

lobsters, three barrels of pickled oysters, sixteen gammons of bacon, with a great many things more that are to be named before one comes to a great contentment of pastry, and a sea of wine. So the usurer was buried, and so before the earth had fairly covered him, the wasting of his property began.

It was designed then, by the founder himself, and declared by his trustees, that the Poor Brother of the Charterhouse should be chosen from a rank, and elected to a position, higher than the meanest. He was to be a gentleman as to his antecedents. Misfortune was to qualify him for election into what might be called a fellowship on Sutton's munificent foundation, over which officers were set, entrusted with the care of shielding him in his old age from all painful reminder of his changed position. He was to have, as the funds well allowed, a shelter from the world, in which he could retain many of the comforts of his old position, unoppressed by any sense of beggar-like dependence.

It was provided by the founder, that if the funds devoted to their use increased, these were to be applied either to an increase in the scale of comfort upon which the brethren were maintained, or to an increase in the number of the brethren, as might seem most fit. The funds have increased very largely; and as there are still but eighty brothers, there is reason to expect that the old gentlemen are in the enjoyment of extremely comfortable little fellowships.

We have taken a little pains to ascertain what is the present condition of a poor brother of the Charterhouse.

He is, or we should rather say, in the true spirit of the charity, he ought to be, a decayed gentleman—a merchant, artist, author, or the like—upon whose merits the world has frowned, and who finds in the Charterhouse an honorable place of refuge, and an easy home in his old age, not too bitterly contrasting with his memory of comforts past. Let us suppose an educated man, a widower in his old age, become destitute, and, being worthy of all kind feeling, presented to a share in the benefit of Sutton's endowment. He pays a visit to the room allotted for his residence. A single room, not very large, with a deal table and chair, bed and bedding; nothing more. There is a closet which will be large enough to hold his bed, and form a separate apartment, if the lodging should chance to be over an archway. A deal table and chair, and a bed, are cheerless lodging to the eyes of the ancient gentleman, and would seem more so if he could contrast them with the luxuriously fitted thirty-two roomed residence of the master, whose income was appointed by the founder of the institution to be only nine times greater than his own. The master's income being £500 a-year, over and above the board and lodging, that of the brother should be about £50; it is, however, only £25. The payment of the maniple used to be £8, that of the poor brother £5 6s 3d. The maniple has now £200, and the brother £25.

The ancient gentleman, when he has finished looking at his room, and considered how much money he can raise wherewith to add a little to its comfort, is informed that the governors require him to bring in with him, on entrance, two pairs of new sheets—sheets cannot be found for him. He proceeds to inquire further, what is to be done, and what will be done on his behalf. He is informed that he will have coals without stint, and thirteen pounds of kitchen candles yearly, which he finds out by arithmetic to yield about an inch a night. He will have left at his door daily in the morning a loaf, containing twelve ounces of bread—a trifle larger than a penny loaf—and two ounces of butter. That he is to take this for his breakfast, or lunch, or tea, or supper, or all of them in one. That will be his provision for the day, dinner excepted. A loaf is left every morning at the master's door, with even-handed charity; though the footman scorns it when he takes it in. The ancient gentleman is to make tea, sugar, cheese, or what he will out of his loaf and butter. No restraint is put upon his fancy. There will be dinner in the hall at three o'clock, at which he may attend, wearing his livery gown, and eat as much as he is able of good meat and pie, and drink with it a pint of table-beer. The dinner, if he goes to eat it punctually at dinner time—for a minute after time condemns him to fast until the morning—has no limit but his appetite. Experience of hungry nights, caused many of the ancient gentlemen to carry to the hall tin cases, wherein to conceal a few scraps for their supper. This practice being discovered, was denounced in the hall by the officials as exceedingly ungentlemanly; no doubt it was—nevertheless some little allowance is to be made for the weakness of old gentlemen, who do not like to be sent supperless to bed.

The ancient gentleman, not being young and lusty, will often be disposed to keep his room, but when he does so, and desires to dine in private, his dinner is straightway weighed for him. A *Shylock*, with knife and scales, holds firmly to a half-pound of flesh; and if the invalid desires a pudding, then his meat is reduced in allowance to a quarter of a pound.

The old gentleman inquires whether there is provision made for tending him, and looking to his small domestic wants. He is informed that, when he enters as Poor Brother, he will be committed, with several others, to the care of a nurse, who will attend during eight hours daily upon those eight rooms; so that he receives a daily average of one hour's attendance. His room is cleaned out once a week, and his window is cleaned once a year—that is to say, every December. During the sixteen hours free from nurses, the Poor Brother will be left—very helpless and infirm as he often is—wholly to himself, or to the care of friends, who may come to him in the daytime, or to what service he may hire out of his twenty-five pounds a-year—one pound of that being payable in fees to the nurse provided by the institution. In the night, he is left quite alone, and without means of summoning assistance. Should he be seized with

illness, he must get up, and, having lighted a candle, place it in his window; the light, if seen by a watchman, brings his tender assistance, when he next comes his hourly round. Whatever fit or seizure to which age is liable, may render him unable to get up and light a candle, or if he be blind, as three or four of the poor brothers are, it must either pass from him, remain on him, or kill him, as the chance may be: no help can come until the morning. So rigid is the exclusion of non-residents, that it is a breach of Charterhouse law for a mother or a sister to be present in the night time. If a poor brother wish to leave the world comfortably he must not die in the night time.

When the Poor Brother dies in the usual way, he spends his last days in the infirmary. When dead, a coffin is supplied for him by contract, and he is deposited in the burial ground attached to the foundation, service being read over him in the chapel by the chapel-reader. Towards the expense of the coffin twenty-four shillings is allowed from the foundation; and to this there is added a sum of one pound six shillings and sixpence towards defraying the expense of the ground, clergyman, &c. So the Poor Brother is buried. No head-stone is permitted. For a few weeks the mound which covers his remains, is allowed to disfigure the smooth surface of the grass. A heavy roller after that time passes over it, the solemn little heap is levelled and turfed over, and the last trace of the Poor Brother is wiped away.

The ancient gentleman begins now to discover that the Charterhouse is intended for the consolation of officials, and that the Poor Brothers are simply the discomfort of the place; which otherwise provides good salaries, and dwellings, and dinners, and daily pints of wine to the gentlemen and ladies who are really fed upon its funds. The Poor Brother's pint of wine comes once a year. The Poor Brother of the Charterhouse is, in fact, a bore.

Another piece of information on the notice-board, intended to strike terror into the hearts of the eighty ancient gentlemen, is the formal notice of expulsion of one of their number, for speaking impudently to the Master. If the Master lost his place, he could fall back upon the income of his archdeaconry, his canonry, his rectorship, and all the other gifts and graces for which he is, perhaps, a little too notorious. The Poor Brother, deprived of his asylum, was turned out into the roads a beggar by offended dignity. In the words of the offended dignitary, here is the poor fellow's condemnation, signed, sealed, and delivered, in the depth of winter, and when all hands and hearts in England were preparing for the blessed festival of Christmas, forgetting injuries, and, above all, such injuries as wounded nothing but our pride.

Some months ago, we made our readers acquainted with the French community of Little Sister of the Poor, and told of the house in Paris wherein a few peasant women maintain ninety old people by their own exertions—beg for them, feed them, warm them, cheer them with such true sympathy and Christian love, that the most refined scholar or poet in Christendom, if he were fallen into poverty, might sit in his old age among those poor coarse women, and be made subject to their pious care, without a sense of degradation. In England, in the Charterhouse, on a magnificent foundation, thousands of pounds yearly are spent upon the care of eighty poor old men. The money provides for the rich, salaries, houses, wines: we have partly seen what it does for the Poor Brothers. The "Little Sisters" across the Channel, with bright eyes and busy hands, with a maid-servant for founder, and not a *sous* of capital, have done so much that it is a pleasant dream (*but quite a dream*) to fancy what result a little of their spirit could produce out of the plentiful resources of the Charterhouse.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SYNOD OF OSCOTT.

(From the Catholic Standard.)

The late Synod held at St. Mary's College Oscott, is an act of which it is not easy to estimate the importance. It was an event which England had not merited for centuries; it gathered together the wisest and the holiest of her Fathers and spiritual Doctors; its purpose was the grand work of resuscitating, or rather recreating, her national Church. Its decrees will go forth in due time for the sanction of Christ's Vicar, not only as laws to her own Faithful, but as precedents for the spiritual organisation of the churches of her distant colonies. In a word, the Synod of Oscott will be a model for her future Synods, and take its place with honor among the Provincial Councils of the Church.

It was, in truth, a glorious and unequalled spectacle—one which the boldest prophet would not have ventured to predict even a few years ago. The world without was in commotion, but that Synod assembled in calm and dignified security; the voice and the hand of bigotry and persecution were raised around, but those Holy Fathers met in peace, and their deliberations were conducted and all their proceedings passed on as orderly and as tranquilly as if another angel had been specially commissioned to shield them with a pillar of cloud by day, and a fiery column by night. That glorious assemblage was composed of thirteen venerable Bishops—two absent from infirmities being represented by deputies; and the first of these holy Pastors was not only an Archbishop and Metropolitan, but a Prince of the Roman Church—an illustrious Cardinal. Could our poor English Church, after three centuries of prostration, have dared to lift her hopes to such a spectacle? There were seen together, for the first time for centuries, the heads of the various religious Orders in this kingdom; the Provincial of the Order of Preachers, the President of the Monks of St. Benedict, the Provincial of the Jesuits, the Provincial of the Pas-

sonists, and the Superiors of other more recent congregations. The Chapters recently erected in England were represented by their respective Procurators, habited in their new canonical dress, a black mosette, braided with crimson, and worn over a cotta of lawn edged with lace. Among the Theologians to the Synod, and the Theologians to the Bishops, were congregated the most learned and eminent Divines, Doctors in Theology, Vicars-General of various dioceses, Presidents of Colleges, and learned writers. Besides these, there were many other distinguished Ecclesiastics, either actually admitted to the Synod, or in attendance in various capacities. And not the least interesting feature of this venerable assemblage was the presence of ten or twelve Clerical converts from the Anglican sect, including the distinguished names of Newman, Manning, and Spencer. The feelings of those men it is not easy to describe. One must have known their peculiar difficulties and struggles to form a right estimate of the admiration and consolation which they felt from what passed before them. They repeated expressions of holy joy; they owned that they had learned more in three or four days than all their previous studies and experience had taught them of the real action of God's Holy Church, and the marvellous power which see possesses of adapting her energies to every exigency. Mr. Manning preached on the Sunday a sermon which he alone could have delivered, so profound in thought, so just in application, so tenderly affecting in language and in the manner of delivery. Dr. Newman preached at the second session of the Synod another of his grand and glowing orations which thrilled every nerve of his audience. He gave a striking picture of the long persecution and humiliation of our little church in this land, and feelingly contrasted its poor and lowly offices with the glorious circumstances under which the assembly before him had now congregated.

It is not, however, the object of this article to describe the gorgeous ceremonies which succeeded each other during the eleven days of the Synod. Others will relate the solemn processions of at least one hundred and fifty persons, of all ranks in the Church, chanting with loud voices of Jubilee along the cloisters and corridors to and from the church of the college; and will speak of the glittering vestments, the rich processional and archiepiscopal crosses, the splendid mitres and copes, and all the glorious accessories of every service, marking especially that solemn final Benediction on Friday night, when the altar was backed by spreading canopy of cloth of gold, brilliantly reflecting the flames of three hundred wax candles, and the Cardinal Archbishop officiated in a magnificent cope, carrying a rich crozier of exquisite design and workmanship, and wearing a jewelled mitre surmounted with a cross studded with brilliants.

The purpose here is rather to point out a few remarkable features of that memorable assemblage. What struck every one was the singular meeting of so many Ecclesiastics from all quarters, who, though for the most part strangers to each other before, harmonised at once together as old and tried friends. Along the wide corridors of the college, in the far-stretching plantations around it, or gathered in groups on the grass plats or gravel in front, might be seen, in the hours allowed for relaxation, Bishops walking here and there, or standing about with groups of Priests, conversing familiarly and pleasantly. Here was a Provost or a Vicar-General, and there a Doctor of Divinity and a party of Cathedral Canons. In one walk you would see two or three devoutly reciting the Divine Office together; and in another avenue some walking alone, or two in earnest colloquy, or a party enjoying harmless merriment and relaxing conversation. Here were two Italian Fathers, speaking their own melodious language; there was a learned Spanish Canonist, conversing in his own sonorous tongue with some Spanish students of the college. Mingled with the black cassocks was seen the white fannel habit of St. Dominic. There was an eminent professor of Hebrew and doctor of theology from Maynooth, and at his side a Bishop from the far East, the Coadjutor of Calcutta. Who are those two in earnest conversation, walking slowly down one of the cloisters? One is a gentleman of family, who became a Catholic, but was won back to the Anglican sect by a zealous Archdeacon of the Establishment; but he was happily received again into the Church of Christ, and the same Archdeacon soon followed him into the fold; and this is the very man now walking with him, and both with overflowing hearts are thanking God for their present happiness. Who is that grave and respectable Cleric who carries a little basket, and is gathering choice flowers in the borders to adorn the altars? He was not long ago a Protestant Curate, but he is now a fervent Catholic in Minor Orders, and esteems himself but too happy to be allowed to serve Mass, to gather flowers to adorn the holy altars, and to keep the church doors during the sessions of the Synod; and that graceful little boy who is seen serving at Mass, and holding up the long scarlet train of the Cardinal, is a Greek boy from Athens! On days of solemn session might be seen in splendid uniform, moving among the various groups, a Spanish gentleman who delights to humble himself before the majesty of God, and devote his services and his wealth to the promotion of God's glory; he attends on solemn occasions as gentleman of honor to the Cardinal. And frequently might be seen, in hours of recreation, the Cardinal himself, mixing with cheerful countenance and amiable condescension among the Clergy, and unbending his great mind with easy familiarity to recruit and gather fresh strength for his Herculean labors.

The weather was throughout sultry and oppressive, but all pursued their holy work with unabated cheerfulness and punctuality. The particular congregations sat many hours every day; the general

congregations assembled many times in the church with a solemnity and dignified course of action which was most impressive; and the Bishops held many separate meetings and labored more and more as the Synod drew to a close. All, both Bishops and Priests, rose early; all said Mass daily; all worked hard and had little rest, yet none complained, no one shrunk from labor; all felt that they were doing the work of God and His holy Church, and all were cheerful, and willing, and happy.

In all that number of men from the East and the West, and the South and the North, never was there heard a word of discord or jealousy; there was no wrangling, no contention, no disunion, but all was harmony, charity and peace. They came together as if nothing had happened for the last three hundred years to interrupt their proceedings; and as one preacher finely observed, they came to their work as men familiar and accustomed, with nothing to learn, nothing to inquire, nothing to discover. Could any but the one Church of God have exhibited such a spectacle?

CONVERSIONS.—On Tuesday, the 27th July, Mrs. Bastick, the wife of Wm. Bastick, of Exeter, Esq., made solemn profession of the Catholic Faith, and was received into the "one fold," at St. Saviour's, Torre Abbey, Torquay; and, on the previous Saturday, Harriet Hawkins, an intelligent young woman, also made her abjuration of the errors of Protestantism, at the same place.

Master William Bastick, a fine boy, son of the above lady, is preparing for reception into the Church.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

IRISH MEMBERS RETURNED.

(From the Dublin Telegraph.)

	M.O.
Antrim Co.—G. Macarthy, Capt. Pakenham	2 0
Armagh Co.—Sir W. Verner, Col. Caulfield	1 1
Armagh Borough—Ross S. More	1 0
Athlone—William Keogh (C)	0 1
Bandon—Lord Bernard	1 0
Belfast—R. Davidson, H. M' Cairns	2 0
Carlow County—Ball (C) and Bruen	1 1
Carlow—John Sadleir (C)	0 1
Carrickfergus—W. S. Cotton	1 0
Cashel—Sir Timothy O'Brien, Bart. (C)	0 1
Cavan Co.—Capt. J. Maxwell, Sir J. Young	1 1
Clare Co.—O'Brien (C), Sir J. Fitzgerald	0 2
Clonmel—Hon C. Lawless	0 1
Coleraine—Lord Naas	1 0
Cork County—E. B. Roche, V. Scully (C)	0 2
Cork—William Pagan (C) Sergt. Murphy (C)	0 2
Donegal—Sir E. Hayes, Thomas Connolly	2 0
Down Co.—Lord A. Hill, D. S. Ker	2 0
Downpatrick—Hon. C. S. Harding	1 0
Draghda—James M'Cann (C)	0 1
Dublin Co.—J. H. Hamilton, Col. Taylor	2 0
Dublin City—Grogan and Vance	2 0
Dublin University—G. A. Hamilton, J. Napier	2 0
Dundalk—George Bowyer (C)	0 1
Dungarvan—John Francis Maguire (C)	0 1
Dungannon—Hon. Stuart Knox	1 0
Enniskillen—James Whiteside	1 0
Ennis—J. D. Fitzgerald, Q. C. (C)	0 1
Fermanagh—Sir A. Brooke, M. Archdall	2 0
Galway Co.—Sir T. Burke (C), J. E. Bellew (C)	0 2
Galway—A. O'Flaherty (C), M. J. Blake (C)	0 2
Kerry County—H. A. Herbert, V. Browne	0 2
Kilkenny Co.—W. Shea (C), J. Greene	0 2
Kilkenny—M. Sullivan (C)	0 1
Kildare Co.—W. H. T. Cogau (C), D. O'Connor Henely (C)	0 2
King's Co.—P. O'Brien (C), H. L. Bland	0 2
Kinsale—J. L. Heard	0 1
Leitrim Co.—Dr. Brady (C), H. L. Montgomery	0 2
Limerick—R. Potter (C), F. W. Russell	0 2
Limerick Co.—W. Monsell (C), W. Gould	0 2
Lisburn—Sir J. E. Tennent	1 0
Londonderry Co.—T. Jones, Thomas Bateson	2 0
Londonderry—Sir R. Ferguson	0 1
Longford Co.—Col. F. Greville, R. M. Fox	0 2
Louth Co.—C. Fortescue, T. Kennedy	0 2
Mallow—Sir Denham Jephson Norriys, Bart.	0 1
Mayo Co.—G. H. Moore (C), G. O. Higgins (C)	0 2
Meath Co.—F. Lucas (C), M. Corbally (C)	0 2
Monaghan Co.—C. P. Laslie, Sir G. Foster	2 0
Newry—W. Kirk	0 1
New Ross—Charles G. Duffy (C)	0 1
Portarlington—Colonel Dunne	1 0
Queen's Co.—Sir C. H. Coote, M. Dunne (C)	1 1
Roscommon Co.—F. French, O. D. Grace	0 2
Sligo Co.—R. Swift (C), Sir R. G. Booth	1 1
Sligo—Charles Townley (C)	0 1
Tipperary Co.—F. Sully (C), J. Sadleir (C)	0 2
Trillick—Maurice O'Connell (C)	0 1
Tyrone—Hon. Henry Corry, Lord C. Hamilton	2 0
Waterford Co.—N. M. Power (C), J. Esmond (C)	0 2
Waterford City—T. Meagher (C), R. Keating (C)	0 2
Westmeath Co.—W. H. Magan (C), W. P. Urquhart	0 2
Wexford County—J. George, P. M'Mahon (C)	1 1
Wexford—J. T. Devereux (C)	0 1
Wicklow Co.—Lord Milton, F. Hume	1 1
Youghal—Isaac Butt, Q. C.	1 0

(C) The members with this mark appended are Catholics.

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS.

COUNTY CLARE ELECTION.—Monday being the day appointed for the declaration of the successful candidates, at eleven o'clock the High Sheriff proceeded to the courthouse for the purpose of investigating the objections made to the majority of two which Mr. Cornelius O'Brien had attained beyond Colonel Vandeleur. After a minute scrutiny, which continued for about two hours in presence of Mr. Cornelius O'Brien, Mr. Vandeleur, and the conducting agents on either side, the High Sheriff proceeded to state the gross poll, which was—Sir John F. Fitzgerald, 1,152; Cornelius O'Brien, 1,141; Colonel Vandeleur, 1,139. The High Sheriff then declared General Sir John Fitzgerald, and Cornelius O'Brien, Esq., truly elected to serve in the British parliament.

SRILO COUNTY.—At the official declaration by the High Sheriff on Monday, the poll at the final close was thus announced:—Sir Robert Gore Booth, 943; Mr. Sheriff Swift, (Liberal), 870; Mr. Ormsby Gore, 744; Mr. Taaffe, 39; Sir R. Booth and Mr. Sheriff Swift were declared duly returned.