

one, till they came to Count Spaur's carriage that was in attendance below in the courtyard. This they entered without delay; and drove off in all security towards Albano.

Meantime Monsignor Cenni was to do the pantomime, giving those around to understand that the Pope was still in the Palace. He came out from the private apartment, and said to those in the first ante-chamber that his Holiness would receive no other visitor that night not even a cardinal or ambassador. He gave word to the domestic that supper should be sent in to the private chamber at the usual hour, eight o'clock. When the hour came he appeared at the door and took in the tray with the Pope's usual simple supper on it. He cautioned all not to make any noise, and that he would attend himself. Accordingly, upon having taken in the tray unfolded the table cloth, and distributed the order of the articles on the tray, he then opened the dishes, out of a small portion and soiled plates, knives, forks, &c., and having waited awhile he brought out the tray to the domestics, and told them that they might retire for the night—that he would do the rest, and that he had to recite the Matins which is a portion of the Divine office, for the next day. We can easily imagine what state of mental anxiety this good prelate must have suffered from the moment of the Pope's departure, and the efforts he must have made to maintain his usual placid manner. It was indeed a great trial, and a test of a more than usual strong mind. At nine o'clock he descended by the private staircase taking with him no other baggage than the small parcel I have already mentioned, and entering into the street below, got into a carriage he had previously ordered, and came to S. Clements.

He remained with us for a fortnight. We arranged that he should be called Padre Antonio from Lombardy. I gave him one of my habits, in which he appeared the next day. We agreed that he was to celebrate Mass in the Church of the Good Shepherd Nuns, distant only a few houses from our Church, and in the Via Laterano. He came to meals with the Fathers as one of the Order, and even on that day came out to walk with us in the full Dominican habit, he wore it as though he had it on all his life long, and in all things made himself quite at home, so much so that the community never suspected who he really was. During the time of his abiding in S. Clements he had frequent communications from the Holy Father who was then at Gaeta. At the end of a fortnight it was decided that he should join his Holiness in his exile. Accordingly he had his own dress as Prelate sent out to the house of our vineyard outside the Porta Laterano. There, he left off the Dominican habit and drove to

Gaeta where he remained with the Pope and is now his still faithful companion in the Prison of the Vatican.

Misquotations:

There is in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" a quotation often used, and often quoted from the Bible, viz: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." There is no such sentence in the Bible.

Another quotation, which is a great favorite of orators and clergymen, who should know better, is this: "He that runs may read." Its biblical suggestion is found in Habakkuk, the 2d chapter and 2d verse; "And the Lord answered me and said, Write the vision, and make it plain upon the tables, that he may run that readeth it."

The idea is evidently taken from the ancient custom of writing laws and other important documents on tables, and placing them in public places where they would be studied, and then acted upon intelligently, not glanced at in a hurry by one running past. There is too much of this running and reading, and too little of intelligent study at leisure, that one may run with certainty.

So much for quotations from the Bible. There is another class of quotations, from one of our oldest American poets, many of whose sharp sayings have become "household words," but of which the credit is almost uniformly given to Butler's Hudibras. We refer to such quotations as:

"No rogue e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law" &c.

Now this is from Trumbull's McFingal, and not from Hudibras, in which nothing of the sort can be found. In McFingal it reads:

"You'll find it all in vain, quoth he,
To play your rebel tricks on me.
All punishments the world can render
Serve only to provoke the offender;
The will gains strength from treatment
horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're curried.

No man e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law,
Or held in method orthodox
His love of justice, in the stocks;
Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears
At once his loyalty and ears."

It is by honest labor, manly courage,
and a conscience void of offence, that we assert our true dignity, and prove our honesty and respectability.

Positiveness is a most absurd folly. If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph; if in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.