

is merely a collection of fragments. The first that caught my eye was entitled « Banditti. » The picture is interesting, and was perhaps accurate in those days ; but in the midst of it come foul insinuations contained in lines that are worse than the death-bed scene in Marryat. This is not what Rogers saw in Italy, any more than the other is what Marryat saw in Corsica. These were the imaginations of the hearts of English gentlemen in the early days of the present century. I turned to another fragment called « The Nun. » It is less vile, but it is also an English imagination, not an Italian picture. Rogers appears to have been present at the « clothing » of a postulant of noble family, and his description of what he actually witnessed is correct. He saw her cast away with alacrity and joy her worldly trappings, submit without repugnance to the cutting off of her beautiful tresses, and clothe herself with the humble habit and veil of a nun. It is after this, when the ceremony is over, that the Protestant imagination of the poet runs riot. He follows her to her cell, and thinks of the days when her enthusiasm will have passed away :

In thy gentle bosom sleep
 Feelings, affections, destined now to die,
 To wither like the blossom in the bud,
 Those of a wife, a mother ; leaving there
 A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,
 A languor and a lethargy of soul
 Deathlike and gathering more and more, till Death
 Come to release thee.

Rogers wrote in 1822. Such were then the prevalent views in England regarding the cloister ; not deduced from history or observation, but drawn from mere Protestant theory or on. A nunnery was either a place of scandal or a tomb of broken hearts. Now-a-days there are very many English ladies who will warmly resent the theory that all who are not wives and mother are « blossoms withered in the bud. » There are also so many nuns now on English soil that facts are fiction, and languor and lethargy are not considered the staple of the conventual life.

It is more interesting to contrast Rogers with himself,