

Sir Everard Tilney had ridden from Lancaster, and his rich dress was travel-stained, his scarlet riding mantle dripped with the rain, and the white ostrich plume in the Spanish hat, which he did not deign to doff when he entered into the presence of the despoiled community, lay flat upon his shoulder. Costly gems sparkled upon his baldric, fastened the falling lace collar at his throat, and studded the hilt of his sword and of his dagger.

With a puerile vanity, the rapacious spoiler had arrayed himself as for a bridal feast when he rode to Furness as a sacrilegious robber.

There was a dull clank of his military boots, a jingle of his gold spurs, as he strode into the apartment, and stood erect and defiant before the abbot.

A man of noble figure and majestic demeanor, but with his face shadowed by his flapping Spanish hat and the gloom of the dying day.

"I am Sir Everard Tilney!" he said. And his clear and strong but harsh voice, called echoes from the vaulted roof. "And I expect that these halls be at once vacated!"

"Fear not, Sir Everard!" replied the abbot, in a calm, sad voice, "We are even now ready to depart! Yet, unwilling as I am to trespass upon charity in a place where I so long bestowed it, I am fain to turn suppliant to you! Turn not away in wrath, Sir Everard. The favors I seek of you are few in number."

"It is well! Let them also be small in amount, abbot!" replied the knight. "I like not thy preface; and as to charity, thou shalt be surer to need it when thou and thy droning monks are swept from the lands they have cumbered so long!"

The abbot noted not this brutal rejoinder further than by saying, "Fear not, Sir Everard Tilney. The favors I seek of thee will not tax the funds of the monastery! The first is to pray of you to allow the shelter of this roof for the night to one of our sick brethren! He is a stranger who has lately joined us from Ireland, where he took his vows. His health has been long infirm, for a sore domestic sorrow drove him from the world, and now he is well nigh spent. We have a lodging for him at Dalton, but we fear he will die upon the journey; and if you are pleased to suffer him to remain here; a few feet of earth in the cemetery may be all he will want from charity by to-morrow's dawn."

"I doubt me," replied the savage knight, "this is but a cunning pretext to leave some of thy whining tribe still in possession; and I am not a man learned in the law, so that I know not if I grant your request, how you may circumvent me! However, let me see thy sick brother. If he is so near death, I will demand not that you should remove him. I know the signs of death, for I have fronted the grim horror on many a bloody battle-field; for it was in seeking a soldier's fame, that I sought forgetfulness of domestic woe and wrong, and not in the dull life of a puling monk, as this thy brother has done!"

THE DAILY LIFE OF PIUS IX.

A CORRESPONDENT of the 'Français' gives a fresh account of the daily life of the venerable Pontiff, which assumes new interest with his increasing age:—

'Winter and summer, in spite of his eighty-two years, Pius IX. rises at half-past five, and dresses himself without any assistance. He generally wakes of himself. After some prayers he goes up to one of his private chapels, where the Holy Sacrament is always preserved, and which contains some inestimable relics; among others a fragment of the crib, and a large piece of the true Cross, the veil of St. Veronica, a considerable portion of the skull of St. John the Baptist, and some of the teeth of St. Peter. He then prepares for his Mass, which he says at half-past seven, in a smaller and less decorated chapel. Those persons who have obtained permission at the audiences of the previous day assist at this Mass, and receive the Holy Communion from his hand. The Pope celebrates Mass with the profoundest recollection, and with a piety which not unfrequently reveals itself in tears. He then attends another Mass, said by one of his chaplains, after which he gives his benediction to the priest and his assistants and retires. It is then about three-quarters past eight. The breakfast is brought in, which consists of broth and a cup of *café noir*. Cardinal Antonelli afterwards has a conference with his Holiness, excepting on the Tuesdays and Fridays, when his place is taken by Mgr. Marino Marini. Towards ten o'clock the Holy Father receives his letters and papers, which are, it is needless to say, always of very considerable number. The Pope glances over the 'Osservatore Romano' and the 'Voce della Verità,' but never, I regret (says the correspondent of the 'Français') to inform my *confreres* at Paris, does he examine the French journals, which arrive in large numbers, and of which, save in very exceptional cases, he does not even unfasten the band! After this the private audiences commence. The ceremonial is well known. Men are dressed in black coats with white cravats, and have neither hat nor gloves. They make three genuflections on entering, and then kneel at the feet of the Holy Father, who raises them up. The Pope is seated, the visitor standing or kneeling. Cardinals and princes alone have the right to a *tabouret* in the presence of the Pope. These audiences form the most laborious and most fatiguing portion of the daily life of the Sovereign Pontiff. The Secretary's department is literally inundated with applications, which, during the travelling season especially, amount to an incredible number. Therefore, by the order of his physician, the Pope, during these last few years, has been accustomed, about eleven o'clock, to take a little broth, in order to keep up his strength, followed by a glass of Bordeaux, which is sent to him by the Sisters of St. Joseph from a vine kept especially for his use. Formerly Pius IX. never took anything stronger than the common white wine. It was only on the approach of his eightieth year that he consented to take half a glass of Bordeaux or Capri.

"At the audiences in the Pope's apartments only men are received. Directly one visit is terminated, his Holiness rings a little hand-bell, which is placed upon his table, and another person is introduced by the prelate in attendance.

"Towards twelve o'clock or half-past, the Holy Father leaves his room and proceeds to take a walk in the garden or in the library, or sometimes in the halls and galleries. On his way he meets families, deputations, and persons admitted to public audiences. He blesses and indulgences the rosaries, medals, and crosses with which visitors are in general amply provided. He exchanges a few words with each person, he listens to their demands, and often he addresses a little discourse to them. At half-past one the Holy Father returns from his promenade. He dismisses his attendants, and again goes up to his little chapel, where he remains until two o'clock in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. Then comes the hour of dinner. This repast is invariably composed of a *potage* and of some poultry, which is served upon a large plate, together with some broth and vegetables. (This is more in accordance with the English than with the foreign custom.) The Pope rarely touches poultry or broth. He takes some of the vegetables, a little Roman *friture*, and some fruit. The train-bearer and private secretary of his Holiness, Mgr. Cinni, assists at the repasts. In summer the dinner is followed by a *siesta* of a quarter of an hour. The rosary and the recital of the office in the Breviary, which the Pope says daily with as much strictness as any country *curé*, occupies his time until four o'clock, when he takes a second walk in the winter in *Loges de Raphael*, and in the summer in the gardens of the Vatican. Some of the *beaux-esprits* have amused themselves at the idea of this 'prisoner,' whom, say they, every one surrounds with respect, and no one prevents from going out. It is not the less true, however, that Pius IX. is morally as closely imprisoned as if the gates of the Vatican were all bolted fast. It would be impossible for him to go beyond the palace without at once exciting by his presence manifestations of the most opposite kind. The insults and revilings of the Liberal Press would be called forth by the transports of the faithful, as a proof of which we may recall the scenes of the 24th of May last, when the crowd thought that they perceived the Sovereign Pontiff at the windows of the Vatican.

"The Pope's favorite walk in the gardens is one carpeted with flowers and bordered with magnificent orange trees. He likes to rest upon an iron seat at the further end, under the shade of a weeping willow, near a fountain which is called the Fountain of Zitella, while through the railings of the neighboring poultry-yard he throws crumbs of bread and cake to some little pigeons, whose plumage is as white as his own habit. In the very hot weather Pius IX. prefers a neighboring walk, equally scented by the perfume of the orange trees, but far more shady, and at the end of which is a miniature *fac simile* of the Grotto of Lourdes, with the statue of the Blessed Virgin. Sometimes the Holy Father pursues his walk between the hedge-rows and among the groves ornamented with statues and with cascades, but he never descends into the *parterre*, notwithstanding the care with which a zealous gardener has designed in gigantic characters in box the armorial bearings of the Pope, with the words, *Pio Nono, Pontifice massimo*.

"Leaning on a stick, and slightly bending forward, Pius IX. still walks bravely, and often he only sits down (as he observes with a smile) in order to give a little rest to the weary limbs of the old cardinals who have some difficulty in following him. His Holiness then returns to the house and remains with the persons of his household until the hour of the Angelus, which he always says aloud, followed by a *De Profundis*.

"Then the private audiences begin again, and last until supper-time. The Pope takes his third meal about nine o'clock, immediately before retiring for the night. This repast is even more simple than the preceding ones, for it is only composed of some broth with two plainly boiled potatoes, seasoned with a little salt, followed by some fruit. I do not know (adds the correspondent of the 'Français') if many princes, or even if many private individuals would be well contented with such a bill of fare. The Holy Father retires at ten o'clock without the assistance of a *valet de chambre*, and often at this time the servant of the week, who sleeps in an adjoining room, often hears the venerable Pontiff chanting in a low voice to himself the canticles of the Church. It is well known that Pius IX. has a beautiful voice, powerful, sonorous, and flexible.

"The Pope's bed is the bed of a collegian, being of iron, without any curtains, with the smallest piece of carpet by the bedside. It is in this very humble retreat that Pius IX. enjoys the repose which he has so laboriously earned. His Holiness sleeps with the quiet peaceful repose of an infant. The health which he enjoys is really extraordinary for his age. Once a week his physician and his surgeon pay him a visit, to fulfil the duties of their position. The Pope, with a smile, suffers them to feel his pulse, and when they have quite decided that he is without fever, Pius IX. dismisses the doctors with good-humored affability, and with some of those kindly pleasantries for which he is so remarkable.

"Trials of every kind have passed over the head of the venerable Pontiff without overcoming him, or without in any way diminishing that supernatural serenity which is like a visible aureola on his brow. The bark of Peter is accustomed to the tempest; she floats over it as if it were her native element. Visitors to the admirable library of the Vatican may see there in a glass case a little cross of gold, which was found at the bottom of an antique urn that had been interred at San Lorenzo. This cross formerly belonged to Pius IX., who presented it to the library after having written with his own hand upon the card on which it is fixed these characteristic words, which sum up all his life, and which form a fitting conclusion to this chronicle, '*Cruz est vita mea, Mors inimica tibi.*'"