

A ROMANCE OF A GARRET.

If you will follow me, gentle reader, into one of the most densely populated suburbs at the East-end of London, we will there take a peep at what is going on, and what probably will go on in its main facts, only varied in detail, as long as the world lasts. First let me describe the house. It is one of those large houses of several stories, built for gentlemen long ago, and that a few years back were occupied by noble but weavers, who, in the decline of their trade, have in their turn given place to a mixture of dwellers, yet all poor and struggling. I would fill a volume to write the history even of one of those houses—the changes they have seen, the romances that have been enacted within their walls.

We heard of an instance where, in one, the loom was constantly going, on its way in progress in an up stairs room, and a play in the downstairs. One of the weavers, as the old story goes, fell in love with a well-educated lady, whose father, on her persisting to marry him, discarded her; it was not till his death that she received one penny from him; then he relented; and the poor girl, who was not unkindly, could only laugh over the strange adventures she had had in her time of poverty. One was very amusing. She went into a shop in the neighborhood of her residence, and asked for a pennyworth of onions. The mistress of the shop looked aghast:

"We don't sell them, marm."

The lady seeing plenty hanging up thought the woman must be mad, so she returned to her husband, who, on hearing of her difficulty, indulged in a hearty laugh. "Why, my dear, you should have asked for *ingens*."

But all this is going away from my story; I was saying the house was large, and respectably though humbly tenanted, and let in floors. The parlors were inhabited by a man and his wife who turned their window to advantage in the shape of a display of sweets and larderdashery; and a lot of dirty little ragamuffins were commonly to be seen holding their farthings up for sweets, much to the discomfort of the poor little wretches who had nothing to expend in luxuries. At the time we are glancing at the house, there is a little fellow asking in a most unintelligible manner for "a farthingworth of them ere rummy things," which, upon looking in the direction of his finger, prove to be sugar-stars and fishes. At the same time we notice a respectably-dressed child sitting behind the counter, looking extremely happy, and upon asking who the little dark-eyed creature is, we learn from the good-natured old people that they really do not know, but had sent about the neighborhood to see if any one knew her. It eventually appeared that the little thing had strayed some distance from home, and seeing the sweets temptingly arranged, went in and shielded out her tiny hand, slipping at the same time for "feetys."

But again to our story. The first-floor is tenanted by a respectable widow of the name of Brown, and her son, who has supported his mother since the death of his poor father. Mrs. Brown is a clean, neat little woman; she has, or, as she persists in saying, "enjoys," bad health; but withal she is ever ready to do a kindness for any one.

In the second floor live two raw natives of the Emerald Isle, who go out charing, and, if at home, are usually to be seen either standing with arms akimbo at the open street door, or loling half out of window. Things have never gone on quite right since they took the apartments. There is sure to be a quarrel on the Saturday about the stairs, Mrs. MacMullen always declaring, "and sure wasn't it meself that clanked the stairs the last week, and that drunken man upstairs always bringing the dirt in? Sure it was Miss Allen's place always to clank the stairs after the dirty spalpeen."

But I must tell my readers who this Miss Allen was. She with her father inhabited the fourth story of this spacious house, or what might be called the garret. Poor thing! she had lost her mother two months back, the poor creature's death being accelerated by the evil ways of him who had sworn at God's altar to cherish and protect her. How had he kept his vows? By pretty well starving his wife, while he went and spent the money she so hardily earned. Mrs. Allen was one of those amiable, uncomplaining women, who pass away from the earth without a murmur, and she left only one to weep over the sad loss, that was her now desolate daughter, Annie. Annie was in her eighteenth year—a pale, fragile-looking creature, that seemed, like her mother, to be sinking into an untimely grave. Her father was seldom at home, and when he was, it was only in a state of terrible drunkenness, when he would abuse the poor hard-working girl till she was forced to go downstairs, and seek protection from Mrs. Brown, the widow on the first-floor, who, since the poor girl's mother had died, had been quite a mother to her. The poor girl would take her work and her spoonful of tea to put into the widow's teapot, and then forget for a time her terrible troubles. Mrs. Brown had a son, and Alfred not only bore the name of son, but in reality was what he professed to be—a most sober, industrious young man of two-and-twenty. He would generally spend his evenings at home, and amuse his mother and Annie sometimes with a book, at other times by his intelligent conversation. He took great interest in the poor orphan, whose education had been terribly neglected, and at last offered to give her a few lessons in reading and writing, which kindness the poor girl readily and thankfully accepted; though many a time she had to sit and work through the long hours of the night to make up for lost time—lost, that is, to ceaseless stitching. This and her heavy troubles began to wear upon the poor girl; she got more sickly and fragile every day, and good Mrs. Brown and her son soon noticed the change, and, with some persuasion, Annie at last consented to spend her leisure time in a walk, instead of poring over books. Alfred was the companion of these rambles, and it is scarcely to be won-

dered at, that love crept into Annie's heart unasked. She would tell him all her troubles, and one night she gave him a short account of her early days. It was as follows:

"I was born in a pretty little country village in Kent; my father at the time being in an excellent business, things went very bright till my eighth year, when I remarked that my father was a great deal out, and his poor mother would often be in tears. One day, I shall never forget it, I had been with some playmates for a ramble in the fields, and on returning found a man in possession of our shop and house for debts which my father was utterly unable to pay.

The goods were all sold shortly afterwards, and we came to London without even a bed to lie upon. My mother took a small furnished room, and then went out to seek for work at the needle. At last she got some, and from that time she struggled on, supporting my father and me, till about four months before she died. What sad trouble completed its work, my poor mother took to her bed, and never left it till she died. You know the rest."

By the time Annie had finished the last sentence they had got to their own door; so Alfred bade her farewell for the night. The next afternoon she was sitting as usual at work, before going down to Mrs. Brown's room, when there was a gentle tap, and Alfred's well-known voice craved admittance, which Annie gladly gave. On his entering the room, Annie soon perceived there was something wrong.

"Why, Alfred, what is the matter? I hope no bad news."

"Bad in one sense, good in another," he replied. "I have just received an offer of a situation in America; and as my present one is not sufficiently lucrative, I think of accepting it. I hope, by perseverance, to soon be able to send for my mother; poor woman! she is quite broken-hearted."

Poor Annie tried to speak, but failed, and burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears. At last she sobbed out:

"Pardon me, Alfred, I know I must seem unkind and selfish; but what will become of me when you—when your mother has gone? She has taken my mother's place since her death, and I feel I shall have all my troubles over again. O, forgive me, Alfred, this selfish outburst, and think how desolate will be my life."

"Do not talk in this way, dear Annie; say but one word, and you shall never be desolate again. Annie, I love you. Can you return this love? We will be married before I leave England; and you can remain with my mother till I can send for you both."

The poor girl hid her face in her hands, and wept tears of joy blended with sorrow. At length she said:

"O, Alfred, why have you told me this? Why not leave me without telling me of all this happiness, happiness I can never realize?"

"Why, what does this mean, Annie? what am I to understand from this?—a future engagement?"

"O, no, no, Alfred; do not break my heart with such a suspicion; but you know I have—I have a father."

"You have one who bears that name, Annie, but who has none of the proper feelings of a father in his heart. Forget his existence, and be happy; you have sacrificed yourself long enough."

"Hush, dear, dear Alfred; I must not listen to this. He is my father, and I am bound by a solemn vow to the dead never to leave him. I promised my dear, dear mother I would stay by him to the last. O, Alfred, you never knew my poor mother. I can now see her anxious face as she called me to her bedside, and taking my hand in her poor emaciated ones, said to me: 'Annie, I have one request to make before I die. What is it, mother?' I said, 'It is, child, that you will ever remain with your poor father, and watch over him as I have done.' I answered: 'There will be nothing to take me from him, mother.' My child, you are getting to an age when young girls receive offers of marriage. It may be your case; and it is not likely that any sober young man would allow such a drunkard as your poor father now is to live with you.' She would have said more, but I hastened to assure her I would never marry while my father lived. O, Alfred, had you seen how radiant with joy her poor face became, you would not be the one to try and turn me from my purpose."

"No, Annie, I will not. I am sorry she should have bound you to such a promise; but I will wait, if necessary, ten, or even twenty years, hoping at last to have you for my own."

"Dear Alfred, I fear your staying. If my father was to come home he might be angry, and abuse you, or even worse; and O, dear Alfred, it would kill me if you were hurt by him."

"Why are you afraid, dear girl? I have made you an honorable proposition, and I would stand my ground manfully if he came. But why fear, he is so seldom at home?"

As Alfred was speaking a noise was heard on the stairs, and the next minute the drunkard reeled into the room, his face ghastly, and distorted with drink.

"How now, young man, what are you doing in my room?" he hiccuped.

Annie was about to reply, when Alfred stopped her.

"Let me speak, Miss Allen. I came, sir, to make an honorable proposal of marriage to Miss Allen; and in doing so, consider I have done no wrong."

Allen with one bound reached the young man, and clutching him by his coat-collar, shook him, exclaiming: "Scoundrel! if you do not immediately leave this house I will kill you!"

As he chose to call poor Alfred, he would kill her and him.

Annie, scarcely knowing what she did, clutched at his knees, imploring him, for her dear mother's sake, not to curse her, and promising faithfully never to again see Alfred while her father lived.

"That is not sufficient. Promise never to see him more, either in my lifetime or after my death," replied her father.

Alfred caught her hand in his, and almost screamed: "O, Annie, do not promise this. Think of my love for you, and the happy days we shall spend together. Leave this madman to his folly, and come with me."

He was trying to drag her away, when the father, darting unsteadily across the room to snatch the young girl from Alfred, staggered and fell. They picked him up, for he lay motionless and immovable as he fell. At first he seemed to be dead; but after a little while they found he still breathed. Annie sent off for a doctor, who ordered him to bed. The doctor said he was sorry he could not give much hope; it was a bad attack of apoplexy, and he very much doubted if the patient would ever regain his senses; but he might last for months, or he might never come out of the fit; it was impossible to say.

The doctor (who had attended her mother, and always took great notice of the poor neglected girl) was told by Annie the whole circumstances of her father's quarrel. After hearing it, he desired her not to let Alfred again see her father, or the effect might be dangerous. But the warning was not needed, for Alfred had to start in two days, and Allen had not recovered his senses.

It will be needless to dwell upon the sorrows of the poor girl for the next few months. Her father never again got off his bed. Four months after the last-mentioned events Alfred sent for his mother, at the same time imploring Annie to put her father into a hospital, and come with Mrs. Brown to the happy home he had provided in Philadelphia. But no; the devoted girl kept true to her promise, and she was rewarded in the end. Just twelve months after Alfred's departure, Allen went to his last account; not, however, before being received back into that holy Church that he had so many years neglected. He died blessing his child, and praying for more mercy to be shown him than he had shown to others. Annie buried her father; and after a few months' more struggling, Alfred returned, and their love clung by the trials it had undergone, they were married. She accompanied him to his mother in America, where they have since lived, a happy and united family.

So ends the stormy half of their lives. May the other half be all sunshine!

RELIGIOUS SWINDLING.

The greatest piece of Protestant imposition which has come to the surface for some time has just been exposed. It appears that a certain set of men, called "City Missionaries," finding funds slow in coming in, determined to manipulate a certain personage, named Allen—otherwise, "The wickedest man in New York"—and through him to arouse the dormant sympathies of the Evangelicals, so as to bleed freely in greenbacks. The scheme worked charmingly for a time, but the press, particularly the Catholic journals, undertook to investigate the matter, and the result is a most shameful tissue of scheming, falsehood, and imposition has been laid bare. Even the New York Times, at first the advocate of the movement, thus holds up to reprobation the mercenary reverend swindlers:

The whole movement originated several months ago in the efforts of the colporteurs of a certain mission to ameliorate the condition of sailors and fallen women of the Fourth Ward. House-to-house visits were made by the missionaries for a considerable length of time, but without accomplishing all that was desired. At length it was decided that an unusual and sensational method should be taken to arouse Water street, and Water street was accordingly aroused. Allen was selected as the victim at whom the shafts of religion should be specially leveled, and they were, therefore, directed toward him. Two articles appeared in a certain magazine, calling attention to Allen as "the wickedest man in New York," and in a short time he was the most notorious character in the country. The aim of the articles in question was evidently to shame John Allen into a change of life, and thus to obtain a foothold among his vile neighbors and companions in sin. The stroke was a bold one, but it utterly failed in its purpose to soften John's heart. The result, however, was, that thousands of religious persons—clergymen and others—thronged his house daily, either from a motive of curiosity, or of inducing John to abandon his wicked life and become a religious man. This he sternly refused to do, threatening to throw any preaching or praying people who might come there out of doors. The rush of visitors of the better class to his house entirely destroyed his business, and for weeks he did not make a dollar of profit in his usual way. Finding that Allen could not be coerced into a reformation, and fearing that the game would be lost, his religious shepherds made a proposition to him to hire his house for one month—to October 1st—for daily prayer-meetings, and such arrangement was, after some discussion, perfected. For the use of the rooms it is known a check for \$350 was passed to Allen last week by a party controlling the movement, and the house is now in legal possession of the drawer of the check. Allen's prayers, songs, and exhortations, with which he interested the praying dupes who gathered in his house, were assuredly bogus, and after being continued for two or three days, they were abandoned, and thereafter, in drunken obliviousness or cunning reticence, "the wickedest man" passed his time, avoiding visitors, and talking only when compelled to do so. What he proposes to do hereafter will be learned in the course of this article. So much for Allen's falsely reputed conversion.

As for the other men's reformation, that is as absolutely a piece of humbuggery as Allen's. Tommy Hadden is playing the pious with the hope of being secured from trial before the Court of General Sessions, for having "abandoned" a Brooklynite, and also in consideration of a handsome moneyed arrangement with his employers, similar to that with Allen. "Kit" Barna's rat-pit will also be opened for religious services on Monday next; but the public need not be deceived in the matter of his reformation. His motive, like that of others, is to make money, and, be it known, that he is to receive at the rate of \$150 per month for the use of his pit an hour every day. Slootman desired prayers at the Howard Mission on Sunday last, but it is understood that he is not to be licensed, because the missionaries are not willing to pay him a high enough rental for his hall. As for the general movement carried on in Water street, under the false pretense that these men have voluntarily and from purely religious motives, offered their saloons for public worship, and have, themselves, determined to reform, very little more need be said. The daily prayer-meetings are nothing more than assemblages of religious people from among the higher grades of society in what were once low dance halls. There is an unusual amount of interest displayed at these meetings, and much good [?] has, doubtless, been accomplished thereby; but it is also a fact that there are but few, and sometimes none, of the wretched women, or ruffians, vicious men of that neighborhood present. Those classes are not reached at all, and it is false to say that a revival is going on among them. The character of the audiences and the exercises is similar to that of the noon meeting at the Falton street Church.

DR. NEWMAN ON ANGLICAN ORDERS.

The Month, for August, contains the celebrated letter of Dr. Newman on Holy Orders in the Established Church. Like everything emanating from his pen, it is masterly. We lay it before our readers:

THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM, August 5, 1868.

My Dear Father Coleridge—You ask me what I precisely mean, in my Apologia, Appendix, p. 26, by saying, *apropos* of Anglican Orders, that "Antiquarian arguments are altogether unequal to the urgency of visible facts." I will try to explain:

I.—The inquiry into Anglican Orders ever has been to me of the class which I must call dreary; for it is dreary surely to have to grope into the minute intricate passages and obscure corners of past occurrences in order to ascertain whether this man was ever consecrated, or that man used a valid form, or certain sacramental intention came up to the mark, or the report or register of an ecclesiastical act can be cleared of suspicion. On giving myself to consider the question, I never have been able to arrive at anything higher than a probable conclusion, which is most unsatisfactory except to Antiquarians, who delight in researches into the past for their own sake.

II.—Now, on the other hand, what do I mean by "visible facts?" I mean such definite facts as throw a broad antecedent light upon what may be presumed, in a case in which sufficient evidence is not forthcoming. For instance:

1.—The Apostolic Succession, its necessity, and its grace, is not an Anglican tradition, though it is a tradition found in the Anglican Church. By contrast, our Lord's divinity is an Anglican tradition—every one, high and low, holds it. It is not only in prayer-book and catechism, but in the mouths of all professors of Anglicanism. Not to believe it is to be no Anglican, and in persons in authority for three hundred years, who were suspected to doubt or explain it away, were marked men, as Dr. Colenso is now marked. And they have been so few that they could be counted. Not such is the Apostolic Succession; and, considering the Church is the *colonna et firmamentum veritatis*, and is ever bound to stir up the gift that is in her, there is surely a strong presumption that the Anglican body has not what it does not profess to have. I wonder how many of its bishops and deans held the doctrine at this time; some who do not, occur to the mind at once. One knows what was the case thirty or forty years ago by the famous saying of Bloomfield, Bishop of London.

2.—If there is a true succession, there is a true Eucharist; if there is not a true Eucharist, there is no true succession. Now, what is the presumption here? I think it is Mr. Alexander Knox who says or suggests that if so great a gift be given, it must have a custos. Who is the custos of the Anglican Eucharist? The Anglican clergy? Could I, without distressing or offending an Anglican, describe what sort of custodes they have been, and are, to their Eucharist? "O bone custos," in the words of the poet, "qui commendavi Filium Nesci!" Is it not charitable toward the bulk of the Anglican clergy to hope, to believe that so great a treasure has not been given to their keeping? And would our Lord leave himself for centuries in such hands? Inasmuch, then, as the "sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ," in the Anglican communion, is without protective ritual and jealous guardianship, there seems to me a strong presumption that neither the real gift nor its appointed guardians are to be found in that communion.

3.—Previous baptism is the condition of the valid administration of the other sacraments. When I was in the Anglican Church, I saw enough of the lax administration of baptism even among High Churchmen, though they did not, of course, intend it, to fill me with great uneasiness. Of course, there are definite persons, whom one might point out, whose baptisms are sure to be valid. But my argument has nothing to do with present baptisms. Bishops were baptized, not lately, but as children. The present bishops were consecrated by other bishops, they again by others. What I have seen in the Anglican Church makes it very difficult for me to deny that every now and then a bishop was a consecrator who had never been

baptized. Some bishops have been brought up in the North as Presbyterians, others as Dissenters, others as Low Churchmen, others have been baptized in the careless perfunctory way once so common. There is, then, much reason to believe that some consecrators were not bishops, for the simple reason that, formally speaking, they were not Christians. But at least there is a great presumption that where evidently our Lord has not left a right rule of baptism, He has not left a valid ordination.

By the light of such presumptions as these, I interpret the doubtful issues of the antiquarian argument, and feel deeply that if Anglican Orders are unsafe with reference to the actual evidence producible for their validity, much more unsafe are they when considered in their surroundings.

Most sincerely, yours, JOHN H. NEWMAN.

A STORY OF PRAIRIE LIFE.—We find the following extract of a letter in one of our exchanges:

For the encouragement of those who have to contend with poverty and hardship in a new country, I would like to tell my experience. We were just married when we came here, with but \$700 and a good name; paid \$520 for a quarter-section, and with the remainder built a small house and got a small amount of furniture. As soon as we were settled, husband commenced teaching for \$17 a month, two miles away, and came home nights. These were the darkest days. Among strangers, on the wild prairie; not a tree or shrub, and no road by the house. Over across the prairie I could see three Irish houses, but could not get to them—I tried it. When the warm spring days came, the prospect brightened; but husband was obliged to send East and borrow \$500. We worked hard and fared hard. I felt the privations very keenly, but I think they strengthened me. I never gave up or said I was home sick. There was one luxury we would not deny ourselves—the New York papers and other periodicals; they kept me alive. We enlarged our house, and when we had been here six years built a new one, where we now live. We have a pretty place and a fine orchard. We have our carpets and even a piano. We sometimes go back to our old home; husband has been four times; but we like the new home much. The best I will not tell—that is, what our income is; but it is several times the little capital we brought. We have two healthy boys and good neighbors.

THE POPE'S VILLAS.—The Pope is a sovereign, but how differently he employs the appendages of royalty as compared with other crowned heads! Monsignor Anevitti, high Roman authority, gives us the following information as to the uses of the Pope's villas:

It is the delight of most sovereigns to beautify their palaces and country seats, and render them delightful by the amenity of their position and the refinement of their arrangements. Pius IX has his villas no less, which it is his great pleasure to lay out to the best of his advantage; but they are—the Villa Gabrielli, which is devoted to the advancement of agricultural knowledge; the Villa Barberini, which serves as a place of diversion for those mentally afflicted; the Villa Pio, where the boys of industrial schools are taught husbandry; the Villa Santucci, which affords pure air to the pupils of the Seminario Pio; the Villa Palatina, which makes ample pleasure ground for the college boys of San Siro attached to the University of Saint Apollinare; the Orto Botanico, for the cultivation of rare and useful plants, and more especially those of the pharmacopoeia; and, if last, by no means least, the gardens destined for the enjoyment of the boys of the night schools, in which he takes so great an interest—one opened by him for the school of the Borgo, in 1853, and the other for that in the Trastevere, last June.

NOBLES IN FRENCH CONVENTS.—Notwithstanding the outgivings of interested parties as to the condition of religion among the higher classes, France is still Catholic in heart and extremes. L'Opinion du Midi furnishes the following intelligence respecting the nobility:

The Prince de Broglie, formerly Lieutenant in the navy, and the Marquis de Bellune, have entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, at Paris. A niece of General Trochar has taken the veil at the Convent of Visitandines, at Nantes. Mademoiselle de Quatrebarbes, niece of the former Governor of Ancona, and Mademoiselle de Leszy, daughter of a councillor of the Imperial Court of Donay, have become nuns of the Carmelite Order at Lille. Mademoiselle d'Helland, sister of the glorious martyr of Castelfardo, has entered the Order of St. Vincent de Paul. Mademoiselle Prevost Paradol, sister of the journalist and academician, that of Notre Dame de Sion; Mademoiselle de Cathelineau, that of the Dame de la Retraite. She is a great granddaughter of the Vendean General, surnamed "the Saint of Anjou," and sister of the young Zouave who, when he fell grievously wounded at Mentana, exclaimed: "If I am called to die, it is but to be reunited above to thirty-seven Cathelineaus who have died the same death!"

LEMON KALI.—A teaspoonful of this compound in a tumblerful of fresh cold water, forms a very agreeable effervescent summer drink. When made, it must be preserved in a dry place, and in well corked bottles, otherwise it will soon be spoiled. To make it, take one pound of powdered white sugar, half a pound of bicarbonate of soda, half a pound of citric acid, powdered, and half a drachm of essence of lemon. Sift the whole well together, then put it into dry, wide-mouthed bottles. Tartaric acid may be used instead of the citric acid at less expense, but it is not so good for general use. Citric acid is the true acid of the lemon; tartaric acid is derived from grape lees, tamarinds, and other fruit. The pleasing flavor of lemon kali depends much upon the quality of the essence of lemon, which rapidly spoils in druggists' shops, and smells like turpentine. See that you have good and fresh essence of lemon.