

## THE EFFECTS OF LOCAL SCENERY ON THE MIND.

MESSINA DESCRIBED.

In travelling over the surface of this globe, we find some places, which for their historical celebrity, and the memorable events that have taken place in them, awaken in the mind of the conscious beholder a sort of melancholy approaching to the sublime. I experienced once in a very strong degree this sadly pleasing sensation.

I was seated at the time on the heights of Messina in Sicily, near a ruined convent, a few remaining apartments of which having been spared by the earthquake of 1783, were inhabited by mendicant friars of the order of Saint Francis. The city with its fort on the near extremity of its peninsular *zankle*, the scythe-like bond of which forms the harbour: and its delightful environs, lay all stretched out beneath me, as on a map, depicted to the view. I saw the vessels gliding slowly to and fro round the light-house, through the much famed straits of Scylla and Charybdis; while others far to the left were seen appearing or disappearing as they rounded or cleared the Faro tower, situated on the utmost point of Pelorus. Opposite appeared the Calabrian coast, stretching all along from Scylla's promontory on the north to the southern extremity of Italy, beyond the town of Reggio.—The whole scene was beautiful beyond description, especially at the season of the year, when my attention happened to be so particularly directed towards it. It was in the month of April, when the trees were all hung with their full spread vernal foliage; and the fields, unscorched with summer's heat, embroidered with every gay coloured and sweet scented flower.

In this solitary and elevated spot, removed from all the bustle and tumult of the busy world, I was retracing in my mind the many important events recorded in history, which had taken place in those classic regions; and the many changes these had since undergone down to the present times. No sound was heard to interrupt my melancholy musings, but the frequent humming of the bee; or the soft whisperings of the balmy breeze, moving at intervals the many crowded leaves of a wide spreading fig tree, in the shade of which I reclined.

And ah! said I, how vain is here evinced, and insignificant all the mighty toil and trouble of ever restless and proud aspiring mortals; whose generations thus pass away and succeed each other, like the swelling and murmuring waves on the sea shore! The greatest states and empires have been seen here to die out, like the obscurest individual of the human race. The Greek Republics have all vanished with their fame. The Romans who once dictated the law to the rest of mankind, and their powerful Carthaginian rivals, have also disappeared. Their name is but an empty passing sound; and their mighty feats figure no where now, save in the page of history.

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## THE CHURCH.

Ark of our hope! though wild the waves  
Of sin and error round thee roll,  
And o'er thy path the tempest raves  
To turn thee from thy destined goal;—  
'Tis cheering through the gloom to see  
Thy red cross banner wide unfurled,  
Above the storm wave fearlessly,  
Thy refuge of a ruined world.

Come on the floating stream of time  
Through buried eyes thou hast past,  
And in thy onward course sublime,  
Attained our distant day at last;  
No trace of Eld's corroding tooth  
Upon thy glorious form appears,  
But radiant with immortal youth,  
It floats amid the wreck of years.

Nations now see thy cheering light,  
And own its kindling power divine,  
Who long in Error's dreary night,  
Have knelt at some unholy shrine:  
Led by thy mild and steady ray,  
In thronging multitudes they come,  
Thy fair proportions to survey,  
And find in thee a peaceful home.

Secure within thy hallowed walls,  
O'er life's tempestuous sea we glide,  
Nor heed the storm which idly falls  
In angry surges on thy side;  
For HE who saved the timid band  
Once rudely tost on Galileo,  
Will still extend his mighty hand,  
And spread his guardian care o'er thee.

I love thy sacred courts to tread—  
The organ's solemn tones to hear—  
And lowly bend a suppliant head  
Where God vouchsafes a listening ear;  
I love the reconciling word  
Which sweetly tells of sins forgiven,—  
The song Judea's shepherds heard,  
Sung by the herald host of heaven.

There sheltered from the busy strife  
Which fills each anxious moment here,  
And makes our little term of life  
One scene of selfish thought appear;  
The soul may view her bright abode—  
The glorious mansions of the blest—  
Where, in the city of their God,  
The weary find eternal rest.

From the Catholic Herald.

TO THE REV. W. B. ODENHEIMER, A. M.  
RECTOR OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.  
No. XIV.

REV. SIR:—I did intend to extend my observations on the contents of the "Prayer Book" to other points besides those already treated of, as well as to call your attention to some features of ALL ancient liturgies, which were entirely lost sight of in that book; circumstances induces me to suspend further observations for the present, though I may be thought to conclude rather abruptly.

If I have rendered you any service in your contemplated second edition, you are welcome to this effect of my labors.—When that appears, I may be ready to repeat the same kind offices; and by our united efforts "The Offering" may advance even to a third edition. Though I promise myself a rich treat indeed in the production of the sober second thoughts, I am not so sanguine as to anticipate unalloyed perfection. With the assurance that my feeble efforts shall not be wanting to bring it to still greater perfection, I may perhaps indulge a hope, that you will consent to my suspending farther research for the present.

If the service I have rendered could be thought to entitle me to make one suggestion regarding the contents of the

forthcoming edition, it would be this:—You evidently have no objection to good long explanatory notes. They occupy one fourth of the "Offering;" the calls for them run on to the letter P. One more will not burden it much. If on one side you state the doctrinal character of the various "steps" in the formation of the liturgy, be they "backwards," be they onwards, and on the other state, the doctrine of the King or Queen, or the party in power in England at the time; I will venture to promise, that more light will be thrown on the spirit that presided over the changes of the Prayer Book,—more will be done towards 'classifying' the facts connected with its history in the minds of your readers, than by any of the notes from A to P.

There are some Theological curiosities in the "Offering" which would, indeed, offer an interesting subject for consideration, but which I will now leave untouched. I will merely call your attention to a few points, that you may have an opportunity of presenting them in a still more enticing form in the second edition.

The first point is the historico-dogmatical extract from your learned brother of Trinity Church, Southwark, contained in note M. He has certainly made an important discovery in Theological science—one that requires but to be fully known, to be duly appreciated. "There are very serious difficulties," he says, "affecting the regularity and even the VALIDITY of (Archbishop Carroll's) consecration."—The difficulties affecting the regularity arise, I suppose, from no act of parliament having been procured in England to authorize it, as was done for Bishop White, or from his not having been sent for by the gentleman of the Protestant Episcopal convention of the United States. To this fact we plead guilty, we have no other bar against judgment but to put in a demurrer against the principles of law by which such permission is contended to be necessary. While this point is being argued, we will find some consolation in recollecting that the same difficulty will affect the regularity of the consecration of St. Paul; in as much as the act of parliament or imperial rescript by which such consecration was permitted, is not found on any record with which I am acquainted.

But there are "difficulties" affecting the VALIDITY of his consecration. Oh! this is indeed important. This discovery will form a perfect offset to all that has been said about Parker's consecration, or non-consecration on which all your orders depend. But what is the difficulty? It is "in consequence of his ordination having been performed by only one titular bishop."!! There is between this and Parker's case one rather important point of difference, inasmuch as the difficulty with regard to Parker consists in its being more than doubtful, that he was ever consecrated by any bishop at all. Theological investigation would be thrown away on the learned gentleman who could propose this difficulty; I will therefore trouble neither you or him with any discussion on this point. I will merely remind you that a "difficulty" exactly sim-

ilar, if difficultly it be, is found at the foot of all English orders—not merely of those orders that are said to be possessed by the clergy of the Establishment since the Reformation, but all those which existed in England since the days of him whom you style "The Monk Augustine," "The Schismatic," "The Usurper," but who has always been known by the Catholic world, and even now is known by the English Protestant Church, as Saint Augustine, the Apostle of England. With the permission of St. Gregory, the Pope of that day, this Saint alone consecrated the first English bishops,\* and with the sanction of St. Gregory's successor, Dr. Walmsley alone consecrated bishop Carroll. The law of the church requiring the assistance of two more bishops was relaxed in both cases by the same authority; every difficulty, therefore, attending one case will necessarily exist also in the other. If the learned Rector of Trinity Church, Southwark, had extended his antiquarian labors to something more than the recollection of some antiquated objections he would have perceived the difficulty in which he was placing himself; for much as you revile St. Augustine, I believe you will find it necessary to defend his acts, if you wish to defend the validity of your own orders.

Another theological curiosity is the manner in which you endeavor to make it appear, that at the Reformation a new church was not established in England, but that the same church, which had existed before, continued on, established by law, from which we have separated; and that Protestant Episcopalians are in this country and in England, the genuine members of the One, Catholic church, spread over the whole world. One church! consisting of Protestant Episcopalians in England and America, of Papists in France, Italy, &c. &c. &c., of Greek schismatics at Constantinople, and I know not what! What a beautiful specimen of unity this ONE church would present! The One Church teaching the most opposite doctrines, and its parts excommunicating one another besides.—If you try to find instances of such notions of such unity in ancient times, I fear you will be somewhat puzzled, even though you call to your aid your learned brother of Trinity Church, Southwark, so deeply versed in ancient maxims.

But you are Catholics; we are not;—to be known, we require some other designation. The world does not say so at least. The test that St. Augustine applied in his day would hold equally good in this. I am sure that if any one, even at the corner of Third and Pine, enquired for the nearest Catholic Church, no one would direct him to the adjoining St. Peter's, he would be directed Northward, and be compelled to walk some squares before he would be told he had reached what he was in search of. The Rev. Mr. Odenheimer a Catholic! That it may yet be so, I heartily desire; but really, sir, if such a thing were announced in one of our papers, I am sure, as matters now stand, we should have it contradicted the very next morning, to allay the alarm.

\*Vide Bede, lib 1, cap 27.