

THE FLOWERS.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

When God to man a being gave,
 'Twas with a garden fair;
 His first-drawn breath was from a wave
 Of odor-wafting air.
 As visions, at his spirit's birth,
 The tender eyelids burst,
 He saw, from out his kindred earth,
 The flowers had risen first.

'Mid clustering vines, and trees, that woo'd
 His new-created sight,
 Were fruits for rich, salubrious food—
 The flowers for his delight.
 And these were led from living springs,
 Baptized with holy dew,
 And softly fanned by angel's wings
 In beauty while they grew.

They shone a glorious volume, spread
 For his all-peaceful hours;
 The first sweet book man ever read
 Was of the leaves of flowers.
 Pure thoughts of his almighty Friend,
 With radiance from above,
 Were on the countless pages penned—
 Its Author's name was Love.

When Adam was compelled to leave
 His blissful native bowers,
 To sooth him and the sorrowing Eve,
 God spared them still the flowers.
 For, quickly as an angel speeds,
 Before them had their flown
 Myriads of Eden's swift-winged seeds—
 All earth with flowers was strown.

Their smiles along the exile's way,
 And spicy breath they gave;
 When cold in death and dust he lay,
 They gathered o'er his grave,
 If sometimes there they drop their bloom,
 From living germs they rise;
 As hope springs heavenward from the tomb,
 Unfolding to the skies.

When Christ to earth in meekness came,
 With soul redeeming power,
 He chose a home that bore the name
 Which signifies a flower,*
 The lily bells, that beauteous hung
 Where passed his infant days,
 Had each a pure and truthful tongue
 To give their Maker praise.

And earthward as they lowly bowed,
 Like violets o'er the sod
 They poured sweet odors, as a cloud,
 That, mounting, rose to God:
 The while on countless airy stems,
 As censers, many a cup
 Like gold and pearl, and bright-hued gems,
 Fresh incense offered up.

When by His lips the precepts taught
 His Father's will revealed,
 He chose to image forth his thought,
 "The lilies of the field."
 And 'tis His Church that, like "the Rose
 Of Sharon" sweet and fair,
 Or "Lily of the Valley," grows
 Alone beneath His care.

If thus our Saviour loved the flowers,
 And thence pure symbols drew,
 Must not a love like this be ours,
 While we to Him are true?
 If they delighted man, before
 His eye had dropt a tear,
 Shall we not worship God the more,
 That they surround us here!

Made perfect by Almighty skill,
 As when in Eden-bloom,
 They brighten all our paths; and still
 Our vital air perfume.
 That book of thousand beauteous dyes
 Presents his love and power,
 Whose hand sustains earth, sea and skies,
 Recorded in the flower!

From the Tablet.

Rome as it was under Paganism,
 and as it became under the
 Popes. 2 vols. London. Madden, 1812

The following is from the opening of the
 third book:—

"Totila, the Goth," says Procopius (who served in the staff of Belisarius, and was his secretary), "determined to level Rome with the ground, and make the regions where it stood a place of pasturage for flocks and herds." Preparations were made to overturn the monuments and trophies that still survived so many ravages, and to destroy the palaces and temples by fire. These he spared, at the instance of an embassy sent by Belisarius, from where he lay with the forces of the Greek emperor at Ostia; but the walls he caused to be in great part demolished, and carried away as captives the miserable remnant of the senate and the Roman people, with their wives and children. He suffered no one to remain behind, so that the city was a perfect solitude. The Chronicle of Marcellinus adds, that for forty days and upwards Rome had no inhabitants but wild beasts and birds of prey. It was towards the close of the interval, that Belisarius felt a desire to visit and survey with his own eyes the ruins of a place that had been the theatre of so much grandeur and renown; and, with this view, he sallied forth from the sea-port at the head of a strong squadron of his guards.

A marble wilderness extended on every side, as far as the eye could reach, strewed with the ruins of Vitruvian villas, temples, and aqueducts; the waste water of the latter had filled all the valleys and overflowed the low grounds of the Campagna, converting into marshes and mantling pools, those regions which, ere while, had abounded with all the delights of the Hesperides. The thoroughfares of the nations were silent and lonely as the double line of tombs through which they passed. The towers and inscriptions over the gates had been torn down, and their bronze portals carried off in the plunder train of the barbarian. The rock-built walls of Rome lay low; and the tramp of their war-horses was muffled by the grass, as Belisarius and his troops rode under a succession of dismantled arches, down towards the forum, along the "sacred way."

The fox looked out from the casements of the Palatine, and barked sharply at the intruders as they rode on; wolves prowled through the vacant streets, or littered in the palace halls; wild dogs hunted, in packs, through the great circus, through the baths, along the Campus Martius, and on to the gardens of Sallust and Mæcenas, through the promenades of the Suburra.—Outlandish beasts—as if escaped from the menageries and keeps of the amphitheatres—lay sleeping and enjoying themselves in the sunshine of the porticos, or tore one another to pieces, as the factions had done of old, around the rostrum, and in the assembly-place of the people; others growled and snarled, and gloated over the unburied carcasses and whitening skeletons of the dead. Ravens and vultures desisted from feeding their sanguinary nestlings, to hoot the warriors, as they

wound slowly among the prostrate columns and entablatures of temples that outnumbered the ascent to the capitol, or, starting from their perching places on trophy and triumphal arch, hovered, and flapped their sable wings above the plumage of their helmets. Once more, the Roman eagle soars above the Tarpeian tower—that cry from whence, for a thousand years, it had flown forth to carnage; and the martial bugle makes the field of Mars resound again.—But instead of the warlike response of legions—clamouring to be led against the Samnite or the Parthian—there broke out a hideous medley of yells and howling, yelp, bark, and roar, out-topped by the shrill cries of ill-omened birds, startled from their roosts in the sanctuary recesses, and from the niches and cornices of the senate-house. The warriors listened for some human sound. In vain they listened, and listened again! There was the Palatine, the forum, the capitol, the Campus Martius, and the Tiber, flowing under a beauteous summer sky beneath the Tarpeian cliff—but the legions, the emperors, the senate, and the Roman people, where were they?

When the savage uproar had at last subsided, save a casual outbreak of a howl or bark reverberating dismally among the ruins, and along the valleys and the river banks, all, within the boundaries of the seven hills, was again as silent as the grave!

Never had mortal eye beheld a catastrophe more impressive. Fortune had turned back upon her steps, and made it her sport to reverse every thing, upon that very scene, where, beyond all others, men had become elated with imagining, that she had, at length, "descended from her slippery globe, for ever, and fixed her perpetual sojourn. But it would seem as if she had lured the Romans to the highest pinnacle of grandeur and felicity, only to render their downfall the more tremendous—had helped them to build up testimonials of boundless empire, and to stamp a character of eternity upon their works, merely that the vouchers of her own instability might endure for ever.

After being deified by the prostrate earth, and having temples, and priests, and altars, consecrated for their worship, the emperors of Rome were led about as harlequins, to grace the triumph and contribute mirth to the carousals of the Goths. The iron legions, that had trodden down the nations, had been trodden down in their turn. The slave had seen his tyrant lord in suppliant at his feet for life; at his gate for bread; to escape from dignities for which the Gracchi, the Scipios, and the Cæsars had contended, men of patrician lineage had themselves branded and ranked as slaves. To be a Roman, once a distinction prouder than that of royalty had become the vilest badge of infamy.—The lords of palaces that resembled cities, and of estates that included kingdoms within their limits, saw themselves without a home or a rood of land. "In this revolution, the sons and daughters of Roman consuls tasted the misery which they had so often spurned or relieved, wandered in

the city, and begged for the most sordid pittance, perhaps without success, before the gates of their hereditary mansions;" others expired of famine upon silken couches, amid halls of more than regal splendour, or were led away (a lot still more insupportable) to minister to the rude conquerors, amid devastated villas and gardens that reminded them of many a bright summer time passed in dalliance and enjoyment. To the very west, the Fates had unravelled their most gorgeous tissue, and, from the ruins of the Palatine and the capitol, had abandoned the fame of kings, consuls, and emperors, to the scoffing winds.

Even the memorials of her ancient glories served, and that not a little, to multiply and increase the calamities of Rome. The sight of them infuriated the barbarians. They made it a sacred duty to slaughter the craven multitudes they found loitering round, and boasting alliance with monuments, intended to perpetuate the memory of the injuries and insults inflicted by their sires upon humanity; and it would seem as if so many millions had been gathered into one place, by allurements of largesses, shows, and every sensual indulgence, that the scythe of the destroyer might mow them down with the greater facility and expedition. The metropolis of the nations had become their sepulchre; and the soil of their pampered bodies fattened and almost filled up the valleys of the seven hills.

Nor were the barbarians satisfied with wreaking vengeance on the descendants and heirs of the old race of aggressors.—They aimed at the annihilation of whatever could perpetuate the memory of their triumphs, and of their own disasters and past humiliations—of every thing in fine that art or conventional usage had impressed with that execrated Roman name.

Catholicity Triumphant!

We take the following remarkable article from the *Univers*, a French paper:—*Boston Pilot*.

To every serious and elevated mind, anxious to consider in the lull of passion, and in the silence of exterior occupations, the spectacles presented by the last six years, one prominent fact will present itself superior to events, forcing the course of natural objects, casting dismay and unforeseen disaster into the calculation of human thought, attracting to itself homage involuntary, bending, under its sway, wills the most ungovernable, and ruling, in fine, the scene of revolutions by a supreme and inevitable empire. We speak of Catholicism—of the part which it enacts—of the destinies to which it is tending.

It had been already a long time beset, and when the French Revolution broke out, it but continued the war opened by the Reformation and bequeathed to the preachers of Protestantism, by the heresiarchs and the persecutors of the preceding ages. The eighteenth century had been entirely occupied, with the terrible struggle between faith and philosophy; this struggle had absorbed all the faculties, had made use of every power from the genius of writers to the

* The word Nazareth, in Hebrew, signifies a flower; and St. Jerome, who mentions this circumstance, considers it to be the cause of the allusion made to a flower in the prophecy concerning Christ.—[Dr. E. D. Clarke.]