

him. It appeared almost incredible to her confessor when she told him she had no heart; "Yet," says Ribadeneira, "that which happened afterwards was a certain argument of the truth; for, in a few days, Christ appeared to her in great brightness, holding in his hand a ruddy heart, most beautiful to behold, and coming to her, put it into her left side, and said, 'My daughter Catharine, now thou hast my heart instead of thy own'; and having said this he closed up her side again, in proof whereof a scar remained in her side, which she often showed." By her influence with heaven, she obtained forgiveness for numbers that were ready to fall into hell. Two hardened and impenitent thieves, being led to execution, and tied and tortured on a cart, were attended by a multitude of devils. Catharine begged the favour of going with them in the cart to the city gates; and there, by her prayers and intercession, Christ showed himself to the thieves, all bloody and full of wounds, invited them to penance, and promised them pardon if they would repent, which they accordingly did. Through her intercession, her mother, who died without confession, was raised to life again, and lived till she was fourscore and nine years old. She had the gift of prophecy, healed the sick at the last gasp, cast out devils, and worked miracles. Once making bread of tainted flour, the "queen of angels" came to help her to knead it, and it proved to be most excellent bread, white and savoury. She drew also very good wine out of an empty hoghead. Her numerous victories over the devil enraged him so much, that he tormented her till she was nothing but skin and bones. Sometimes he amused himself with throwing her into the fire, and the marks and prints of the wounds he gave her appeared all over her body. "At length," says Ribadeneira, "when she was three and thirty years old, she entered into an agony, fought the devil valiantly, and triumphed over him at her death, which happened at Rome on the 29th of April, 1380; her ghost appearing to Father Raymundus, her confessor, at Genoa, on the same day, and her body working so many miracles, that, for the multitude of people resorting thither, it could not be buried for three days."

All this may be seen in Ribadeneira's "Lives of the Saints," with more, which, from regard to the reader's feelings, is not even adverted to. It should be added, that the present particulars are from the "Miraculous Host," a pamphlet published in 1821, in illustration of a story, said to have been used in converting two ladies belonging to the family of Mr. Loveday, of Hammersmith.

#### ELEGANT STANZAS,

WRITTEN BY AN OFFICER LONG RESIDENT IN INDIA, ON HIS RETURN TO ENGLAND.

##### I.

I came, but they had pass'd away—  
The fair in form, the pure in mind—  
And like a stricken deer I stray,  
Where all are strange, and none are kind;  
Kind to the worn, the wearied soul,  
That pants, that struggles for repose:  
O that my steps had reach'd the goal  
Where earthly sighs and sorrows close.

##### II.

Years have past o'er me like a dream,  
That leaves no trace on memory's page:  
I look around me, and I seem  
Some relic of a former age.  
Alone, as in a stranger-clime,  
Where stranger-voices mock my ear;  
I mark the lagging course of time,  
Without a wish—a hope—a fear!

##### III.

Yet I had hopes—and they have fled;  
And I had fears were all too true:  
My wishes too!—but they are dead,  
And what have I with life to do!  
'Tis but to bear a weary load,  
I may not, dare not, cast away;  
To sigh for one small, still, abode,  
Where I may sleep as sweet as they:—

##### IV.

As they, the loveliest of their race,  
Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep;  
Whose worth my soul delights to trace—  
Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep;  
'To weep beneath the silent moon,  
With none to chide, to hear, to see:  
Life can bestow no dearer boon  
On one whom death disdains to free.

##### V.

I leave a world that knows me not,  
To hold communion with the dead;  
And fancy consecrates the spot  
Where fancy's softest dreams are shed.  
I see each shade, all silvery white—  
I hear each spirit's melting sigh;  
I turn to clasp those forms of light,  
And the pale morning chills my eye.

##### VI.

But soon the last dim morn shall rise,  
The lamp of life burns feebly now—  
When stranger-hands shall close my eyes,  
And smooth my cold and dewy brow.  
Unknown I lived—so let me die:  
Nor stone, nor monumental cross,  
Tell where his nameless ashes lie,  
Who sigh'd for gold, and found it dross.

#### MISS FANNY BRADDOCK.

The fate of this unhappy young woman, who committed suicide at Bath, on the 9th of September, 1731, is still remembered in that city. She resided with Mr. John Wood, the architect, and on the night of the 8th went well to bed, nowise disordered in behaviour. Her custom was to burn a candle all night, and for her maid to lock the door, and push the key under it, so that she always got up in the morning to let her maid into the room. After she had retired, on the evening mentioned, she got out of bed again, and, it is supposed, employed some time in reading. She put on a white night-gown, and pinned it over her breast; tied a gold and a silver girdle together, and at one end having made three knots about an inch asunder, that if one slipped another might hold, she opened the door, put the knotty end of the girdle over it, and locking the door again, made a noose at the other end, through which she put her neck, by getting on a chair, and then dropped from it. She hung with her back against the door, and had hold of the key with one of her hands; she had bit her tongue through, and had a bruise on her forehead; this was occasioned, probably, by the breaking of a red girdle she had tried first, which was found in her pocket with a noose on it; there were too marks on the door. The coroner's inquest sat on her that day, and brought in their verdict, *non compos mentis*. She was daughter to the late General Braddock, who at his death left her and her sister £6000. By her sister's death, about four years before, she became mistress of the whole fortune; but, being infatuated by the love of gaming, met "an unlucky chance," which deprived her of her fortune. She had been heard to