

FATHER IGNATIUS.

LONDON READER.

BROTHER (or Father as some call him) Ignatius the Norwich Monk has been deserted by some of his best men, because he insists on reserving the sacrament for worship and benediction, contrary to the express rubric, and also, because he offers, at any rate, secondary worship to the Virgin. One brother, Stanislaus, who had come over from Rome because he disapproved of these very things, felt it hard that they should be forced upon him there—He could not reconcile them with the primary duty of obedience to the Church; and so, sacrificing what he held to be the minor obligation, he left Norwich and went over to Mr. Archer Gurney, priest of a very High-Church place near the Madeline, and a believer in purgatory, prayers for the dead, and other abominations to the true Protestant. Mr. Gurney gave him advice and money; he did the same, after, to two other monks; and tells us pitiously that the whole affair cost him over 15L., which he hopes some good Churchman may make up to him, "since it was spent in an endeavour to do good on definite Church-of-England principles." Father Ignatius gave them most affectionate letters; but made no concession, and demanded unreserved obedience. One of the three, Mr. Gurney thinks, is not a true man; another seems to have applied his money in an unauthorized way. In fact, if Father Ignatius has any work to do, he is well rid of troublesome, if not suspicious, persons like Brothers Clement and Maurus. It is a little laughable that while "the revival of Brotherhoods" is a matter of which most of us are still discussing the possibility, the "brothers" should have already begun to complain of the evils of centralization, and the desirableness of different "orders," with different heads of different temperaments, so as to suit the different natures of those who join. A Mr. Walker, who was for ten days at Claydon, and then wrote a book, thinks it is not too great stringency, but *not keeping to rules*, which is ruining Norwich. It is really (says he) not a monastery at all but a mission. Mr. Lyne tries to combine the two; he makes the monks keep the rule of silence, while he is "constantly receiving visitors, and chatting with them in his own room;" he keeps the monks to the diet of the order, while he, constantly preaching, &c., lives what they call luxuriously. Above all, he never consults them, as the rule of St. Benedict bids all abbots do. "Brother Maurus's" book on "the scandals at Norwich" is advertised; but "Brother Stanislaus" disclaims indignantly all share in it, and says such things should be kept within their own walls. As for Mr. Lyne, we fancy it would puzzle even the Bishop of Oxford to get much useful work out of such stubborn stuff. None of his vagaries, however, can excuse the way in which he occasionally gets treated. It was bad enough just lately at Manchester; but infinitely worse not long before at refined and courtly Bath; where at the eleventh hour, after the bills stating prices of admission were printed, the Mayor refused to allow any charge to be made (the meeting was to have been held in the Guildhall), so that the room was invaded by the unwashed, and their leaders and abettors, the speaker's temper was sorely tried, the confusion became indescribable, and a savage mob waited for the Father outside, and cut the traces of a carriage which a chance visitor had driven over, thinking by so doing to hinder Mr. Lyne's escape. The worst of it was, the most outrageous among the crowd were people who, from their social position, certainly ought to have known better.

MISCELLANEA.

ANECDOTES OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.—During the time that the cholera raged so severely, a man had been carried to the dead-house who had only swooned, and on recovering himself was naturally very anxious to get away from the unpleasant companions with whom he had been lodged. There was a Sepoy sentry near the door, and on the supposed defunct beating against it with all his might in desperate anxiety to get out, the Sepoy, nowise disturbed at this unusual incident, challenged in due form, and demanded "Who comes there?" The clamour for liberation being renewed, the Sepoy, no doubt imagining that it was an unruly ghost who wanted his body buried before the regular time, replied: "There are no orders for opening the door, and besides, your box (coffin) has not yet come."

The following incident shows the reckless daring crined at times by our soldiers. Two non-commis-

sioned officers found time to make a wager of a trifling nature, as to who would be the first to enter the battery; they accordingly strained every nerve to accomplish the object of their ambition; but sharp as they were, they were outrun by a private of their corps, who bore away the palm from all competitors. On entering the battery, the non-coms. discovered their rival upon the ground, whilst close by him was lying a Grenadier Sepoy, both of whom were transfixed upon each other's bayonet; in this state they lay glaring at each other, whilst the crimson tide of life was fast receding from them both. Upon the entry to the battery of Brigadier Showers, he exclaimed, when looking upon his brave countryman, who was fast dying, 'I never saw a British soldier die in a more honourable position.'

WELLINGTON AND OBEDIENCE.—That Lord Wellington never forgave disobedience to orders, whatever might be the justification, is well known. The following anecdote is an illustration of the fact.

The day after Vittoria, Norman Ramsay (whose exploit at Fuentes d'Gnor, when at the head of his troop he charged and broke through a large body of French cavalry who had surrounded him, forms the theme of one of Napier's most eloquent pages) was accompanying the army then in pursuit of the flying French; passing him on the road Lord Wellington ordered Ramsay to take his troop to a village then near, adding that if there were orders for the troop in the course of the night he would send them. Early the following morning Ramsay received orders from a staff officer to rejoin his brigade. He at once proceeded to do so, when he was met by Wellington, who angrily ordered him to be put under arrest, and his troop handed over to Captain Cator, for having disobeyed his orders in not remaining at the village until he received further directions from himself. This measure nearly broke the soldier's heart, to be thus separated from those he had led through so many a bloody field, and the parting was keenly felt by the officers and men. Lord Fitzroy Somerset and the whole of Wellington's staff, as well as Colonel Dickson and the officers of the artillery, made every effort to move his Lordship in Ramsay's favour, but to no purpose. Sir T. Graham addressed a letter to him on the subject which made him angry with that officer, and it was not till three weeks afterwards that Ramsay was restored to the command of his troop. His name was omitted, however, in the Brevet that came out after the battle of Vittoria, and he did not receive his majority until the conclusion of the war, though none had earned it so faithfully and so well. Obedience before everything, was the Duke's motto.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. II., TORONTO.—We are obliged to you for your suggestions, and may possibly avail ourselves of them in future numbers. Literature in Canada does not pay as a profession; hence, while we believe there is plenty of literary ability in our midst, circumstances have failed to develop it. It will all come in good time, doubtless, and then we shall be able to fill the READER with original matter. Meanwhile we must be dependent upon eminent British authors for our Serial Novels and Tales.

CLERICUS.—We shall carefully exclude all objectionable and sensational articles from the READER. Our object, announced in our first issue is to supply a living, healthy, Canadian Journal which shall supplant papers of the Ledger and Waverly stamp.

CLERICUS LONDON.—Arrangements for a chess column are almost completed. We shall be glad to receive original problems from our friends.

T. S.—Our political position is one of entire independence; we know no parties in Canadian politics, and cannot lend our space to vituperative attacks upon Mr. Brown or any other public man.

ELLEN T.—The manuscript is received, but we fear it is not of sufficient general interest for publication. Try again.

T. S. B.—You are refreshingly cool, but we deem ourselves quite able to take care of our own interests, and must decline your proposition.

QUEL Communication received—will have our attention.

CANADIAN LASSIE.—Writes to ask if we will give our opinion after the manner of English Periodicals, on things generally interesting to ladies, such as the style of handwriting; colour of the hair, &c. We answer yes. Our fair countrywomen will always find us devoted to their service.

PASTIMES.

We shall occasionally test the ingenuity of our readers by presenting them with a batch of Enigmas, Conundrums, Anagrams, Problems, &c., the elucidation of which may tend to brighten the long winter evenings which are now rapidly approaching. We desire to make the READER an ever welcome guest at the family fireside, and shall spare no pains to do so. Will our friends oblige us by forwarding any original, or well selected matter, suitable for this department of our Journal?

RIDDLES.

- 1 I went into a wood and got it. I sat down to look for it, and brought it home because I could not find it. What was it?
- 2 Why is the letter W like a busy body?
- 3 Part of a foot with judgment transpose, and the answer you'll find just under your nose.
- 4 Why do pioneers go before an army?
- 5 What is the name of that city, a word of one syllable, which by taking away two letters becomes a word of two syllables?
- 6 What is the most pleasant music in the ball room?
- 7 A word there is of plural number,
A foe to peace and human slumber;
Now any word you chance to take,
By adding s you plural make;
But if you add an s to this,
How strange the metaphorphos is!
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet's s' what bitter was before.

ENIGMA.

I've sometimes a tail,
I'm oft without one;
I've sometimes a head,
Then again nary one;
Head-less or tail-less
Quite perfect I am;
But yet at the best,
I'm only a sham.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1 When is butter like Irish children?
- 2 A lady asked a gentleman how old he was? He replied, "What you do in everything." What was his answer, and what his age?
- 3 What relation is that child to its own father, who is not its father's own son?
- 4 Why may carpenters reasonably doubt the existence of stone?
- 5 Why is Westminster Abbey like a fender?
- 6 Why is a railway train like a flea?

ANAGRAMS.

The letters composing the following words are capable of being re-arranged so as to form other words or sentences having some intelligible reference to the original words:

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| 1. Catalogues. | 7. Parishioners. |
| 2. Radical Reform. | 8. Penitentiary. |
| 3. Matrimony. | 9. Revolution. |
| 4. Sweet-heart. | 10. Telegraphs. |
| 5. Astronomers. | 11. Lawyers. |
| 6. Elegant. | 12. Masquerade. |

PROBLEMS.

1. Supposing Nelson's Monument to be 95 feet high, the statue itself 12 feet—and the eye of the observer 5 feet from the ground. It is required to ascertain the distance of the eye from the monument, so that the statue shall appear the largest, or mathematically speaking, subtend the greatest possible angle.—Demomstration required.—F.H.A.
2. A gardener draws a roller at the rate of two miles an hour; the roller is 2 feet 9 inches wide. In what time will he roll a quarter of an acre?
3. If 3 men or 4 women can do a piece of work in fifty-six days, in what time will one man and one woman perform it?
4. There is a fall upon a stream of 11 feet, down which 22,400 lbs of water descend per minute, and on which there was erected a water-wheel whose modulus is .6. What is its horse power?

Answers to the above riddles, &c. and solutions to the Problems will appear in No. 5 of the READER.

Correspondents favouring us with Problems for insertion will please append the solutions.