

MATILDA—A TRAGEDY.

Beside the stream at eyewide
We paused before we parted:
She, being older, only sighed,
But I was broken-hearted.

"Ours more (I said) our troth we plight
Beside this brimming ocean:"
The river rolled its usual height,
The rest was all emotion.

She answered not,—my Love, my Queen!—
She gave a gentle shiver;
(Old-seasoned suitors know how keen
The breeze blows up the river).

"A flower (I said) a flower as sign
Of love approved—confest:"
(I marked a Rose, more red than wine,
That rose upon her breast).

She gave it. Subtlest essences fell
From each pink petal-fold;
I wore it, though my sense of smell
Was something dull—from cold.

She went. And yet no Fate has lit
Our hymenial taper;
But that's not all the worst of it:
The Rose was only paper!

—Austin Dobson.

For the Highland Park News.

PEOULIARITIES OF HISTORIC CHARACTERS.

MR. EDITOR.—

Accidentally picking up an old magazine to relieve the tedium of being confined to the house, I was quite amazed at some of the ideas promulgated by "the Right Rev. Father in God, John, Lord Bishop of Chester." These old saints were excellent mechanics. Friars Bacon and Bungey, the Jesuit Kircher, the Abbe Michael and a host of others. Much valuable information can be acquired from Eubank's works relating to the mechanical skill of the ancients. But to return to Bishop John, who excelled equally in mechanical and theological science, and at one period of his researches in the former seemed almost in danger of rendering the latter useless, viz., according to his Tract, "Discovery of a New World in the Moon, and the Possibility of a Passage Thither."—London, 1638.

It is comical how he does away with all objections to such a passage as arise from the extreme coldness and thinness of the air, the natural weight of man, and the vast distance of the moon from us, the consequent necessity of rest and provisions during so long a journey, there being, as he observes, no inns to entertain passengers on the way or any castles in the air to stop at. He proposes three ways of accomplishing the object. First, by the application of wings to the body, as angels are pictured; Second, by means of *Birds*, for as he quaintly says, "If there be such a great rock in Madagascar as Marcus Polus, the *Venetian*, mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long, which can scoop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our cats do a mouse, why then it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride to the moon as Gany-mede did, upon an eagle, or if neither of these ways will serve you, I do seriously and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a *FLYING CHARIOT* in which a man may sit. The construction of such a chariot, he said, was not a difficult matter.

Bishop Wilkins was another of those ancient mechanics. Now that my pen is in the vein, and if not too tedious, will compile a few more cases to show that the Mechanical, Scientific and Architectural sciences were preserved by the priests and monks of the Roman Catholic Church until Henry the Eighth, of England, finished the Reformation and inaugurated the present church of England. Had Wilkins been a countryman as well as a contemporary of Galileo, his aerial flights would have been confined to a dungeon, and the wings of his genius clipped with Roman shears. Indeed he was the greatest sinner of the two. Galileo merely taught the absurd doctrine of the "sun standing still"—in flat contradiction of those passages in the bible, the sun "rises up" in the east every morning

and "goes down" in the west every night, and the earth is established and "cannot be moved." Whereas the heretical bishop endeavored to open a way by which men could visit other world if they pleased without saying "by your leave," to the successor of St. Peter!

The longing after heaven has set many minds working as to the means of visiting other worlds:

The earliest English aeronaut was Elmer, a monk of the 11th century. He affixed wings to his hands and feet, and took his flight from a lofty tower. He sustained himself for the space of a mile, but his career, (like that of Dante in the 15th century), terminated unfortunately. The machinery becoming disarranged he fell and broke both his legs. Dante, after several successful experiments, fell on the roof of a church and broke his thigh.

As we said before, some of the cleverest workmen were ecclesiastics, and of the highest grades too. Some of the most important improvements in watches, clocks, and instruments of music are theirs; witness Gerbert, Dunstan, Albertus, and many others. The first was a Frenchman whose researches led him at that early period to experiment in steam, and apply it to produce music. He was Archbishop of Rheim and Ravenna, and in 999 A. D. took his seat in St. Peter's chair, and was announced to the world as Pope Sylvester II.

Many of the most eloquent and celebrated of the ancient Bishops were also workers in metals. In the middle ages it was not derogatory for ecclesiastics to work at a trade. Those that did not were accounted unworthy members of the church; hence monks were cooks, carpenters, bakers, farmers, goldsmiths, copyists, etc. All had some occupation. In that famous "monasterie" of Bangor, in the 5th century, there were 2,100, all living by the work of their hands. In the 7th century St. Benedict said "such as lived by their own labor were truly monks." Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the 10th century, was skilled as a jeweler and brass founder. The two large bells in the church at Abingdon were cast by him. He is said to be the inventor of the Aeolian harp.

"St. Dunstan's harp, fast by the wall,
Upon a pin did hang-a;
The harp itself, with ty and all,
Untouched by hands did twang-a."

The genius of some led them to cultivate architecture. In the 11th century Mauritius, Bishop of London, and Gundalpus, Bishop of Rochester, designed many of those beautiful edifices that grace England now. The towers of London were designed by the former.

Leo, Bishop of Tours, in the 6th century, was a great artist especially in wood-work. St. Eloy was a saddler, then a goldsmith and at last Bishop of Wogan. He built many shrines of gold and precious stones. Martin Luther was accustomed to turning and kept a lathe in his home. Many images were made by these priests of ancient times, that were models of ingenuity.

A famous image known as the "Roode of-Grace," is often mentioned by English historians. Speed in his history, page 790, says "it was by divers devices made to bow down and to lift up itself, to shake and to stir both hands and feet, to role its eyes and move its mouth, etc." It was destroyed in the reign of Henry the eighth, being broken to pieces. So, likewise the images of our Lady of Walsingham and Ipswich, set and besprinkled with jewels, with divers others, both of England and Wales, were brought to London and burnt at Chelsea before the Lord Cromwell. In the Life of Cromwell we discover how the cheat of the image of the Roode of-Grace was detected by him. Within the image a man stood who manipulated many wires with which he made the eyes roll, the head nod, the lips move, etc., according to the value of the gift laid up on the shrine. A small coin would make the image hang its lip and roll its eyes; for a gift of

gold, "his chops would go merrily." It would not have done to entrust laymen with the manufacture or working of such auxiliaries to religion. They had images with secret tubes, a priest would whisper words of terror to the penitent. The medicine men of the Plains, Indians, are up to all these tricks. Another device adopted by Ecclesiastics for subduing the turbulent passions of their ignorant people and exciting in them feelings of respect for the Church, was by making images of the virgin and of our Savior to weep and sometimes to sweat blood. The fathers of the Montebaccino made the wooden crucifix sweat that was fastened to the wall of their church; through which they had a passage for the water to run into the body of the crucifix wherein they had drilled little holes or pores, so that it passed through in little drops. This is an old trick of the pagan priesthood. "For tears descended from sculptured stone."

In the temple of the great Syrian goddess, at Hierapolis, were idols that could move, sweat and deliver oracles.

People even of our age are naturally superstitious, and to a certain extent, like to be priest-ridden. I notice some mechanical goose representing some district in the city of Chicago has offered an amendment to the constitution to do away with our present common school system—allowing each religious sect to draw money to educate their children. No Church and State; no unity of sects. So long as there are many, so long this country will progress in happiness and freedom.

The new post office on the corner of Central and St. John's Avenues, will be ready for occupancy in a few days. The office will be used as a real estate and insurance office also, and except for the prompt delivery of mail matter, will not be a public resort or headquarters for general smoking and gossip of all the idle men and boys in the town as the present post office now is. It is expected that it will be made a suitable place for ladies and gentlemen to post and receive their letters without annoyance or disgust. Messrs. Cummings & Durkee also expect to occupy the second store with a full and complete stock of drugs, medicines, paints, oils, etc.

MR. CUSHMAN'S fine residence under the skillful hand of Mr. Middleton, is about finished, and Mr. Cushman and family expect to occupy it next week.

The lamps and lamp-posts have arrived. Have you seen my light? They are under—we were about to say "under a bushel,"—but we mean under the charge of the committee on streets and alleys, which as far as getting any light is concerned, is about as bad as being under a bushel. Let us have them lighted as soon as possible for some of these nights are awful dark and we are afraid to be out late for fear we may get our subscription list stolen.

The election for school trustees took place on Saturday and resulted in the election of Messrs. S. M. Platt and P. Dooley, which was more of a Highland Park result than we anticipated. There are all sorts of wise shakes of the head and knowing shrugs of shoulders by those who think they know about the trouble which caused the resignation of the retiring officers. Dark hints as to "irregularities, etc." We are not of those who know, but we hope all is well. Mr. Doyle has held his office of treasurer for a good many years and as far as we know has always conducted his affairs in a business-like and an honest manner and until we know to the contrary, we still believe he has done so.

To be pleased with ourself is the surest way of offending everybody else.—*Bulwer*.

It is in all cases, not the severity, but the certainty of punishment which constitutes its power.