pile, and partially veil it from the traveller's eye, as though such a great monument of bygone ages—ages, indeed, of faith and devotion, of pristine zeal and youthful vigour—were too sacred a thing to be exposed to the public gaze. But what was it that crowned this monastery with such a halo of glory? Whence first arose its great fame, its world-wide renown, its thrice glorious reputation? Was it its position—one, indeed, of the most picturesque and romantic in Europe? or the extent of its territory and lands—for its possessions were once very large? No! it was nothing of that sort. Its chief merit lies in its having been the dwelling-place of St. Benedict, and the cradle of his order. It was from this rude height that the first few drops began to trickle down which were afterwards to form into a strong and mighty current, spreading its ramifications far and wide throughout the whole length and breadth of Europe, and fertilizing in its course the different countries it passed through. Indeed, if we view it in its course, first through France and Sicily, and then beyond that again, we shall notice how science and learning, zeal and piety, grew up and ripened beneath its influence, like the tree planted near the running waters, which brings forth its fruit in due season. In England itself (for time forbids us to cast even a passing glance at other countries) what a marvellous change was wrought! It is hard, indeed, to say which appears more wonderful, the sudden transformation of the gloomy, sombre region into a fertile smiling land; or that of the fierce, stalwart, and warlike Pagans into the peaceful, docile, and obedient Christians, who won for their country that eminence and position in Europe it afterwards so deservedly obtained, and so long preserved. Whatever the cause may be, it is evident that Englishmen owe much of their former greatness and worth to these indefatigable monks. We see them, more than a thousand years ago, come to their land in a small body, and there increase and multiply. They take up their abode in some desolate spot, amid the swamps and fens, and there they spend their lives, and work and toil with spade and hoe, until at last the land is reclaimed; the water and mud disappear; the rotting swamp becomes a green valley; the rank, baleful weeds make room for trees and shrubs; and the fetid stench of decomposing vegetation is exchanged for the pleasing odour of blooming fields. Even the huge cataract which tore open the mountain side, and laid waste, with destroying force, the surrounding country, is overcome and subdued by these religious, and quietly led, tamed and docile, in different channels, to irrigate and refreshen the soil which before it tore up in its fury. Or else they make themselves a home in the dense forest, dwelling mid the wild ferocious beasts, which in those times were common enough in the country. Here in a few years a place was cleared, the giant trees felled, and the soil tilled and rendered fruitful; the fields of golden corn and meadows of rich clover covered the unincumbered ground, and the horn of plenty was filled throughout the land. Yet all this came about as if in the ordinary course of nature. The country seemed to change its vest as suddenly and as silently as the dark repulsive chrysalis glides into the beautiful painted butterfly.

\* Longfellow's translation.

## Poets' Convey.

### CORPUS CHRISTI.

QUESTION not His coming in these humble forms. Behold,  
Though thine eyes should glow with charity, with purity were bold,  
Though thy sanctity were highest, still no power would it give,  
That one of Adam's sons should see His garments' hem and live.

What though as an archangel He should come in awful might,  
And the sinner shrink in terror from His countenance of light,  
He would come but as a creature, in the finite be unknown,  
And the purpose of His coming by thy fears would be o'erthrown.

He is here as when an infant on His Mother's spotless breast,  
He appeared but weak and silent as an infant taking rest.  
He is here as when they stretched Him on the cruel tree of death,  
When they scourged, and crowned, and mocked Him, and He  
breathed but mercy's breath.

He is come in chosen symbols, in the mystic wine and bread.  
Then question not His coming, but bow down th' adoring head.  
He is come in love and mercy. He is come as seemed Him good,  
To be present with His people,—people purchased with His blood.

### PIUS IX. AND THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

NEVER, perhaps, in the entire Pontificate of Pius IX. has the earthly head of the Church spoken out more eloquently or more bravely than in his recent grand Allocution, which, though in form addressed to the cardinals, is intended for the whole Catholic world. Indeed, we would give that magnificent document a wider significance, and say that its glorious and sublime teachings are intended for the world at large; for many not now children of the Church may be convinced by its powerful, its unanswerable reasoning, and may thereby be led, even as a matter of mere justice, to aid the truly noble cause of the suffering and persecuted Holy Father.

In language dignified but most decisive, calm but of most unmistakable meanings, the Sovereign Pontiff surveys the present condition of the world, and fearlessly reasserts the principles which have always guided the successor of St. Peter. He denounces the treachery of the Government of Victor Emmanuel, the apostle of brute force, and tells Catholics that they must not harbour any thoughts of despair, but cherish the confident hope that the good cause will ultimately triumph. Pius IX., though a prisoner, knows no fear. Men may foolishly think that because he has been robbed by the brigand King of Sardinia, and ruthlessly plundered by him whom vile flatterers call the "gentleman monarch," the aged Pontiff is frightened. A glance down the glorious Allocution before us at once annihilates any such idea. Never in the palmiest days of Papal power, when emperors and kings bowed their heads obediently before the Vicar of Christ, has language issued from the Vatican more expressive of the majesty and the dignity of the greatest sovereign on earth. Some may scoff, but their miserable mockery will not deprive the words of Pope Pius IX. of that solemnity which will win for them the homage and the veneration of all who have the happiness to be his spiritual subjects. His heart is as undaunted, his soul as confident, and his courage as unbroken as on that memorable day, more than thirty years ago, on which his elevation to the Chair of St. Peter was hailed with enthusiastic acclamations—*Universe*.

### THE INVENTION OF PUNCTUATION.

PUNCTUATION is peculiar to the modern languages of Europe. It was wholly unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and the languages of the East, although they have certain marks or signs to indicate tones, have no regular system of punctuation. The Romans and the Greeks also, it is true, had certain points, which, like those of the languages of the East, were confined to the delivery and pronunciation of words; but the pauses were indicated by breaking up the written matter into lines or paragraphs, not by marks resembling those in the modern system of punctuation. Hence, in the responses of the ancient oracles, which were generally written down by the priests and delivered to the enquirers, the ambiguity, doubtless intentional, which the want of punctuation caused, saved the credit of the oracle, whether the expected event was favourable or unfavourable. As an instance of this kind, may be cited that remarkable response which was given on a well-known occasion, when the oracle was consulted with regard to the success of a certain military expedition: "Ibis et redibis nunquam peribis in bello." Written, as it was, without being pointed, it might be translated either, "Thou shalt go, and shalt never return, thou shalt perish in battle," or, "Thou shalt go and return, thou shalt never perish in battle." The correct translation of it altogether depends on the placing of a comma after the word *nunquam*, or after *redibis*. The invention of the modern system of punctuation has been attributed to the Alexandrian grammarian Aristophanes, after whom it was improved by succeeding grammarians; but it was so entirely lost in the time of Charlemagne, that he found it necessary to have it restored by Warnfried and Alcuin. It consisted at first of only one point, used in three ways, and sometimes of a stroke, formed in several ways. But as no more particular rules were followed in the use of these signs, punctuation was exceedingly uncertain until the end of the fifteenth century, when the learned Venetian printers, the Manutii, increased the number of the signs, and established some fixed rules for their application. These were so generally adopted that we may consider the Manutii as the inventors of the present method of punctuation; and although modern grammarians have introduced some improvements, nothing but a few particular rules have been added since their time.